

IMAGINED AIRPORT



Clare Booker

IMAGINED AIRPORT

Imagined Airport is a practice-led PhD exploring airport spaces through methods of collage.

As a cultural, social, philosophical and psychological space, the airport has been the subject of a range of different interpretations and visual representations, prompting many contemporary debates around surveillance, security, mobility, simultaneity and globalization. This project experiments with exploring airport space and experience through a series of visualizations and re-imaginings of the airport space, employing methods of collage as a conceptual and aesthetic approach.

This book assembles and mixes imagery made throughout the project, juxtaposing and layering multiple fragments to generate a series of alternative, imaginative responses to the space.

The films and animations which accompany this book can be viewed at:

<https://imaginedairport.com>.

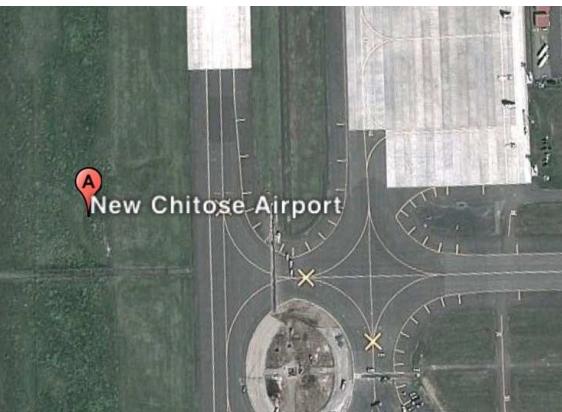
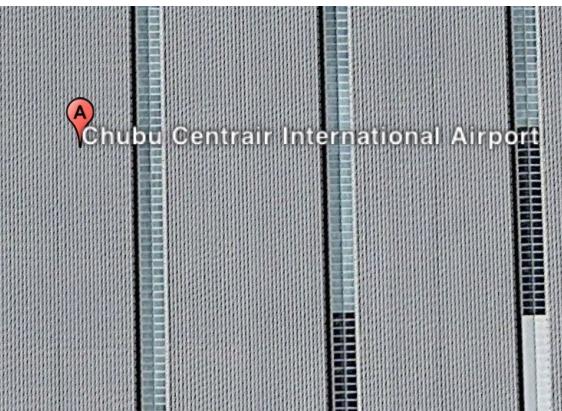


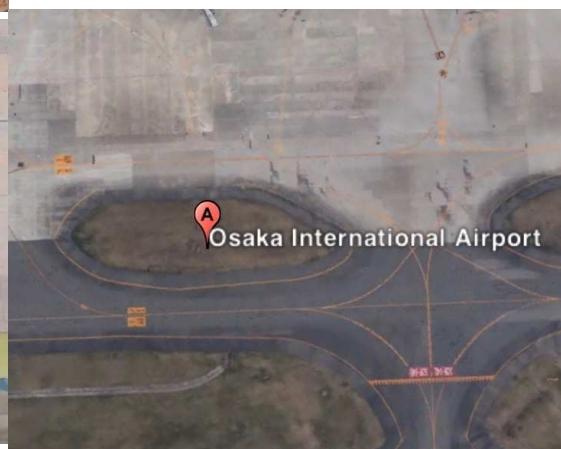
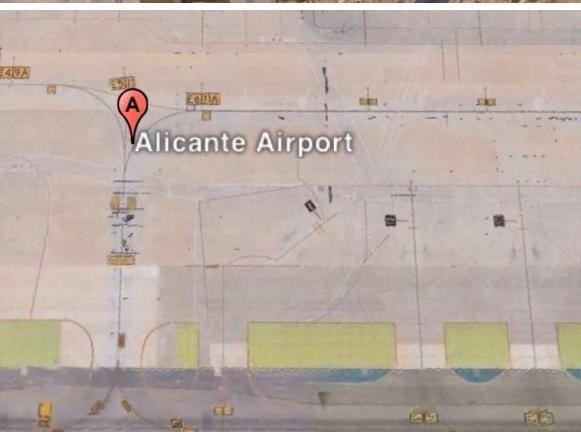


> Make this my start location.

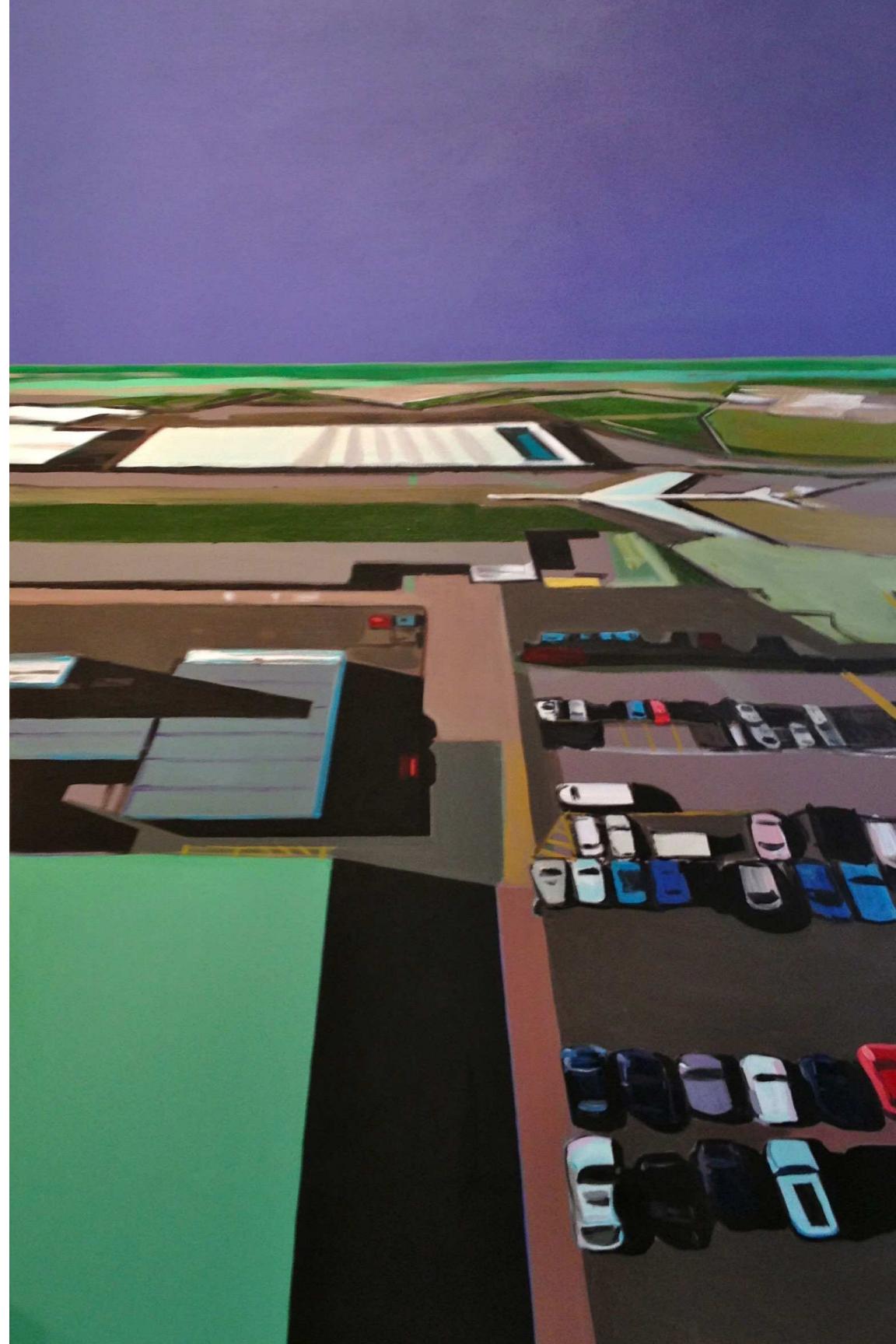
It is dark outside. The yellow interior door frame of the exit is illuminated against the black backdrop. I double click onto the red bicycle and suddenly it is daylight. The black sky is now blue. I am in the carpark, where in-front of me appears the shadow of a Google Street View Camera.

I turn around to get back into terminal but I am shifted to the right. There is no way of getting back in from this position. Only from above, so I go back to the start. The terminal is much smaller than Tokyo International where I was a short while ago.







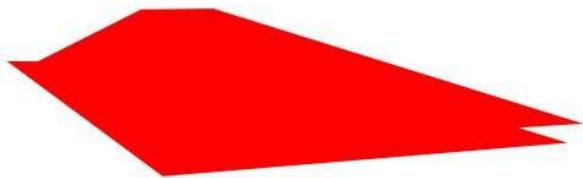
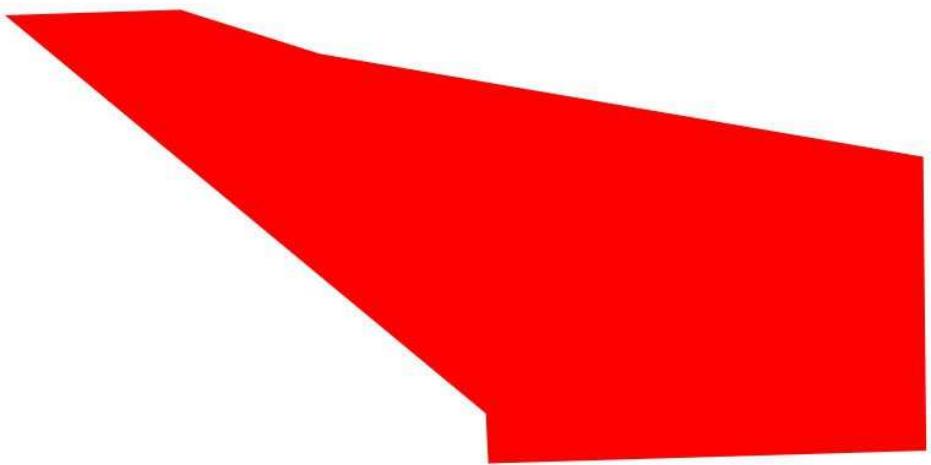


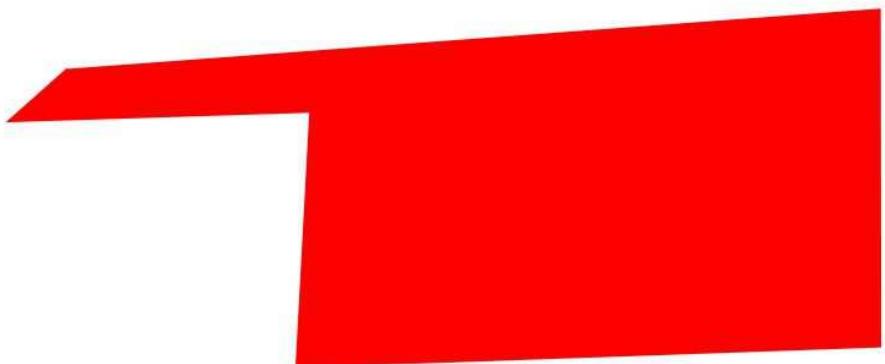
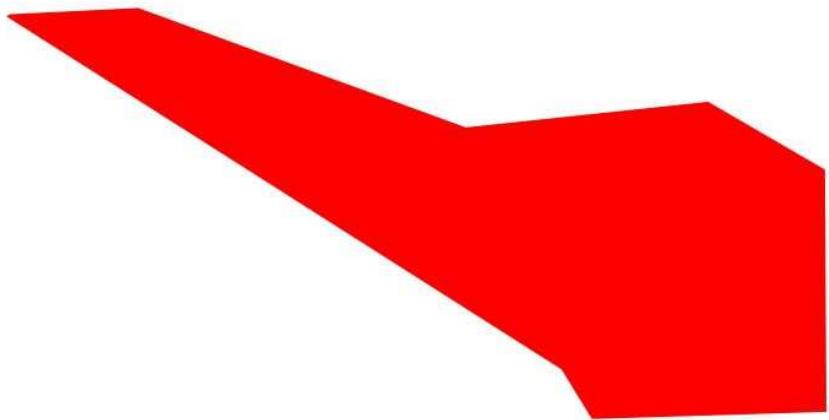




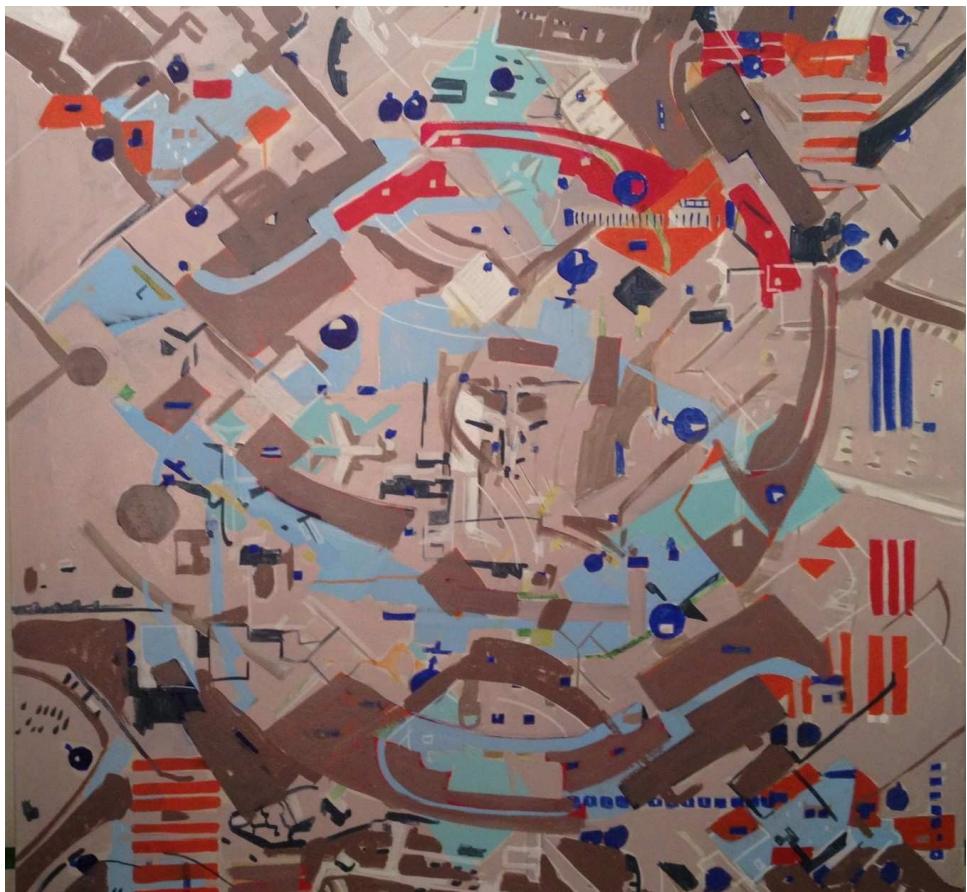
The sky is a pale blue over and around the pale terracotta terminal building. I move along the yellow line to an area where white taxis line up in a dark green space. I keep panning across the outside area where people and vehicles wait. The sky is now reflected in the grid of glass in-front. I move forwards but I am refused access into the building. Exit Street View.

I position myself high above the airport, looking for where the blue line indicates the part of the terminal I can enter. I keep landing outside, there seems no way in. Exit Street view and try again. Upper Crust. Grab and Go. I am inside.







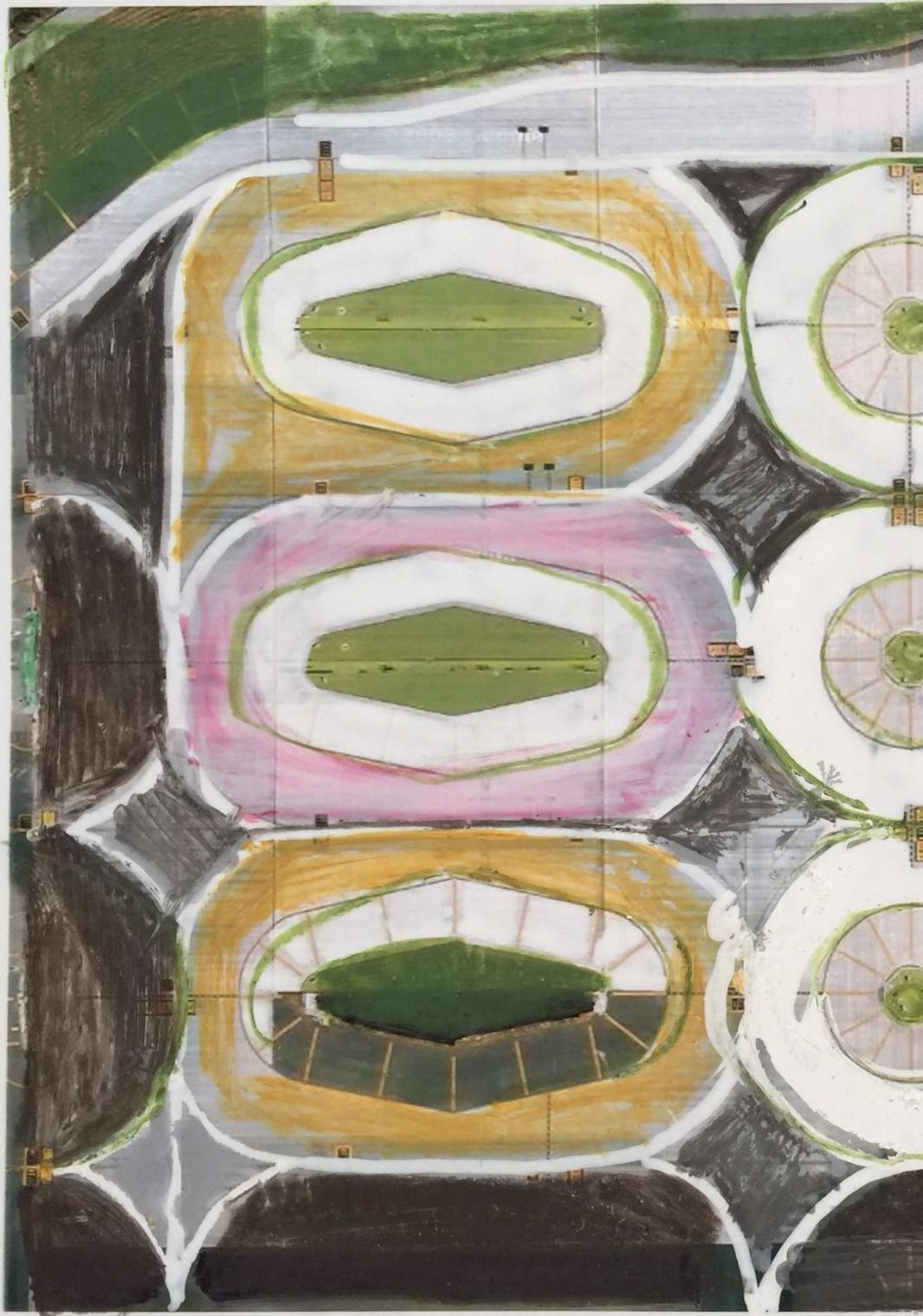






The space is silver grey, with lime green gate signs in rectangles above. I am stopped just before the moving walkway so turn right around and move in the opposite direction. Three figures in black t-shirts and white trousers chat to each other outside the Ferrari store.

I notice a Christmas tree
standing on the opposite side at
the entrance to Starbucks.
Further on a mannequin in a red
floral dress looks out towards
the sports-bar and grill. I
cannot move any further so I go
back to the Ferrari store, which
after 1 click becomes an empty
bookstore with a wooden floor.



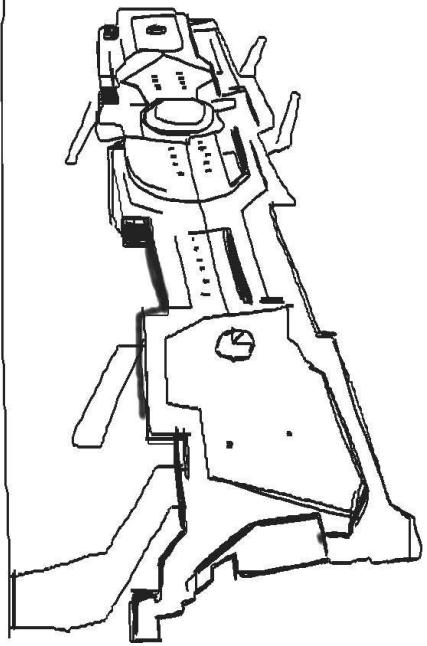
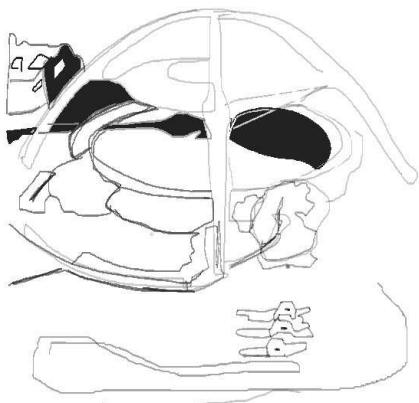
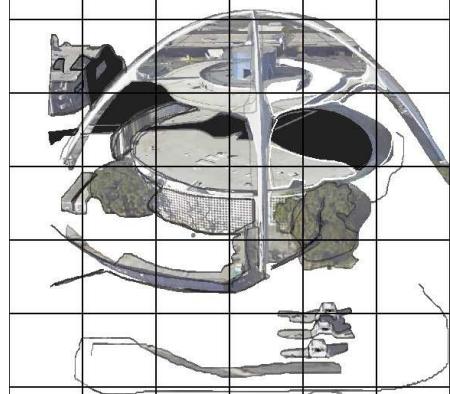
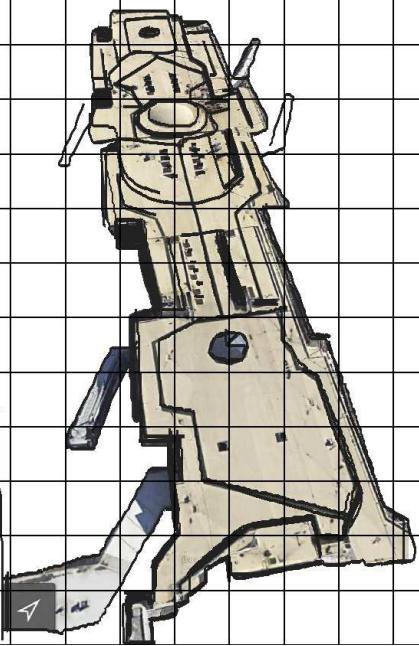


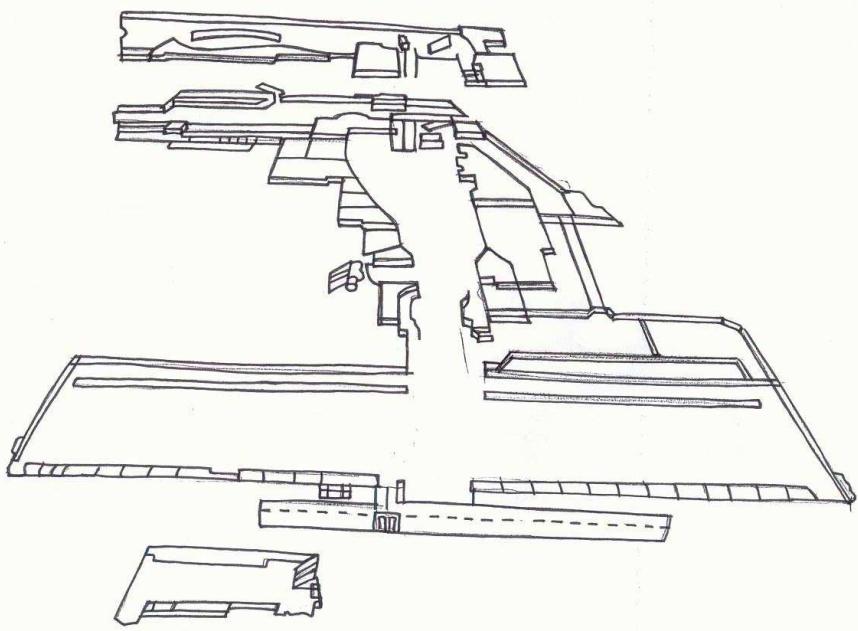
Click to move around.

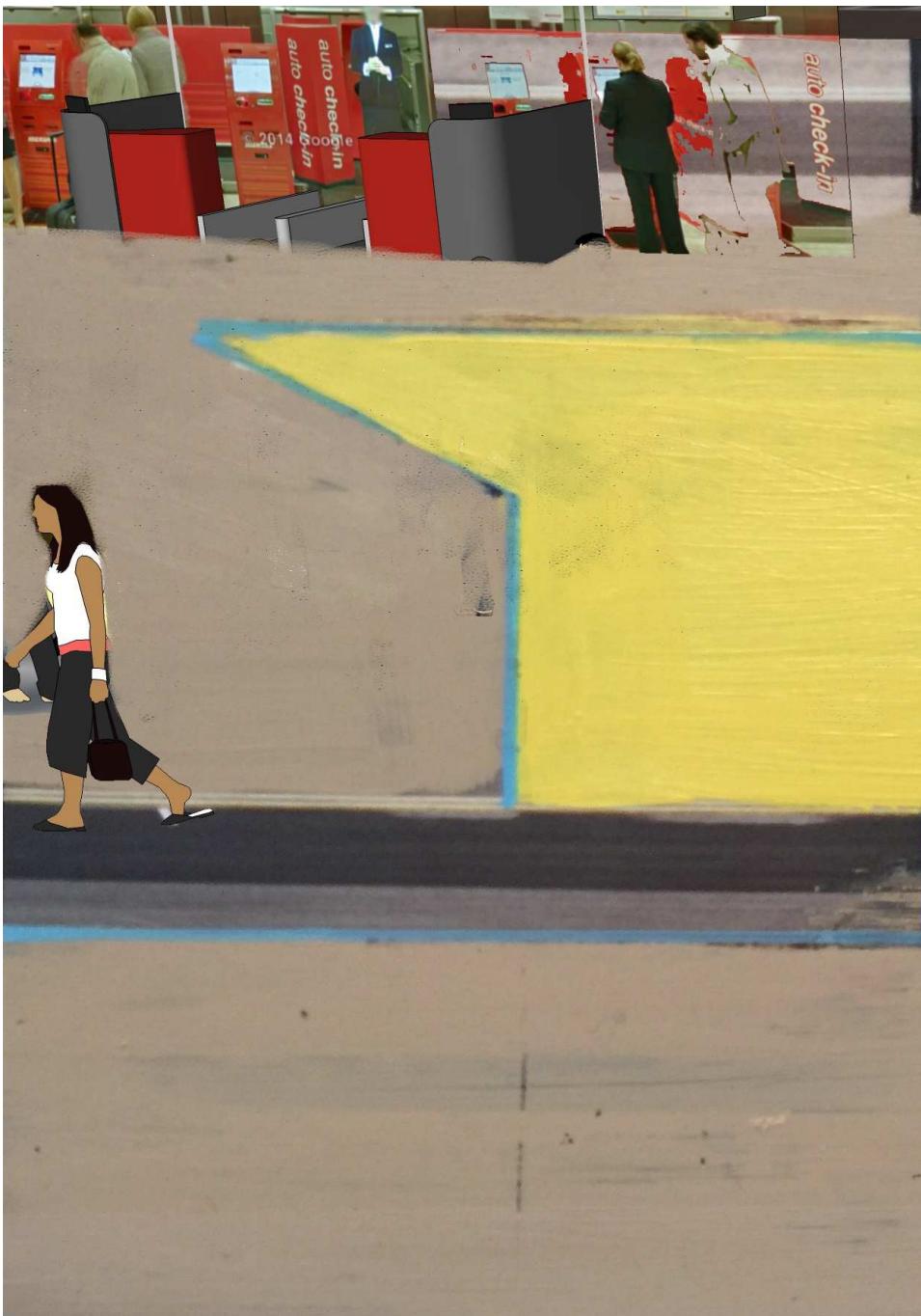
Drag to enter street view.

A wall divided into a grid of panels faces me. As I move forward the space opens out, where the terminal seems relatively deserted. A row of empty check-out desks reflect a group of yellow squares onto the floor. I move around to the left, where a long line of people are waiting at gate 53 and 54. They look out towards the huge wall of glass windows as they wait. Max 1 bag. If it fits.

I head towards to the exit. Stripes of blue and green wrap around the revolving door. I cannot get any further. I move towards the escalator where I can see people on the level below. I click number 1 on the right of the screen to move down to Level 1, missing out the escalator. I am stuck again, by another escalator so I turn and a clock faces me. 2.08. It must be the afternoon.

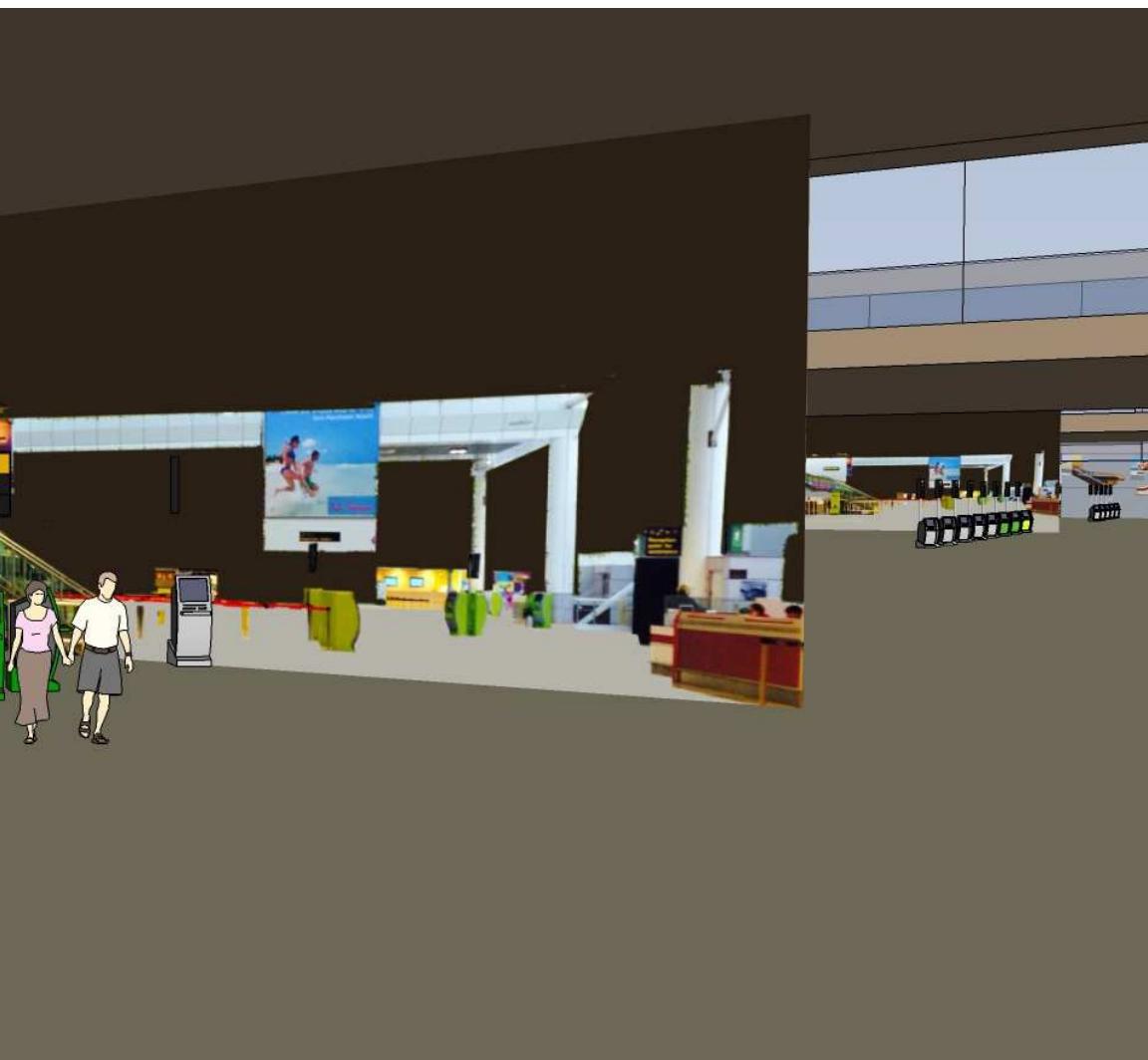


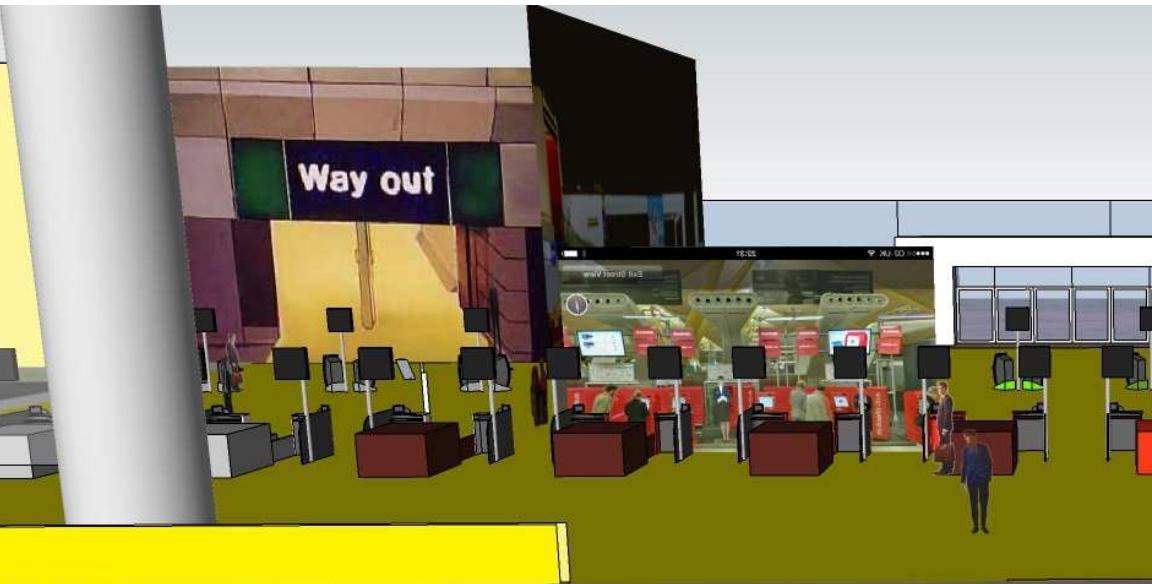


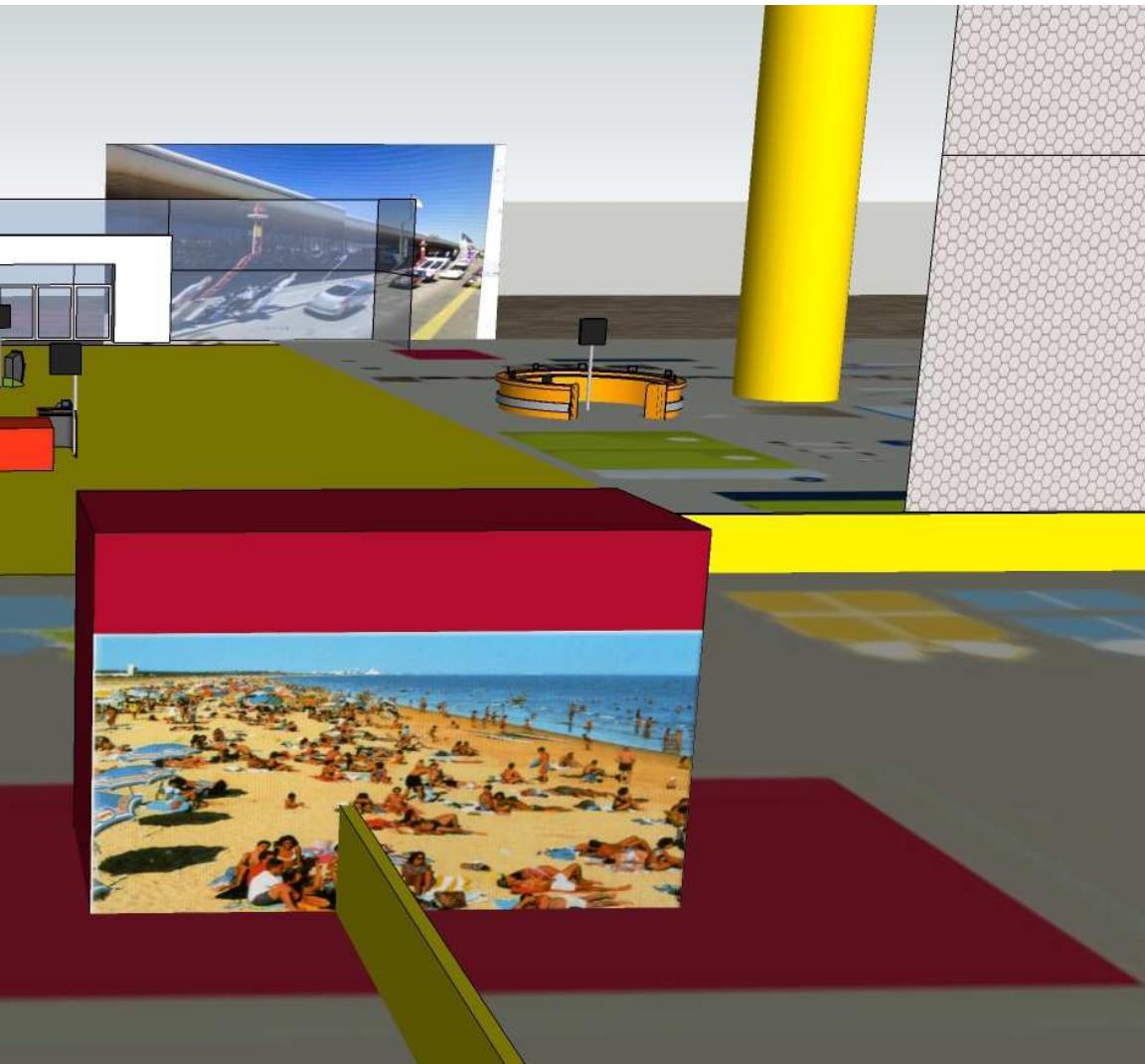




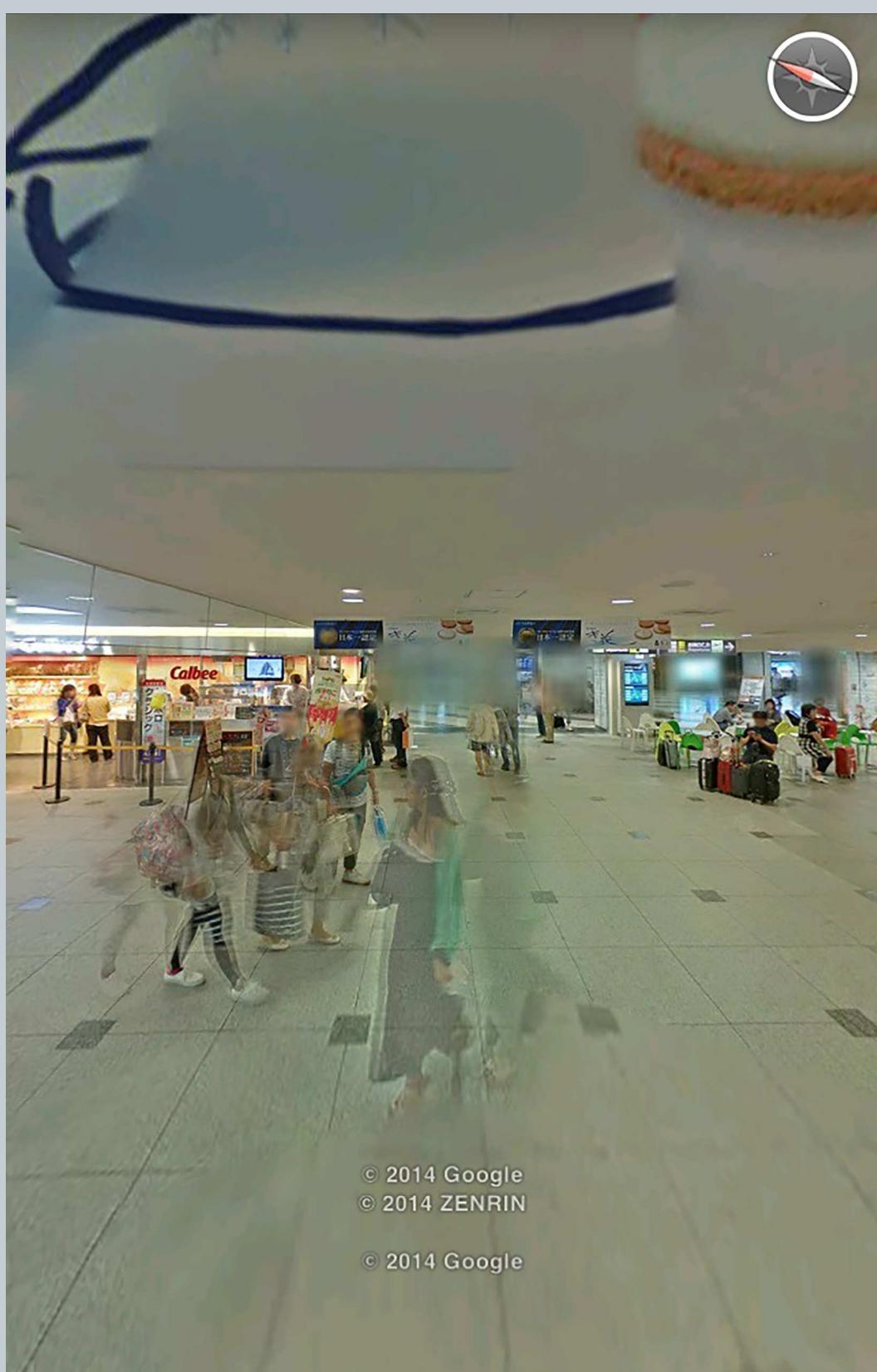












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AE screenshots. ↪

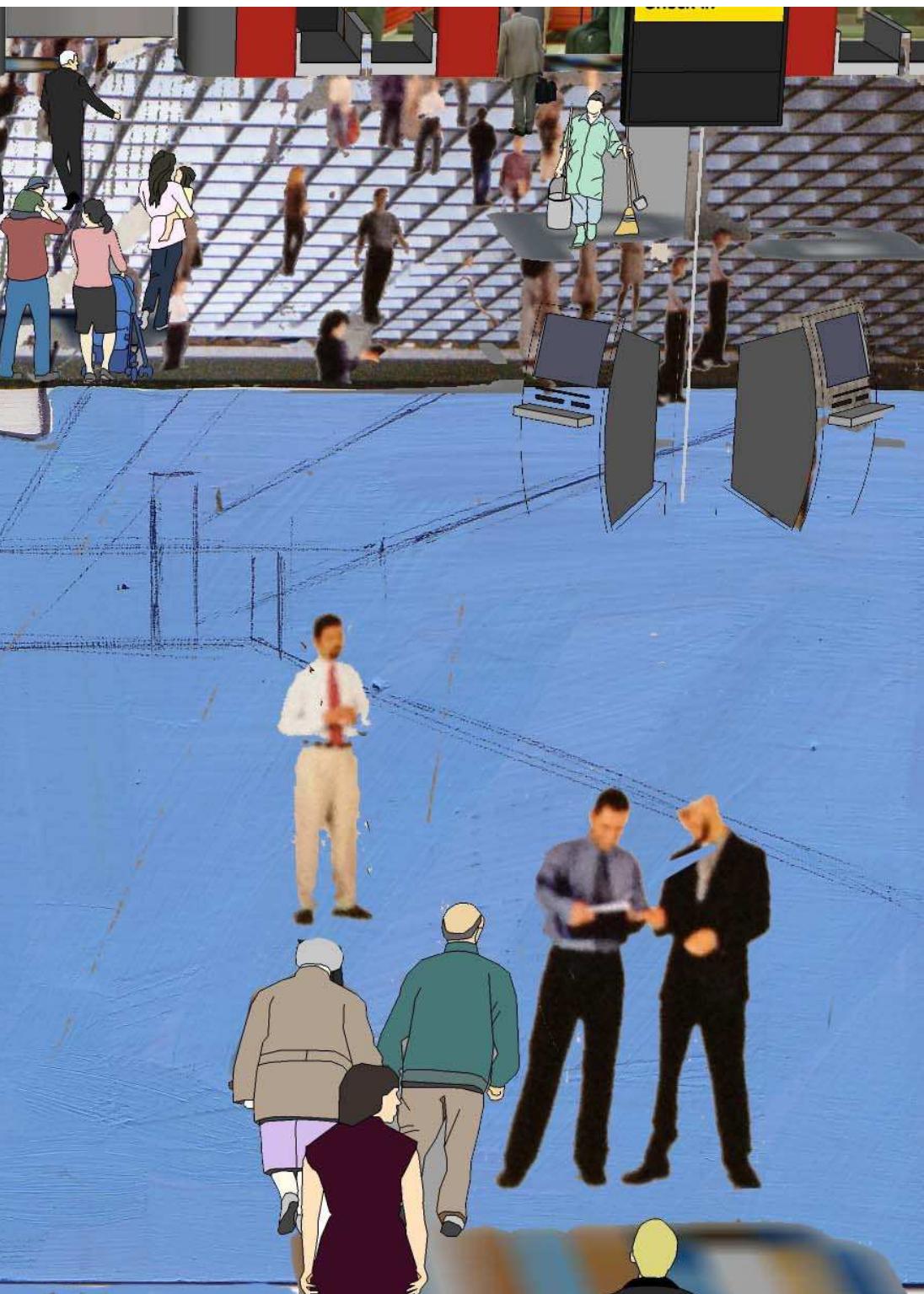




I move towards to the lifts but as I get closer I arrive in a different area of the terminal, where rows of orange tape divide the floor. Checked in online? Speedy Boarding Plus! The check-in desks are empty. I realize I am back to where I started, but as I move around to the left the long line of people waiting at gate 53 and 54 have gone.

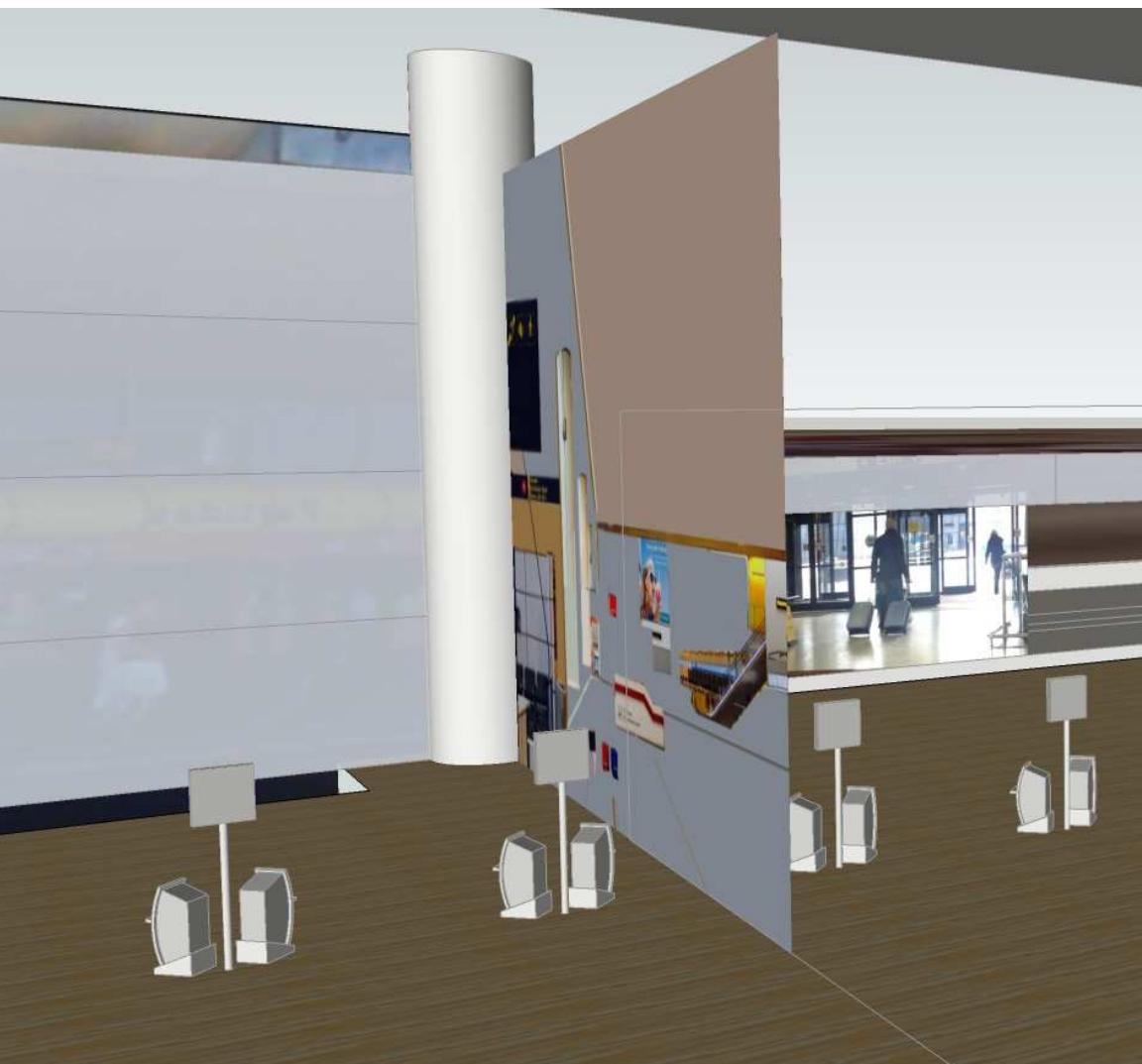
Lime green and cerulean blue cylindrical shapes create a pattern on the surface of the landscape. I pan across to the terminal which as the white hand symbol touches the surface, illuminates to a lilac tone, indicated the 3D building. A pop up information box appears, with photos of nearby places. Beneath the lilac triangular forms of the terminal roof I enter street view.













[Exit Street View](#)



出発 Departures

出发番号
Departure

Airline	Flight	Route	Time	Flight Status
KOREAN AIR	KX766	SEOUL	14:15	65 Go to gate
JAPAN	JL509	SEOUL	14:15	65 Go to gate
DELTA	DL704	SEOUL	14:15	65 Go to gate
CHINA AIRLINES	CI135	TAIPEI	15:00	66 Go to gate
EVA AIR	BR115	TAIPEI	16:00	67 Code Share
ANA	NH615	TAIPEI	16:00	67 Code Share
JAL AIR	JL212	SEOUL	16:40	68 Cancelled
CHINA AIRLINES	CI231	TAIPEI	18:05	65 Extra Flight
CHINA EASTERN	MF820	SHANGHAI	20:00	67 Go to gate
JAPAN	JL533	SHANGHAI	18:20	67 Code Share
CHINA AIRLINES	CI735	KAOHSIUNG	20:05	65 Charter Flight
HAWAIIAN	HA402	HONOLULU	21:10	

Sep. 6 13:26 请根据航班状态的实际情况... (178手链) 航班状态

A man in a green uniform cleans
the already polished floor whilst
sat on a red and blue vehicle
with various attachments. The
yellow sign of Alseasa lines up
next to the more familiar sign of
Duty Free.

I move forward and the man in the green uniform has gone, replaced by the ghostly figure of a man in a high-vis jacket. 2 women in black look into the shop window of Duty free. I turn approximately 90 degrees to the left and the man in the green uniform re-appears, this time he seems to be chatting to a man in a black jacket with a red collar, who stands static with authority. I press the forward arrow but cannot seem to move forward. I am sent back around to the right and positioned again in front of Duty free.







gle



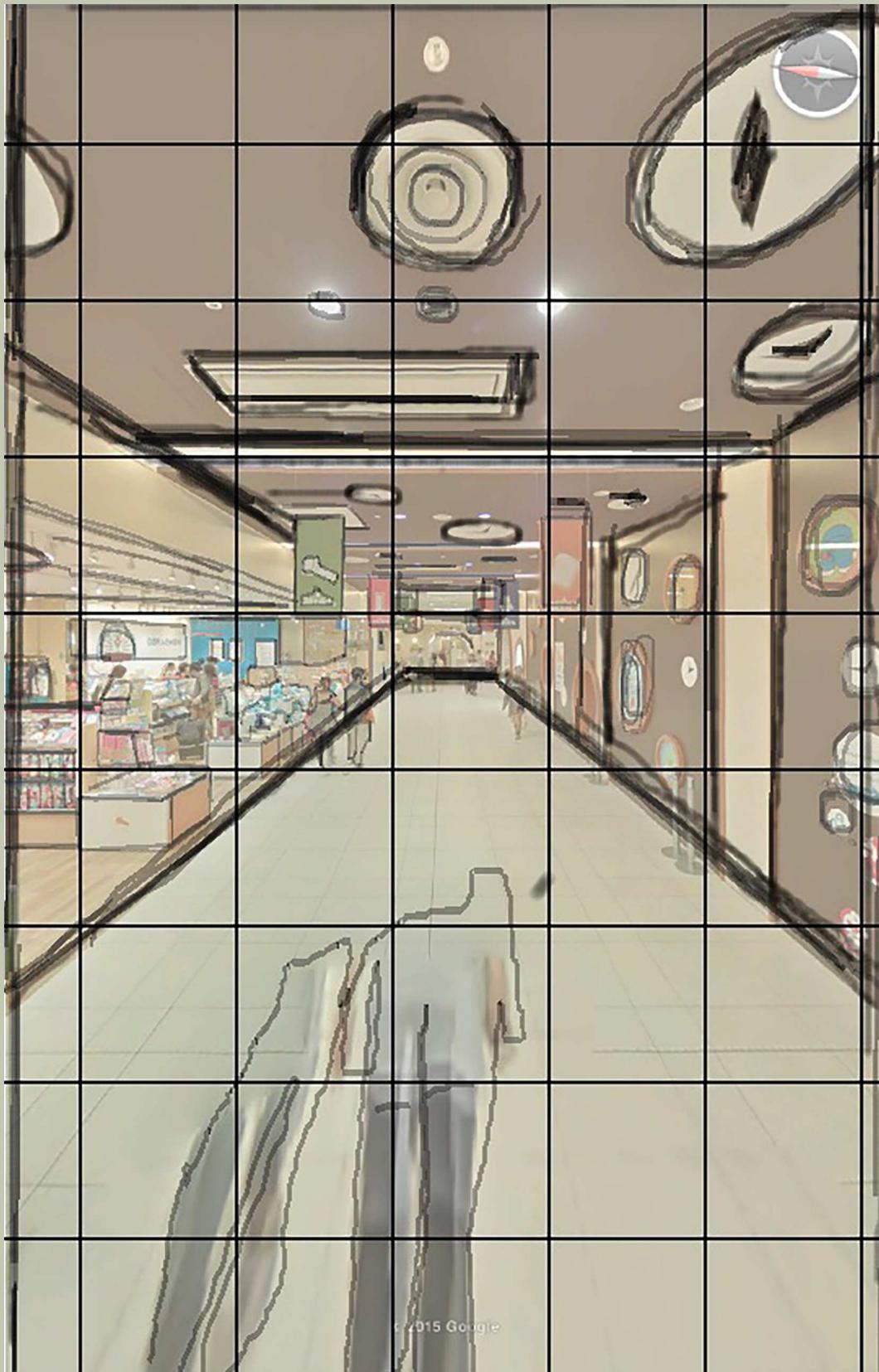
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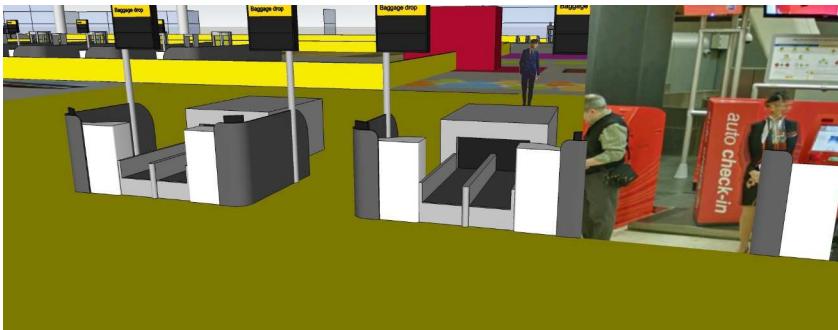














I suddenly swing around quickly facing the opposite direction. A white wall appears in front of me but quickly turns into another part of the terminal, where the wall is now glass, allowing light to illuminate the polished floor. A man sits nearest he can to the window, legs crossed with a bag beside him, looking down at a book on his lap. There are two figures in the foreground on red leather seats, one appears to be sleeping.

