



ADAM MAZEK

Diaries

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p. 11



A DEFECT OF THE EYE AND VISION

- Cover: post „Starry Night“

I wrote that I am nearsighted and worried that my vision defect will worsen in a post entitled: "A defect of the eye and vision." In my previous posts, I mentioned that, like every human being, I also have my fears (I am afraid of homelessness and mental illness). The truth is, I'm also scared of losing my eyesight. Sometimes I imagine what I would do if I became blind. I would undoubtedly stop taking photos and probably focus on writing. The more I write, the more willing I am to do it. I can say that writing has become my next real passion. Coming back to the main plot, I sometimes wonder how a nearsighted man can take pictures as cool as I do. When I walk the streets of Warsaw and take pictures, I never wear glasses.

A DEFECT OF THE EYE AND VISION

It seems to me that thanks to this fact, my vision defect becomes my artistic advantage. I have the impression that when, for example, I take pictures of old rags lying on the ground, I often see blurry, blurred shapes of familiar objects in them. Of course, I photograph such an object. With skillful processing in the Lightroom program, it may result in an ostensible abstraction, i.e., a familiar object that, at first, may resemble something completely different. Summing up the text, I would like to emphasize that I hope that my visual impairment will not worsen. I plan to take pictures my whole life, so I'd rather have relatively healthy eyes.

- *Post „A defect of the eye and vision“*





FREEDOM

FREEDOM

In the next post, entitled "Freedom," I wrote that I have my own definition of freedom. Well, walking through the streets of Warsaw and taking pictures, I feel 100% free. You can ask me, my Dear Friend:

Does this mean that when you don't take pictures, you don't feel free?

I never felt like someone trapped in a cage or on a leash. When I take pictures, I feel an intimate feeling of freedom flowing through my body, heart, mind, and imagination. Then I feel that it is only up to me what I will do with my creativity. I have the same feeling when I write new texts. Writing this post is no exception. However, I am convinced that physical activity in the form of walking gives intensity to these feelings. Like any other person, I would not like to go to jail. I would not want to be a prisoner or a slave. I would like to have unlimited and unfettered freedom to create until the end of my days. Staying in prison is one of the worst things that can happen in a person's life. Sometimes I try to imagine what my life would be like behind bars. Undoubtedly, I could forget about taking pictures. Could I read and write? I do not know for sure. I would definitely exercise, even by stretching my muscles. Summing up, I want to emphasize that I love both broadly understood freedom and freedom of creation. For me, freedom is synonymous with art, innovation, making something out of nothing. It is only up to us (as long as we are free) what path of creativity, freedom, and life we choose.



• Images on p. 4 - 6: post „Freedom”



FREEDOM

AI

I have an ambivalent attitude towards artificial intelligence (post: "AI"). Sometimes I love it, and sometimes I hate it. Why can't I stand it? This is because I am probably addicted to scrolling through my iPhone. On the other hand, I love artificial intelligence because it made me discover many new, cool things. Nowadays, many people (especially those younger than me [I was born in 1985]) are addicted to using phones/smartphones/tablets/laptops. Social networking sites are constructed so that we surf the virtual world as long as possible. Getting likes on Facebook and Instagram has become one of the most important aspects of life for many people. It also touches the artistic side of the activity. I don't want an official Facebook fan page because I don't want to be a slave to getting likes.

• *Post „AI“*





AI

AI annoys me because the algorithms it contains are very effective at suggesting ads. These techniques are so effective that it scares me sometimes. I suppose I'm addicted to looking at the iPhone screen and sitting on a laptop. It often wastes my time. However, as I mentioned in the first part of this post, I would like to point out that artificial intelligence has its advantages. The same algorithms that annoy me can also tell me fabulous works of art on YouTube. Examples of songs that artificial intelligence suggested to me include, among others songs: "Life on Mars?" by David Bowie, "Romeo and Juliet" by Dire Straits, or "Waiting for a Friend" by The Rolling Stones. It would probably take me a few more years to discover these songs. YouTube proposed them very efficiently on my profile. It turns out that you can love and hate not only people but also virtual intelligence. Is there at least one other reason why I might love AI? Yes. Undoubtedly, it is the ability to run and manage a website and the possibility of publishing photos. Thanks to this, my work can be admired by the whole world.



- *Post „The End“*

THE END

This is the end, beautiful friend - words from the famous song "The End" by The Doors often echo in my mind, especially after writing the subsequent text. Does this mean that I plan to end my artistic activity each time? No. The fact is, however, that after writing each text, I have the impression that this is the last post. Why? Am I planning to commit suicide? Of course not! Committing suicide is perhaps the most desperate act a human being can do. I love my life and plan to live as long as possible.

