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Os ossos de que é feita a pedra - Script

ON THE COACH SOUND SYSTEM

On boarding

Guide

Welcome. Welcome to the Town of Culture. You are about to start a very special visit; an unrepeatable visit. I will be your guide, and I will take you into the heart of this town. You will see not only the public spaces, but also the restricted areas. You will see the town and its insides.

I will be with you throughout the trip. Listen carefully to my voice. The security team will also be with us, and they will help you to move around safely. When you get off the bus, we will be waiting for you with all the necessary equipment: each person will be given a sound device with headphones, and a safety helmet. The equipment is numbered; please check that the number on your helmet is the same as the number on the bag holding the sound device. After kitting up, wait for the safety team to tell you when to switch on the sound device. This will be the only thing you will have to do to the device. During the visit do not touch the sound device again.. For your safety, do not remove the helmet or the headphones during the visit unless you are instructed to do so. The visit will last for on hour without a break.

At the roundabout

What makes the first view of a town and its landscape so remarkable and unrepeatable is that distant things vibrate in unison with things that are closer. No sooner do we begin to find our way around a town, to get used to it, the landscape disappears, just as the front of a building disappears when we walk through the door. After we begin to find our way around the town, this first image cannot ever come back to us. Retain this sight, live it to the full now.

The World is here, and we are in the World.

Entering the tunnel.

News

With the first rays of sunshine, the man marked a perfect square on the ground and started to dig. He moved stones and earth with the determination of a mission for which he was destined, or a curse which he could not shake off. He hacked at the ground with a space as if, in doing so, he himself was entering the earth, digging down into layers of compacted material. He dug and dug,

moving the weight of a thousand years with each grain of soil, reconstructing a genealogy with each blow of metal into the soil. He counted the bones making up each stone, revealing the amalgamation of people concentrated into that dust.

And with each movement, the man returned the soil to the sun, stirring up the bodies, words, finally bringing them into the light.

The man dug and dug: rebuilding his home.

ON THE MP3 PLAYERS

Guide

Hello. It is a pleasure to see you here.

We are about to start our journey. Let me just give you a few instructions before we begin. From now on, you do not need to touch the sound device again, except to adjust the volume. Always follow my instructions; we will walk at a comfortable pace.

Are you ready? We are going to go through the door into the Library and Archive. Let's go.

We continue straight on along the corridor on the left.

At the end of the corridor there is a hall. We do through the first door on the left, the one with the steps. We climb the steps.

We go up one floor. We continue to go up.

Now we have gone up another floor. We continue to go up.

Voice A

Come over here, come over here! Come and see the most prodigious of creations. Come and see this marvel: A machine for saving moments! Do not be afraid. Those who come close see how fate smiles on them. Come here, there is room for everyone!

Guide

We continue to go up. We're nearly there.

Guide

A door. We go through it.

We stop in the hall to catch our breath.

Thank you for your effort. I promise that from now on, the route will be extremely easy. Although it is a little winding; we are talking about X square metres of space, Y doors and Z kilometres of passageways. A real labyrinth. When work began the workers were constantly getting lost despite them all having detailed maps of the buildings. We replaced the maps with new ones over and over again. Each one was one a scale closer to reality. And so they were bigger and bigger. We even thought of making an outrageously large map which used the exact size of the construction and reflected it point by point. But with it open, nobody would be able to move around in here. And we would never manage to roll it up again.

Voice A

There's nothing like it in the world. Come over here, come over here! Who's going to be the lucky one?

Guide

Let us continue. We go through the glass door opposite the lifts.

We continue on. We go through the doors and enter the hall. We go to the centre.

Spirit

Sometimes I here voices which sound in the hallways, or come from a radio, threads of conversation which echo around. They say it is cold out there. They say it rains and that the sun dries everything, that fire is life, that everything is repeated in cycles, in mirrors, like in the water of a river, what all these things were already here a long time ago, but can disappear in a second; they say that thirst kills, and desire kills, and time kills, but that all these things can also be killed, they say that everything has already been said and that the day always comes when all is silent, and I am waiting...

