



maciej czepiel

Moments forts

Maciej Czepiel a reçu le «Prix Focale 2020» de la Ville de Nyon, un prix Suisse pour la photographie documentaire. Il a été sélectionné pour réaliser «l'Enquête Photographique Valaisanne 2020 - EQ2», il est l'un des finalistes du Prix «LensCulture Exposure Award 2018». Son travail a notamment été exposé à la Biennale d'Art Contemporain de la Chaux-de-Fonds, au Photoforum Pasquart, Photo London, Festival Images, ...

Maciej Czepiel a également réalisé plusieurs expositions solo et son travail «If I Could Only Remember» a été présenté dans le British Journal of Photography...

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**travaux
antérieurs**

If I Could Only Remember - 2017

Je suis né à Cracovie en Pologne en 1987, le mur de Berlin était encore debout. Mes parents, peu après ma naissance, ont décidé de fuir, ce qu'ils ne savaient pas encore être, les derniers souffles du communisme dans le pays. Nous sommes parti dans des camps de réfugiés politiques en Allemagne pour deux ans. Nous avons ensuite habité au Canada pendant 6 ans, et maintenant cela fait vingt ans que nous sommes en Suisse.

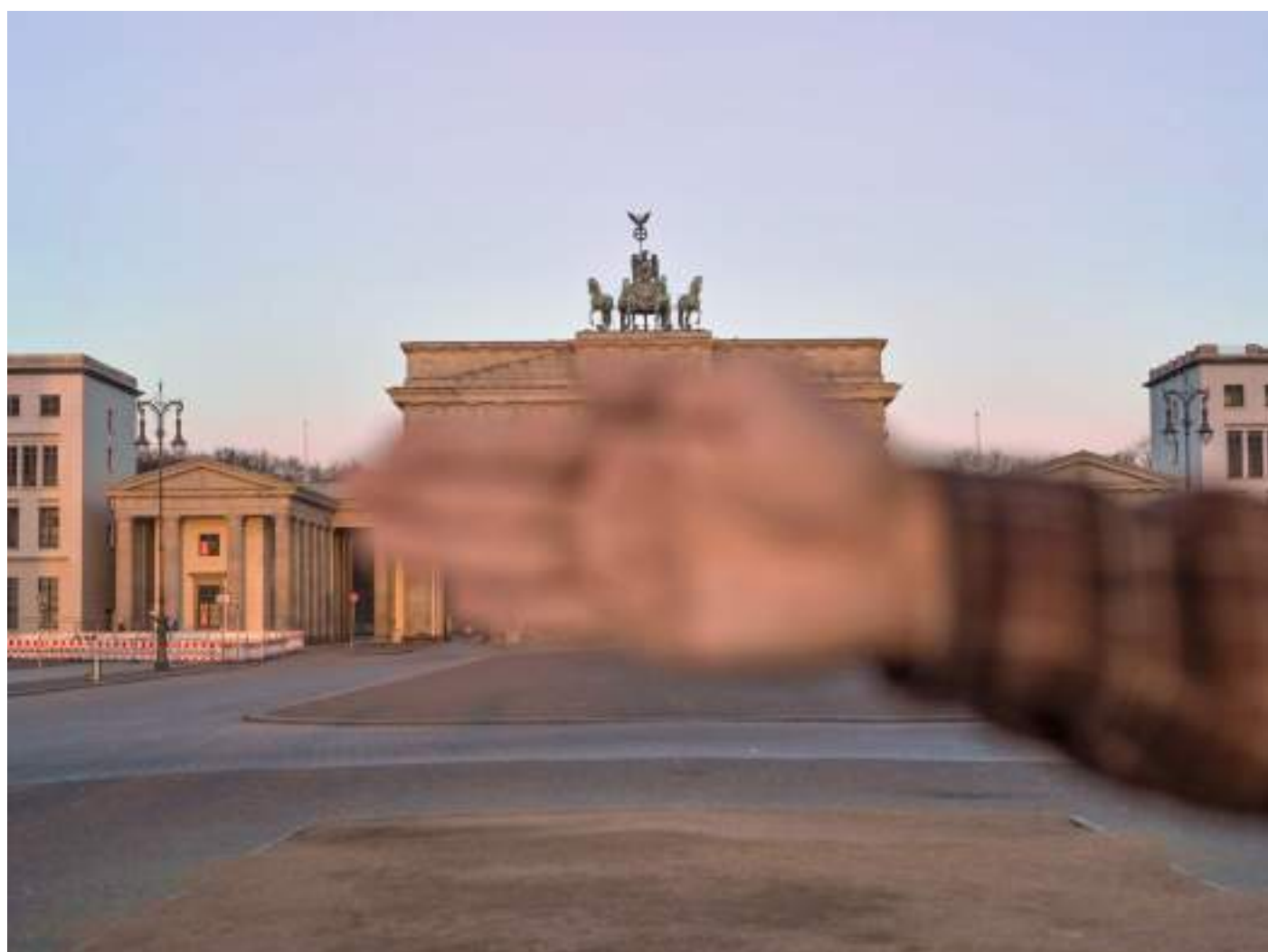
Je vous présente ici, un travail sur mes souvenirs de cette période. Comme je n'avais que deux ans, ceux-ci sont tous construits au travers des récits de mes proches. Dans ce projet, je reconstruis mes souvenirs d'après ce que je pense me rappeler, ce que je trouve dans les archives familiales, albums photos, et documents en tous genres.

Je veux redécouvrir mes souvenirs, et comprendre s'ils sont vrais ou construits. Voici pourquoi, dans ce projet, je garde le spectateur dans un constant « rêve », dans quelque chose qui semble irréel. J'oscille entre une représentation concrète des choses que je viens « troubler » avec un élément plus subjectif, qui serait de l'ordre de l'onirique. Je vais parfois jusqu'à matérialiser ces éléments venus du rêve, je me persuade que certains de ces souvenirs sont vrais. La volonté de réaliser ces projets est partie de mon premier souvenir que j'ai eu; C'est mon père, assis dans un Jacuzzi, moi, sur le rebord, et ma mère qui m'enlace dans un grand linge. Dans cette série, je tiens une photographie où le linge est déjà autour de moi, et ma mère n'est pas présente dans la scène, elle questionne donc la véracité de mon souvenir: ce souvenir, l'ai-je inventé en ayant vu cette photographie étant petit ? La temporalité est différente entre mon souvenir et cette photographie, cette image vient-elle prouver que mon souvenir est réel?















Photoforum Pasquart - Biel/Bienne, Switzerland - 03.12.2017-14.1.2018

Les nouvelles technologies qui nous entourent ont été apportées pour que nous puissions communiquer, vivre des expériences hors du commun, nous rapprocher les uns des autres, et constituer une mémoire personnelle et collective. Ces objets ont désormais acquis une existence à part entière, comme un esprit omniprésent et omniscient, accompagnant nos vies et scrutant nos choix. Le danger de cette surtechnophilie est de perdre le fil et d'accorder à ces technologies un statut quasi religieux. Les antennes en seraient-elles devenues les totems adorés?

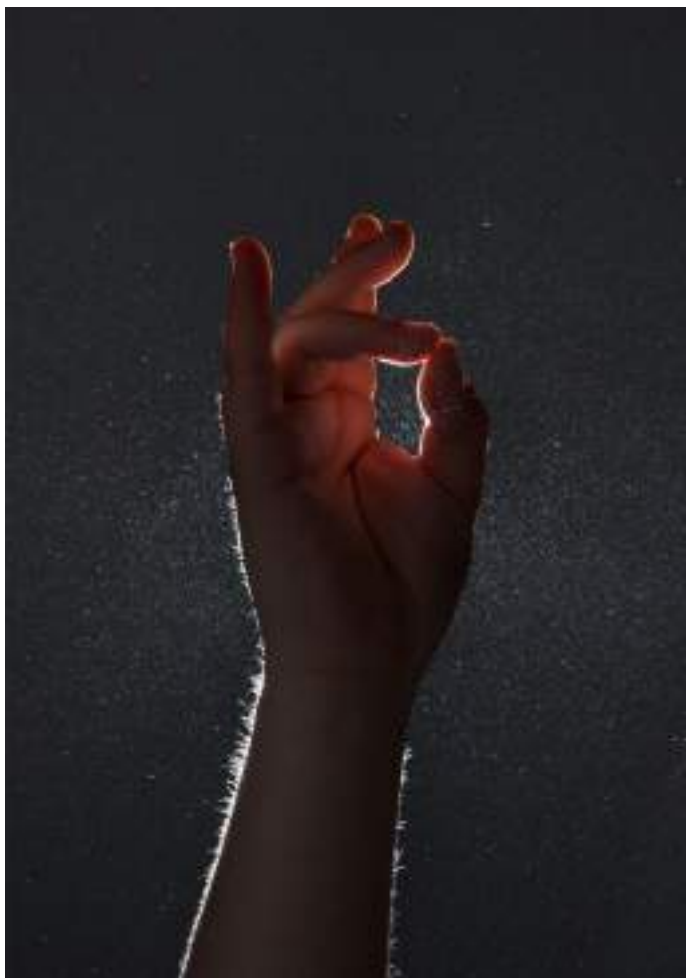
Dans un rapport très libre à la photographie, j'explore une certaine manière d'interagir avec les technologies et cherche à voir comment elles contribuent à façonner nos vies. On les utilise au quotidien sans parvenir à se figurer véritablement cette « entité » si vaporeuse et transparente. Mes photographies questionnent la matérialité de cet univers bien particulier et sa représentation dans le paysage quotidien, mais elles évoquent aussi un univers étrange et magique, où les choses qui semblent surnaturelles se produisent, malgré la familiarité des apparences. Antenna constitue une recherche visuelle sur la technologie, sur l'adoration que notre monde lui porte, ainsi qu'à la matérialité cachée derrière ces systèmes.

