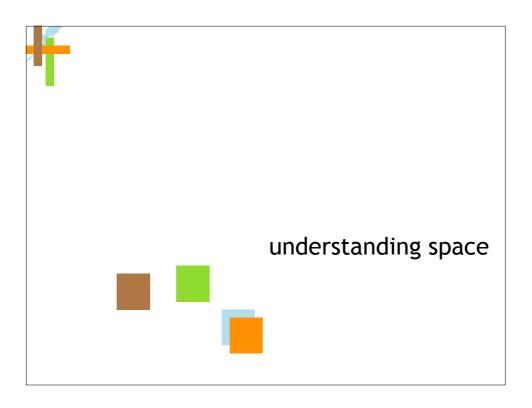
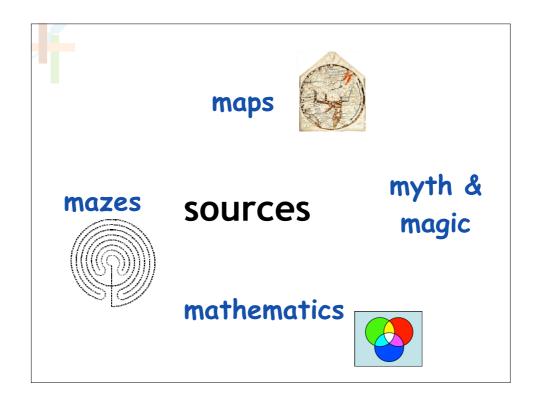




- understanding space
- childhood memories
- stories and journeys
- boundaries and thresholds
- trans-articulation



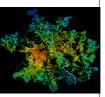




cognition

community

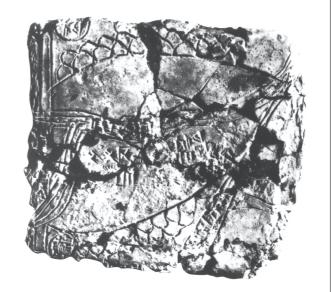
sources



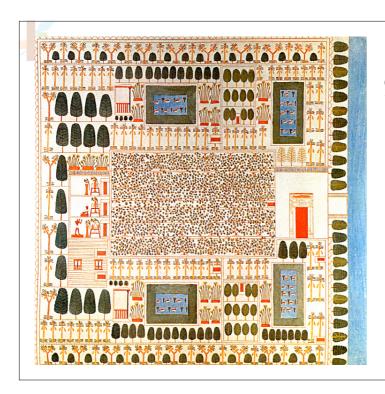
computation

constructed environment

Clay tablet map



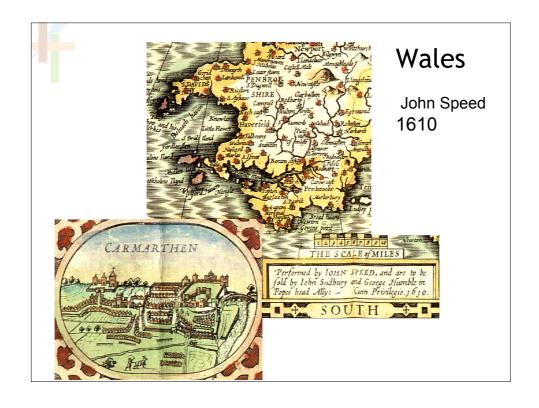
Yorghan Tepe, Iraq

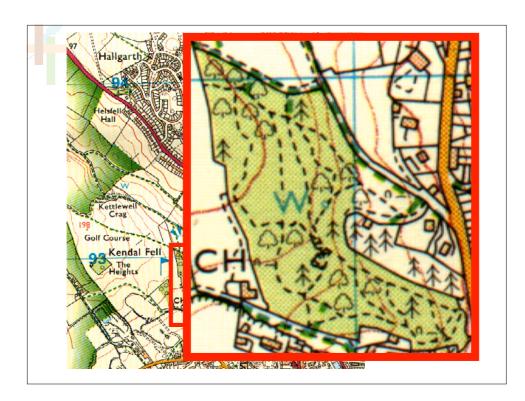


Egyptian garden

1400 BC

garden of a high court official of Amenhotep III at Thebes





The day thou gavest, Lord, is ended, The darkness falls at they behest; To thee our morning hymns ascended, Thy praise shall sanctify our rest.

