From: **Maks Zuch** maks.zuch.1@gmail.com
Subject: curse of archiving
Date: 3 June 2026 at 13:45
To: makssresearch@gmail.com

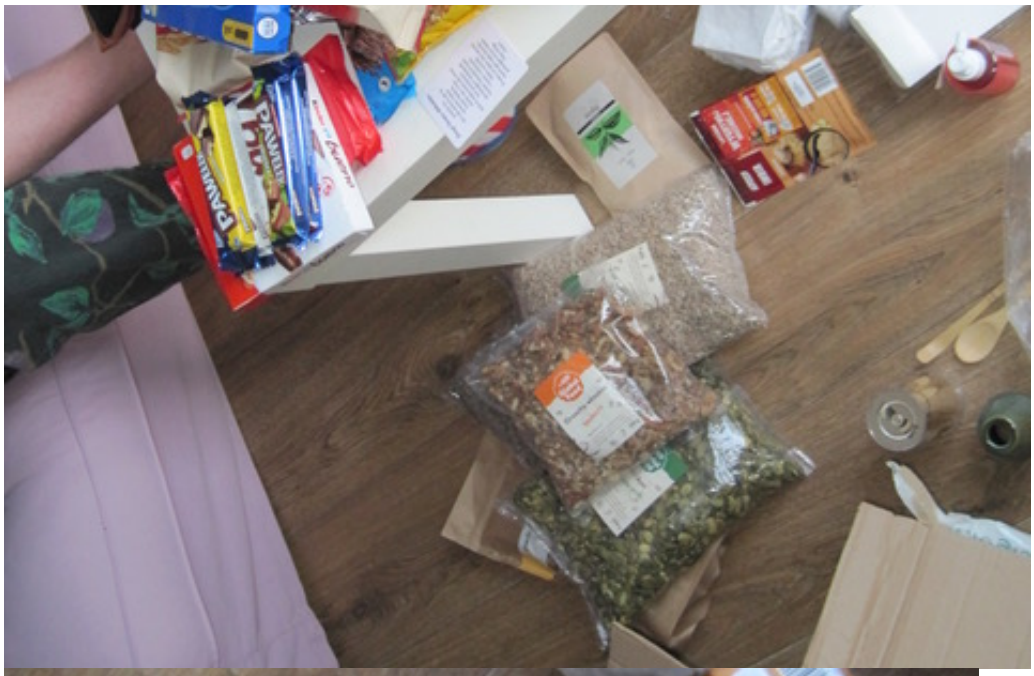
one evening with my flatmates, we were playing cards, per usual. and as per usual, paul and i ended up staying up till 4 in the morning talking about memory, typical stoner conversation. we do it from time to time, stay up late, talking for no real reason for hours. i don't even remember when it all started, but at some point we were talking about the fact that after some time, a certain period of your life can really be minimised to a one sentence, like when i was living in italy, i had coffee in the city every day. all of these memories, so many different moments, places and fillings get narrowed down to just this one sentence. sometimes it seems so sad to me. it made me think, i just want to remember everything, every single detail of every single moment. i don't want to lose it all, typically melodramatic.

and this brought me to this one question: how to archive everything. how to document every moment of the day. to keep everything you experienced, all of your memories. and what are the ways of documenting and archiving?

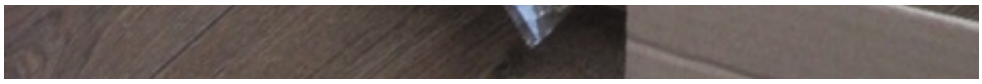
for now, i started with writing, noting, and logging (photos and videos of course). but how can i write down everything i do, always every day? i thought of hilke, how she writes a couple of sentences about every day in her notebook, or about this movie called ‚exit through the gift shop', a kind of bad movie made by banksy? but not really about him, about this guy that was recording everything with his camera (obsessive). he had boxes of cassettes and discs in his house with all of the movies he collected. or at least that's how i remembered it. but of course, to even watch this archive, you would need to spend your whole life.
i remember this time when my grandma took my brother and me to vienna. we went to this zoo in the gardens of schonbrunn. it was a huge one, so many different animals; we were constantly getting lost and side-tracked. eventually, we realised that we would not be able to see it all because it was too big, so we needed to just go to the most important places. this was really hard for me to understand. what do you mean? we are here, and we are not going to see everything that is here? at some point, i started running from one enclosure to another, just taking photos of the animals with my phone. i was not even looking at them really, i was just coming to the cage, taking a photo and running further. at some point, i got lost, just running into different paths, making photos. i was really fixated on photographing every corner, every animal. in the end, i think i never even looked through the photos; they were just in my camera roll, now i dont know where they are, i think i lost the phone or something.
i loked though my old notes, and i found my journal entries. from 2019 to 2023. 881 notes, from these 5 years. a summary of every day. i almost never look at any of it. why did i do it then? i think the idea of having something recorded in this way made me calmer. this fear of losing it.