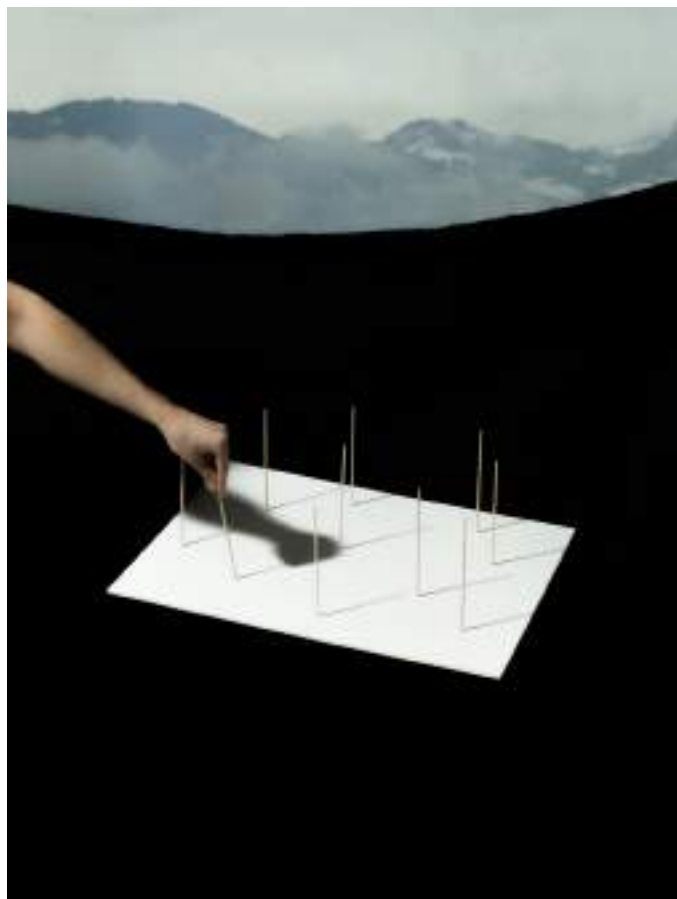
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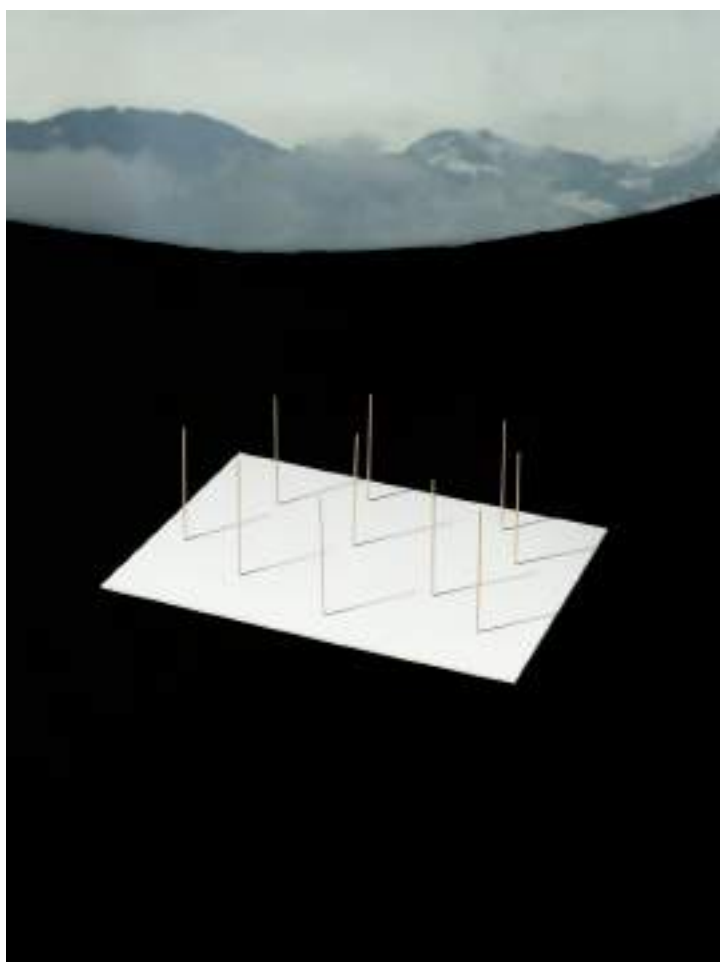
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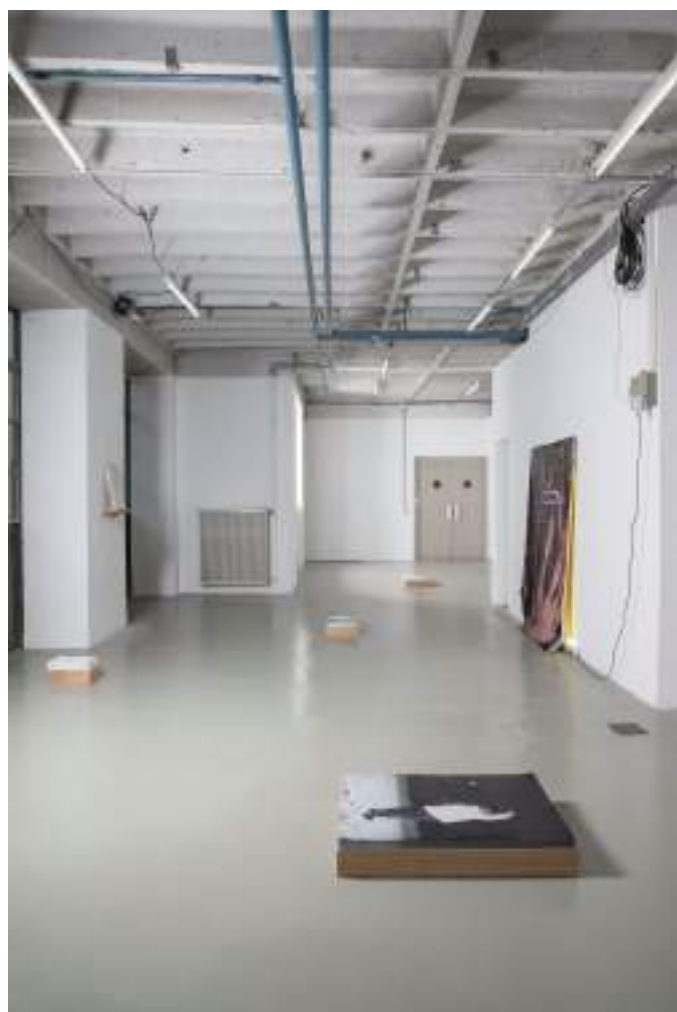








Museum of Fine Arts, Le Locle, Switzerland - MBAL - «Le Temps des Artistes» - 27.03–11.04 2021



Standard/Deluxe - Lausanne, Switzerland - 04.05-19.05 2019



On peut dire, sans prendre de risque, que l'image photographie peut avoir une fonction mémorielle. Elle peut devenir la relique de ce qui traverse le temps, mais en même temps, elle se doit de jouer un rôle de filtre dans la création d'un récit, familial par exemple. La mémoire est quelque chose que nous ne pouvons pas partager, et la photographie devient donc ce médium qui nous permet de transmettre une vision du passé, certes d'éléments choisis, mais ils viennent éclairer la compréhension d'un événement, permettent de partager des sentiments... En été 2018, j'ai appris que ma mère souffrait d'un cancer et la seule manière logique de réagir était de manière photographique.

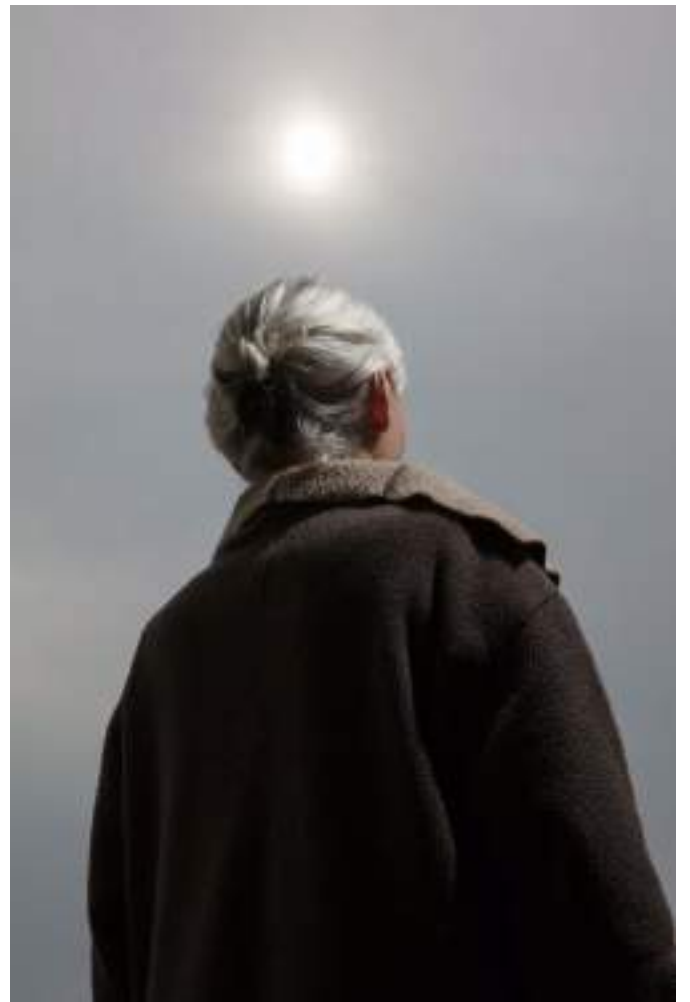
Les albums de famille sont des sortes d'objets sacrés, mythiques, une version idéalisée de vies à travers les bons souvenirs. Mon but est, d'une certaine manière, de déconstruire cette idée pour la reformuler en lien avec ce que je vis. Créer un objet qui sera pour moi « sacré » et qui tourne autour d'un souvenir que je voudrais retenir.

Ma recherche questionne la photographie « domestique » en tant que forme de mémoire ou de preuve du passé, d'une certaine manière, comme relique de ma vie. Toute photographie relève, pour moi, de la fiction et en ce sens elle ne témoigne que des intentions de son auteur. C'est pourquoi mes inspirations proviennent plutôt de la photographie de mode, lorsque je recherche les postures, choisis les vêtements, ou élabore la lumière.

Charlie Engman et Peter Puklus, m'ont été d'une grande inspiration pour ce qui est de la relation qu'ils ont à leurs modèles, qui sont des personnes de leur famille. Ils les approchent d'une manière tout à fait inhabituelle et capturent des instants qui vont plus loin que la simple photo de famille. J'ai aussi beaucoup exploré les travaux de Rødland Torbjørn et Paul Mpagi Sepuya pour m'inspirer de la lumière qu'ils utilisent, de l'étrangeté des positions ou des situations dans lesquels ils placent leurs modèles... Je vais dans cette direction lorsque que j'approche ma propre structure familiale, faite des liens réinventés qui se sont tissés entre ses membres dans le contexte bouleversé de la maladie de ma mère.

J'ai travaillé autour des positions du corps de ma mère, de la torsion de celui-ci, j'ai voulu qu'apparaisse une forme de possession ou un aspect animal à un certain degré. Il est évident pour moi, lorsque je réalise ces images, que cette situation est complètement absurde dans mon esprit, comment cela pouvait-il en être autrement ? Dans un sens, je voulais que ceci se reflète dans les images sur un ton de poésie de lumière.





