

THE
PARKING
SPACES

007

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

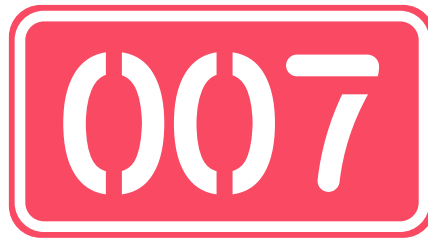
AUDIO TRANSCRIPT



CREATED IN COLLABORATION BY
STEVEN WILLIS, STEPHANIE MIRACLE, AND RAMIN ROSHANDEL

ILLUSTRATIONS BY SAYURI SASAKI HEMANN

M. MILLER
&
DAVID HURLIN



OUTSIDE LINN ST.
ENTRANCE OF SENIOR
CENTER
28 55240 S LINN ST.

INTRO

(MARGEE'S VOICE)

Parking **SPACE NUMBER 007**. Welcome.
You might have noticed the two benches
behind you. If you would like to take
a seat. No need to feed the meter.

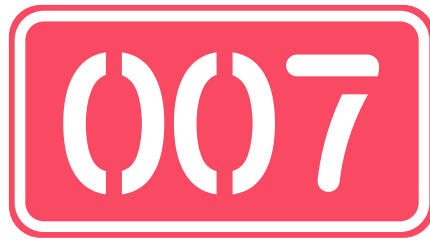
You are listening now. We are listening.
I have been listening for fifty years.
To words.
In Iowa City.

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.

M. MILLER
&
DAVID HURLIN

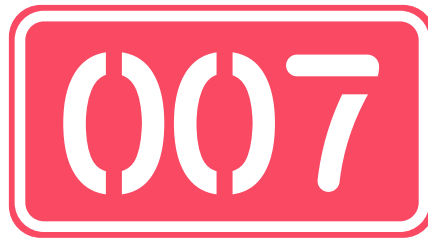


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We are listening through the years
as though there is no yesterday,
no tomorrow, only now.
I am listening. We are listening.
You are listening. Now.

(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.)

M. MILLER
&
DAVID HURLIN

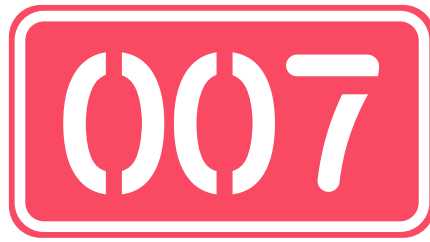


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**DAVID'S WRITTEN RESPONSE
TO MARGEE. TEXT TYPED ON A
TYPEWRITER. ERRORS ARE AS
APPEARED ON THE ORIGINAL PAGE.**

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"

M. MILLER
&
DAVID HURLIN



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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 seveeeeeeeen
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 disappareance
there are actually an infinite number of space sevens
i'm excited to hear what you do

007

