<script> My experience of the city started underground, where I was a miner </script>
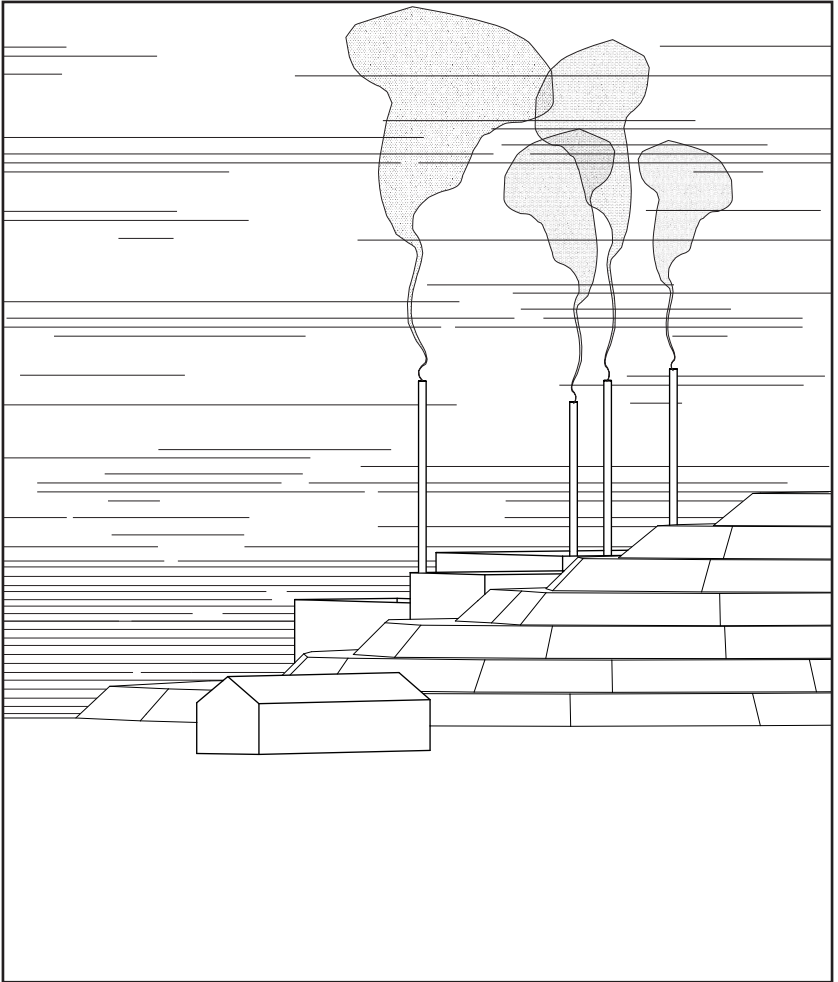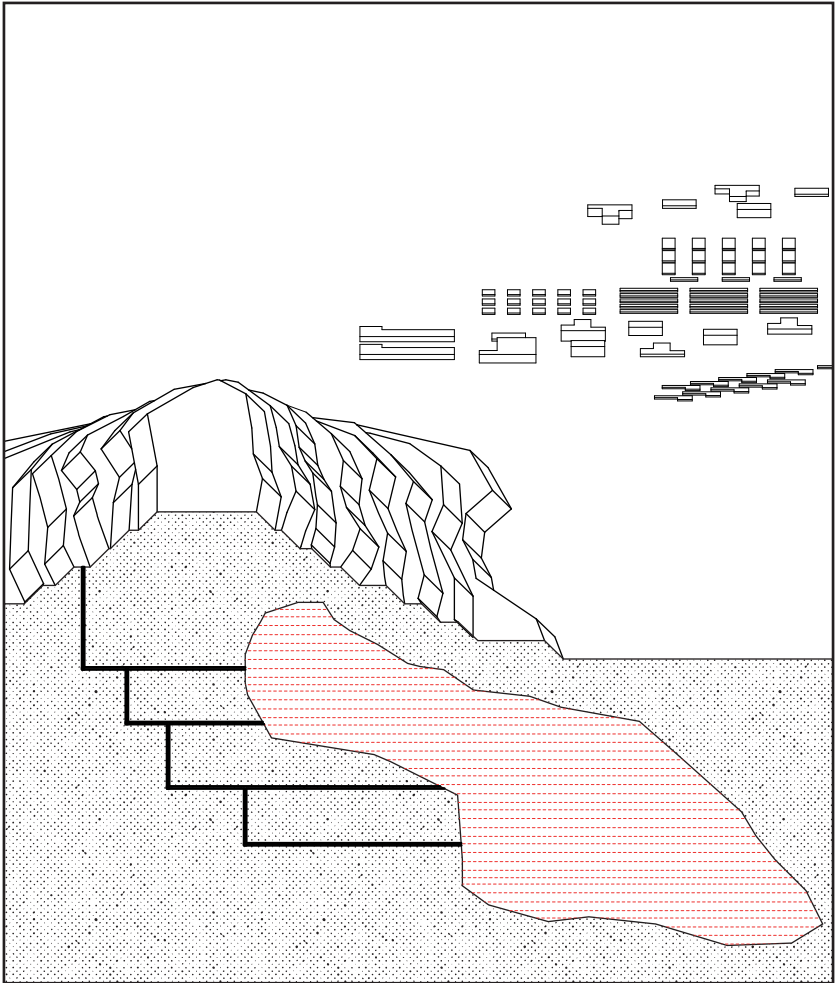
<script> I did this job to support my household but with every meter I dug, my house was getting closer to the verge of destruction </script>
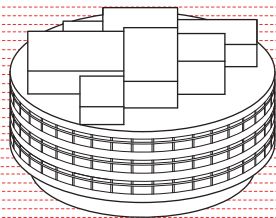
</scenario.1.1.2.destruction>

<scenario.1.1.3.schizophrenia>

<script> The hole I was digging was burying my city underground. Am I schizophrenic? </script>
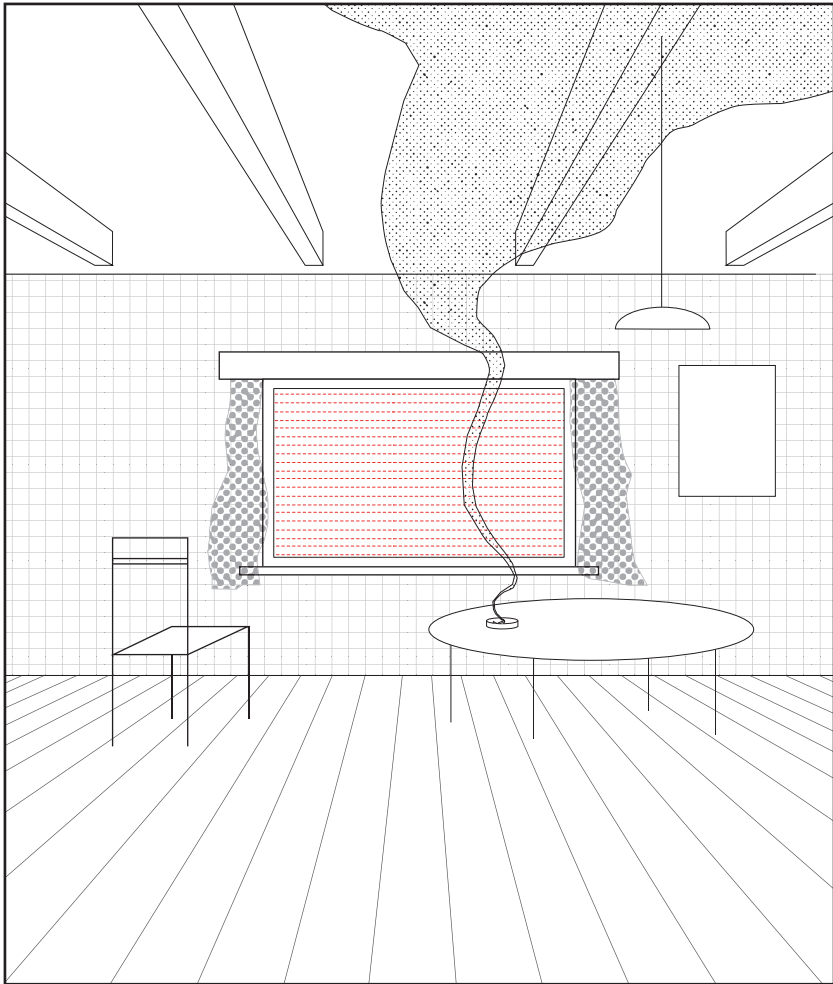
</scenario.1.1.3.schizophrenia>

<scenario.1.2.1.displacement>

<script> The decision was taken that the city had to move. Little by little, our buildings started being displaced </script>

</scenario.1.2.1.displacement>

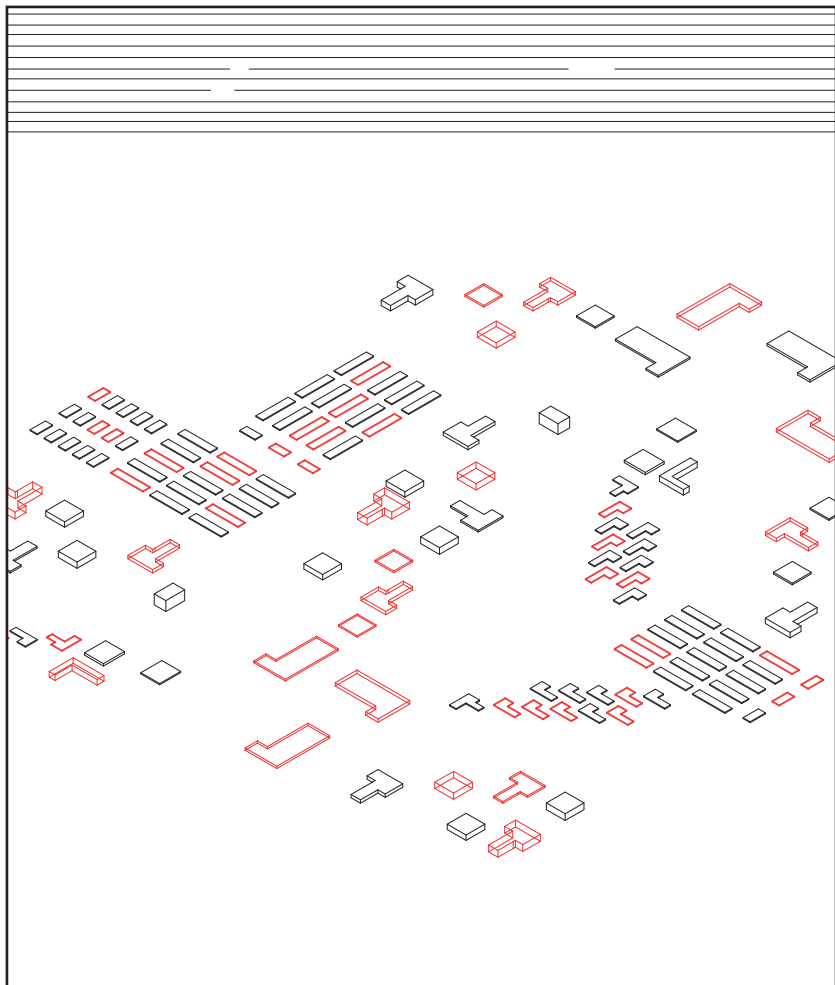<script> At some point, we started forgetting where we were, only aware of our immediate surroundings </script>