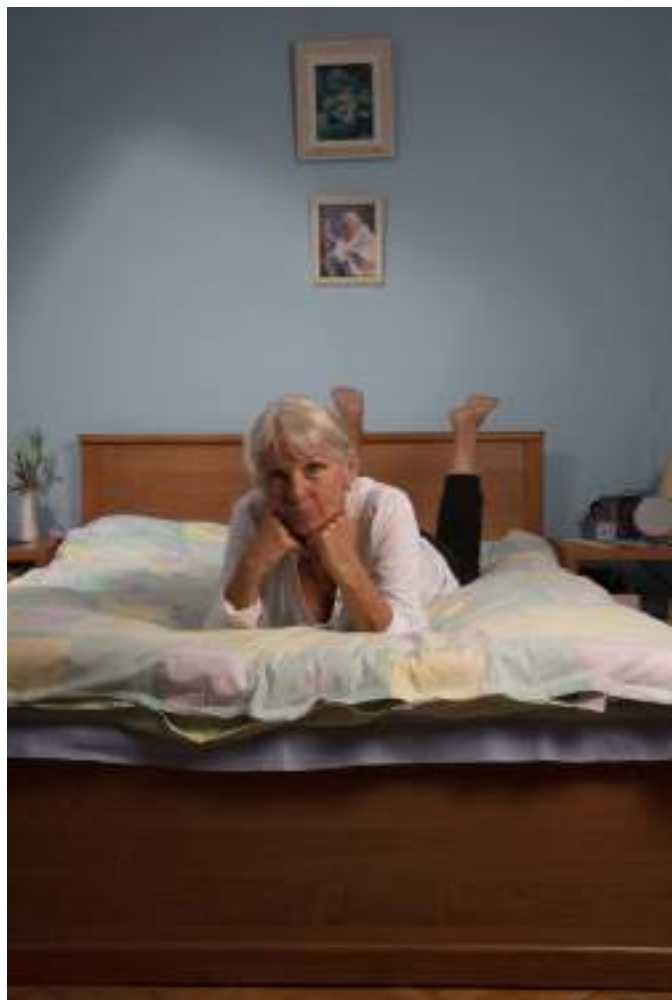




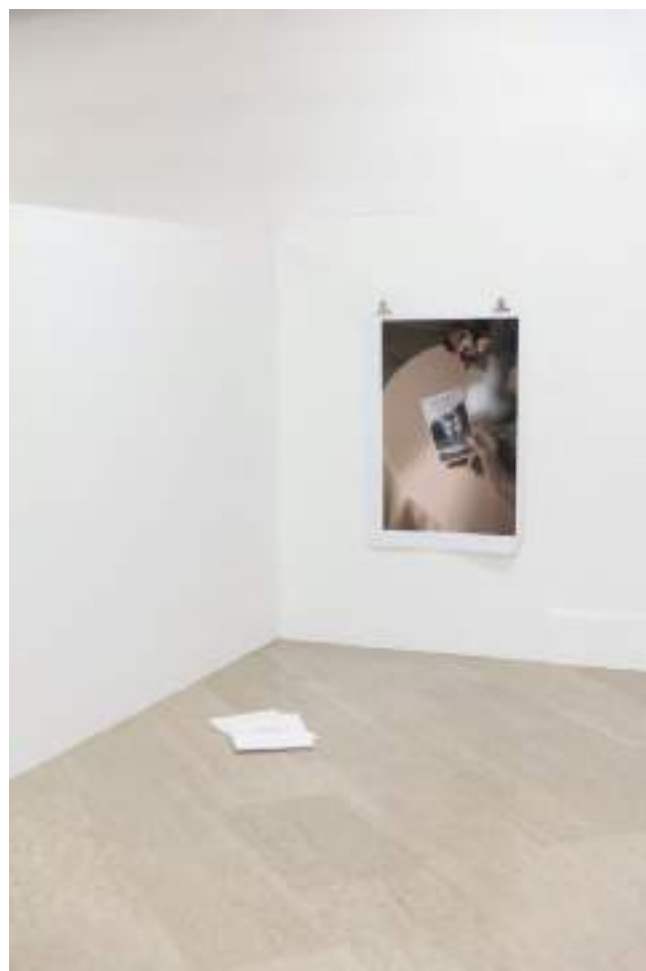












What's In Front Of Us - EQ2 - Enquête Photographique Valaisanne - 2020

Les nouvelles technologies ont envahis nos pensées, et tout particulièrement le téléphone portable, il est omniprésent dans nos vies. J'ai de la peine à penser à une situation où nous n'utiliserions pas notre smartphone. Tous le monde en possède un et tous le monde prends constamment des images avec. Dans ce travail, je prends la place de la population, mais également du photographe.

Je désire ici, parler de la manière dont nous agissons face à ce que nous avons devant nous. Un peu comme le voyageur contemplant une mer de nuages de Caspar David Friedrich, je contemple dans ce travail mon esprit tourmenté par l'abnégation humaine.

Nous avons oublié ce qui est important dans nos vies, nous sommes dirigés par les machines qui se trouvent dans nos poches, les smartphones et autres « devices ». Nous regardons le monde au travers d'elles et cherchons constamment à être connecté au monde. Mais nous échappons à la véritable connexion au monde, et elle se trouve devant nous.

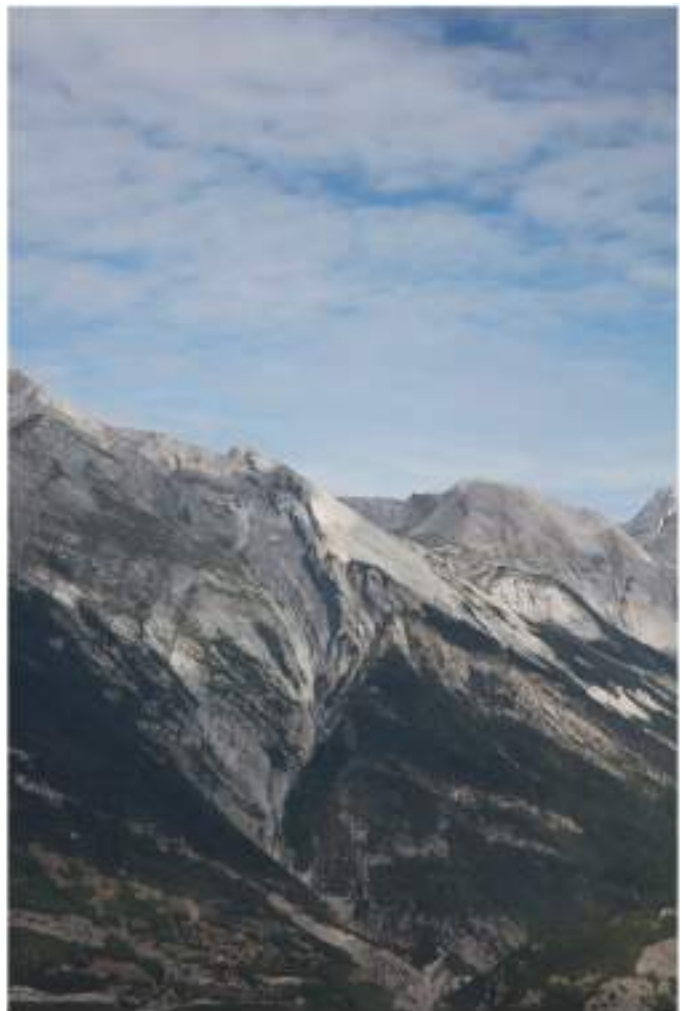
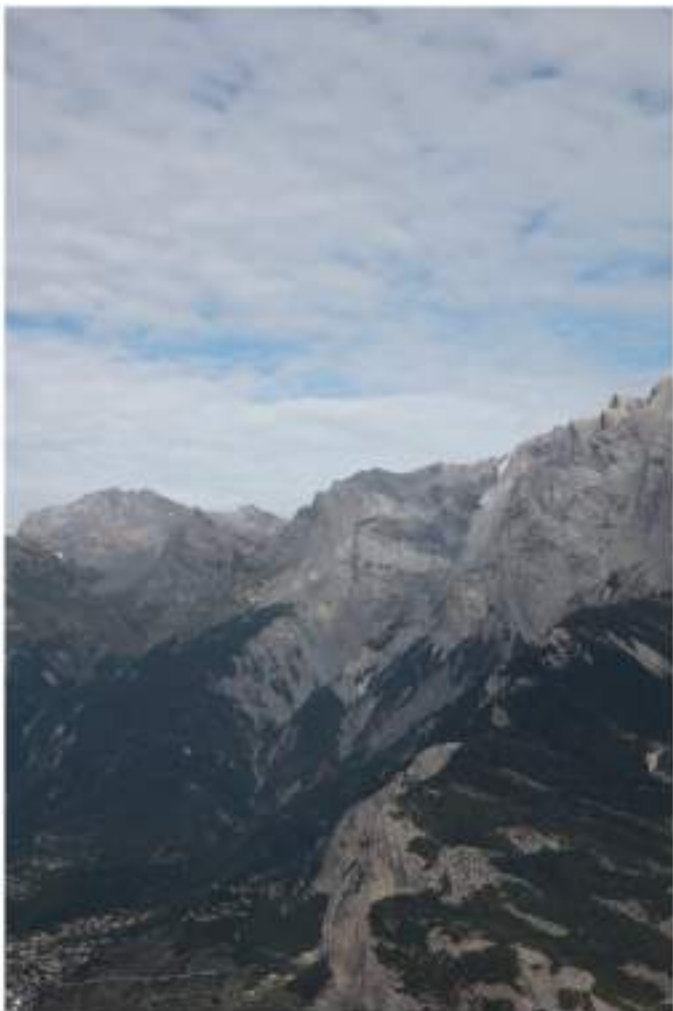
J'utilise, dans ce travail, le paysage valaisan comme métaphore pour parler de ce qui est réellement important dans nos vies et qui nous échappe alors qu'il est devant nous.

Je voulais tout d'abord utiliser la population valaisanne pour rendre compte de ces faits, mais je me suis vite rendu compte que je fais moi-même partie de cette population et que la critique serait d'autant plus forte si je me mettais en scène dans ce paysage et critiquait mes propres actions face à cette mouvance des nouvelles technologies.

Au final, mes photographies représentent énormément le « cryptogramme » de la montagne que l'on connaît tous, le Cervin. Un trépied devient une montagne, tout comme deux mains jointes ensemble avec entre elles, le « saint gralle » de l'humanité moderne (un smartphone). Une évocation de trépied faite de bouts de bois, devient à leur tour une montagne...

Et d'un autre angle, moi qui cherche constamment du raseau, au milieu de ce spectacle de la nature. Je critique ces gestes que nous faisons tous, mais je critique également le photographe qui réalise ce projet, là encore, moi-même. Je suis englouti dans ce sublime paysage, mais pourtant, je ne le regarde pas de mes propres yeux, mais bien au travers de mon appareil.

