

Closing Time in Nagoya Railway Station



the poetics of cartoon departure

roger connah – vesa honkonen



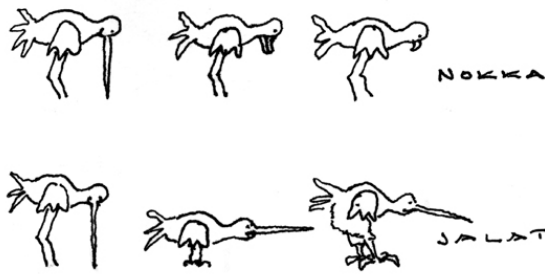
In the corner of the Men's Restroom is a perfectly formed stainless steel rectangle container. I imagine the top to swivel as it indeed does to the gentlest of all touches. I drop the wrappers into the container. The Georgia coffee tin clunks down, its fall signalled by the lining of clean, unsullied, taut yellow plastic.



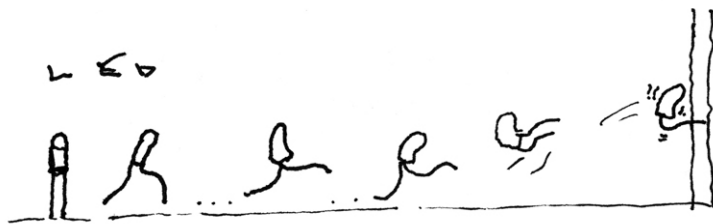
Satisfied that I am the first to sully this container I can now invent the architecture to come. I head for the glass cubicle shuttle that changes into a chameleon and ports me with some smoothness back down to the JR concourse. Few people are about now. It is closing time.



Swarms of thick-gloved cleaners dressed in space-suit, chemical-attack yellow are *swabbing* out the cafes. Though this surely cannot be the right word for the surgical way they proceed to clean the station. Nothing of the café looked dirty before they began, and nothing looks cleaner after they have finished. Satisfied the cafe is ready for morning, they move on and I count the digital images so far.



Down to 580. I exit low right out of the concourse near the taxi rank and head for the Nagoya Flower Hotel and its remarkable simulacrum of London's Soho circa 1950. From Akihabara to Nagoya Railway Station, on the way to Kyoto, just as Chiia does in Gibson's novel 'Idoru'; Kyoto tomorrow, the final frontier, pink architecture and Akihabara.



It is surely worth walking off the exaggeration of the Final Fantasy and close the chapter on the architecture of the 20th century. Where else but Akihabara to open up the twilight world of architecture to this new millennium? It is time to invent again. There is nowhere else to go but into the future.