Gate 30. MS.

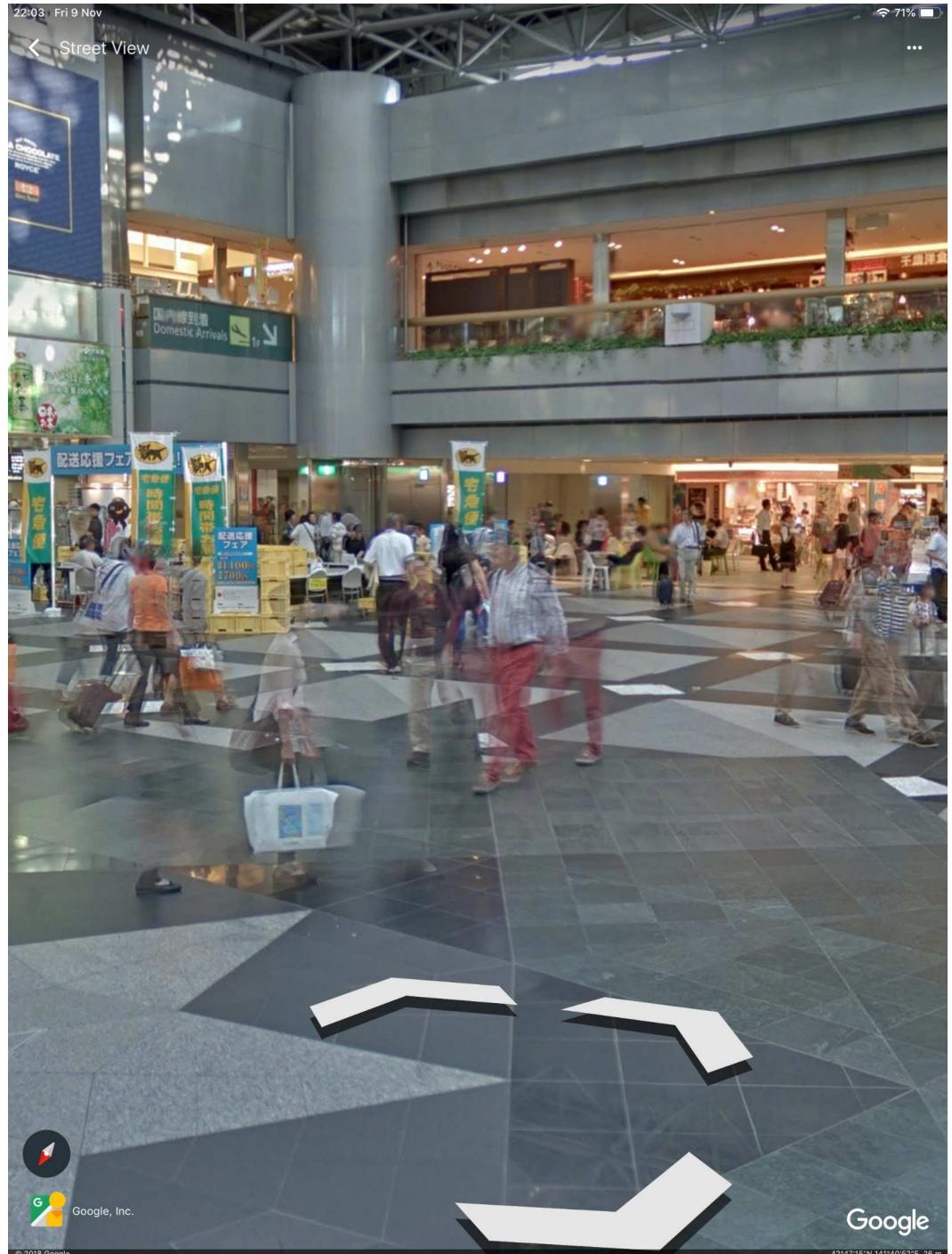
I try to get close to the gate,
to see the destination but I am
pushed backwards. Two seated
figures with blurred faces seem
to be looking directly at me.

I move to gate 31, where people
are forming a queue to
Copenhagen. I cannot move any
further, only sideways, so I
press escape and am back on the
lilac triangular roof of the
model of the terminal.

22:03 Fri 9 Nov

71%

Street View







barcelona el prat



Aeropuerto de Málaga



palma de mallorca



tenerife

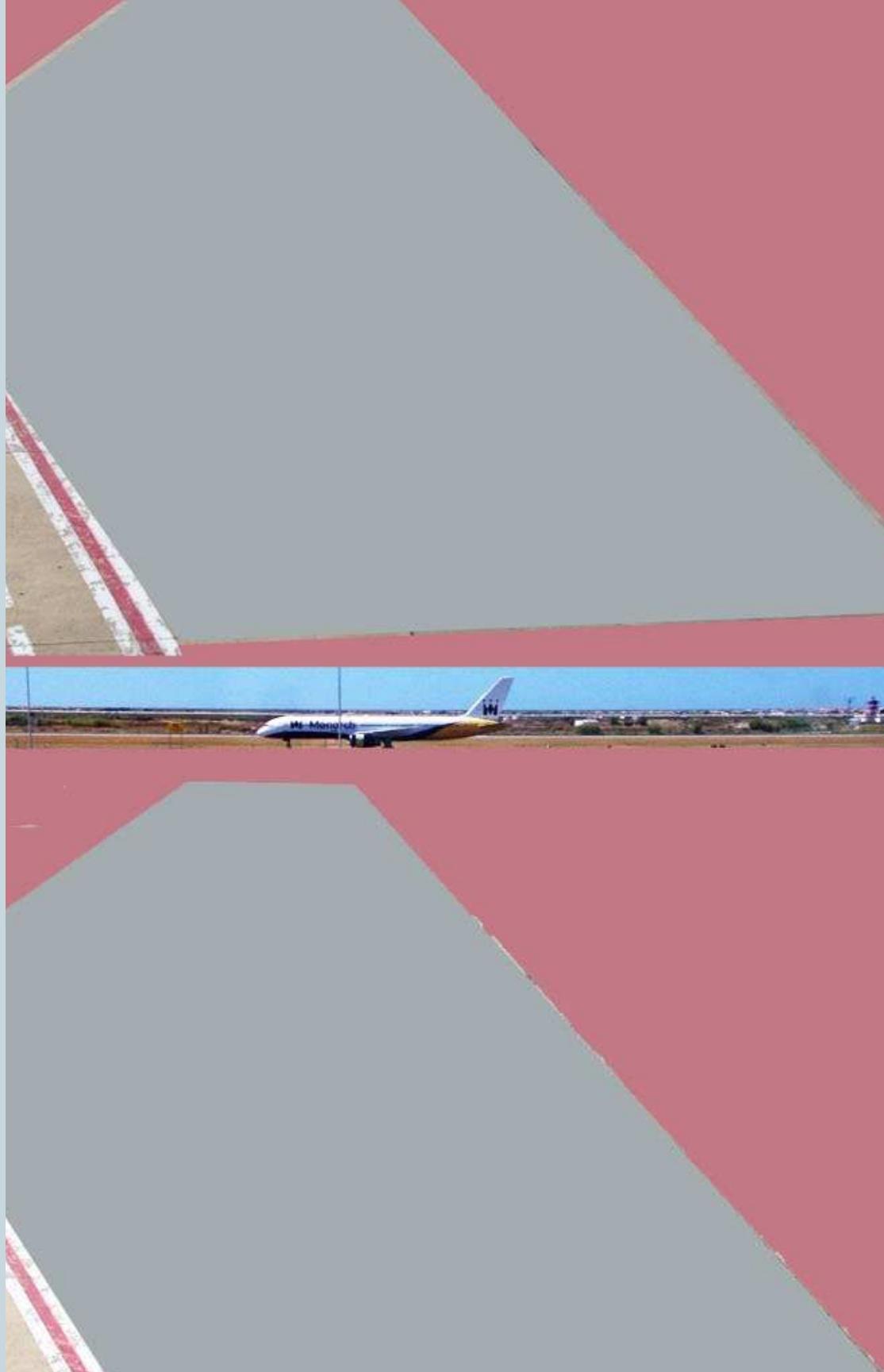


kagoshima



sendai



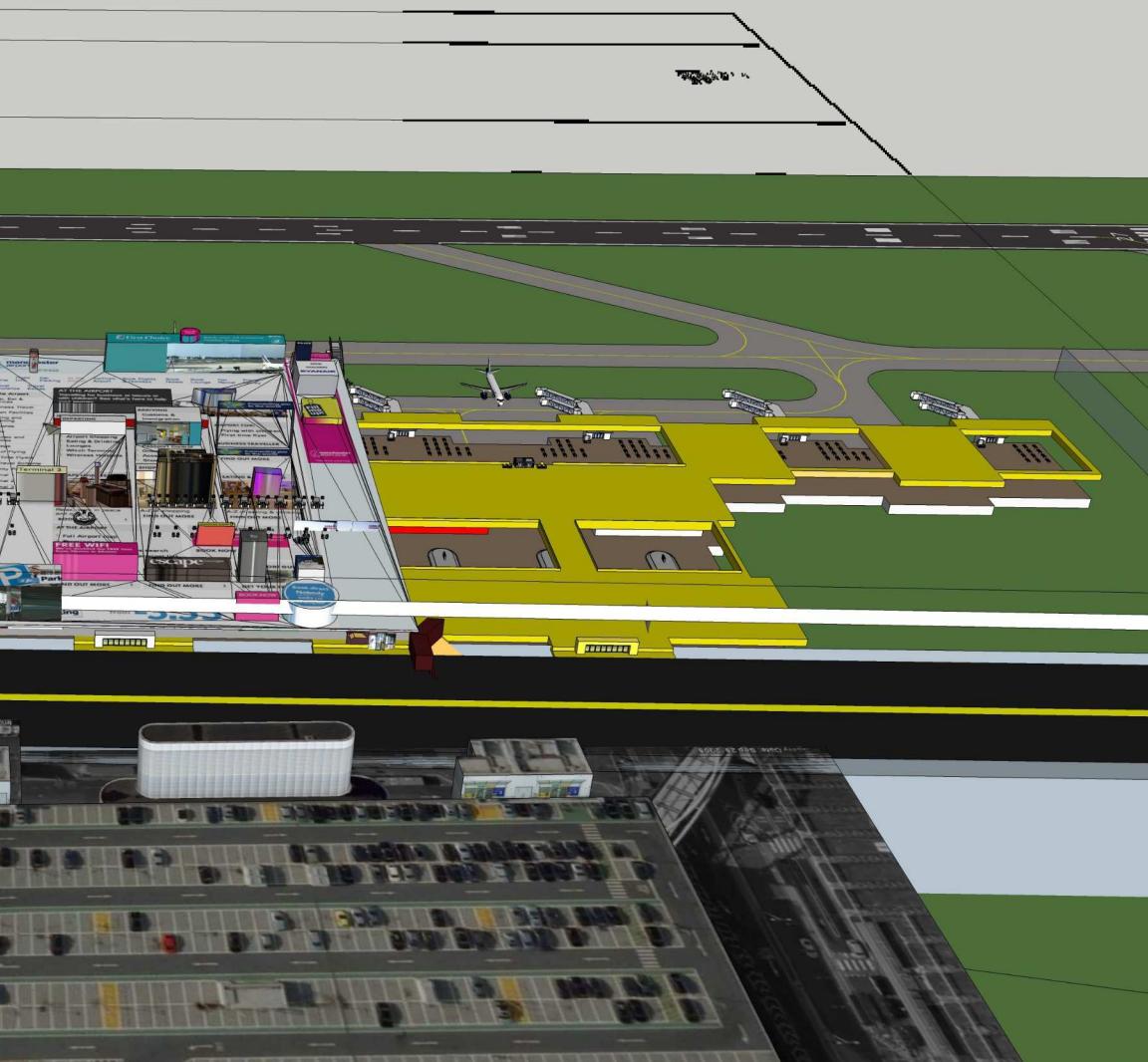


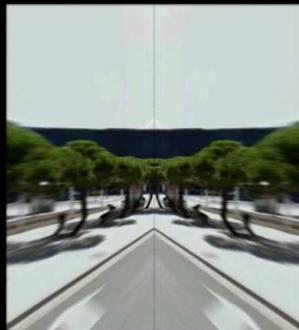


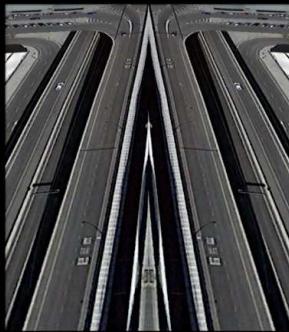
C D E F G. I start at C. The area is empty. Lines of red criss-cross in-front of the blue screens. Lines of white divide the floor space. I move towards G. As I arrive a Coca Cola sign on the right sits above a long walkway, which I cannot access. I keep walking, looking right and left, but still nobody appears.

The clock reads 16 minutes to 4 above the shop guide, a grid of photographic images of plates of food. As I pan across I arrive at a glass cabinet. Inside there are 4 objects, but I cannot tell what they are. I can read the text 'Good design award'.

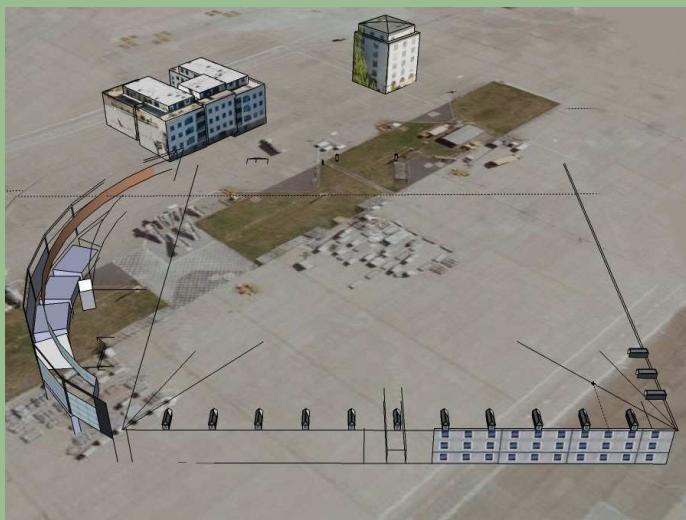




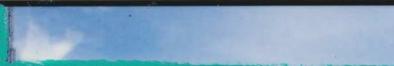


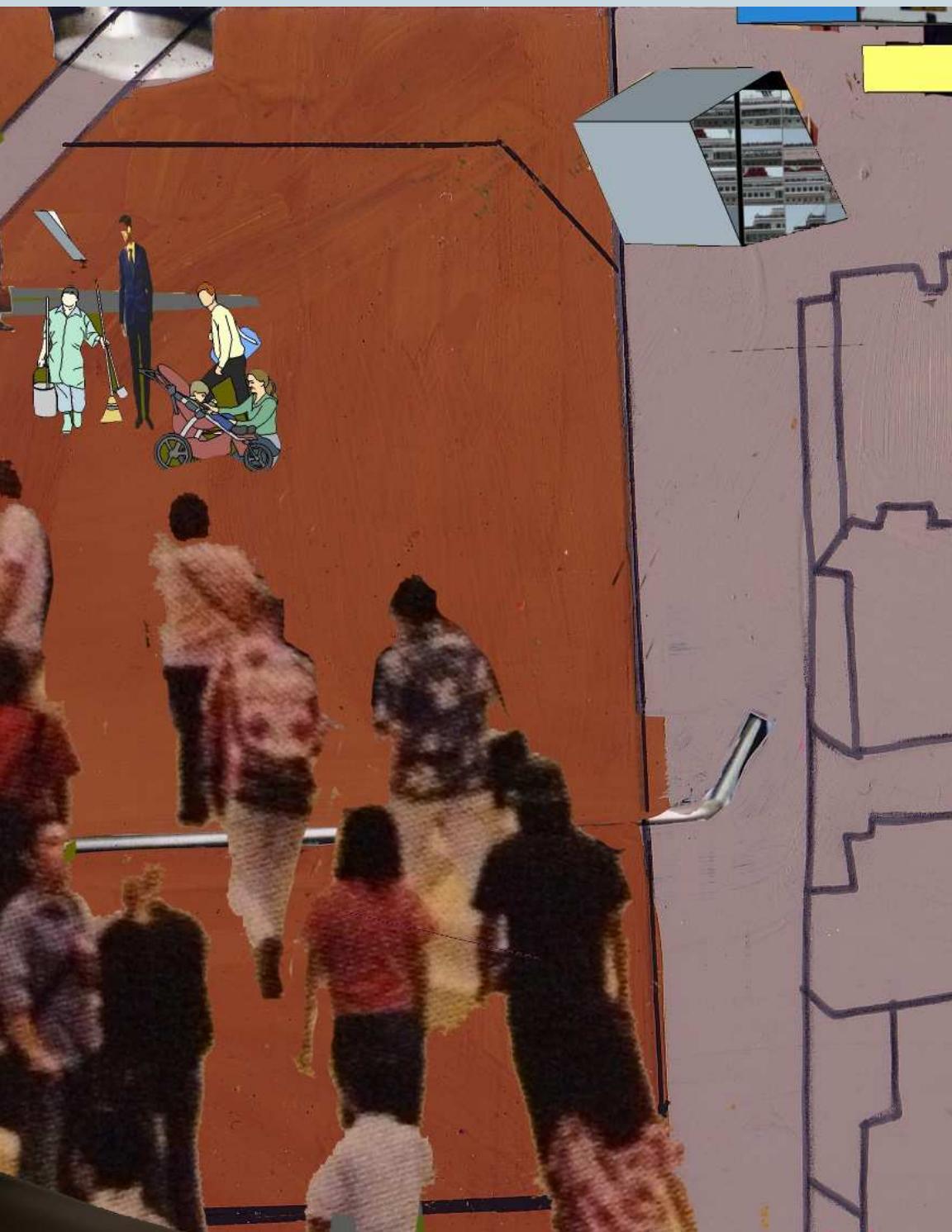












THE DONKEY STONE

BODDINGTON

As I walk towards the large glass windows at the end of the space I reach the letter P. People gather. The airport is no longer empty. One step back and the people have gone. Japan Airlines. Sky Check in. Empty desks.

A no smoking sign is distorted into a fragmented shape on the wall above, but it is still recognizable. Behind appears an advertisement for clothing, where a photograph of a man and woman is repeated 5 times. I move towards them and see a line of empty seats against a green tiled wall.









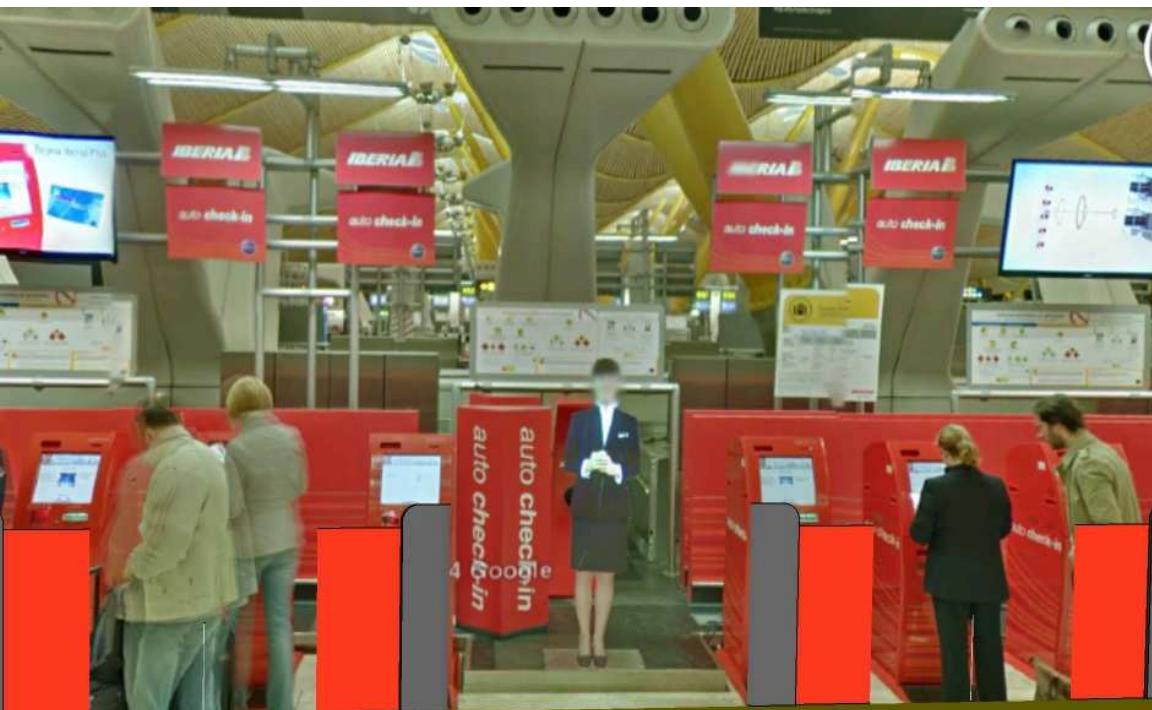


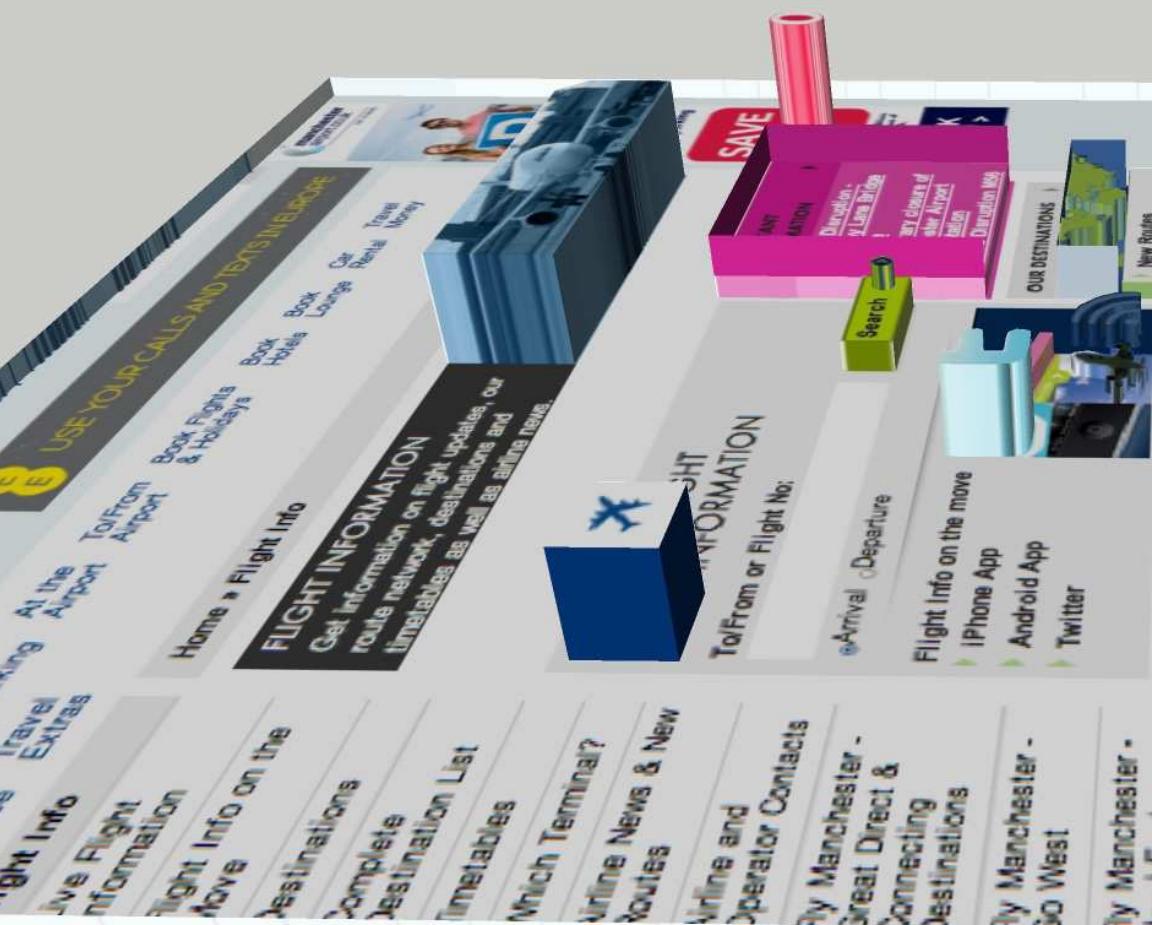












1000 E 351

Low Cost

THE HEDDAYS

Destination Map









I cannot move any further, so turn around and the space widens into a large area of yellow ochre. A pink neon digital clock reads 0:51. The sign of the Fly Café to the left is a similar neon pink. I move towards it and see two black and white photographs of airplanes on the Café wall above the chequered patterned floor. The café, and the terminal are empty.

I move quickly forwards past more rows of empty seats. The Houses of Parliament appear on the left wall, alongside four purple pay phones. I move towards the window. It is dark outside. I cannot see anybody. I turn and three men stand with their back to me. Two have the same uniform, white shirts and black trousers. The other stands in all black, his boots high above his ankles. Double click and I am faced with a board of images. Rows of food, a factory, a female doctor and a tree. Tomorrow starts here.







et nach
cante
alaga
verifia
Canaria
vegan
-
STIGE
EISE
-
M

CONTACT



et nach
cante
alaga
verifia
Canaria
vegan
-
STIGE
EISE
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M



Munich: Marienplatz

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Hamburg Cam

EarthCam

Hall of Fame # EarthCam Network Services for Business







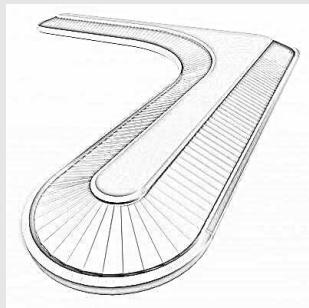
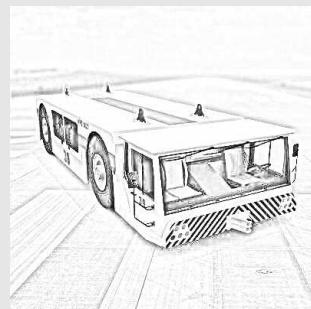
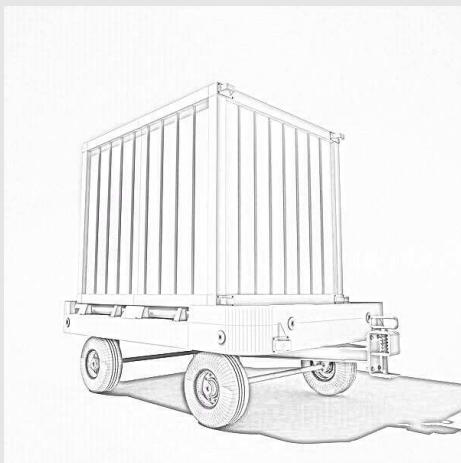




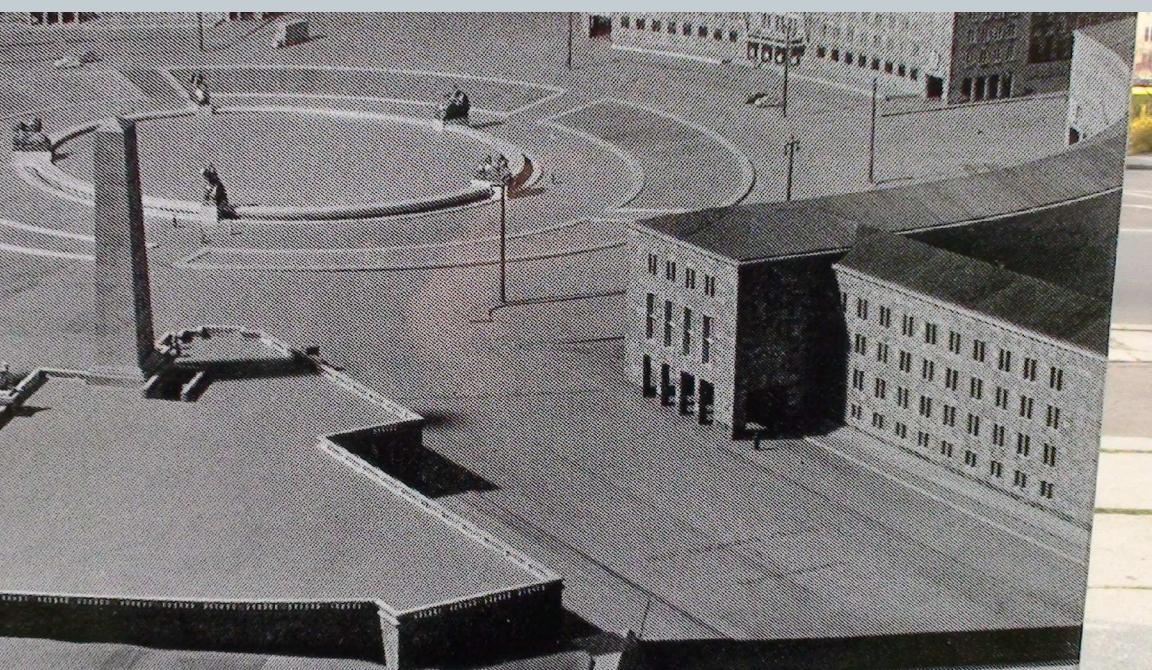
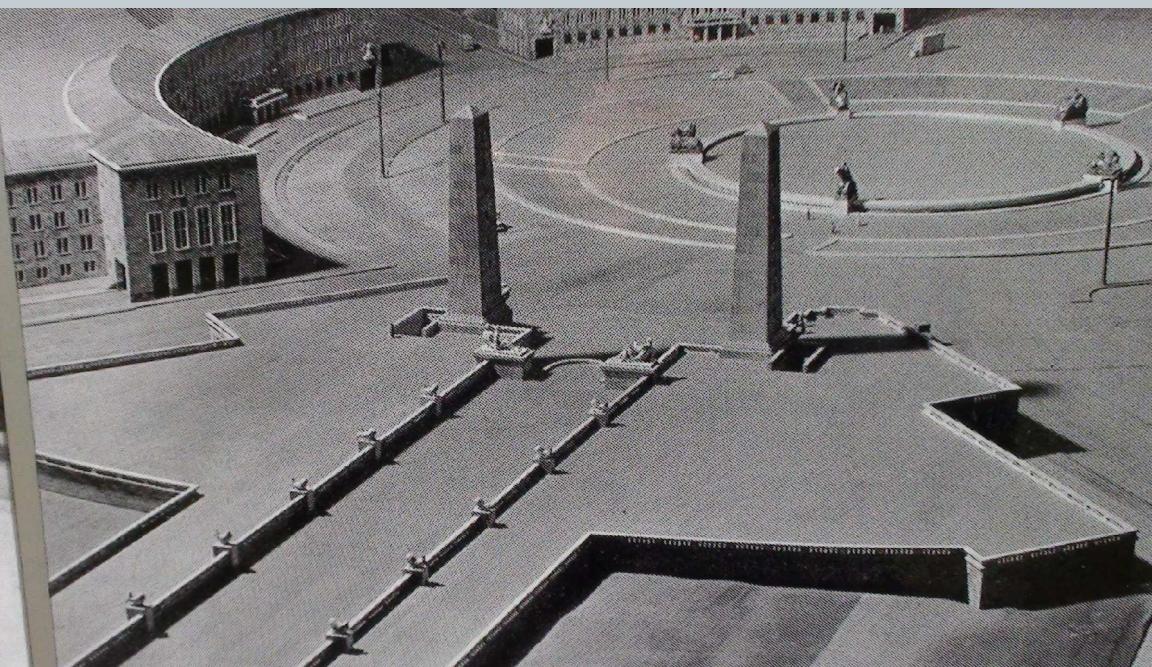


baggage drop







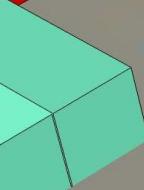
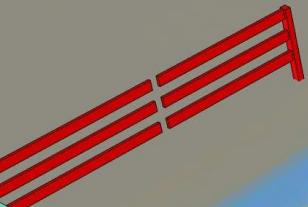


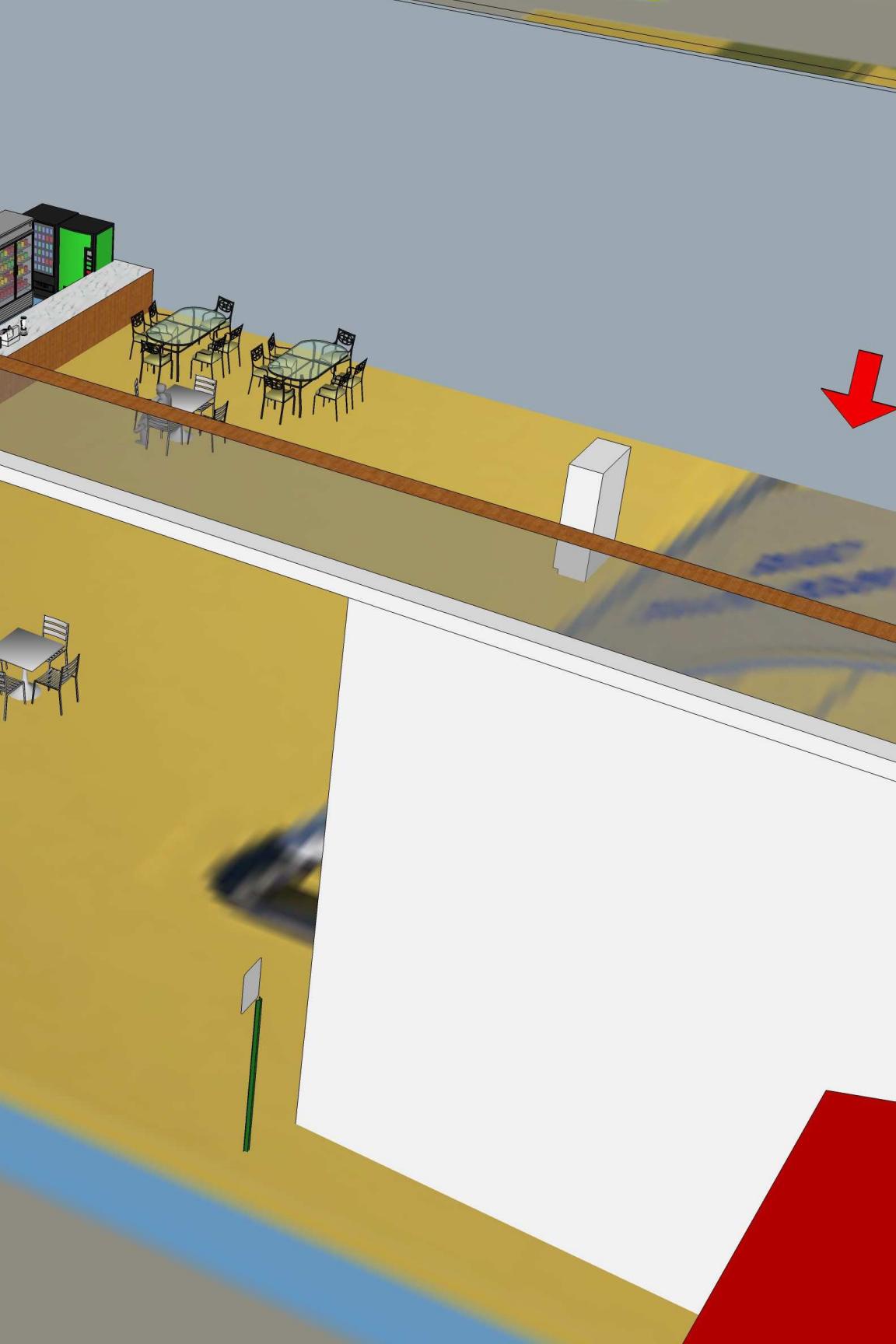


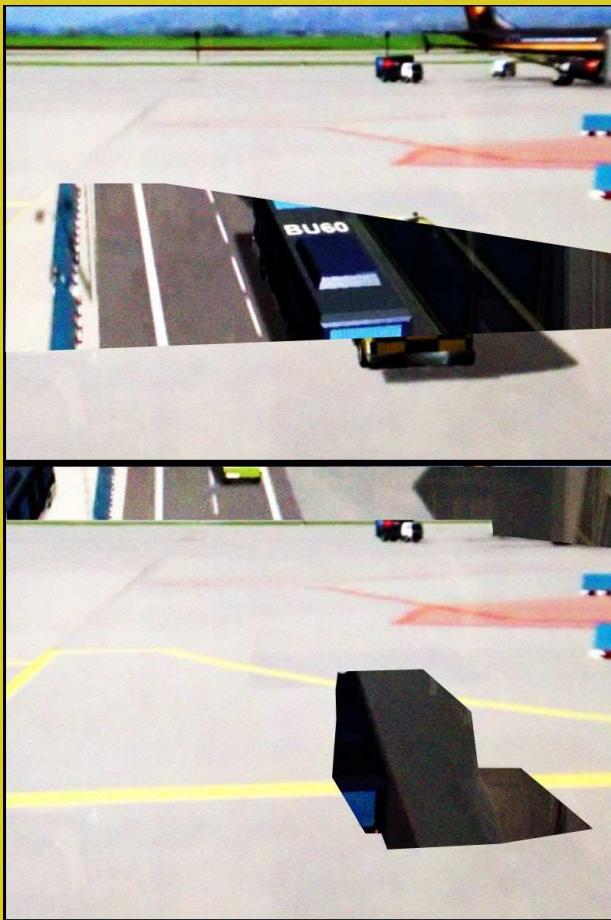
15



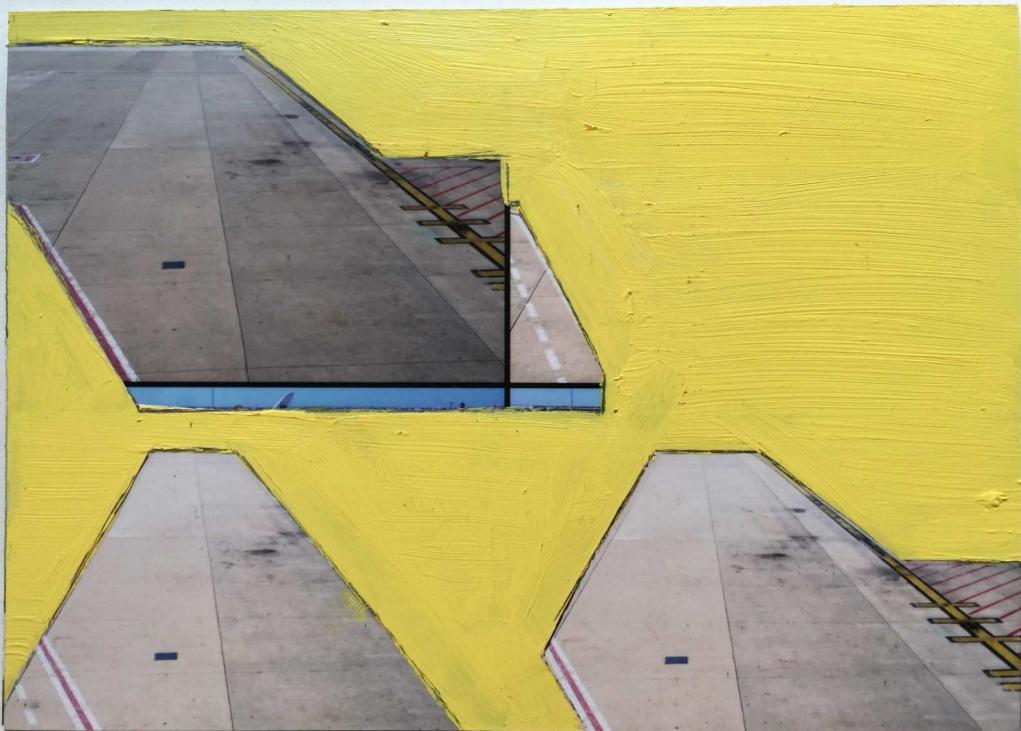
-Café



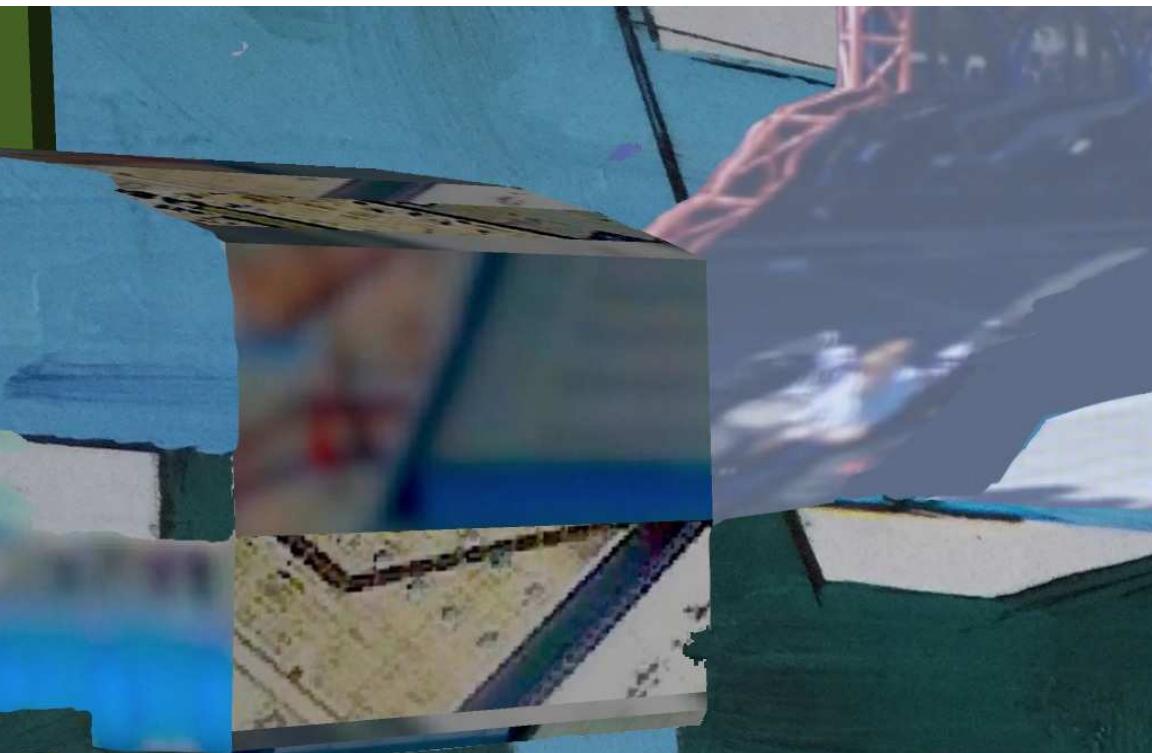










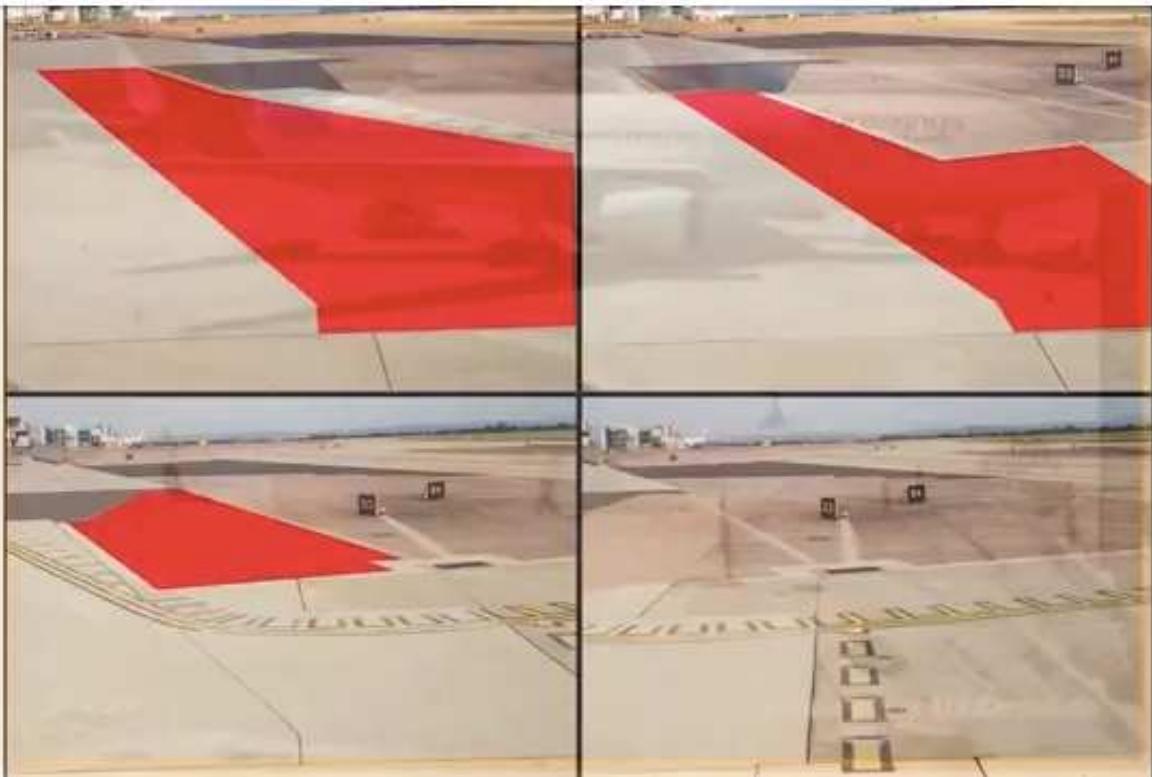




Enter Street view

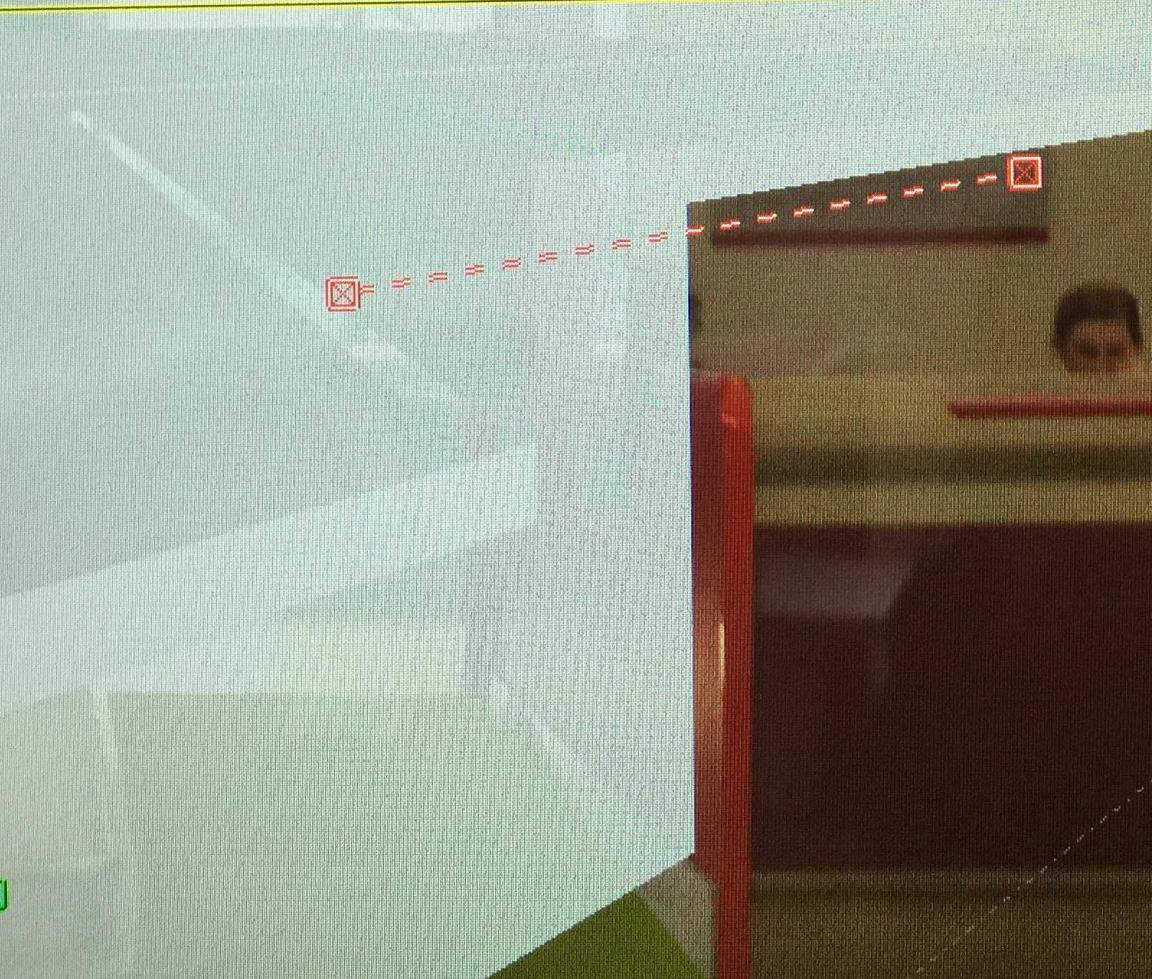
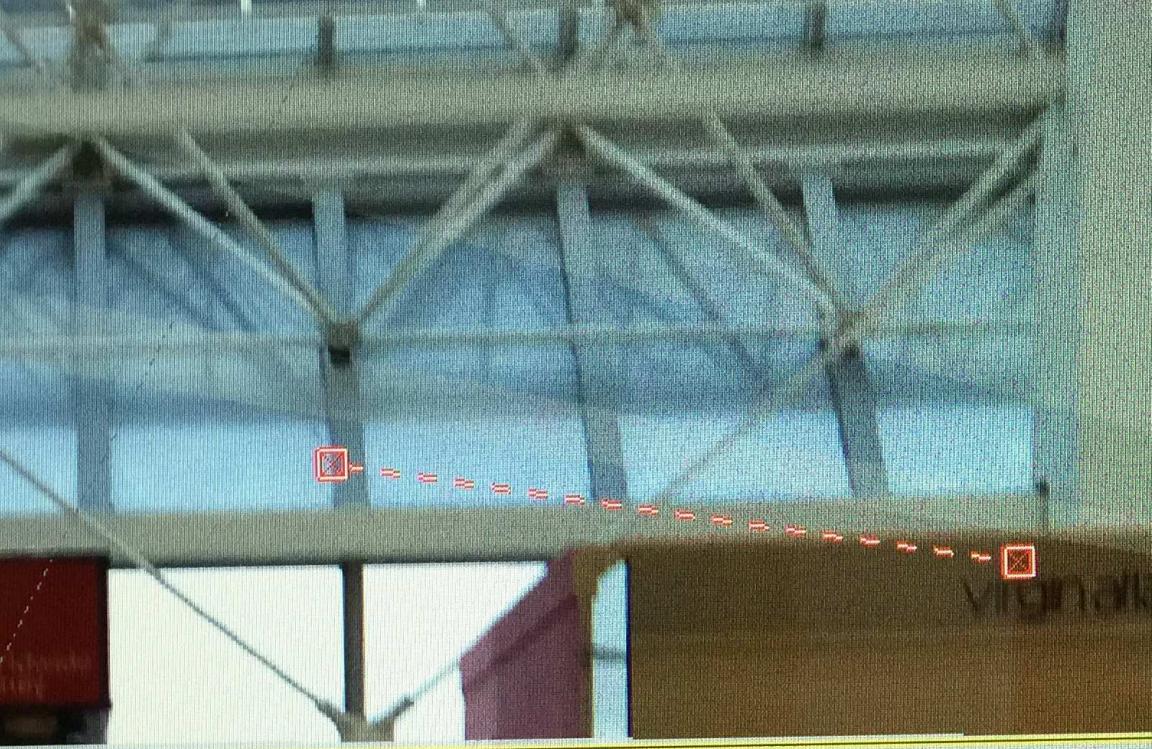
Passengers at gate 4 sit waiting
for flight HV 5961 to Copenhagen.
A man in a blue hooded sweatshirt
holds his phone in-front of him.
People look at their mobile
devices for something to do.
There seems very little
conversation. Nobody waits at
gate 5.

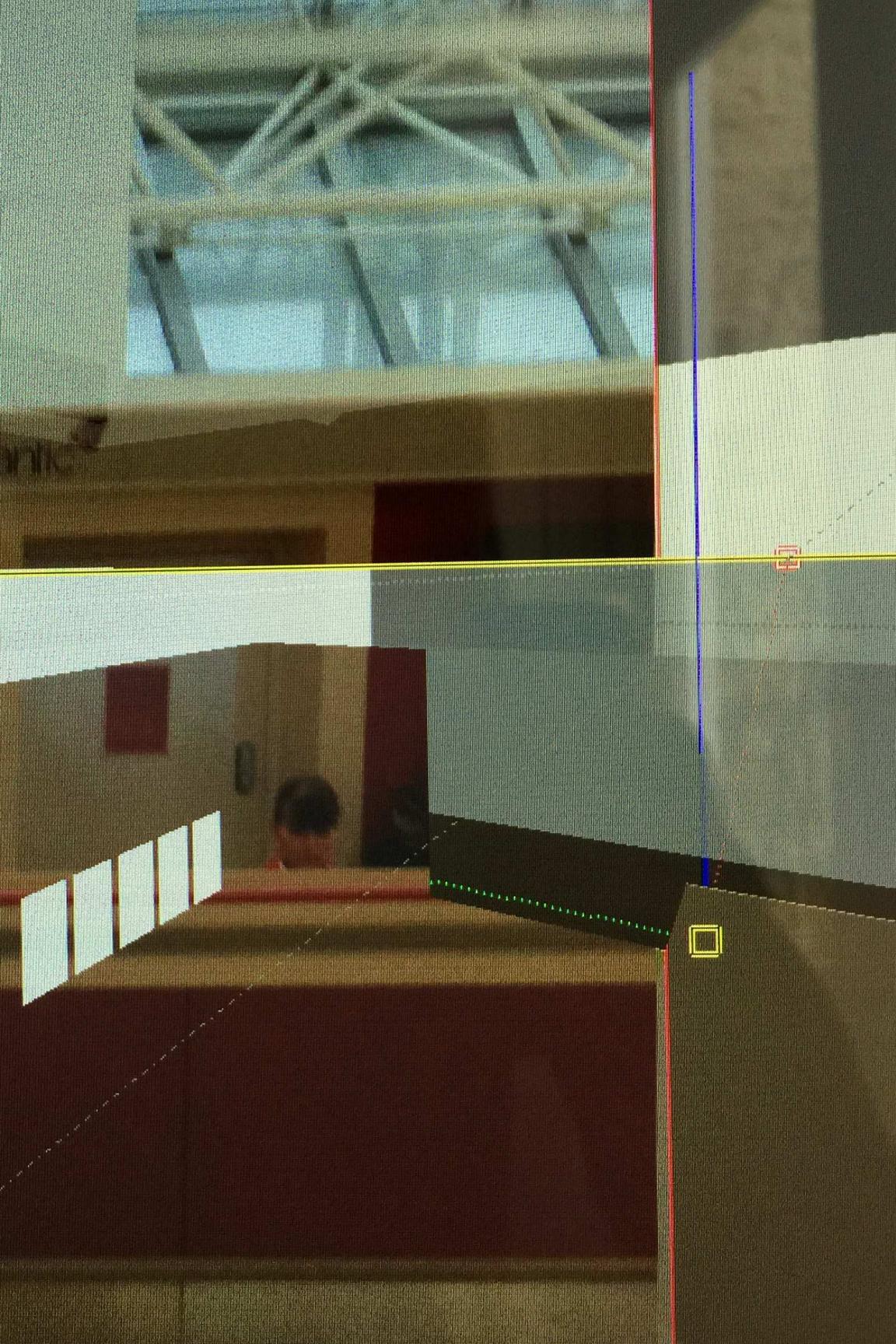
Track the slider or click the buttons to zoom in our out.>
I click the plus button and zoom in past the cafe towards a man wearing blue shorts holding a red bag. I double click and he is gone. Double-click again and there are no figures at all left in the space. The white light from the stretch of windows creates a pattern of silver shadows on the terminal floor. A line of red rectangles divides the indoor and outdoor space.









