



Goodbye Seas

10/17/2025

Foreword

Enclosed herein is a textual accompaniment to my anthology album *Goodbye Seas*. The album is a summary of the first period of otherseas1 music, from 2020 to 2025. Thank you for listening!

1	Sanctum	10:32	2020
2	99 Items	06:33	2021
3	Tide	07:57	2021
4	Condo	07:06	2021
5	Repeat	06:13	2021
6	Loft	08:42	2021
7	Osaka	13:14	2021
8	Clouds	04:56	2021
9	Universe	07:20	2021
10	Julia	06:48	2021
11	Environments 1	02:33	2021
12	Environments 3	07:19	2021
13	Environments 4	04:52	2021
14	Environments 5	03:08	2021
15	Environments 7	06:56	2021
16	Environments 8	04:30	2021
17	Environments 9	04:30	2021
18	Environments 10	04:49	2021
19	World	05:02	2022
20	Pianos Village	05:36	2022
21	Air	02:06	2022
22	Into Blue Skies	05:15	2022
23	final log	05:11	2022
24	text1	04:35	2022
25	White flowers	01:23	2022
26	The whole wide world is not enough	05:34	2022
27	Zen Garden [otherseas1 remix]	06:30	2022
28	1 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 days	05:26	2022
29	dark quietude Of silence	04:53	2022
30	clouds**arena	06:04	2022
31	A Crazy Ruminatinnnn [&c]	03:16	2022

32	Turbine-step 1	05:14	2022
33	Living wires	03:34	2023
34	lost	04:33	2023
35	holo	05:27	2023
36	Trap queen [VIP mix]	03:26	2023
37	thawed	06:27	2023
38	Gravity Kids	05:59	2023
39	Where i was born	06:26	2023
40	Eternal Circus Forever	04:31	2023
41	World War 100	06:00	2023
42	Gentle replica [&blu]	05:48	2023
43	Melter 3	04:12	2023
44	Kiss me thru the gasoline	05:24	2023
45	At the fish museum	05:00	2023
46	21 years old	04:41	2023
47	2dmoon [&fdsdf]	06:34	2024
48	Wilted Toys	05:26	2024
49	First Passage	05:11	2024
50	Swim Through Sky	06:02	2024
51	The builders	05:34	2024
52	The builders 2: the elegance	03:15	2024
53	Tempo of Life	04:24	2024
54	A wish	04:15	2024
55	Travel	03:59	2024
56	And then all the streetlights went out	04:44	2024
57	The last waltz of the marionettes	06:01	2024
58	In the laboratory under the blue sky	03:52	2024
59	Broken clocks	03:57	2024
60	ensign	03:54	2025
61	Arne [otherseas1 mashup]	04:21	2025
62	Goodbye seas	05:27	2025

Sanctum

This and 99 *Items* were made in Logic. *Tide* is the first song I made in Ableton. The secret is that there are maybe 50 songs not worth mentioning that I made before *Sanctum*, now lost to the dark of history.

Environments 1

Written for West Kennet Long Barrow.

Environments 3

Written for 33 Thomas St, New York City.

Environments 4

Written for Pole of Inaccessibility Research Station.

Environments 5

Written for Osaka Prefectural Sayamaike Museum, Osakasayama.

Environments 7

Written for Don-2n Radar Station, Moscow Oblast.

Environments 8

Written for Troll A Oil Platform.

Environments 9

Written for Earthtecture Sub-1, Tokyo.

Environments 10

Written for the columns at Istakhr.

Pianos Village

This is an extended mix of the original Pianos Village. It includes a sample from a field recording by Hildegard Westerkamp.

White flowers

This was never released, and I think it's the only song on here that I never released in any form. I would have released it, I just forgot about it until now. It was supposed to be the menu music for a video game I wanted to make about a robot that lives inside of a gigantic wind turbine. I wrote out an extensive plot to the game in the notes app on my computer.

1000000000 days

This is the first song I made that I remember liking.

Living wires

Living wires is definitely the song I like the most out of all these tracks. It captured the essence of the otherseas1 project.

Gravity Kids

This track was the first song I made after running out of minutes on my SoundCloud account. After that happened, I never really regained my musical productivity. Which is sad but true

Gentle Replica [&blu]

Made with Faulkner, whose website is faulkner.blue.

2dmoon [&fdsdf]

Made with fdsdf, an artist I admire. His other music can be found at fdsdf.bandcamp.com.

First Passage

Tracks 49-56 are from my 2024 album *Travel*. I find *Travel* to be my most cohesive album; it was far better executed than my other three. However, it still lacked some kind of crucial ingredient. The music I make is particularly resistant to the album-form. Hopefully, I will one day be able to make an album that is more than just a collection of songs.

Goodbye seas

Going forward, I would like my music and my art to participate in an intentional discourse with the world and not just wade around in the mires of esotericism and self-reflexivity. I wrote this song specifically for this album.