<scenario.1.2.3.new.spaces>

<script> Our understanding of where the city was
located started changing. The city was at many
places at once </script>

</scenario.1.2.3.new.spaces>

Physical space is:	Cyberspace is:
Ruled by measures of distances	Measures of space don't exist
Time serve to classify information	Time has no hierarchy
Position serves as a tool of localization	Position is irrelevant
Humans reading of space and time evolved from natural law and mathematics	Humans reading of space and time comes from technology

<script> According to architects, the moving of our city in conjunction with our experience of technologies provoked a rapid evolution of our senses of perception </script>

<scenario.1.3.2.new.condition>
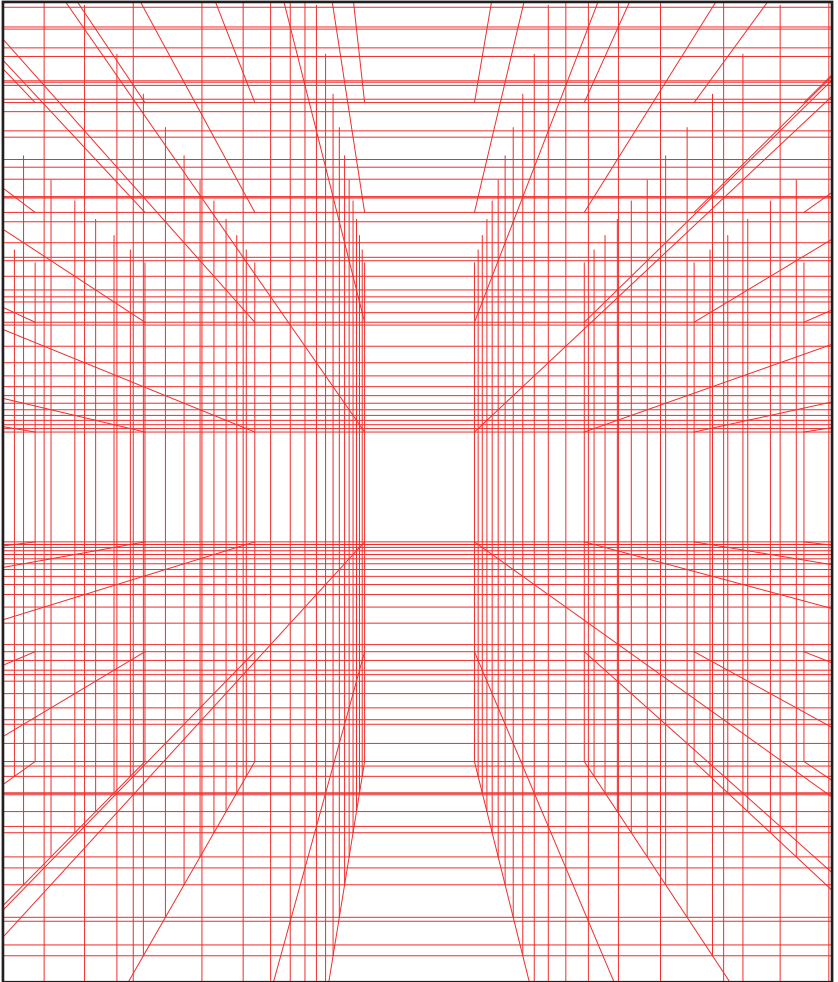
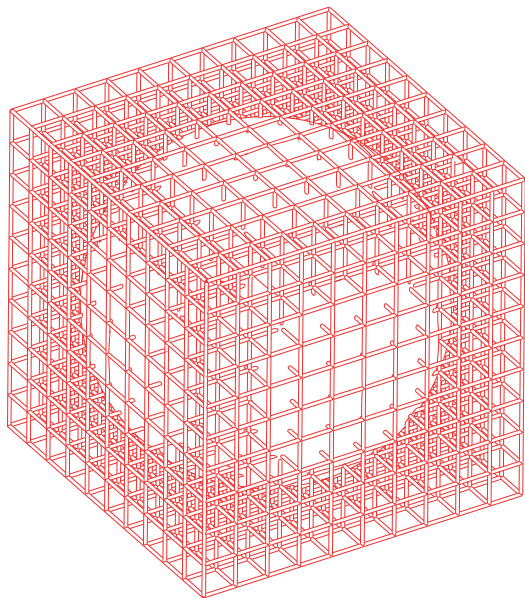<script> By modifying our perception of reality, we gained access to a new spatial condition </script>

