

An extract from a diary – a diary as an extract.

[probably 23 September 2024]

[...] I will write it down once again to get accustomed to this thought: I create sculptures but actually I write a diary. I remember exactly when it started. I was 5 years old. I went to my brother's preschool. Children from his group presented their artworks. One piece in particular caught my attention – it was a labyrinth made of cardboard boxes. I entered the labyrinth and after just a few steps I found myself in a pleasant space. With almost no light coming through and all the voices and noises muffled, I felt as if it were a different world. The feeling was so strong that even years after I had no problems recalling it.

I decided that I would capture moments like that one.

They seem to be living creatures crying for attention. They come unexpectedly and I instantly know that they need to be captured. Only the first one did not want to come to me. For a long time, I would go to the coast, where my parents live, and I would sit on the stairs to watch the sea. I was watching the sea and waiting for the inspiration to come but nothing ever happened. Finally, disheartened, I went back to Tokyo. It was after a long time when, to my surprise, those stairs, the anticipation, my watching the sea, my returns to the stairs, finally worked. The feeling was so strong that I easily found the right form to capture it. This is how I created my first sculpture - my first record, my first mark on the timeline.

[Tuesday, 24 September]

After I entered Broniewski's house, I stood there for a moment, trying to tame the space around me. When I saw the photographs of particular rooms in Tokyo, they seemed raw to me. But the moment I crossed the actual threshold, the place felt warm to me. Perhaps it was the scent of human presence. There had been people in this house. So I walk around, craning my neck. I look around and I scan the place. I walk through the empty rooms of the villa trying to decide where to place my sculptures. From the moment I was told that the display would take place at the author's house, the feeling that my sculptures truly are a diary has been even stronger. My sculptures are a diary put at a house of a Polish writer. It does not matter that I find it hard to pronounce his name.

Soft light is coming through the blue curtains.

My sculptures never hide any monumental stories in them. I put in them my small observations and ephemeral experiences. Sometimes it is a thought which suddenly appears and then disappears, instantly. I tend to say to myself that I work in the memory and I sculpt in the memory. I try to capture what seems important. I tend to say to myself: I preserve things against decay. I sculpt in the time.

What I remember from the last few days is the takeoff on my way to Warsaw. We departed from Tokyo after dark, when the streets of the city were sparkling with orange and green lights, which eventually merged into a single patch of glow. When we were landing in Warsaw, the impression was similar. A single patch of orange glow slowly transformed into streets sparkling with green and orange lights.

[Wednesday, 25 September 2024]

So, once again: I create sculptures, but actually, I create a diary. A disorganized system of notes I can walk on to go back in time and return to the present. It is a fantastic ability. I can have a sun-warmed studio in Sagami-hara, Kanagawa Prefecture, which takes an hour to drive to from Tokyo. I can have a child with whom I want to spend every free moment, but at the same time, I am still somewhere in between. As if I am walking on two tracks.

So, I will write it down once again to get better accustomed to this thought: I create sculptures but, actually, I write a diary. I draw a line in time, a trajectory of important moments. That is still quite a lot.

Intercepted by Mateusz Marczewski