for now, i am making some photos of my life. photos of these moments that feel like magical realism. all of them from this year, since i started thinking about it. but sadly, sometimes, in the midst of a busy day, i forget to think of documenting these moments. i hate it!




PAWEŁ

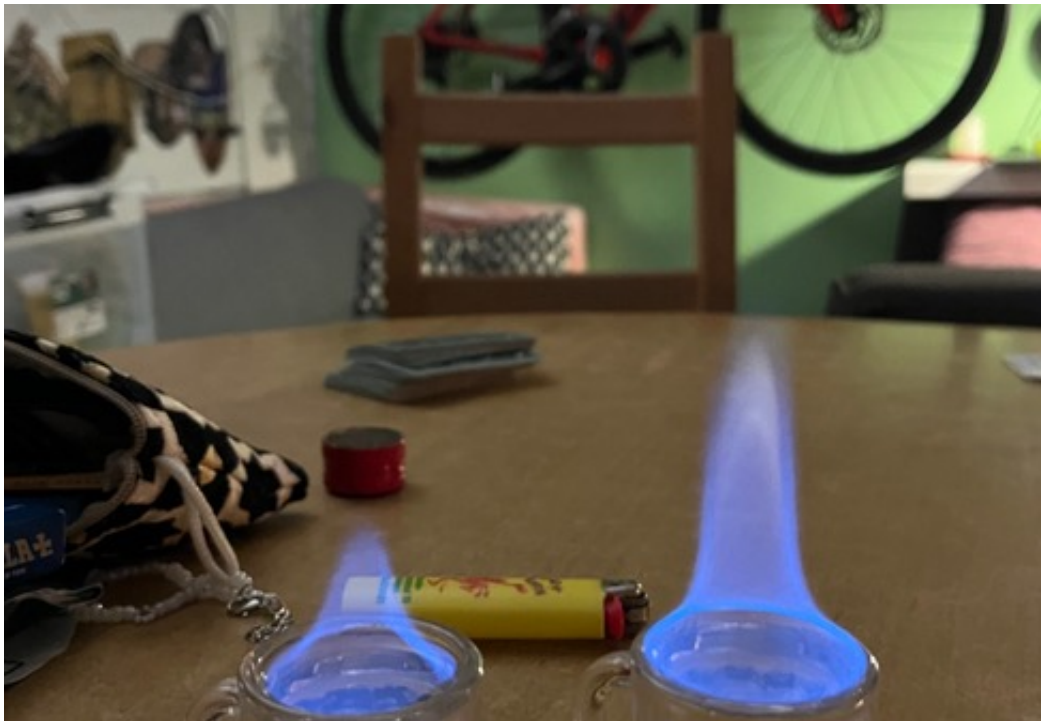

Global Food
Orzechy włoskie



a package i sent to myself after christmas. it was fun to pack stuff in poland to then unpack it in the nederlands.



it is funny to look at this growing collection





one very, very late evening after playing cards. paul and i were still talking, but the alcohol was over. we found this old one on a dusty shelf. probably somebody from the previous flatmates left it there. it was the one you can set on fire



it was at this bar called canarie. nora had her birthday. for some reason, behind the bar counter, they were playing this live stream of deer eating food. they told me that the previous month they had a live video of a bird's nest where you could see this small bird grow over the course of the whole month. at some point, the bird was all grown up. he flew away from the nest. a weeks after, people kept asking what happened to this bird.