Guide

At the far end of the room there is a door. We walk towards the light.

Spirit

“Are you going far?”

The men alone
march
green with the future
stopping until the lights turn green

And they hurry on through before the lights
turn red
the man who marches
is now green

Guide

We leave the room and continue along the corridor.
The corridor turns to the right. At the end of the corridor we pass the pillar and turn to the left.

Guide

Impressive, isn't it? Look carefully at the immense arch, and the different arches which can be seen from here. Only up here can we see the fantastic lines which they make. Imagine the strain which all this places on the structure and the concrete.

Spirit

Oh yes, journeys are wonderful to see.
Bones for walking.
Eyes for receiving.

Eyes like two windows.
Legs, walking machines.
And when walking and seeing the bones from which the stone is made, they begin to appear.
To let themselves be seen.

Guide

And what about the walls – external but also internal? Note the inclination down to there below; all that translucent glass structure and metallic edging. The edge of the structure reaches an upward incline of 76°, without struts, bands, or any other support points. And yet without any risk, thanks to the compensation made by the structure itself, through the anti-torsion reinforcement of the edging. We are talking about IPE 200 metal girders with HB 100 and IPE 300 profiles, and the cement used has a tried and tested individual mix for each surface.

At first they said it was impossible and that the design would never go beyond being an idea. And in the end, here we are, and don't tell me it's not worth it. Only in the tales of Marco Polo, in the descriptions of the walls and towers which were destined to fall can we discern the minute detail of a design as refined as this, capable of resisting even the work of termites.

Let us continue. We follow the handrail.

Before going downstairs, we go over to the parapet to our right and look down.

Archivist

Everywhere there is an "Echo", a "Voice", a "Herald", a "Progress". All this material goes through a process of reduction to the very essence, of condensation, which we do not yet know where it will lead. And it is not just newspapers. It is a catalogue of everything, moment by moment. Centralising information, catalogues, preserving all recorded and recordable files; all the stories in human memory, person by person, place by place. My role is just to collect the stories, one by one, just as they were recorded, and hand them over to the organisation. Always following the rules: to preserve with altering, to analyse without judging, not to interfere. Someone else will do the rest.

Guide

Let us continue. We go down the steps.

Spirit

We aren't treading on stone. We are treading on bones. We are stepping on living material which at any moment may flare up and spread. Very fast. Under our feet everything moves. Everything moves us. Very slowly.

Guide

We keep on going down. We continue through the rows of shelves.

Voice A

Come over here, come over here! Come and see the most prodigious of creations. A unique invention only available to very few. Come and see, ladies and gentlemen! The best invention since mankind was mankind.

Guide

Careful: in front of us there are more steps. We keep on going down.

Voice A

Come and see this marvel: A machine for saving moments! Do not be afraid. Those who come close see how fate smiles on them. Come here, there is room for everyone!

Guide

We stop by the red ball.

Voice A

Feel a masterpiece made from pieces of the moon stolen from the Americans. Horrible wars were fought to obtain it, and now it is here, for the most audacious. For the most fortunate. This genius work is capable of the greatest things: it is enough just to carry it with you. The piece which kings and queens would want, and have not been able to have. There are only ten of these in the world! How is this fantastic machine for saving moments possible, Ladies and Gentlemen? Because it is a special object. Made from moonstone and rare fibre, worked on the highest peak of Ceylon. Do you know where Ceylon is, Madam? You don't, eh? It is far, far away. Under this coloured layer there is a rare material, made from magic stones, the only piece made from strips of the shawl into which Mary Magdalene wept! Oh yes, Ladies and Gentlemen, the lucky winner can preserve here the

happiest moments of their life. No, it is not a sound recorder. It isn't used for hearing words again. It is for reliving happiness. Yes. This machine only preserves happy times: the day the sun went down later, the moment when...ahem...your wife smiled a little more... There's nothing like it in the world. Come over here, come over here! Who's going to be the lucky one?