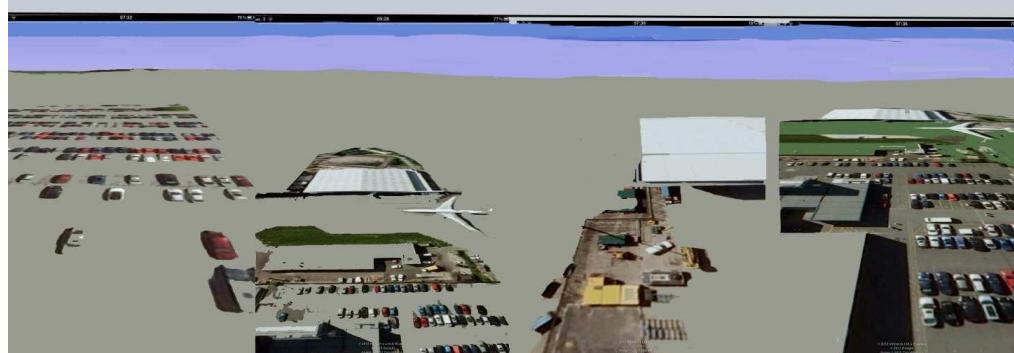
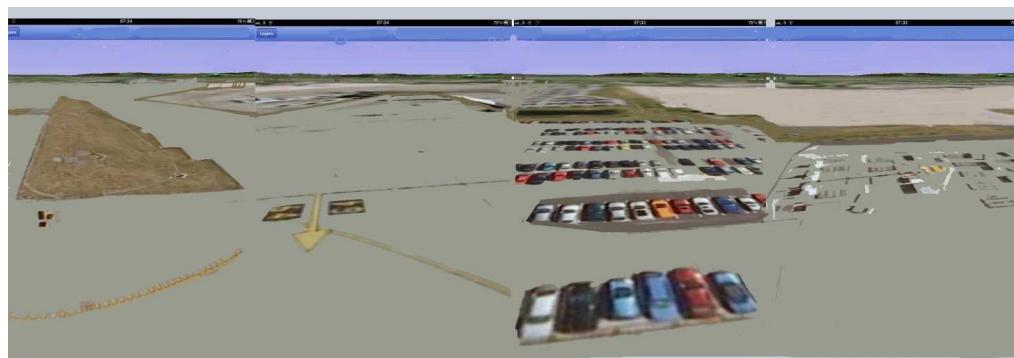


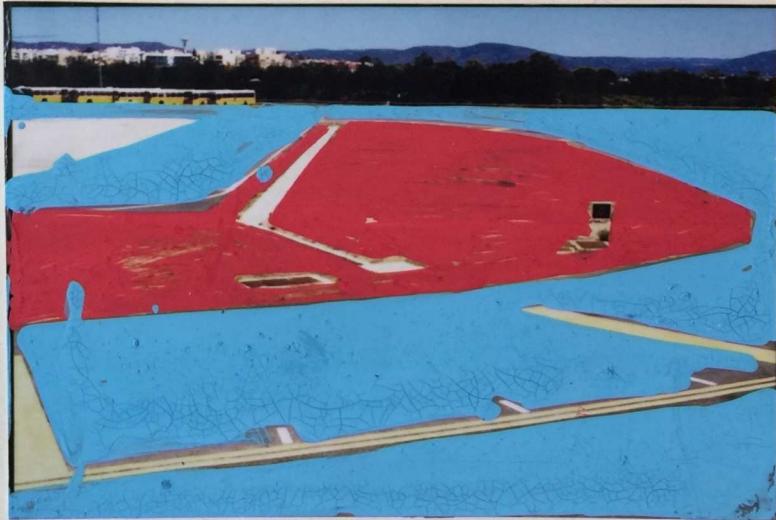








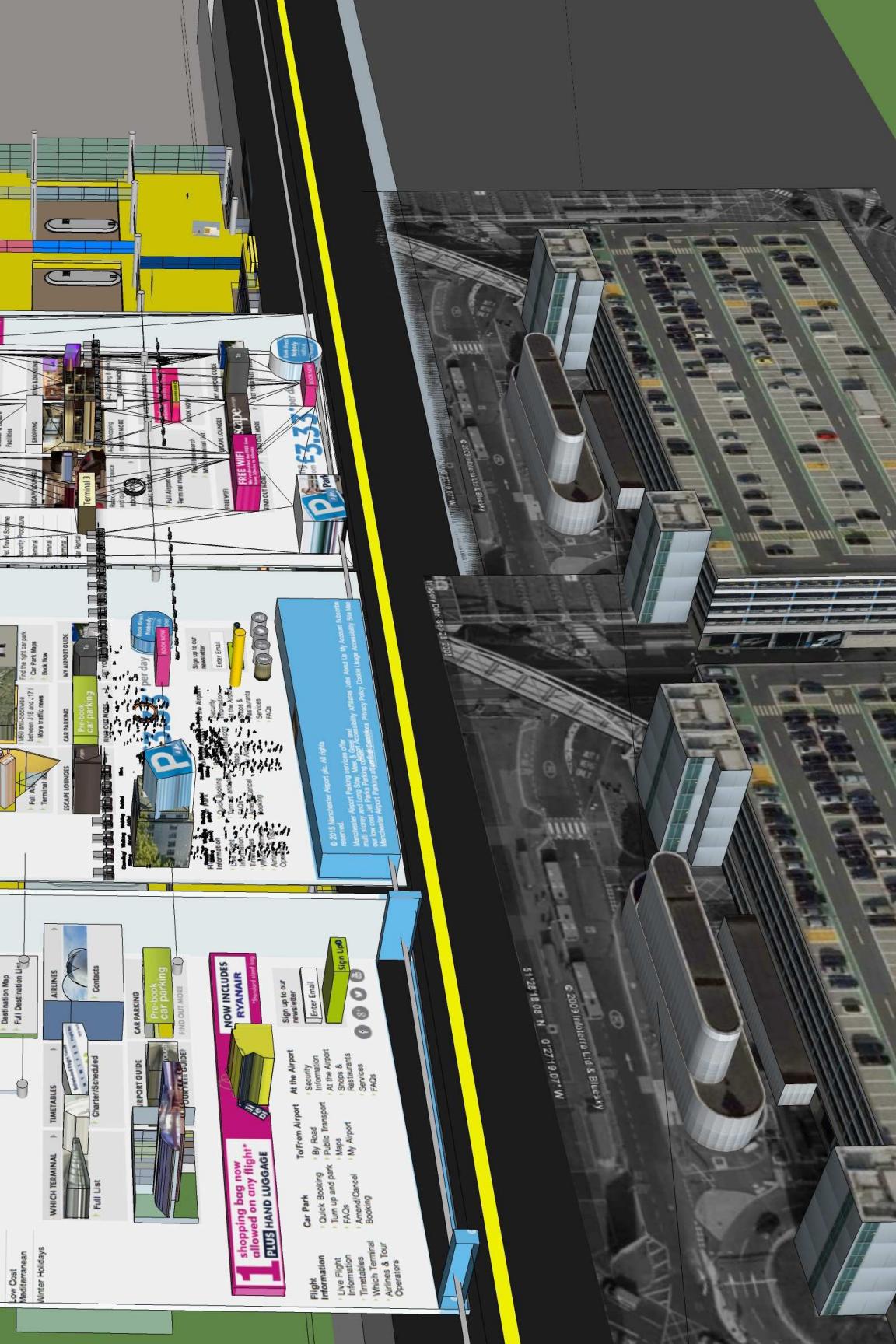


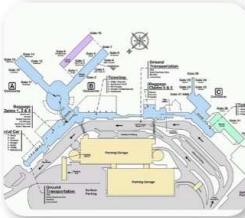
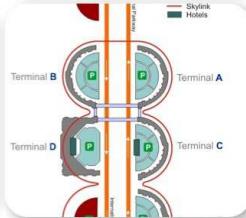
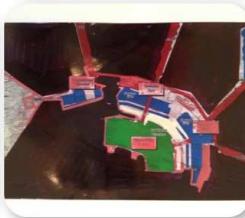
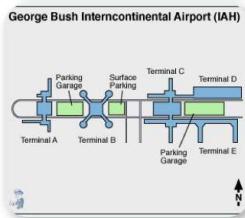
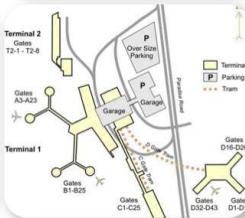
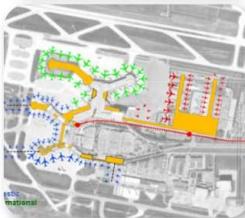
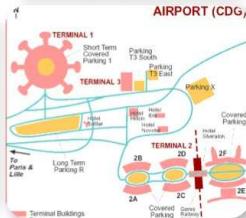
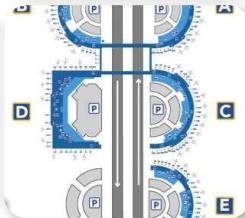
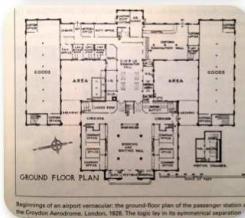
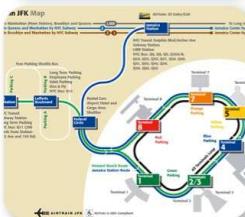
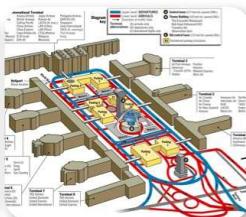


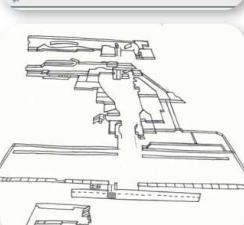
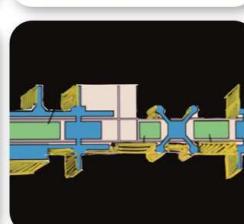
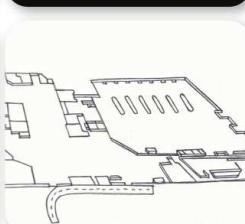
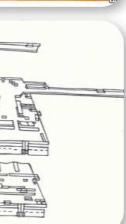
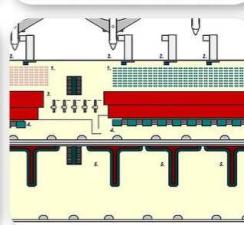
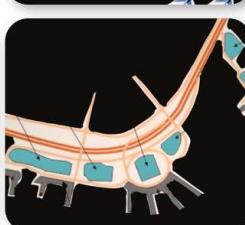
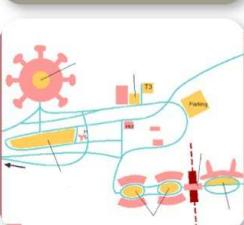
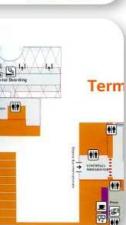
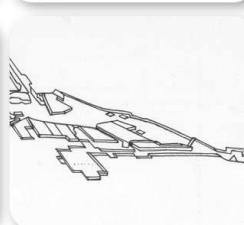
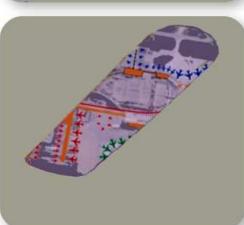
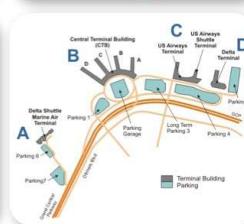
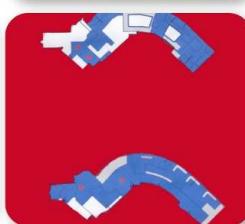
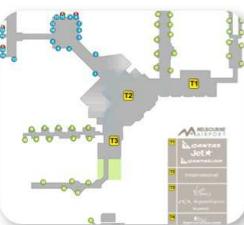






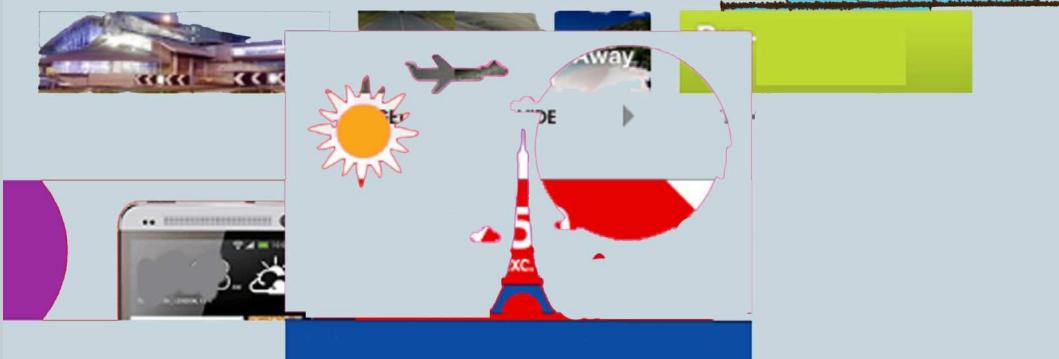




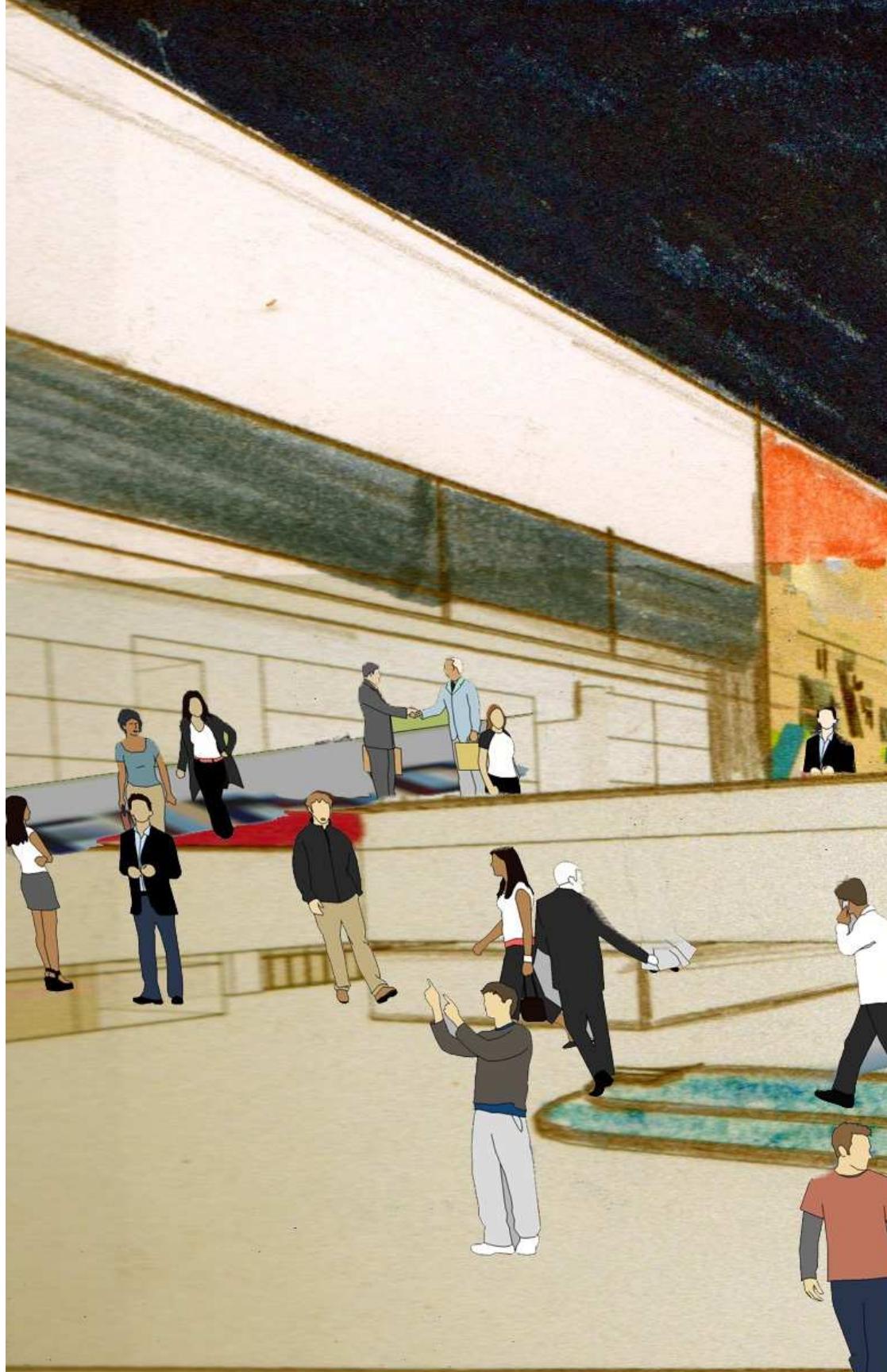


I carry on walking but reach a wall I cannot seem to get past. Staff only. I turn right and move towards the light again. A new space opens out in-front of me where rows of green boxes containing personal possessions move towards their owners. I turn back and attempt to move quickly. The space breaks up into flashes of broken images. I settle by a grid display of sunglasses in the Duty Free shop.

As the camera pans across the landscape I settle in an area away from the main terminal, just to the right of the control tower. The landscape here is littered with a pale yellow scattering of what appears to be long skeletal vehicles, ready for loading and transporting. To either side are two airplanes sat quietly opposite each other. As I move over and above the control tower the colour of this structure changes, indicating more information is available. I click the tower and have immediate access to an uploaded photograph and 3D model.



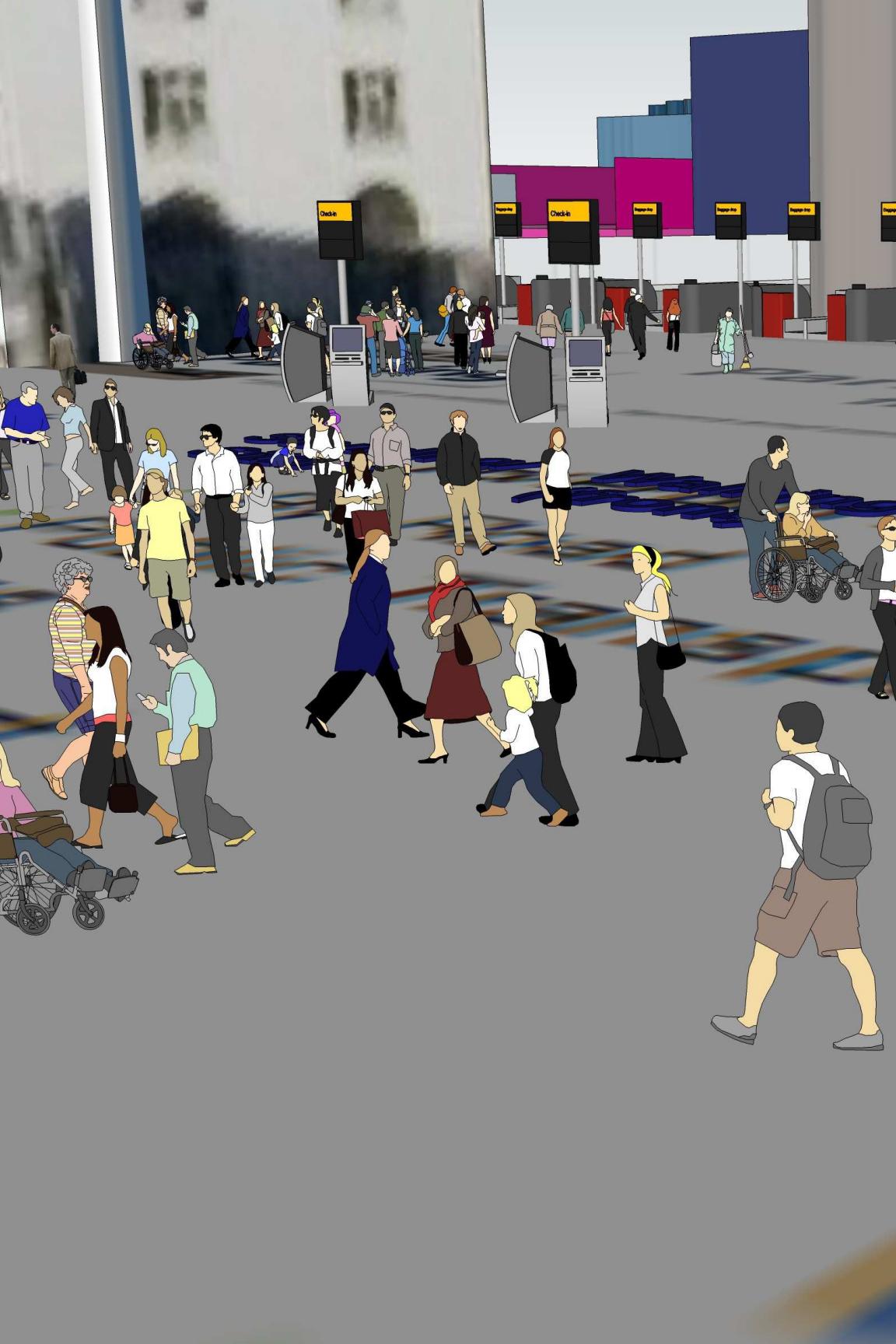




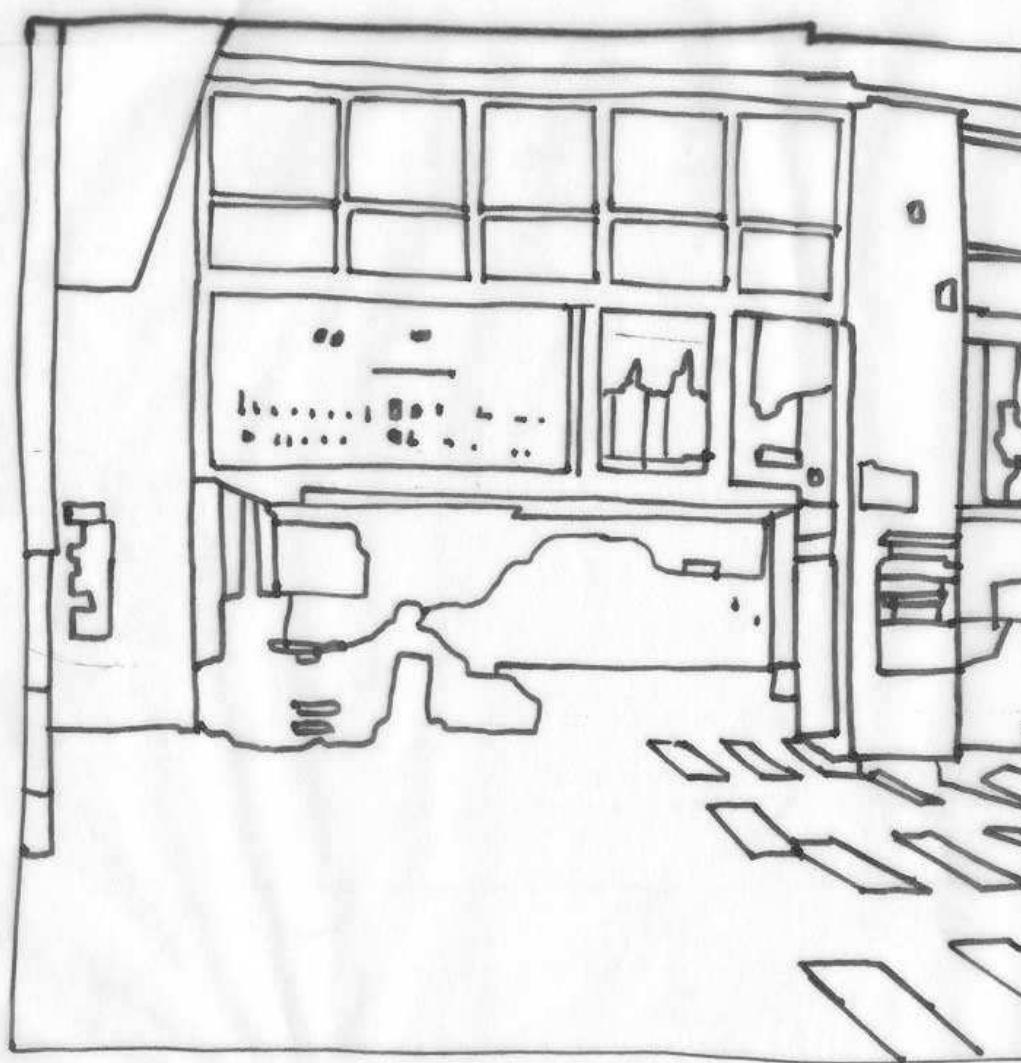


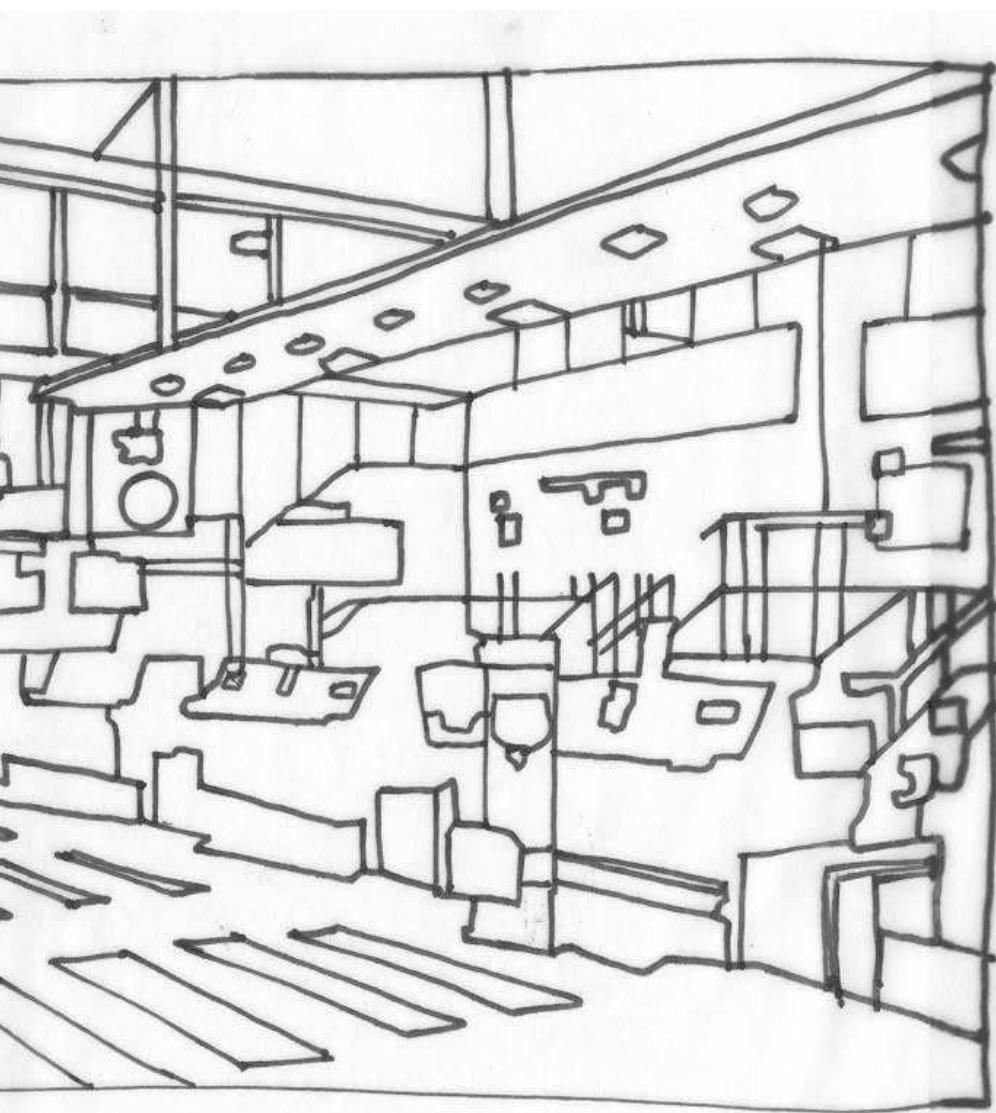
















I am inside the terminal. The space is relatively empty with just a cluster of people seemingly in a group, packed closely together holding and guarding their luggage in-front of the lines of check in desks. The reflections of luggage and the yellow street view lines interrupt the silver gloss of the terminal floor. I follow the yellow line to see where it leads me.

Ghostly figures come in and out the space. They are almost transparent, followed by their repeated shape, which suggests their previous position and movement in the space. Objects such as furniture and signage move in and out of the shot, framing the blurred faces of the figures who have no identity.









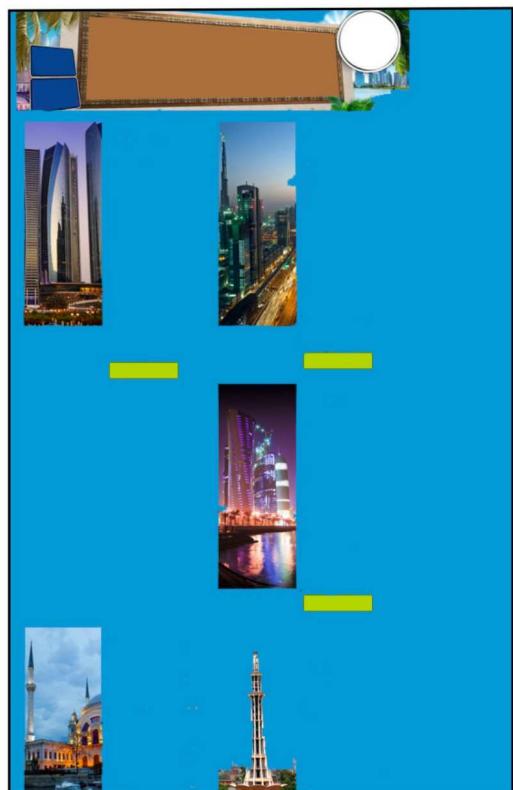












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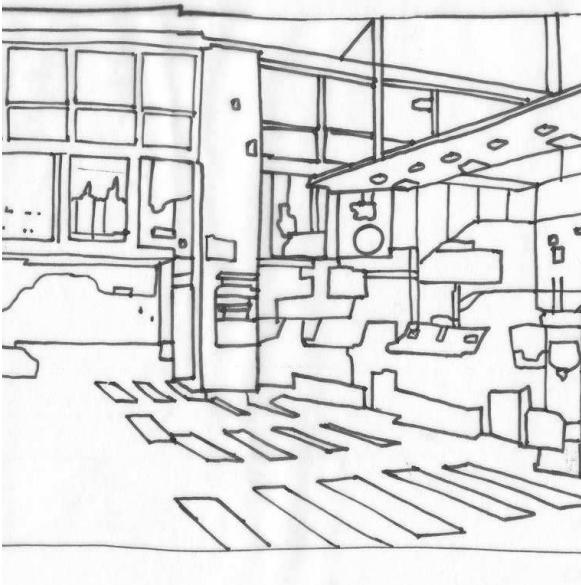
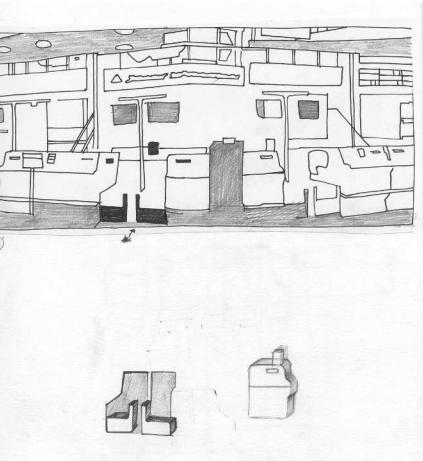
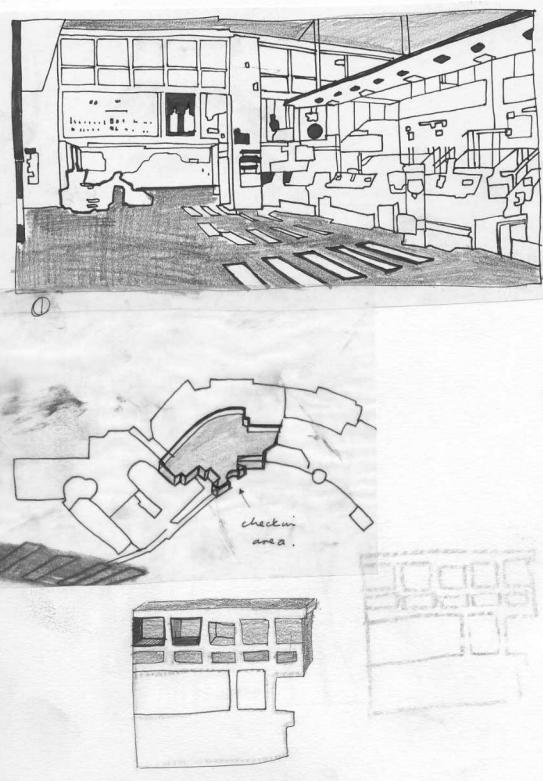
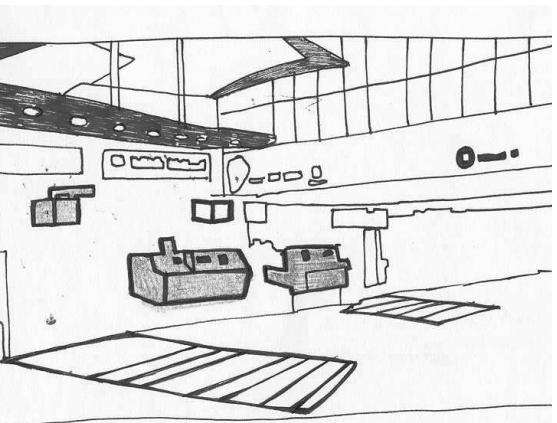
Directly in-front of me is a set of stairs and an escalator. I try to move forward to see what is on the higher level. As I creep forwards a group of people appear from nowhere. Distorted signage flashes across the screen breaking up as I readjust my position. I try and move again and the people have disappeared, double-click and they are back again.

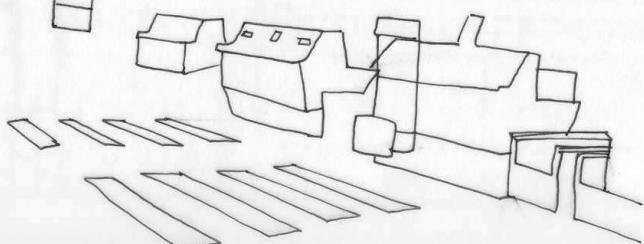
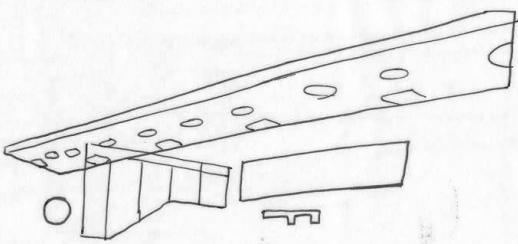
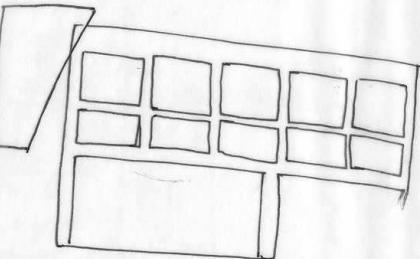
It seems I am not allowed to go up to that higher level. I continue to move slowly without purposefully changing direction.



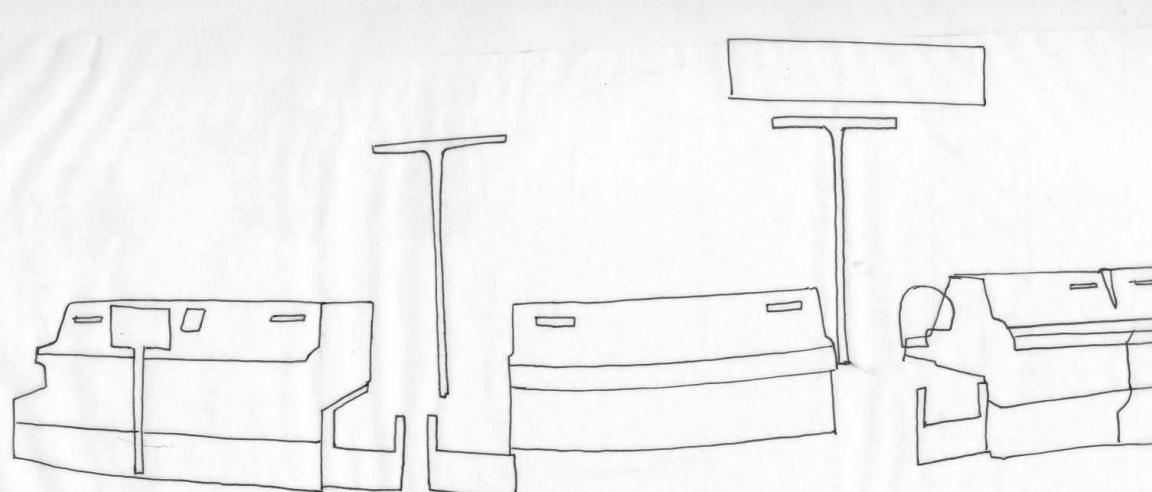


© 2014 Google



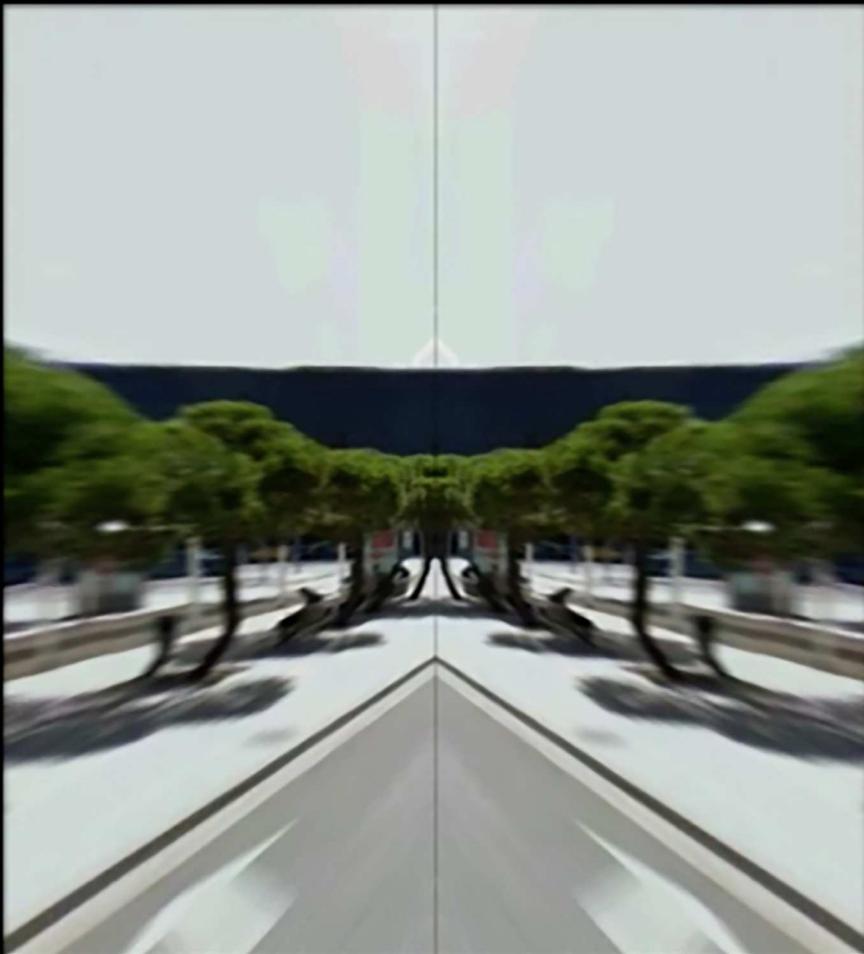


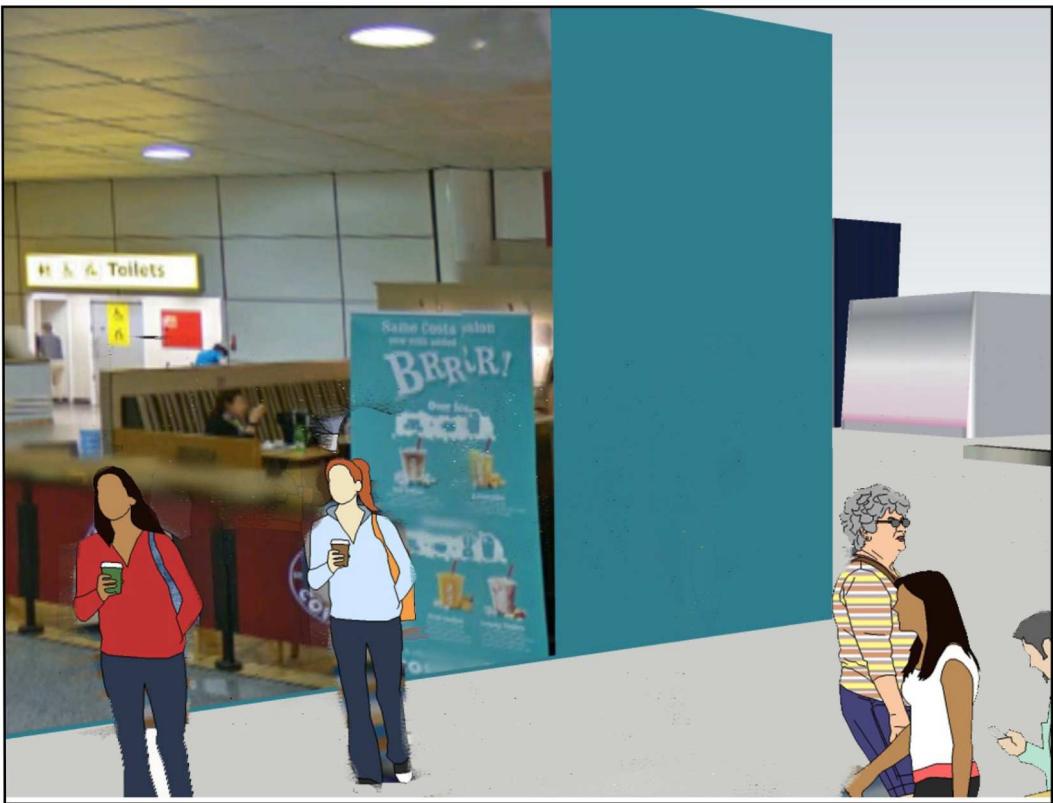
→ 3D objects
(make into actual objects -
3DS Max.)

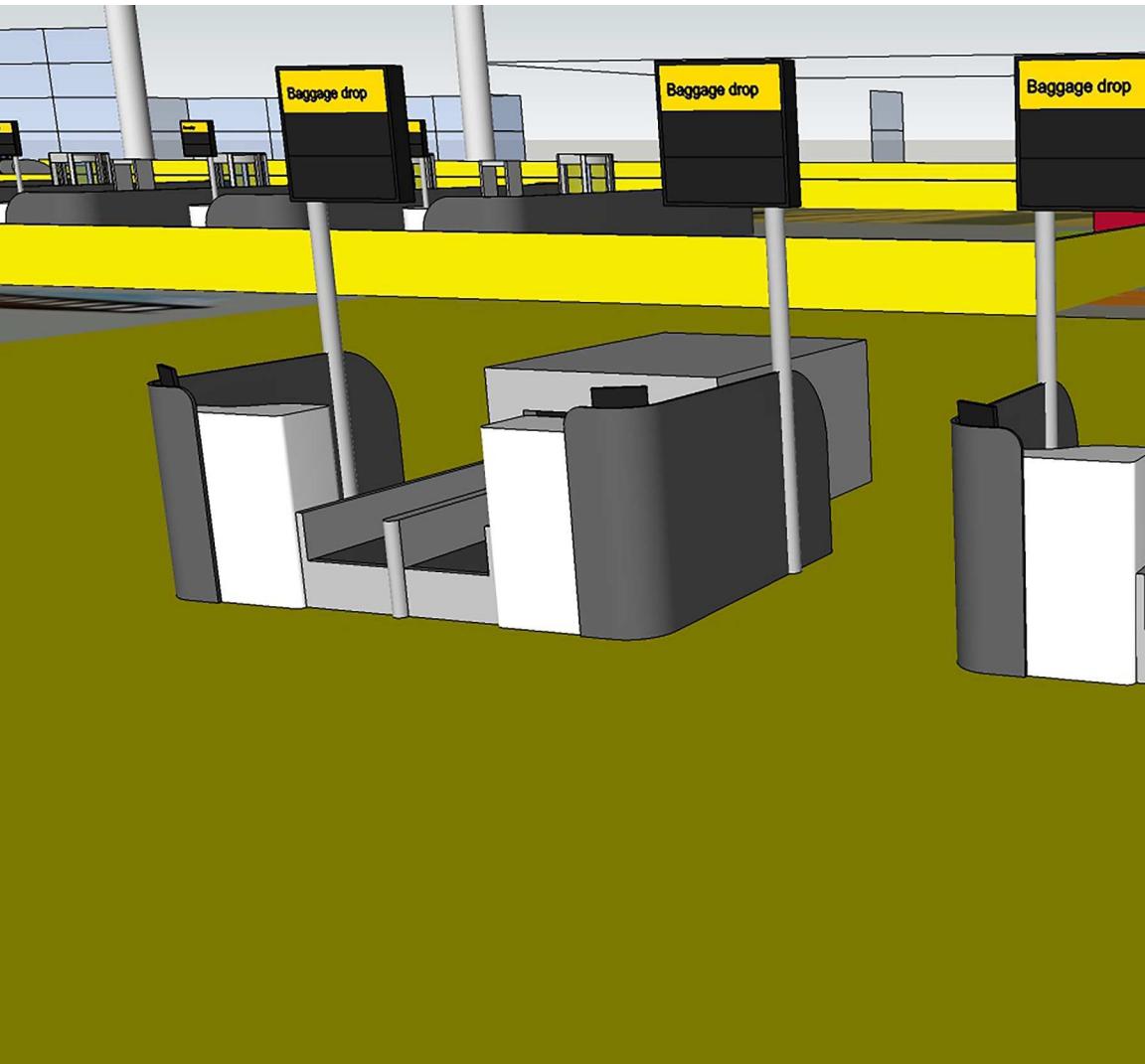


→ 3D objects

check in
submit





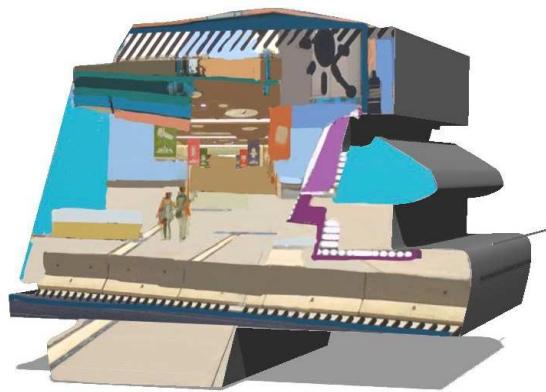




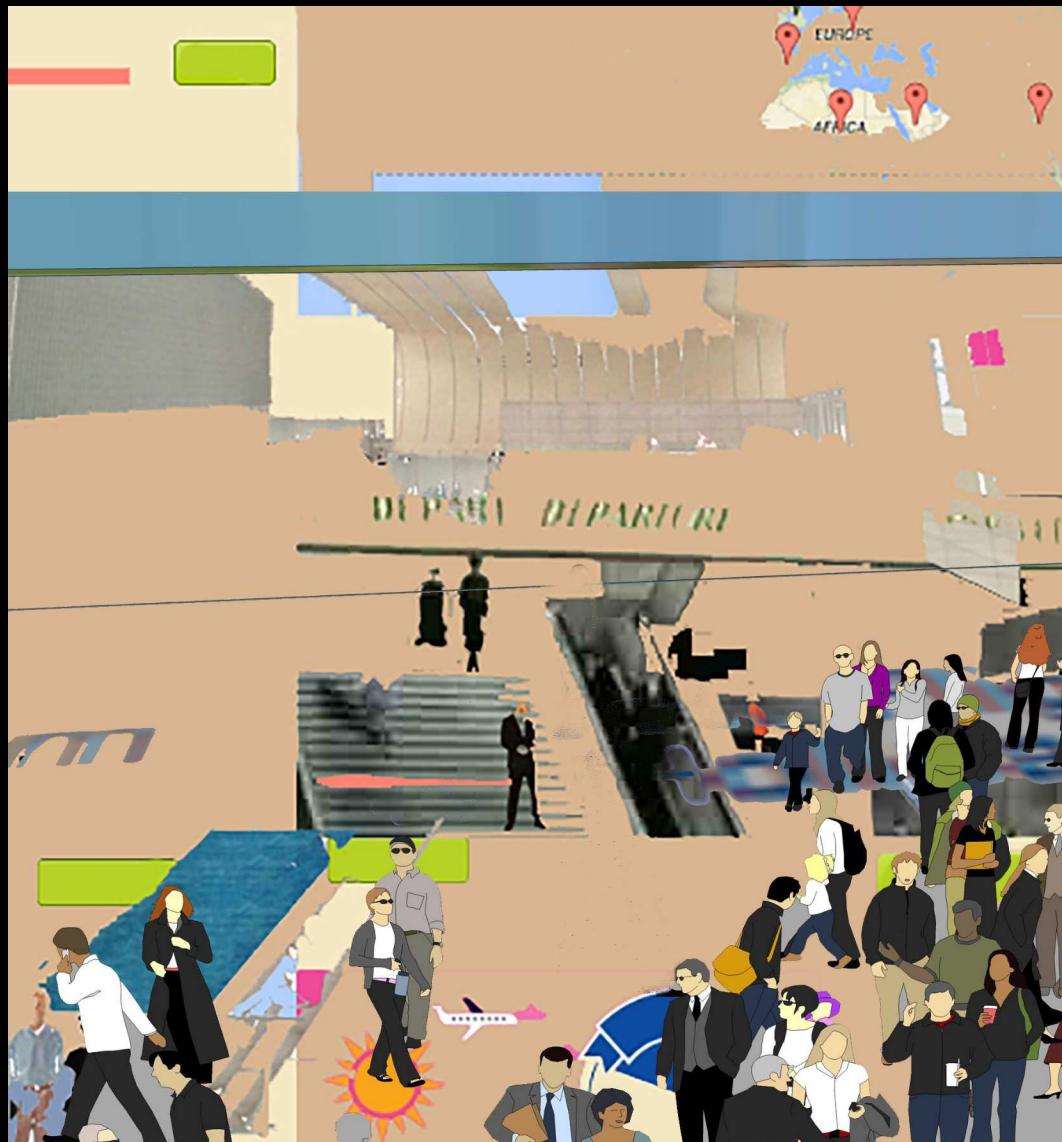
The images separate themselves from their adjoining image and temporarily appear as though they are floating in space, not attached to any kind of formal structure, searching for a place to settle.