*Under soil
Through forests
Across the Earth
Over the stars
Scatter yourself to the mountains
To the darkening sea
To the endless sky*

But I'll always find you

The Men Who Carefully Weave Dreams

These events took place many years ago. It was around this time that I was living in an apartment building holding many floors. Each floor contained one apartment. I lived on the one-thousandth and twenty-third floor. Above me lived the men who carefully weave dreams.

I do not remember if the men came to live in the apartment above me before or after I came to live in mine, for there is no time I can recall when they were not living there and I was not living below them. However, they never occupied such grand real estate in my mind until just before the time of this story's happening. Around this time, I had recently begun a gravely important project that involved the careful numeration of every star in the night sky. Because of the Earth's revolution under the firmament and a phenomenon known as axial precession, there was no night during which I was not counting and re-counting, drawing tally marks across the walls and all over my body. The task became so totally consuming that I was forced to abandon my diurnal habits, purely for the sake of my own health. I would sleep during the day and count stars at night. It was after a few weeks of this that I found myself regularly awoken from my sun-kissed slumber by faint noises that came from above. There is no singular word that could accurately express the character of these noises. However, they fell into a few distinct categories. For example:

1. The noise that sounded like jointed bones sliding around in sockets.
2. The noise that sounded like silverfish crawling across eyelashes.
3. The noise that sounded like many colors combining to make one putrid brown hue.
4. The noise that sounded like the bob of a pendulum tracing an arc but never reaching its zenith.

(Etc.)

Of course, I knew that weaving dreams is no easy task. In fact, I had always admired these men for their steadfast commitment to their art, and I understood that these noises were simply its necessary byproduct. However, it came to a point where even the slightest reverberation from upstairs would wrest me from my slumber. I began to stay up even when it was entirely silent, for fear that I might fall asleep and be consequently awakened. Sleep, once my most steadfast friend, became a licentious maiden whose touch I pined for. At night, the numbers in my head would become confused and confounded with one another, and my tally marks, whose veracity I had once been so sure of, seemed to shift and disappear behind my back. Indeed, it had come to a point where the art of the men upstairs was interfering with my own. One day, I decided something had to be done, so I climbed up the building's central stairwell to the floor above me. By some effect of the apartment's insulation or another acoustic idiosyncrasy, the noises from the men's apartment were significantly louder on their own floor than on mine. If the noises that had been perturbing my rest were like whispers, the noises on this floor, fully clear and amplified, had the loudness of a jet engine or a thunderclap. Being slightly unnerved, I nevertheless walked up to the apartment door and knocked loudly. Even though the knock was totally drowned out by the din, something unusual happened: almost immediately, the noises coming from within the apartment ceased. I waited for a time, but nobody came to the door. After knocking some more, I left, satisfied that I had been successful in quelling the horrible sounds. As I thought about it more, however, misgivings began to foment within me: why had the men refused to come to the door? Why had the sounds stopped immediately after I knocked? Could it be that nobody was in the apartment at all? I thought it best to ignore these thoughts, as sleep, faithful once more, beckoned me to enjoy her pleasures. I had scarcely closed my eyes when I entered into a restful slumber, the likes of which I had not enjoyed in weeks.

I found myself in a beige wheat field under a dark gray sky. A brisk wind pierced my flesh, and I noticed that the plants in the field had all withered away. Before me was a ladder, which led down a hole into the earth. To escape the frigid environs, I chose to climb down it. The ladder terminated in a subterranean hallway of crude design, dimly lit by no apparent source. As my eyes adjusted, I started at what I saw: two rows of human figures lined each side of the hallway, their faces pressed close against the earthen walls. Each man stood about ten paces from the men to his left and right. They were uniformly hairless and muscular, with a sickly yellow skin tone. My own body appeared similar to theirs, but I was not sure if it had always appeared this way or if this was some kind of new development. The hallway curved slightly, such that its terminus was never visible. I ventured forward to see if any changes would present themselves, but came to find that the rows of men continued *ad infinitum*. All attempts to communicate with them proved fruitless. When I stood closely to one of them in order to observe his face, his head quickly snapped away from me, only returning to its former position once I had stepped away. I strode over many leagues, but observed little change in the hallway beyond a slight darkening of its eerie light. Finally, I saw something amiss: there were two men standing unusually far apart from one another, with a gap between them that could easily accommodate a third. Without hesitation, I stepped into the gap and placed my face against the wall.

When I awoke, the stars had come out. Despite it being the hour of my industry, I couldn't bring myself to begin the night's tally. Something about the dream—no, it would be more apt to call it a nightmare—had shaken my spirit. My mind instantly turned to the unusual events of the past day and my attempt to silence the men upstairs. I was struck by a grim realization: the men were unquestionably the ones behind my horrific nightmare! I rushed outside to call the police. I knew that a public telephone was located on the first floor of the building. However, when I arrived at the

stairwell, I found that the level of the sea had risen through the stories of the apartment building to lap at my feet. Given that there was no other telephone and no alternative form of egress, I decided that I had to confront the men directly. I marched up the stairs and banged resolutely on their door.