Nevertheless, after writing another post, I have the impression that everything I wanted to convey has already been expressed. How sweet it is to know that every time I get up at 6 a.m. and start writing another text, I see that I was wrong, that I will not write anything anymore! I do this almost every time I wake up in the morning. After opening my eyes, I often ask myself the first question:

What will I write about today?

Every time I get up, I do a quick toilet, give water to a cat, make coffee, and start writing. When my laptop turns on, I often still don't know the subject of the subsequent text. I suppose it's a creative miracle that there always appears an idea in my head. There hasn't been a single incident where I got up and didn't write anything in the past. I always have unusual ideas when I turn on my computer. And after I'm finished writing, I think:

What will I write tomorrow? Is this the end of my activity and my ideas? When will I be out of creative inspiration? After all, I have already written everything. I have nothing else to add.

Fortunately, every morning I find myself inspiring again and having another idea to transform from my thoughts into words written on virtual paper. Then I know that it is not the end but the beginning.

THE END



SLEEPING

At the beginning of the text entitled "Sleeping," I referred to a post called "The Tree" (Diaries 04.2018), in which I wrote that I can touch tree branches while standing in my flat on the balcony. In turn, lying in bed, I can admire the same tree against the sky from a completely different perspective. Waking up and falling asleep in such scenery with my beloved Kamilka is one of the sweetest things that have happened to me in my life. I try to appreciate this fact. Unfortunately, the sky over Warsaw is a "starless" sky. City lights effectively obscure the view of stars and planets for the inhabitants of the metropolis. Light pollution is a problem not only in Warsaw. This phenomenon is a problem for the vast majority of cities in the world. Fortunately, I can observe the starry August night in my family house in Brok. Lying down and falling asleep in both places mentioned above, I can calmly contemplate that the so-called good old days are today. I believe that it is a great happiness to fall asleep and wake up with a loved one, watching and hearing not only the rustle of trees but also the singing of birds. Sleeping is one of the most essential activities in our lives. We are nothing without sleep. Healthy sleep is vital to stay active during the day. I have never had problems sleeping, and I have never suffered from insomnia. Healthy, deep sleep is the most precious thing that all human beings should have, without exception. The right to normal sleep is a universal law that applies to every person who has entered this world. I can't imagine torturing anyone by taking away their sleep. Unfortunately, such practices have been used, among other things, in prisons of post-war communist Poland. OK. I finish writing. I will nap for about 20 more minutes, then go to work in the office.



