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 The space I chose is located on the second floor of Bloomberg Hall. It is in front of what traditionally looks like a garage door. There are four doors that lead to the small balcony that overlooks a study space on the first floor from above. When entering through the first two doors you find a bench large enough for three people to fit comfortable in a balcony that can be no more that 6 feet wide. Once there a soft smell of old wood permeates the nose. Its pleasant but smells old and used at the same time. The same feeling someone can get from visiting grandparents who can reveal their age by the way they smell. It is also hot in this balcony. Uncomfortably hot because it sits a floor above the first and seems to catch all the warmth of the room as it travels up. As I look around, I find myself first staring at the at the garage floor behind me. It gleams with the strike of light intricately between its lateral white sections. As a sit I can also hear the distinctive creaking of some of the floors. This is accompanied by the loud and pronounced footsteps that echo through the hall. It seems that no one can move quietly through this place without letting everyone else know. Finally, towards the end of time I find myself looking through the large vertical windows in the room below me. There are each cut into fourths by black metal and then each separated by a protruding sectional of the wall. They can be distracting in the architecture but outside the trees and the snow that has piled is an inviting and different view for a curious eye. I also notice the area blow and its for tables, two seats for table, a room meant for 8. One of the final things that catches my eye are the white lights that hang from the ceiling. They start from a higher area than where I sit, but also end up over the tables that down below. Overall, my experience in this balcony leaves me wondering why it was put there in the first place. I question its purpose.