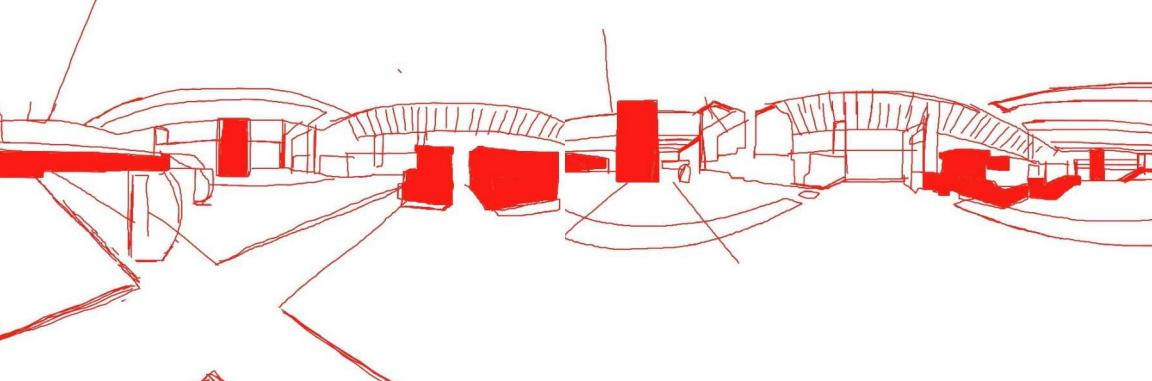
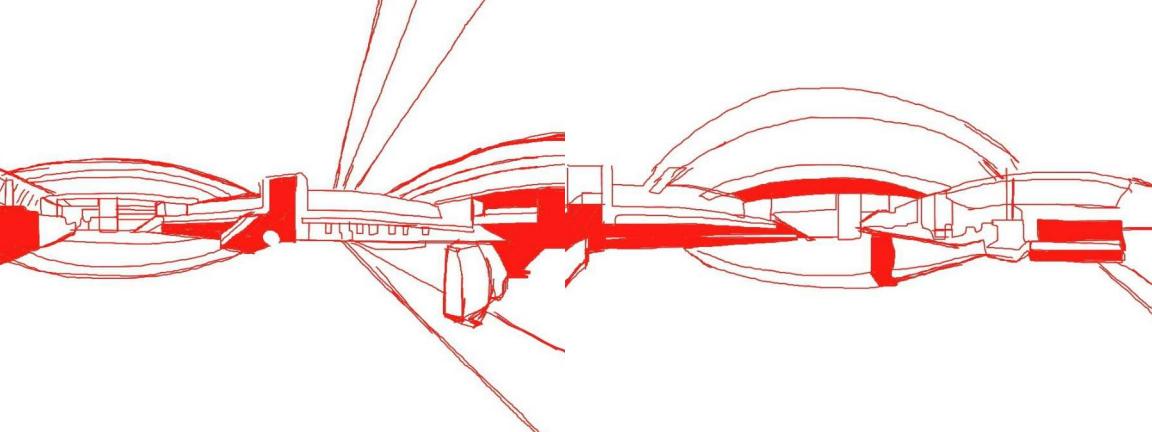
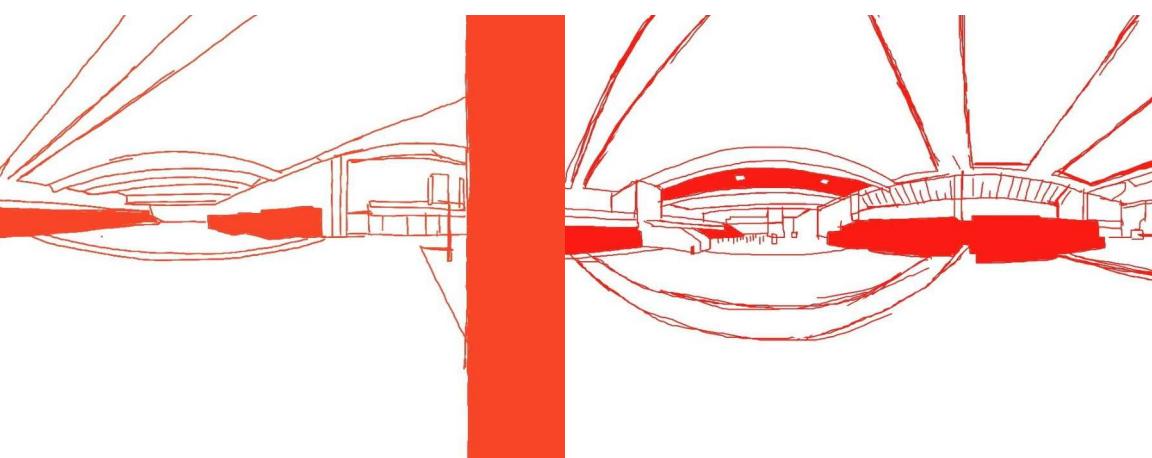
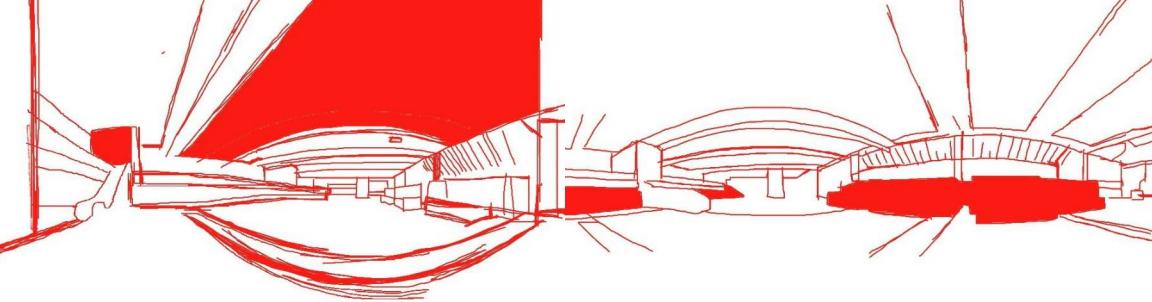
As I scan the airport landscape for an area to land, the blue line suggests there is no access into the terminal. I place the orange man onto the roof to see what happens, but as the outside turns into the inside the space has the look of a video game interior. The interior is empty, a dark grey space, only meant to be viewed from the outside.

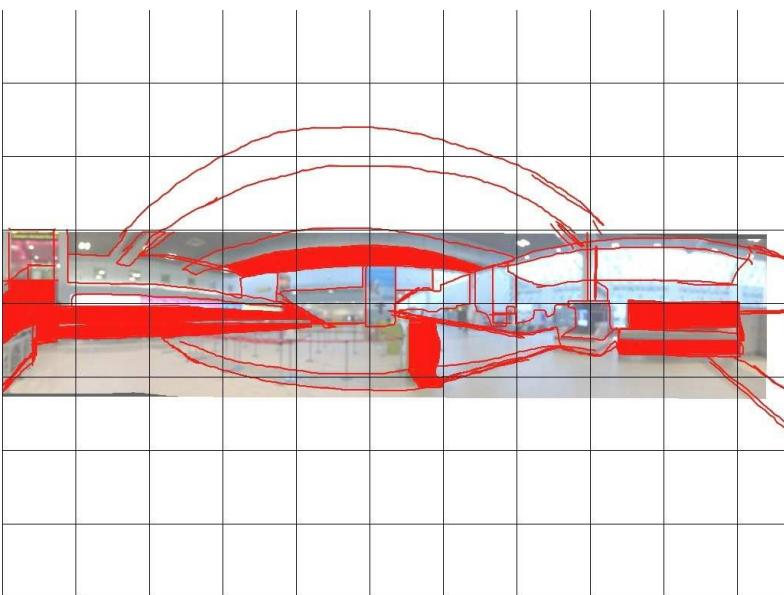
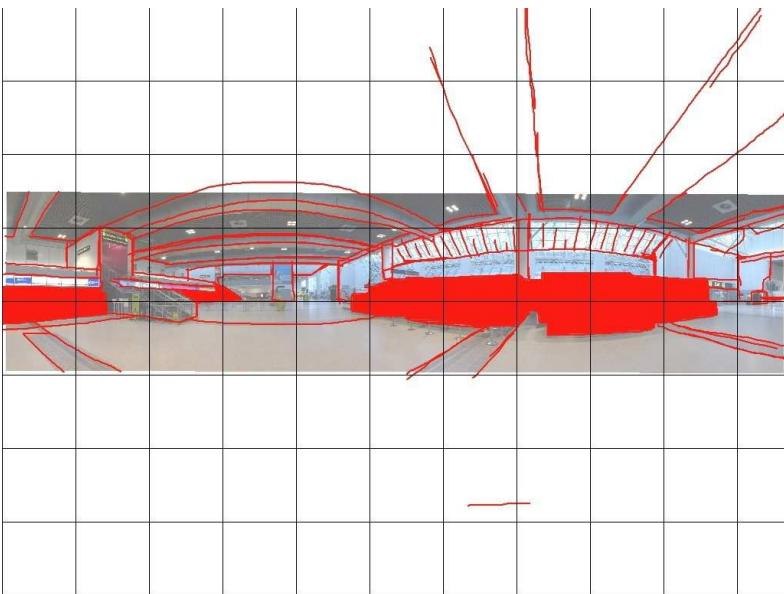






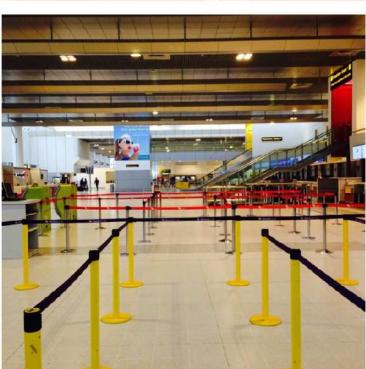
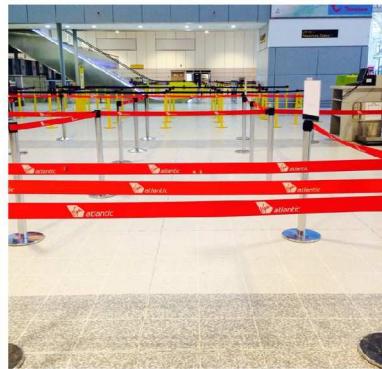
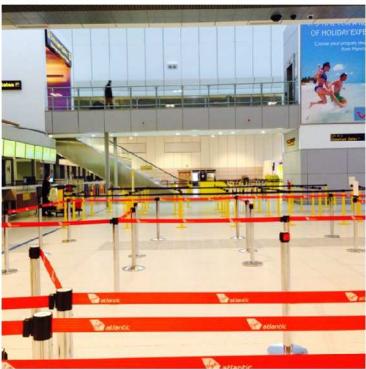


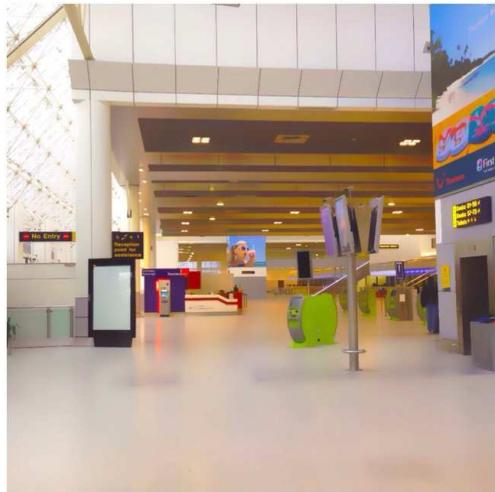












Enter Street view
Passengers at gate 4 sit waiting
for flight HV 5961 to Copenhagen.
A man in a blue hooded sweatshirt
holds his phone in-front of him.
People look at their mobile
devices for something to do.
There seems very little
conversation. Nobody waits at
gate 5.

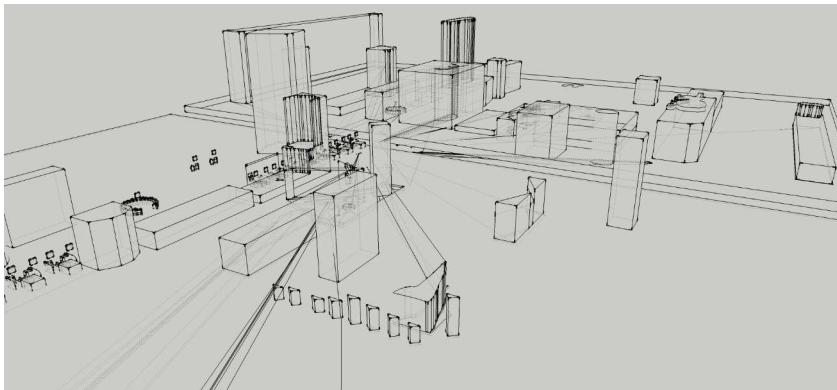
Track the slider or click the buttons to zoom in our out.>
I click the plus button and zoom in past the cafe towards a man wearing blue shorts holding a red bag. I double click and he is gone. Double-click again and there are no figures at all left in the space. The white light from the stretch of windows creates a pattern of silver shadows on the terminal floor. A line of red rectangles divides the indoor and outdoor space.







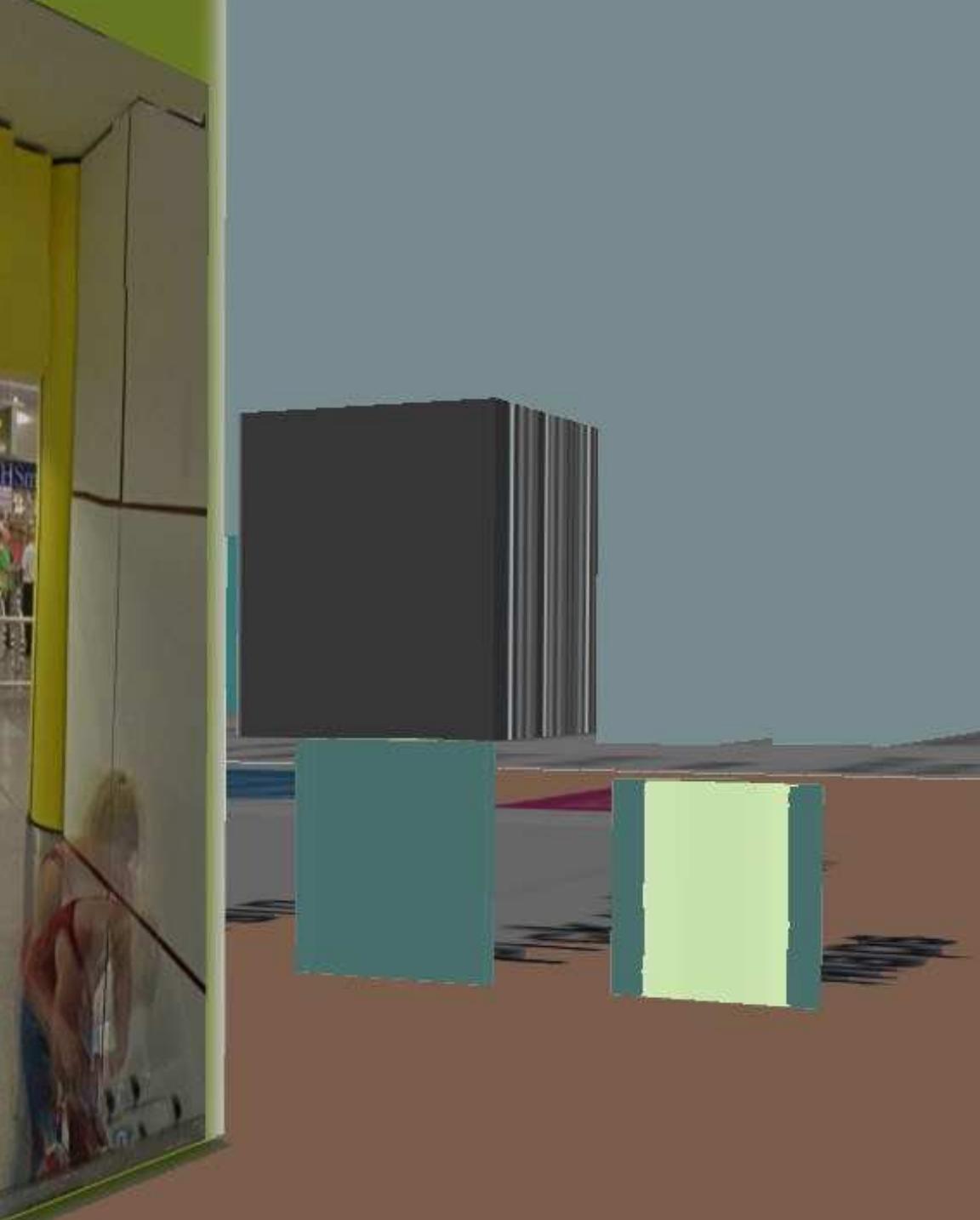


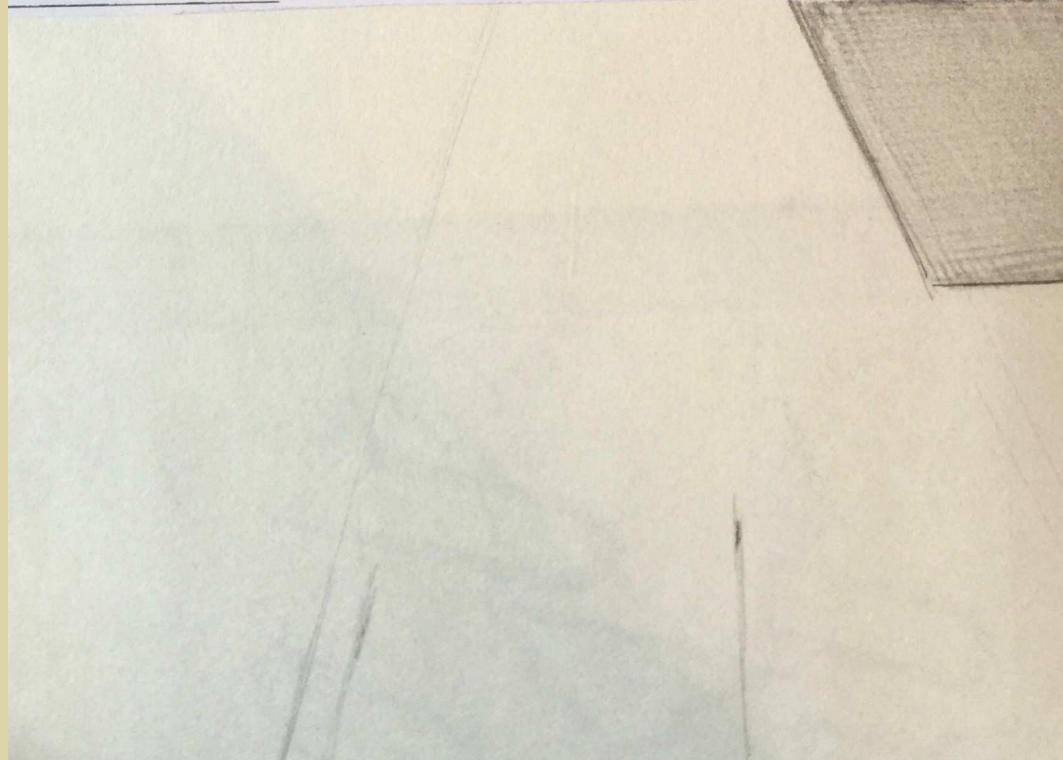


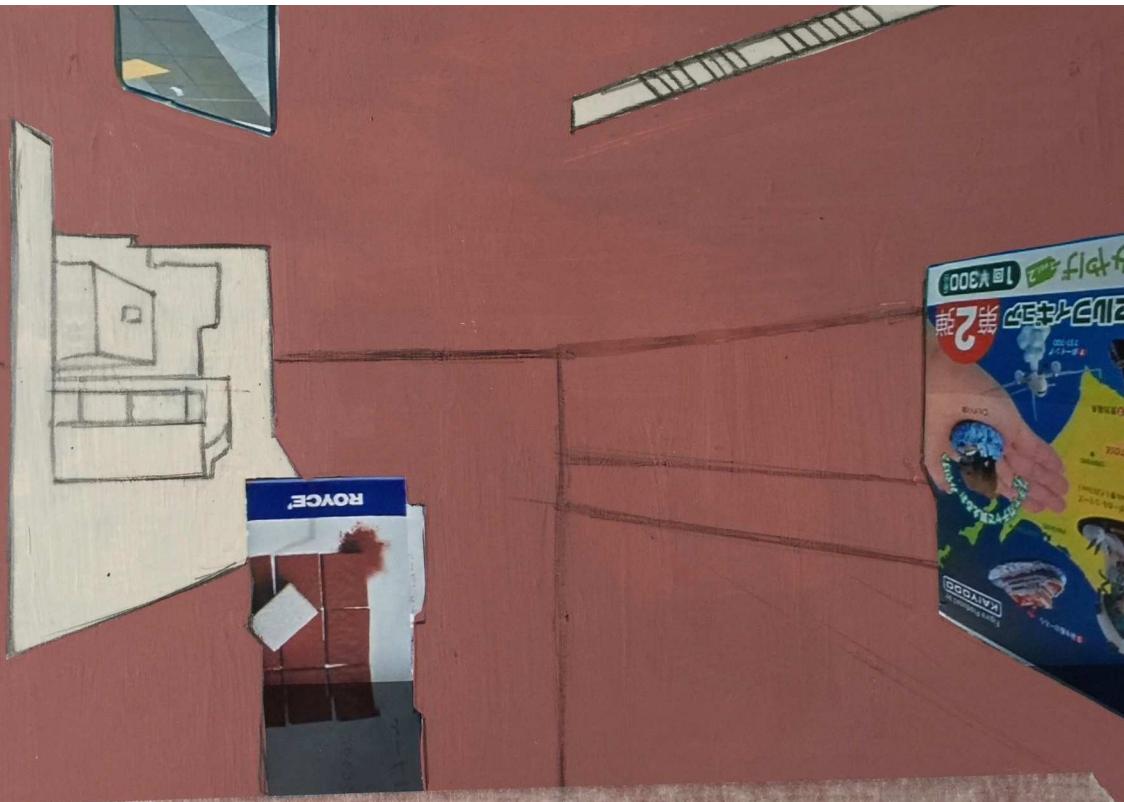


South Terminal (via shuttle) →
Train station (via shuttle) →
Hotels



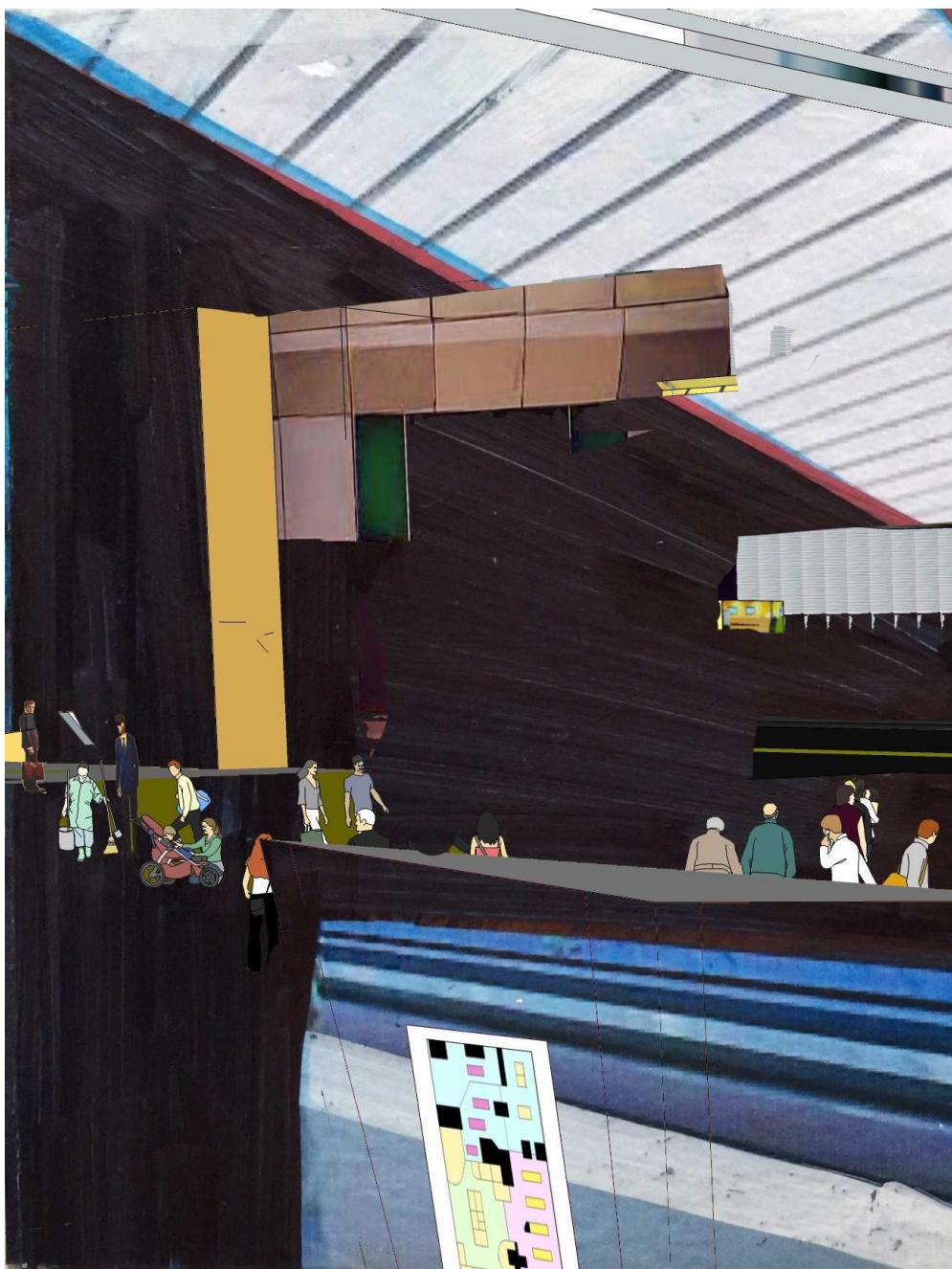


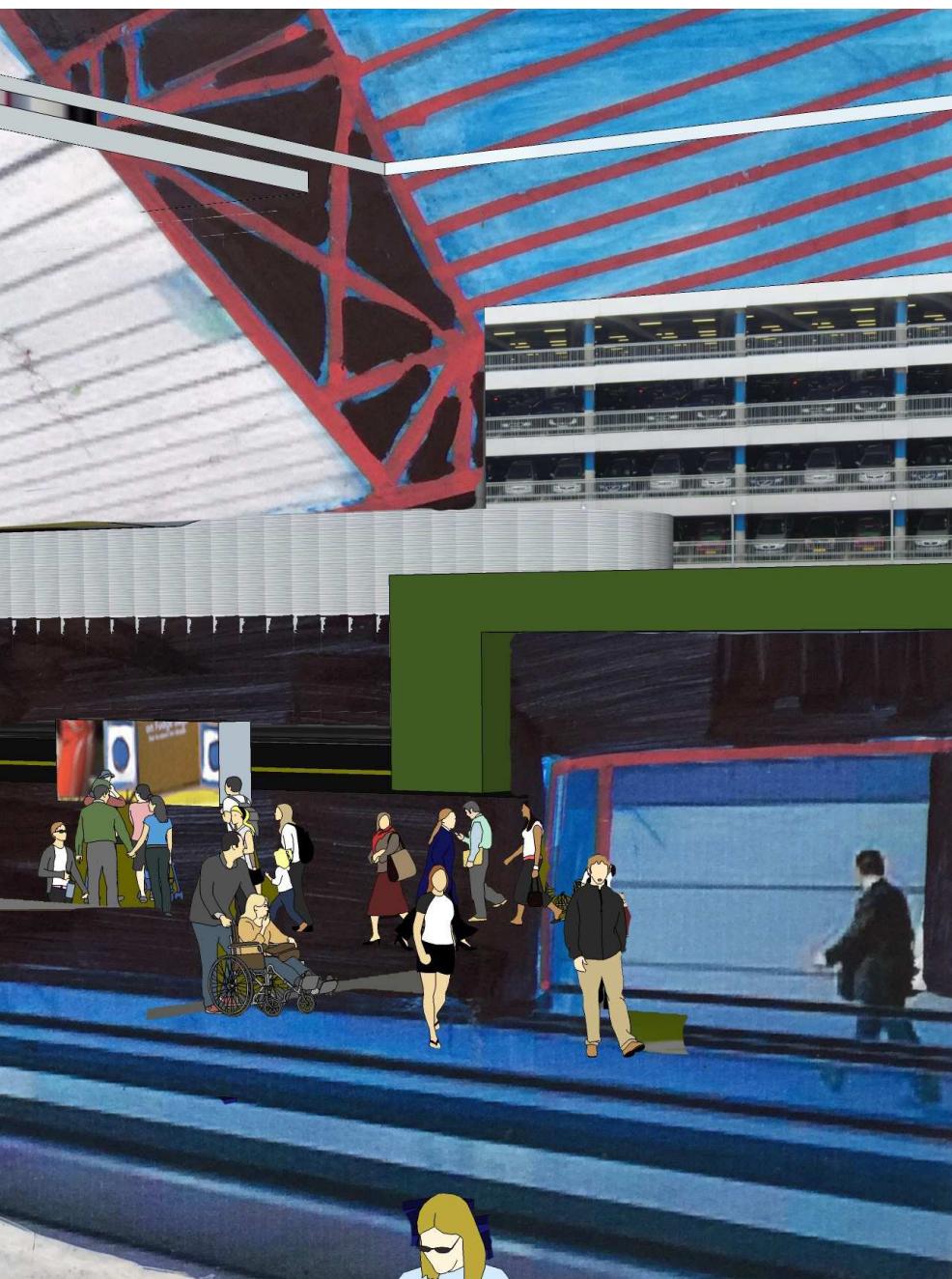


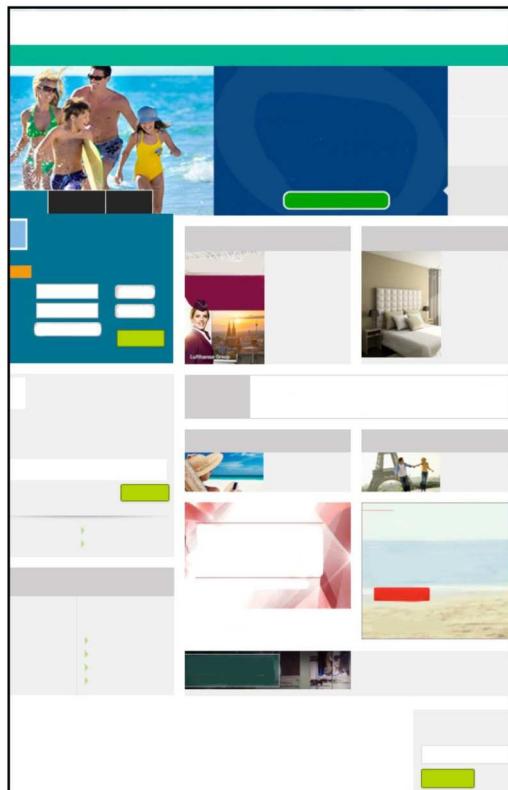
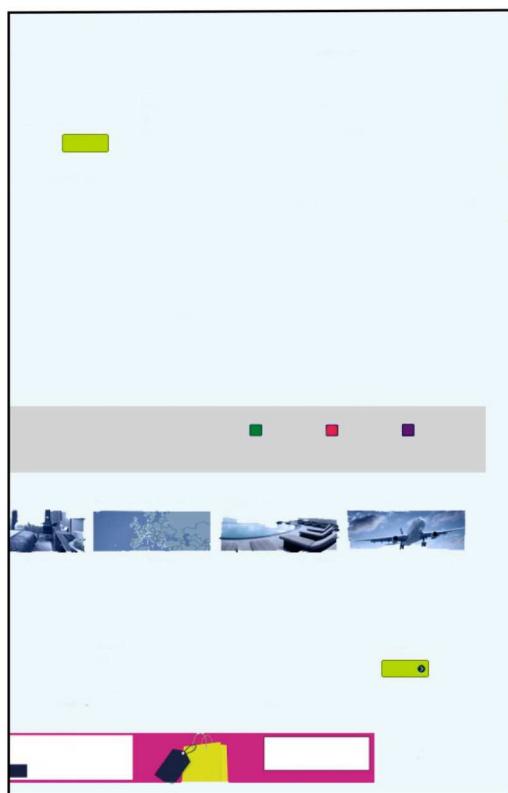


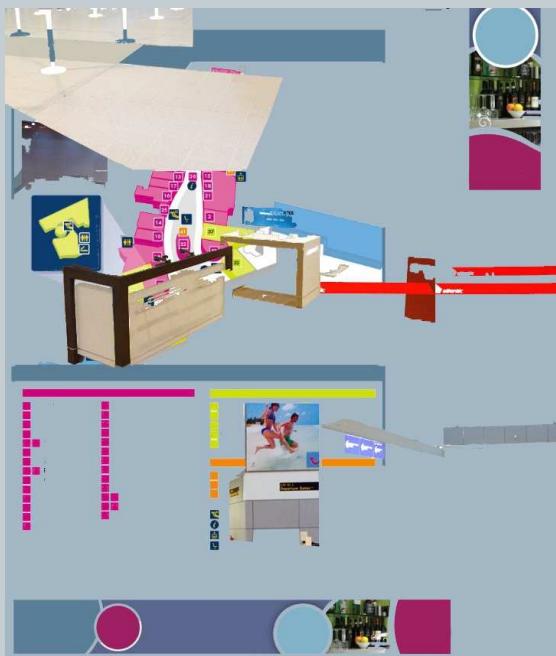


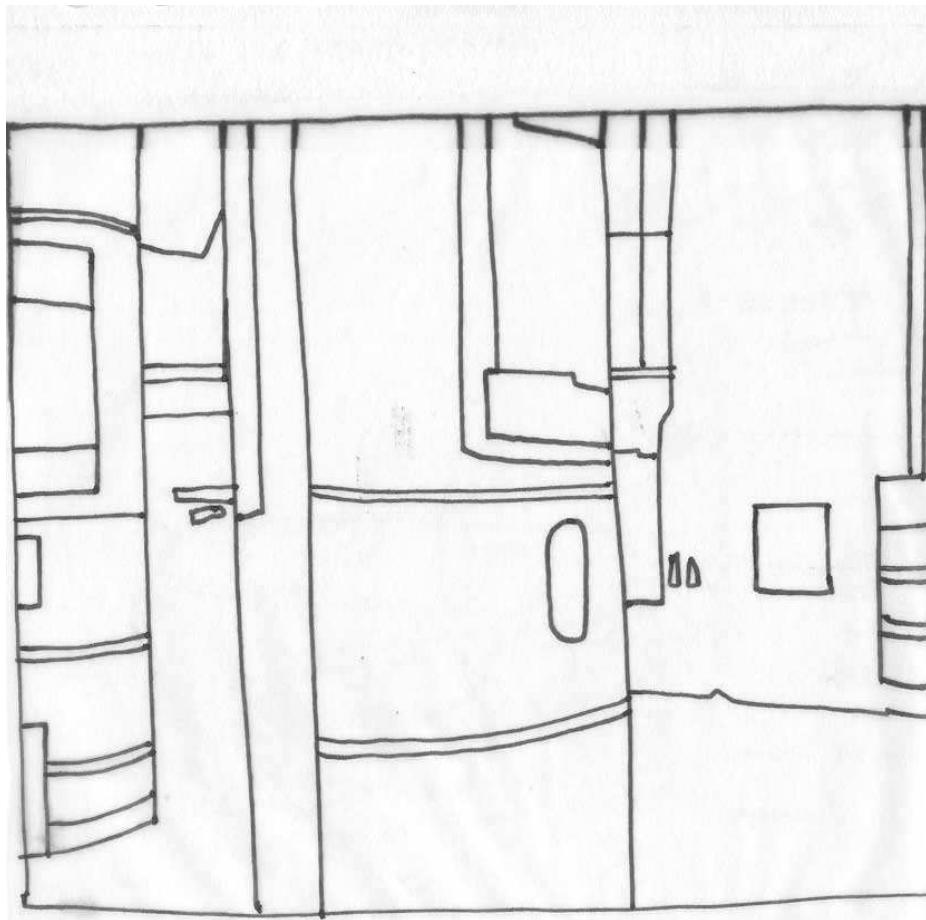


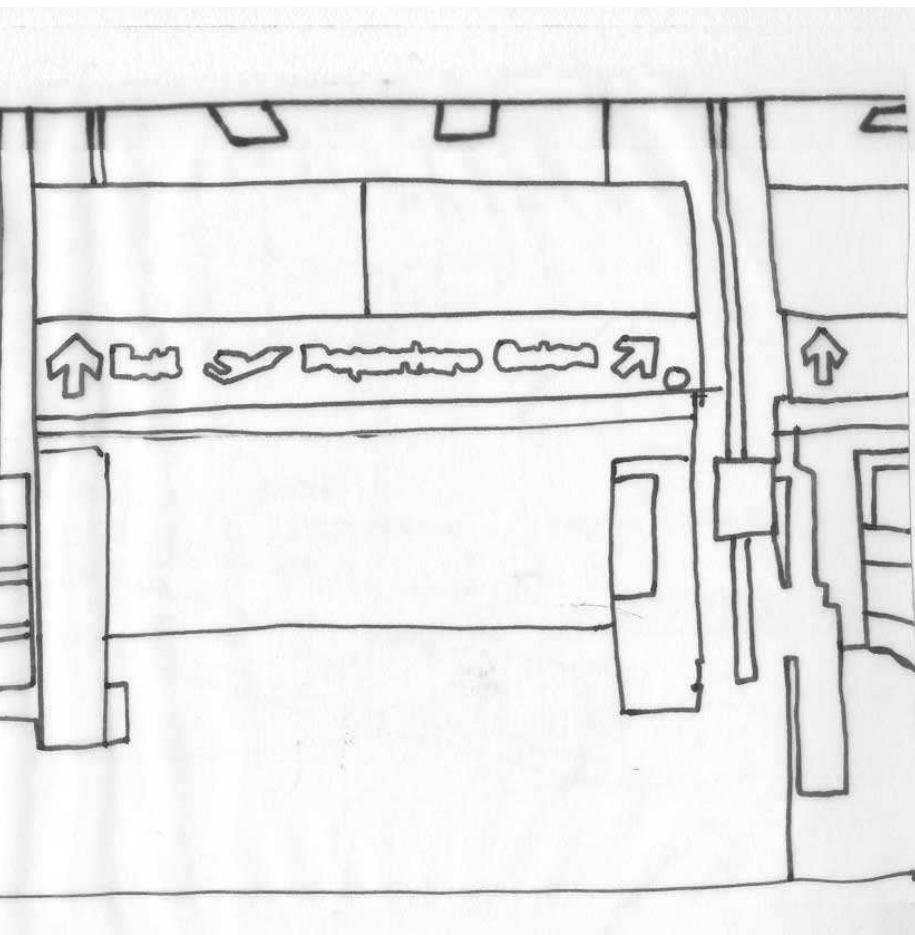










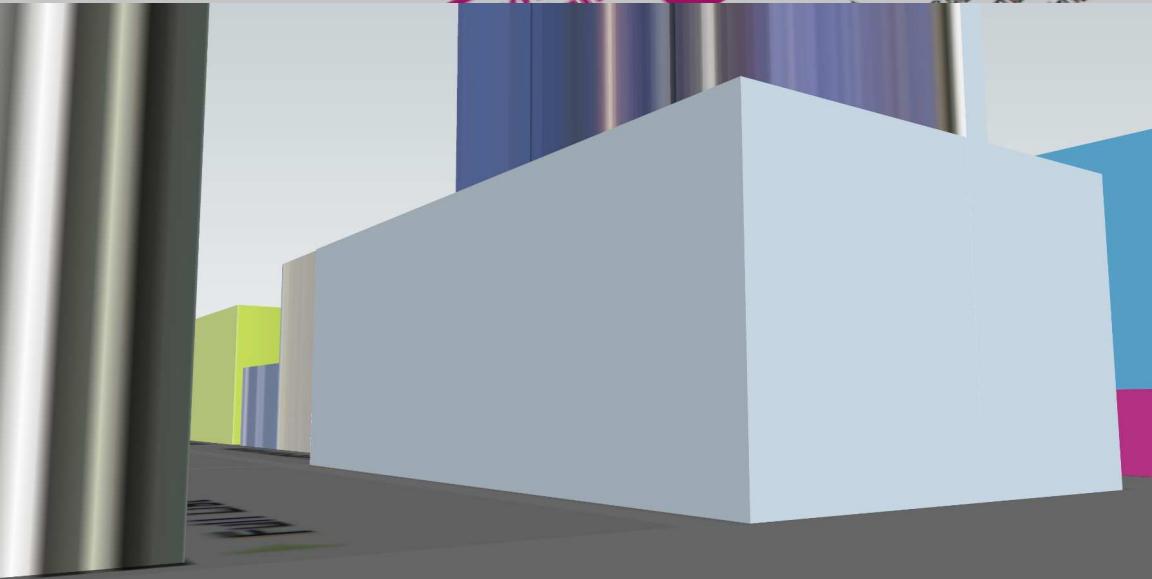
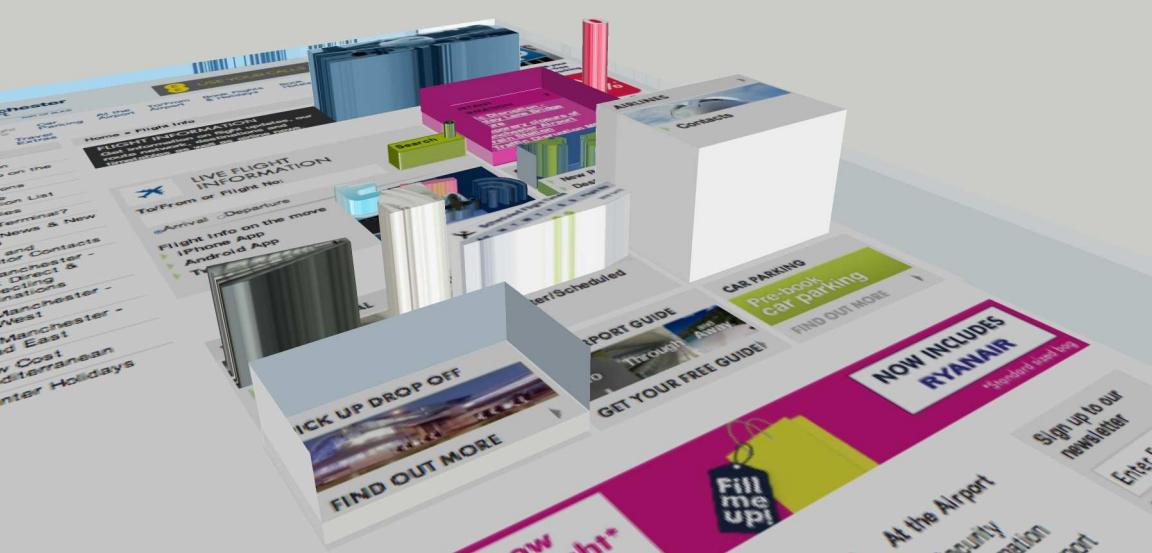
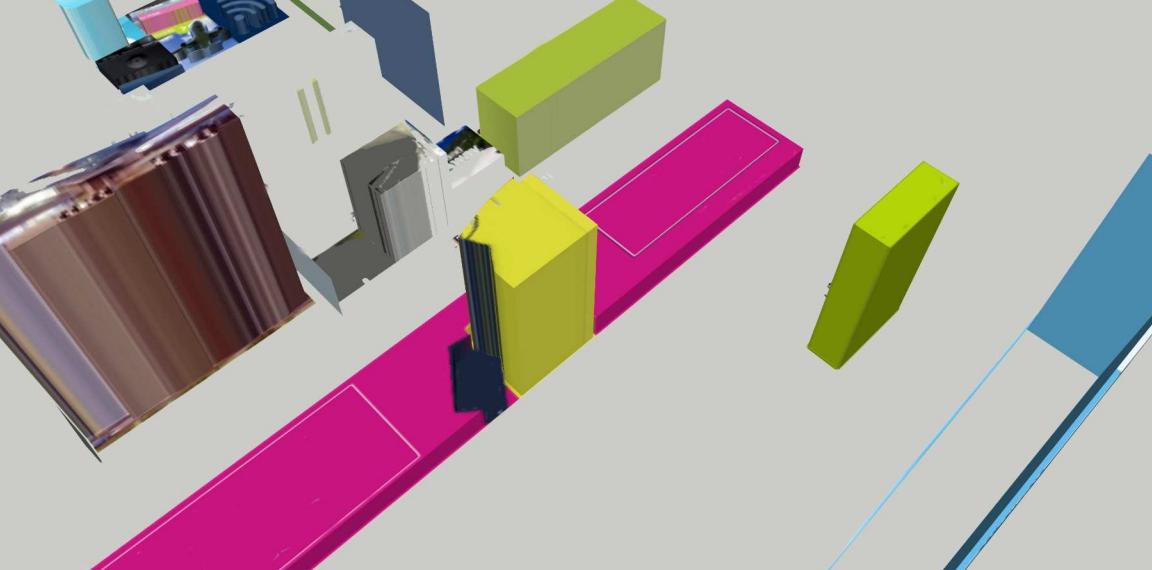


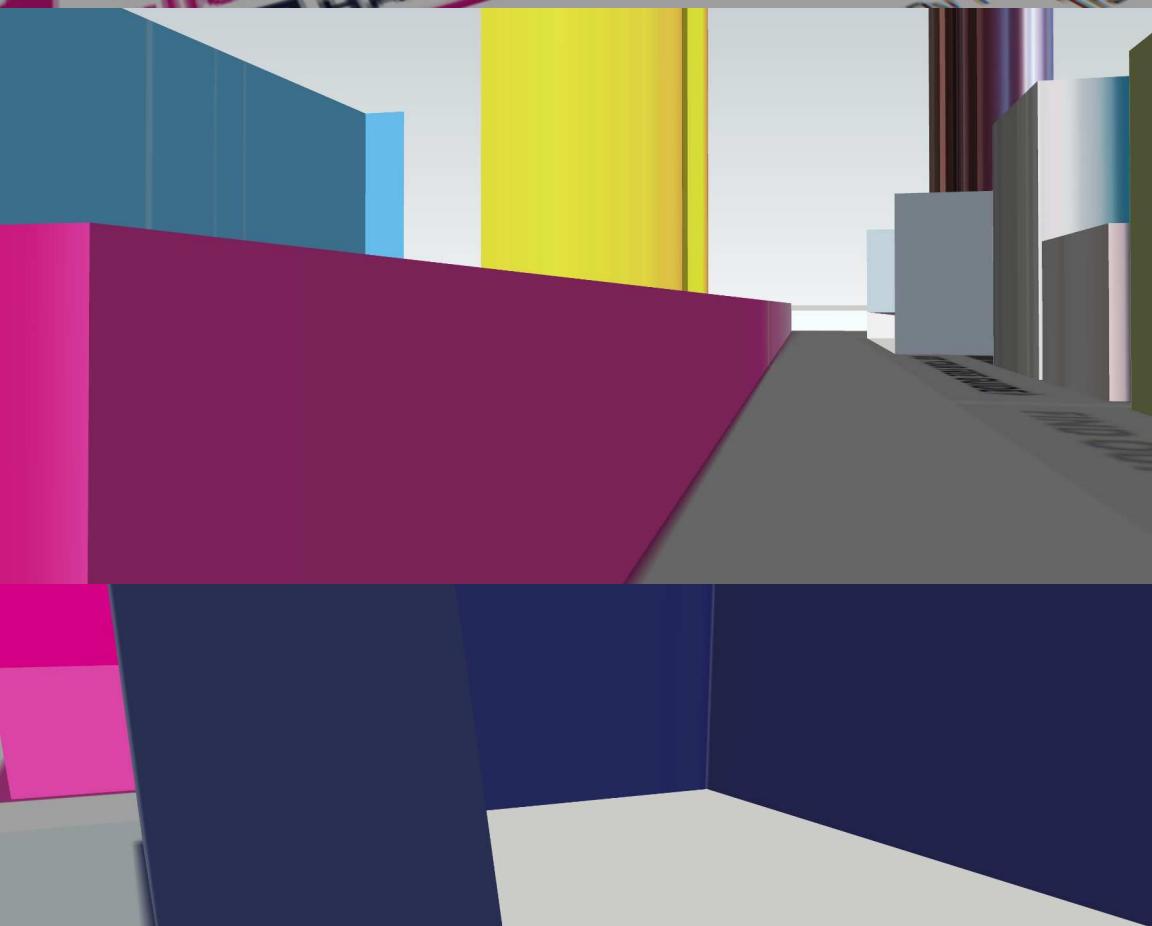
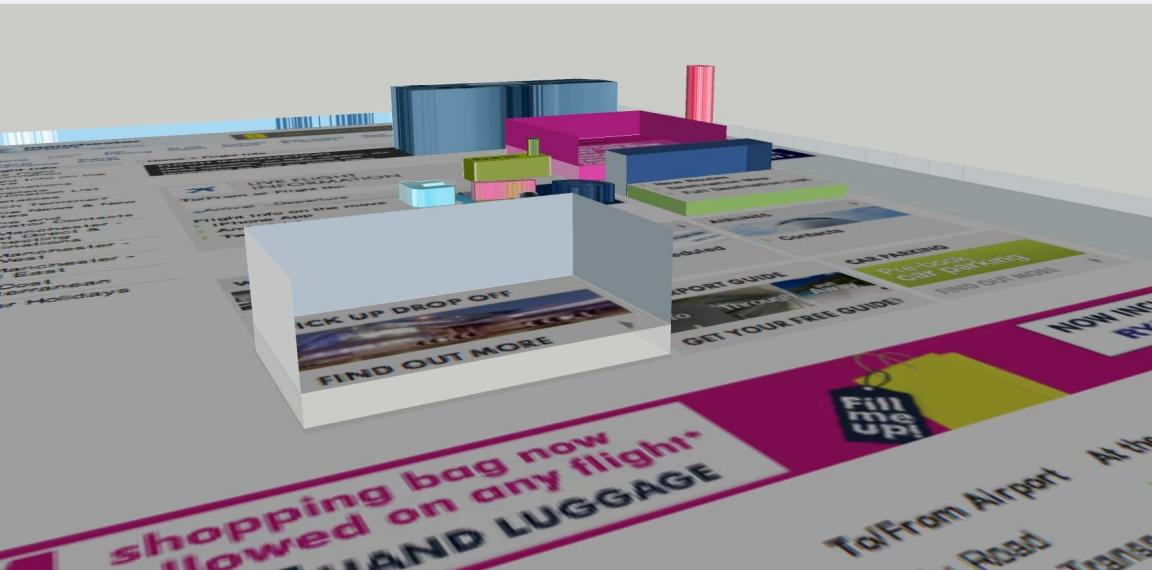
I carry on walking but reach a wall I cannot seem to get past. Staff only. I turn right and move towards the light again. A new space opens out in-front of me where rows of green boxes containing personal possessions move towards their owners. I turn back and attempt to move quickly. The space breaks up into flashes of broken images. I settle by a grid display of sunglasses in the Duty Free shop.

Cylindrical discs guide our path
across the glossy terminal floor.
Pink and green neon divides the
space between the yellow columns.
Click to go. A man in a red
jacket comes into view but as I
walk towards him he disappears
and is replaced by a man in a
white shirt and black tie. I
approach the exit, quickening my
movement towards the glass doors.