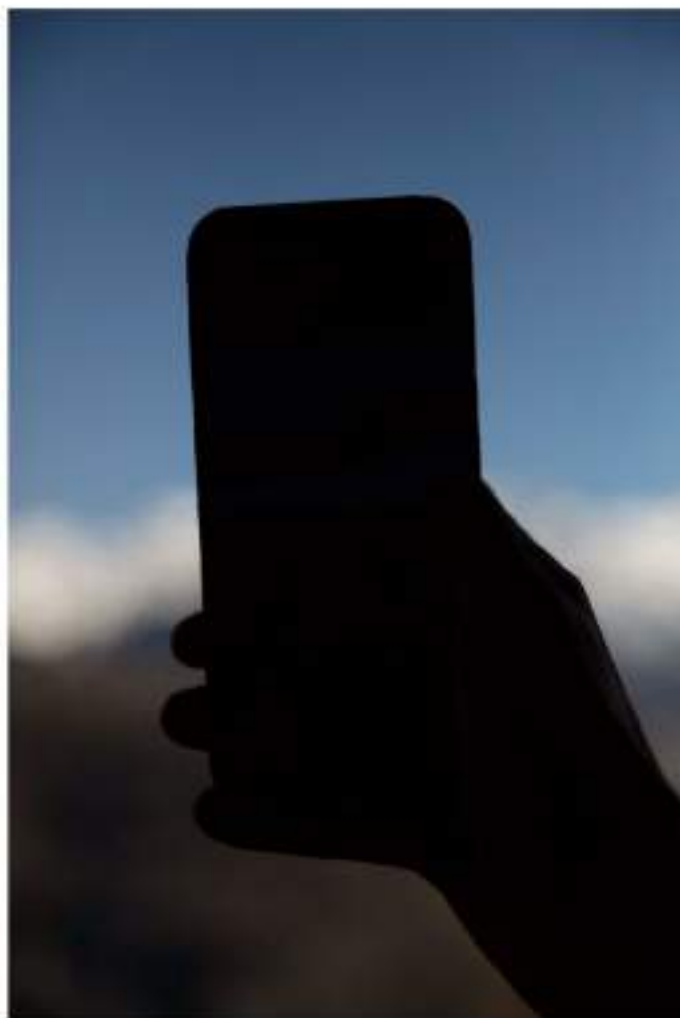


























Ferme Asile, Sion - Switzerland. October 9th 2021 - January 2nd 2022. Enquête Photographique Valaisanne EQ2

In the Beginning - 2023

Fin juillet 2023, la Chaux-de-Fonds se voit ravagée par une tempête dévastatrice. Un homme décédé, des personnes hospitalisées, des milliers de bâtiments à réparer. Une tragédie pour cette ville que je tiens dans un coin de mon cœur, cette ville sœur de Neuchâtel, où je vis.

Dans certaines rues, j'ai l'impression d'assister à des scènes de guerre, des trottoirs jonchés de tuiles, des briques éclatées au milieu des rues, du verre tranchant éparpillé de toute part.

Il m'est très difficile de ne pas rapprocher cet événement à tant d'autres sur terre, qui résultent de l'incapacité de l'humain à changer ses habitudes face au climat.

Loin de vouloir être moralisateur, je fais dans ce travail le constat d'une épreuve qui chamboule déjà les souvenirs des habitants de la Chaux-de-Fonds et restera gravé dans les esprits pour les années à venir.















75ème Biennale d'art contemporain de la Chaux-de-Fonds, Musée des Beaux-Art de la Chaux-de-Fonds - 21.10.2023 - 11-02-2024

Rebirth - 2024

Mon travail s'inscrit dans le cadre géographique unique de la ville de Sierre ce lieu riche d'une histoire industrielle, et d'une transformations contemporaines urbaine

La ville comme archivage, le déplacement et la re-création (la renaissance) sont les thèmes sont au centre de ma démarche, qui interroge la manière dont les objets, les histoires et les mémoires se déplacent et se transforment à travers le temps et l'espace.

En Suisse, où de nombreuses rivières, autrefois essentielles au développement industriel et économique des villes, comme la Mondérêche, ont été dissimulées, enterrées, puis oubliées. Ces cours d'eau, autrefois sinueux par nature, ont souvent été rectifiés et canalisés avec des murs pour en faire des voies droites, comme ce fut le cas pour le Seyon à Neuchâtel ou encore à plus grande échelle, le Rhone. Pourtant, depuis plusieurs années, ces interventions sont remises en question. Les rivières réapparaissent sous forme d'éléments décoratifs notamment, et nous tentons de leur restituer leur forme initiale, permettant ainsi à l'histoire de ressurgir dans notre présent.

J'ai recréé un bloc en béton, les même qui recouvrent la Mondérêche en Ville de Sierre comme pour évoquer cet élément « archéologique neuf », placé en face de l'ancien canal de la Mondérêche, dans le « Parc Mondérêche », réapparaît aujourd'hui, pour souligner son histoire et évoque sa renaissance futur. Autrefois anodin, cet objet est désormais ressuscité, rappelant une mémoire que l'on croyait enfouie. Lorsque le pont Beau-lieu sera reconstruit, la Mondérêche réapparaîtra, marquant une seconde naissance.





I Can Remember It For You - 2025

Ce travail s'articule autour d'un échange de lettres entre mon ancien moi et mon moi actuel. Il permet une réflexion sur les images de mes albums de famille dans un contexte de migration, et tente de comprendre comment la mémoire construit nos histoires individuelles et collectives à travers des photographies familiales ayant capturé un moment quelque peu tragique.

L'une de ces photos est une image de ma mère et moi, dans ce que, enfant, je ne savais pas être des camps de réfugiés en Allemagne. J'y reconnais ma mère, mais quelque chose cloche. J'ai toujours cru que je tenais une pomme dans cette photo.

Cette recherche m'a permis d'avoir une lecture différente des images, en fonction de ce que je sais désormais à leur sujet.

Oui, c'était autre chose que je tenais en réalité, juste un fragment de mon histoire — et cela suffit. Aujourd'hui, je peux plonger plus profondément dans ce qui a façonné mon passé.





















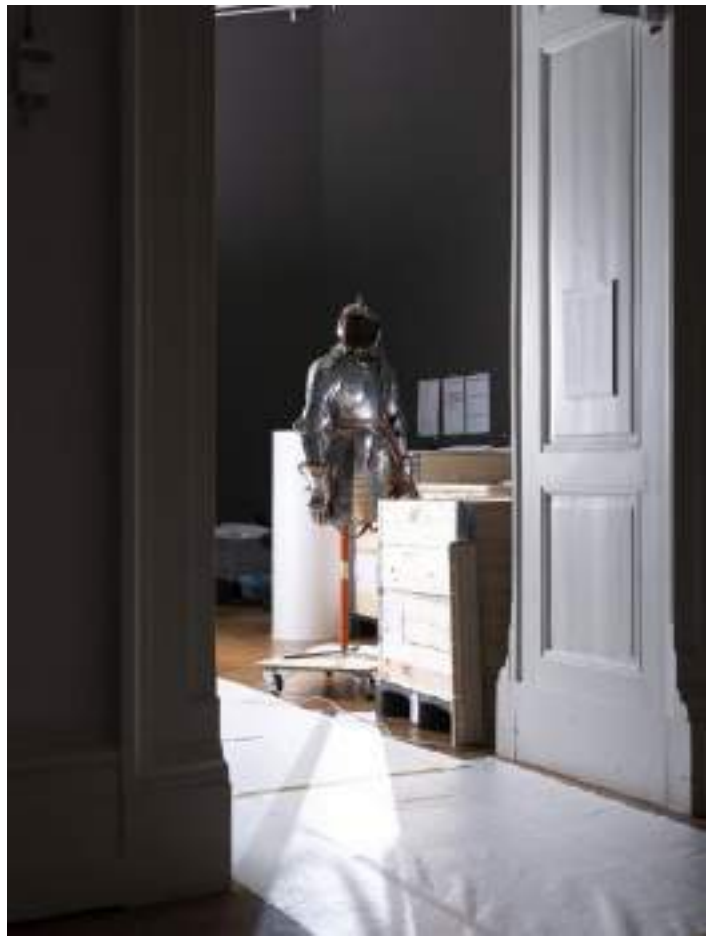
**travaux
en cours**

Misplacing Memory - 2026

-Ce travail est en cours de réalisation et étant donné la qualité confidentielle de ces images et de son propos, je vous demande de ne pas les diffuser tant que l'institution concernée ne m'en aura pas officiellement donnée le droit-

Maciej Czepiel









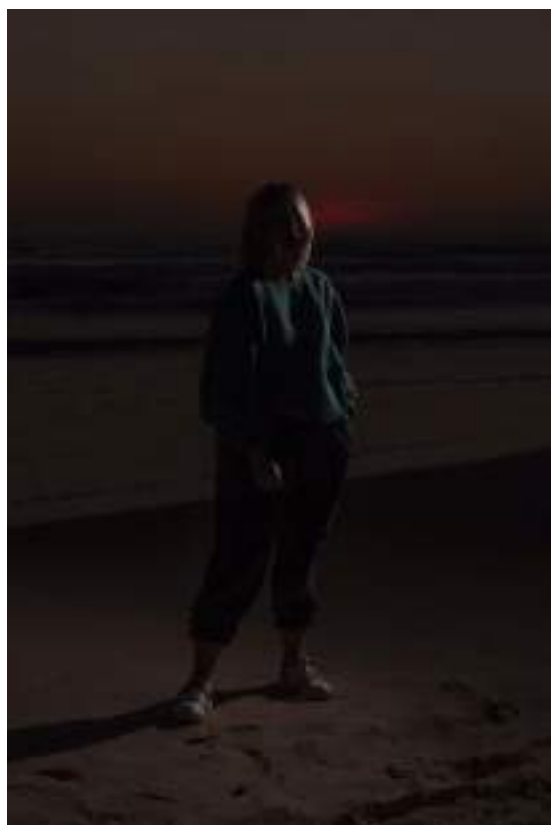
Oceanicity- 2026

Ce travail explore mes souvenirs d'enfance que j'ai de mes moments passés au bord de l'océan. Il y a ce que je me rappelle, les souvenirs qui se sont estompés et ce que j'ai devant moi aujourd'hui. Les choses ont changé et je tente de rattraper ceux que je peux. Ceci est une histoire à terminer...











**proposition
d'édition
pour le “Prix
Edition 25”**

I Can Remember It For You - 2025

Ceci est une édition réalisée en parallèle de mon mémoire de Master. Le livre comporte 116 pages de photographies et scans de lettres et cartes postales.

J'ai réalisé 2 exemplaires reliés pour l'exposition de fin d'année de Master à présenter avec le reste de mon travail de fin d'étude.

Voici, ci-après, quelques photographies présentant la version physique de cette édition, suivies de l'intégralité du livre en version PDF.

