

# DANIEL NOAH MILLER

Today is my birthday.

Mine is buried in holiday drama, and I've appreciated that for a minute now. Because there is something about the end of the year that suspends time just slightly. Something about how we resign to our incomplete resolutions and relax our pace. I am glad for that pause.

I've been reflecting recently about not arriving. And how music is actually one of the places where this idea has always struck me as self-evident. All art is an unending plane, but music is somehow inherently infinite because it is so unbound by language or logic.



LISTEN to Opening Me

I heard an interview with Rick Rubin this year where he spoke on working with older artists, Johnny Cash in particular. The interviewer asked if older artists are aware they may be past their prime. And Rubin said, in his experience, every artist believes what they are currently making will be their best work.

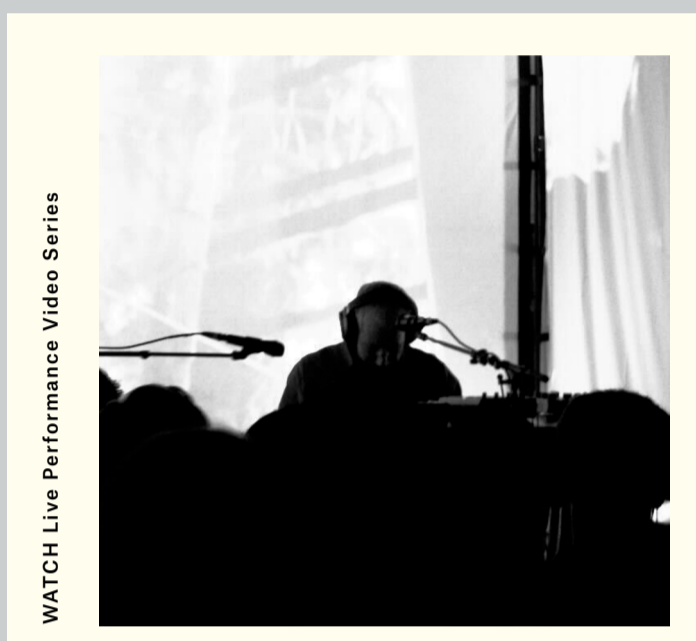
In some bare sense, I think that possibility is probably what keeps a lot of people standing, musician or not. At some point life becomes about purpose. When we're holding on to something like purpose it aids us in imagining that the best is yet to come.



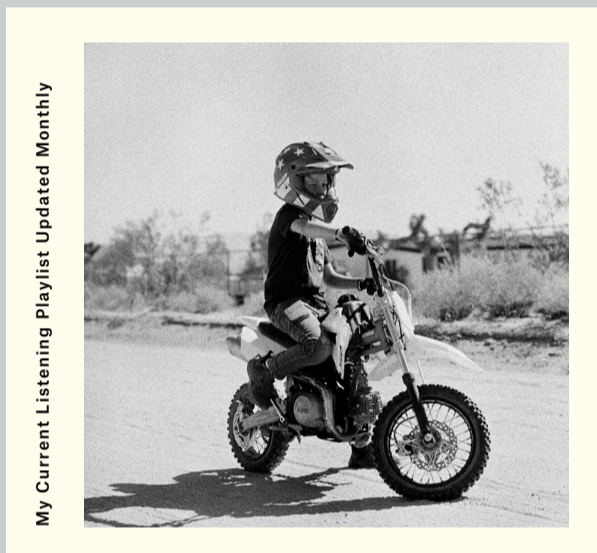
Debut album *Disintegration* out February 16, 2024. Pre-order vinyl and more.

And luckily, there is purpose available all around us, in very tiny gestures everyday.

I've felt purpose embarking on this new part of my career, releasing music under my name, and I'm grateful for that this year. Even more so because I've felt a noticeable lack of purpose these past few years. Having and losing something can come in many forms, I've realized. And something about contending with that is what makes us adults.