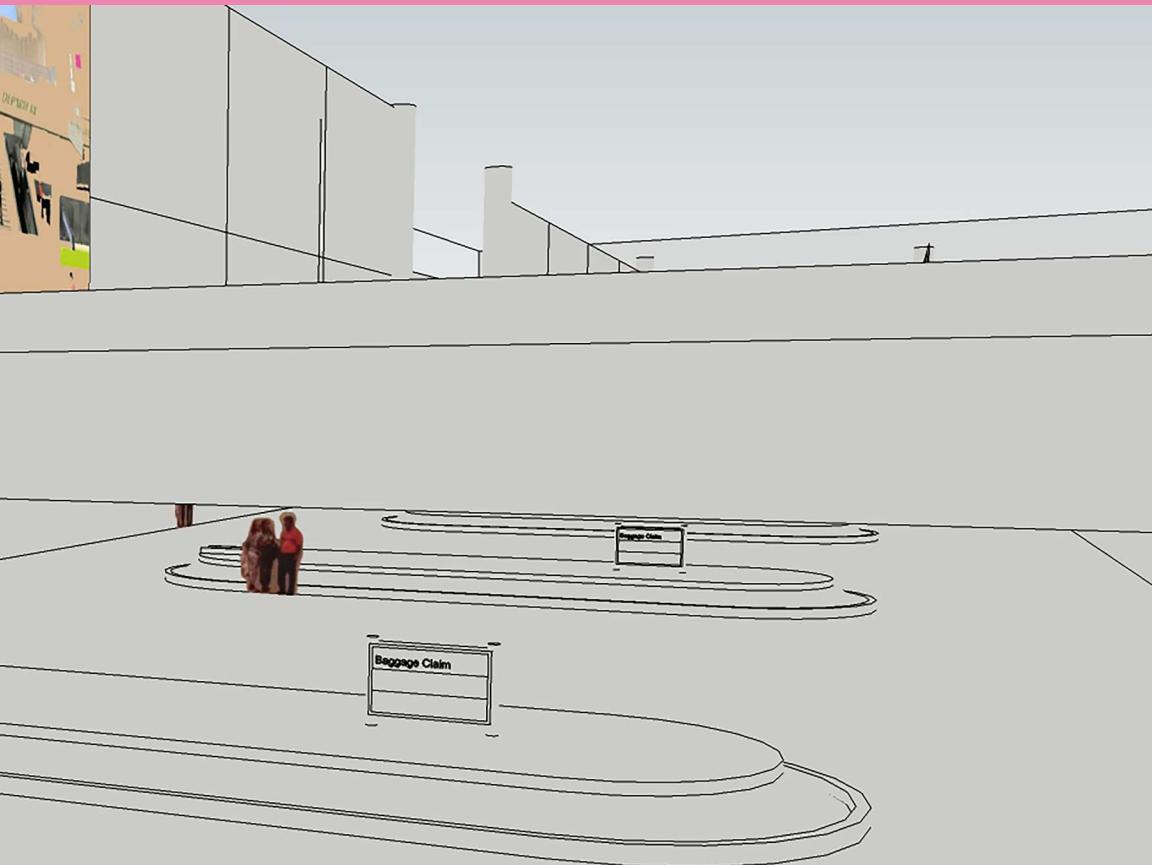
Screen -



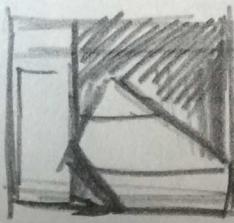


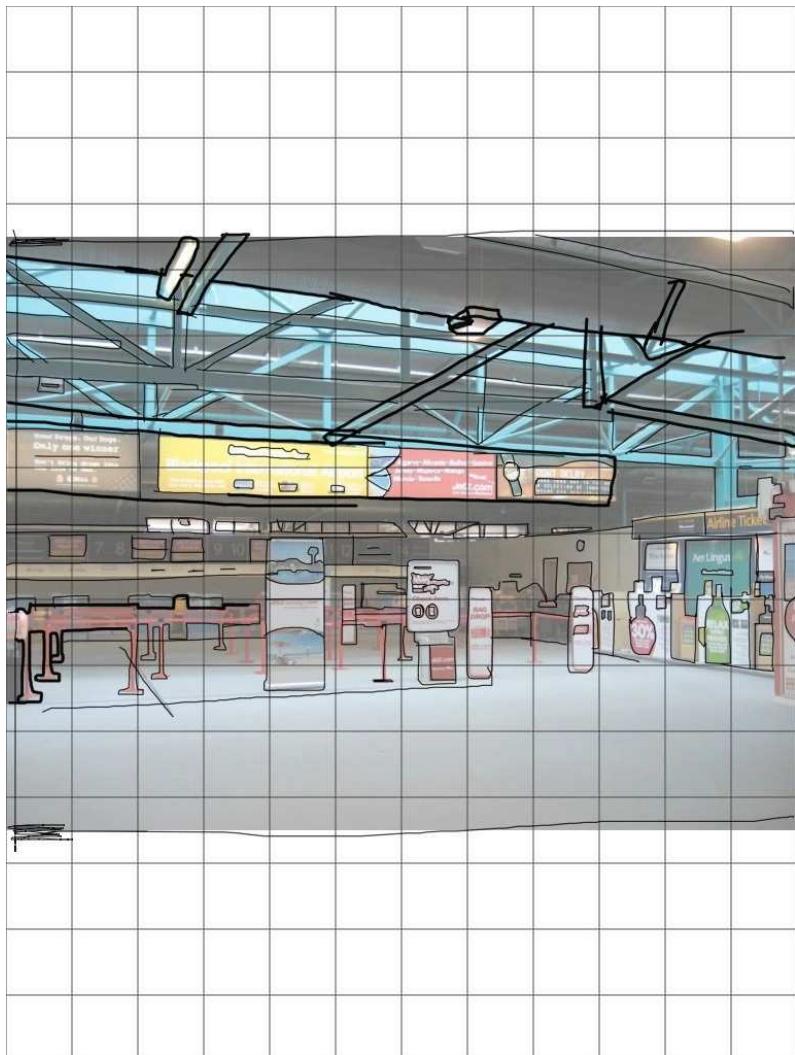


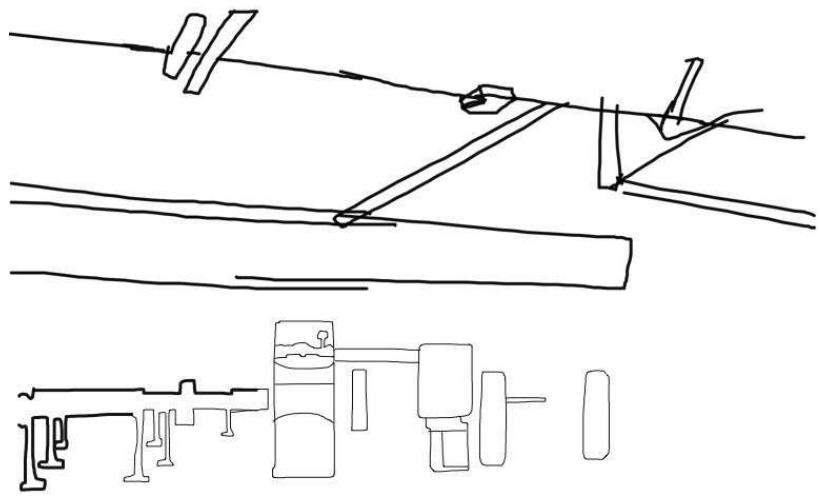


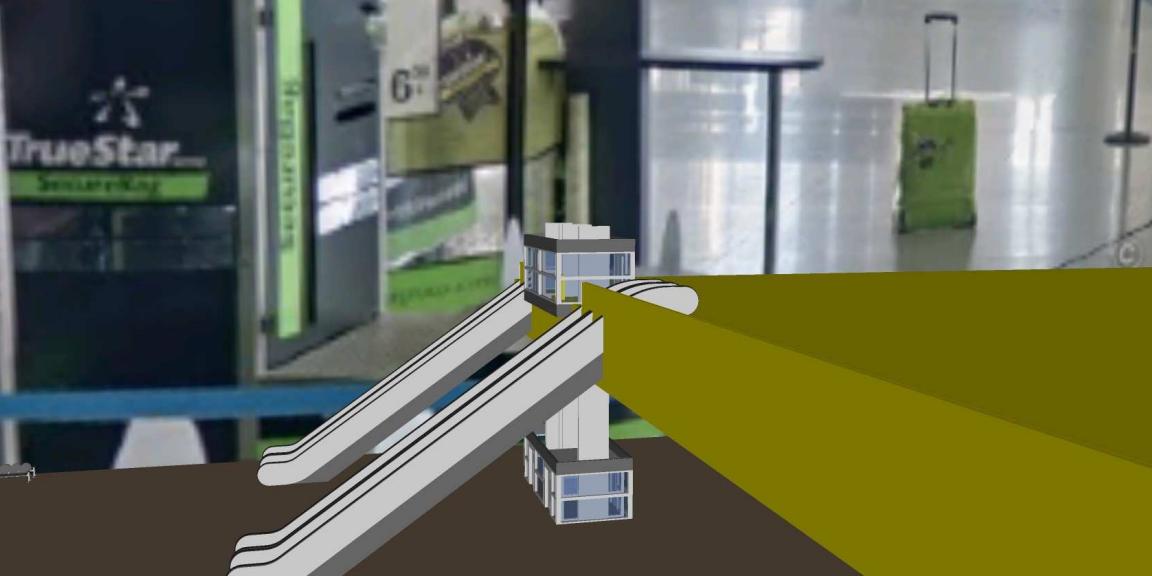
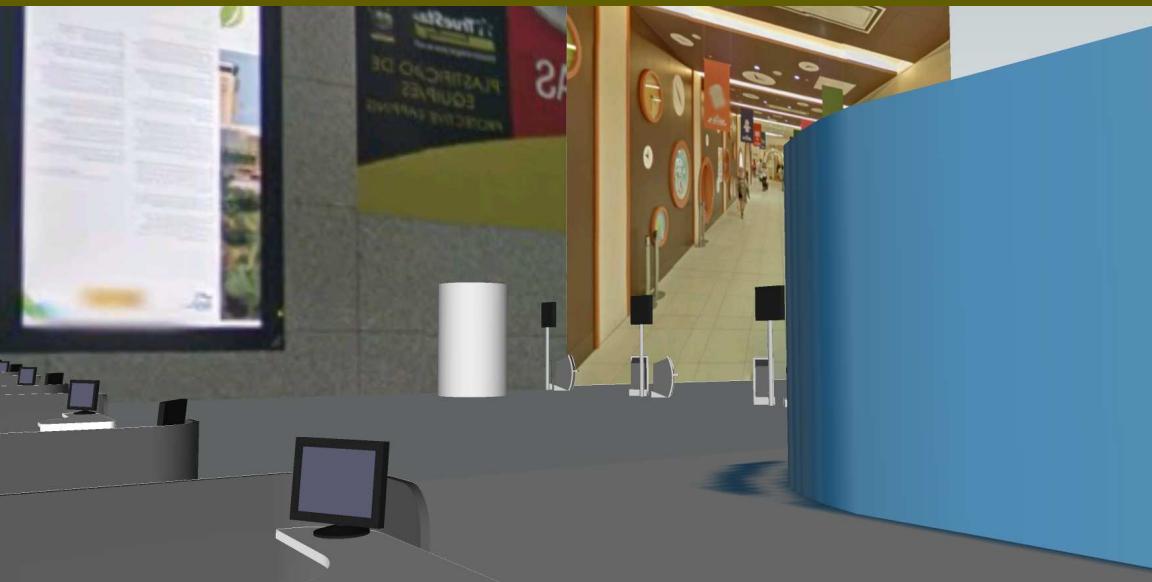


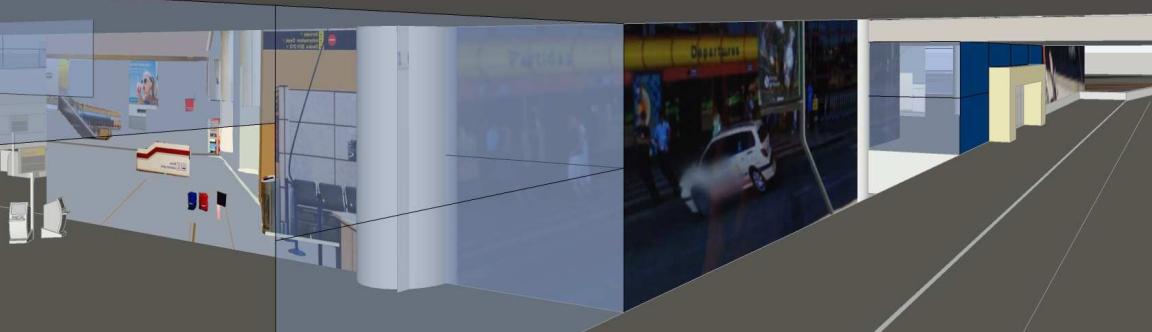
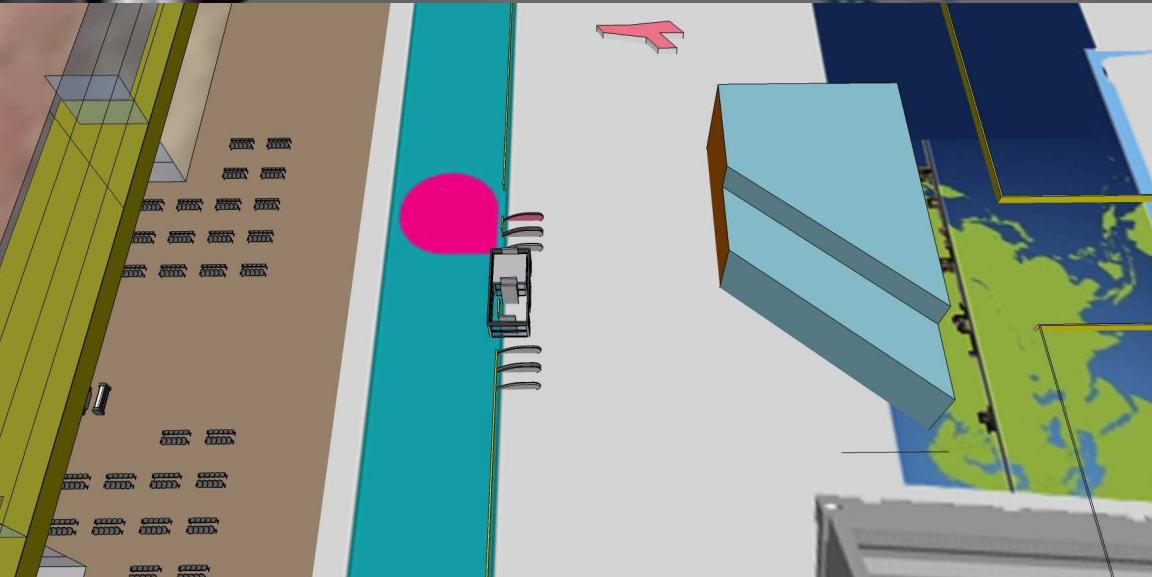














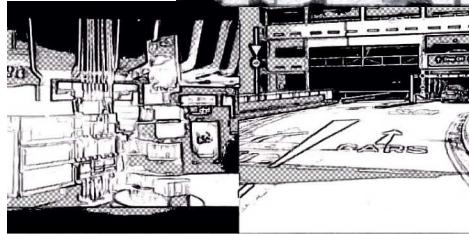


As I creep forwards the camera
jumps to another space,
unrecognizable from where I was.
It is unclear as to whether I
have just turned around or
whether this is a completely
different part of the terminal.
The cylindrical lights above
remain constant whichever way I
turn. I double click and an
uploaded photograph appears. T4.
'Misplaced' The image bears no
resemblance to my current
location. I follow the sign for
the gates. M33 to M39. I get
pushed backwards with nowhere to
go.

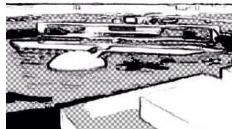
Exit Street view. We arrive back outside looking down on the terminal. I zoom out to find a new street view area to access. I land back inside, close by to an information desk with a baggage and way out sign overhead. I pass the yellow duty free shop getting close enough to view the Dior and Paco-Robanne perfume counters. As I move forwards shutters appear in-front of the shop entrance. Small square cubes of white and blue light fall in a grid light pattern on the floor. Rows of joined up empty seats fill the space by the long stretch of windows.



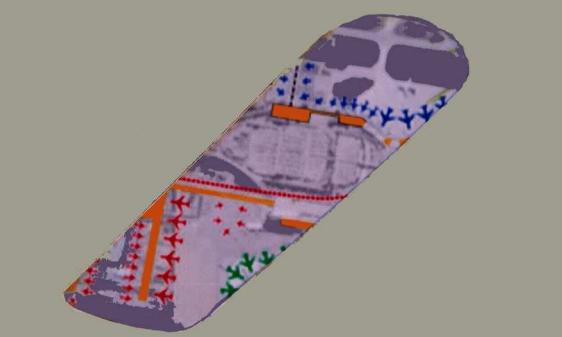


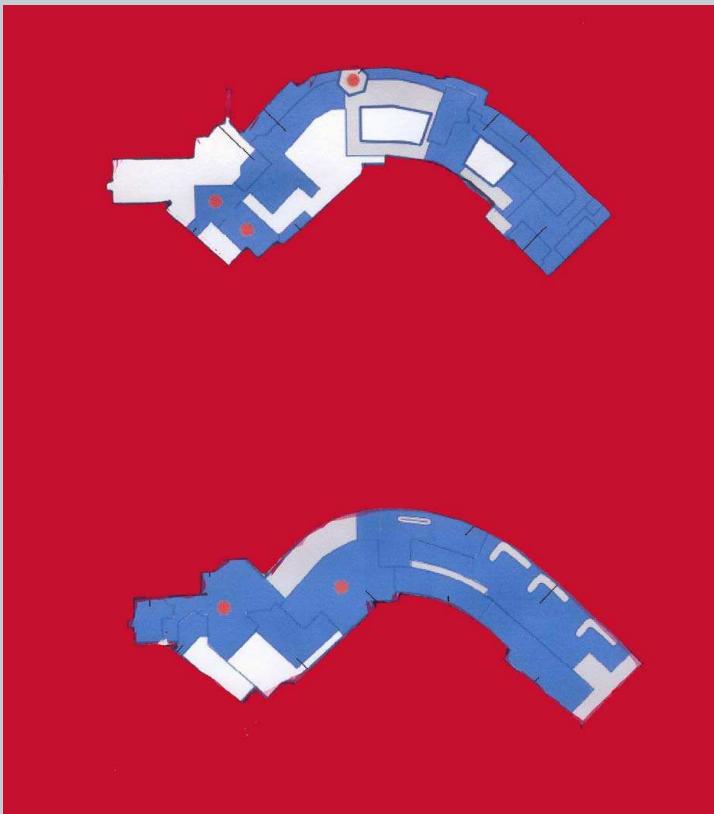


30 MILLION PASSENGERS





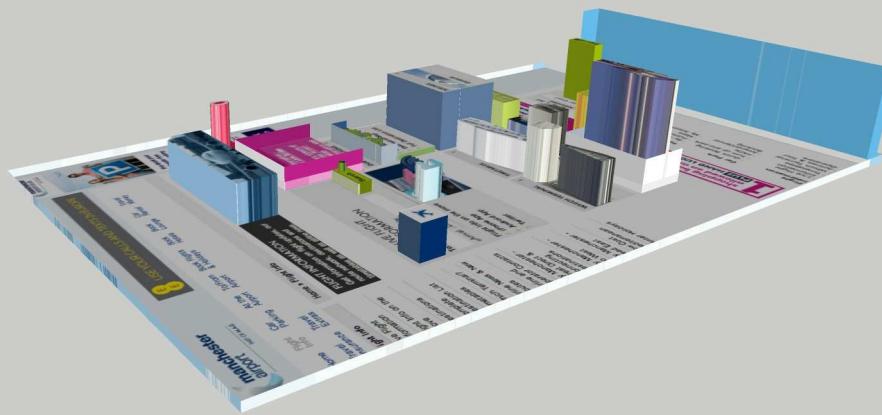
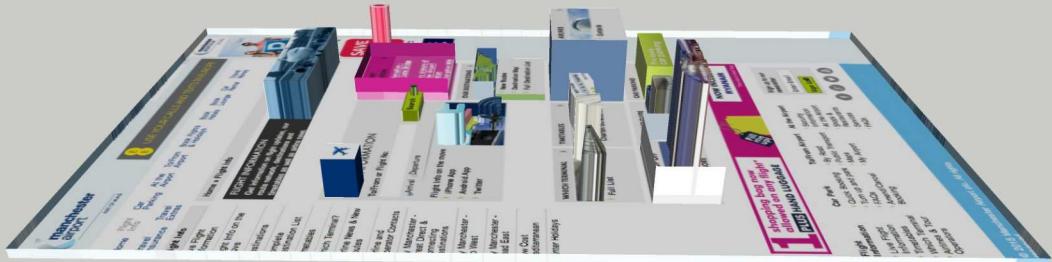












Major Airport with on-site
lodging.

Puerta 5. People move towards the doors, past the fire extinguisher and the currency exchange desk. Back inside the curved ceiling reflects light onto the floor below. A man has reached the top of the escalator.

Metro Bus. Terminal 2. Café Select. 7 eleven. OXXO.

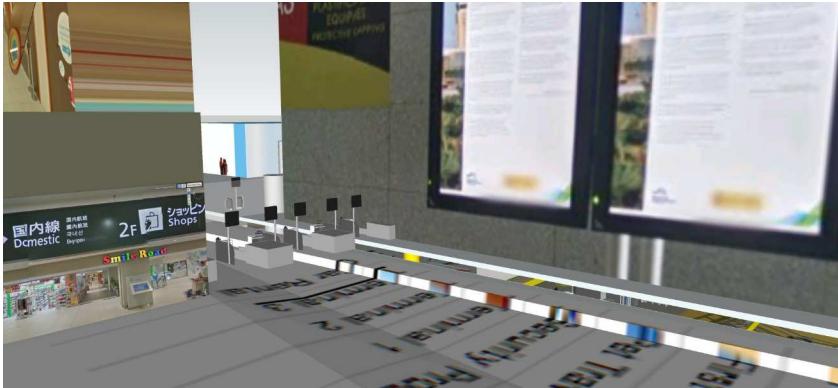
Puerta 6.

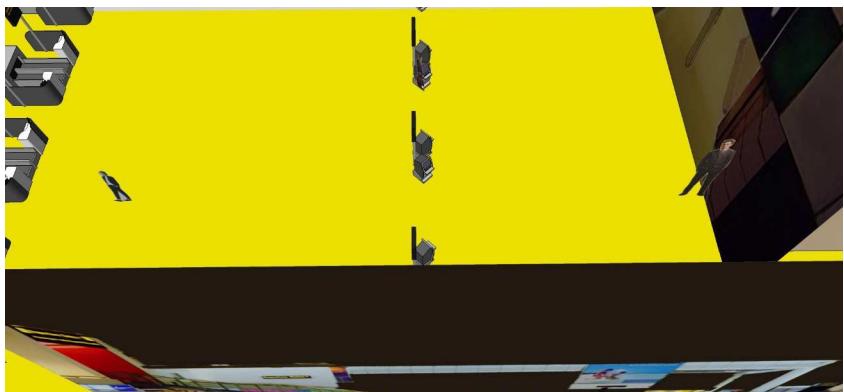
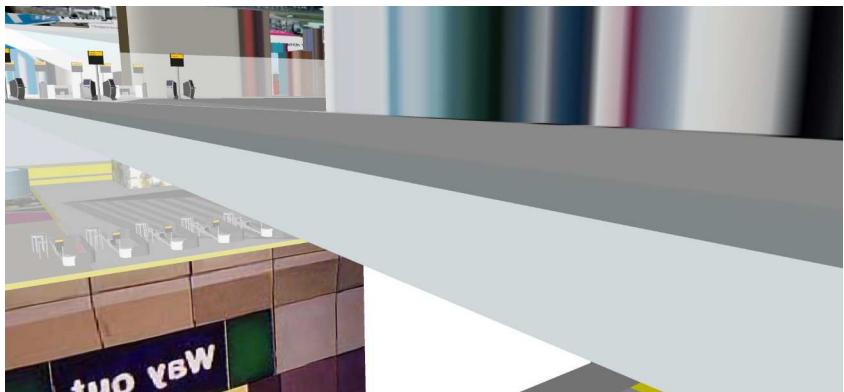
A group of people stand around a large suitcase. As I move forward past the escalator the group have begun walking towards me.

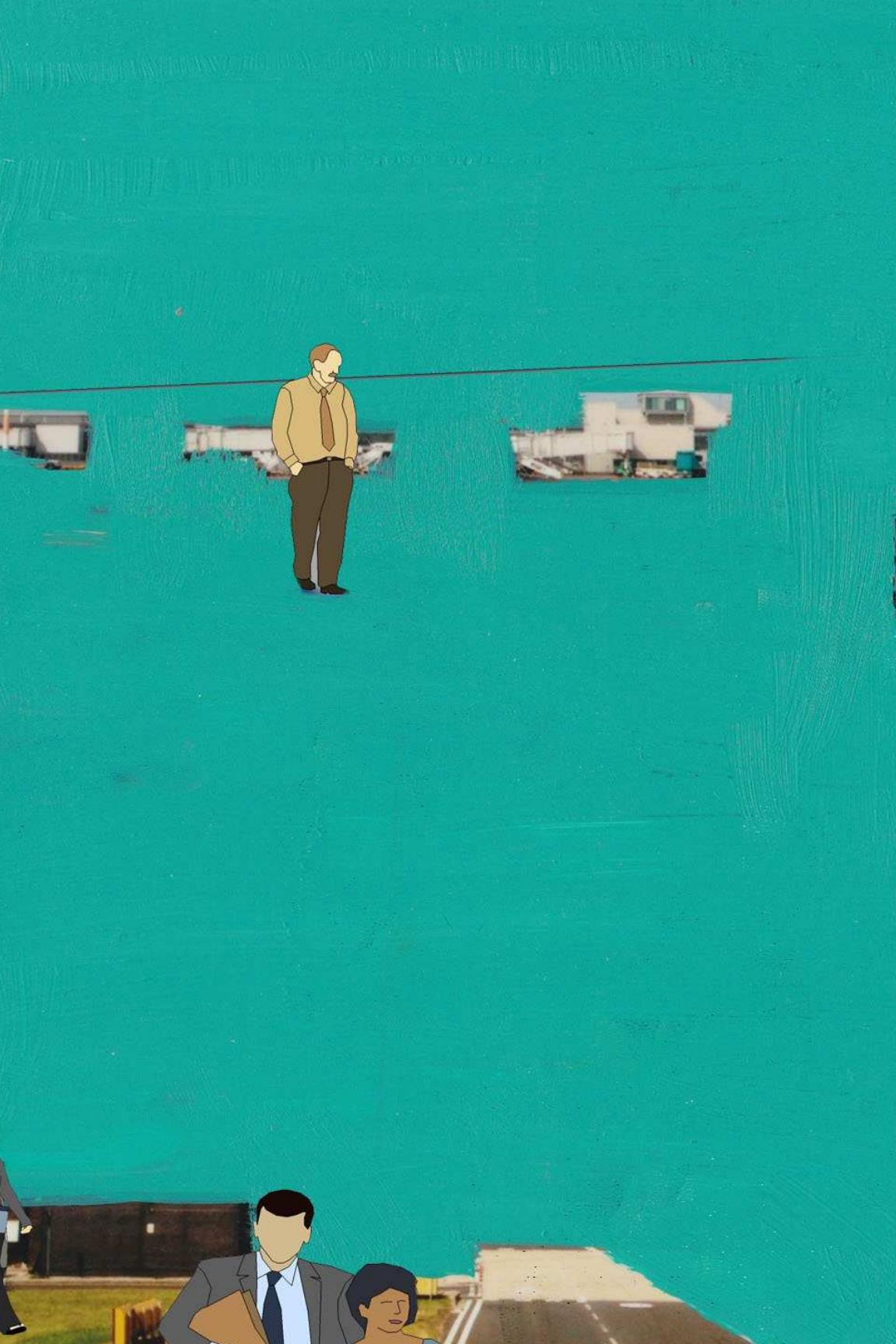
Another group appear, this time 5 men in a circle, stand, with no luggage. Behind them, to the right, in the distance I see a figure sat by a pillar looking towards the group. I keep walking forwards, people come and go and re-appear as I move.



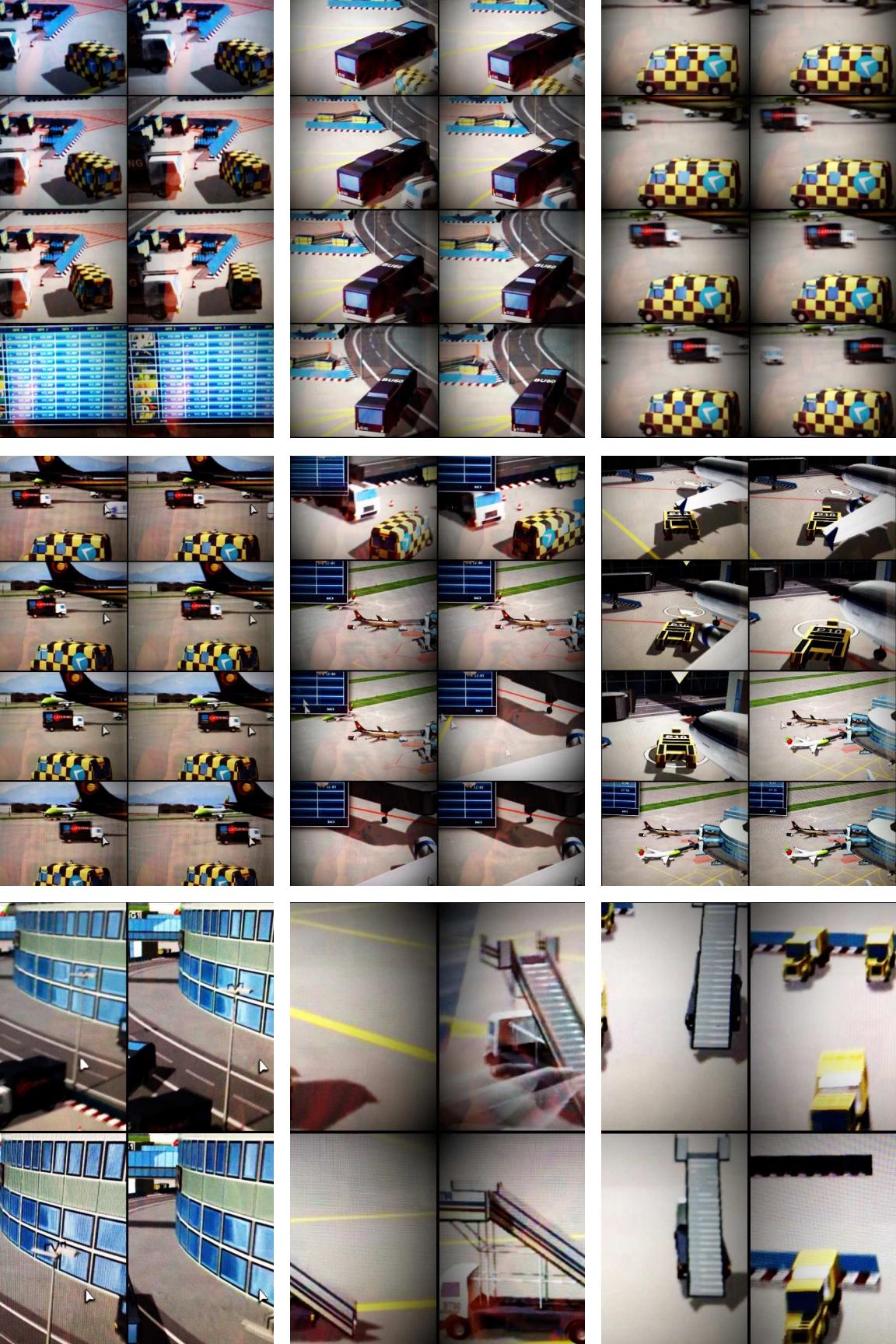


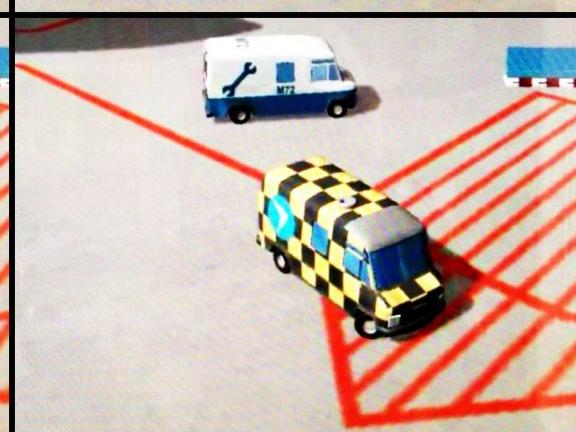
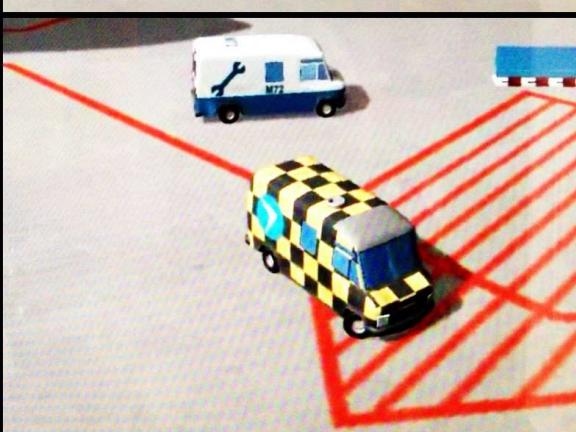
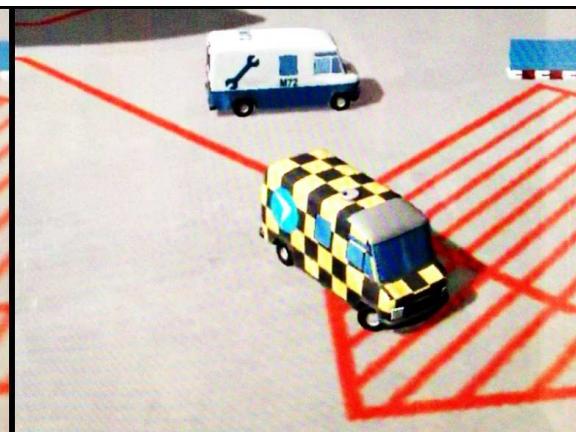
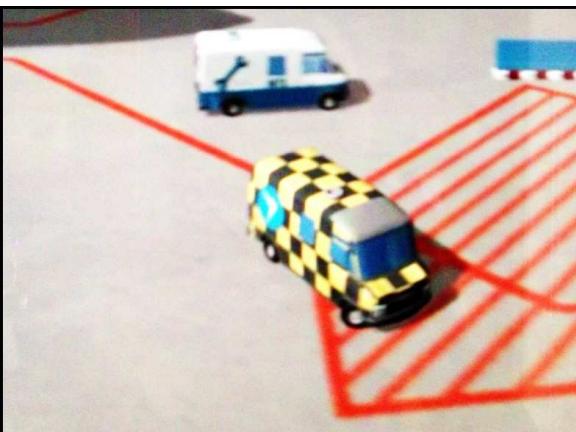




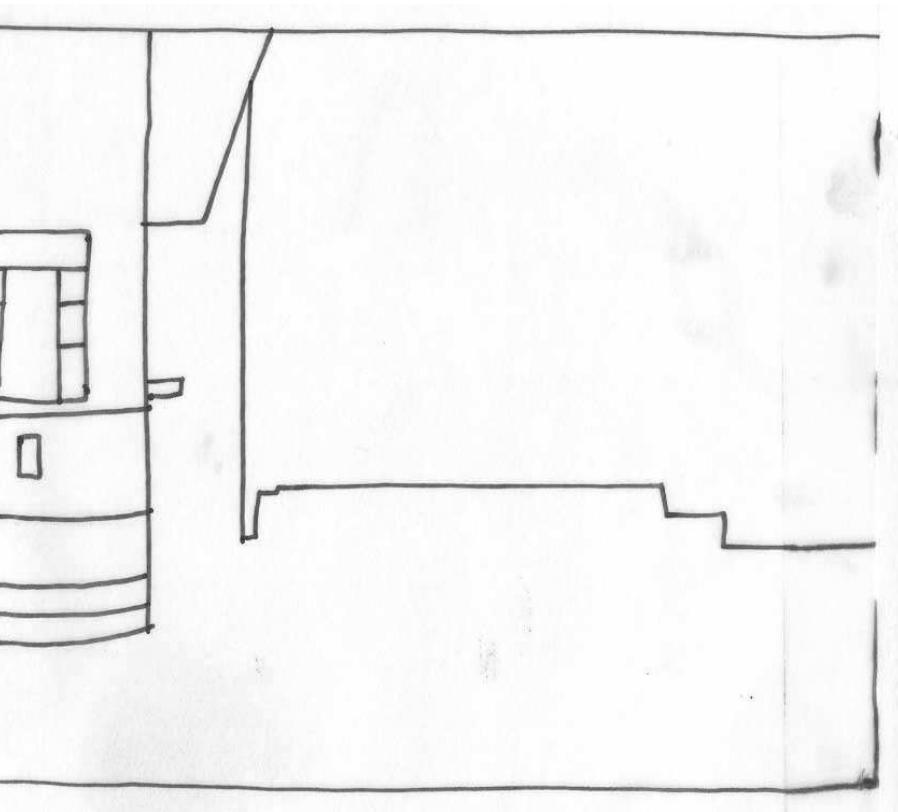


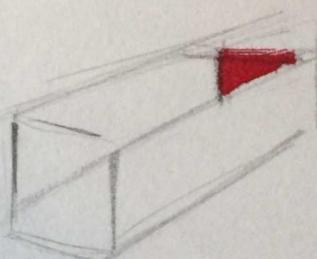
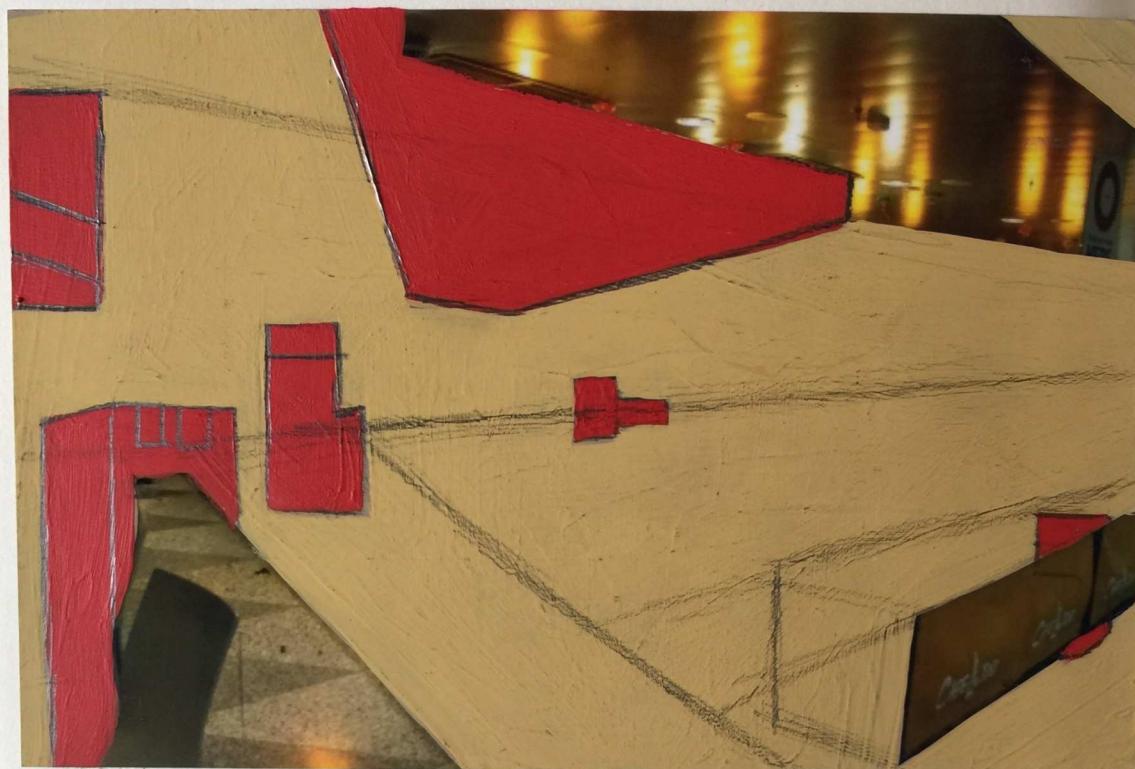


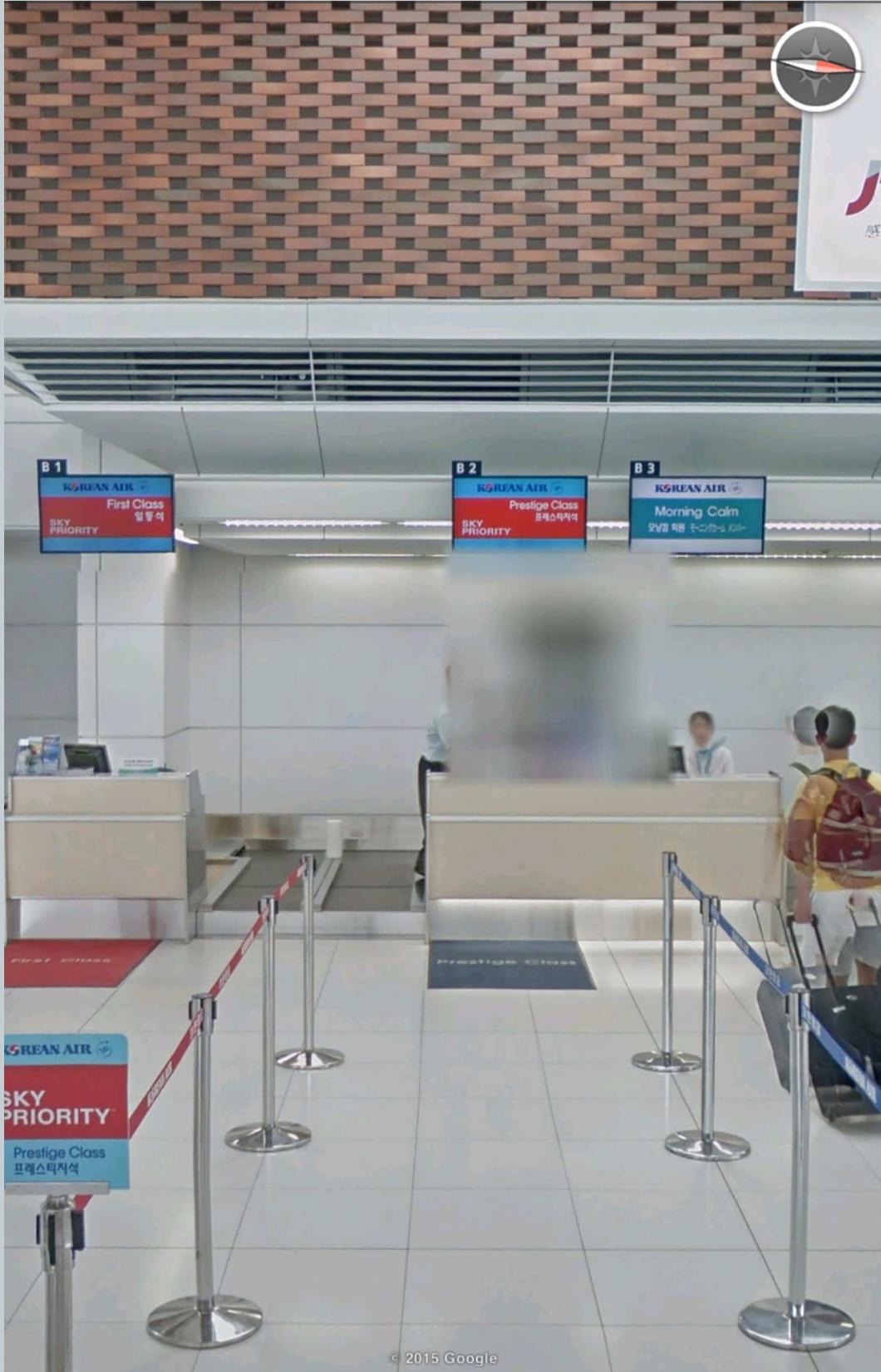


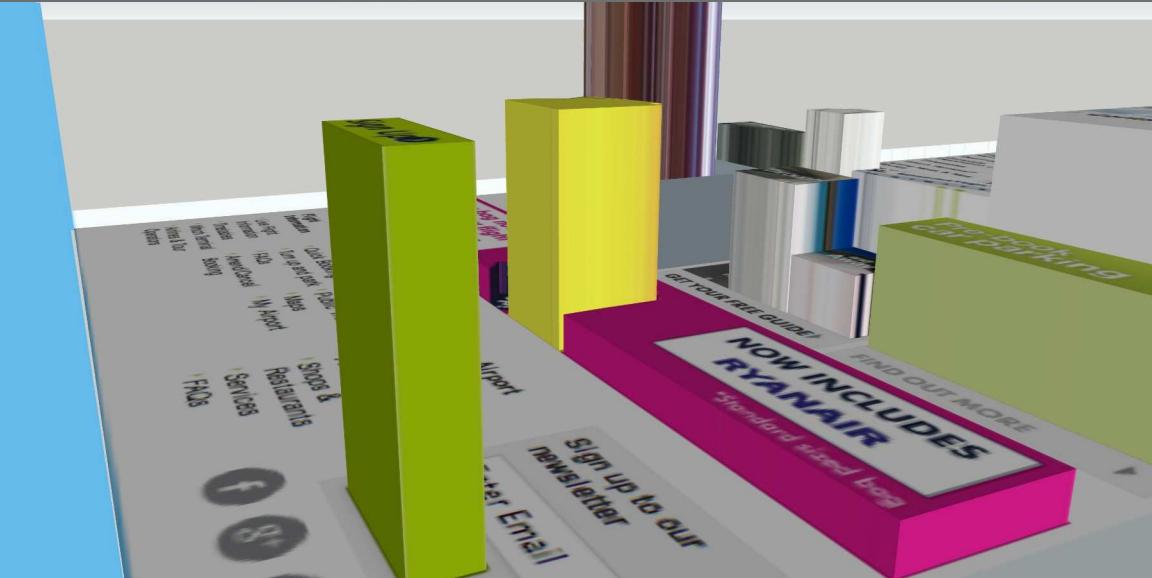
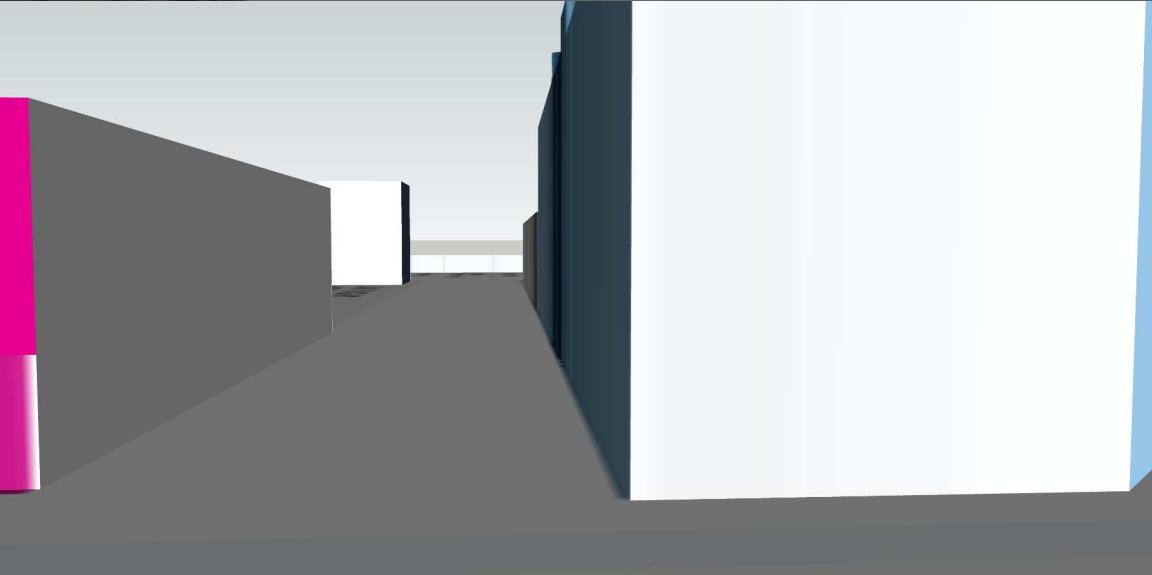
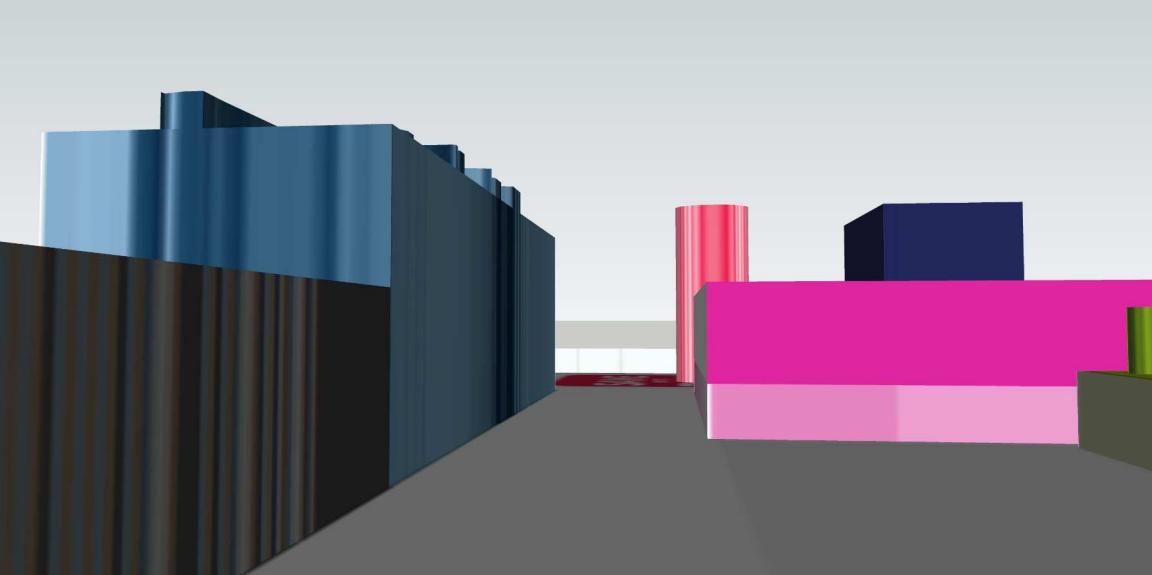


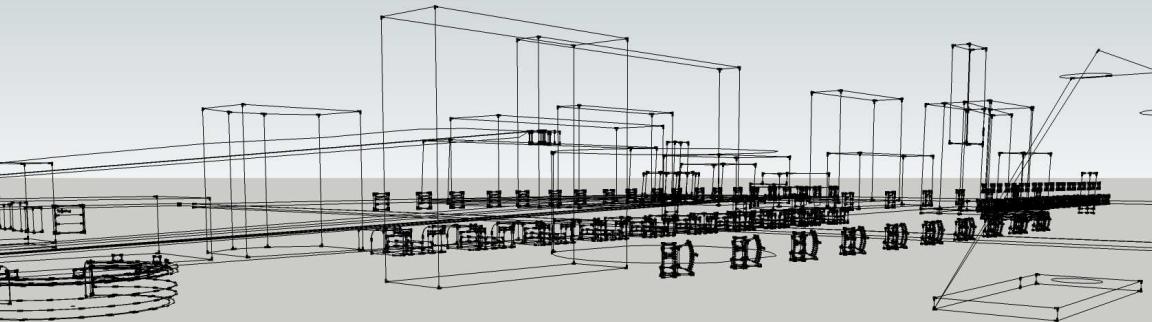
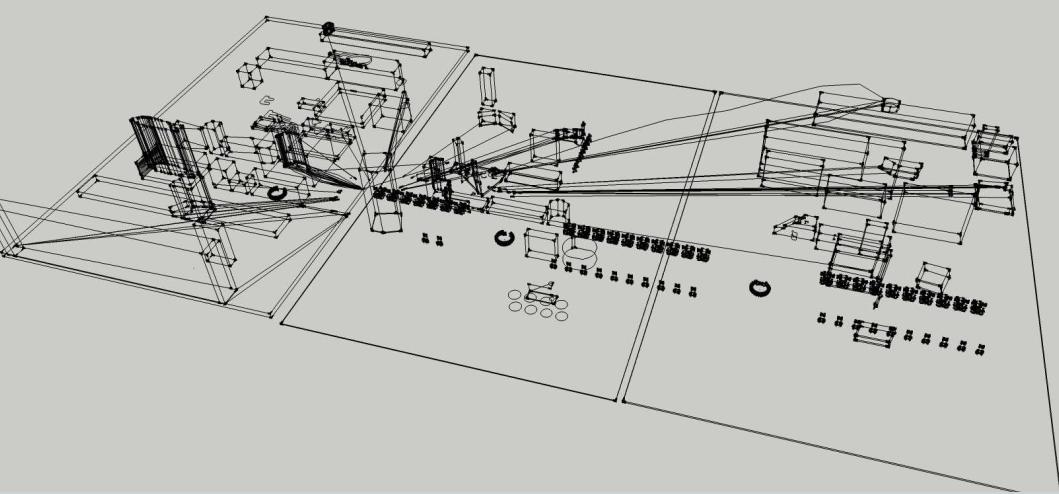
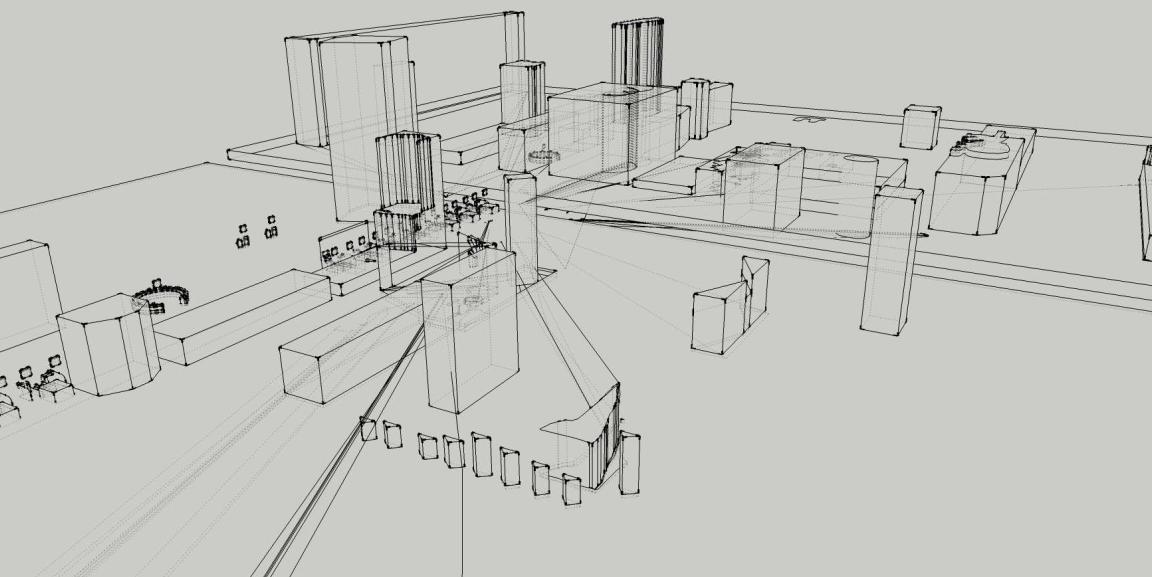
















From above the airport fits neatly into the quiet landscape. The light seems to have reduced all colour to a warm grey and white space. As the orange man moves across the landscape the blue street view indicators form a semi circle, which is framed by the evenly spaced aircrafts. As I zoom in, all visual information becomes monochrome, with the exception of the blue photo and layer symbols, which form a cluster around the main terminal building.

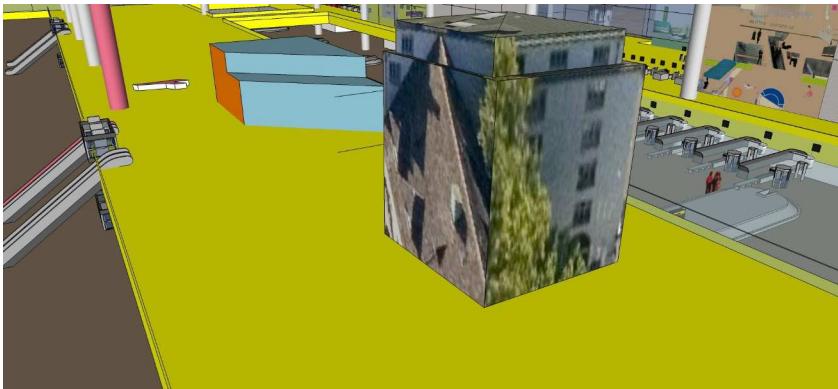
The central airport hub seems contained within a D- shape form. I move over the D, and pick a spot to enter street view. We arrive in a café area. A man wearing khaki green sits on a khaki green stool at the bar, his head blurring into the space in which he sits. As I readjust my position I realize the man is talking to the figure behind the bar.

