7. M. Miller and David Hurlin

Location: 28 S Linn St, Iowa City, IA

*Intro*

(Margee’s voice)

Parking Space number 7. Welcome. You might have noticed the two benches behind you. If you would like to take a seat. No need to feed the meter.

You are listening now. We are listening. I have been listening for fifty years.

To words.

In Iowa City.

Words that were written down in Iowa City.

Writers who were writing words in my first days in Iowa City in the 1970s.

Writers who were teaching in EPB, writers who were practicing in EPB.

All of them sharing their words in Iowa City.

Raymond Carver, John Irving, Chuck Miller, Rita Dove, Jorie Graham and their friends, and their enemies.

Words that never forget Iowa City.

Writers who never forget Iowa City.

We listen still today. We read still today.

Words that were written down in Iowa City.

Now, every day, we walk through words in a place that is poetry and writing.

Words have always been the currency of communication, long before this place came to be called the City of Literature.

Writers writing words that were mailed out of the Old Post Office behind you.

Their words left Iowa City from the Old Post Office only to return in books, through the Old Post Office, into our shops, into our hands.

How important this old building was. And is.

The Beaux-Arts Post Office is perfect. The old place for sending Iowa City's great art into the world.

Those words show you how important all that you read and hear and see in this old downtown was. And is.

Buildings come and go; abandoned and broken down into bricks and boards and replaced by the landscape you see before you now.

But words never disappear.

We will always listen to writers’ words in the air of downtown Iowa City.

We are listening through the years as though there is no yesterday, no tomorrow, only now.

I am listening. We are listening. You are listening. Now.

(David Hurlin sound improvisation based on a site-specific response. We hear a field recording of birds and traffic and the sound of a typewriter. Clanks and resonant gonging sounds from the nearby architecture. The sounds swell and fill space with gentle impact.)

David’s written response to Margee. Text typed on a typewriter. Errors are as appeared on the original page.

*i begin typing at 4:33*

*my favorite John Cage piece but that is besides the spoint*

*Margee sasys words never disappear*

*and that is whey i choose the typewriter*

*the eror and percussion is hammered into the page*

*and the reverberatios echo into the time capsule*

*of th ecompressed universe*

*but my journey to space seven resolves in a way*

*that i find to epic and meta*

*for a sound aritst*

*the reference to 4:33 is perfect*

*just like th old post office*

*just like the sond of rain and feet and dogs*

*i wanted to take my field recorder*

*and sit on the benches Miller talks about in the beginning*

*i was curious just to listen*

*"listening=now"*

*it was a day of gentle rain and i held the field recorder*

*up to th skin of the umbrella*

*after a few minutes of ambient sound*

*from space seven*

*space sev en*

*space seveeeeeeen*

*i wanted to hear if what i had captured was good*

*or if i needed to get another take*

*so i put my headphones on*

*and the sound was impossible to hear*

*because it sonded xxxxx exactly like where i was currently sitting*

*space seven sounds mixed with space seven sounds of the past*

*and even though there is the illusios of disappearence*

*there are actually an infinite number of space sevens*

*i'm excited to hear what you do*