"Cowards! Terrorizers! Tormentors!" I cried. "You devils, who disregard the fundamental tenets of etiquette! I may be just a man, but I, like all men, deserve a basic level of respect! To disregard this right is to disregard reason, morality, and all the things that separate us from common beasts! You have trespassed upon my psyche! You have committed a total violation of my mind, worse than the worst of the corporeal crimes, and you must rightly atone!"

I continued to knock on the door. After a few minutes, I heard footsteps on the other side. The door opened a crack, but the chain of the deadbolt was fastened. I sensed the presence of a man but could not see him. After a moment, a deep yet reserved voice resounded from within:

"Could you please be quiet?" said the voice. "We are trying to sleep."

His curt reply made my blood boil. "You're trying to sleep? I've been trying to sleep for the past month, to no avail! Your horrible noises have kept me awake to the point of madness. You're probably cooking up more nightmares to send to other poor souls, no doubt. I won't be quiet. I'll make as much noise as I want!"

The man seemed to pause. I heard whispers beyond the door but couldn't make anything out. After a time, he said:

"It would be best if you left now."

"That's ridiculous!" I exclaimed. "I won't leave until you issue me an apology and swear to stop trespassing on my mind."

He paused again. "Well," he began, "it seems that you have some kind of stubborn fixation concerning us and our labor, and that you aren't one to go away easily. I will begin by saying that we will not, under any circumstances, be issu-

ing you an 'apology.' Our work, unlike your facile star-counting, is important work. It is essential work. It is infinitely complex. Perhaps you think you understand its import, its essence, its complexity, simply because you have experienced a few thousand dreams in your short life. This notion is entirely laughable. Without our dreams, the world would cease to spin, and the stars you so naively idolize would all blink out. We, the servants of dreams, uphold a sacred duty. To apologize for performing our duty would be totally out of the question, don't you see? It would be an affront to all that is good and right. How can you claim to know anything about our work? Only we dream-servants understand its true nature. Perhaps you see the shiny exteriors of dreams and fancy yourself their scholar, but you are infinitely far from any true knowledge of the object. It's like claiming to have knowledge of a clock without understanding the ticking of the gears inside, or without even knowing that those gears exist. I don't want to spend too many words trying to explain things to you that you won't get, but even the gears within dreams have gears, and those gears likewise. No matter how far into the thing you look, you will never really comprehend its totality. Please, don't try to enter into matters that you will never understand! You'll only embarrass yourself. Be content with the knowledge that you and all the other fools of this world are cattle, and our dreams are the slaughterhouse. Now, it's time for you to leave. I have spoken long enough, and I prefer not to waste my breath on madmen."

I was taken aback by the dream-weaver's bare contempt. I tried to form a reply. "But," I sputtered, "what about the nightmare? I don't want any more dreams like that!"

The man let out an exasperated sigh. "You aren't satisfied with my explanation? Very well," he continued. "We are not going to cease interfering with your mind. We will continue to provide you with dreams at our own discretion. You call it 'trespassing'—it is really anything but! You fancy your mind your own, but if it can be so easily molded and influenced by us, it is more rightly ours. It's clear from your

indignation that you've been obsessing over us for months, but all you've done is open yourself entirely to us and duly invite us in. Concerning the so-called 'nightmare' you had the privilege of witnessing: it is a rare occurrence that a lowly individual such as yourself receives a dream directly tailored for him. In fact, if you were wise, you would be groveling at our feet, thanking us for choosing to enlighten your stupid, thoughtless mind with such a wonderful dream. But you are not wise, and you instead take offense at our gift. That's the other thing about you—you speak of 'reason', 'morals', and 'etiquette' as if they were objective things that exist somewhere in this world, but you treat them merely as rhetorical toys that exist only to prop up your misguided reason! Your own breaches of etiquette—interrupting our craft, deriding our wonderful dream, banging on our door in the middle of the night—seem to be totally OK in your twisted framework of relativistic morals. You mention our crimes — what are those? Making almost imperceptible noises (during the daylight hours, mind you)? Sending you a beautiful dream specifically crafted for your own pleasure? Yes, for this, we must be eternally penitent. Apology is not enough! Hang us! Kill us! Even in death, we wouldn't be able to atone for such heinous transgressions. No, in choosing to deride us, you've only revealed your own stupidity. Hopefully, my words have shed some light on your rational failings, but I doubt that they will lead to any true self-reflection on your behalf. Good night!"

The man slammed the door shut, and silence returned to the hallway. In a daze, I walked back to my apartment and decided that it would be for the best if I counted some stars, if only to take my mind off the man's callous words. However, when I looked out the window, I couldn't see anything. To my dismay, I realized that the ocean had risen up to swallow the sky.

September 2025