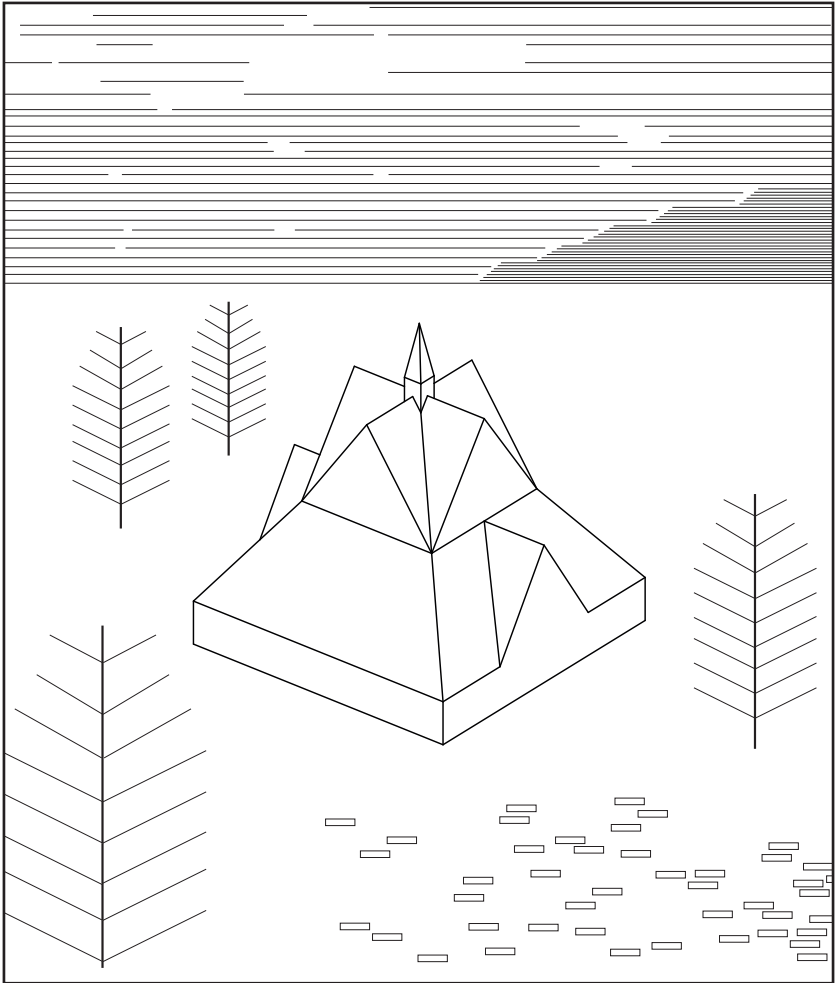</scenario.1.3.2.new.condition>

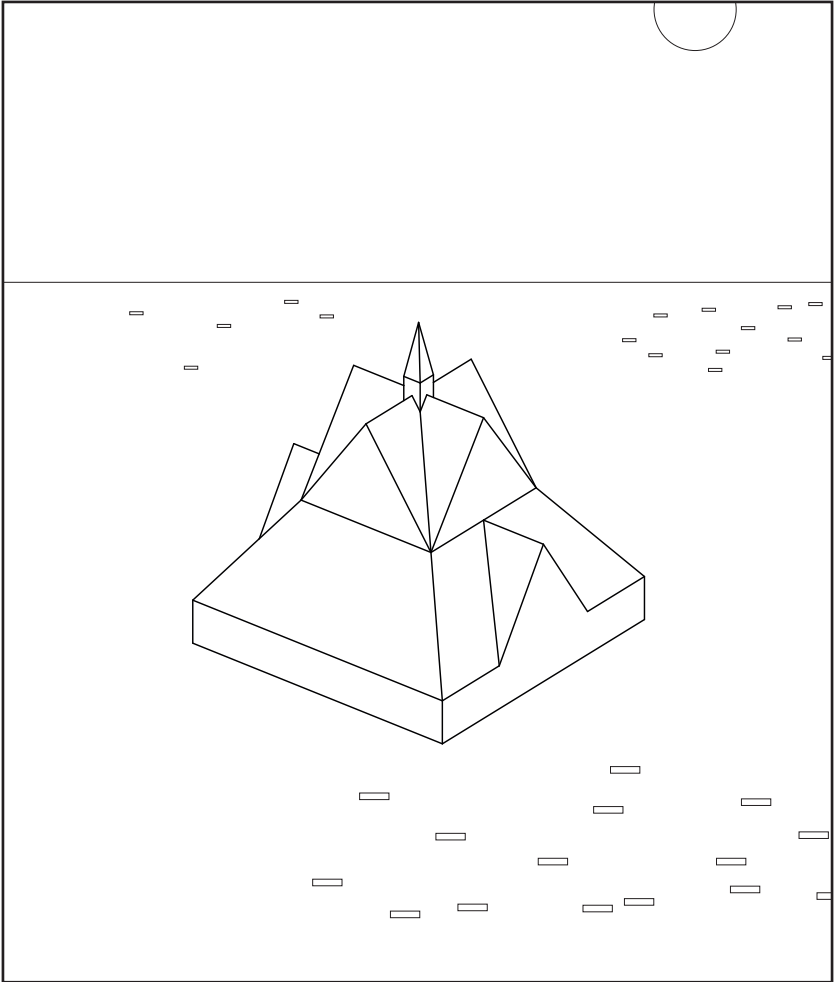<scenario.1.3.3.enter.cyberspace>

<script> It is called cyberspace </script>

</scenario.1.3.3.enter.cyberspace>

<script> Our church has always defined the nature of our community </script>

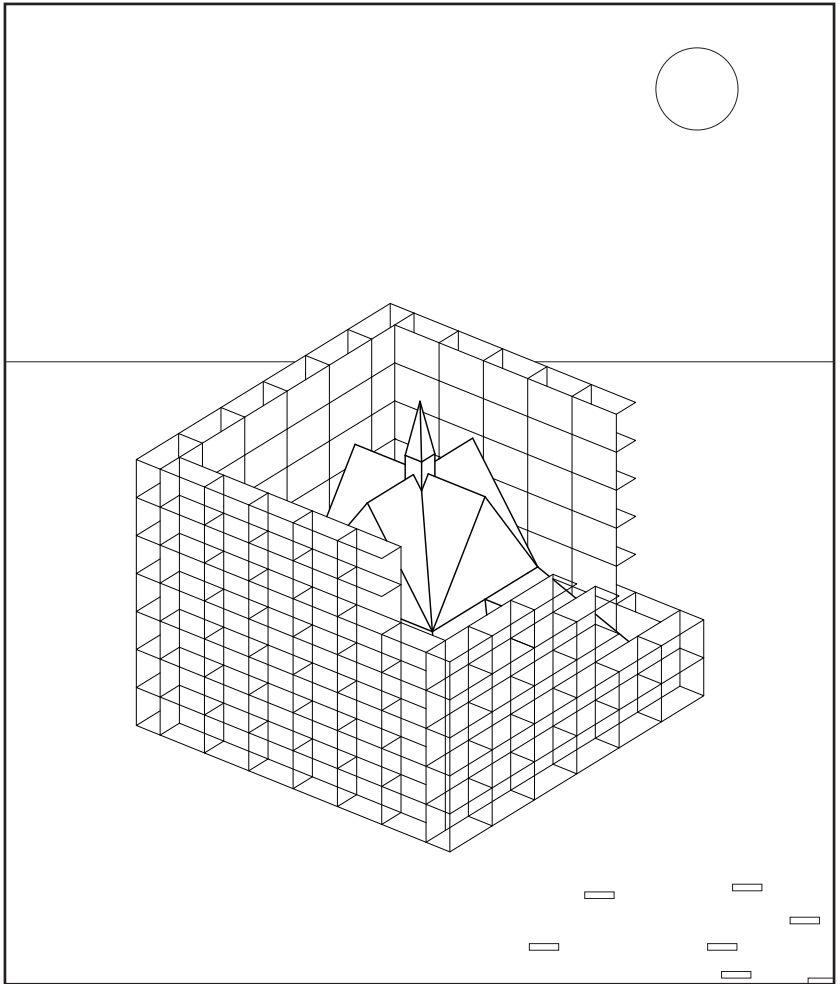<script> As the city was moving, our church was left alone in an empty field </script>
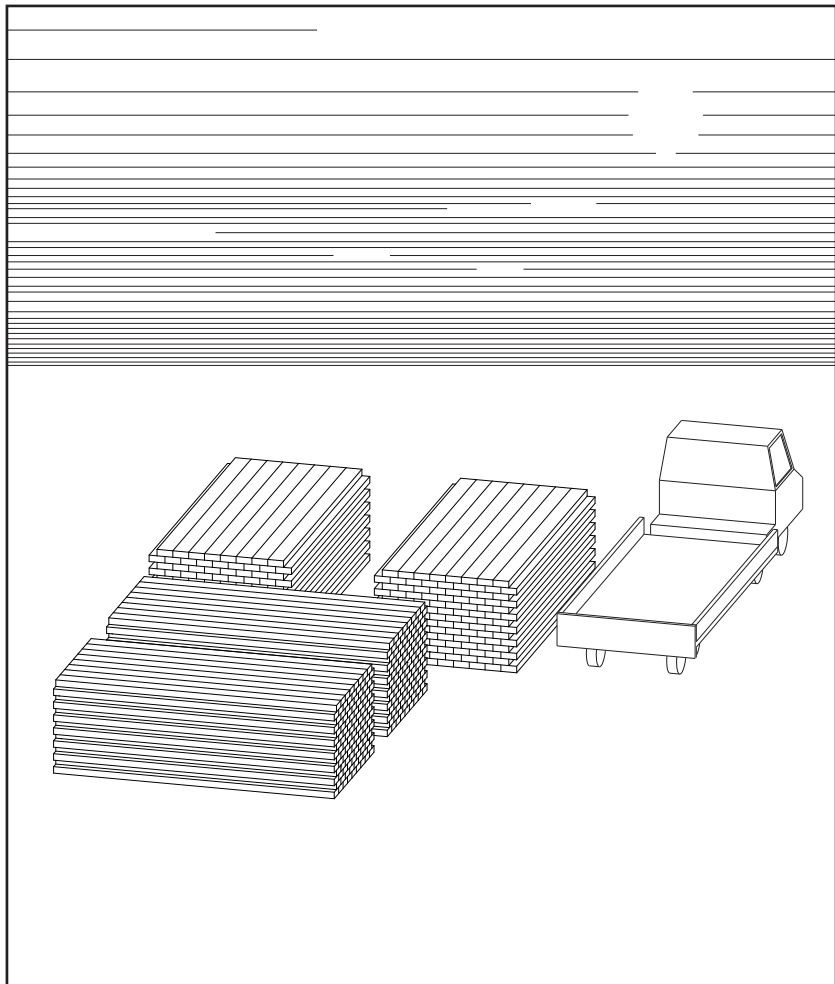
<scenario.2.1.3.deconstruction>

<script> But then, realizing our identity needed to be transfered as well, they started deconstructing our church </script>

</scenario.2.1.3.deconstruction>

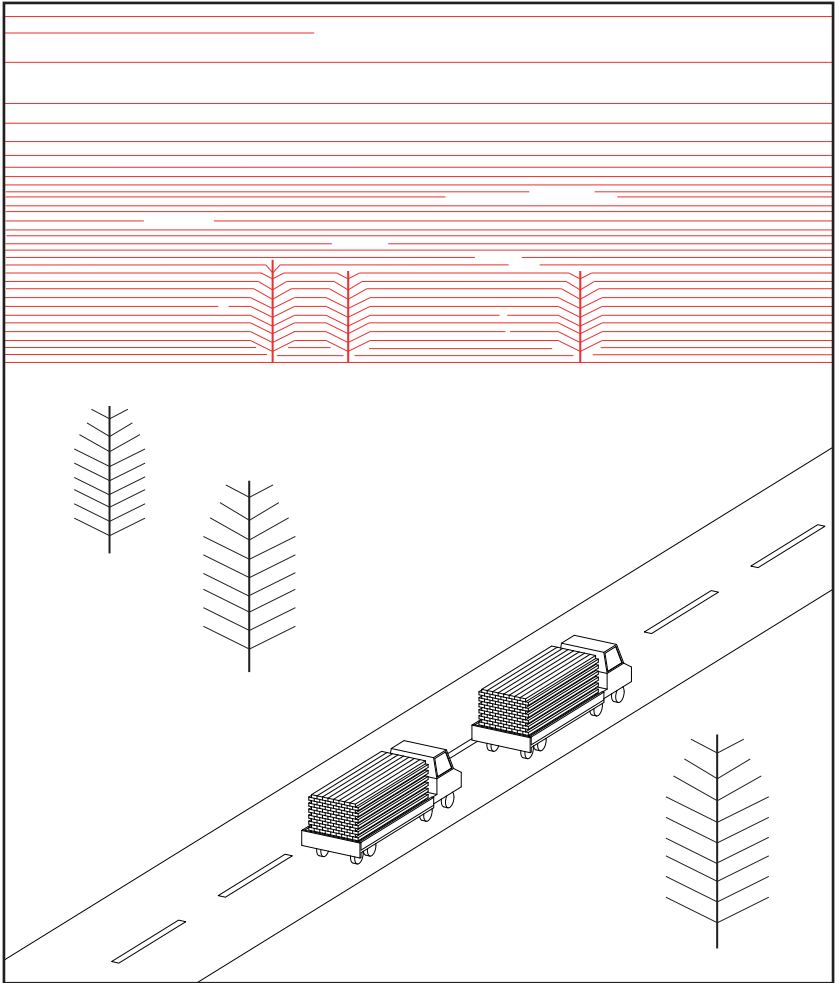<script> The church was packed in boxes, but the memory of its silhouette lingered for a while </script>

<scenario.2.2.2.displacement>

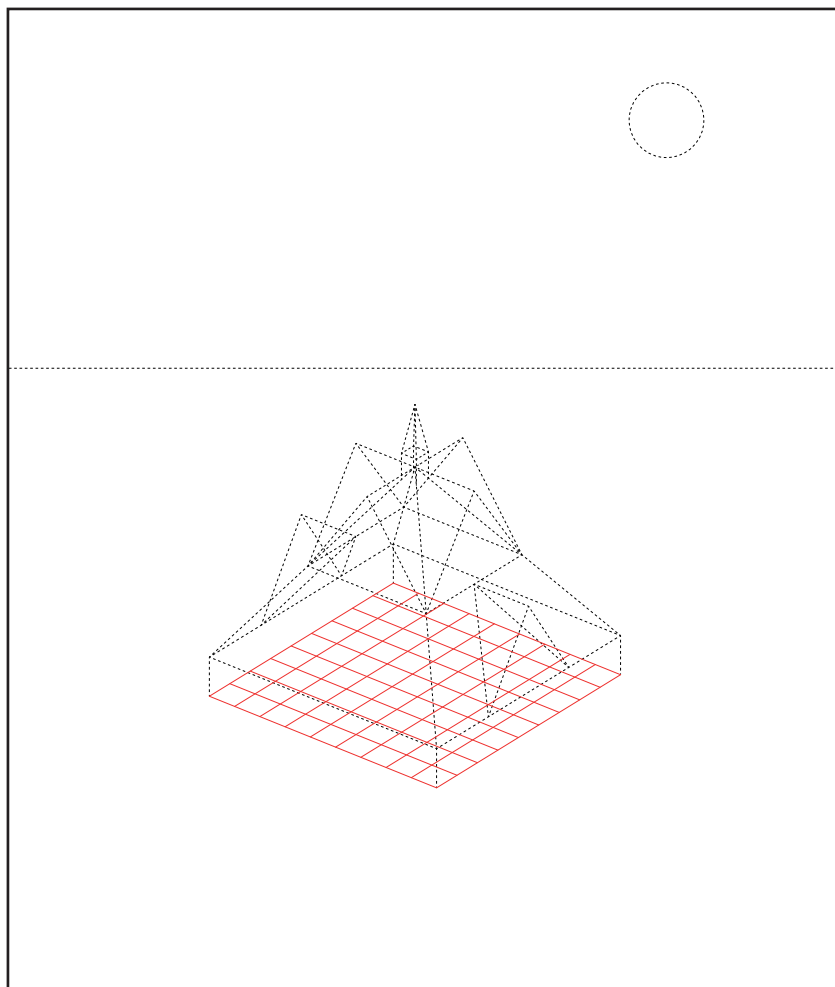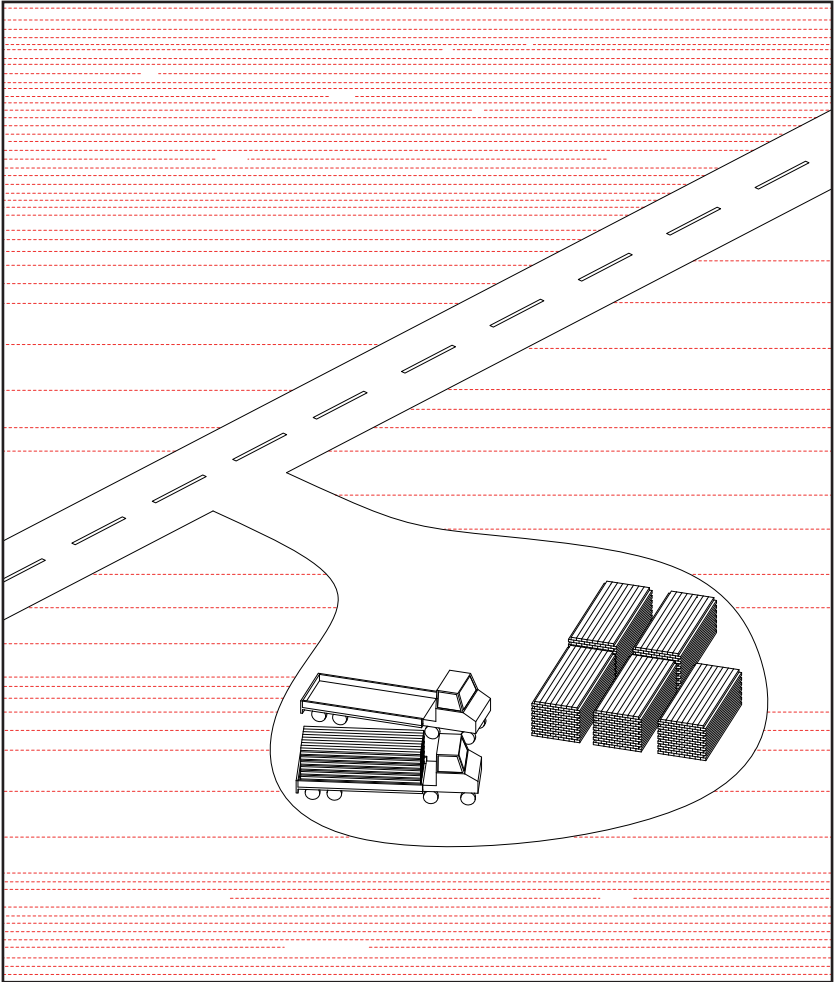<script> They started putting the boxes on big trucks, and the trucks left. Was the church really in there? </script>

