

Don't Touch Paper

Local draft preview from editorial/work/dont-touch-paper.

2026.05.16 15:00 DENNIS HEDEGREEN JOURNAL V1.0

[HTTPS://HEDEGREENRESEARCH.COM/ARTICLES/DONT-TOUCH-PAPER/](https://hedegreenresearch.com/articles/dont-touch-paper/)

Camelot, Eurovision, and the archive cabinets I do not need yet

My motto is simple:

Don't touch paper.

That sounds like a rejection of paper.

It is not.

It is a rejection of uncontrolled paper.

Loose paper is chaos. It piles up, disappears, gets folded, damaged, misplaced, half-read, copied badly and found too late. It turns tables into temporary archives. It turns drawers into evidence traps. It turns a normal apartment into a slow administrative collapse.

Paper has gravity.

Digital files have another problem.

They pretend they do not.

I may have a thousand PDFs in Camelot within a month. This is one of the few moments where "don't touch paper" becomes less a motto and more a housing policy.

My apartment is not built for old archive cabinets.

A thousand printed reports would not be an archive here. They would be furniture. Bad furniture. Heavy furniture. The kind of grey metal cabinet system that makes every room feel like a municipal basement.

So for now, I am grateful that the archive does not require floor space.

But that does not mean the archive has no weight.

Digital storage solved the weight of documents.

It did not solve the responsibility of documents.

That is where Camelot begins to matter.

Not as a folder.

Not as a download page.

Not as decoration.

As a room.

I am not going to explain the name Camelot here.

Some names should keep one locked door.

It is enough to say that the name belongs near documents. Near fixed shapes. Near the strange old dream that a page could travel between machines and still remain itself.

That is all I will say for now.

Camelot did not begin with Eurovision.

Before the songs, there were dairy reports: twenty-eight documents about EU country proximity, production, geography and food systems. They were not glamorous. They were not supposed to be. They were about distance, milk, regions, supply, evidence and the strange fact that food systems are also maps of dependency.

Those reports made the first shelf.

Then came Eurovision.

Fifty-four reports about songs, countries, points, staging, performance and the strange way Europe turns entertainment into public memory.

At first glance, milk and Eurovision do not belong in the same room.

Cows and costume changes.

Production and performance.

Geography and glitter.

It sounds like someone misunderstood the filing system.

But maybe that is the point.

Camelot is not organised by topic alone.

It is organised by document behaviour.

The dairy reports and the Eurovision reports both belong there because they are families of documents. They repeat a format. They make comparison possible. They turn separate moments into something that can be held together.

One reads Europe through milk.

One reads Europe through songs.

Both become documents.

Eurovision is perfect for this because it pretends to vanish.

A song lasts three minutes.

The lights go down. The camera cuts away. The costume goes back into storage. The joke stops landing. The winner changes. The country moves on.

But the record remains.

The points remain. The order remains. The year remains. The scoreboard remains. The performance becomes data. The data becomes memory.

Eurovision is not just glitter.

It is a machine for turning performance into archive.

That is why it belongs in Camelot.

Not because every song is important.

Because the ritual is.

Because Europe keeps using songs to rehearse versions of itself, and then leaves behind tables, rankings, broadcasts, photographs, arguments and memories for someone else to read later.

A song disappears.

A report stays.

Morocco participated once. In 1980. They did not return. One entry, one record, one report. The performance lasted three minutes. The document is still there.

Yugoslavia participated twenty-three times, from 1961 to 1992. Then the country stopped existing. The archive did not. The record sits in Camelot under a country code that no longer has a flag.

Luxembourg won four times. Thirty-two finals from 1957 onwards. Almost nobody remembers them now. The wins are in the record. The forgetting is also in the record, in the gap between what the numbers say and what the public conversation holds.

[Morocco 1 final · 1980 Eurovision Explorer ↗](#) [Yugoslavia 23 finals · 1961–1992 Eurovision Explorer ↗](#)
[Luxembourg 32 finals · 4 wins Eurovision Explorer ↗](#)

Three different kinds of disappearance.

One record for each.

That is the small violence of documentation.

It holds something still.

A document is not just information.

A document is a decision to hold a shape against time.

That is why PDFs still matter to me. Not because they are perfect. Not because they are beautiful. Not because they are the final form of truth.

They matter because a PDF says:

This version existed.

This layout was chosen.

This title was attached.

This source path mattered.

This was the release state.

A webpage can move. A note can change. A draft can grow teeth later. But a PDF has posture. It stands still long enough to be judged.

That does not mean paper is dead.

I do not believe that.

If Hedegreen Research ever becomes a serious institution, paper may have to return.

Not as mess.

As ceremony.

As archive.

As proof that some work deserved more than a scroll position.

There is a difference between a loose printout on a kitchen table and a numbered physical copy in an archive cabinet.

There is a difference between clutter and record.

I do not trust loose paper.

I do trust paper that has been given a place.

One day, maybe, there is a stone building in Sweden.

A real one.

Not a metaphorical castle. Not a moodboard castle. A stone place with walls thick enough to make paper feel less ridiculous. A house, a library, a room where documents can have physical weight without threatening the kitchen table.

Maybe then I can buy old archive cabinets on offer and betray my own motto with dignity.

Maybe then Camelot has a physical shelf.

But not yet.

Right now, the archive has to live without furniture.

That does not make it weightless.

It means the structure has to carry the weight instead.

Metadata becomes shelf logic.

Version numbers become drawer labels.

Source paths become filing discipline.

Release states become institutional memory.

Camelot is not where PDFs are stored.

It is where finished work is asked to behave.

A folder can hold files.

A room can hold memory.

An institution has to hold itself to rules.

The dairy reports made the first shelf.

Eurovision made the room feel alive.

The next thousand PDFs will test whether the room has rules or only decoration.

That is the real problem.

Not whether there are enough files.

There will be enough files.

The problem is whether the files can still explain themselves when I am not standing next to them.

That is what an archive is for.

Not storage.

Continuity.

Not clutter.

Memory.

Not paper.

Not yet.

Camelot is not the castle.

It is the rehearsal for one.

The archive cabinets can wait.

The document discipline cannot.

RELATION MEMORY

NEARBY [Hello World 0.196442](#) · Both articles treat the system as something that needs versioned, durable memory rather than loose artifacts.

SYSTEM REQUIREMENT [This Stopped Being Just One Website](#) · A multi-room publication system needs document discipline to stay navigable.

RETURNS TO [Day 0.2](#) · The closure problem and the document-discipline problem are both about deciding what remains active.