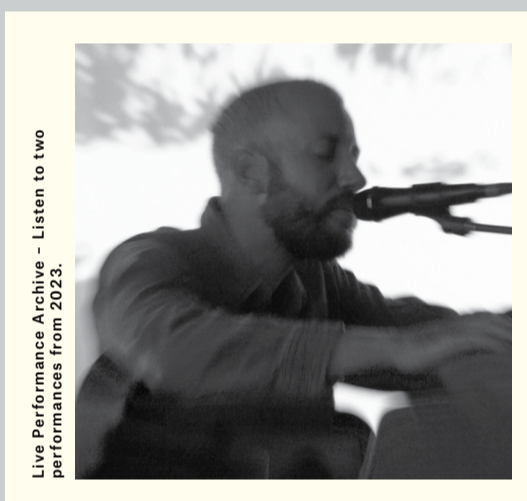
WATCH Live Performance Video Series



My Current Listening Playlist Updated Monthly

I started woodworking this year. I surfed more than ever. I made new friends, traveled, and spent meaningful time in nature. But, putting out music and touching the stage made me feel most useful. I'm inspired right now to create a space for my ideals, that survives by its own rules and narrows the distance between my ideas and actions.

I feel like I might have my best work ahead of me. And I hope you feel the same about your own efforts.



Live Performance Archive - Listen to two performances from 2023.

## END OF YEAR and moved me this year

### LEE -HI

You and your father,  
chainsaw-hacking  
a pair of disappearing skid marks  
in God's dirt.  
Looping the chainlink racetrack  
in summertime intervals.  
School's on leave  
while the heat works  
8 to six  
and the teachers sip  
paper bag-tall boys in the shade  
of the gas pumps.  
Lehigh, you remind me  
of an outstretched palm  
Your red freckles  
piercing the pale sky  
in a daylight constellation.  
And, I can't explain it now,  
but I have to get a closer look.  
Hold still.  
The dogs are barking at the air,  
and your bony shoulders  
are angled to the ridgeline,  
out past where the cell tower  
offers an ultimatum.  
It's a never-ending distance.  
I can't keep up on foot.  
But, please  
take a picture  
of what you find.

Poem by Danny

Maggie Nelson's writing in *Bluets* and *Jane: A Murder*

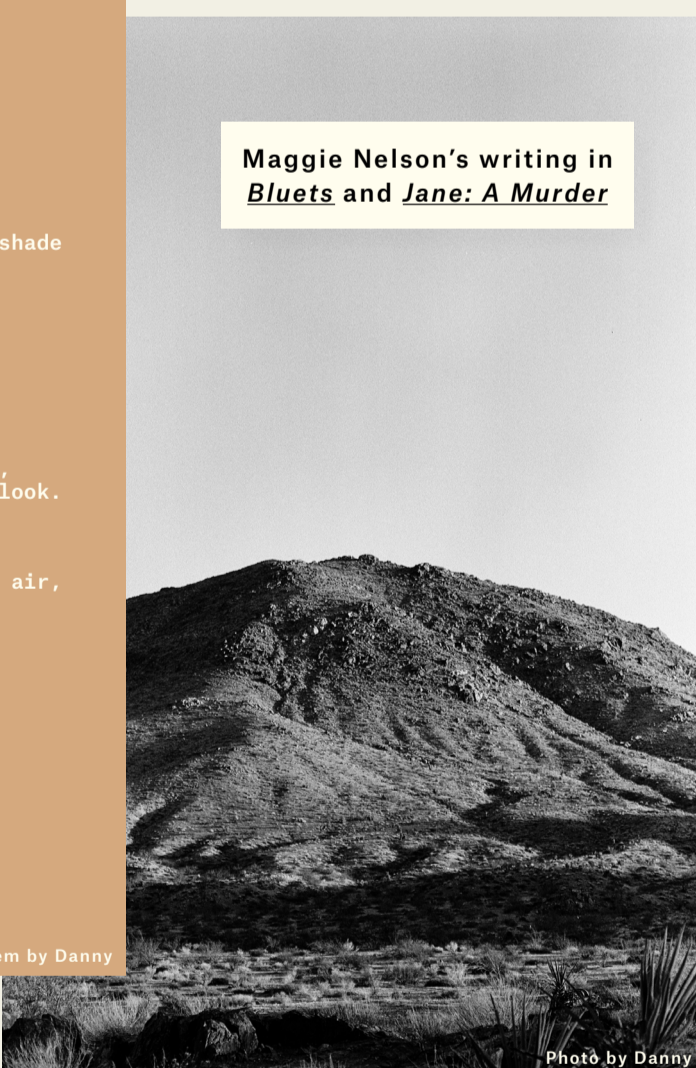
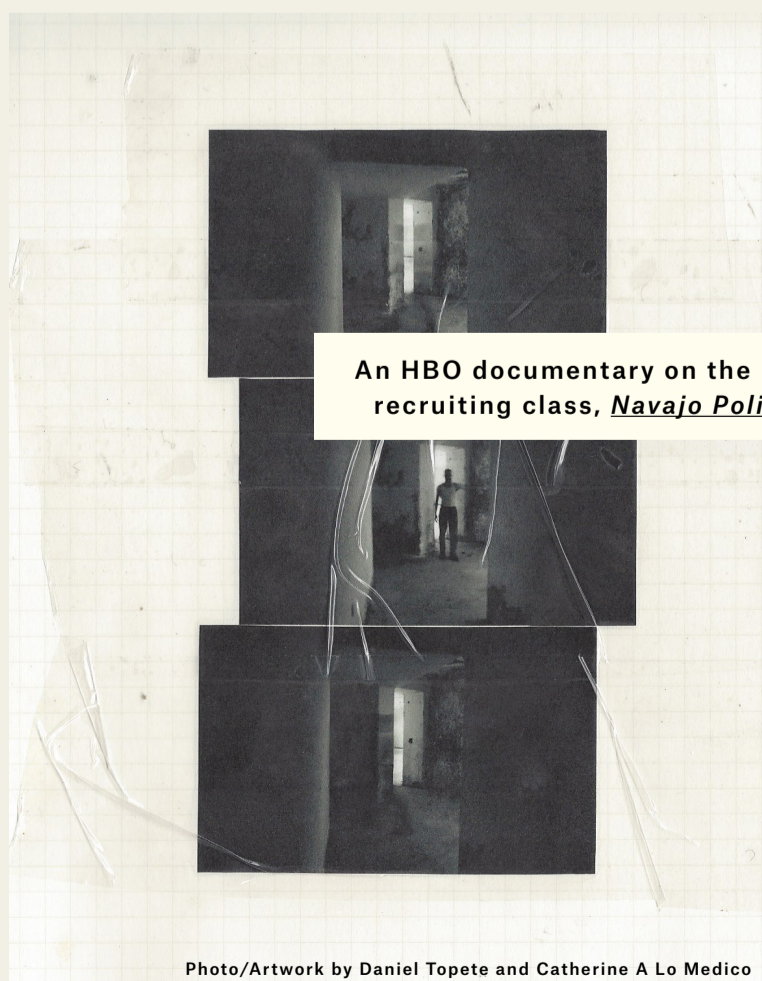


