

LIBRARY CHAMBER

The building's most private space, a library, study and chamber for meditation, would be situated three steps to the West from this point.

There would have been magnificent frescoes on the walls, one depicting good government and the other, bad.

The portrayal of good government was immediately irreparably destroyed by fire, water and pickaxes – evidently by the same people who, throughout time, have found the idea of good government such a provocative subject in art that it must be immediately obliterated by force.

Of the portrayal of bad government, in contrast, we have enough material to examine on walls, on canvases and in various other forums.

The acoustics of the space would have been so good that it would have been possible to hear laughing, singing or the sounds of kissing from tens of thousands of years ago, whispers and music which might not have pleased everyone, but which would not leave anyone unaffected, echoes from a time when cave people lived, and shamans worshipped here!

Of course the library would not have been here yet, but the echoing caves of the shamans, on top of which - most probably on purpose - the library was built. There the memory of the first songs of poetry were preserved and in a way the tradition was continued.

On the library shelves we would have found all forgotten poetry by women, and on the shelves of sheet music, works by all the forgotten women composers, those whose existence it was unimaginable to have imagined before.

The space would have been small, but the materials magnificent.

From here you would also have had the best view straight into your inner most being.