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COD's Mac Lab: Giving Life to a Space

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COD's Mac Lab: Giving Life to a Space

Tick, tock. Tick, tock. The perpetual ticking of the clock above the entrance seems to embrace every student that enters the Mac Lab, tucked away to the side of a discrete community college. Its function is simple, provide tools for students to complete their assignments and studies – within comfortable reach to the classes that those same students endure. Though not a living entity, it seems to breathe and maintain itself as if a self-maintaining and rational being. No utility is left unused, nor broken, a simple existence, one that accepts its reliability with no real desire to be acknowledged.

Tick. As though on cue, the adjacent classroom roars in a cacophony of boisterous claps and cheers – a sound that the voice acting class within has seemingly imprinted into the very walls themselves. Wafts of early morning coffee and bagels still linger throughout the hallways that leak into the Lab, the usual suspect peeps into the Lab. A young pale girl, with ginger hair frosted with faded violet highlights, carrying her cup of coffee that which radiates warmth and comfort until gently placed onto the wood table, falling to a chair, and beginning her work. The lingering buzz of an idle color printer provides a comfortable silence, the clicking of keys on a keyboard and gentle conversations between various students adds to the pool of cozy white noise. The Lab seems to sigh in relief.

Tock. Suddenly, the white noise dissipates like fog, a clustered and energetic group of students flood out the adjacent classroom, with a heterogenous handful of students. A larger tomato-tinted man with an unkempt beard, wrapped in a blue and black flannel. A short girl whose jet-black hair seems to selfishly take up the face where her Almond colored face should be, desperately grasping her textbook. Every other face seems to melt into the pack, with few stragglers wandering behind. Ambitiously, students begin to fill up that same classroom and begin to contribute to the silence that was once impossible to find in such a busy hall. Now, they begin to spill into the Mac lab, evolving that same printer buzz into a deafening whirring of papers being ejected out for the loafing students who form a line.

Print after print, the Lab begins to fill with the aroma of printer toner and ink. A man with his hair tied back, a woman with glimmering blonde hair, a boy whose curly brown hair cover his glasses, all contributors to this thick haze but all seem to scuttle back to class. Not to emerge again until instructed to use the printer for further assignments. The Lab despises the environment it has created but yearns to be of any more assistance.

Tick. The same conversations of students working the lab begin to restore the lab back to its relaxed state, the comforting clicks of the keyboards emerge as though early morning birds, chirping throughout a neighborhood. Being less chaotic, individuals walking past the clear windows facing into the lab can peer into it, studying it and seeing if it holds any use for them and their daily endeavors. A brittle and tanned to the bone elderly man casually glides through the hallway, peering in and then continuing his errands. Now, students entering and leaving seem more personal. Either being an exuberant, man with cobalt colored hair who trots out with a similarly animated tall and slender girl whose hair is twisted into a bun, or a restrained woman whose headscarf and attire seemed to flow into a beautiful black and green collection of patterns. Once within the lab, the mood seems to alter and morph into one that exists to serve. The Lab hopes it will be of service again soon.

It is interesting to imagine something made of concrete, carpeting, finished wood, and scattered with electronics as something that aims to connect and assist. Often, the rooms we enter are not simply foundations that hold people and objects alike. They are more than that, they are spaces for emotion and containers within a seemingly infinite universe that lay outside them. The Mac Lab is one such example – a room composed only of tables supporting computers, with the occasional stapler or printer for students' convenience. It contains the ambitions of every art, business, or other field's student and their desire to begin, continue, or finish what they started. Their homework, their degree, their passion, there is an immense potential in the things that are ongoing and take large amounts of time to even explore, but the spaces where these bodies are encapsulated, that is where the true potential lies.