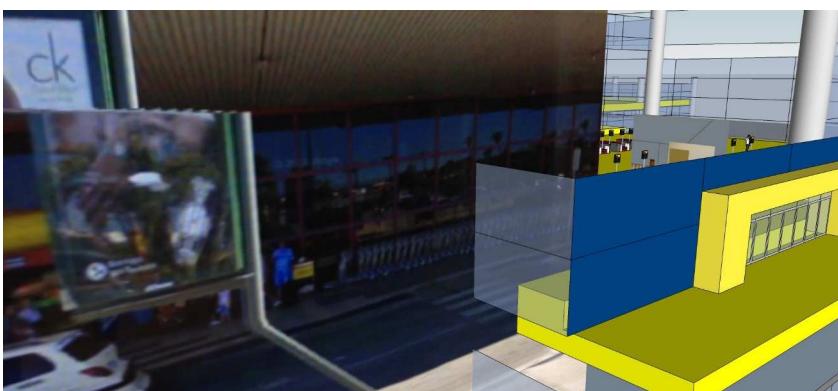


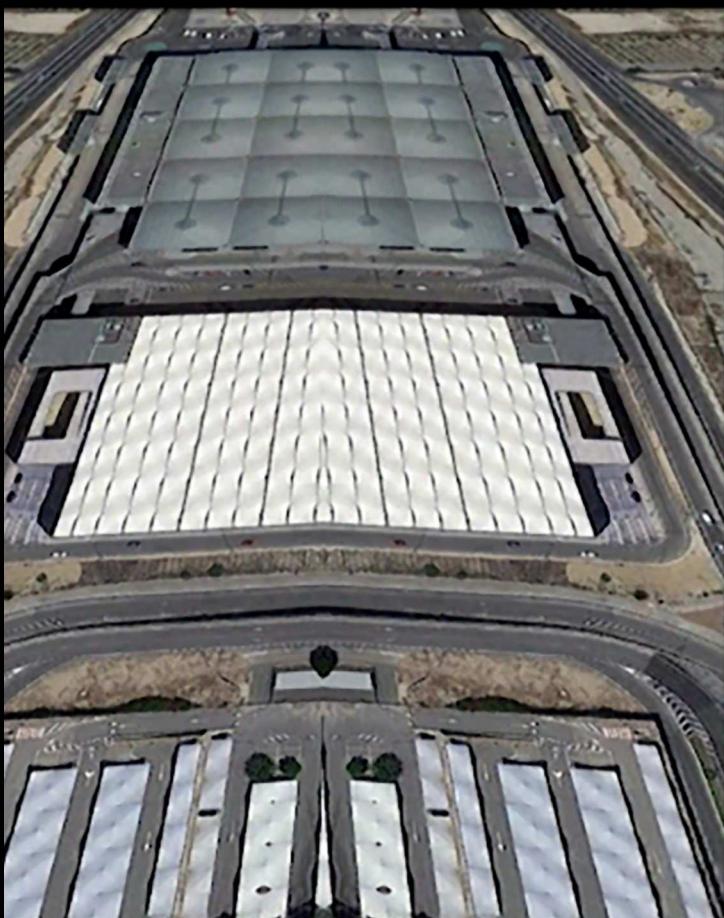


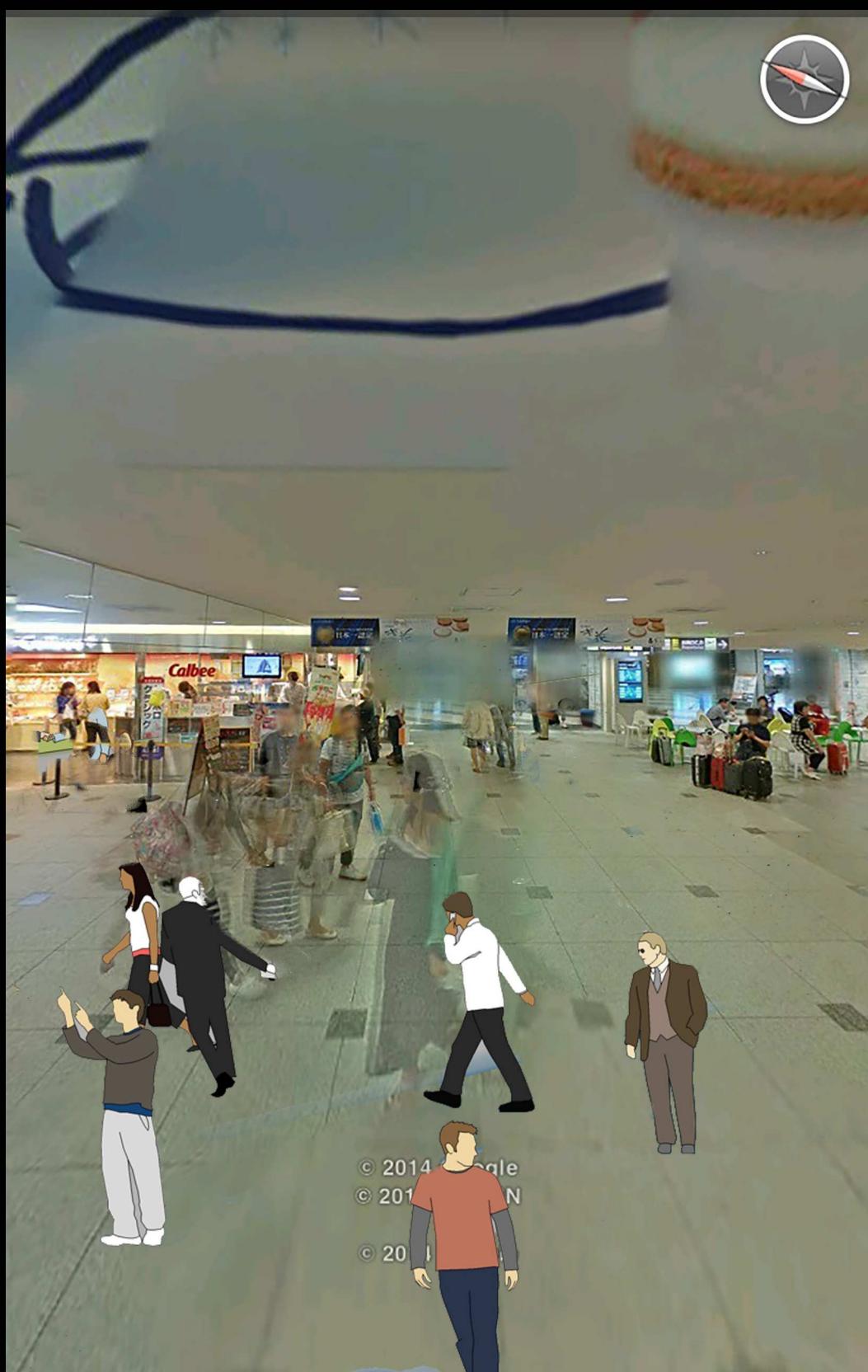












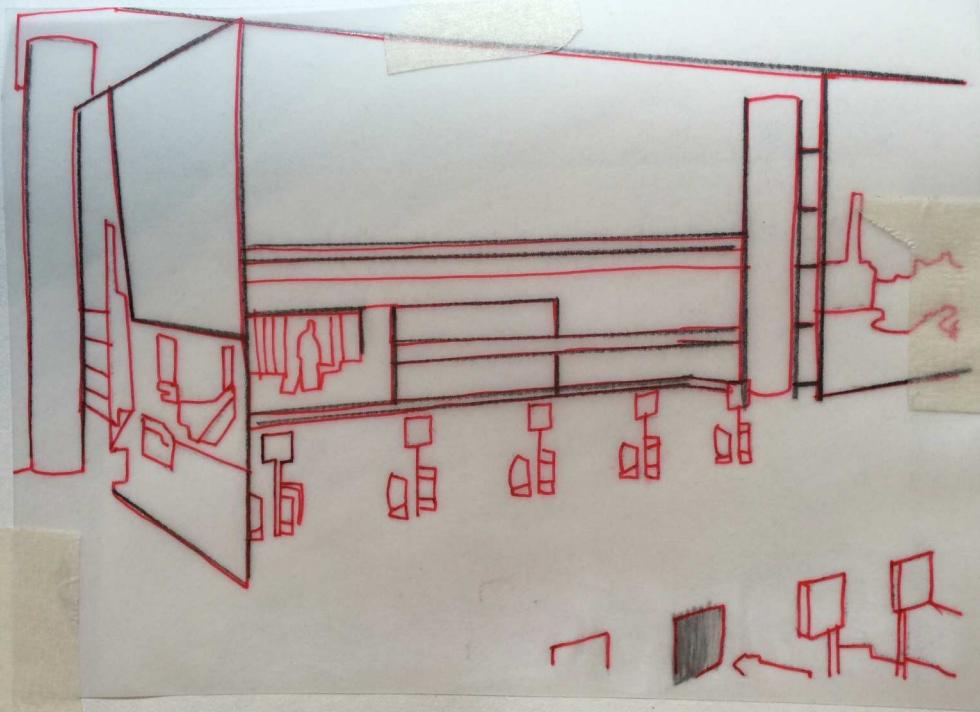
£300 off
Canary Island winter sun escapes

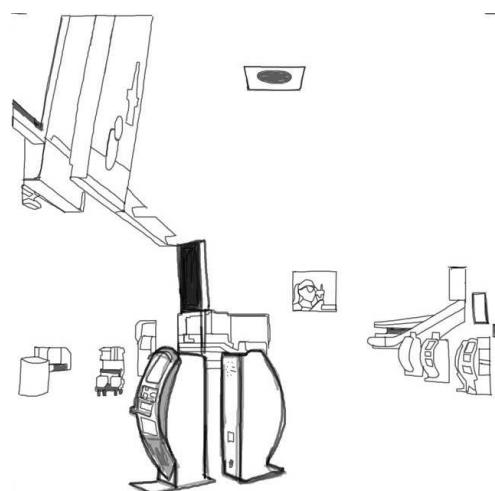
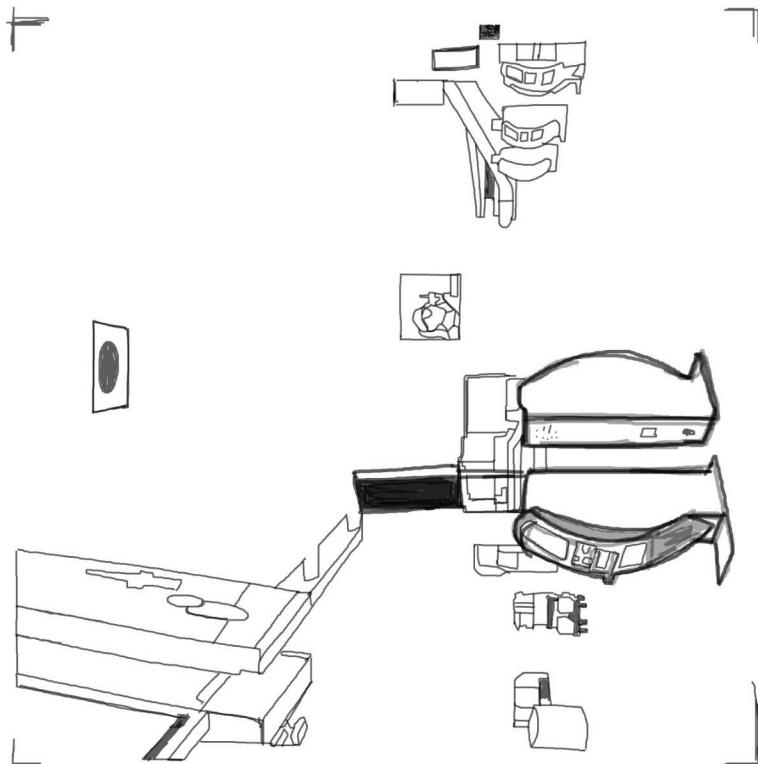
BOOK NOW

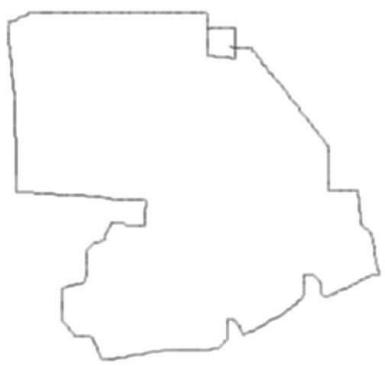
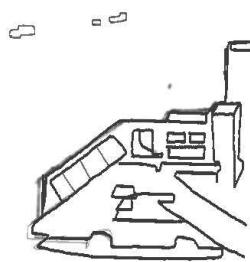


MANCHESTER AIRPORT









Click to go >. Shapes of red and pink puncture the predominant ochre interior. Points of sale appear on each click and movement. Rows of products and signs come in and out of focus as a woman wearing pink and khaki green stands by the entrance of a retail unit, one arm holding the other. The space feels warm. The low ceiling and indoor plants create the atmosphere of a hotel foyer. A couple share a newspaper on a nearby sofa.

I change direction, speeding up until I reach a terminal map which is visualizing the 3rd floor emergency route. 'The exit is on the 1st floor. During an emergency, please follow the route shown on the drawing above. There are emergency stairs you must use for evacuation'.

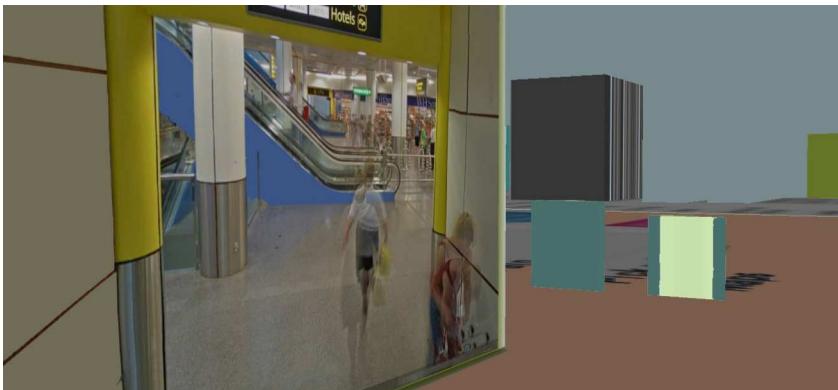


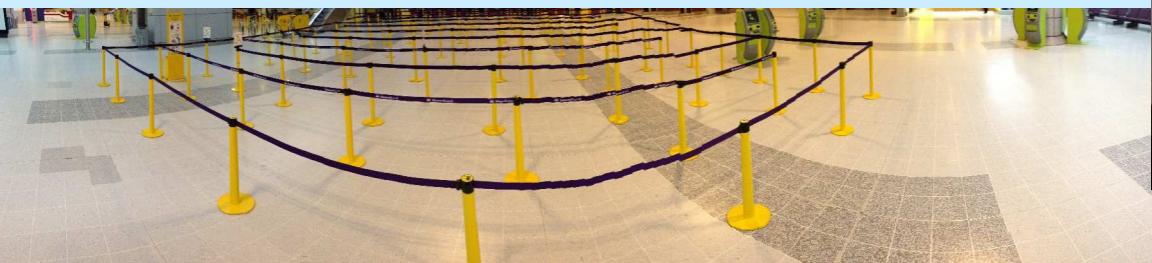


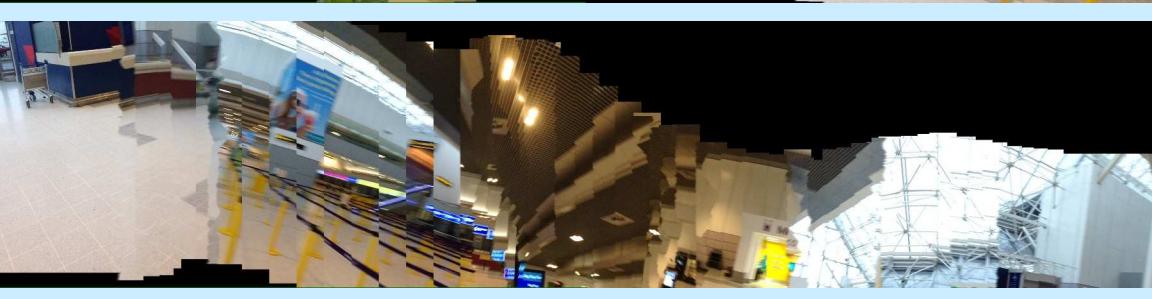
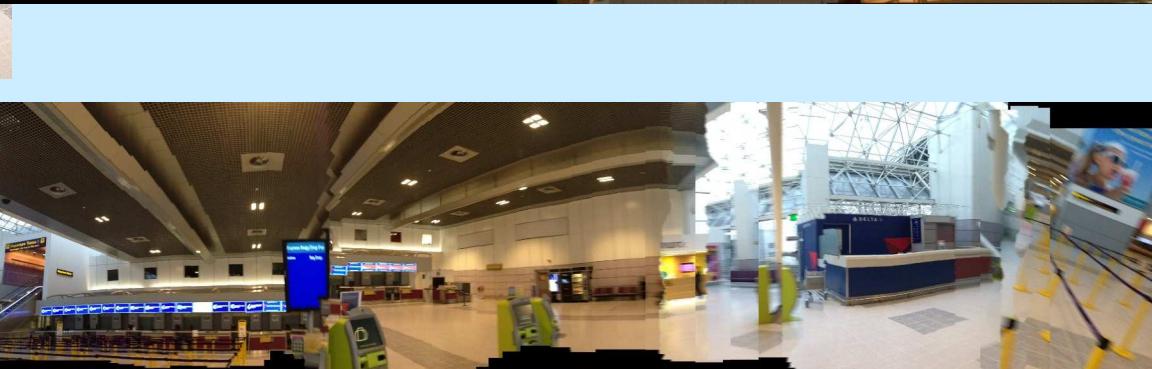
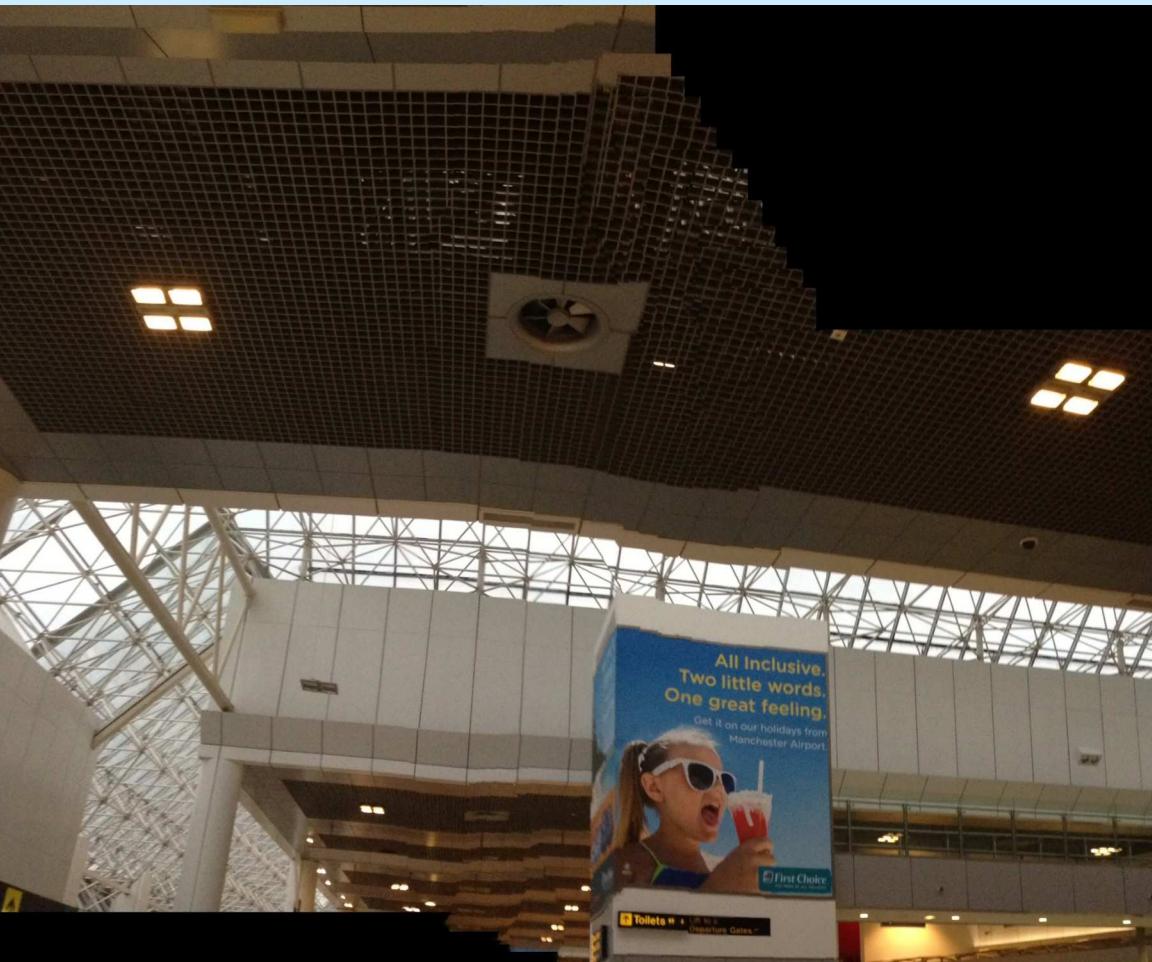


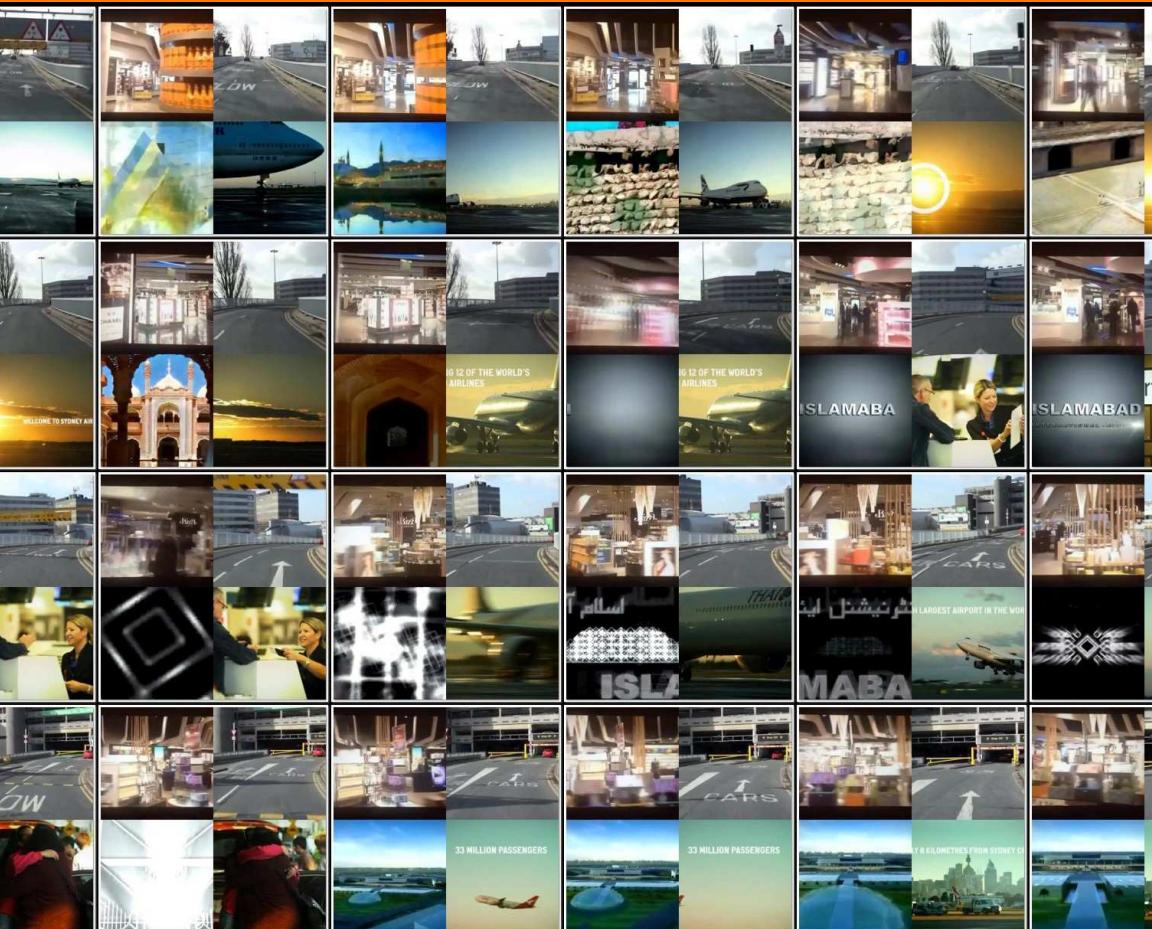














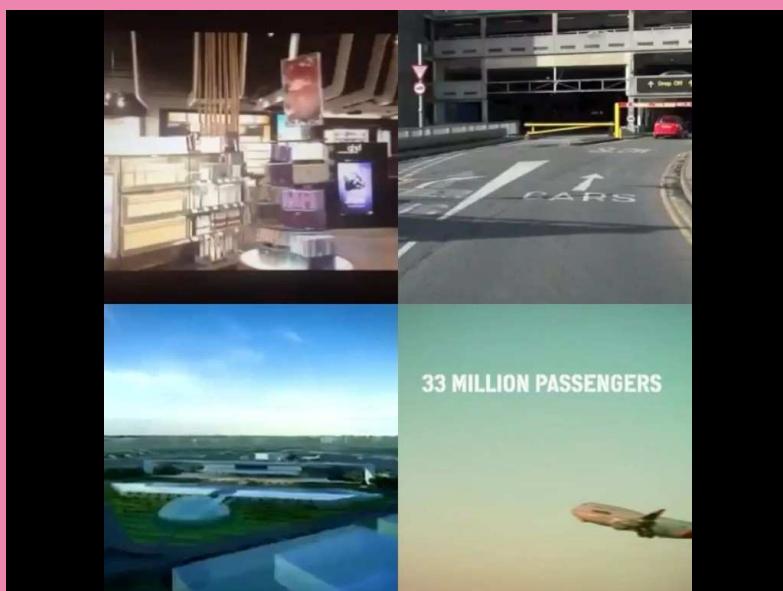
I pan across from the drawing to a set of cerulean blue departure screens. Before I get chance to scan the flight information the camera shifts and I arrive in a shop selling handbags and wallets. The display unit and goods seem to mirror the pattern of the outside aerial view. The wallets and cars, dwarfed by the surrounding bags and buildings.

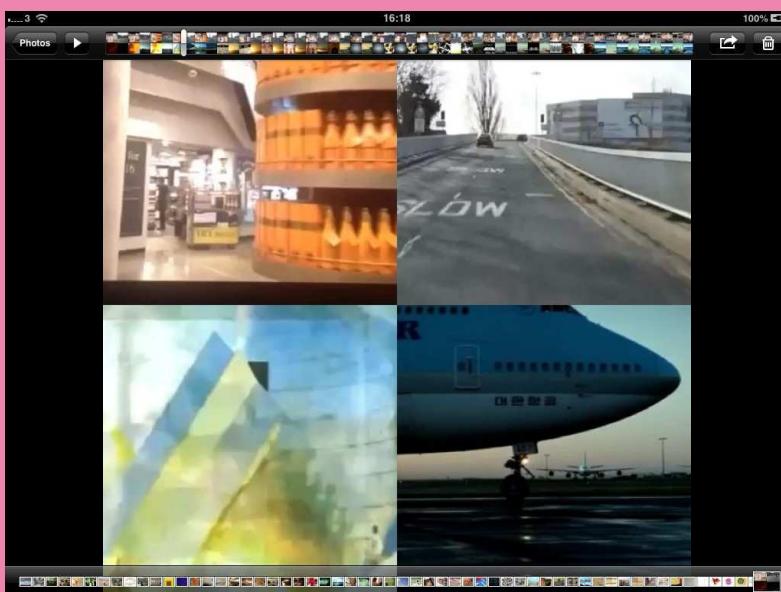
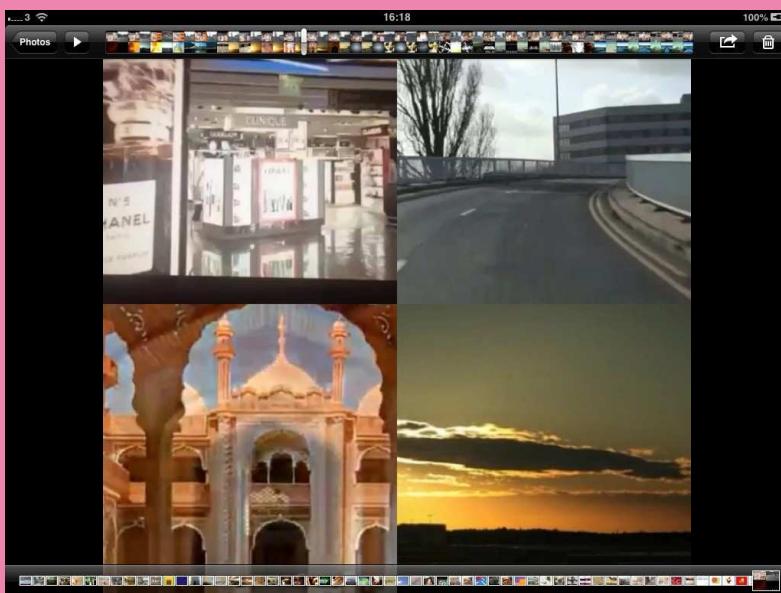
I stop outside a green shop named Daiso. 'All goods 100 yen shop'. I try to zoom in and view the products but again I am abruptly redirected. I approach the sign 'Smile Road', which is in-front of two escalators. A pattern of figures hover, transparently overlapping each other. There is no access beyond this point.

東京メトロ
Tokyo Metro



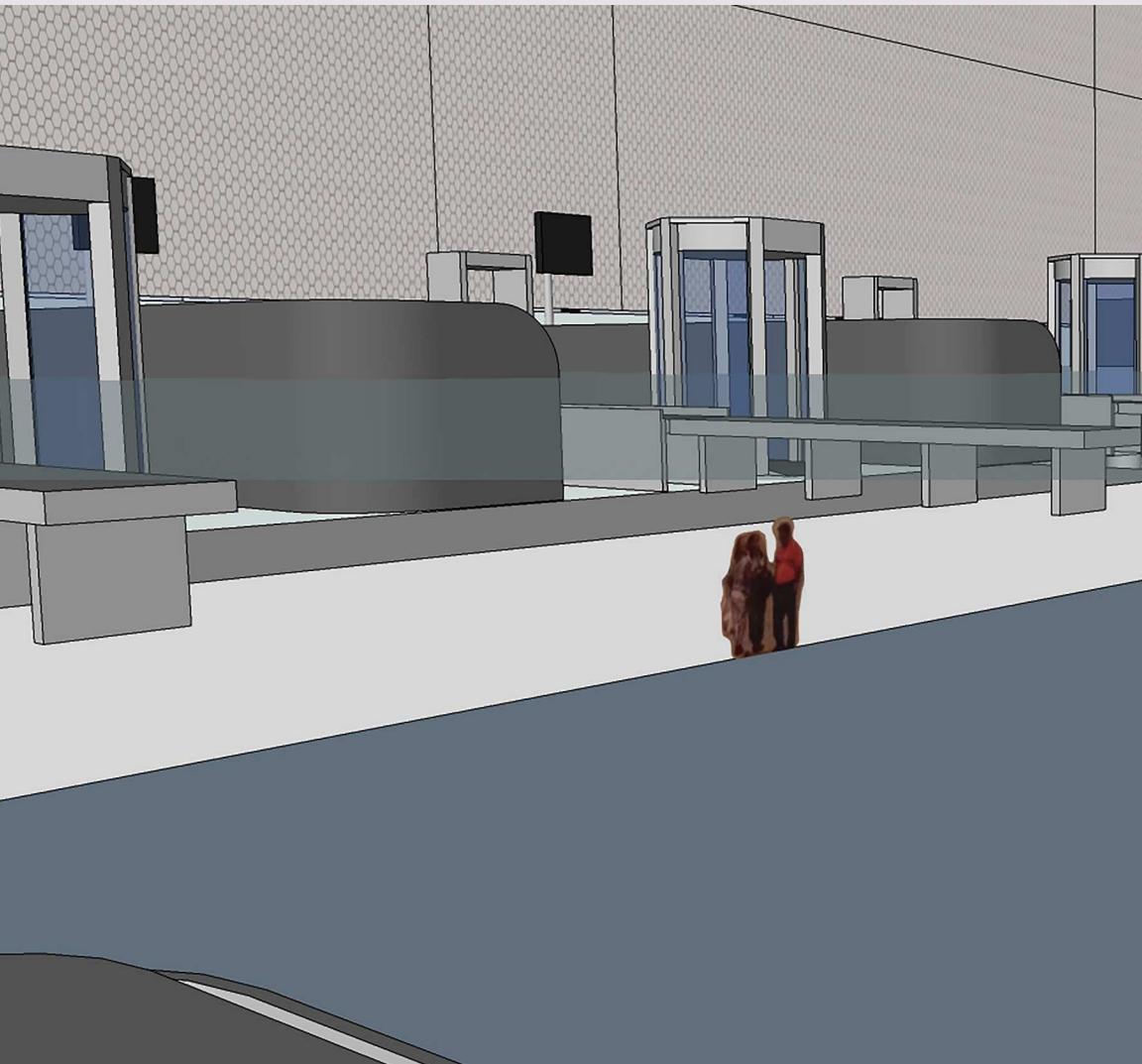


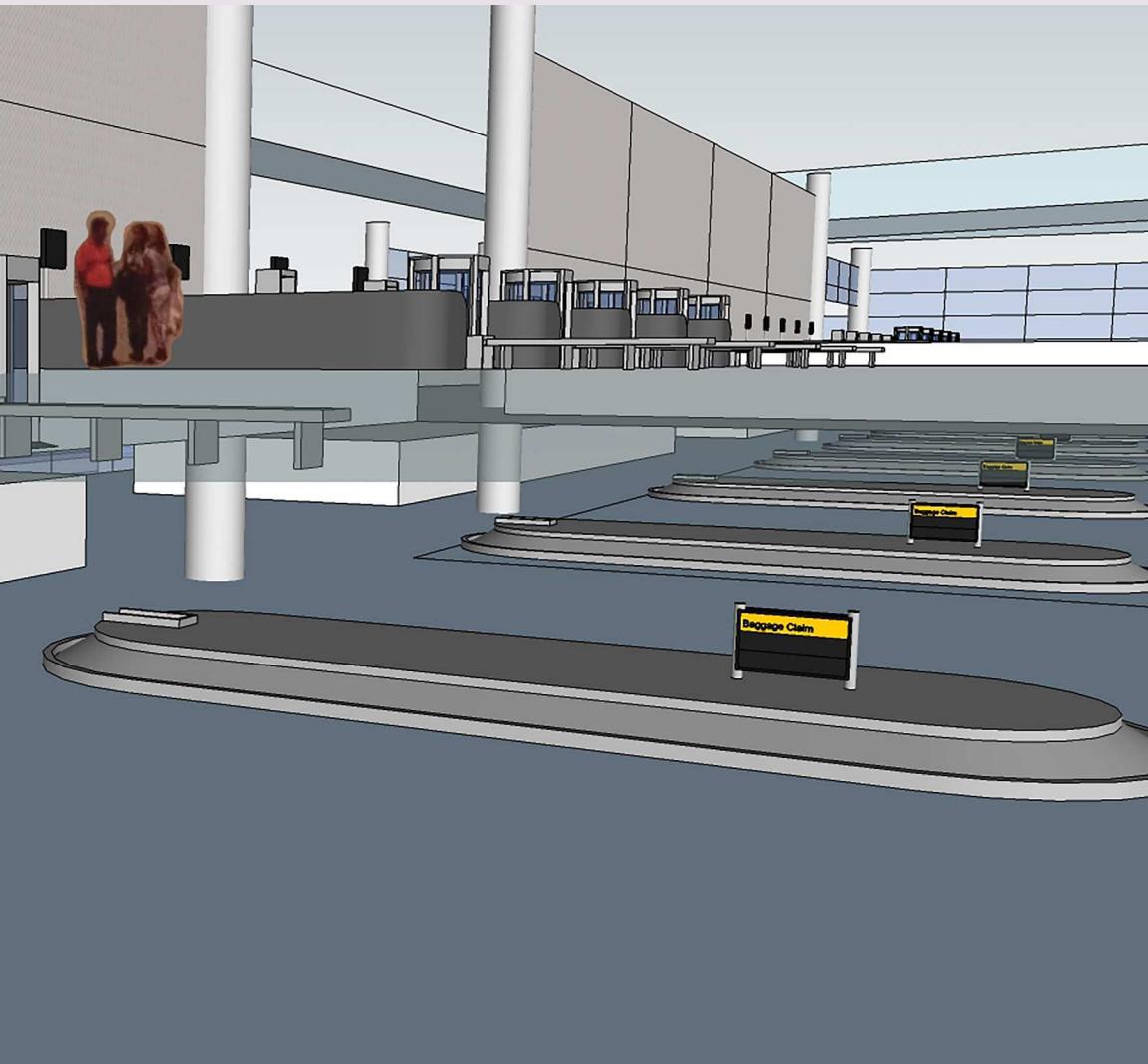


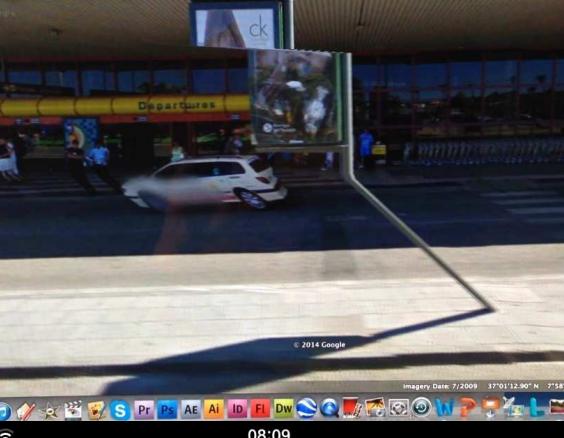












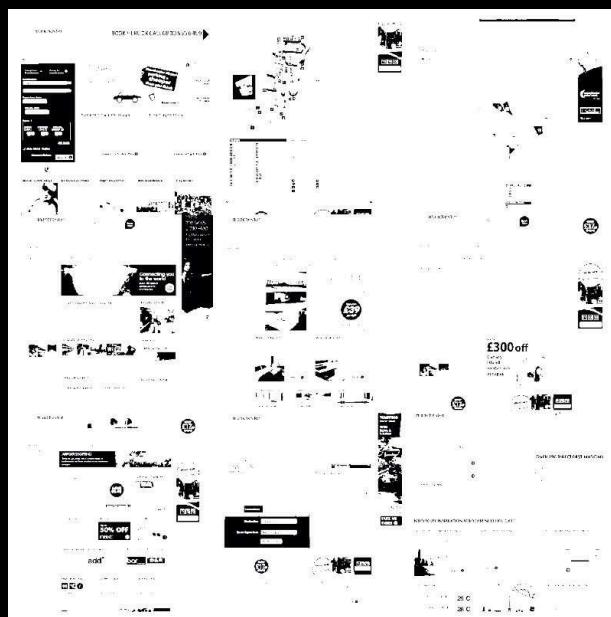




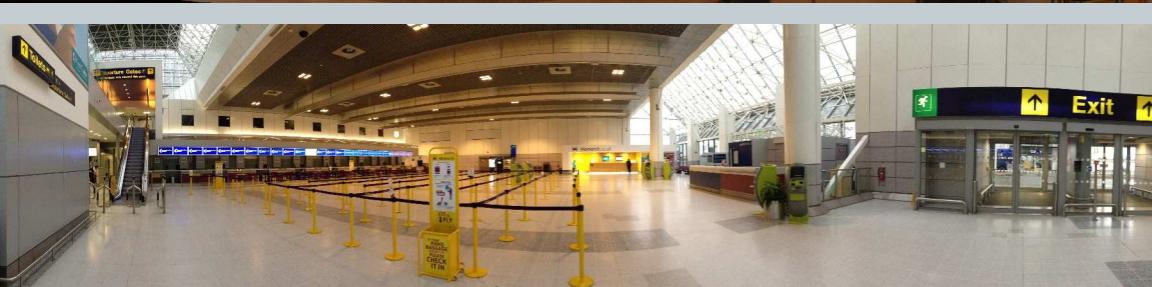


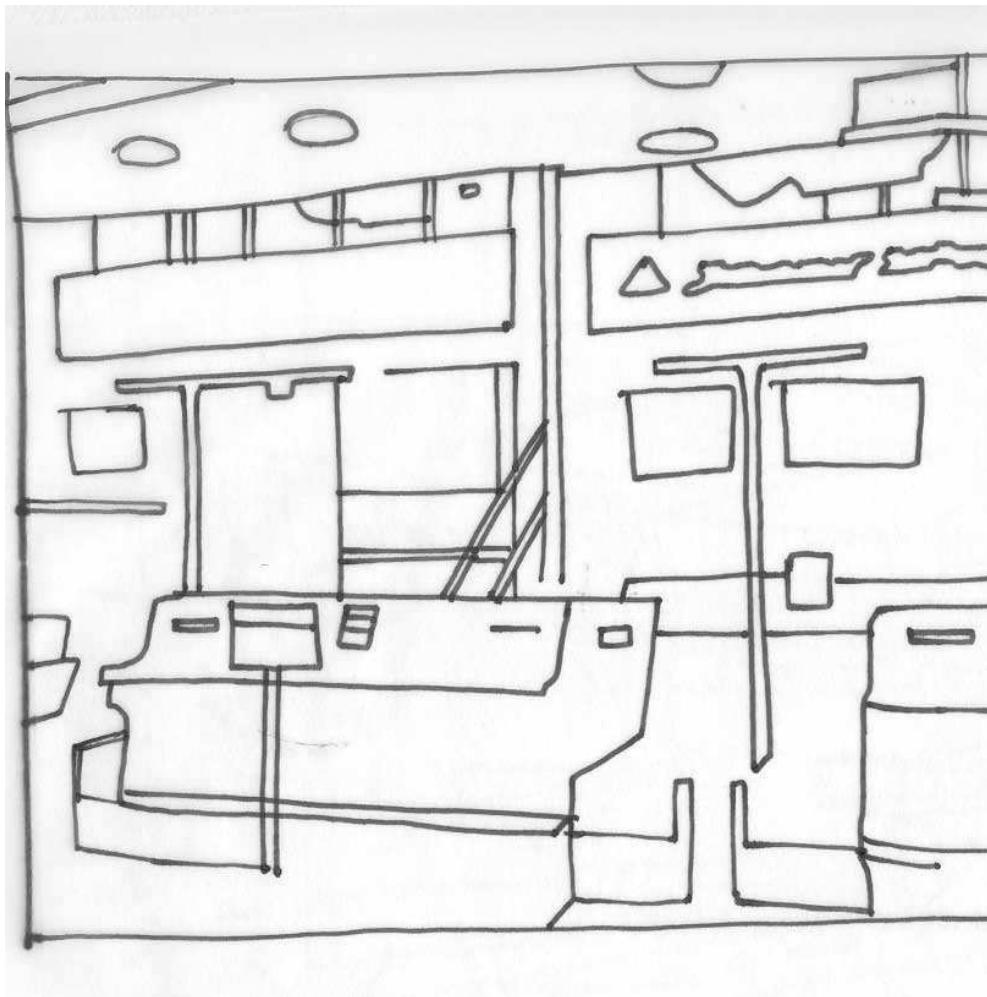


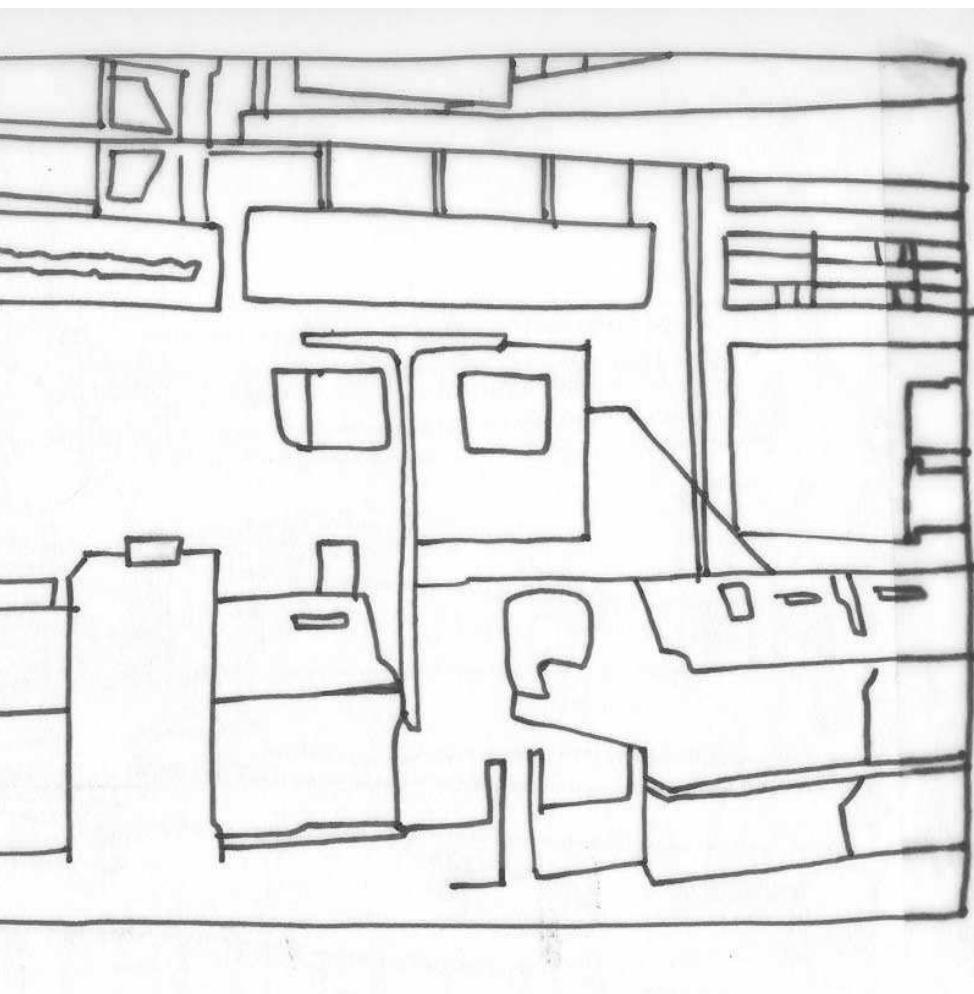


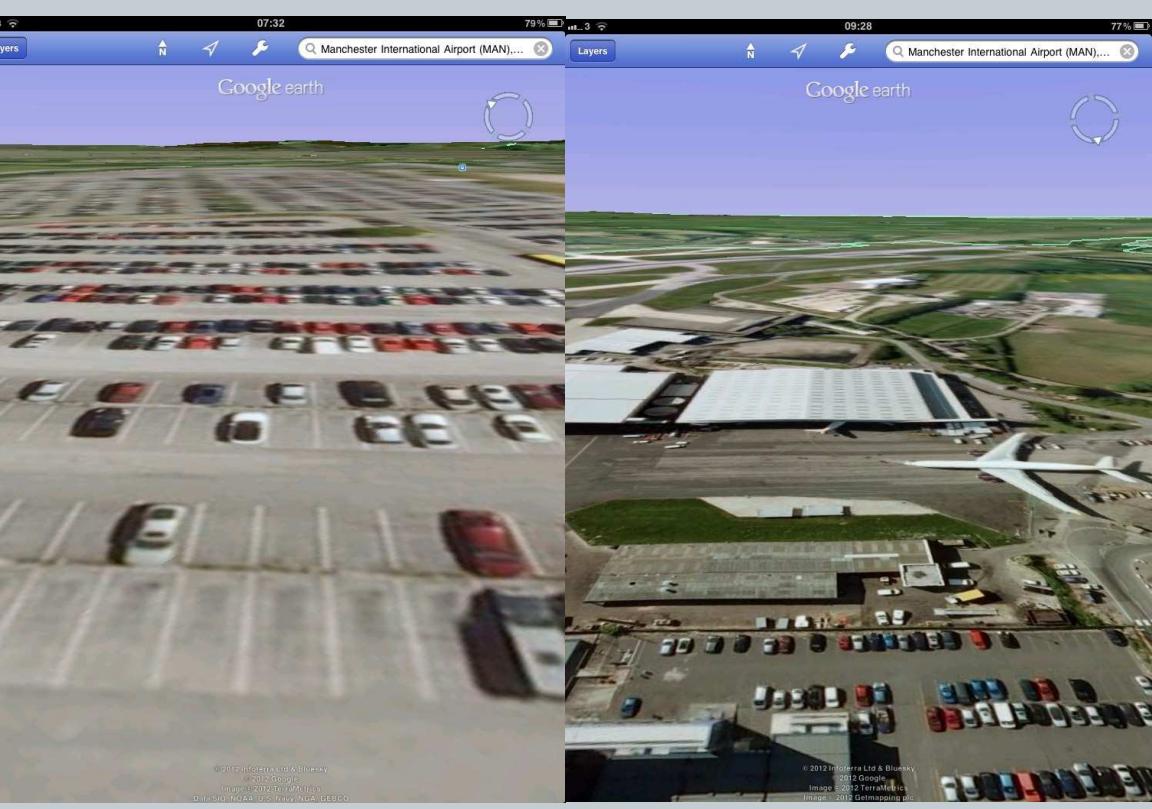
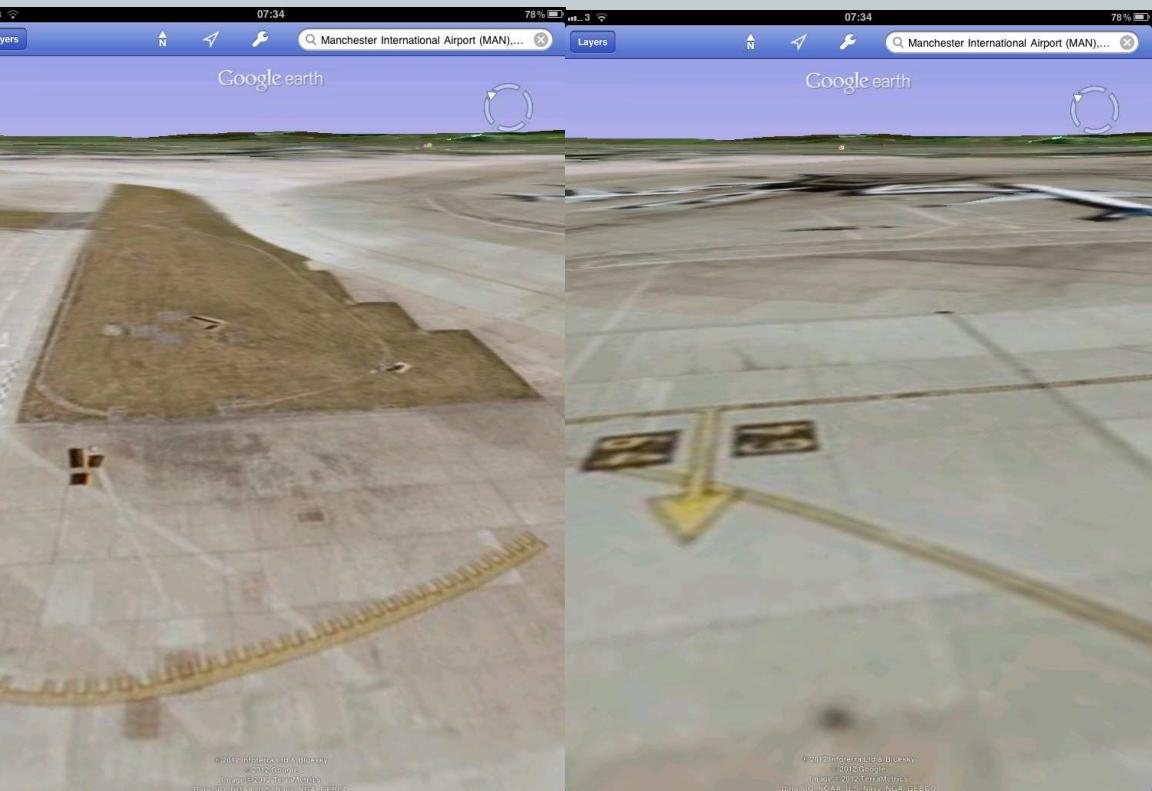


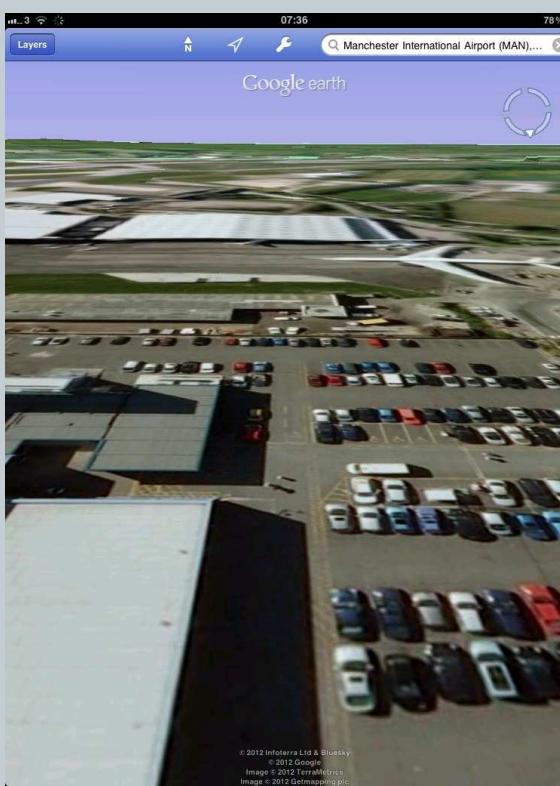
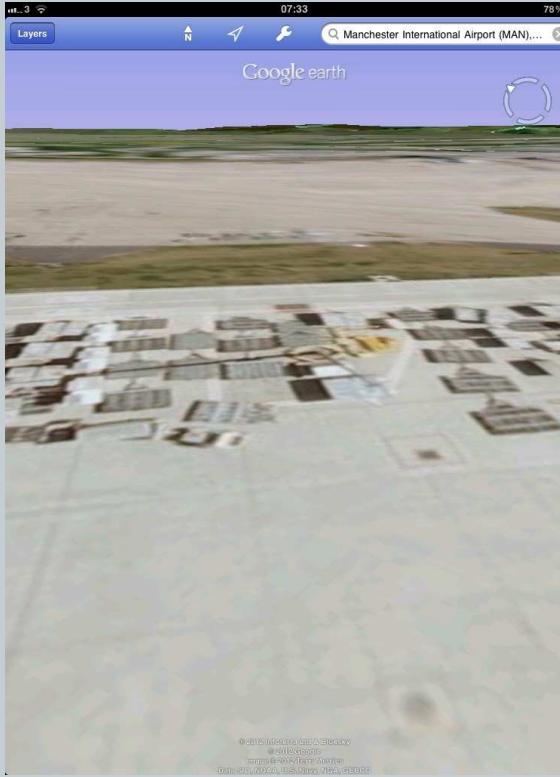


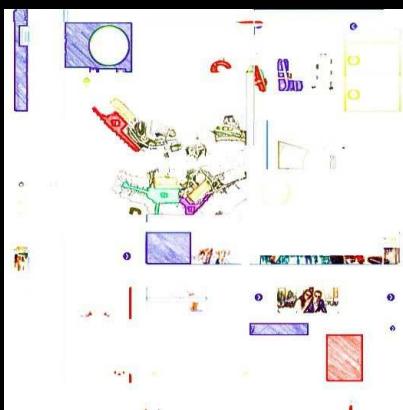




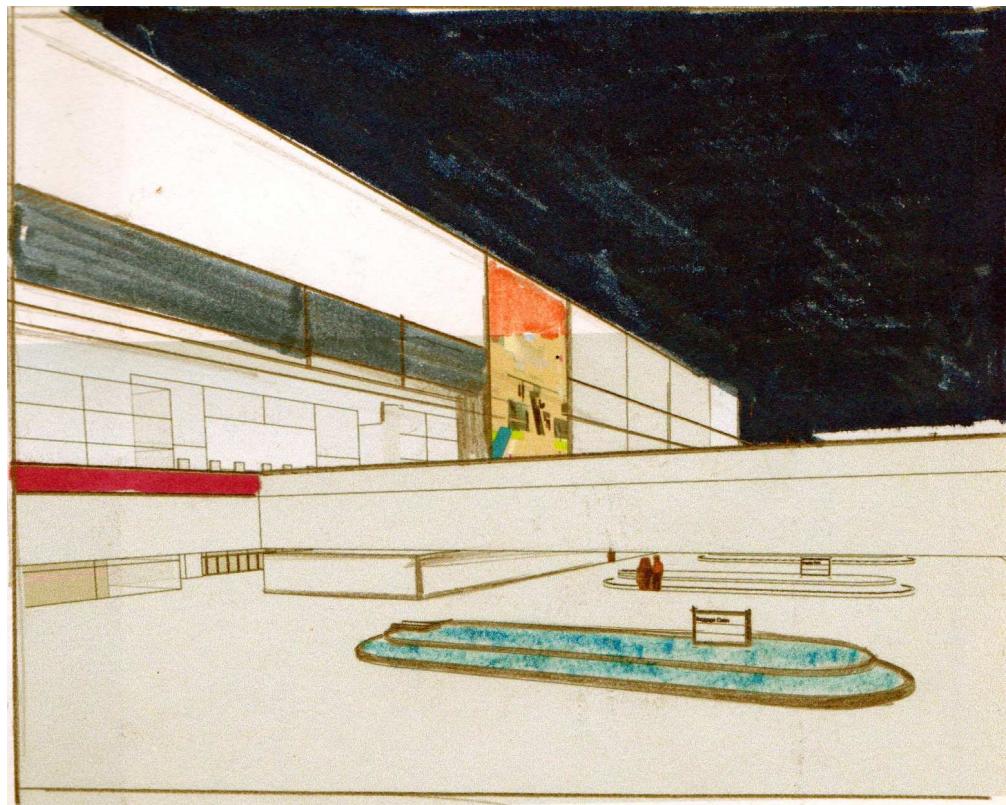










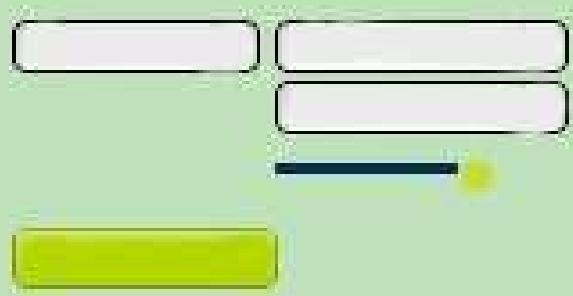


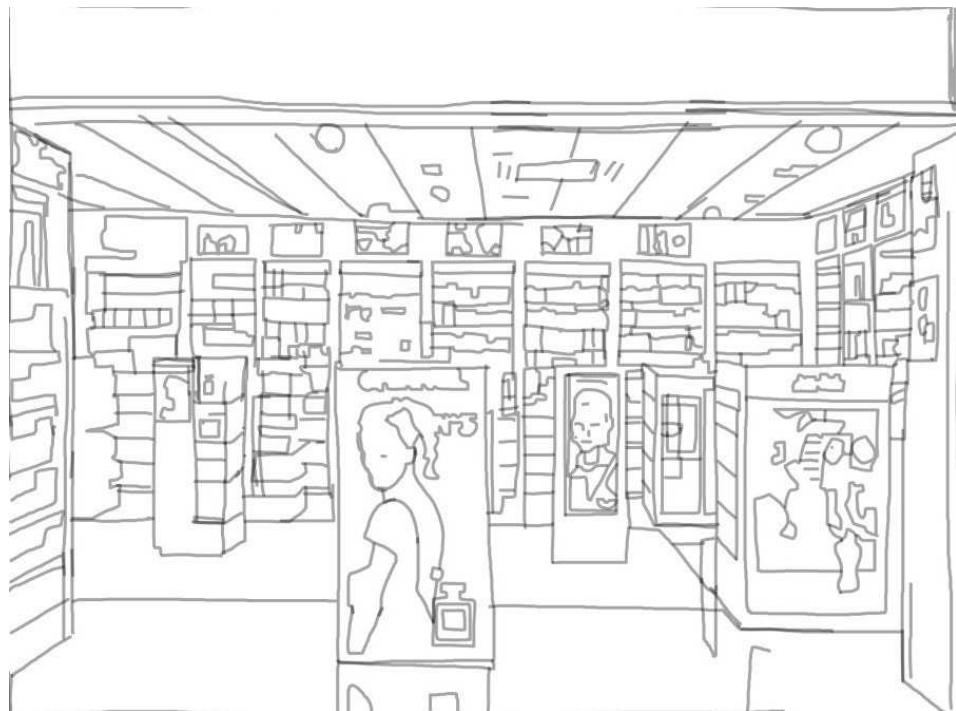


The outline of a person's legs appears in the foreground of the screen, with two other blurred figures behind. As I look closer I realize it is the same person. I can tell by the bag he is holding. I have no idea what part of the airport I am in.

