

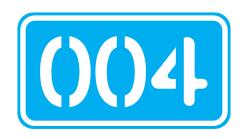
A SERIES OF SITE-SPECIFIC LISTENING EXPERIENCES TO INVITE REST, ACTIVATION, AND IMAGINATION AROUND DOWNTOWN IOWA CITY

AUDIO TRANSCRIPT



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DAWSON DAVENPORT

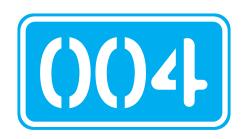


BLACK HAWK MINI PARK

SPACE 4. This place is known as the Black Hawk Mini Park. Feel free to take a seat. Let me tell you about this place.

(MUSIC PLAYS. THE BANGING OF A LARGE DEER HIDE DRUM BY MANY HANDS STRIKING IN UNISON. VOICES RISE. THE SONGS SINGS OF A THUNDERCLOUD. THE VOICES ARE OF MESKWAKI NATION. THE SONG CONTINUES AS DAWSON'S VOICE COMES IN...)

DAWSON DAVENPORT



BLACK HAWK MINI PARK

Since the moment of crossing the Big River, Westward direction then the fog to make our escape, Women and children Eluding the rage, Crops planted and left, Destroyed to starve the village wept, Deep in the hearts a vision. bundles kept, Stashed in the grass Of the Black Soil. Birthed a new dream A Land to raise our Children And to plant our Crops, An earth with all we need To survive each day Until the sunsets.

A place to host of lodges, and to hear our echoes. A place of the new river. A place to leave our shadows A place to dance free, and to sing the Songs that made The sun weep. Land for prayer, to keep alive. A dream A speech, ao unique, that even plants could understand, And they'd talk back too. Share the stories of traveling, from times,

off the Sabretooth. A new hope born, a passing turmoil From the mining of lead, to the new river a homestead. A new crop, a new village NO more war, Passing of the torch, in a land. that possessed so much more, Comes a future for the children Of the yellow earth's and the red earths. something better (music continues and voices grow more

powerful together).

Stop