Guide

Let us continue. We carry straight on. We go to the penultimate room of shelves. There a challenge awaits us.

We stop. Here lies knowledge, the imagination of the future and of ourselves; the key to entering the Knowledge Society. This library has no walls, but through the small gestures of those who visit we can create a virtual echo in order to share knowledge and creation. Would you like to try? Look around you.

In each of these containers there is a sphere. Find the sphere with your number; the number assigned to you at the beginning and is on the bag of your sound device. When you find your sphere, take it out of the container, keep it in your hand and join the rest of the group in the centre of this hall.

Spirit

Come, write, speak with images.

Pick up from the floor what has always been there, engrave on the stone, spread through the air, create a journey.

Now it is time for that winged seam... until God is destroyed by the extreme exercise of beauty

Guide

Oops! Our time's up. We must continue. If you have not yet found the sphere with your number, you can take one of the others.

We are once again all together in the centre of the room. Can you see the route we've come along? We turn our back on it and continue straight ahead. We leave this room and turn to the right.

We head towards the columns. Next to the column on the right there is a tube. Put your sphere in there. Walk around the column and go downstairs.

Archivist

Every day, after finishing work, I tidy up the material, close the boxes and line them up on the floor. Then I take a compass and use the point to prick one of the fingers on my left hand, between two grooves in the fingerprint. The choice of finger is random and of little importance. Pricking my finger is simply a way of marking the order, the organisation of my work, a means of controlling reality, a silent way of obliterating the day.

Guide

We continue along the path of the spheres and stop next to the deposit.

Can you see? A town is not just a geographical place or an urban territory. A town is a symbolic space where reality, invention and myth blend all together. The truth is that cities are also built by all those who create, mould and reinvent there, book after book and symbol after symbol, the imaginary collective of people. We can even say that if men did not write, or imagine, there would be no cities.

Well, at least that is how I interpret this game. Shall we continue?

GROUP 1:	GROUP 2:
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Guide

On the left there are 13 translucent glass doors. Behind eleven of them there is a shelf with a box on it. The other two are there as a trick...

Go through just one of the ones with a box, and open it. There is no need to wait. There is sure to be a room for you.

Archivist

At first I thought the library included all the books, and that the archive held all the documents. My first impression was of overwhelming joy. I felt in possession of a complete, secret treasure. That is why I spent my youth travelling. An endless pilgrimage in search of a book, the catalogue of catalogues, perhaps. Maybe on the right, on that end shelf, up there. Or down here, there on the left. On one of these shelves, I thought, there must be a book which holds the key, the perfect summary of all the others.

Spirit

It is useless to search for answers which cannot be given, because in order to be given, they must be lived. Everything must be lived. Questions must be lived. And maybe one day we will find ourselves living inside the answers.

Guide

Close the box. Go back out. Close the door. Go back to the others.

Those who stayed out here will go in now. We will wait. We will wait out here. Look at the space around you. Look up.

Guide

Ah! (*Shouts*) Can you hear that? The curves design the lines of the very structure creating something rather like a huge, sinuous acoustic panel which challenges the balance of sound which we are used to. During the construction work, the engineers in charge of acoustics spend whole afternoons shouting in order to calculate the exact curves which had to be given to all these shapes. Even today, the maintenance men should before opening the doors and after closing them, to make sure everything is in place. Sometimes they get the cleaning lady in

Guide

Let's continue.

Some of the group will start to go through the glass doors on our left. Let them go. We'll go shortly. But for now we'll wait here. Look at the space around you. Look up.