</scenario.2.2.2.displacement>

<script> Of the original church, only a gray patch of concrete persisted in the ground. Its memory is fading </script>
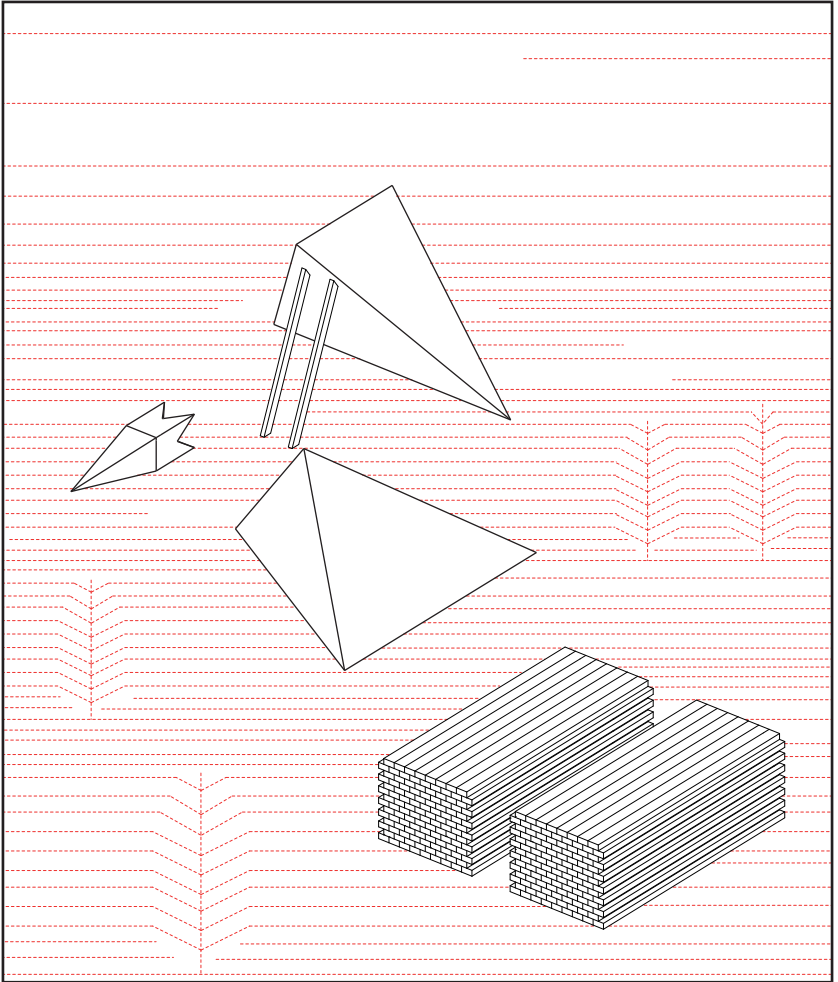
<script> Some undefined time later, the trucks carrying the church stopped, and they started reconstructing the church in an unknown location </script>
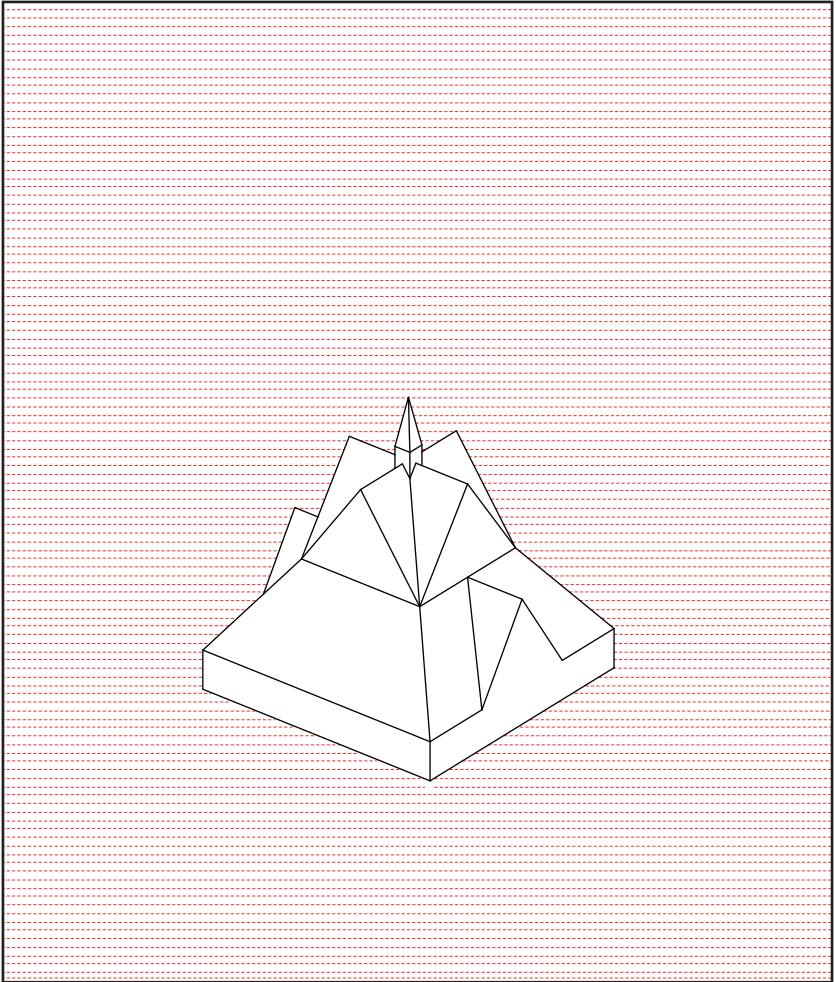
<script> As the church is being rebuilt, I can't remember what it looked like before </script>

<script> Is it really the same church? Does the city still own its identity? Does cyberspace need identity? </script>
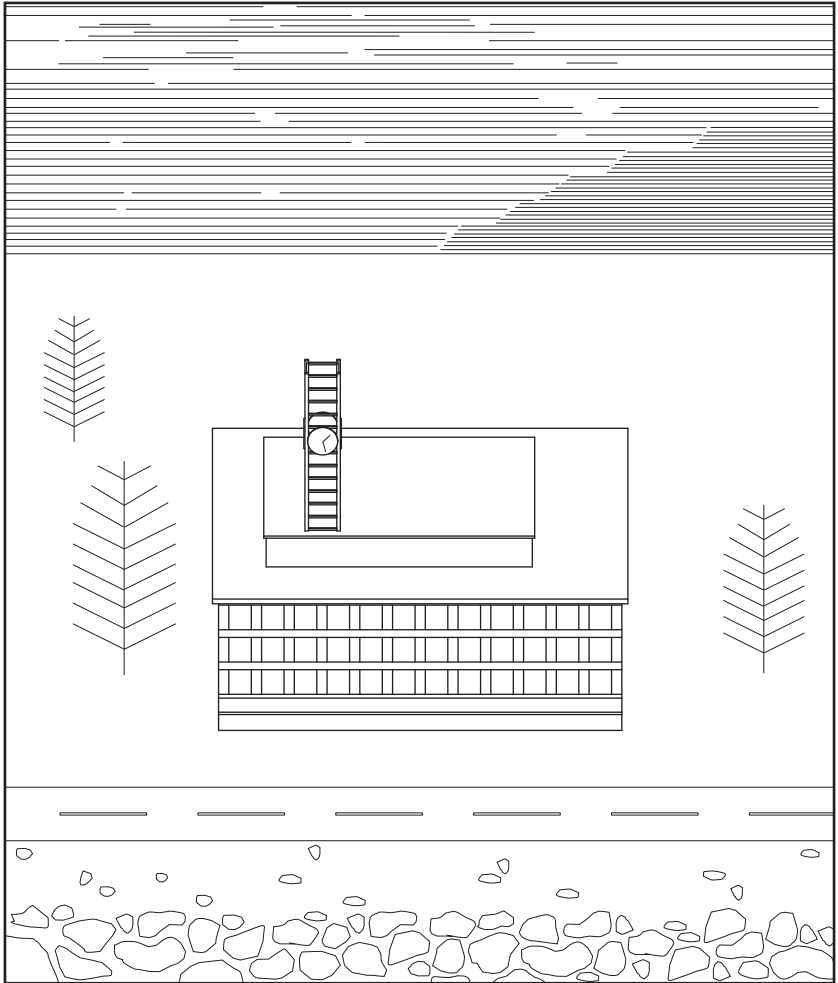
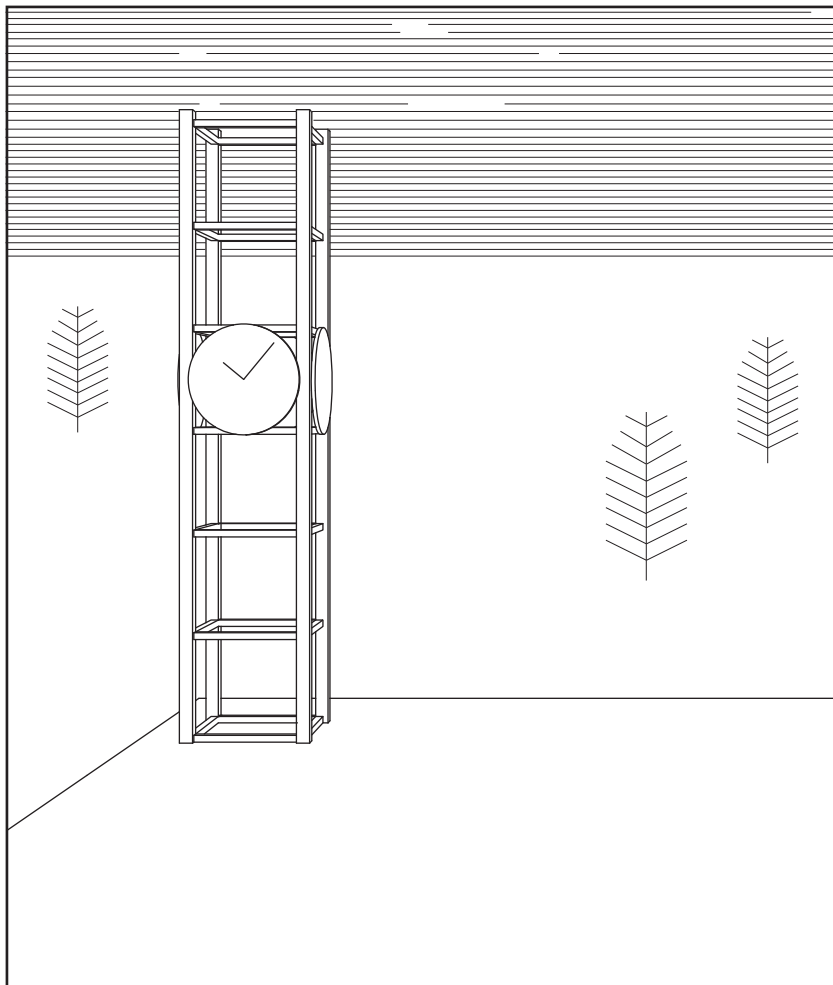<script> On top of the Kiruna city hall proudly
stands our famous clock tower </script>
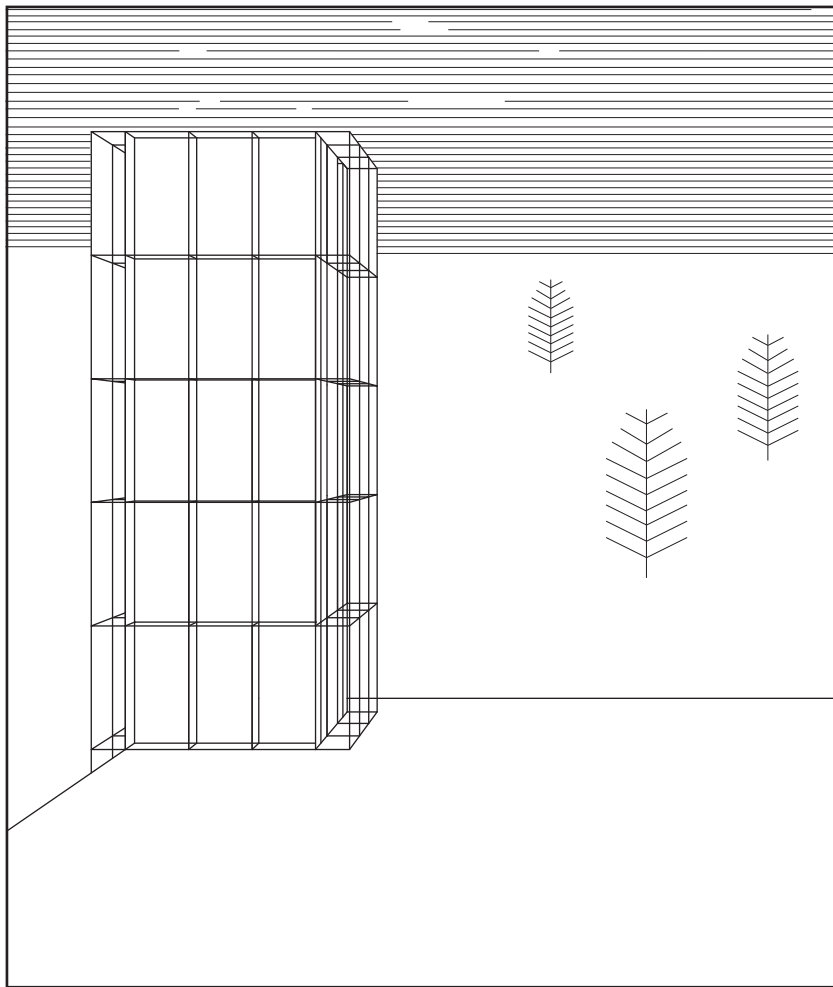
<scenario.3.1.2.clock.tower>

