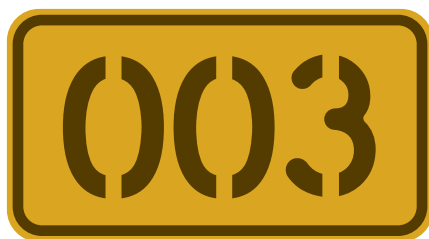
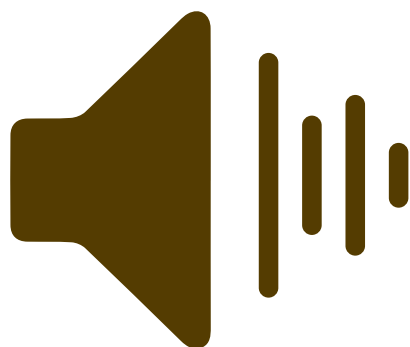


THE  
PARKING  
SPACES



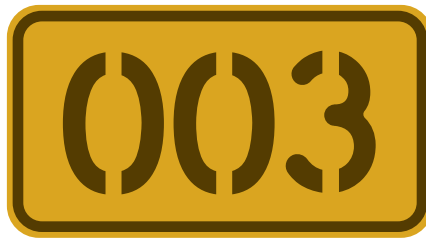
A SERIES OF SITE-SPECIFIC  
LISTENING EXPERIENCES TO  
INVITE REST, ACTIVATION,  
AND IMAGINATION AROUND  
DOWNTOWN IOWA CITY

# AUDIO TRANSCRIPT



CREATED IN COLLABORATION BY  
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MICAH  
ARIEL JAMES



LAWN OF THE  
OLD CAPITAL  
SOUTH CLINTON & IOWA AVE

**SPACE 3.** See the Old Capitol building? The one with the big gold dome. That is where we're headed. Take your time. Make sure to cross with the cross walk sign. Traffic can be busy here depending on the time of year. All sorts of events have happened at this intersection. Notice what might be happening around you now. Take your time. We're headed over to the park in front of the building. A good place to park yourself for a while...

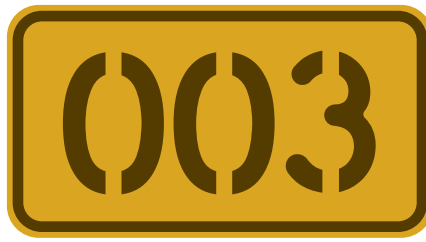
Now, here you are. You are here—in the center of the universe, just like we all are, surrounded by strangers and old trees and other people's memories. You can rest here for a while beside the Old Capitol. You should. Take a load off. It's been a long couple years, hasn't it?

Can we play a game? The shape of this place, this Pentacrest space, reminds me of a game we used to play when I was a kid. Four Corners. Do you remember that one? The idea was that one person stands in the center of a room and puts on a blindfold and spins around and around while counting to ten. And everybody else

runs like mad to one of four corners. And then the person at the center finishes counting and picks a corner where they suspected there might be people. And if the picker picks your corner, you're out.

There was strategy to the game. Some would travel quietly so as not to give away their position, while others would make as much noise as possible until they reached their chosen corner to convince the picker that they had surely stopped off in a different corner. But the thing that always fascinated me was that the blindfolded dizzy person in the center of the room had no way to know whether there was anyone in any corner. Literally anything could've happened while they were spinning. And by the time the picker stops spinning, everybody is frozen in place and the room has fallen silent. There was no way to know. So what the picker had to do was imagine. Where might all the people have gone? Where might all the people be? I think about Four Corners every so often when I get bogged down in the hereness of "here". Every so often, I remember my superpower. This superpower that we

MICAH  
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all have—to be both here and there at the same. Will you imagine with me?

For this very special game of Four Corners, let's forget about the spinning, forget about the blindfold, and just pick corners. I'd like to tag team this if that's all right with you. I'll take care of the counting and pick the corner—it'll be one of the intersections that surrounds these buildings here—and you can take care of the imagining. Sound okay? Then let's go.

**10-9-8-7-6-5-4-3-2-1.** I pick Corner Number Three. Madison and Washington. Do you know it? If so, you can go there in your mind. If you don't know it or you don't want to imagine the real thing, make it up. That's sort of the point. Imagine the place. Who's there? What are they doing? Where were they going before we so rudely interrupted their journey? Take in what you can. And come on back.

**10-9-8-7-6-5-4-3-2-1.** I pick Corner Number One. Clinton and Jefferson. If you know it, see it. Or make it up. Imagine the place. See some people. Feel the things. Who's there? What are they talking about?

Take in what you can. And come on back.

**10-9-8-7-6-5-4-3-2-1.** I pick Corner Number Four. Washington and Clinton. Imagine this place. What's happening here? Take in what you can. And come on back.

**10-9-8-7-6-5-4-3-2-1.** I pick Corner Number Two. Jefferson and Madison. Imagine it. Who's there? What are they doing? And why? Take in what you can. And come on back.

Now that you're back, think about what you "saw" or "felt" or "heard" on your travels to the four corners. Take a moment and remember something. Let it be true, or as true as you remember it to be... I'll be quiet now so you can think of your thing.

Do you have it? Sit with your "memory" for a second. See it. Hear it. Smell it. Taste it. Feel it. And let it go. And come on back to the center of the universe. You can rest here for a while beside the Old Capitol surrounded by strangers and old trees and other people's memories and imagined memories. And you should. Take a load off. It's been a long couple years, hasn't it?

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