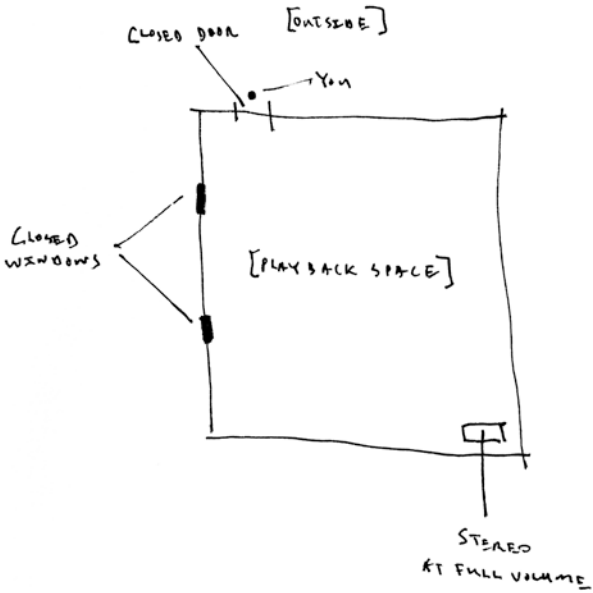
(Meadowlands P.S.)

It's almost dusk in August 2021. A car playing Michel el Buenón's "Amiga Mía" is parked at the edge of North Arlington Public Works, just off the road leading to Richard W. DeKorte Park. Its doors and trunk are open. Two men seated closely on a bench in the park in distant earshot of the car are shy when observed. My mother and I are making cranberry sauce. The bowed strings of a family piano are sonifying youtube views.



Listen through the sealed membrane of a home playback space.
That is: all doors and windows bounding the space containing a playback system (stereo) should be closed. As little direct sound as possible should escape from the playback space into its outside, where you are. What's heard should be all bleed.
Volume should be set at maximum.
The 7 minutes and 2 seconds of stereo audio start with 20 seconds of silence so you have time to get out of the playback space, closing the door behind you.

Dear Kerstin and Anselm,

In an email last year I wrote something in passing about feeling weird not being there in person for most of the Berlin show. That had as much to do with simply wanting to experience my own work as it did with mixed feelings about making something that could *work "on its own" – autonomously. Since then, those mixed feelings have been agitated again and again by some of the critical writing about the show, as though it was all all about the institution (of art, of the HKW).*

So many times, even recently, and particularly in Europe, I've been told that trying to do something else (like my old tutorial pieces) asks too much of a recipient, can only be staged, embarrasses proper listeners. That kind of response always reinforces the anxious parts of me that have never stopped wanting to "just make music." Every time, I have to learn to tell myself again that it's ok to not.

Here's this, then. Me telling myself this this time. I guess it's a kind of addendum to Berlin? It's for you, and whomever else, to do at home. Please do. Listen in the hallway outside the closed door of your apartment while it plays from the inside as loud as possible. Listen around outside the closed doors and windows of your house while it plays from the inside as loud as possible.

As in Berlin, but so differently, to hear the raw materials here (all are documents of extra-artistic aesthetic practices) as art would be a misrecognition close to violence.

If nothing else, it's an excuse to turn up your stereo all the way.

Yours,

Bill

Bill Dietz, 2021-2022

for FORM IV