<script> The clock tower maintains the unity of time keeping throughout Kiruna </script>

</scenario.3.1.2.clock.tower>

<scenario.3.1.3.scaffolding>

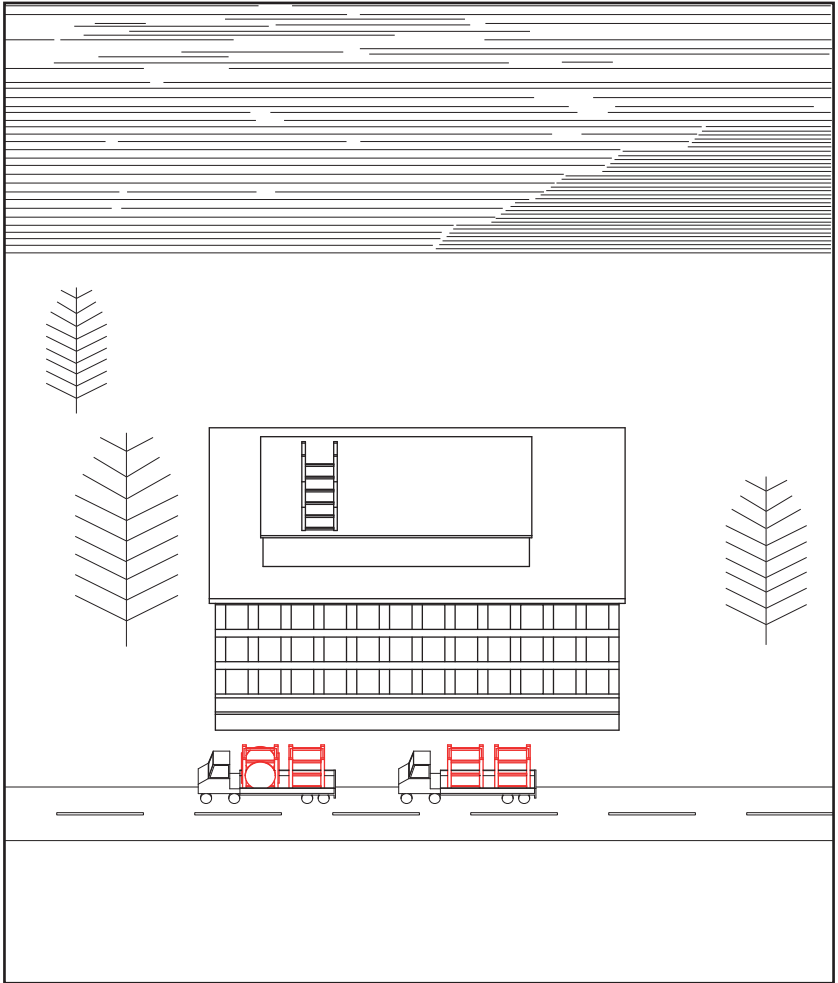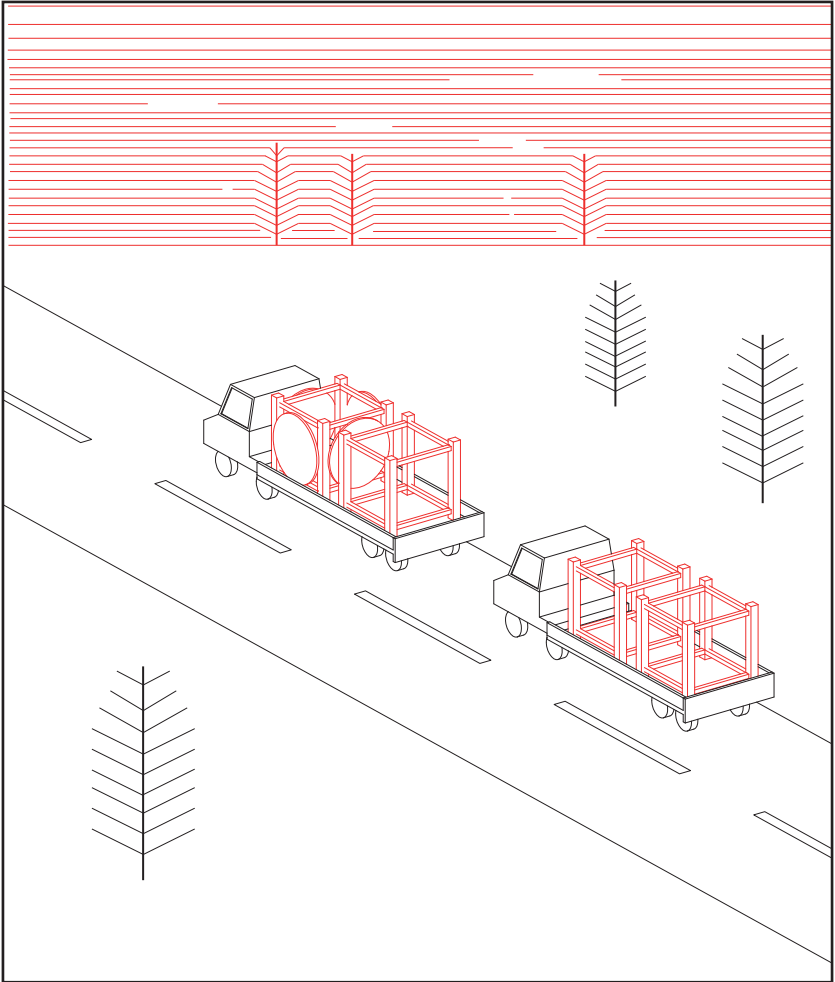<script> It was decided that it needed to be moved along with the city, even though the city hall was being destroyed </script>

</scenario.3.1.3.scaffolding>

<scenario.3.2.1.deconstruction>

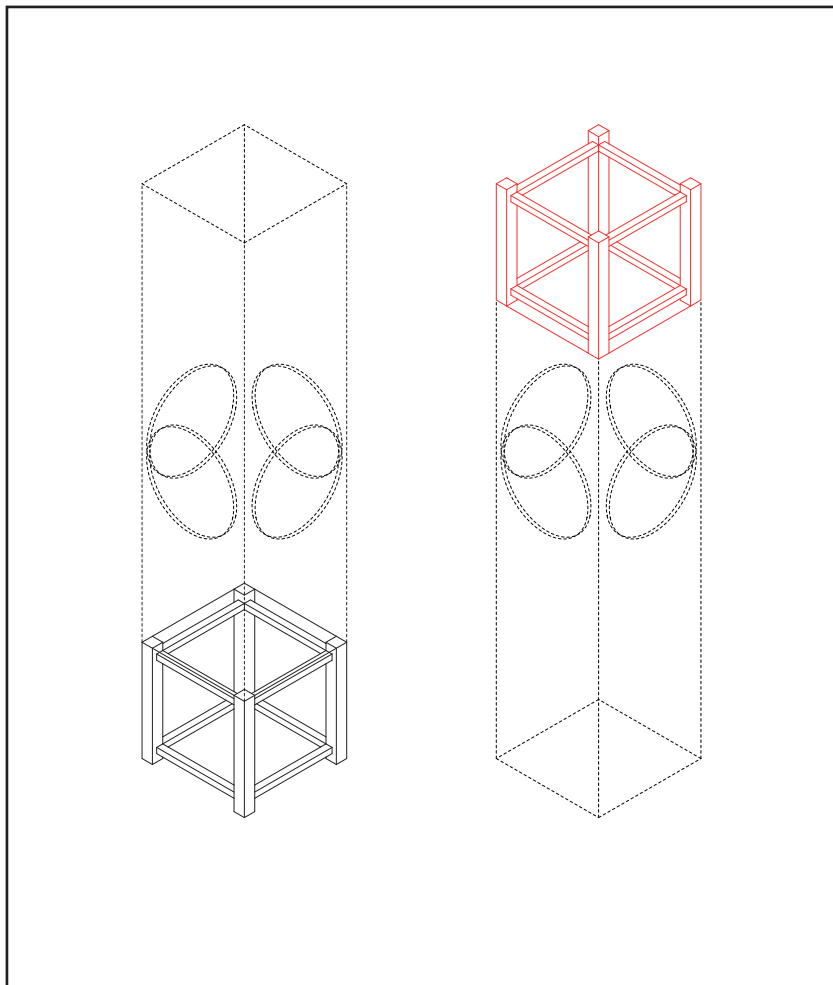<script> The clock was dismantled. When will it be rebuilt? I don't know, I can't keep track of time anymore </script>