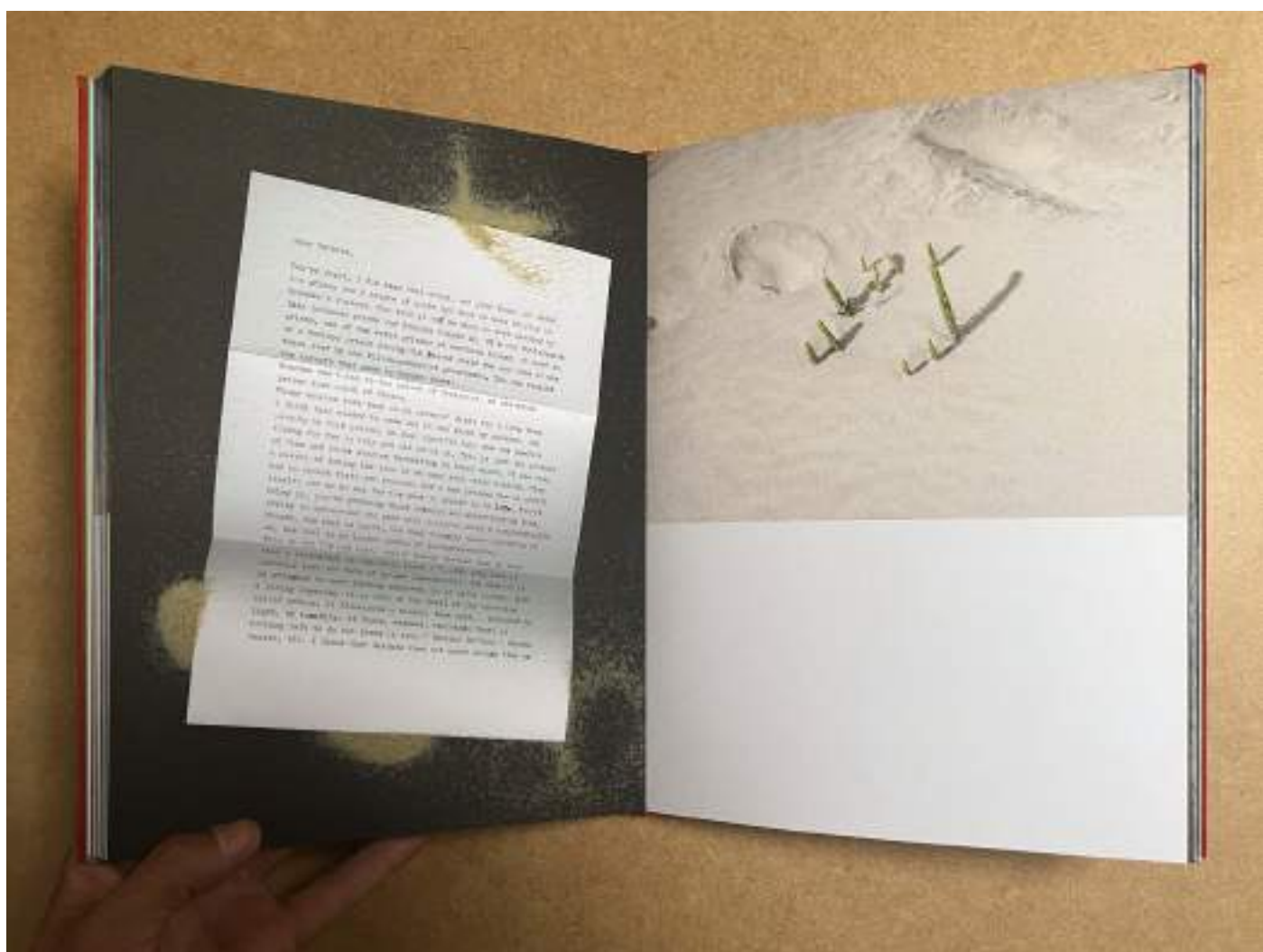
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I Can Remember It For You

Maciej Czepiel

I Can Remember It For You - Maciej Czepiel - EDHEA, Sierre, Switzerland, May 2025

As a child, growing up in Germany, Canada, and then Switzerland, I would spend countless hours looking at the family photo albums my parents had created since I was born in Krakow, Poland. I would imagine my life's history flipping the plastic sheets full of pictures. My parents and relatives would contribute to building this history in my brain, by telling me a few stories here and there.

When we arrived in Canada, my name was unofficially switched from Maciek to Mathieu, so the Québécois people wouldn't have too much trouble with the pronunciation of this Polish name. Yes, it was to simplify this aspect of my everyday life, so I wouldn't have to explain where I was from or how to say my name correctly, but it was probably also not to attract any attention to who we really were: refugees from an Eastern European country. I guess my parents learned to keep a low profile because they grew up in a country with communist political leaders. You had to be careful whom you told the truth to, even your neighbor could rat you out. In fact, this is exactly what happened to my grandpa. His neighbor, a man he said hello to every single day, ratted him out. After this, both my grandparents ended up in jail for several months.

When I was born, my parents decided to flee the country, which was around 1988. We were lucky to have an aunt in Germany who could « invite us » to spend the holidays at her place. That was the only way we could leave without being harassed by the government. So we packed our bags and left everything behind. We ended up in refugee camps in Germany. We spent about two and a half years there, sometimes in foster families that would at times treat us

like lesser people: not feeding us properly or enough, turning off the heating system, and cashing in the state-sponsored money for themselves instead. But my parents and other families got tired of this and told the police, so we got moved into double-family apartments.

There we could take part in the lottery, but not the regular lottery where you could win a fortune, no, not that one. I mean we won a fortune, so to say. We won the right to move to Canada because of French lessons my dad took twenty years earlier in high school. Among God knows how many families that applied for this, we were the ones allowed to leave those horrible camps.

The only story my mom told me about these camps growing up was that « the Germans would bring us crates and crates of apples full of pesticides », and that she would get sick eating them.

Canada was a great time for me, it's only later in life that my parents told me that it wasn't so fun for them. I was a kid, so I was thinking of kid stuff back then, everything was fine for me. My parents had to figure out a new life for themselves, and it wasn't easy. My dad studied nursing in Canada, but his Polish high school diploma was not recognized by the state. We had some sort of luck again, and my dad found work in Switzerland. So after a few years in Canada, we moved back to Europe.

I remember it being strange because I was losing all of my friends, things were changing in my mind, I was old enough to understand what was happening to me. We arrived in Switzerland, from a one and a half million-people city to a four-hundred-person hole in the middle of nowhere. I saw cows for the first time in my life.

I spoke French, but it was a French other kids couldn't understand: Québécois. I could understand them just fine, but I could feel a gap between them and me.

In Switzerland, I started playing around with photography. I would take the family camera and explore this intricate machine.

In my early 20s, my parents casually told me some stories about the reasons why we left my birth country, Poland. This is when I learned all those stories, right around the age of

23. Since then, I've been asking them more and more details about some of those stories, which sparked the appearance of new anecdotes about those years and their own past, my grandparents' and great-grandparents' past... I started learning a whole lot about my own life's story. I've always known my history, but it was incomplete. It wasn't false, I wasn't lied to, but some details of my past had been put aside. And when I discovered them, it felt like I had my « real history » in my hands, so I started to ask people to call me by my real name from there on: Maciek. I remember feeling a little ashamed of telling people my real name up until that point. Fearing they would see me differently, but now I know where this fear comes from. My parents, grandparents, and great-grandparents were constantly afraid of the people leading their country, and this stuck.

At that point, I had already investigated one of my memories in a photographic work titled "If I Could Only Remember", back in 2017, during my photography studies. In it, I questioned the reality of what I consider to be my first memory, which coincided with us leaving the refugee camps in Germany to go to Canada.

Now I'm trying to ask my parents everything I can about the past. But first, I have to understand myself, understand how I saw things back then, back in Germany, Canada, and Switzerland.

In an exchange of letters and postcards, I ask Maciek about my past, and he asks about his future. I remember my past, and the past version of myself remembers his past with a clearer image. I forgot some details of his past but have knowledge of my present. I now need to put the fragments together to have the whole picture in front of me, so both (hi)stories build one and create this space of understanding for each other. In this correspondence of letters between the two fragments of myself: my former self and me as my present self, I reflect on the pictures in my family albums, the stories that were told to me when I was a child and later on in life. But I also enable a reflection on this part of history, and try to understand how my memory constructs our individual and collective stories through family pictures that captured a somehow tragic moment in time. One of those pictures is a photograph of my mother and me in what, as a child, I didn't know were refugee camps in Germany. In this picture, I recognize my mother, but something is off. She looks sick. And one thing that's always been engraved in my mind is that in this picture, I'm holding an apple, or what I've always thought to be an apple. All of these family pictures have allowed me to have a different reading of images according to what I know about them.

I don't want to figure out the truth, that's not the point of this. I just need to understand that I wasn't alone in this whole story. History is something shared by everybody, and I think that before I was told my life's history in my twenties, I thought that I was building my world alone, on my own. But that's not how it works. This apple I thought I was holding in this picture of my mom and me was just the reflection of my past. Yes, it was something else I was holding in reality, but I thought I was holding the apple, that apple my parents had told me about all of those years since I was a kid.

I grew up with a glimpse of my history, and that's enough. Today, I can get deeper into what made my past, the past of my family, and the past of my birth country.

This family story comes from suppression, the letter form allows me to have a form to tell history in a different way, based on experiences, contradictions. It allows me to question all of this and create a voice that can speak these stories from different approaches. It allows me to question my fragments of memories and find a voice for these fragments to grow.

I Can Remember It For You







Dear Mathieu,

I don't know how to feel about Poland anymore. All my life, I've been stuck with this image of it being this communist place, with concrete buildings everywhere, coal smog in the air, and gray, cold weather all year round.

But about fifteen years ago, I found out I had a different understanding of why you and your parents left Poland, and this changed the entire image I had of this place. It changed my relationship with Krakow, the city I was born in, and redefined the view of how I see the rest of the world and, with it, myself. You left Poland when you were about one year old because of the political and economical situation your family lived in. Your parents got to see how intense life was for their parents and grandparents. It wasn't easy for your grandparents to live on food stamps and be imprisoned after they wanted to feed their family by doing the job they loved.

Your grandparents on your dad's side had another kind of hard life; 1900's religious Polish rural poverty exhausted them. Doing half private farm work, half undeclared craftsmanship, sometimes in exchange for a simple sack of potatoes, made it very hard to feed their big family in the beginning. All of this was another kind of imprisonment.

You weren't born into what Poland is today. For a long time, the country was an area of influence of the USSR, and sadly, some of your close relatives suffered from it. But you need not worry; this is not what awaits you. You've been catapulted, without noticing, into this transition point, this threshold, this in-between "what once was" and "what will be". The past has been put on hold until now, but you won't have to relive all of those moments; they are just a part of your life's story, that will build part of who you are in the upcoming years. I'm also writing to you because I don't know if you've noticed the shift in yourself over the years, but I feel like I'm out of myself. It feels like I'm on constant holidays and that one day







it will be finished. My mind is at the beach, accompanied by my memories. I feel like I'm constantly moving and that someday I will find it, this place that will stop me from rambling. One day, this fine limit will be crossed, redemption will arise. Where is this place I'm looking for? The relief of this constant pressure of not belonging? Will I ever find it? Is it a physical place or just a space in my scattered mind? I feel like I'm acting like the person I want to be, like a story I've once heard and forgotten almost entirely.

Did I forget? There is a ghostly feeling to my memories, as if they were about to come alive again someday. All this to say that I want for you is to create a fair space for your history to exist, so that my history can have hope.

Maciek













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Dear Father,

I know exactly what picture you're referring to. [I'm sitting on this table, smiling, and you can feel a sadness in my mother's eyes. She's seen a side of humanity that she thought was dead and escaped. When I saw it again, I finally understood something about myself, about my father... the story of my life. It wasn't an apple, I understood that this apple is for you a sort of "ghost from the past", something disturbing from the past that haunts you, because, but it's not quite that. I think it's more like what the French beautifully call, "une madeleine de Proust", these little things in life, also a small that brings you back to a specific moment in your childhood. But again, it's not quite that either, because you were mistaken for decades about what it was. When you suddenly figured out what it was, so leaving you and when you suddenly figured out what it was, so understand that this "madeleine de Proust", this object that reignited your memory from another time, we are in fact "Maciek's apple", or more nicely put in French, "Le pomme de Maciek": It was something you thought was established in your mind but, by being reignited, you found out suddenly that it was something else all along. The truth? Or perhaps this redemption you mentioned?