SLEEPING

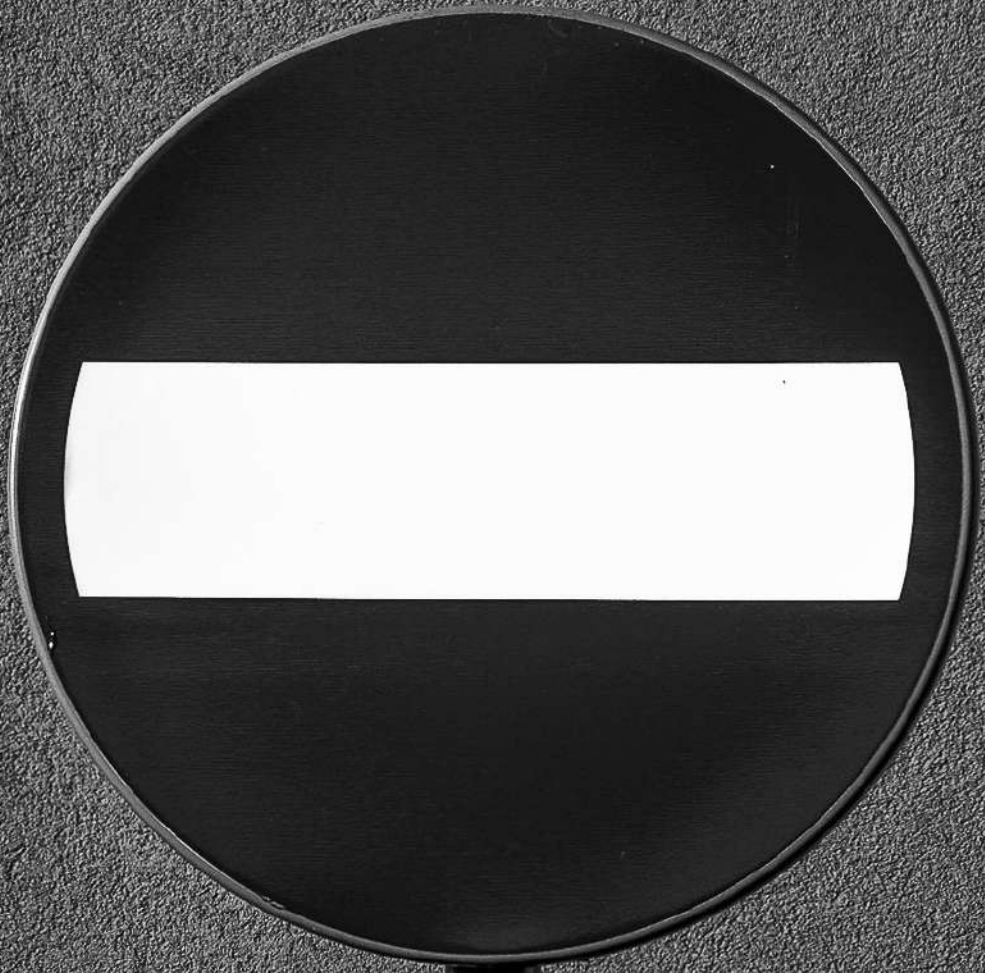
BLOOD, SWEAT AND TEARS



BLOOD, SWEAT AND TEARS

Sometimes it seems that the more blood, sweat, and tears there are in our lives, the more beneficial the effects of our actions in the future will be (post: "Blood, sweat, and tears"). Children can be a good example. Kids have to get dirty, for instance, in a puddle, to get to know the world around them. Children's games sometimes end in injuries, blood, and crying. Thanks to this, they learn and develop. They will learn what is good and evil, how to behave and what to do, and what to avoid. We, too, if we want to create something new, unique, and unusual, sometimes we have to "plunge into" something unpleasant. I would compare it symbolically to the ritual of undergoing a test of fire. We need this test to move forward in our lives. Pain is often associated with it, and this is associated with blood, sweat, and tears. Sometimes it seems to me that taking shortcuts does often get worse results. That is why many wise people (with Seneca at the forefront) claim that the more painful and challenging human life is, the greater the chance that such a person will benefit the rest of humanity. I can give you an example of my artistic activity. I didn't choose social media for posting my photos. On the contrary, I preferred the much more complex, more protracted, and more expensive way. I decided to manage a website to showcase my photography and writing skills. I knew that having an official fan page on social media would be too easy for me. I was also sure that the results would not be as satisfying as I would like. I did not want to publish the photos as something "insta," i.e., something immediate. I don't want my art to be prompt, especially when getting instant gratifications like likes. I want to do the opposite. I took pictures for a long time without publishing them. I knew that having a fan page on social media would be too easy a task, and it would not bring me such joy as, for example, running a blog. I know that blood, sweat, and tears are essential to the development of our passion. More importantly, they are crucial to the development of us humans. In conclusion, I want to say that, paradoxically, blood, sweat, and tears are essential aspects of our lives and are a symbol of our progress and self-development, even though they are usually not associated with anything pleasant.

- *Images on p. 13 and 15: post „Blood, sweat, and tears.“*



**BLOOD,
SWEAT
AND
TEARS**

STARRY NIGHT

I wrote that on one August night in 2018, the sky over Poland was full of stars in the post entitled "Starry Night." I spent one of August weekends in Brok with my parents. In my previous posts, I have already mentioned that I like to exercise. How? By stretching my muscles on the mat. Therefore, while being in Brok, I started exercising in the open air at 10 p.m. I remember that it was sweltering in Poland then. The nights were hot as well. When I lay down to start exercising, I involuntarily stared at the starry sky. The view of the sky full of stars was stunning. The milky way was visible very clearly. Then I began to wonder how lucky it was to observe the stars, especially in August, the month of shooting stars (Perseids). People who live in cities are often too engrossed in mundane affairs to contemplate the night sky. Worse, they usually don't stare at the night sky because light pollution simply prevents them from doing so. City dwellers rarely have the opportunity to look up at the starry sky. In my opinion, every person should look at the sky full of stars at least once a year. A few weeks later, I went with my beloved Kamilka to Masuria, to the Land of a Thousand Lakes. We had the opportunity to admire the Perseids. It happened while we were sitting on the shores of the lake. I remember that we could see quite well then, among others, the planet Mars. Such intimate moments are the most precious moments in life. They bring us joy and true happiness. I also remembered my youth spent in my grandmother's house in Rudniki (Opolskie Voivodeship). While staying with her on vacation, we often spread blankets in the yard at night and lay looking for falling stars. At this point, I would like to greet all the people with whom I had the opportunity to spend these magical moments together. In conclusion, if you have not had a chance to observe the starry night of last summer, my Dear Friend, then try to do so at the earliest opportunity possible. You can find ideal places, among others, in Poland (I recommend Brok in the Masovian Voivodeship, Masuria, and Bieszczady).

THE END



STARRY NIGHT