Guide

Ah! (*Shouts*) Can you hear that? The curves design the lines of the very structure creating something rather like a huge, sinuous acoustic panel which challenges the balance of sound which we are used to. During the construction work, the engineers in charge of acoustics spend whole afternoons shouting in order to calculate the exact curves which had to be given to all these shapes. Even today, the maintenance men should before opening the doors and after closing them, to make sure everything is in place. Sometimes they get the cleaning lady in because they think her shouts are better suited to the task. I also like to shout and stand listening to the echo. Of course, if you want to shout, you can do so too. This is the best place for it. And after opening to the public, the librarians ensure me that it will be completely impossible to do it.

Look at the glass doors. They're about to come out. Now it is our turn.

On the left there are 13 translucent glass doors. Behind eleven of them there is a shelf with a box on it. The other two are there as a trick...

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<p>Guide Look at the glass doors. They're about to come out.</p>	<p>Guide Close the box. Go back out. Close the door. Go back to the others.</p>

Guide

Now we are all back together again.

We are going to continue our visit. We go to the far end of the room.

Guide

At the end, on the left, there is a long corridor. Lets walk along it.

Voice E

It has been raining for a month. For a month the cathedral bell has been marking an underwater time, slow and empty.

The whole town is talking about the delay in suicide. A student here can choose between playing whist, drinking heavily or committing suicide. I find it impossible to get rid of the idea that I am superfluous in this bloody town. I get the impression that I am growing mould in my lungs, in my heart and all inside me. What's more I don't know what the hell's wrong with me. I'm always half out of it.

Guide

We continue. We go to the end of the corridor.

Spirit

“Are you going far?”

The men who step firmly
on the earth
or drag their feet along the ground
are making history
in search of the imaginary good kingdom
which
if alone,
because they do not know how to join up with other loners,
cannot find their fatherland.

Voice E

It is tremendous. It has been raining for months and the water has now reached the third floor.

The water has reached the third floor and it hasn't stopped raining.

I'm going to the cafeteria to play whist. With the water as high as it is, up to my balcony, I can lie back with no problem, I'm a good swimmer.

I don't know why I didn't think of it before, going out onto the street off the balcony.

Guide

After going through the emergency exit, we take the corridor on the right.

We go through the door at the end. After that, there is another door. We only go through the second door when we are all together.

The next room is special. When you go it, turn to the right.
We continue.

Archivist

We have lived many decades in silence. Now we will have to be able to let the voices which are no longer her take over our memory, at least for as long as our enforced silence lasted.

Guide

The space is widened. On our left there is a corridor which lets us move on safely. We take that corridor.

Spirit

Blood circulates continuously and mixes in order to create a new life at every moment. Unique and un-repeatable life.

Archivist

Story 12B36. Synopsis. The woman was going to run away. She kissed her daughters goodbye and boarded the boat. There were eight of them with her. The police didn't stop them. Nobody asked them for documentation. When they were out at sea they heard a cannon. There were eight of them and they all died.

Guide

We continue on.
Everything around us is full. On both sides, everything is completely full. Everything bursting with memories. But we can tap our fingers on the cupboards to feel that this is side of the living.

Archivist

Story 42D68.

Guide

On the left, at the end, is the exit. We go out.

Archivist

Sometimes it seems to me that those only precious things, worth being saved, are precisely those which leave no trace, which cannot be found on any record: a sigh, a steaming broth, a look, a breeze.

Perhaps the universe is not made of that which our organisation calls recordable material. Perhaps it is made precisely of these small intervals. Perhaps by only compiling recordable material can we discover the intervals. Perhaps...

Guide

In order to leave, just as when we entered, we must go through two doors. We will go through the second door when we are all together.

Now we take off our safety hats. We set them down.

Welcome. We are now in the public access area for the National Archive.