Photo by Danny

El Anatsui's sculptural work *Red Block*, on view at The Broad

New discs from *Young Fathers* and *Youth Lagoon*



Photo/Artwork by Daniel Topete and Catherine A Lo Medico

An HBO documentary on the Navajo Police recruiting class, *Navajo Police: Class 57*

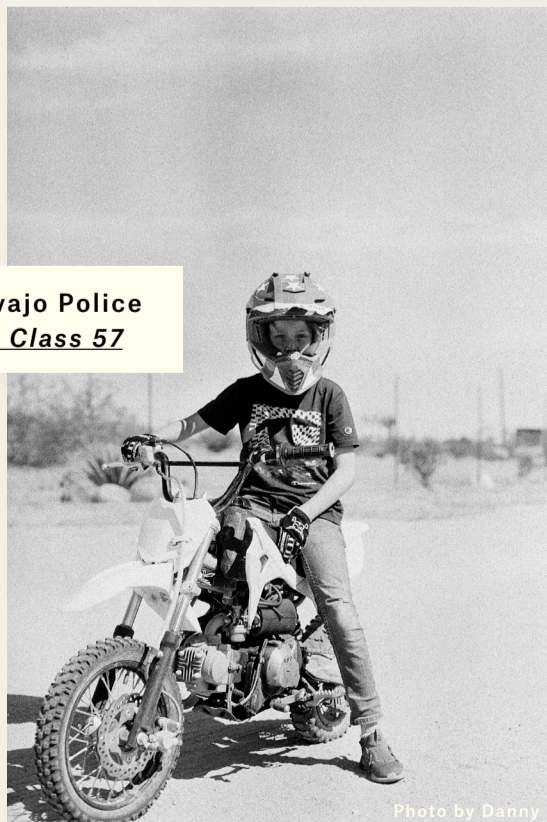


Photo by Danny

This poetic portrait of the people of Gaza

Feel free to reply to this email with thoughts, questions, and photos of your dog. Look forward to hearing from you.