

Даник,

I always wondered what I would say to you if we managed to cross paths in this big blue world. I don't think I'd be able to conjure up much at all. I am pretty reserved nowadays, words escape me and niceties elude me. I have a hunch that this has something to do with your music. I'm not really interested in picking at your brain, I don't care about what the most resonant Philip K. Dick passage is to you, or what your favorite Russian childhood cartoon was. Chances are I grew up watching the same ones, so they feel a little mundane now. I thought I was interested in knowing these things about you, but I'm not. I'm past it. I feel as though I know you, and like I've known you for a long time. I don't know many Russian-Jewish musicians making electronica. I also don't know many Russian-Jewish artists borrowing from these arcane forms of media, evoking cultural memory only accessible to those that, just by mere happenstance, happened to be the generation that skipped over all of the Soviet horrors of post-collapse after the fall of Iron Curtain. A culture lost to time and place, harboring solemnity and a passive acknowledgment of the futures that never materialized, and pasts that were rewritten. I know you understand. You, after all, have created the soundscape for our personal mourning. What I cannot articulate in words takes shape through the sonic contours of the Juno-60 that wails and weeps for its master. I will always associate its cries with the innermost musings of your conscience — it is your songbird returning home. Though you are not a poet, you are woven from a similar cloth — “Memory Vague” sounds like a cartoonish dirge ripped straight out of a Russian cassette, or perhaps like an imaginary wind-up Soviet music box that collects dust at my grandmothers' house. The first verse of Returnal has some of my favorite lyrics ever conceived. It's my favorite song of all time. Your music is poetry, but instead of mastering language, it overcomes it. Your music is but it's also always-becoming.

I admit that my introduction to Oneohtrix Point Never happened in the later part of your career. I very suddenly began to expand my repertoire of music in college, after basically listening to brostep, Aphex, Kanye, nu-metal and stomp-clap indie for the majority of my teenage life. I discovered this alias through Uncut Gems, Chrome Country and deep in the weeds of Spotify algo — the latter of which is basically how the experimental electronic New Guard of Zoomers got instantiated. I regret with every passing day that I did not get to experience your noise come-up in 2006 in some dingy Brooklyn basement. I suppose that the Zoomer condition involves never being able to actually do anything, too young to live a little and too old to not be crushed by crippling doubt, neither bothering to pirate music nor having convictions about unshackling artists from the indentured servitude that is music streaming, all while having the digital remains of the library of Alexandria basically at our fingertips. I am genuinely sorry that I was a part of the 99.99th percentile of listeners of yours for 3 years in a row. Being a Zoomer is claustrophobic, but your music has broadened more horizons for me than an “irl experience” ever could.

My introduction to your alias sunsetcorp came much earlier when I was 16. Some /mu/tard raved about Angel and I was immediately entranced by the track. He hailed you as the father of vaporwave, and he turned out to be right. It's funny to think how unknowing I was back then, and it's even more bizarre to imagine how life can become so cyclic in this way. I shit you not, my earliest musical memory involves listening to Lady in Red that was burned on my parents CD in the car sometime between the years 2004-2006. It's funny that the earliest memory I have of music is somehow connected to you. That song is etched into my memory like it must have been for you, enough for you to eccojam it at the very least. I love your taste dude. I implicitly understood the importance and swagger of something as repellant as prog, fusion, and new age, and of course I had to take to it immediately. It's a real shame that all of the greats are dying, but I feel as though they've grandfathered and nurtured these spiritual inclinations of mine. They are fully entwined with the cosmos now, and you are a demigod, a messenger, uttering utterances of the divine from beyond the great Sky curtain, sharing your time amongst us mortals and giants. I never knew I could attach myself to something as singular as OPN. I would be remiss if I didn't mention my

boyfriend, who is equally enamored by you. We reached all of these conclusions about you and the meaning you hold for us together. Dude I think you saved our lives. Your songs are light and love. I listened to you at the start of COVID and onwards, as I watched my dad grow sicker and sicker and eventually become intubated. He's ok now, but you were the soundtrack to this anxiety and turmoil, and the eventual respite that came from knowing that he was coming home a few long weeks later. I was getting stoned every night and I could seriously never fathom how such an arrangement of sounds could be wrought into existence in the way that you intended. I remember you saying in an interview that you're a bit of a control freak when it comes to composing your music. That comes as no surprise to me, and I sense that you are just as thoughtful and exacting in your posts, words, and interactions with others — an understated quality. I imagine that you are a little bit shy, and though I would love to know you, I understand how fragile my illusion of you may be, presently. There is profundity in silence. The logical conclusion, or "end of ambient", I guess, as I foolishly guess, is true silence. Where not even the beating of your heart or the ringing of your ears can move you to sensory submission. Ambient music is my Thanatonic impulse, my drive towards death, towards total and utter silence.

My thoughts are formless and not limited to any linguistic or conceptual bounds. I can barely formulate a thought nowadays and it's a great source of worry for me. I think this is partly due to my very serious marriage with ambient music. The drones and loops mirror the sustained and fragmented state of my psychic landscape. My billowing stream of consciousness is more like a closed loop water system, mechanized and programmed by nothing but synthesizer music and, well, not much else. Something about ambient music precipitates a certain wistfulness, a kind of yearning that requires no rhyme nor reason to elucidate. You helped me discover this truth.

There isn't a day that goes by where your name isn't mentioned. Your name, Daniel Lopatin, is a household name amongst the people dearest to me. You have done so much for me, Josh (my partner), and for this world. You are bigger than this world. I don't know what to say. You mean so much to us and you have our unrelenting support in everything you do, should you choose to eventually retire this project or not. Our Soviet brother, our world-building virtuoso, our muse and our hero. You should seriously consider starting a cult lol for your next experiment loool. We'd be the disciples :3

Thanks for everything you've given us. I'm so excited for the future. We love you.

With undying love and gratitude,
Liz(a) Ashkinazi and Josh Natis