I look around for clues and see a sign for the Check-in lobby, straight ahead. I move forwards and arrive at the exit, before I have even seen anything inside. So I turn around and I am faced with Gate number 7. A few people gather at a nearby desk. As I look to the left an image of a landscape appears on the wall ahead so I move over to take a closer look. The drinks advertisement shows a waterfall in luscious green surroundings. Below is the sign for the South Terminal.





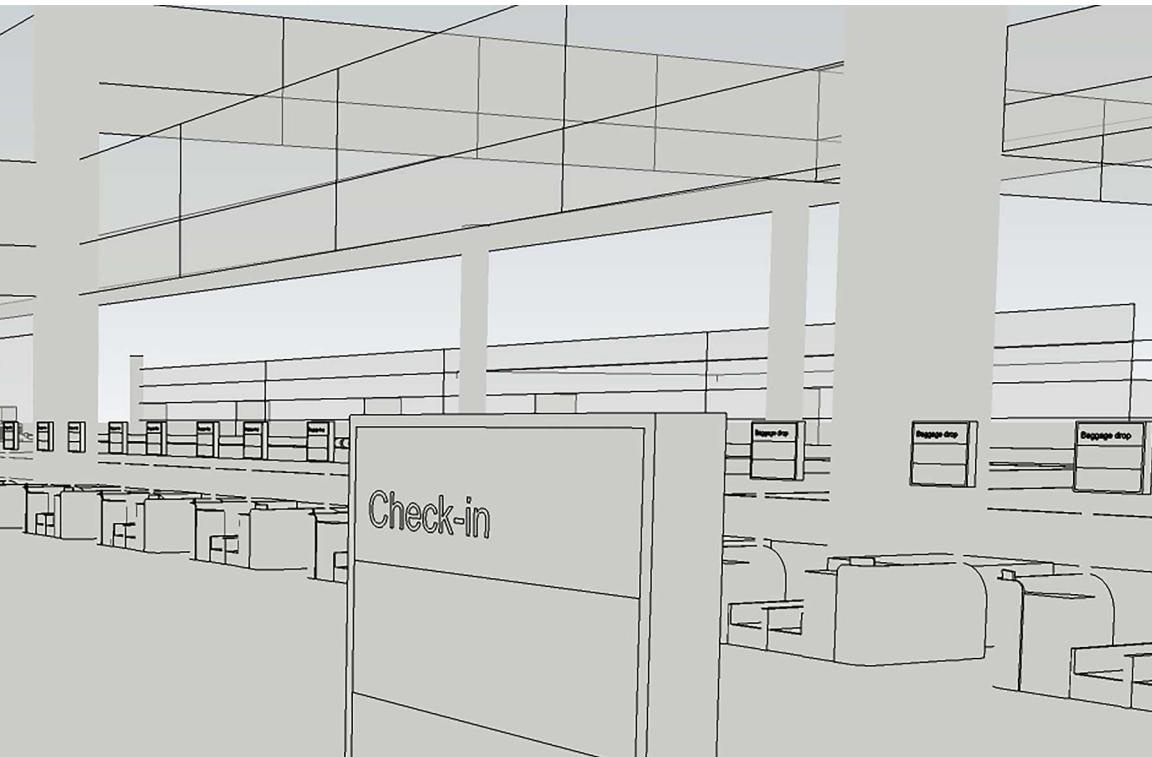




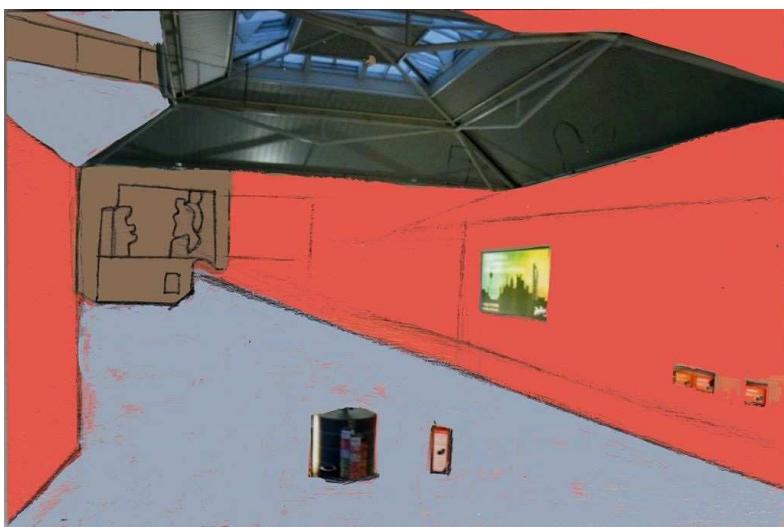






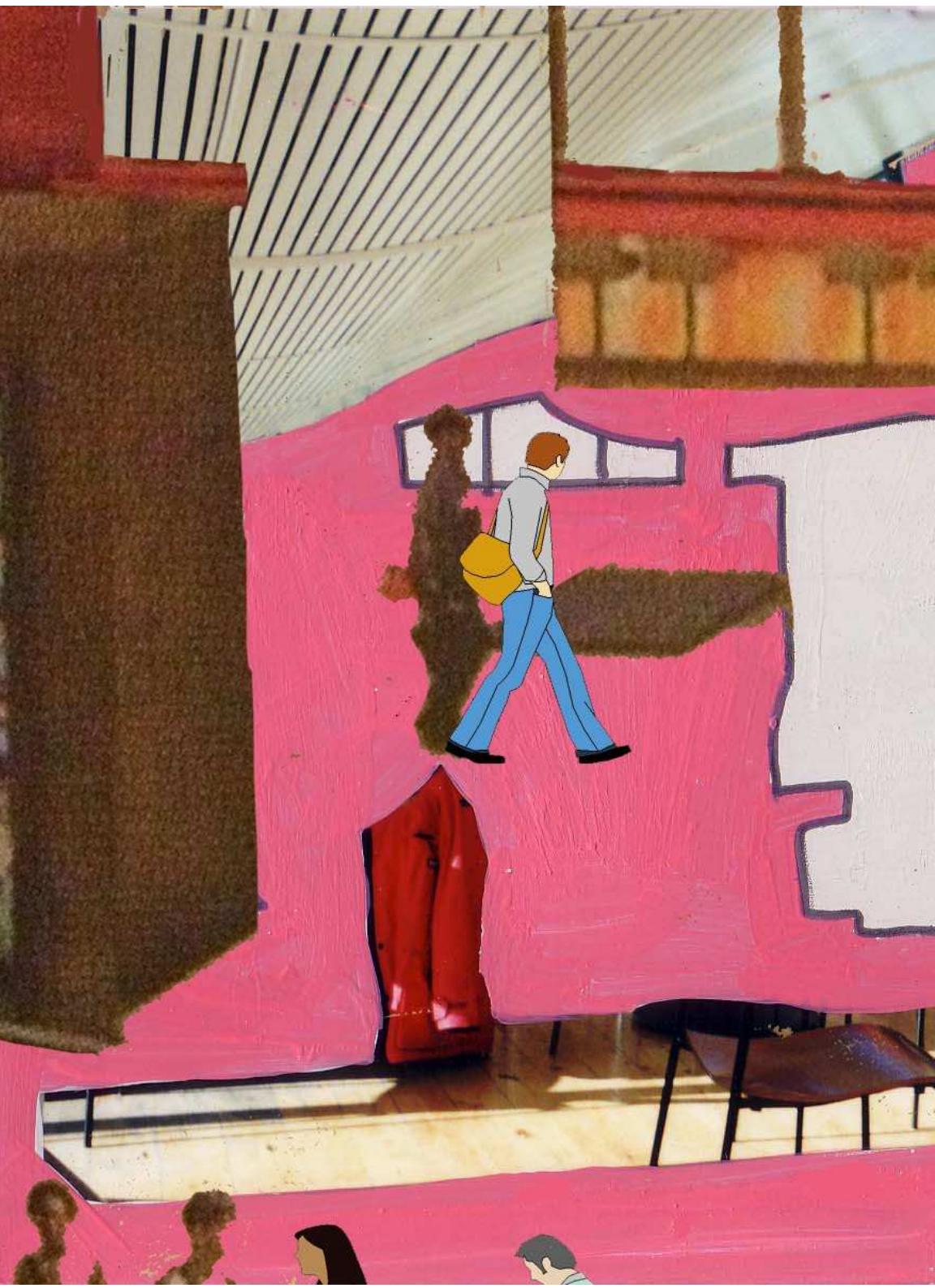


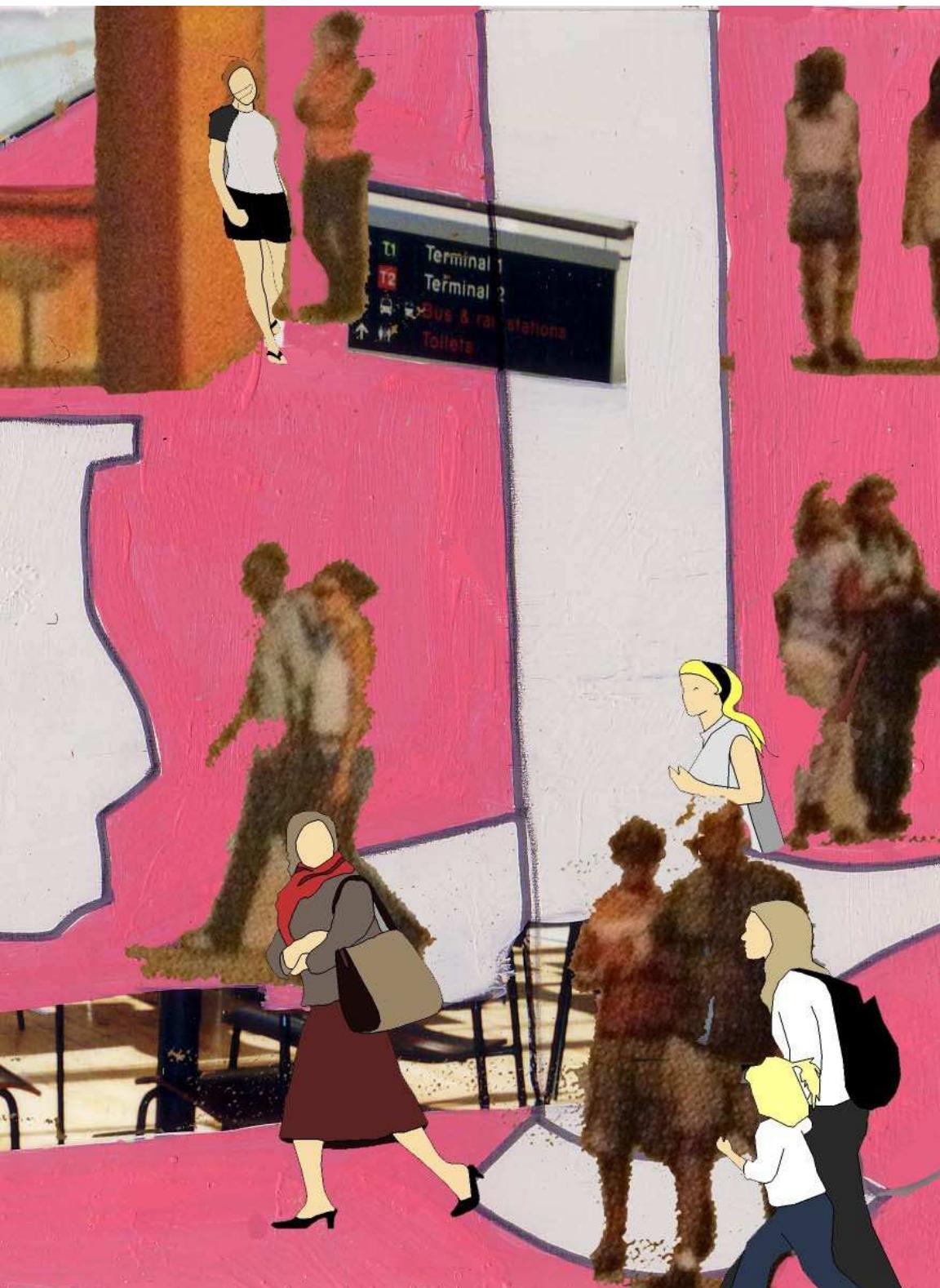












The image below is clear. The bright white tarmac is divided by small green squares, which are scattered across the surface. 5 airplanes appear on screen. 3 waiting by the terminal, 1 heading towards the terminal, 1 waiting to depart and 1 on the runway, presumably about to take off. The shadows around each white airplane are crisp and undisturbed.

As I scan across the landscape,
the light blue of a swimming pool
appears close by, amongst the
area of trees. To the left a
tennis court sits on a diagonal
to the runway, with very little
space between them.

















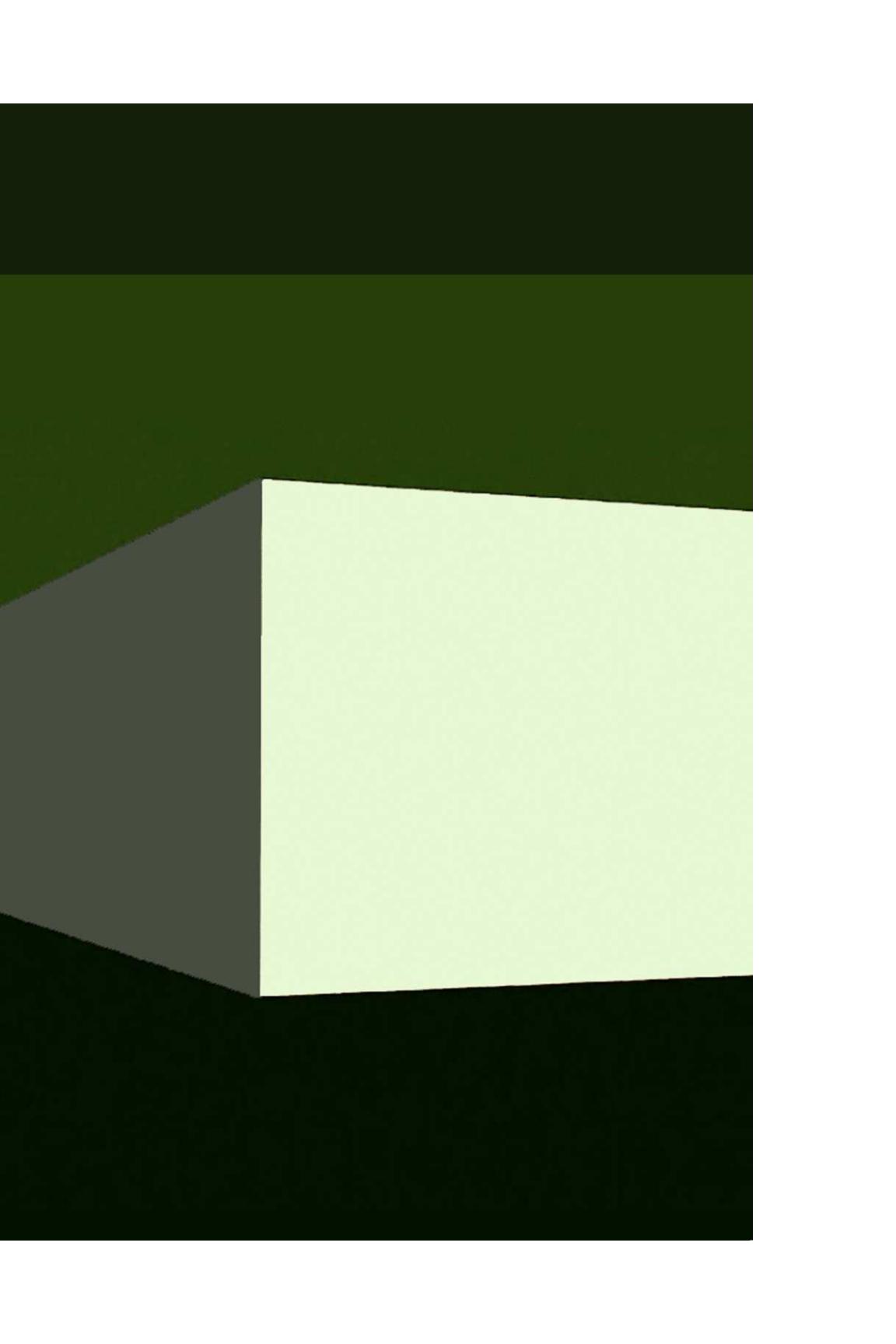
Man Airport
Man Airport

I click on the orange man to view the blue line, and see it drawn freely over 2 white triangles.

Enter the terminal. A bubble gum machine and a number of white pillars appear on the screen in-front of me. The gridded ceiling is close overhead. The silvery blue surfaces of the floor, ceiling and window flatten the space, which is empty of people.

I decide to move backwards but do not get very far. I move to the left and suddenly I am outside the terminal looking at a 3D virtual model of an airport tower. Torre de control Son Sant Joan. Four photographs of the tower taken close by are available to view.









The Toyota car sits on an orange stand. I move towards it but I am now looking at a white door, with a CCTV camera above. As I move to the left I realize I am outside, looking out towards the airport tower. The sky is a heavy grey. I am looking from behind a gridded panel of steel. As I move to the right the space opens up and I arrive at a viewing area, where people sit and stand, looking out across the apron area at the airplanes below.

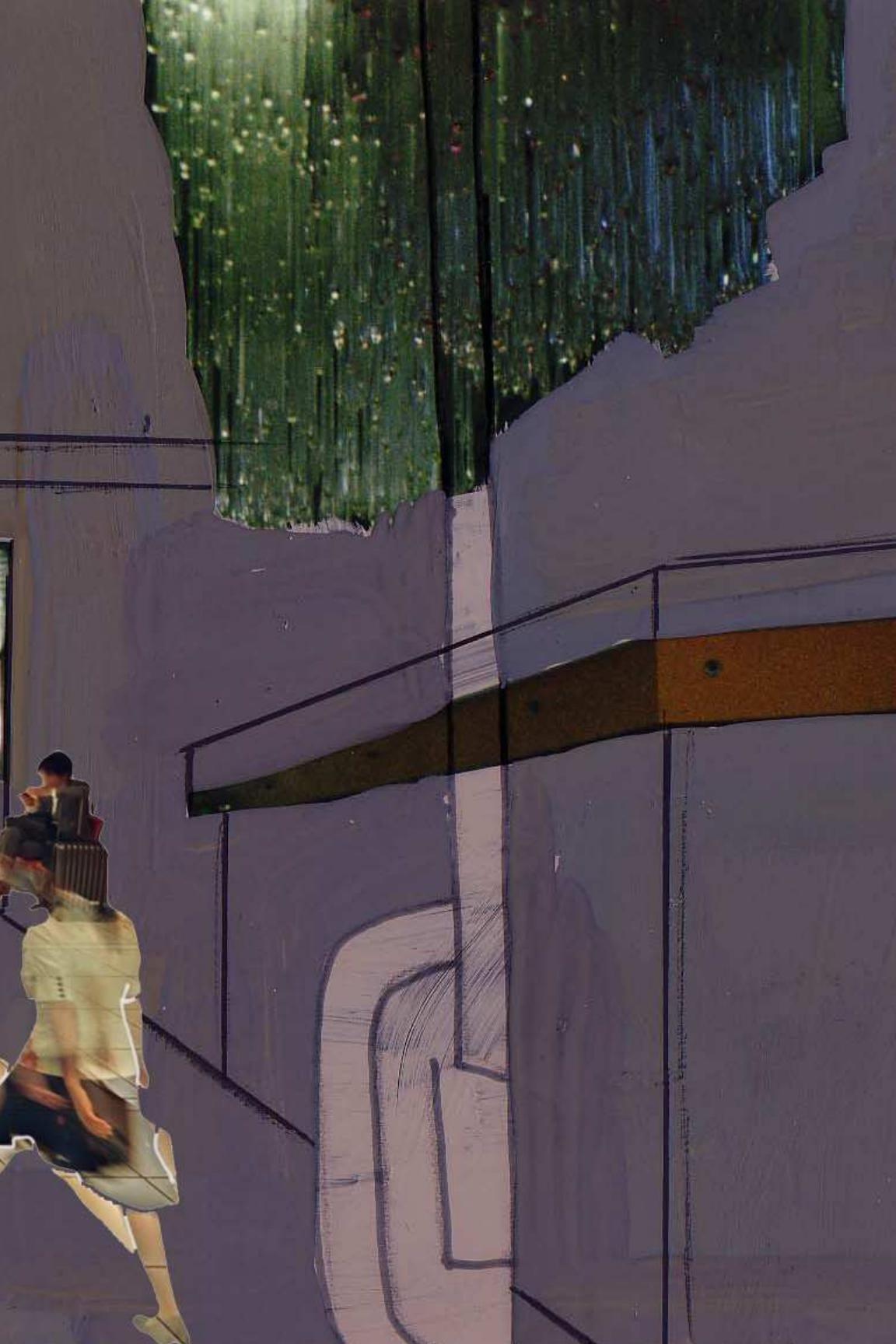
There are benches and information boards placed in-front of the view. A boy stands close to the steel framework to take a photograph. A small child stands on a circular step at the end of the viewing area and is being helped down by an adult. I can now see both the tower and the image of the tower on the information board next to me.

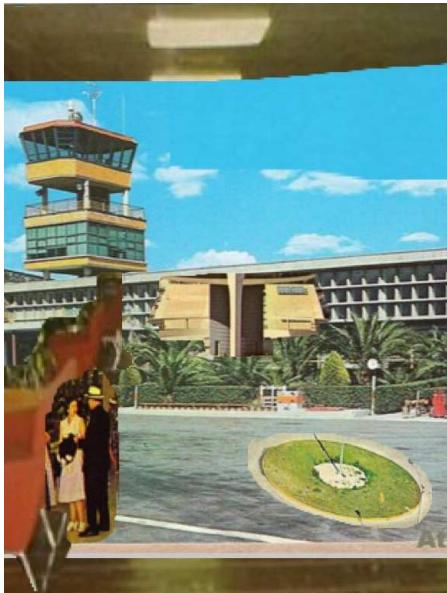
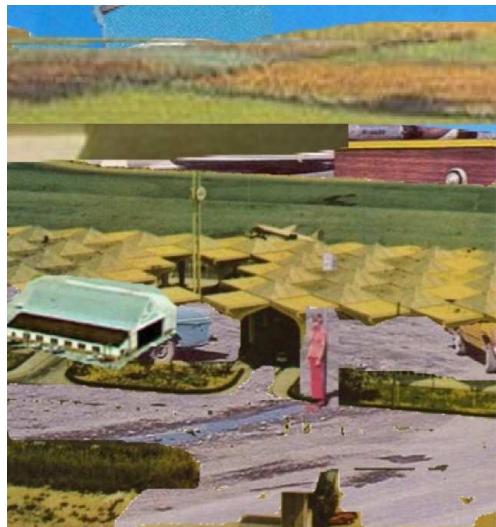
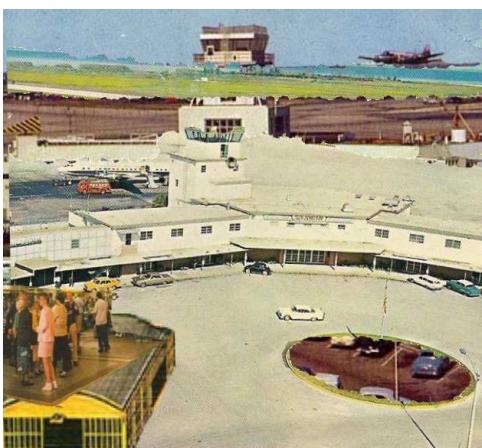




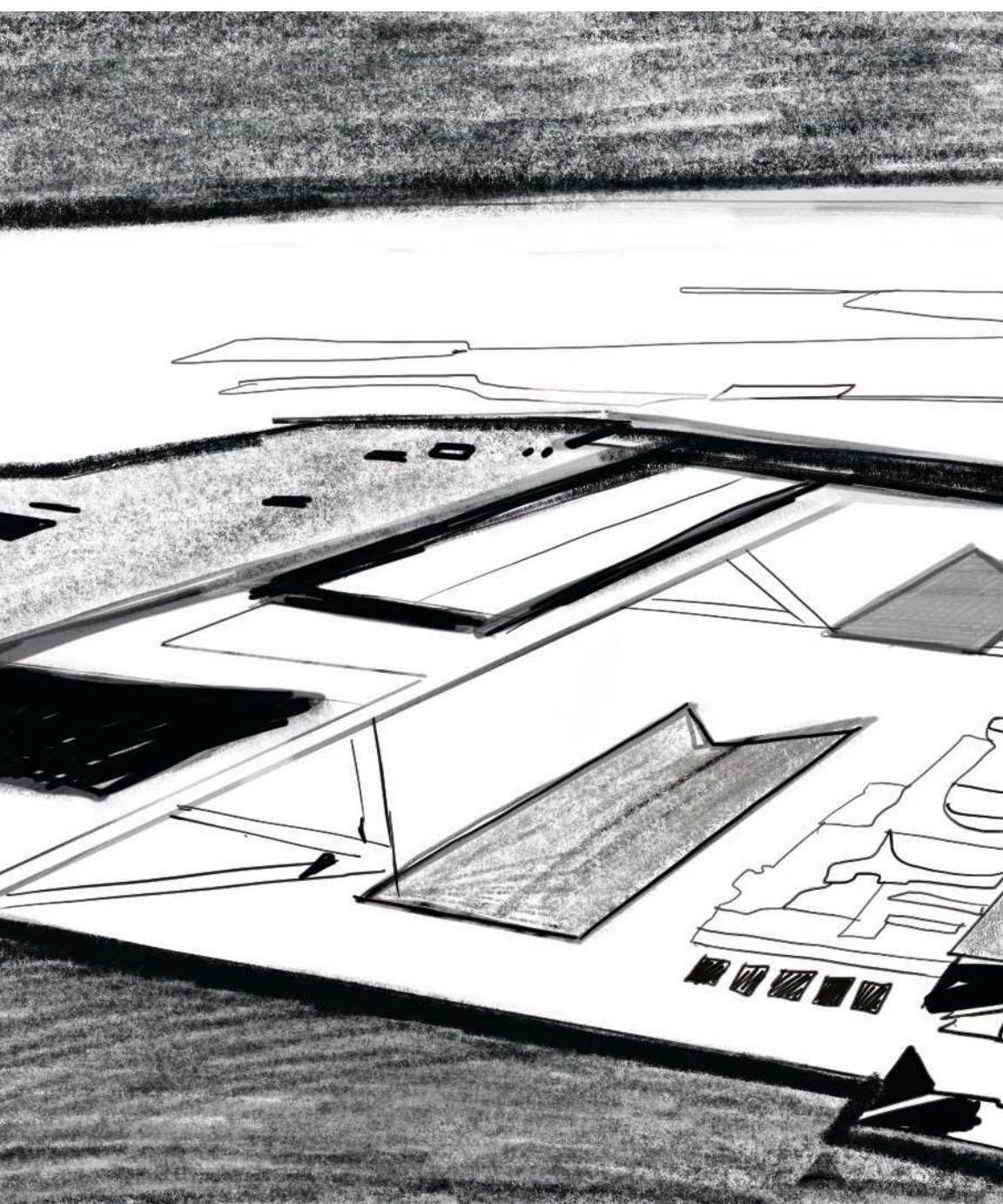
3 Terminal 3













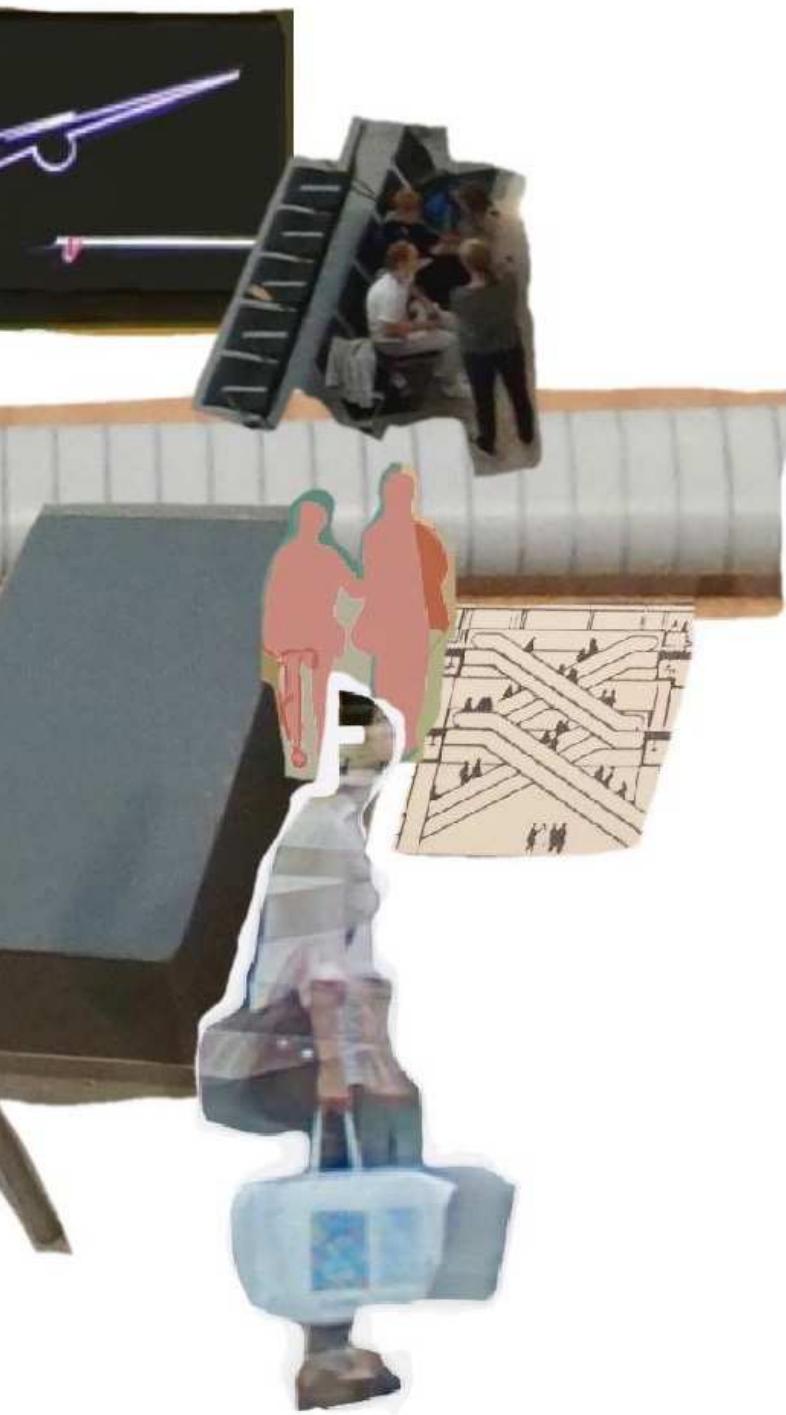




I turn back, hoping to re-enter the terminal. I retrace my steps and arrive back inside, where a row of market stalls appear, selling food and other things I cannot recognize. I move towards the exit, where a sign for a bus appears in-front of a zebra crossing. As I try to cross I am pushed back into a different space, looking down onto a turquoise walkway.

A painted yellow stripe runs down the middle of the space. A man in a black jacket and brown trousers is in the distance and looks like he is about to go out of view. I try and catch him up but I cannot reach the end. All I can seem to do is move backwards or sideways. I decide to turn back and I arrive at ANA airlines check-in desks where much of the space has been blurred out. Towards the left Shopping Avenue is clear.



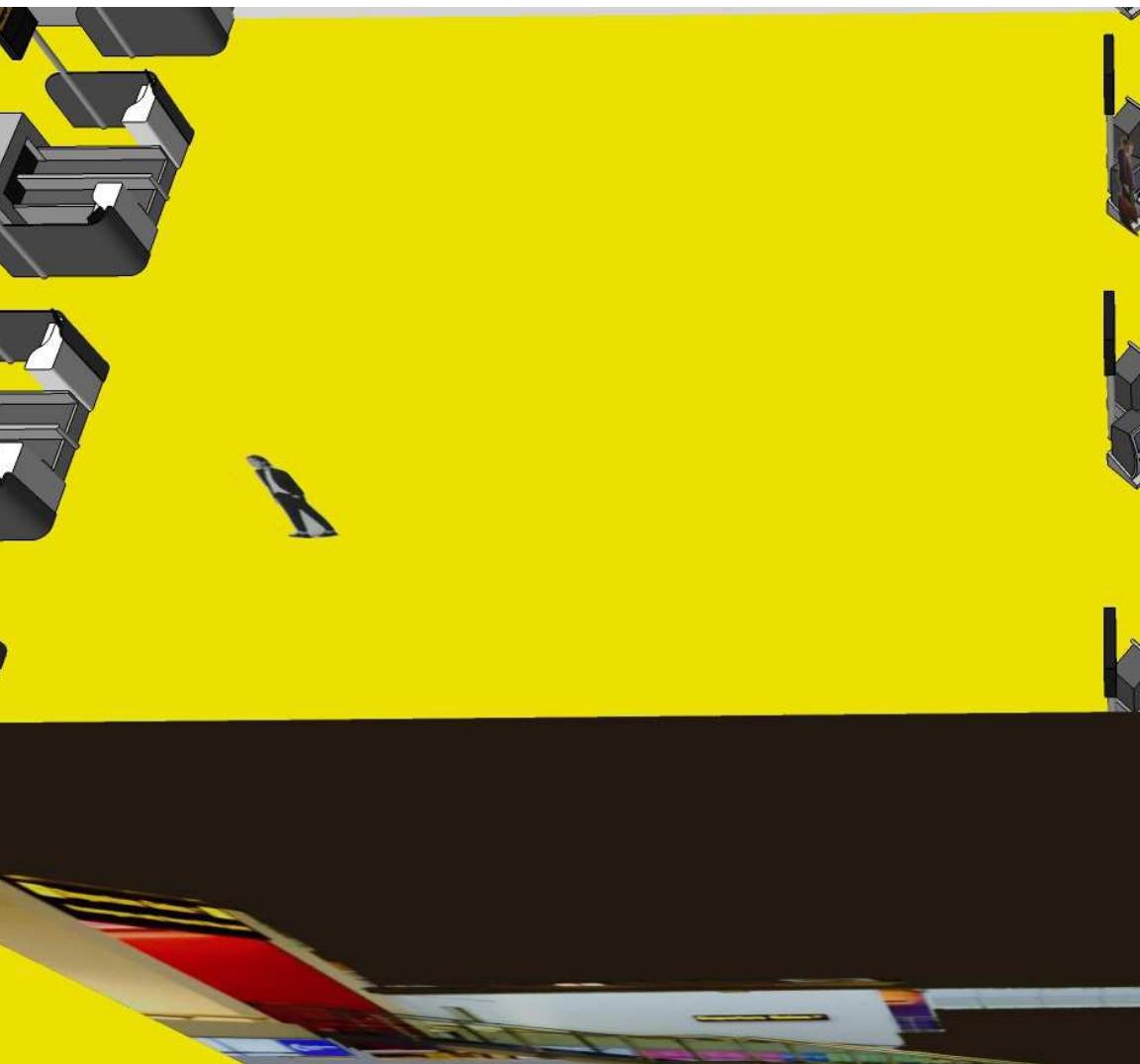


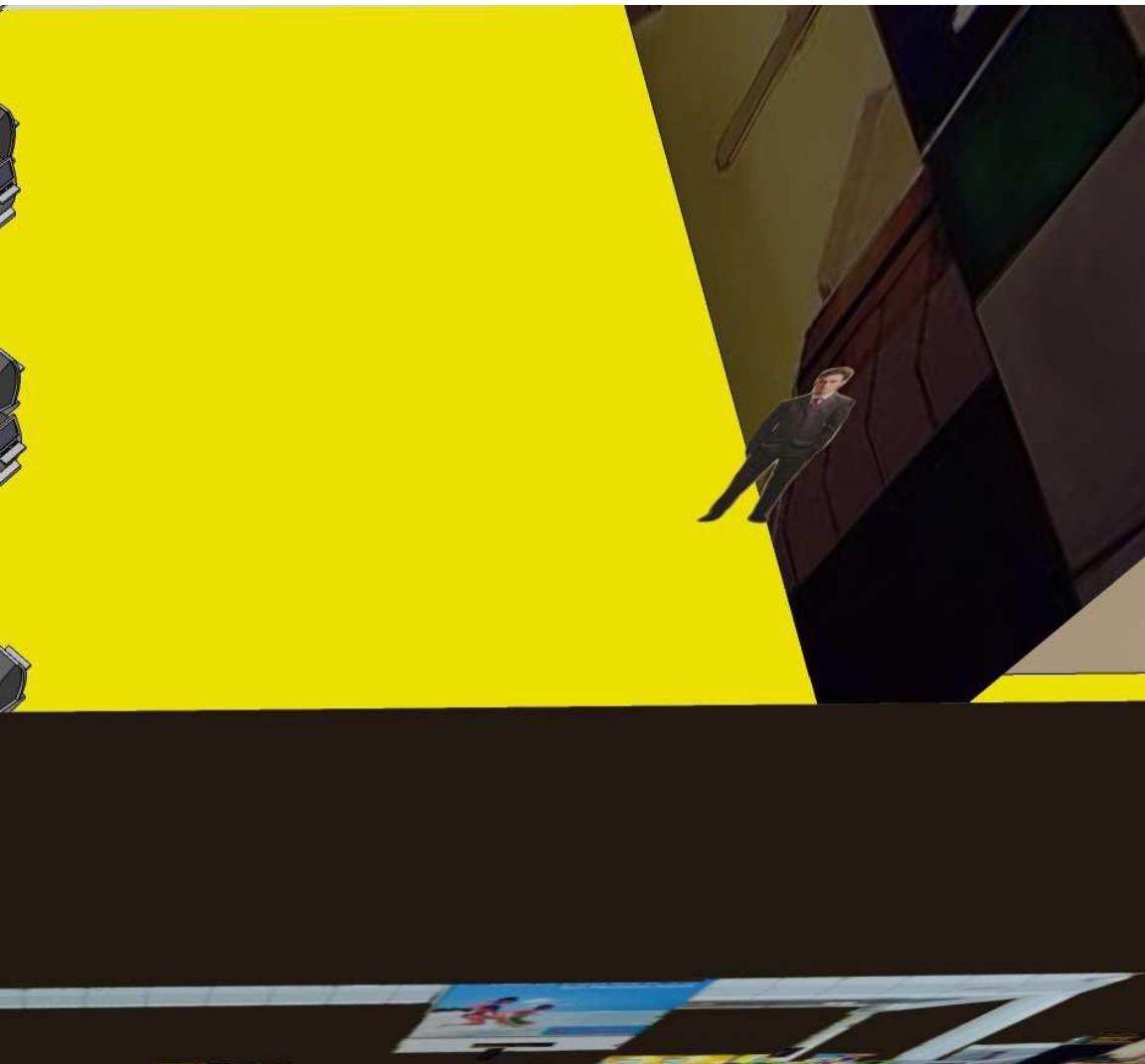






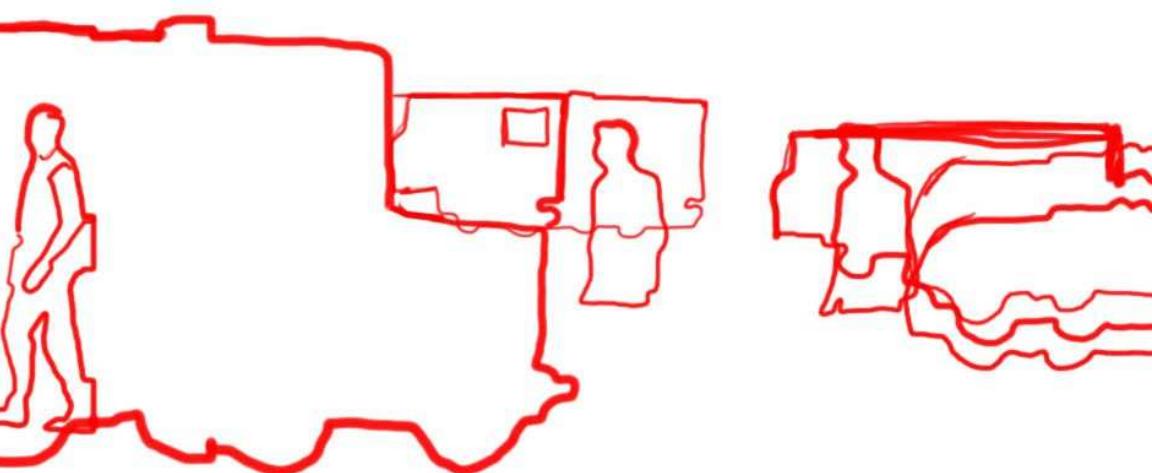


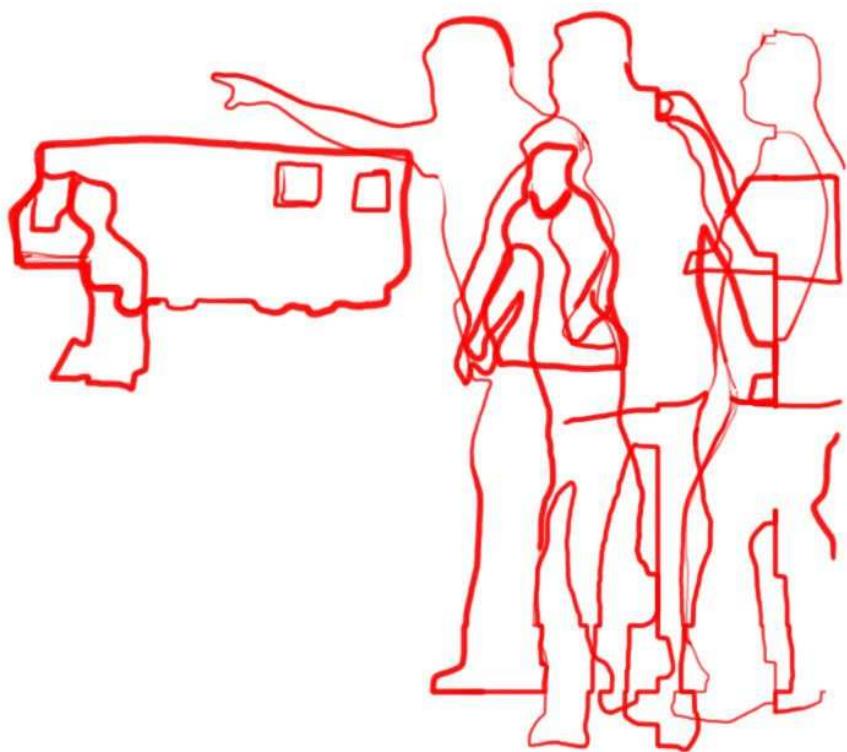
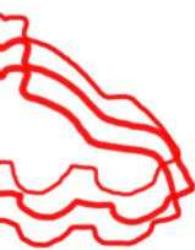


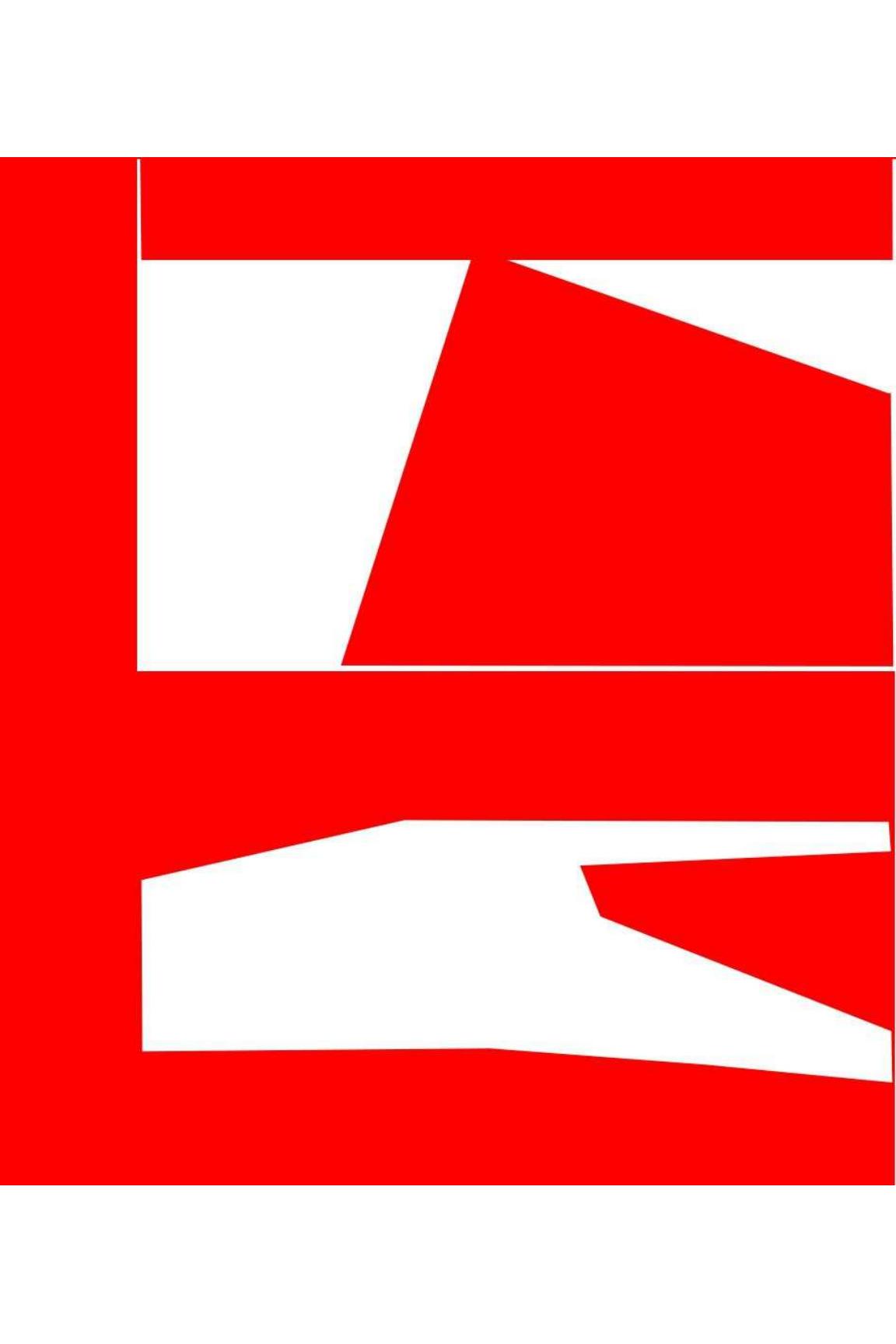


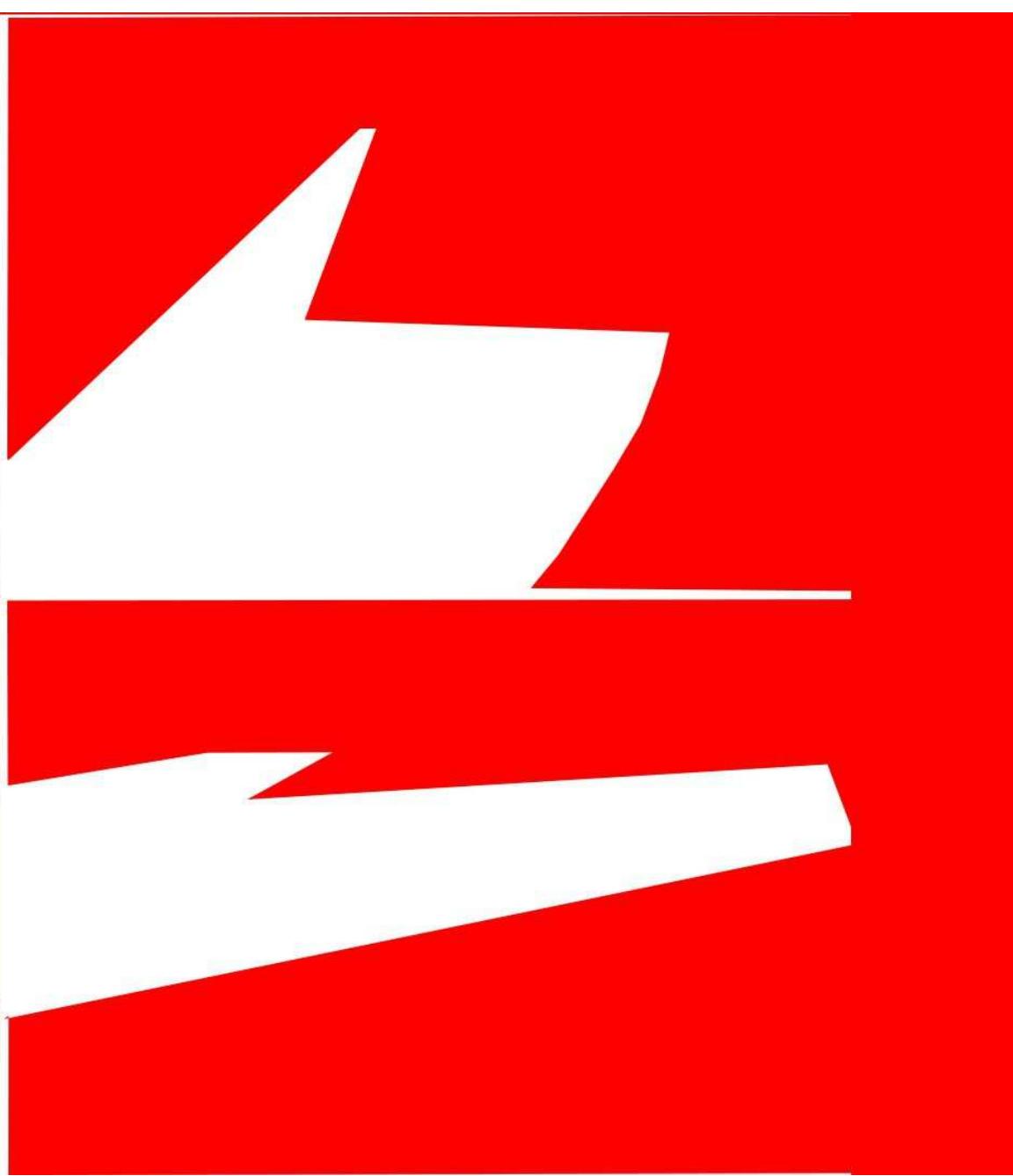
I arrive at a sign for Gates 01 to 24. Rows of dark red leather seats divide the grey interior. I move towards a woman with grey hair wearing lime green. Her wheelchair is positioned on the end of a row of red seats. As I get closer both her face and feet are blurred. The back of the woman stood in front of her is much clearer.

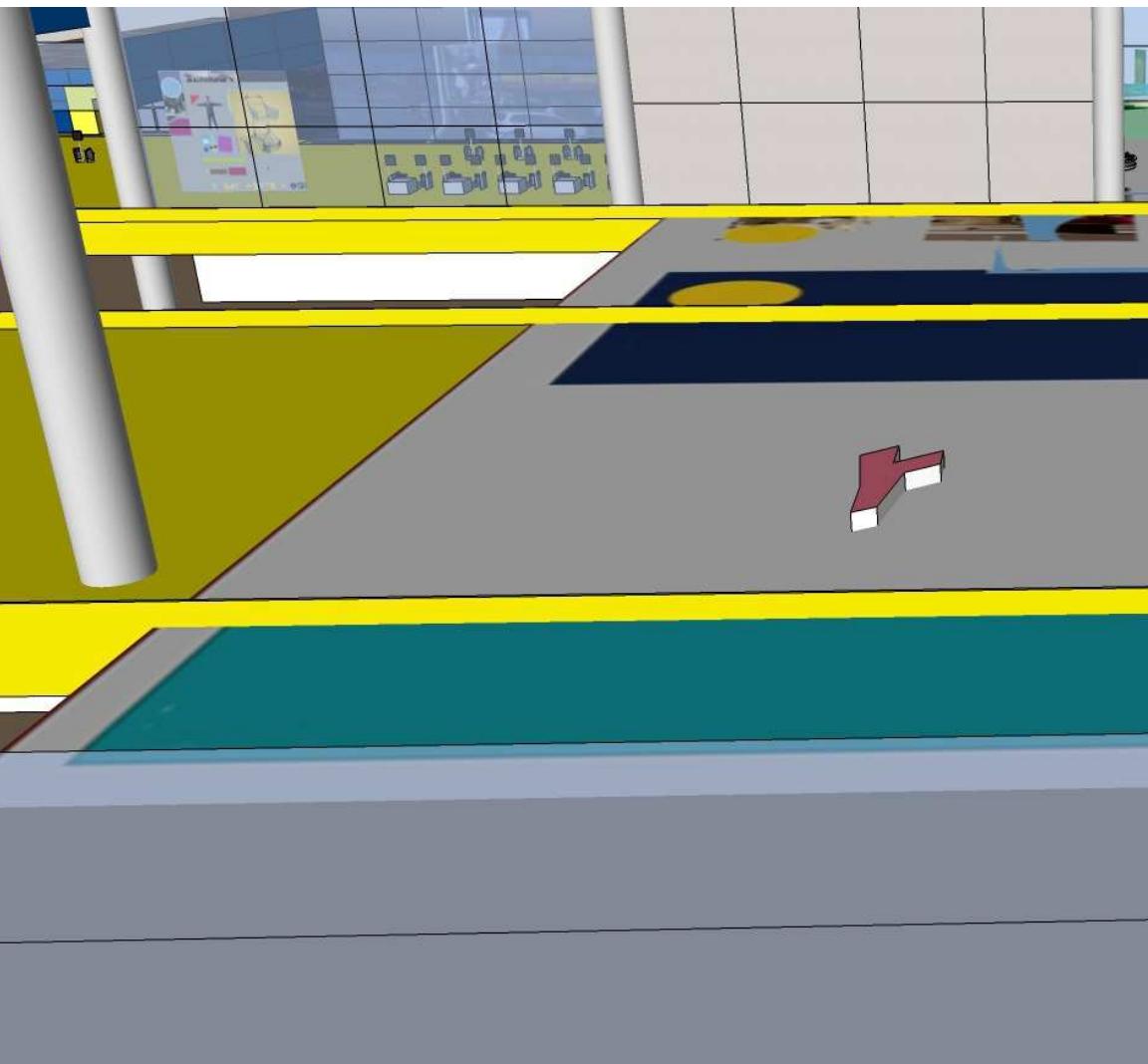
I move past and the space becomes busy with people. A man and woman face the opposite direction to most, looking up at something, which I imagine is a flight departures screen. I continue following the arrow to Gates 01 to 20. A clock appears above, it is 10.39 in the morning. The light from outside reflects on the surfaces of floors and pillars. Magical Prices. Save 40%.