GROUP 1	GROUP 2
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<p>Guide We climb the steps in front of us. We ignore those who continue to the left. We'll catch up with them again.</p> <p>We're going to stop a little. We can look out there.</p> <p>Guide Let us continue. We want to go up to the next</p>	<p>Guide Before the staircase we turn to the left. We ignore the others, who will go up. We'll catch up with them again.</p> <p>What you are seeing is memory. Imagine millions of tiny fragments, texts, sounds, images, everything which ever happened, analysed, preserved, compiled. It is incredible. How fast would the records have to be made to keep up with life? And this visit we're making? For how long will it be recorded? The steps we have just taken – when do they become the past of any future?</p> <p>We carry straight on.</p> <p>How fast will the Archivists have to process the data so as not to fall deeper and deeper into the past? So that at the end of each day they are closer to the present? Here is a tempting equation... Maybe on another visit.</p> <p>When we reach the shelves, we continue to the left. We continue straight ahead until reaching the end of the room.</p> <p>At the far end of the room, we stop for a while.</p> <p>Archivist Story 52E48. Description. The professor says that the San Sebastian is about 300 or 400 years old. He says that that piece of carved wood is much older than any of us could dare to imagine living. You can see in the image that the wood is full of holes made by woodlice. Hundreds of years old woodlice, perhaps. First one, the others and their descendents, different lineages, some more than others, rather like us, people. An infinity of tiny creatures gnawing away at the beautiful wooden San Sebastian. And the saint remains undaunted, while they belch out their wooden entrails. 300 years of stoicism. And the woodlice consuming it from the inside, indifferent to the holiness of the piece, as if carrying out a plan. Centenary woodlice completing the task for which they were chosen.</p> <p>Guide We continue. Now we continue in the opposite direction, following the outside windows.</p> <p>We pass between the windows and go up the</p>
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<p>floor. Opposite us, on the left, there are stairs.</p> <p>We climb the steps.</p> <p>Spirit Down there the serpents sleep. Inanimate, and curled up on themselves.</p> <p>Guide At the top of the stairs we go over to the parapet and look down on the place we were before.</p> <p>What you are seeing is memory. Imagine millions of tiny fragments, texts, sounds, images, everything which ever happened, analysed, preserved, compiled. It is incredible. How fast would the records have to be made to keep up with life? And this visit we're making? For how long will it be recorded? The steps we have just taken – when do they become the past of any future? How fast will the Archivists have to process the data so as not to fall deeper and deeper into the past? So that at the end of each day they are closer to the present? Here is a tempting equation... Maybe on another visit.</p> <p>We continue on this floor. We continue onwards, to the end, towards the glass parapet.</p> <p>Can you see the columns? These are not the columns – this is the column! The backbone of the whole building. X tonnes of concrete on each of the respective facings. I have often been asked which is the column which upholds this or that building... None of them! Buildings aren't supported by this or that column, but by the arch line which they form. Do you understand? And so why am I talking about columns if all that matters is the arch? Because without columns there is no arch!</p> <p>We stop at the parapet and see the space down below.</p> <p>Archivist Story 52E48. Description. The professor says that the San Sebastian is about 300 or 400 years old. He says that that piece of carved wood is much older than any of us could dare to imagine living. You can see in the image that the wood is full of holes made by woodlice. Hundreds of years old woodlice, perhaps. First one, the others</p>	<p>stairs.</p> <p>Can you see the columns? These are not the columns – this is the column! The backbone of the whole building. X tonnes of concrete on each of the respective facings. I have often been asked which is the column which upholds this or that building... None of them! Buildings aren't supported by this or that column, but by the arch line which they form. Do you understand? And so why am I talking about columns if all that matters is the arch? Because without columns there is no arch!</p> <p>We continue straight on, on this floor.</p> <p>We stop for a moment. We can look out there.</p>
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<p>and their descendents, different lineages, some more than others, rather like us, people. An infinity of tiny creatures gnawing away at the beautiful wooden San Sebastian. And the saint remains undaunted, while they belch out their wooden entrails. 300 years of stoicism. And the woodlice consuming it from the inside, indifferent to the holiness of the piece, as if carrying out a plan. Centenary woodlice completing the task for which they were chosen.</p> <p>Guide We must continue. We turn back, and join the others.</p>	<p>Guide Let us continue. We want to go up to the next floor. We climb the stairs which the others have already gone up.</p> <p>Spirit Down there the serpents sleep. Inanimate, and curled up on themselves.</p> <p>Guide At the top of the stairs we turn to the right. We join the others.</p>
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Guide
Here we are all together again. We go out.