</scenario.3.2.1.deconstruction>

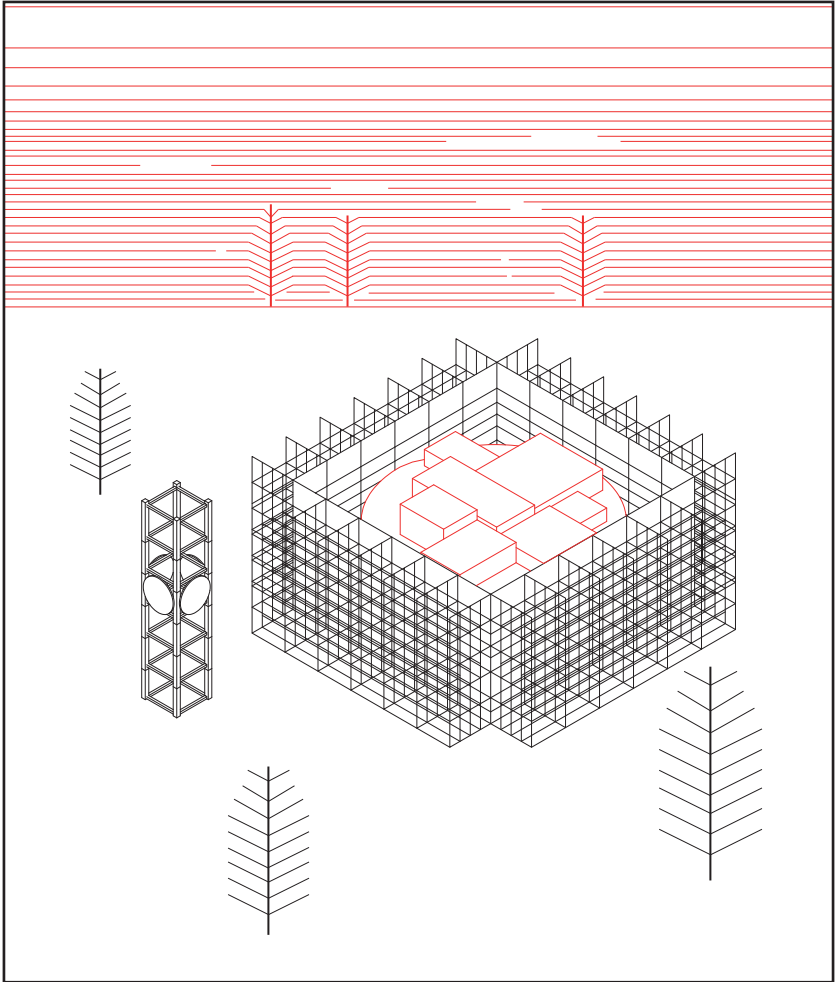<script> Do you really know where you are going when you don't know how long it takes? </script>

<script> What time does a deconstructed clock show? </script>

<script> One day, it was rebuilt next to a building I was told is the city hall. But is it? </script>
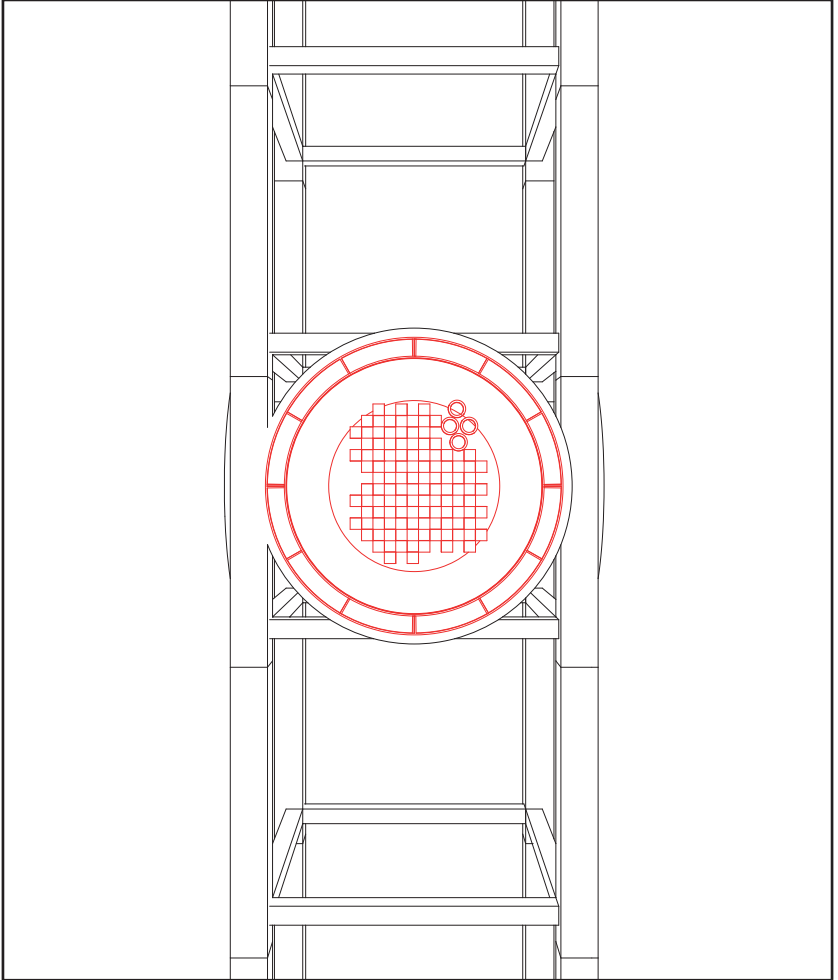
<script> During the displacement of the clock, the hands got lost. The clock is clock no-more </script>
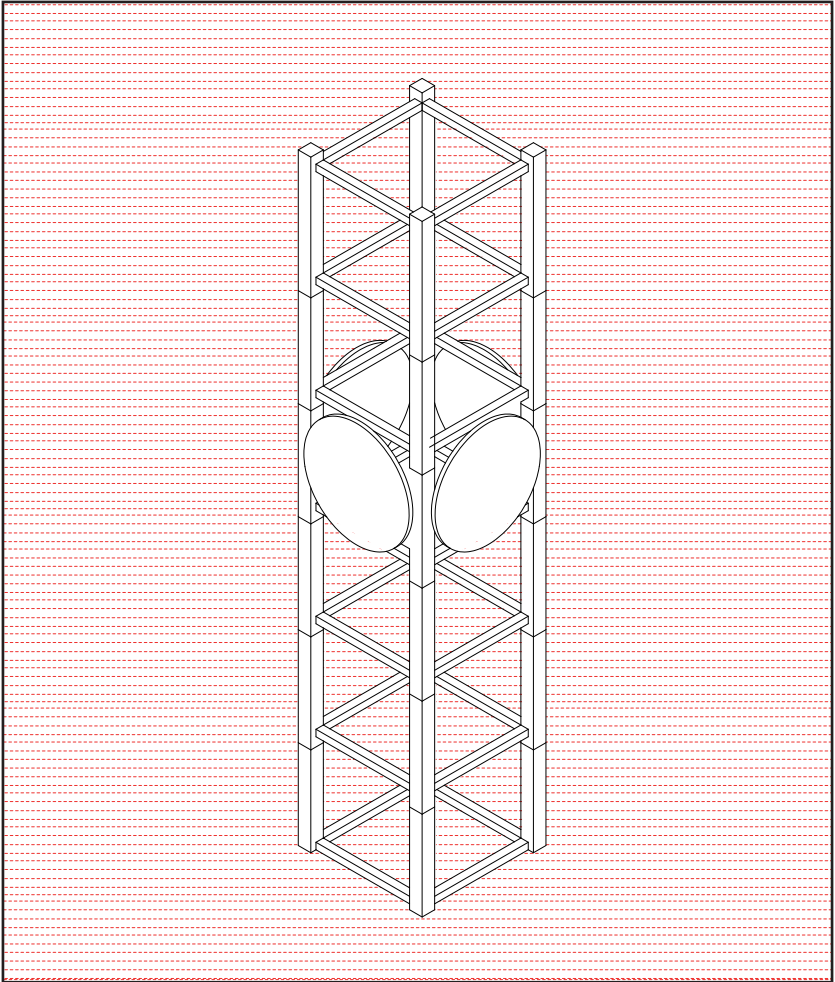
<script> I don't know where the clock is, I don't know what time it is. I think this is cyberspace. </script>
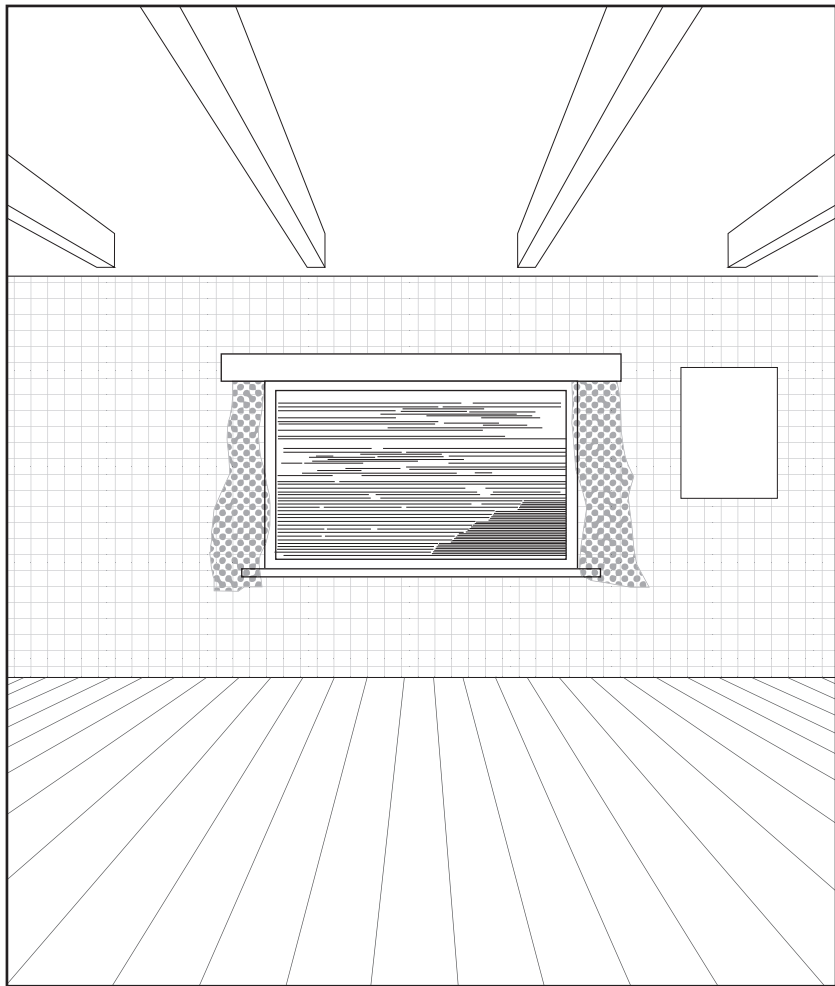
<script> I have been living in Kiruna for as long as I can remember. I can see the mine through the window </script>

