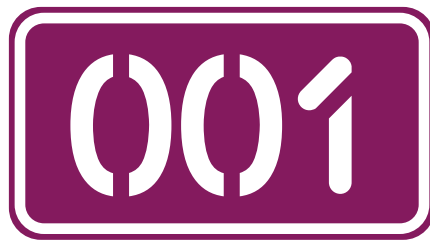


THE
PARKING
SPACES



A SERIES OF SITE-SPECIFIC
LISTENING EXPERIENCES TO
INVITE REST, ACTIVATION,
AND IMAGINATION AROUND
DOWNTOWN IOWA CITY

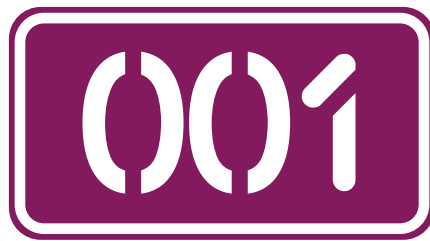
AUDIO TRANSCRIPT



CREATED IN COLLABORATION BY
STEVEN WILLIS, STEPHANIE MIRACLE, AND RAMIN ROSHANDEL

ILLUSTRATIONS BY SAYURI SASAKI HEMANN

CALEB RAINEY
&
WAVE CAGE



CAPITAL ST.
PARKING RAMP
201 CLINTON ST.

INTRO

(STEVEN'S VOICE)

Parking Space 1. Yep, here we are at a literal parking ramp. The busiest parking spot in downtown Iowa City. But here we won't park, we will move as we listen. We will keep our bodies in motion as we hear and see. Come with me down to the corner of Burlington and we can cross the street. As you listen, walk with me along the other side of the street so you can get a good look at this big concrete structure and the colors and words and bodies painted on its side. This track should give you enough time to walk down along the Voxman building and then reverse the path back to our starting place. Come on. Let's go.

(MUSIC DESCRIPTION FORTHCOMING)

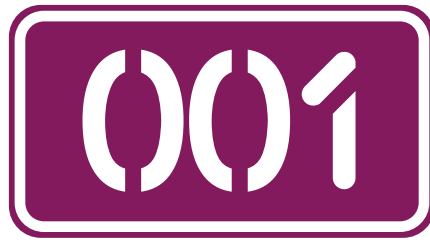
(CALEB'S VOICE)

It starts with a question,
All good growth does,
But see, we live in a world full of answers.

Everyone's got them but
Too many left their ears at home.
Do you hear that?
It's the times, they are a changing,
Rearranging the sounds of the city,
The movement is the melody,
Meaning they made a mold
And we break it. Don't take it
For granted that we are
The voices our ancestors needed,
The beat that blesses progress,
The symphony of our salvation.

Are you listening?
This city speaks its mind,
The people protest in the streets
And in the sheet music,
On the page and on the stage,
It's no wonder we're so loud
But now it's your turn to turn down
All the answers that keep you stable,
Sit at the table with us,
And sing a song of questions,
Like what is music?
What is art?

CALEB RAINEY
&
WAVE CAGE



CAPITAL ST.
PARKING RAMP
201 CLINTON ST.

What keeps us tethered?
What pulls us apart?

I used to think I knew it all,
My experience the monolith
Of humanity, until I looked around,
Asked what's that sound?
And heard the pulse of the people,
Saw the writing on the walls.
This city says sacrifice your comfort,
Come forward with us,
Explore the possibility of being wrong,
And being different
And learning the difference.
It's scary, I know.
To admit that you don't know,
But good growth starts
By asking the questions.

And the answers aren't as important
As how we get there.
Fair and free is what we
Long to be but the journey
Is half the battle and
Half the beauty,
Don't you see?

The future is a mystery
To me and to you
But the now is about listening
To me and to you
And here, we are
Writing a new verse for the universe.

(MUSIC DESCRIPTION FORTHCOMING)

Outro:
Question at the end?

001