To understand this is to start putting the puzzle pieces together. Your memory does not lie to you; it tries to understand your life based on the information you got growing up. I'm here to help, I have some of the puzzle pieces waiting for you to put them together.

Your "pomme de Maciek" is only missing a little piece to it; the big picture is already here, you only need a few details to complete it. If I really think about it, they're just a few misplaced grains of sand that you need to blow back where they belong.

PS : It was before the Berlin wall fell. By the way, did you ever tell you the story of the day the Berlin wall fell? Our parents, my brother, and I were in the refugee camps in West Germany, and all of a sudden, East Germans swarmed the place, they were everywhere, not knowing where to go. Police and other officials were handing out one hundred Deutschmarks to each person so they could keep moving wherever they needed to.

Now and Dad told us a lot of stories about the refugee camp. Can't wait to tell you all about it.

Maciek



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I have this picture, I'm looking at it right
now so I'm asking if you it's so thing,
I want to put my hands around it to make
some sense so I am not something
I don't know how I feel everything all of this
I don't want it to be hard at some point
I don't think I want to understand everything
I think I'm fine with my story to say it is
as hard as my story

Julien

CITY RIGHTS PORTLAND
Photo: [illegible]

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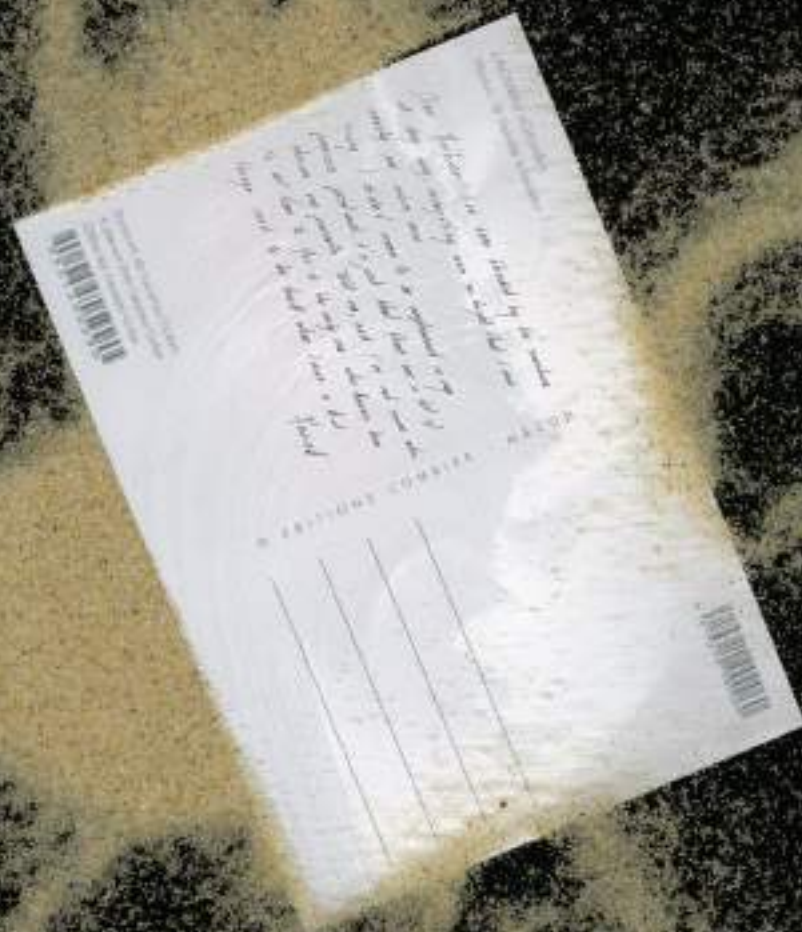




Dear Mother,

I'm just trying to understand how
history unfolded around us and
if you feel anything anything long
how you feel about it all. I know
you always know better than
me.

David





Canada

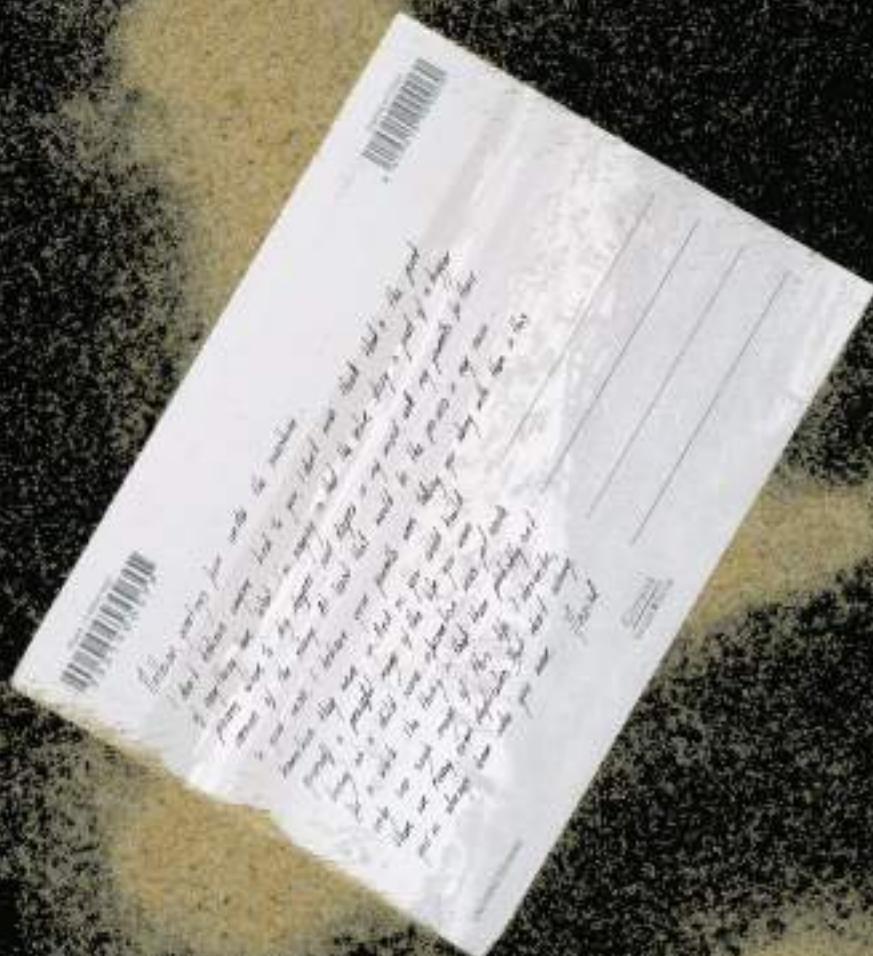
I am proud
 of the freedom that the
 people of Canada have
 enjoyed since 1982. I am
 proud of the fact that we
 have a strong and stable
 economy. I am proud of the
 fact that we have a high
 standard of living. I am
 proud of the fact that we
 have a diverse and
 multicultural society. I
 am proud of the fact that
 we have a strong and
 stable government. I am
 proud of the fact that we
 have a high standard of
 living. I am proud of the
 fact that we have a diverse
 and multicultural society.



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Dear Maciek,

Sorry, I always need a little time for things to sink in. Sometimes it's a blessing and other times, not so much. About your last postcard, yes, this is exactly it. And I'm glad my life wasn't branded with this heavy political history, and that I will get to understand it as an adult, the information might sink in easily this way. I hope. When you're looking through our family albums, don't turn the pages too quickly, sometimes our parents have put more than just two images per plastic sheet. Sometimes they're only duplicates, sometimes very similar images. And sometimes, it's a whole other world.

Two images may seem identical, but there's always someone that's placed a little differently or there's a glass of water on a table that's moved ever so slightly, that's what you have to look for, these are the details that paint this world you live in. And also, sometimes there are duplicates because the subjects weren't ready to have their pictures taken, so they had to do it over.

By the way, if you look through the couple of albums of you in Germany, you might find that red ball you were talking about. Maybe this will give you another understanding of how you treat photography. You do a lot of photography, right? To comprehend the world surrounding you, to deal with life? I think Mom and Dad have a camera somewhere. I should probably take it out for a spin.

Mathieu







[illegible]

Hand

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Maciek,

The sun is showing its face on the beach for the first time in months, wish you could see it. You can say it will change, but I see it a little differently. It is not going to change, it has always been. You lived through this story of yours even though you remember something else.

But it is there inside of you. I think you've known it all along, you feel it in those images, in the eyes of your mother sitting next to you at this kitchen table, I think you knew the story is about to come to you.

And now you know what you have the story with you, you've been told the story, you just need to put the pieces together and accept it as your own.

But maybe I need to help you with this, guide you with some of the pictures, show you the way...

Your family albums are like historical moments to celebrate, and some of these moments have monuments.

It all starts at the swimming pool in Germany, before leaving for Canada. This is your first monument.

Matthew





Dear Mathieu,

This picture is one of the most important ones for me, if not the most important one of them all. I've always considered it to represent my first memory as a human being, which is my parents and I at the swimming pool. I'm sitting on a jacuzzi next to my dad, and my mom wraps me in a towel. In this picture, I'm already wrapped in the towel, there is a man next to my dad, laying down sunbathing. Behind me, on the left side of the image, another man is standing and about to lay his towel on the ground. On the far right of this picture, a woman is sitting on the floor grabbing her knees.

It's strange how the image has a composition with clear separations in its background. On the left, you have a dark wall that cuts the sky in half, and then there's us, in the lower part of the photo, sitting on this concrete block. And I see now, looking at this picture while writing to you, that the jacuzzi is not a jacuzzi, and my mom is taking this exact picture we're talking about. Again "la pompe de Maciek". I remember, but the story is different. I don't want to believe that this memory isn't true, that I imagined it because I've seen this picture so many times as a kid. When I see this image, I am immediately reminded of this memory and catapulted into this place. I'm there, at the swimming pool, with my mom and dad. Furthermore, this takes place days, if not hours, before we left the refugee camps for Canada. That is too precious of a memory to accept as different or not even real, or mixed with another place.

Maybe you're right, part of it is that I've been there, I lived this, I even have proof to show for it. But I guess some apples need to be made into apple pie. Those memories must not go to waste: they need to be refreshed and then accepted as something else, or just accepted, something only for you, some composite of multiple truths, of multiple stories, of multiple images, of multiple selves. In these postcards and letters we're writing to each other, lie

your "truth".

One thing I learned growing up is that there is no singular truth; things aren't black or white, even though we would like them to be. It seems easier to understand, sure, but it misses a whole part of the story. And now, for years, I've been writing my own story, taking pictures the way I see things now. I think I understand fragments of my story a little more each day, with this camera that only wants one thing: to tell the story of the past. But how do you talk about the future with something that can only record the past? How do you understand what will be with something that is already gone, that has already disappeared, that is no longer with us?

Maybe that's it, this picture that I thought was the proof of my first memory. This is how memory works: it always builds a memory of what you've lived and puts your hopes on top of it, this little "what if it were this way?". Never really knowing, never really exact? Always contaminated by something adjacent.