The day thou gavest, Lord, is ended, The darkness falls at they behest; To thee our morning hymns ascended Thy praise shall sanctify our rest

We thank thee that thy church unsleeping, While earth rolls onwards into light, Through all the world her watch is keeping And rests not now by day or night

As o er each continent and island The dawn leads on, another day, The voice of prayer is never silent Nor dies the strain of praise away.

Our brethren 'neath the western sky, And hour by hour fresh lips are makin Thy wondrous doines heard on high.

So be it, Lord; thy throne shall never, Like earth's proud empires, pass away, Thy kingdom stands, and grows for ever, Till all they creatures own thy sway. The day thou gavest, Lord, is ended John Ellerton (1829-93)



We thank thee that thy church unsleeping, While earth rolls onwards into light, Through all the world her watch is keeping, And rests not now by day or night.

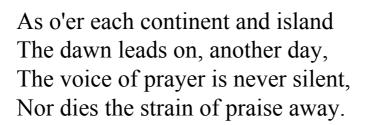
The day thou gavest, Lord, is ended, The darkness falls at they behest; To thee our morning hymns ascended,

We thank thee that thy church unsleeping, While earth rolls onwards into light, Through all the world her watch is keeping, And rests not now by day or night.

As o'er each continent and island The dawn leads on, another day, The voice of prayer is never silent, Nor disc the ctrain of prayer away.

The sun that bids us rest is waking Our brethren 'neath the western sky, And hour by hour fresh lips are makin. Thy wondrous doines beard on high

So be it, Lord; thy throne shall never, Like earth's proud empires, pass away, Thy kingdom stands, and grows for ever Till all they creatures own thy sway The day thou gavest, Lord, is ended John Ellerton (1829-93)



The day thou gavest, Lord, is ended, The darkness falls at they behest; To thee our morning hymns ascended, Thy praise shall sanctify our rest.

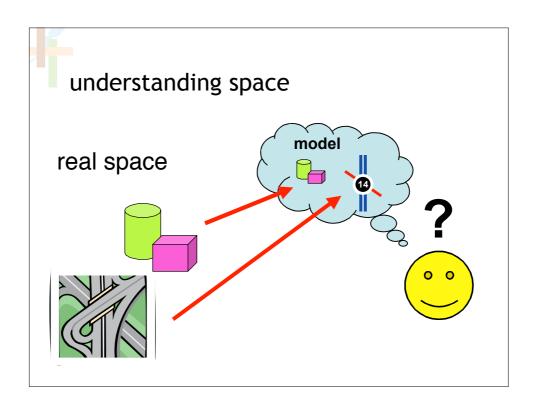
We thank thee that thy church unsleeping, While earth rolls onwards into light, Through all the world her watch is keeping

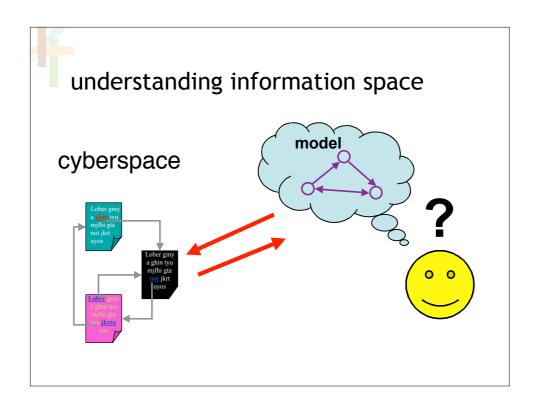
The dawn leads on, another day, The voice of prayer is never silent Nor dies the strain of praise away.

Our brethren 'neath the western sky, And hour by hour fresh lips are making Thy wondrous doines heard on high.

