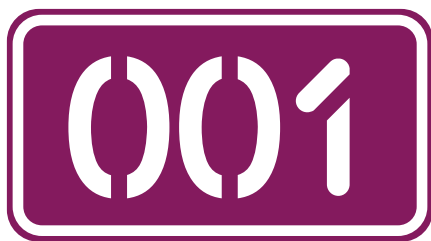
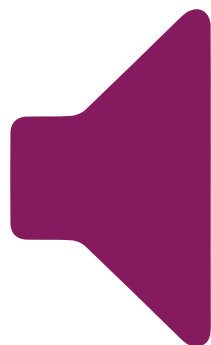


THE  
PARKING  
SPACES



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

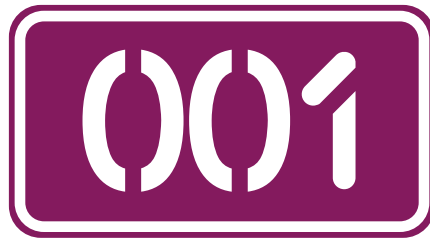
# AUDIO TRANSCRIPT



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

### (CALEB'S VOICE)

Parking **SPACE 001**. 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.

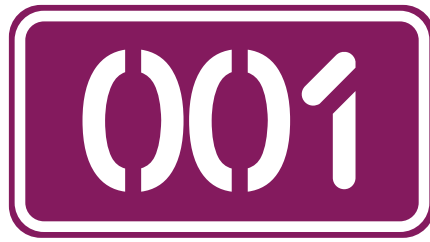
**(MUSIC OF WAVE CAGE COMES IN. IT IS DRUMS, SAXOPHONES, TRUMPETS, SYNTHESIZERS AND DRUMS. IT PULSES AND GROOVES INTO REPEATING THEMES LED FIRST BY THE SAXOPHONE AND THEN JOINED BY**

**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

CALEB RAINEY  
&  
WAVE CAGE



CAPITAL ST.  
PARKING RAMP  
201 CLINTON ST.

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.)**

001