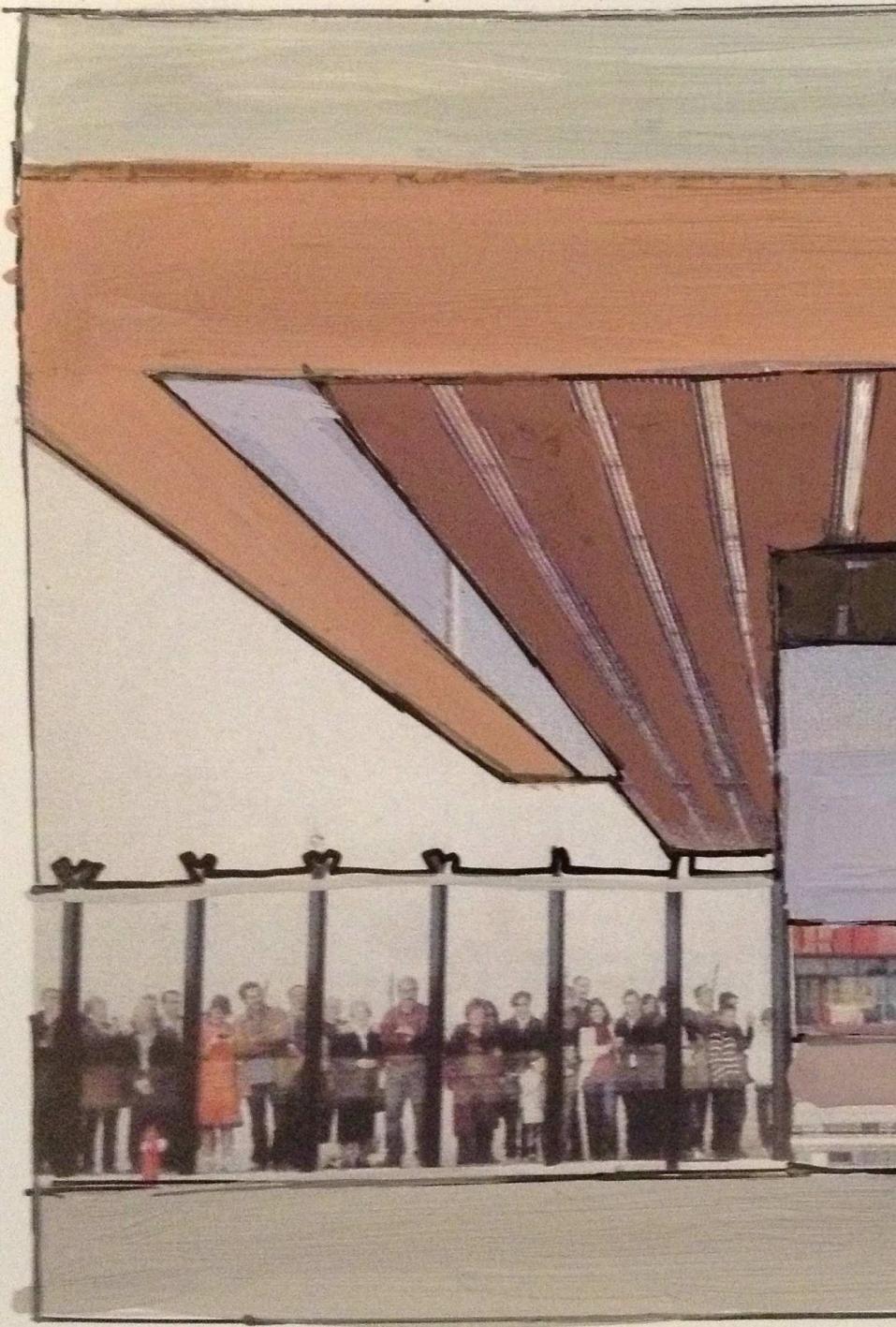














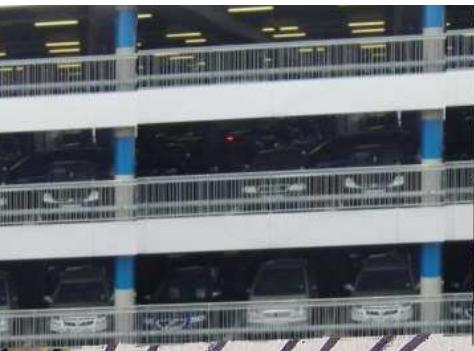








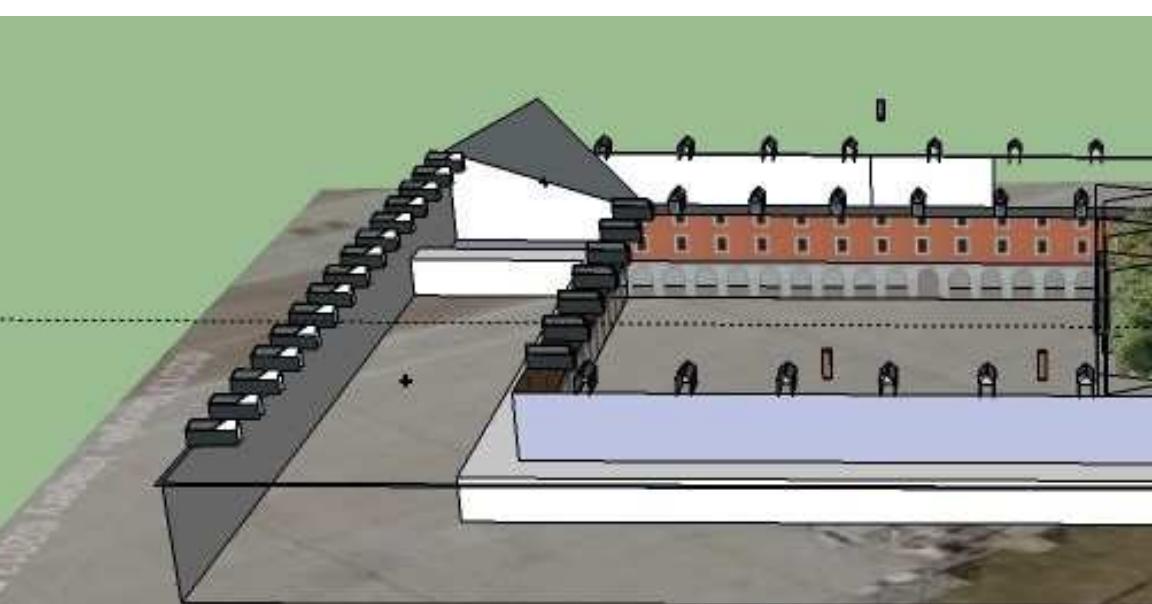


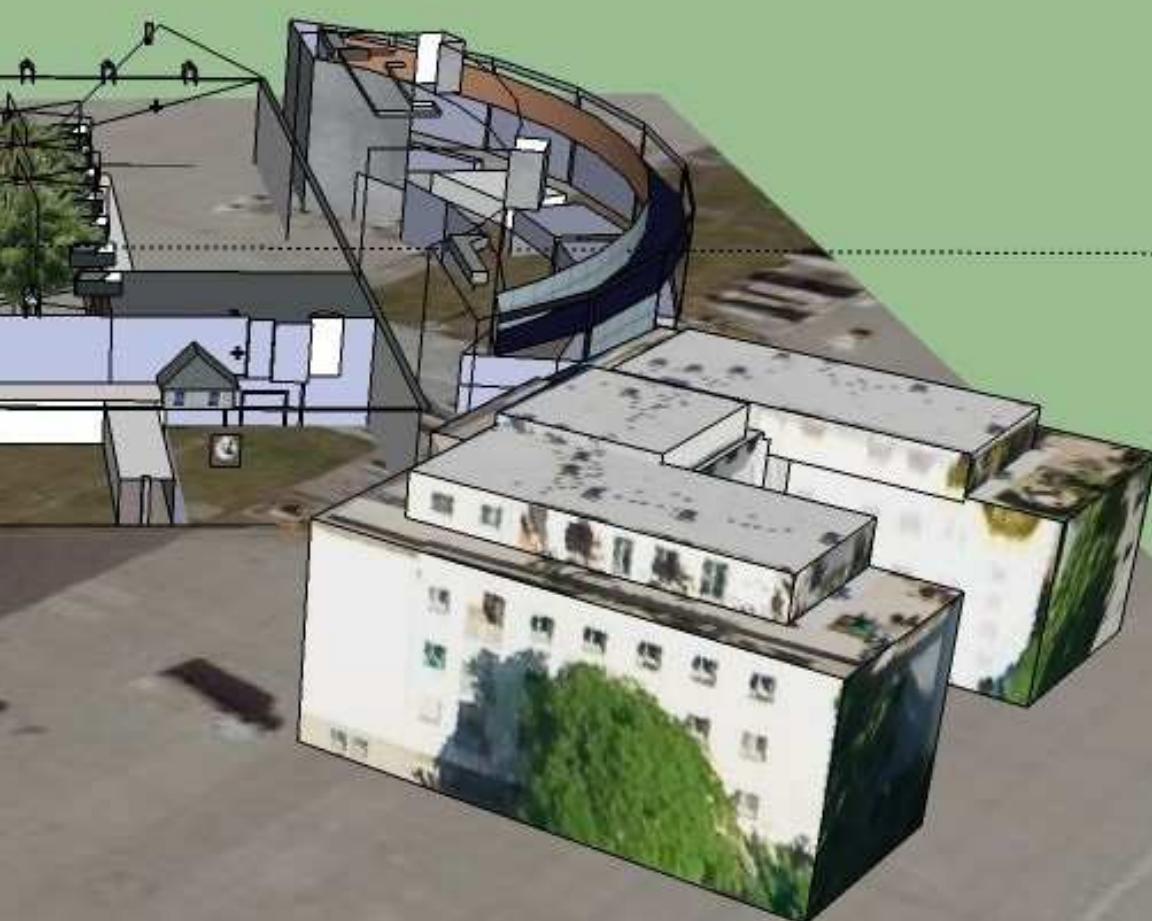




COSMETICS



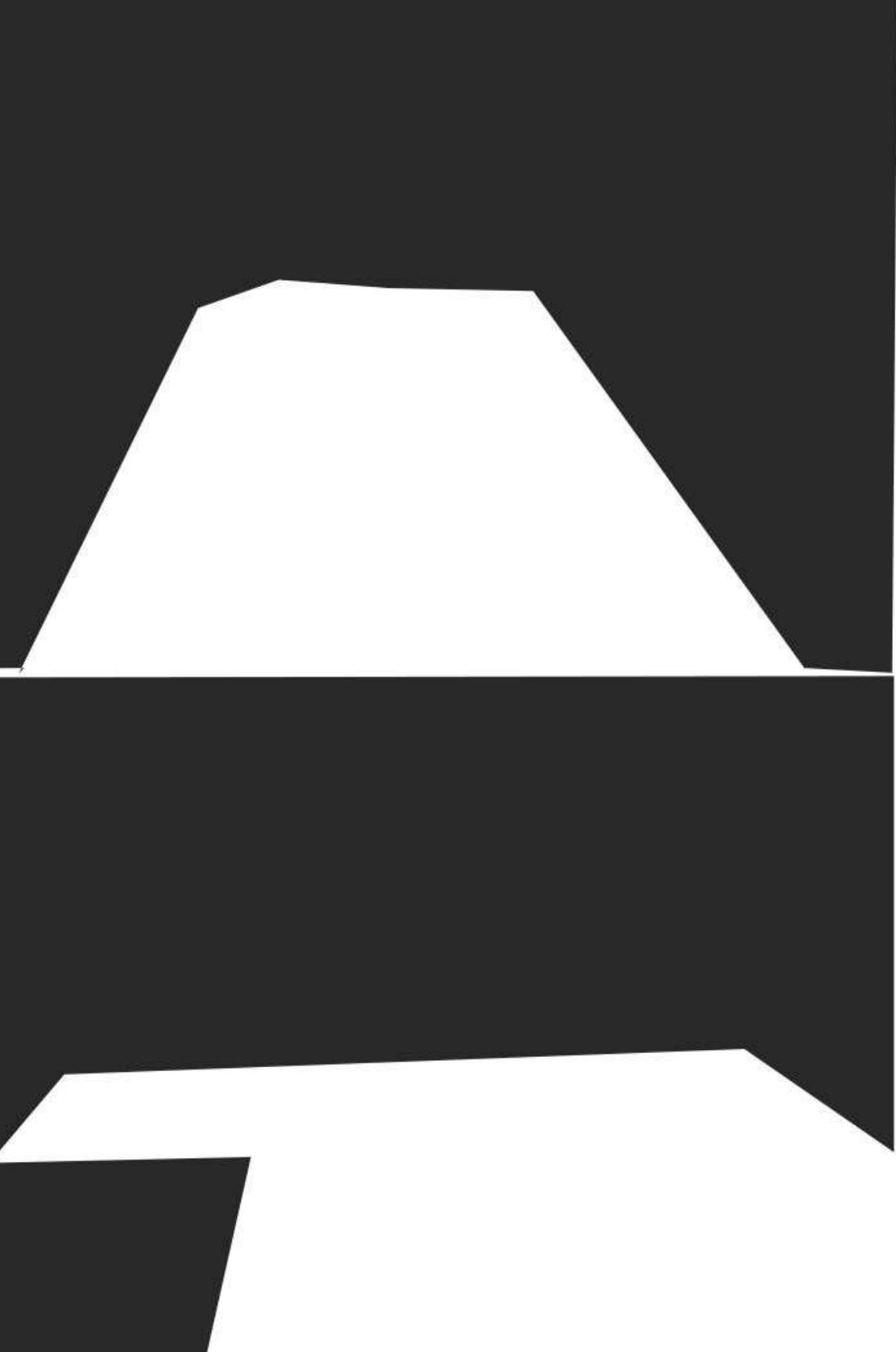




Departures. (South Wing).

The sign indicates I am at the Security Check desks. A blurred rectangle stretches out to the right, until the space clears again and I enter the Market Place by the escalator.

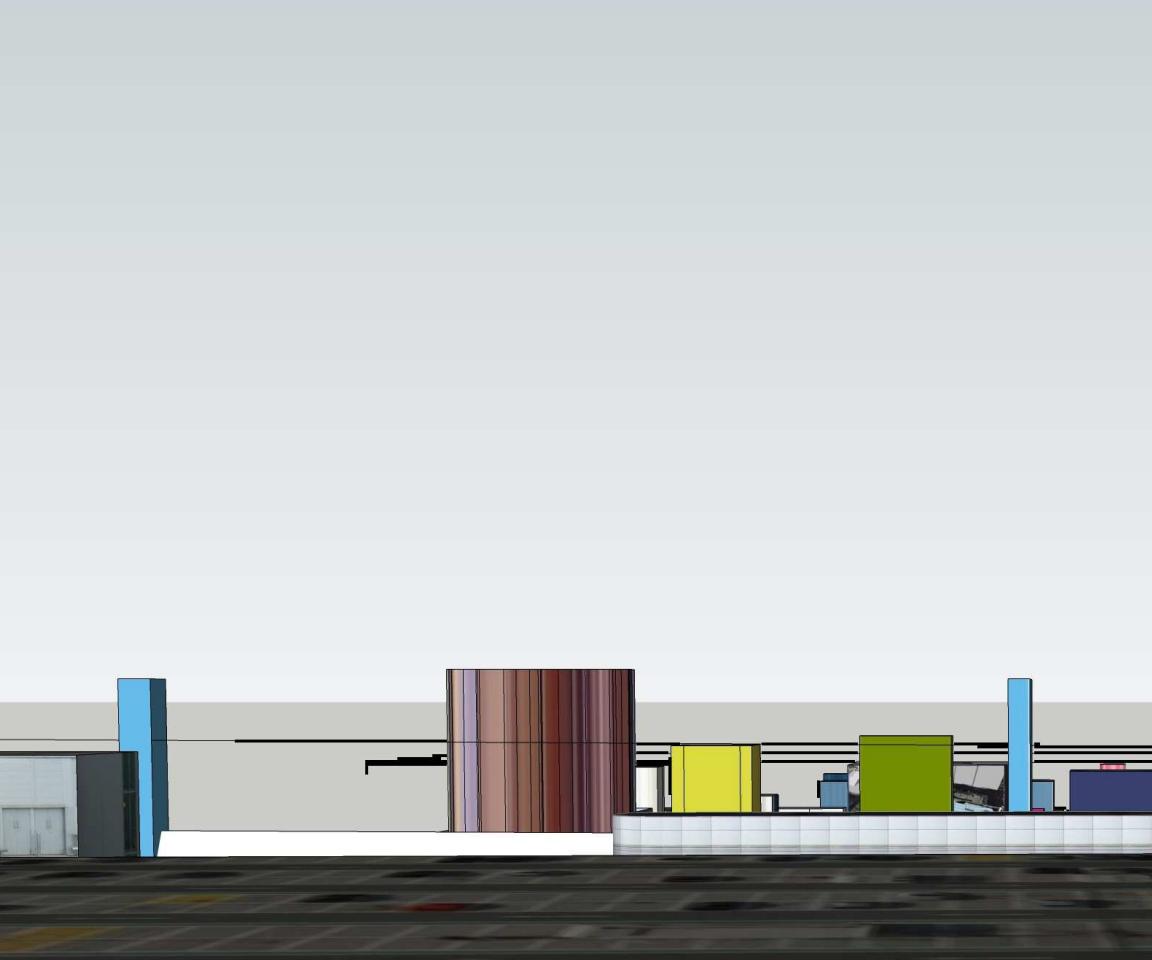
The sign for Departures (North Wing) is overhead. A symbol of a green man with a green case on wheels stands below the arrow indicating the direction to take. I move forward into what seems to have become a large department store, although a path and signs above still keep directing me through the centre of the space.



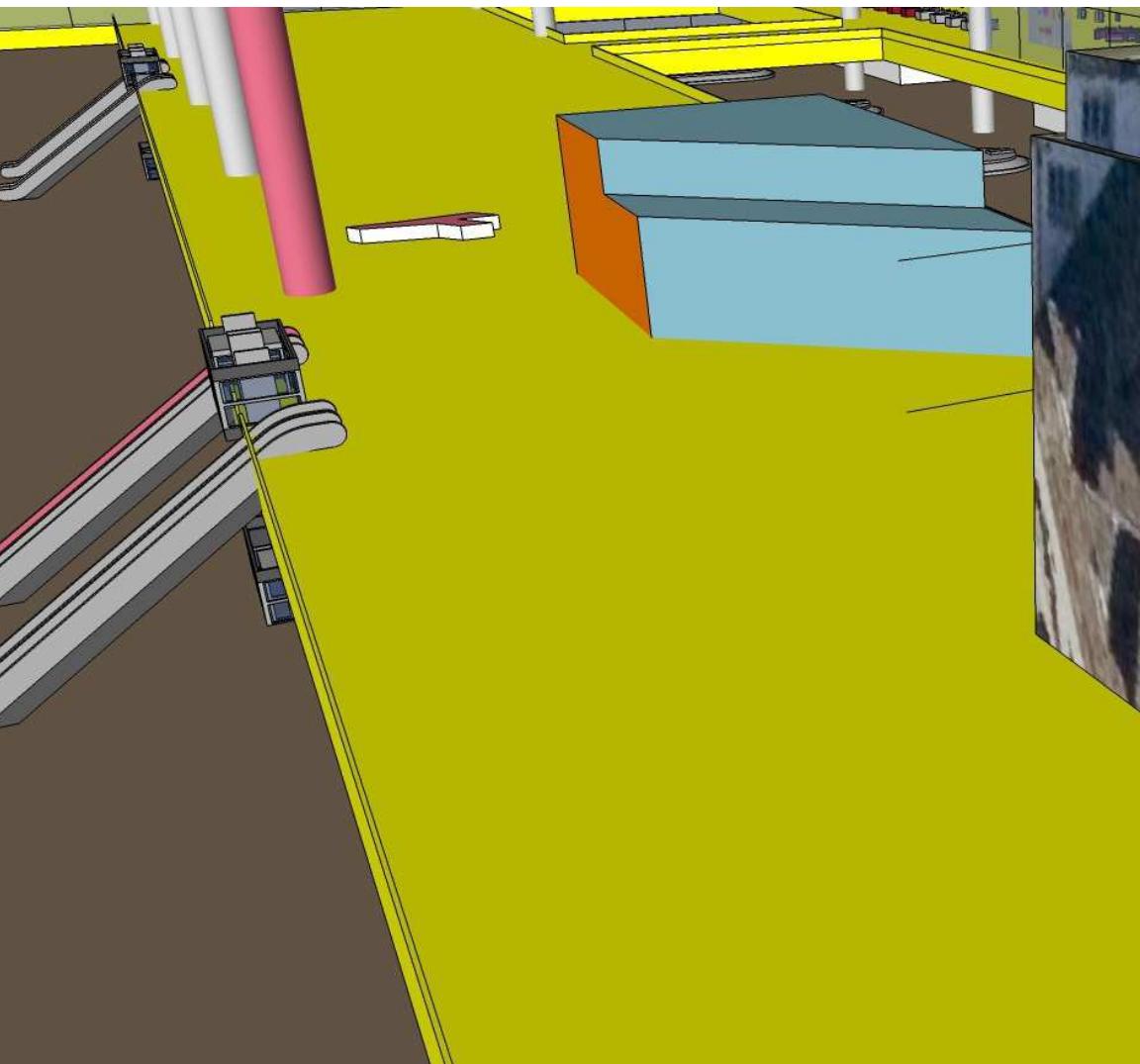


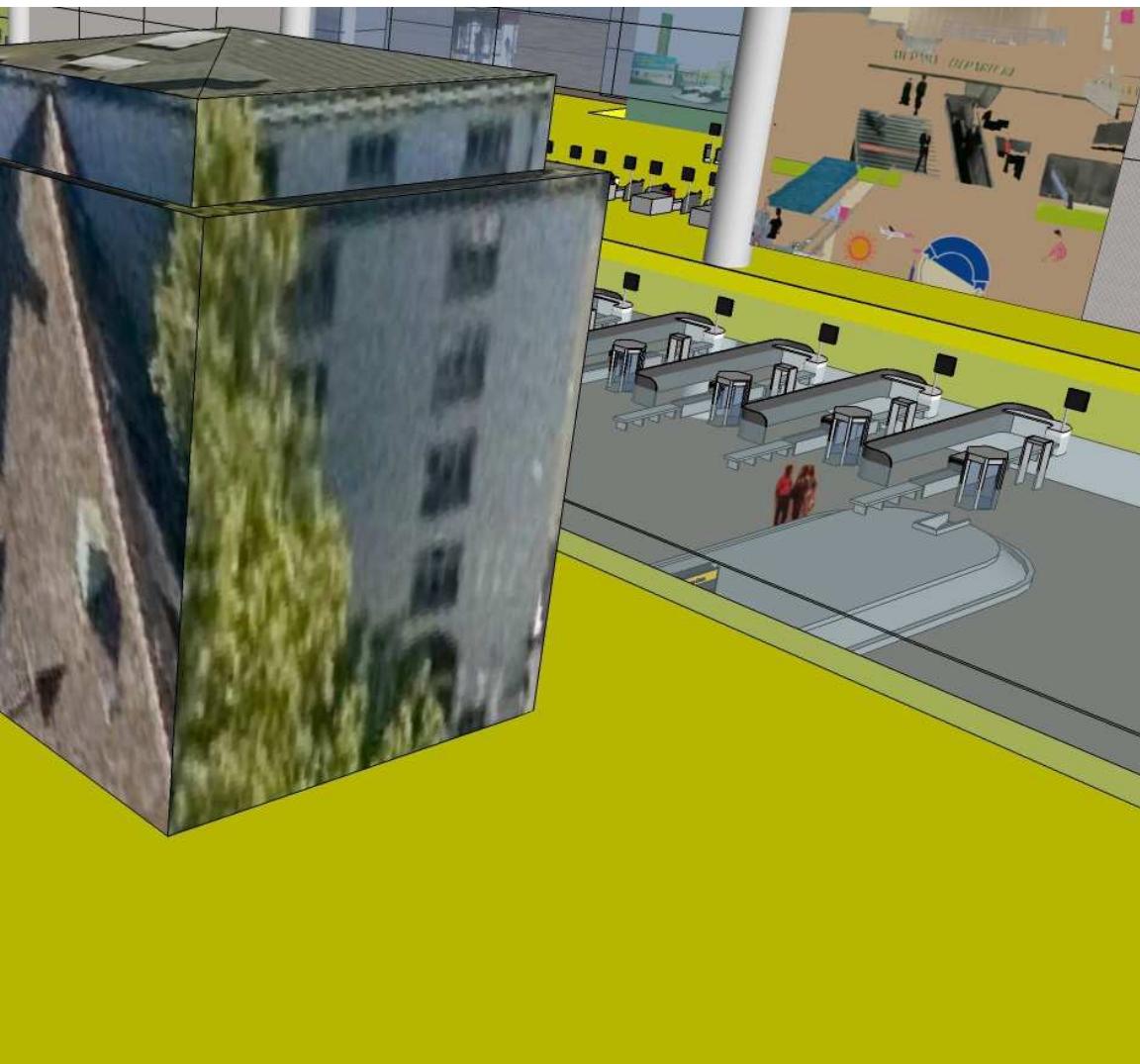


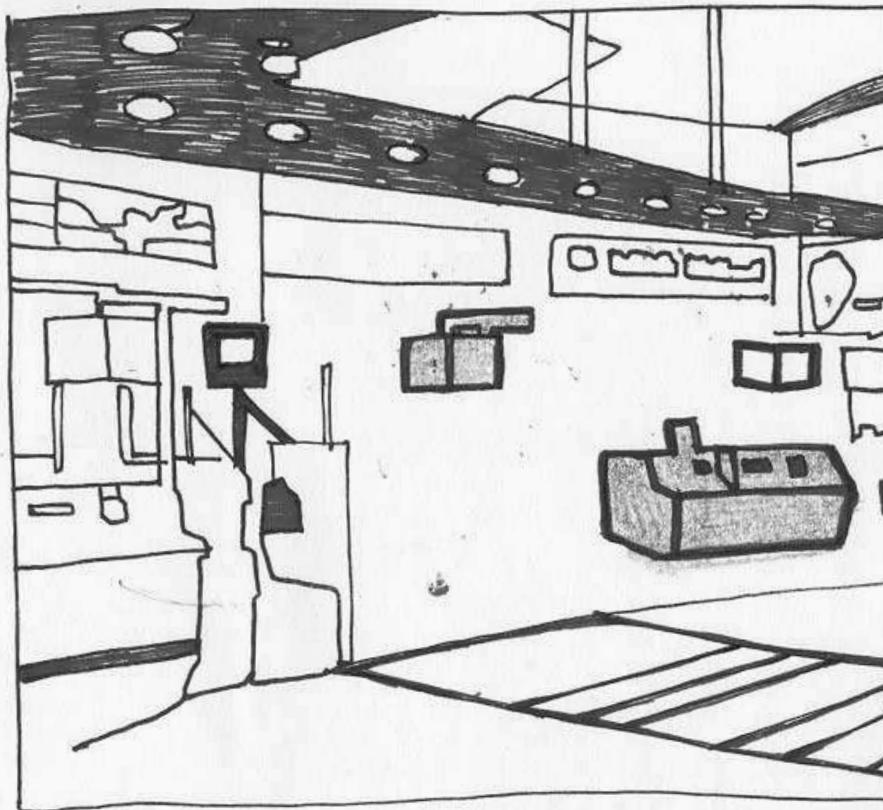




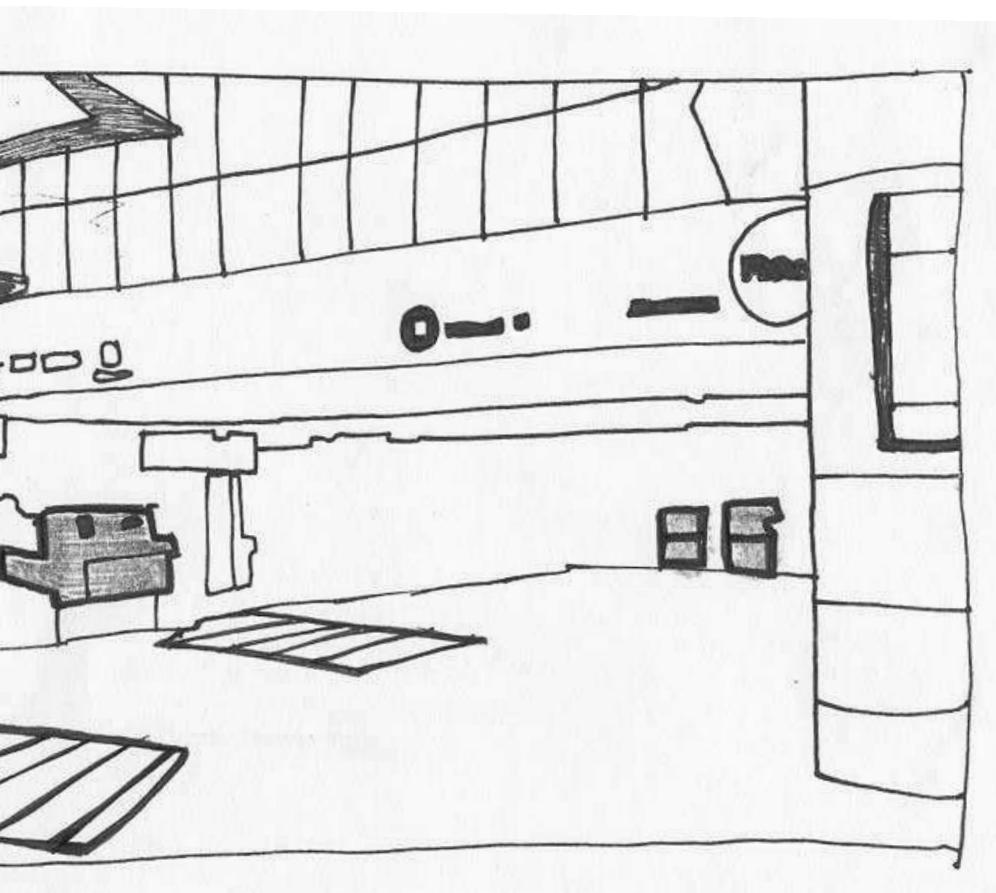


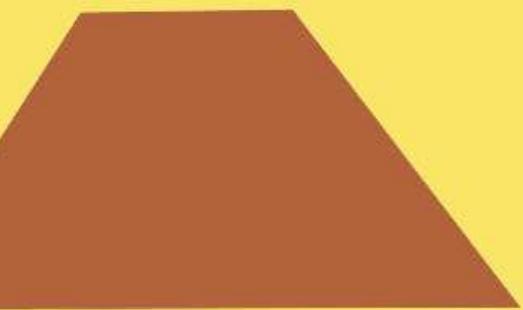




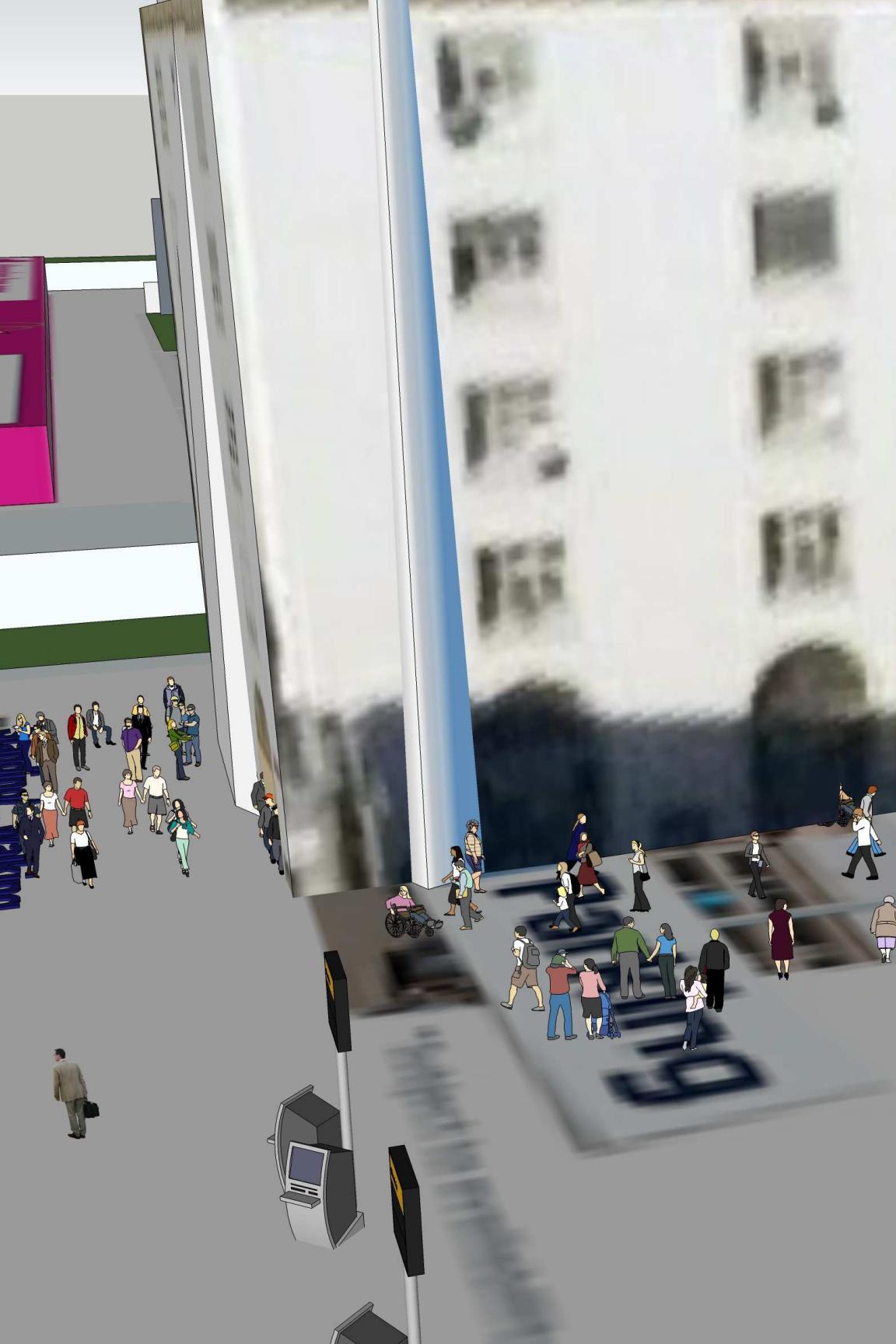


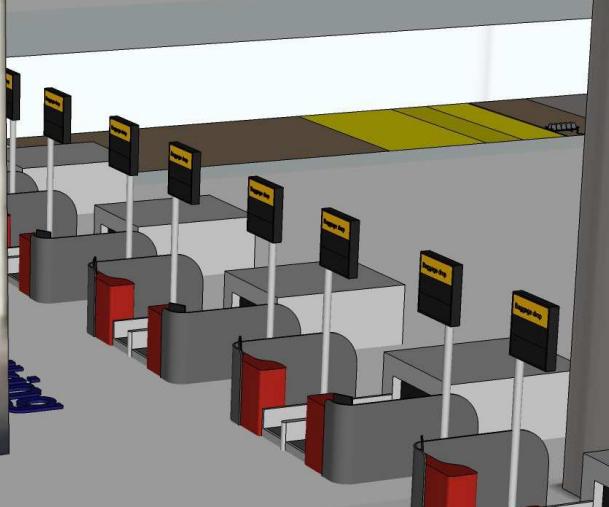
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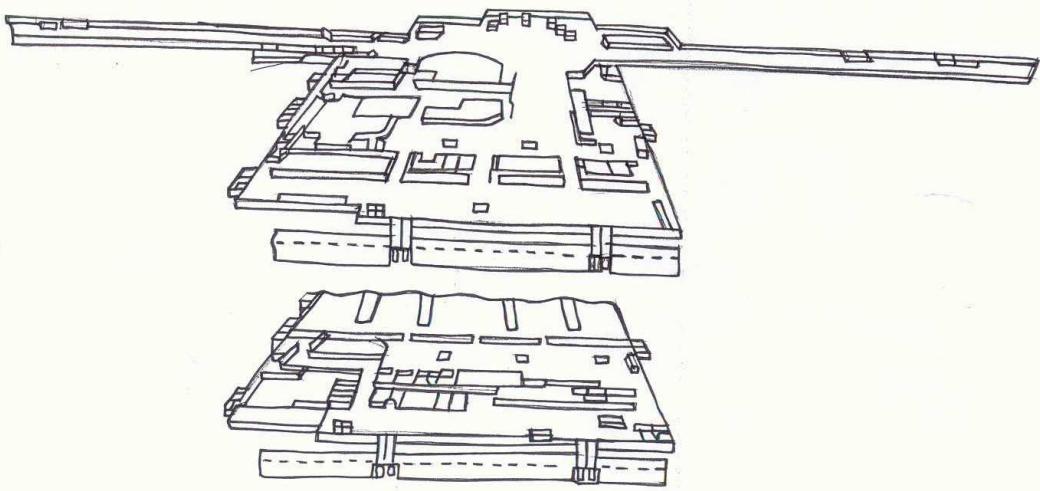
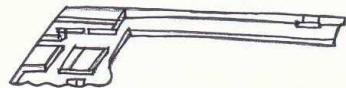
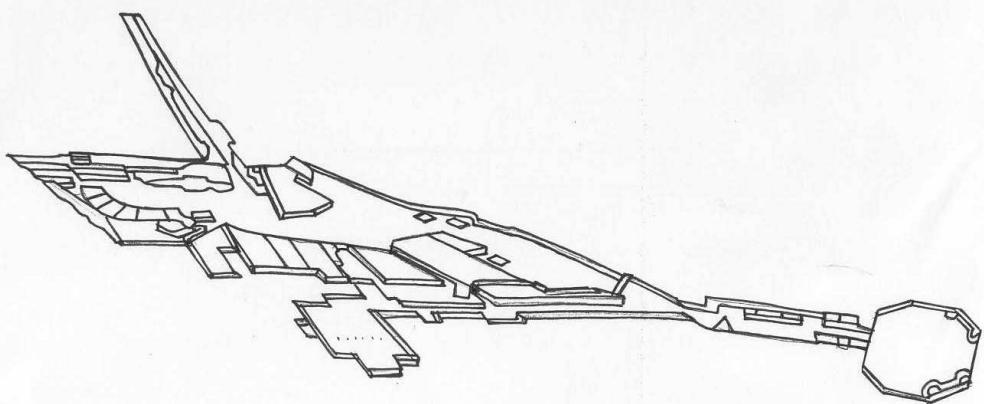


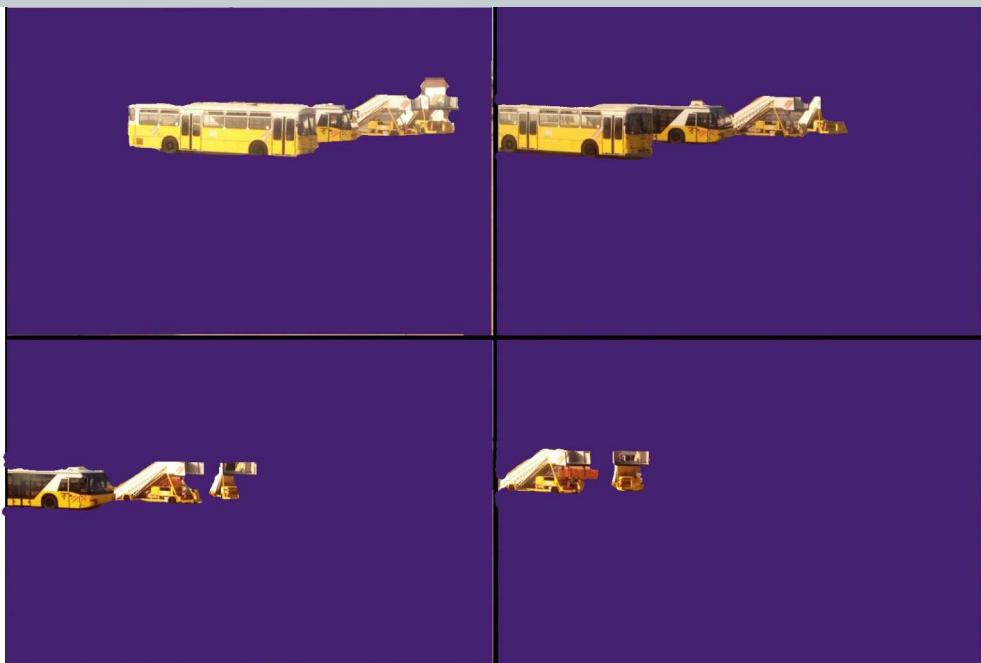
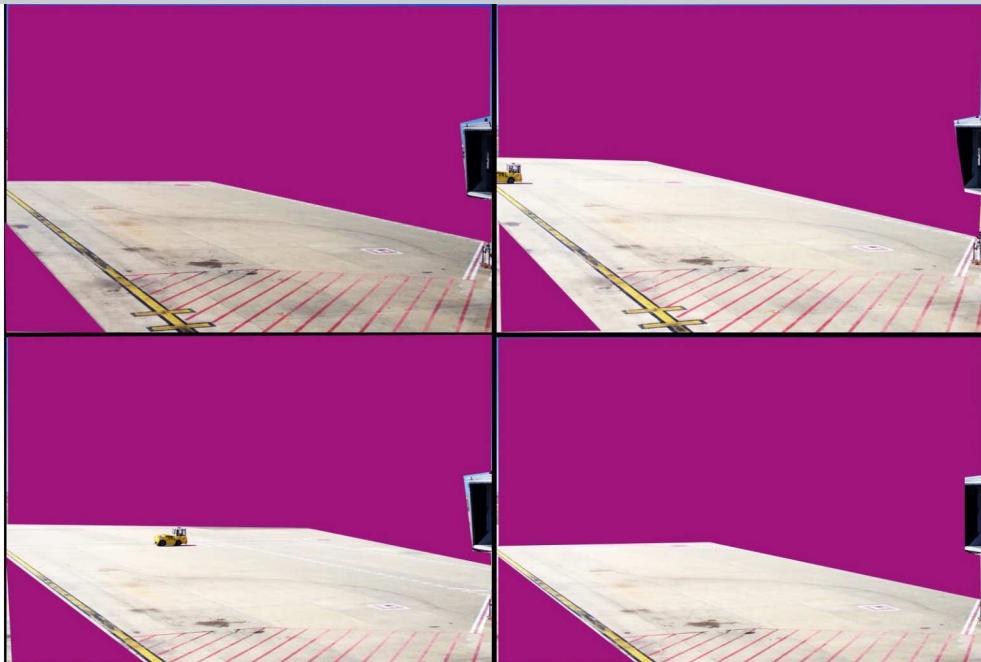


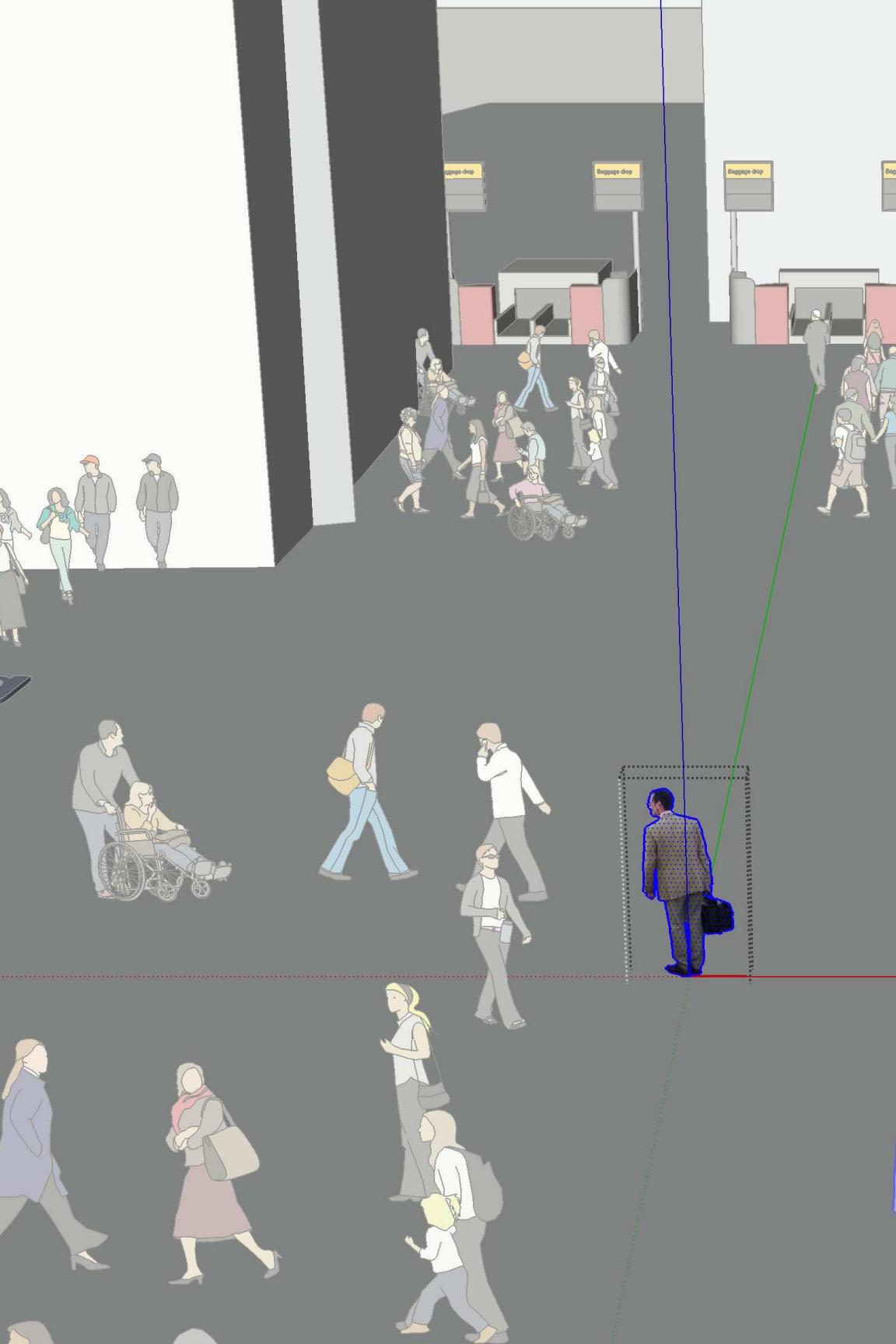


















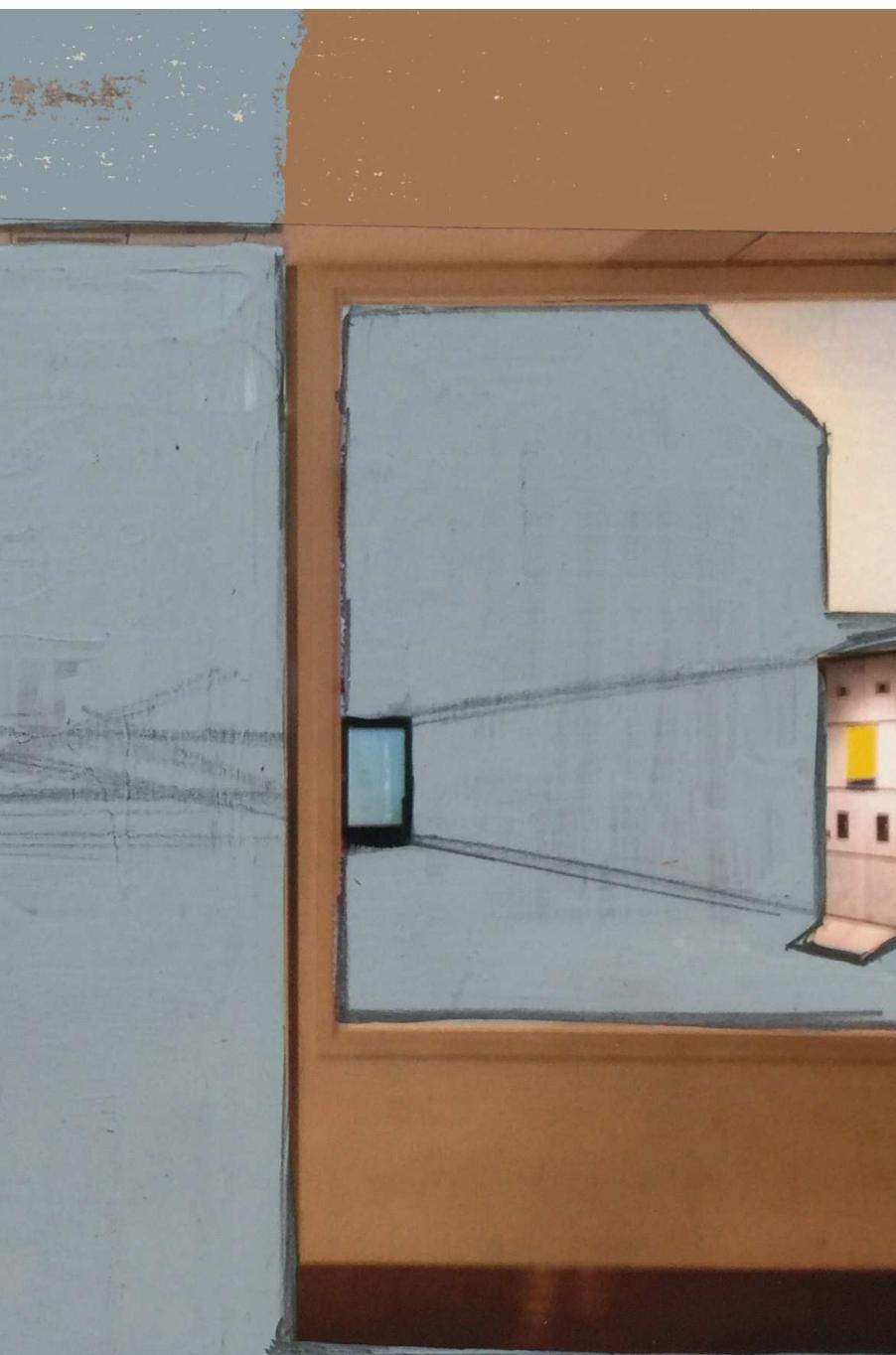
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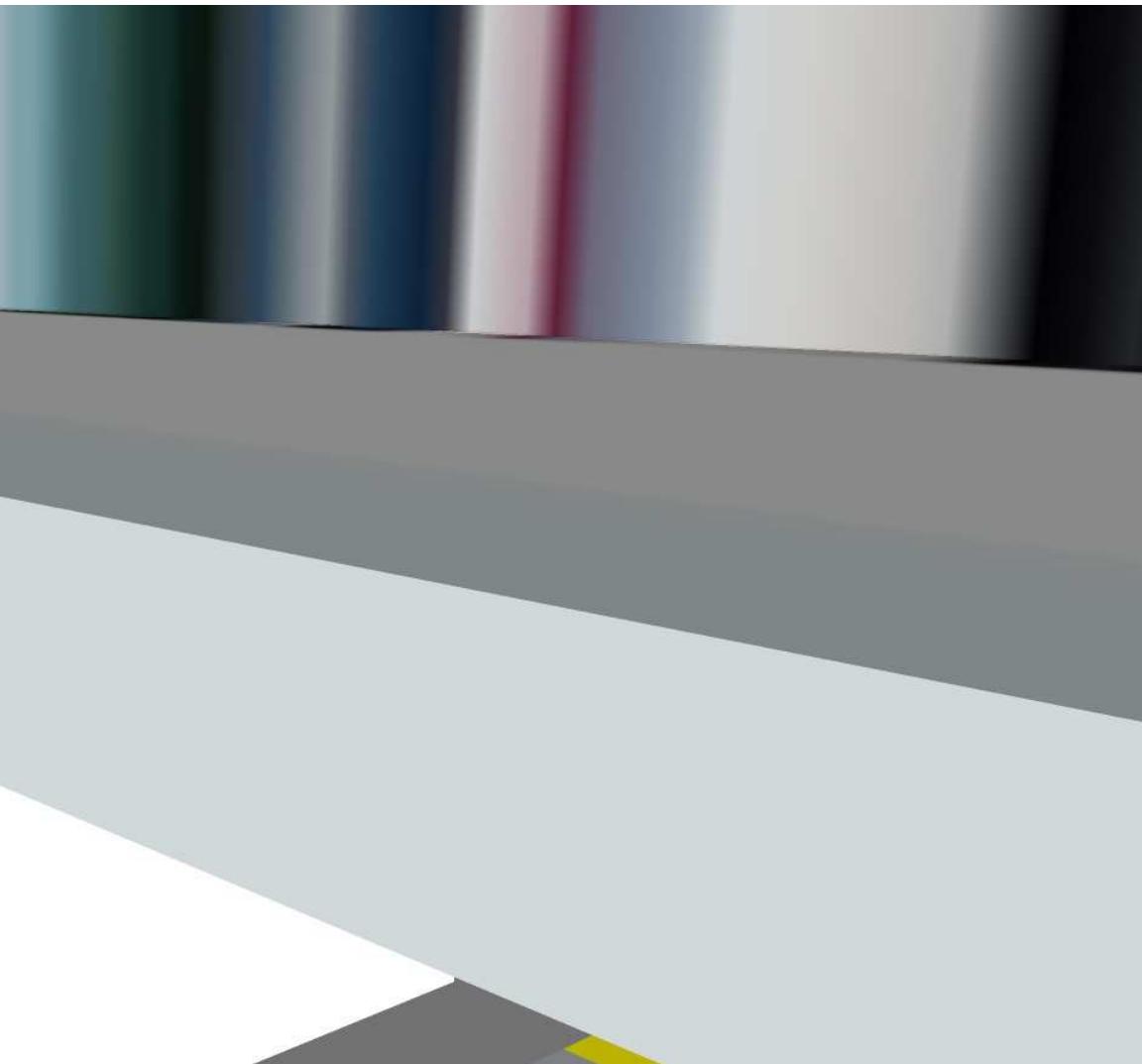
Car park 2000















The sign above now shows the green man has become a yellow man, now with a briefcase, shaking the hand of another man. Next to them there is a symbol of a plane landing. The arrow points right towards arrivals. I move to the right following the sign, but get pushed back to face a shop selling sweets, where a man in a black bowler hat stands behind the counter.

I double click on his hat to get
closer, but I enter a new space.
Still in the Market Place I
attempt to get back to Star
Sweets, but have lost my way.