So be it, Lord; thy throne shall never, Like earth's proud empires, pass away, Thy kingdom stands, and grows for ever Till all they creatures own thy sway The day thou gavest, Lord, is ended John Ellerton (1829-93)

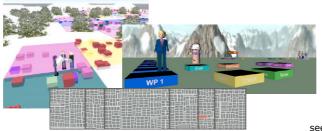




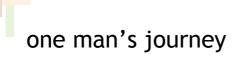


TOWER - workspace awareness

- virtual 'space'
 - work objects (files etc.) shown as buildings
 - avatars where other people are working
 - built over flexible event infrastructure

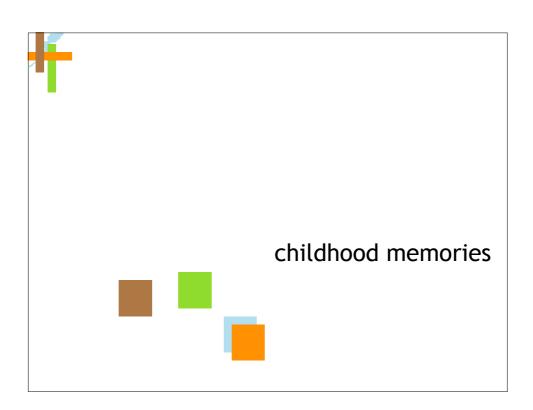


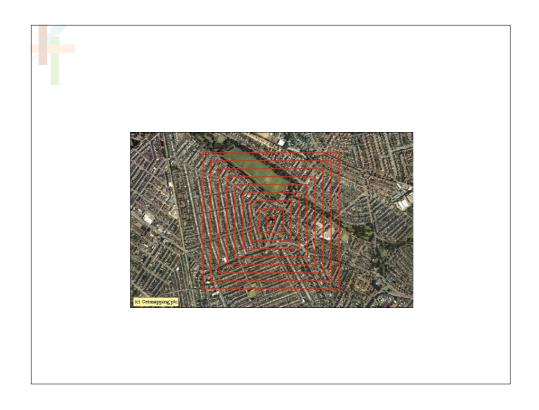
see http://tower.gmd.de/



- "A Mapmaker's Dream" (James Cowen, 1996)
 - Fra Mauro, 16th-century Venetian monk
 - cartographer
 - explorer within an island monastery
- the world
 - not just rivers and mountains
 - ideas, imagination, culture