An empty display case in the Jewel Room in Dresden Palace's historic Green Vault, pictured on April 29, 2020, damaged during the break-in a year earlier. *(Sebastian Kahnert/picture alliance/dpa/Getty Images)*

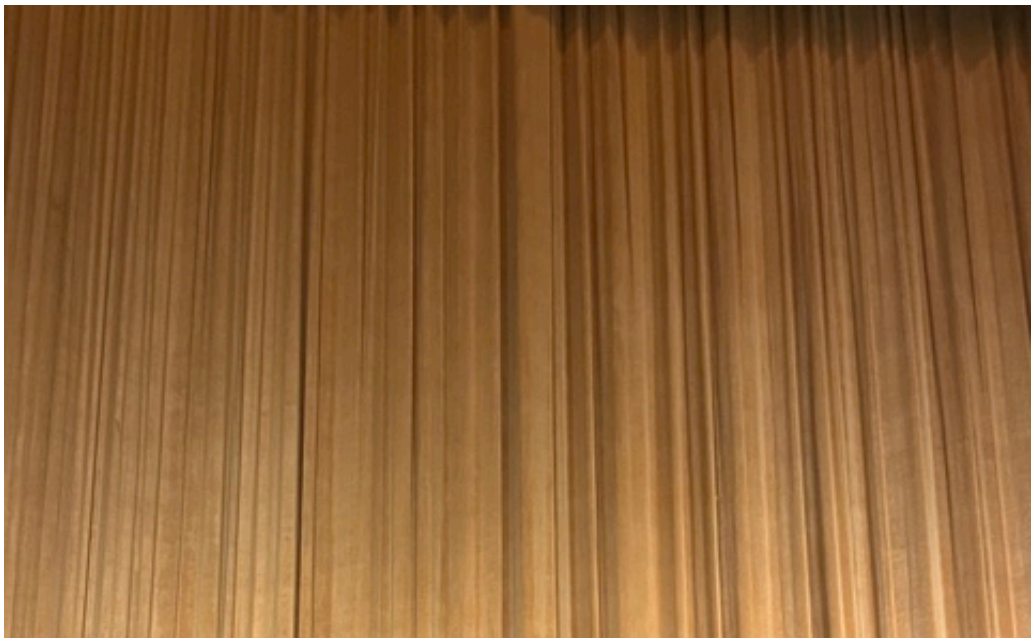
i really liked this image i found online. display of an empty box where they exhibited the jewels before they were stolen. artefact of emptiness.



love this photo i did in amsterdam. photo of two chairs for sale with these two chairs behind them. makes me wonder, what is a real chair?

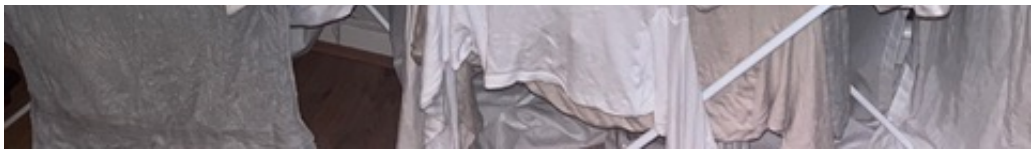


i always enjoy the still lifes on my table i make after coming home from a night out









two beautifully synchronised photos. one of the stage in tuschinski theatre after watching ‚hamnet' with max (loved it, cried a lot at the end). and the other one of my laundry the day after



one of the old maps, when they haven't really known what the world looks like. i really love these two strings on both sides; they seem to enclose the world in some soft way, or maybe make it easy to carry it around. i am not sure why they are there tho



