1. Caleb ‘The Negro Artist’ Rainey`

Location: 201 S Clinton St, Iowa City, IA 52240

*Intro*

(Caleb’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 of Wave Cage comes in. It is drums, saxophones, trumpets, synthesizers and drums. It pulses and grooves into repeating themes led first by the saxophone and then joined by the trumpet. The music rolls and shimmers. It hints at futurism.)

(Caleb’s voice speaks over the music. The music continues with strength but does not overshadow.)

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?

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 continues alone. Repeating and reinforcing earlier themes. Glowing and growing until it begins to soften into silence.)