</scenario.4.1.1.window>
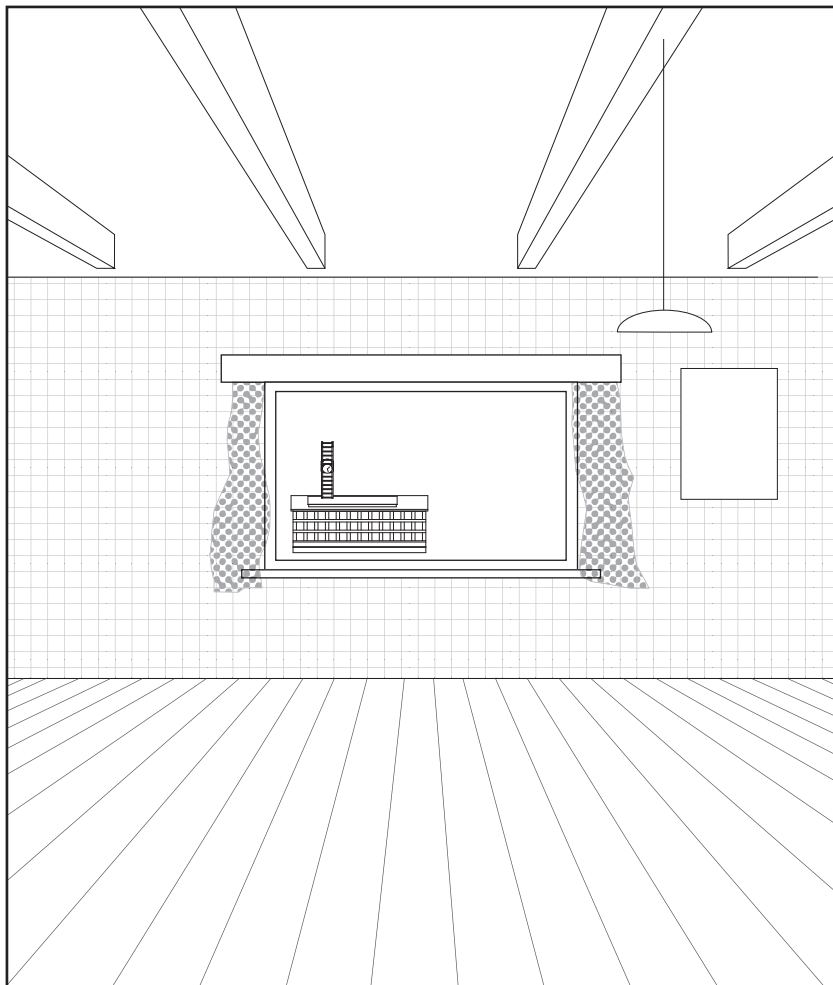
<script> I can see the clock tower of the Kiruna city hall in the distance </script>
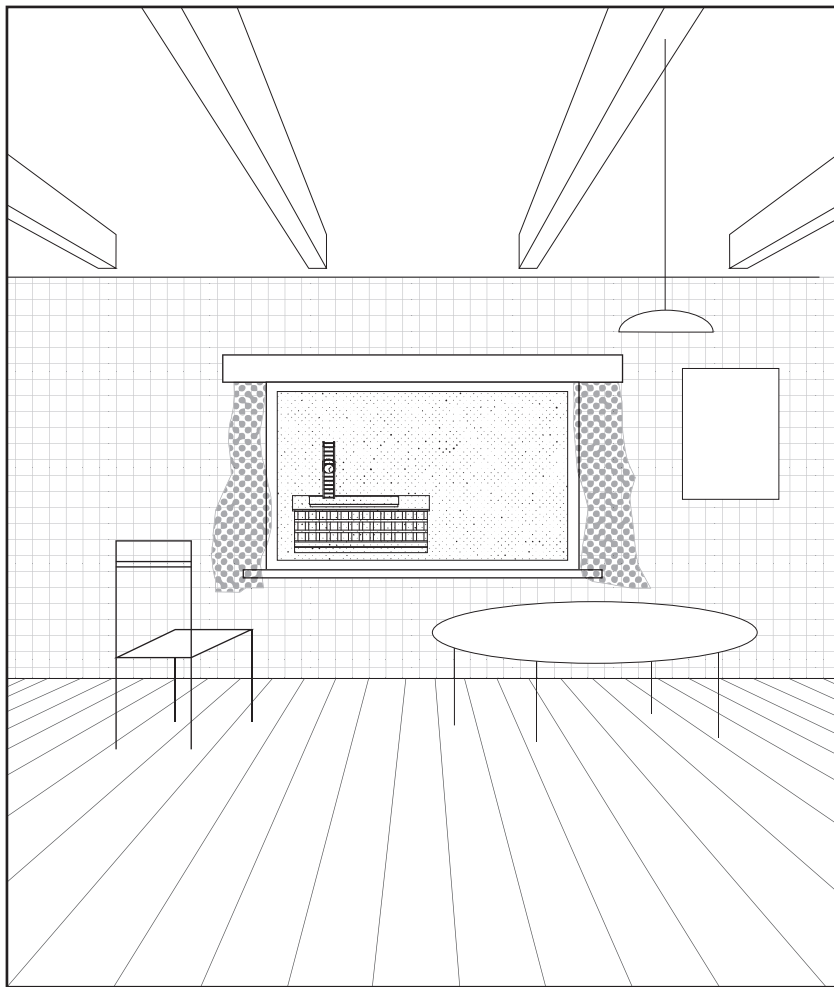
<script> I always liked sitting by the window at home, watching the snow fall on the clock tower from time to time </script>
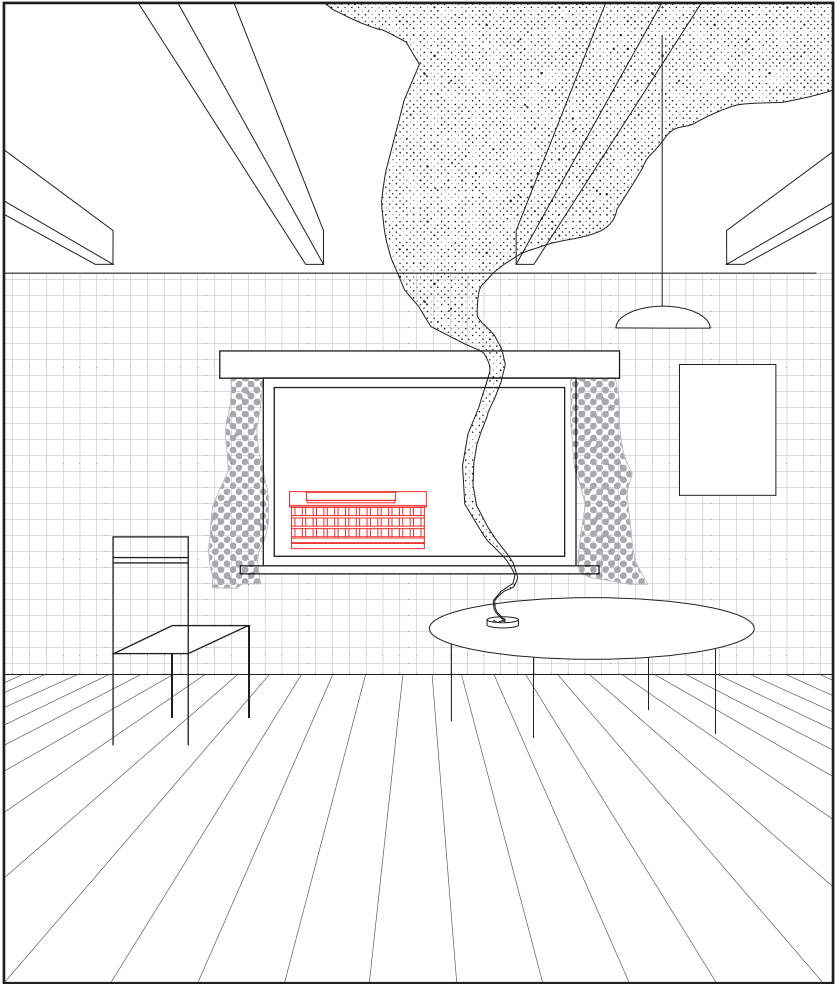
<script> One day, I noticed the clock tower was gone </script>
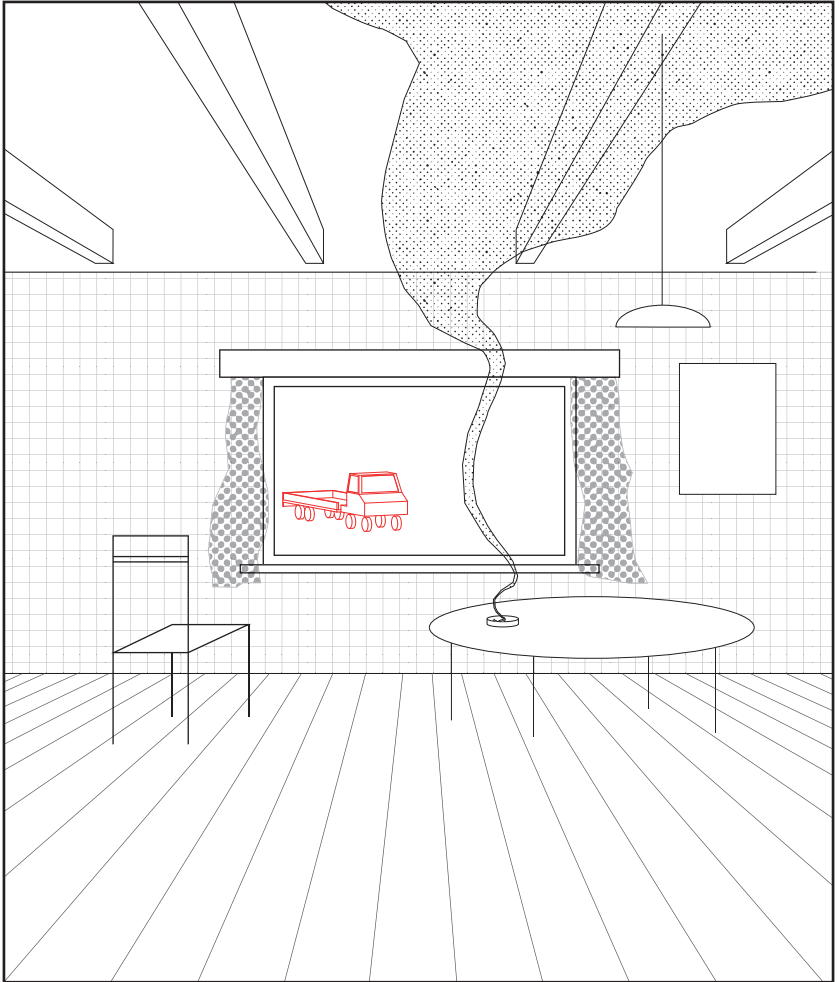
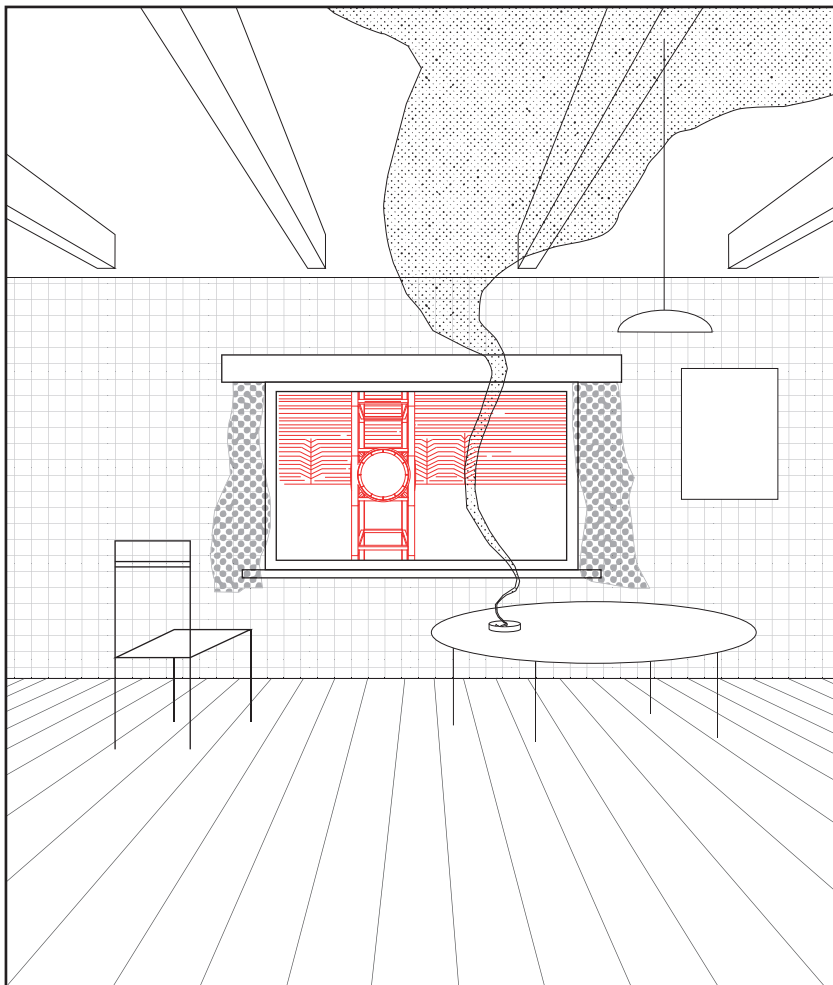<script> A while later, the trucks came to take my home. It was time to move. Where to? </script>
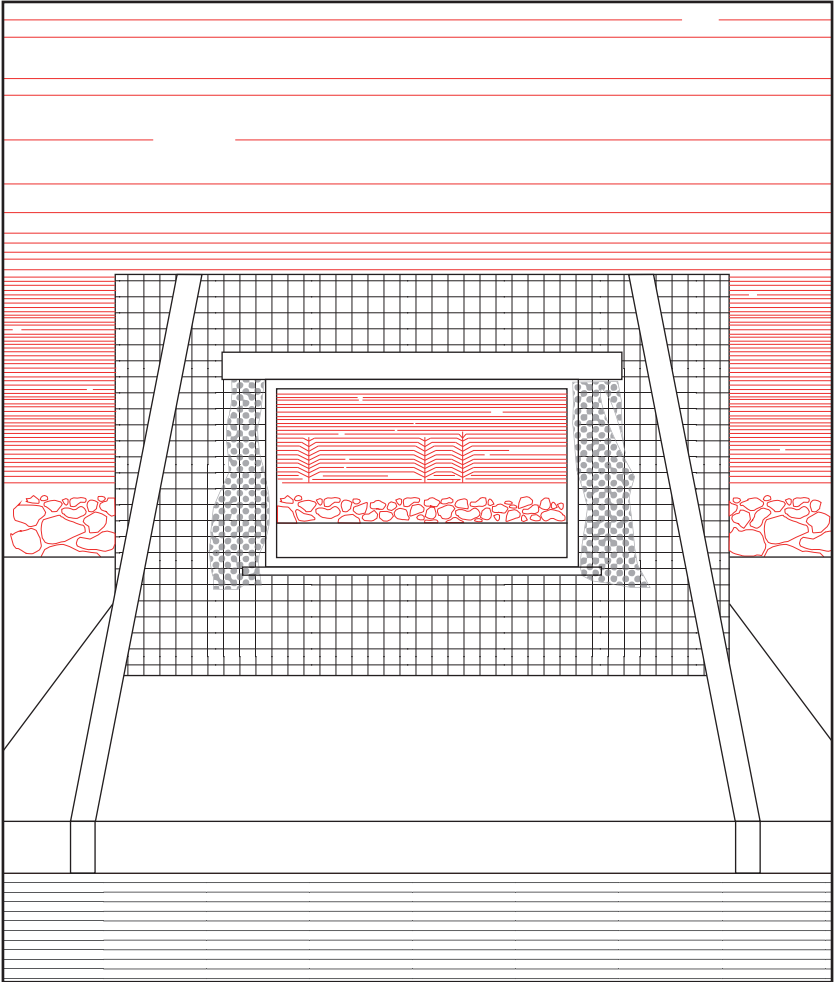
<script> My home was lifted on the truck, and we started moving. The view from my window was unlike anything I had ever seen </script>