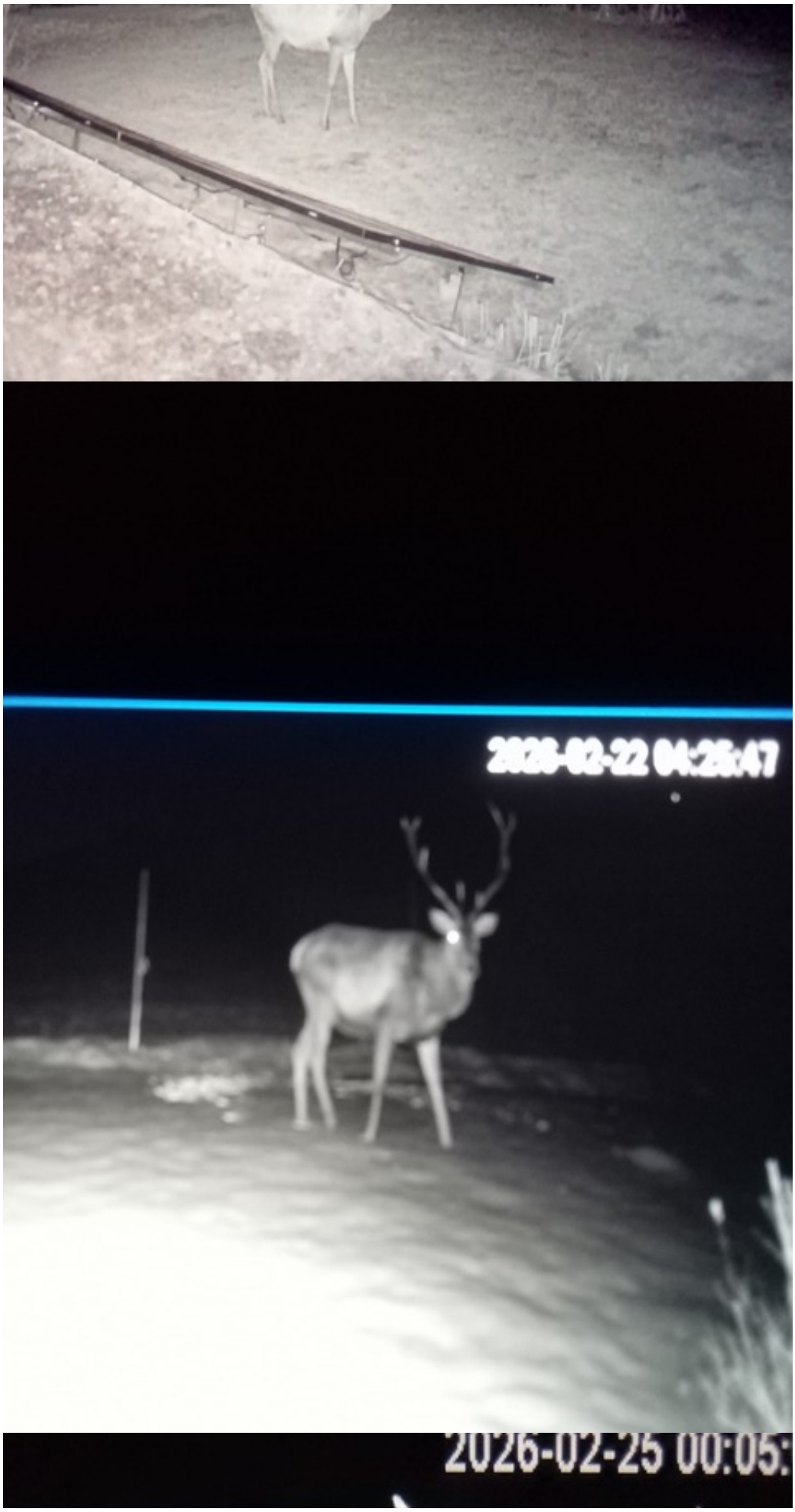


when i was washing my hands once, my soap fell exactly between my plant's leaves






2026-02-13 20:08:09
19:00
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01:00
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my granpa and my grandma are documenting the deer that keeps coming by to their house in the mountains, always walking around at night and eating my grandma's flowers, as she complained to me. they are great at archiving it! my grandma wakes up in the middle of the night to check if the deer is around. i like the connection to the live video from canarie

i was amazed by how many birds are flying around maxs house





a big egg on display



sweet grave decoration. researching reincarnation



went to the sea with lilly when she was visiting me. we took this bus that was way too fast, and she got motion sick. we were sitting in this big restaurant by the road and just having fries and talking for hours, not a very eventful trip



nice reflection in utrecht