Maciek





Dear Maciek,

Yes, I can tell you that you were at this swimming pool, I remember that moment, I remember the towel, I remember the jacuzzi. Don't you remember the jacuzzi? Or maybe the jacuzzi was just the swimming pool? I don't know anymore. Does it even matter? I think you need to concentrate on capturing what's important. The details, you need to point at what's striking, at what brings you back. Take those pictures. From how I remember it, there's a handful of family photographs that were really striking to you in those albums. Some sparked something inside of you, but only a few created an explosion in your mind. Maybe you should find those and try to see where the story shifted. Or if it shifted at all, I feel maybe nothing has shifted. Maybe it's just understanding, finally...redemption.

Mathieu

Dear Mathieu,

I think you're right, this is something I have to do, dig deeper into those "changed" stories, it's just that it looks like there's so many memories to go through, they feel like an enormous sandy beach, and I'm blowing on each grain to reveal what's underneath. How to I go about doing that?

My brain is scattered among four different countries, and I'm trying to understand where things started and how history unfolded in front of me without me seeing it.

The feeling I've always had inside of me was that I started remembering my memories at the swimming pool in Germany, shortly before leaving for Canada. So the red ball comes before that, somewhere around the fall of the Berlin Wall. Then the red apple is very close to this event, but I see now, on the pictures with my mom and I sitting on the kitchen table, that I am holding neither a red ball nor an apple.

Every time I see this picture, I am reminded of those words my parents told me: "The Germans were giving us crates and crates of apples, and they were full of pesticides."

I realise now that I've always considered this moment with my parents at the swimming pool to be this transitional point in time for my mind, but the more I write to you about it, the more I understand that it's not my personal story that changed who I am, it's our collective history that transformed this kid. We have to go back a few years - the fall of the Berlin wall is this point in time when everything changed. My parents' feelings changed, there was all of a sudden some form of collective hope that could be felt. I think that I have to place the beginning there, and what a beautiful beginning this is.

The only thing I'm still wondering is to be : am I still the kid in this picture ? Am I still you ?
I don't think I want to live through the past anymore, I just want to jump over that fence and forgive myself for thinking that -













My story wasn't enough. That you, Mathieu, weren't enough.
Just one more thing about the family albums : can you remember
the picture of Grandma pulling you on a snow sled in Montréal ?
Was this the coldest winter you've ever been in ? The minus-
forty-something-degrees-Celsius one ? Or was it another picture ?
And why is your Grandma in Canada in this photo ? You're closer
to this event than I am, maybe you'll remember better. What I
remember is myself in a sky-blue onesie playing in the snow. Maybe
it's that other image I'm thinking of.
And not just blowing on those grains of sand, but I have to dig
into it, and dig deep.

Maciek





Dear Maciek,

You are still this person, this hasn't changed, neither has the first version of your history, as Mathieu, this kid that grew up in Montreal and whose parents were afraid people couldn't say his name right. You are not changing your history, you are adding on to it, I think it's just that. Some stories were delayed, and you, as a human, kept on going, building your life, your story, your memory, the Maciek you are now. You were simply translating what you had just lived.

This apple has always been an apple, you are still you, and Mathieu is probably just a translation of who Maciek is. A slightly different version of yourself, but still the same person. Look at what you've done these past years to understand your past, also look at those pictures you've made of yourself trying to put things together. There's still a bit of work to go through, though, before calling it quits.

And maybe there's one thing to keep in mind while making more pictures: they are not "the final answer" to how you see your past self and stories. Pictures are created to die, as is anything and everything in life. Nothing lasts, and everything changes as time passes by. The pictures you make today mean something to you at this moment in time, but this meaning will inevitably change in another twenty years. So maybe ask yourself this question: What is it really that you're searching for, the meaning of your past or the meaning of something else entirely? Now, about your family photos. We need to find out which stories are the most important to you, to understand a bit more of your past history. Because I've just created my stories for these pictures, based on what I've been told and what I've lived during the past five or six years. They don't mean more to me; you have those grains of sand with you. About the picture of Grandma pulling you on a sled in Canada; no, it's not that picture, this was before the minus-forty-something-





degree-Celsius weather. This picture was taken shortly after your
Grandpa had died.
About Grandpa, do you remember his jewelry business ? I think
Mom once told you about that. Do you remember what happened
with his shop ?

Mathieu

Dear Mathieu,

From where I stand, the sun is reflecting on the surface of the ocean, the sky and water are almost blended with each other. That's right, you've never heard the full story; Grandpa on Mom's side was a jeweler, he used to make his jewelry mostly out of gold. I've always thought the business wasn't going well, so that is why he closed the boutique, but apparently, there was something else waiting for me to understand the bigger story. At some point, the communist closed his shop because they considered that what he was doing was destined for the privileged. After a while, he decided he would keep on making jewelry, so he figured out a way to buy gold and create his pieces at home. One day, a close neighbor told on him to the police, and they took Grandpa to jail for about four months. Then they figured out someone helped him find the gold, and it turned out to be your Grandma, so they also took her to jail. She stayed in there for three months, I think.

Marie.





Dear Maciek,

Wasn't it great-grandpa's shop that got closed ? He was also a jeweler, wasn't he ? I think they had similar stories though. But now that I mention him, your great-grandpa, who was a decorated military man, had to "disappear" from the redars, so to say. When the Soviets arrived in the city of Krakow, he decided to throw his magnificent uniform into the Vistula, the river that goes through Krakow, in case any rumors about him got to the ears of untrustworthy people.

Now that I think about it, why do I know this story and not the one about Grandpa ? This sounds like a story I should not have known. Did our parents maybe consider it being part of a further past not linked to your direct history ? Is this why it was okay to tell it ? Was it that, because these other stories were part of the reasons we left Poland, they were too hard to tell you ? Because your parents and you lived through those difficult stories, they were too close to a really hard reality, too difficult to comprehend for a kid.

I'm starting to think that everything before Canada was a story too hard to understand for someone as young as me. But I see the details in the family pictures, and you see them too. How do you understand them now ? Has the meaning changed ?

Mathieu

Dear Mathieu,

You're right, I did hear that story, and just found out about the prison one a couple of years ago when we were driving to Grandma's funeral. Mom told it to me when we were passing by this infamous prison our Grandpa stayed in. It's the Montelupich prison, one of the worst prisons of southern Poland, it used to be a Gestapo prison during the Second World War and then it was taken over by the Polish-communist government. You can imagine the horrors that used to happen there.

Grandma was taken to the prison of Myslenice, an all-women prison down south of Krakow.

These stories have been on my parents' minds for a long time, I think they needed to come out at one point or another. And passing by this prison, on that specific day, was the perfect timing for Mom to tell you all about it. This is just the process of time and those stories fermenting in their minds. It was only a matter of taking the time to be okay with their history. They had to accept their own process. Now a new process has to unveil itself, and make way for the past to appear in my life. You're doing it, you're grabbing those details and understanding them. Trying to understand the past with pictures shows a comprehensible future, one that we build, one that visually makes something to us, one that is no longer unreal or incomprehensible.

This is why I'm not quite behind Roland Barthes when he says that a photograph is basically trash: "...Not only does it occasionally have the fate of paper (perishable), but even if it is attached to more lasting supports, it is still mortal: like a living organism, it is born on the level of the sprouting silver grains, it flourishes a moment, then ages... Attacked by light, by humidity, it fades, weakens, vanishes; there is nothing left to do but throw it away." (Roland Barthes - Camera Lucida, 93). I think that Barthes does not spend enough time on



the fact that "it flourishes a moment," and that this is the most important moment of them all, that it actually is the only important moment of a photograph, when it flourishes, this moment in time when it exists for someone to give it meaning to. To help them guide through life, through their memory. This is what a photograph is made for, to count as somebody's truth, their own truth, their own time.

Mosiek



Johna mija profesa
Quebec studio parrisi
Quebec 04.91.

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date Montmorency - 52 94







Dear Maciek,

It's as if we were in the same place, but on the other side of things. From here, the sky and water also blend with each other, but here it's a little grey. I don't see the reflection of the sun, but I can almost distinguish it. Again, sorry about that, it takes time to learn to deal with other truths than my own.

It's all just a big process, isn't it? Life.

I think I'm starting to get that, but I'm also wondering when I'll get it fully.

Will I ever get it in its entirety?

Or maybe the best strategy is to try to understand. Again, that nothing is either entirely black or white, there is no single answer to any of life's questions. It's all duplicated and slight variations of similar stories here and there.

In this whole thing about life? Are we trying to understand how growing up changes our memory, our lives? Not being from the past will ever stay in reality, you would have to have just lived it right now, just now, for it to be real, or relevant in the immediacy of things. And even then, just like a picture, they are instantly kept in the past, "...it fades, weakens, vanishes..." (Roland Barthes - Camera Lucida, p.93) and changes. It's a mix of the past and reality "...In photography I can never deny that the thing has been there." (Roland Barthes, p.75). But in memory, how do I build this reality? Is it even something I have to do?

Mathieu













Dear Mathieu,

I think we're on the right track if we take it this way. If we don't try to get an answer, but to understand how we got to this answer. But don't forget that a picture, yes, isn't reality, but it doesn't mean it's not true, it doesn't mean it's not real. Because if you think the contrary, if you believe it's not reality, you will inevitably end up thinking about it the wrong way, you will lose yourself in a different world, in something no one will end up comprehending. You will be left to yourself trying to figure out the incomprehensible. You must stay in the realm of reality. Because whatever you think you've imagined, part of it has been contaminated by a truth you've once heard. Maybe think about that for a moment.

And just to come back to those pictures we were talking about: do you remember the house dad used to live in, with his twelve sisters and brothers? He used to tell me how cold it was in this thing. He told me that in the wintertime, they would put a big pot full of water on the wood stove, and that during the night, the stove would go out, and the pot of water would freeze. I have a picture of Grandma and Grandpa in front of that house, do you remember this picture?

Maciek

Dear Maciek,

It's the first time in a while that the sand is warm under my feet.

They were eleven siblings, one of them died very early on after Grandma gave birth.

I've been to that house when we moved from Canada to Switzerland.

One year we traveled twenty-four hours by car from Montier to Krakow. The European Union wasn't exactly a fully billed machine

yet, so to get from country to country was an absolute nightmare.

And we visited the house where Dad grew up, in the Polish mountains, which is in the southern part of the country.

He told me a bunch of stories about that house, growing up there was quite something. They had a well in the garden, the frozen

pot story came up, but the story that stuck with me the most was that the whole town was present at his parents' funeral because

they were so beloved by the people living there. I remember that; the funeral.

Kathleen









Dear Mathieu,

Yes, I've heard this story very early on. I think it was during that first visit back to Poland, the one you are mentioning. I kind of liked this small town. I have this image in my mind, of me at the restaurant table there when we visited. I remember the French fries and especially the cinnamon ketchup they served us with the fries, it was so good.

I think they call it the punctum; this very important detail in a picture, that only the viewer relates to emotionally. The ketchup, that's my punctum. But does it work for a memory? Can you use it as word for an image you have in your mind?