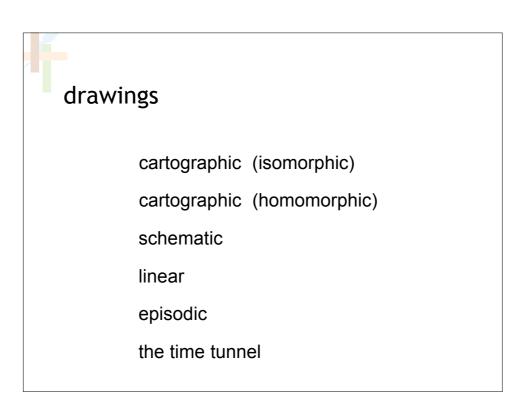


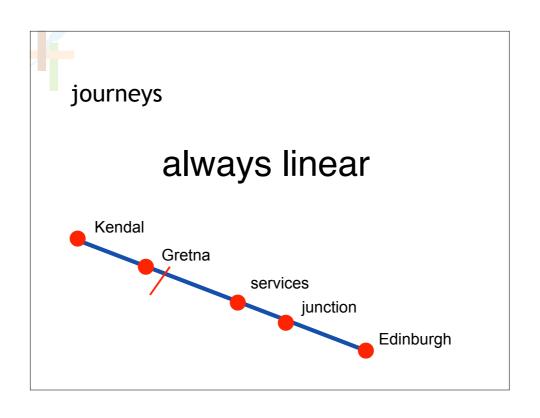


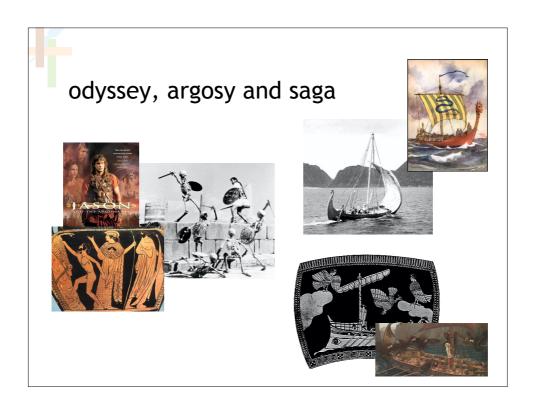


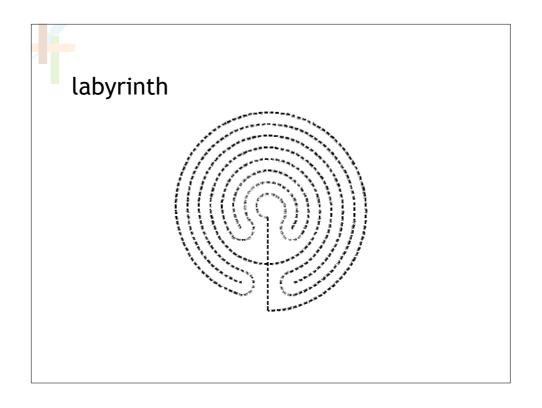


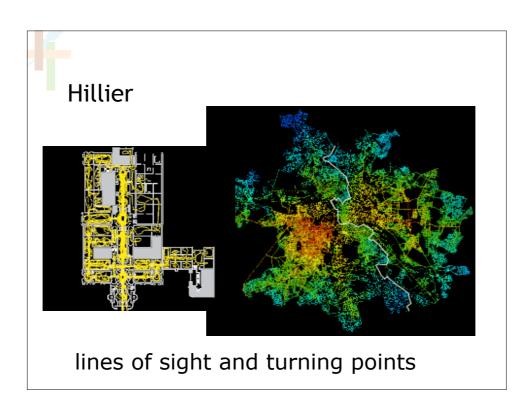


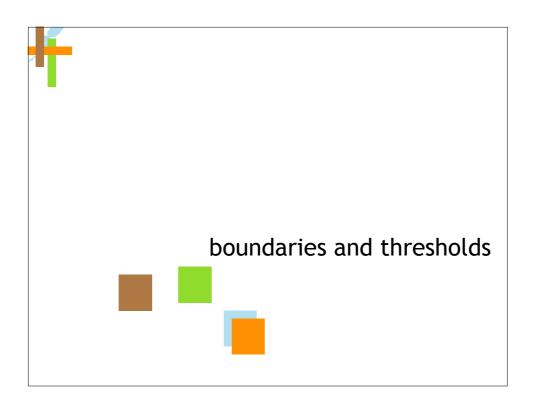


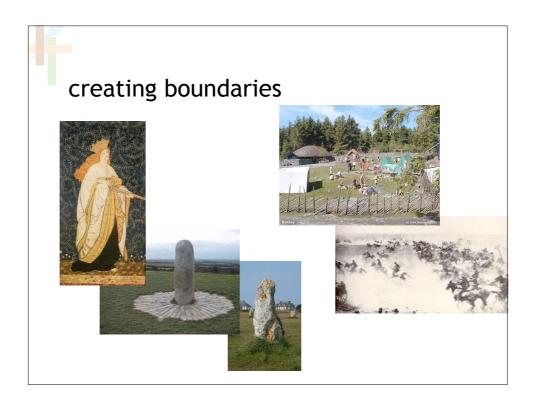


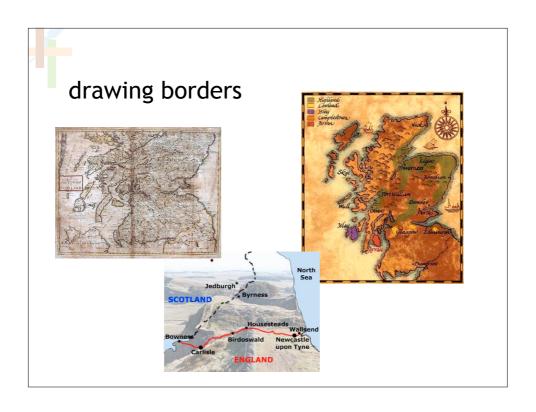




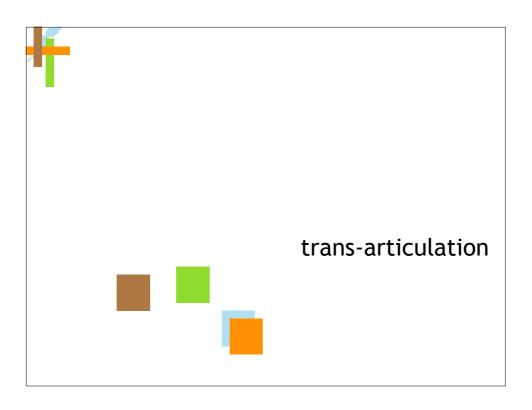












words of essence

the world "suffused with computation"

... '-tion' words

suffused with articulation ? poets, society, the world