Guide
We leave the Archive. In front of us, at the far end, there is the main door to the Library. We continue on the left.

<p>GROUP 1:</p> <p>Guide We are going to split up again. We are going to continue straight on along this outside corridor.</p> <p>We continue on.</p> <p>Archivist One day I bought two small notebooks, with plain pages and soft covers. None of those expensive things which are so fashionable. Just two notebooks, one with a black cover, the other in brown. The first, the black one, was for recording, at the end of each day, what I had done. The second, the brown one, was for doing whatever I felt like.</p> <p>Every day, before going to bed, I try to discover if the day is really over and I try to recover the bundle of daily events which are worth recording. Day after day I started writing in the black notebook, pages of a daily record. And I realised that the brown book, where I am free to write what I feel like, is still empty.</p> <p>Guide Here we get the feeling that the wind and rain shaped the entire structure. It is as if everything has been here for decades, as if it was born in the mountain. The structure adapts to the mountain and the mountain also adjusts to the</p>	<p>GROUP 2:</p> <p>Guide We are going to split up again. We go into the room on our right.</p> <p>We continue to our left, along the room.</p> <p>Archivist One day I bought two small notebooks, with plain pages and soft covers. None of those expensive things which are so fashionable. Just two notebooks, one with a black cover, the other in brown. The first, the black one, was for recording, at the end of each day, what I had done. The second, the brown one, was for doing whatever I felt like.</p> <p>Every day, before going to bed, I try to discover if the day is really over and I try to recover the bundle of daily events which are worth recording. Day after day I started writing in the black notebook, pages of a daily record. And I realised that the brown book, where I am free to write what I feel like, is still empty.</p> <p>Guide Here we get the feeling that the wind and rain shaped the entire structure. It is as if everything has been here for decades, as if it was born in the mountain. The structure adapts to the</p>
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<p>structure. We can also see clearly that the original facing is beginning to blend in with the minerals. As if the entire construction were becoming a great lichen, do you understand? Lichens contain a fungus and algae which mix together, and sort of merge, each one giving the other a quality which they lack, thus being able to cover the stones and cling on to them, ending up like a kind of skin. The more we dig down, the clearer it becomes how at some point the relationship between the building and the mountain became symbiotic, in an innovative hybrid of art and nature.</p> <p>We go into the room on our right, where we find the others. We stop at the window opposite us.</p>	<p>mountain and the mountain also adjusts to the structure. We can also see clearly that the original facing is beginning to blend in with the minerals. As if the entire construction were becoming a great lichen, do you understand? Lichens contain a fungus and algae which mix together, and sort of merge, each one giving the other a quality which they lack, thus being able to cover the stones and cling on to them, ending up like a kind of skin. The more we dig down, the clearer it becomes how at some point the relationship between the building and the mountain became symbiotic, in an innovative hybrid of art and nature.</p> <p>We continue along the room and stop by the last window on the right hand side.</p>
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Spirit

I was there when the lovers built palaces and hung gardens, when stone gods emerged in the form of small islands and when the pyramids lined up with the stars, when the wall which can be seen from orbit was completed, and when they travelled into space. In all these places human bones were scattered and human limitations shattered.

Where does a man die when he dies in a dream?

Guide

They say that the earth’s globe, the sphere, always finds a place on which to rest. Well; here we are creating the place for the sphere to rest.