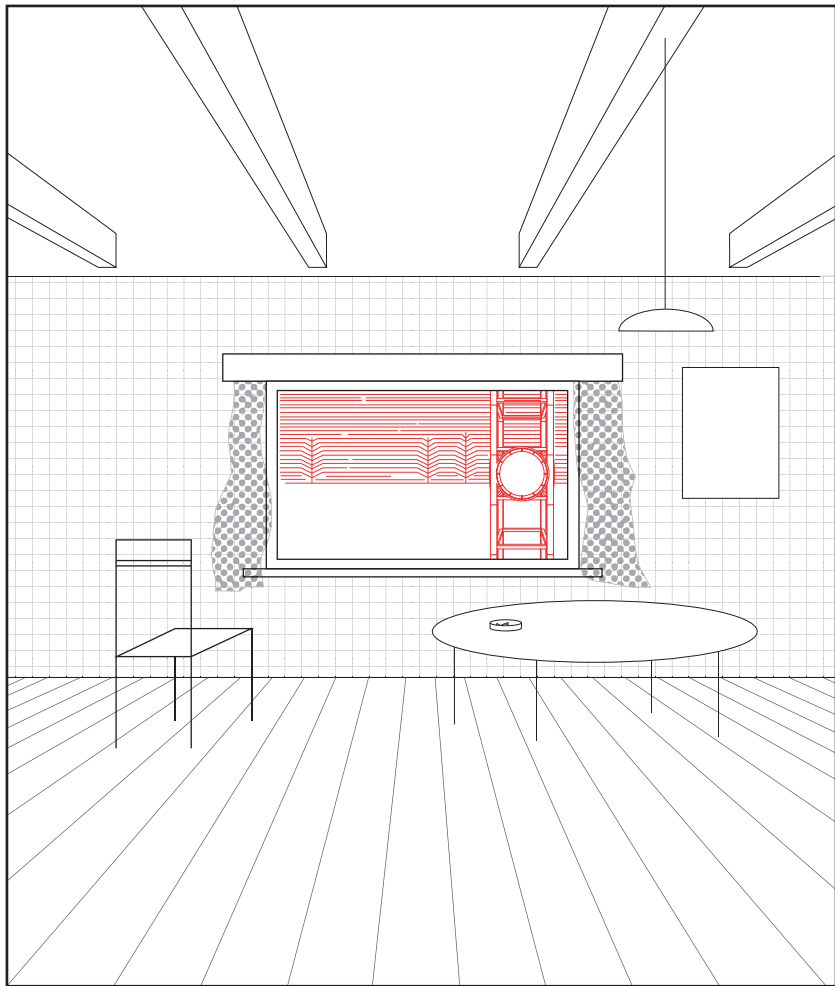</scenario.4.2.3.on.the.road>

<script> I felt reassured when I saw the clock tower again. It stopped showing the time, but does it really matter anymore? </script>

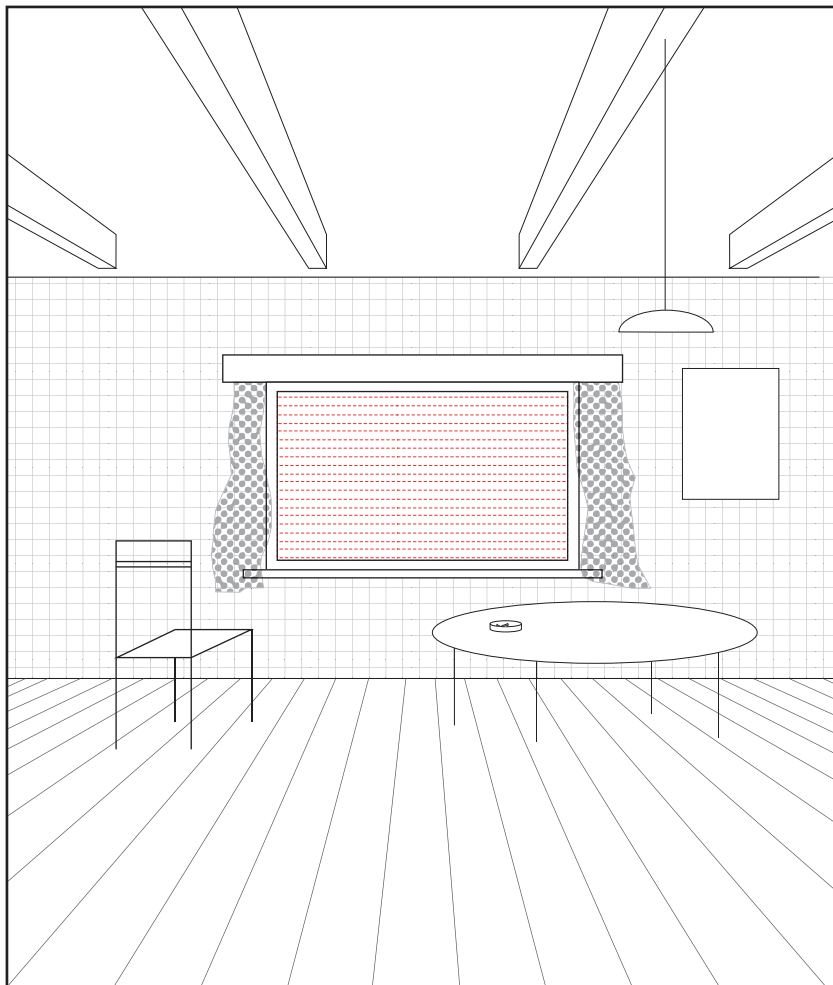<script> The vibrations from the road have lessened, but I don't know if I ever really stopped moving </script>

<script> I don't know where I am, but I feel at home. Cyberspace is home </script>