Because it's the cinnamon ketchup that brings me back to this moment, the taste, I have it on my tongue as I write these words. And the image is clear in my mind, it is an image. I could reenact it and take a picture of it right now, I could do that the same way I do for every other memory I have reenacted. But Barthes probably intended it to only be about a physical image... without a doubt.

But it's strange, because I feel that my family album pictures are my memory. I look at them to remind myself of moments. It helps me catalyze those memories and reveal important aspects of those moments captured in these photos. But sometimes I'm not sure these memories really exist, or maybe I'm not sure anymore. It's strange, because as a kid, I was sure they existed. And now that I'm all grown up, a feeling has changed, an uncertainty has settled in, a questioning developed. Is this what growing up is? It feels like the timeline of my life was what I was trying to put back together, or to understand. But the more I write to you about it, the more it becomes clear that it's those big moments that I'm trying to understand. Answering why we fled from Poland, knowing why the refugee camps in Germany were horrendous, understanding how my grandparents lived and what

they went through, and why. Why do I have to understand all of this?

I think I prefer to live with my memories' punctum rather than my photo's *pomme de Maciek*, because at least with the punctum I have a form of certainty, a reliability in the memory. At least it feels like this. But maybe it's more of a "mature" decision to go with *la pomme de Maciek*, the sense of growing up is more present, your memory is being challenged, you're asking yourself whether you can trust your memory, and you re-evaluate certain moments in your life. You consider people and the way they were, you consider the meaning of everything you thought you knew. Yes, it's probably better this way, to understand rather than to live with a singular truth that only belongs to you and only you, and is anchored forever in the past. *La pomme de Maciek* will be my memory's punctum; this misunderstood detail that brings me back to my past, and unravels my truth of the world.

Maciek





Dear Maciek,

I guess I have to start thinking about that. It's just that those albums represent a moment of my past life but a very close past, compared to you. I feel that my memories are fresh looking at those pictures. You see them through what I remember of those memories. You remember MY memories, and probably not the exact time was it that "poisonous" apple in the refugee camps in Germany. She would say it was full of pesticides and that she could feel herself getting sick from eating them. You remember the story being told to you. Whether it was me telling the story of anyone else telling it. Whether you like it or not, you are only going to remember the close past after a while, those memories fade and become something else, a deeper questioning of the world, not only your perception of it. It is essential that it works this way, because if it didn't we might not question our lives the same way, we would not try to understand what we're made of, how we came to be the way we are, and how to go on in a way that's adequate to us, understandable, real ? ... I've always thought that creating a personal memory was "existing", that it is was becoming a human being. That first memory, it is first feeling of the world around you, is becoming who you are. But I think you're beginning to understand something else about this process.

Mathieu

Dear Matieu,

This is exactly right. I was in this exact way of thinking, but the more I get a grasp on what I'm looking for, the more I understand that it is not only my memory that makes who I am. It is not only my memory that matters to the world. It is a multitude of them that carry on who you are. You are, the moment someone remembers you, you exist and you matter the instant you are born, whether you remember it or not, because of those other people, also.

Jean-Paul Sartre used to say "l'enfer, c'est les autres", "Hell is other people" (Jean-Paul Sartre - No Exit) which he meant to say, that the gaze of others determines our understanding of who we are deep inside. But we must not fall into the abyss of their judgement, for this will keep you in hell, because the vision others have of you, is itself deformed, and therefore you are, inevitably misunderstood, misrepresented. So in the end, there are no "right answers", no "he is right, yes you exist because of the gaze of others, but no one remembers correctly, because no one knows anything about anyone, not even ourselves, it's a constant search, it's a never-ending path of understanding rather than finding the definite truth. The more you have of yourself is deformed by time itself. Time is part of this "hell" Sartre was referring to. Even if you dig deep enough, time will blow those sand grains all over the place and give you a different answer each time you're looking for one.

Kaciek





Dear Maciek,

I'm lost, my memory is on a beach somewhere. Those grains of souvenirs are scattered on this infinite oceanfront I find myself on. Stuck on this threshold between reality and memory. Sand is blowing all over the place, and I can't understand what to make out of it.

Like a worker trying to put things together in my own mind, I've tried to build something with each grain separately, but it doesn't work this way. I find myself groping them together. Piling them on each other. Something starts to take form, but nothing seems to keep shape.

The amount of them, you wouldn't believe it, there are so many grains, and each of them wants to tell me something about myself, about the world, about you, digging deep into my brain, revealing things I had never perceived.

Some of them are washed away by the ocean, and some of them stay, how should I know which ones I should hang on to? Individually, they are insignificant, it's only when I see them all together that they form this place, this beach I'm lost on, this memory in decay, this space I'm starting to understand, this place I want to stay in.

Am I lost on it? Or is this just proof that my memories aren't gone?

Mathieu





Thank you.

To my parents, grand-parents, great grand-parents, ...

To my love, Marion.

To my professors Petra Koehle, Nicolas Vermot-Petit-Outhenin, Robert Ireland,
Gill Gasparina, Anne-Julie Raccoursier, Kadiatou Diallo, Jérôme Leuba.

And everybody who helped with the production of my thesis; Caterina Giansiracusa,
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This thesis was written in the context of MAPS – Master of Arts in Public
Spheres at EDHEC, HES-SO – Sierre, Valais, Switzerland.

Born in Krakow in 1987, Maciej Czepiel grew up in Germany, Canada then moved to Neuchâtel, Switzerland where he now lives. After doing a Propedeutique Diploma in cinema at Ecole Cantonale d'Art de Lausanne, ECAL; he has done a CFC of photography at CEPV, in Vevey, Switzerland. He then graduated from the Higher School of Photography of Vevey (ES/FS), CEPV in 2019. He is currently finishing a Master degree at the University of Art and Design of Sierre, EDHEA, Switzerland (MAPS - Master of Arts in Public Spheres).

Some of his accomplishments were the reception of the Focale Prize 2020 from the City of Nyon, Switzerland. He was selected to do the "Enquête Photographique Valaisanne 2020", was a finaliste of the LensCulture Exposure Award as well as the Prix Photoforum Pasquart 2017. He exhibited two times at the Biennale of Contemporary art of the Museum of Fine Arts of La Chaux-de-Fonds and also had solo exhibitions.

Education

EDHEA	Master of Arts in Public Spheres - MAPS, Sierre, Switzerland, Masters Degree, 2023-2025
CEPV	Higher studies in Photography, Vevey, Switzerland, ES (FS), 2017-2019
CEPV	Technical and mandat studies in Photography, Vevey, Switzerland, CFC, 2015-2017
ECAL	Propedeutique diploma in cinema, Lausanne, Switzerland, 2013-2014

Exhibitions/Prizes

2025

Exhibition	FORMAT - Mont-Soleil, Switzerland, I'm Not Sure I Remember Anymore, August
Exhibition	I'm Not Sure I Remember Anymore, Sierre, Switzerland, June

2024

Exhibition	Espace d'art N°20 / Balkkon - The A.M. - Switzerland, Neuchâtel, June
Exhibition	Chateau de Nyon - "Dispute", Exhibition of the art collection of the City of Nyon, Switzerland, Antenna, February
Exhibition	Gallerie La Grenette (Ferme Asile) - Sion, Switzerland, Standard, January

2023

Exhibition	75th Biennale d'Art Contemporain - La Chaux-de-Fonds, Switzerland, In the Beginning, October
Exhibition	If I Could Only Remember, Ulsan Photography Festival 2023 - UIPF - Ulsan, South-Korea, May

2022

Exhibition	What's In Front of Us - VFG 2022 - "Coup de Coeur" - IPFO, Haus der Fotografie - Olten, Switzerland, September
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2021

Exhibition	Photographic Survey of the State of Valais 2020, EQ2 - Ferme Asile - Sion, Switzerland, October
Shortlist	VFG Nachwuchsförderpreis 2021 - Antenna, Switzerland, June
Exhibition	KlanGalerie with PEP - Photographic Exploration Project, Connections - Berlin, Germany - Antenna, April
Exhibition	MBAL - Museum of Fine Arts - Le Printemps des Artistes - Le Locle, Switzerland - Antenna, March
Digital Exhibition	Forum Transfrontalier - Autres Frontières, If I Could Only Remember, February

2020

Solo Exhibition	Galerie Focale - Nyon, Switzerland, Antenna for «Prix Focale - Ville de Nyon 2020», November
Prize	Prix Focale - Ville de Nyon 2020 - Swiss documentary Photography Prize - Nyon, Switzerland - Antenna, October
Shortlist	Prix Photoforum Pasquart 2020 - Biel/Bienne, Switzerland - Antenna, August
Shortlist	VFG Nachwuchsförderpreis 2020 - Zürich, Switzerland - Antenna, June
Digital Exhibition	Forum Transfrontalier - Autres Frontières, Antenna, June

2019

Selected	Photographic Survey of the State of Valais 2020, EQ2 - Martigny, Switzerland, December
Solo Exhibition	Balkkon - Neuchâtel, Switzerland, Antenna, November
Shortlist	ReGeneration 4 - Musée de l'Elysée - Lausanne, Switzerland, Antenna, October
Shortlist	Photoforum Prize 2019 - Photoforum Pasquart - Bienne, Switzerland, MAMA, August
Exhibition	f'ar, Forum d'Architecture - Lausanne, Switzerland, .RAW, MAMA & Antenna, Juillet
Shortlist	VFG Nachwuchsförderpreis 2019 - MAMA, Switzerland, June
Solo Exhibition	Standard/Deluxe - Lausanne, Switzerland, Antenna, May
Exhibition	VIDYxCEPV - Théâtre de Vidy - Lausanne, Switzerland, January

2018

Exhibition	Festival Images - Vevey , Switzerland, Brutti Ma Buoni (Group project), September
Shortlist	VFG Nachwuchsförderpreis 2018 - If I Could Only Remember, Switzerland, June
Exhibition	Revolv One Year Show - Safehouse I - London, England, If I Could Only Remember, June
Exhibition	Photo London - Somerset House - London, England, If I Could Only Remember, May
Exhibition	Swiss Photo Award - Photobastei 2.0 - Zürich, Switzerland, Shortlist - If I Could Only Remember, March
Finalist	LensCulture Exposure Awards 2018, If I Could Only Remember, February
Exhibition	The Pupil Sphere Groupe Show - Leeds, England, If I Could Only Remember, February
Exhibition	Nuit de la Photo - La Chaux-de-Fonds, Switzerland, If I Could Only Remember, February
Exhibition	The Pupil Sphere Groupe Show - Glasgow, Scotland, If I Could Only Remember, January

2017

Exhibition	73rd Biennale d'Art Contemporain - La Chaux-de-Fonds, Switzerland, If I Could Only Remember, December
Finalist/Exhibition	Photoforum Prize Exhibition - Photoforum Pasquart - Biel, Switzerland, If I Could Only Remember, December
Exhibition	Journées des Alternatives Urbaines de Malley - Lausanne, Switzerland, Papy Ping Pong, September
Prize	USPP Prize 2017 - Vevey, Switzerland, If I Could Only Remember, June
Prize	Meilleur Portfolio, Nuit de la Photo - La Chaux-de-Fonds, Switzerland, The Life and Death of Luc the Cat, February

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