Imagine the future; in front of us there is the square of a new town. A town built from the stones of quarriers and the art of creators. A place for building identity which projects us towards the others and where cultures cross over. This is a door onto the world, a door between peoples, a space for all generations.

Guide

We all go out together. We leave the room, turn to the right and go outside.

Archivist

The story finishes here. No-one knows what happened... it may be that the man went up to the hills. We can imagine the man on the mountain shouting “Madam Fairy” with all his might and for as long as his breath lasted. There was no reply. But the man did not give up, and found the door alone. He entered the mountain and started to go down towards the centre of the earth.

Guide

We cross the car park, heading for the towers.

Archivist

Once inside the mountain, he saw the fairy sitting on the edge of a well. She was more beautiful than any other, and she was naked, as if she had just been born.

“You’d better get out of there, you’ll fall,” the man said to her. “I won’t fall, don’t worry. You come here, come and get me”.

He went over, ready to get hold of her and pull her out. But when he was just a whisker away from touching her, he saw a bright light in her eyes and the reflection of the devil in the water of the well.

“I never went back there, my friends, because that was where the devil tried to catch me, just as I could capture you right now.”

Spirit

“Are you going far?”

the man who marches
The man only muscles which march
The man only hunger which marches
He marches in the rain
and he finds...

Guide

We go through the iron door and continue to the right, towards the glass tower.

Everything is perfectly explicable. Although it is an unusual combination of biological and geological elements. But right now it is perfectly under control and even contained within the operation of the technical services. It was an absorption of organic material – hearts of fruit, pips, seeds – into the stone which was being fitted. When we found out about the situation, the roots were already firmly attached to the blocks, meaning that we could not remove it without breaking the stone apart. That is why we could not prevent the trees from growing. But today the situation has been stabilised. There has even been a considerable improvement in terms of heat insulation.

Spirit

... I am waiting, for everything which is still left to be said, waiting for days filled with words, waiting for names to change and nicknames to be invented for me, I am waiting for the tracks and the fingerprints, for the musical notes and payment notes, for the smell of food and rubbish, for the registrations, obscene messages left on the bathroom doors, and all the things, good and bad, which the life of men plants in the earth of cities, finally... town!

Guide

The problem is that trees from all over the world appeared, breaking the stone, as a result of the workmen who used to have their lunch here. And this is delicate. These trees required a wide range of care and maintenance, in terms of watering, fertilisation and pruning. What hard work! But that's the way it is.

We continue. We go down the spiral staircase.

At the bottom of the spiral staircase we turn to the right and continue on down the stairs which we find on our left.

Archivist

Completing the task, be it changing light bulbs, sorting out books, cleaning rooms, polishing joints, watering plants...can become an end in itself, the ultimate meaning of a life which, close to its end, is considered to be wasted. Or not.

Guide

We go down to the bottom of the stairs.

Archivist

As if someone came out of the house in the first days of autumn to sweep up the leaves which have fallen in the doorway, and started to walk around the whole town, sweeping just the space in front on them, without realising that the path marked out is immediately covered again with falling

leaves. Maybe that person believes in the overall need to fulfil his mission. Maybe he believes that nature will give him a break.

Guide

At the bottom of the stairs we turn to the left and continue straight ahead.
We go through the door and continue straight on along the corridor.

Archivist

In the late autumn, exhausted, the person sits down on a garden bench and at the same time understands the significance of the time he has devoted to re-establishing an impossible order, and the useless end result of his work. Meanwhile, the last few leaves keep falling, covering his last steps, the space around him and even his body.

Guide

We move on slowly.

Archivist

Like in an endless pilgrimage, the route taken is the purpose in itself. We move on slowly.

Guide

At the far end, on the right, there is a door. We go out through that door.
We are back in the underground gallery where we come in.
From now on I cannot come with you. It has been a pleasure spending time with you. I am sure we will see each other again soon. Please return the sound devices to the safety team and return to the coach. Thank you.

THE END