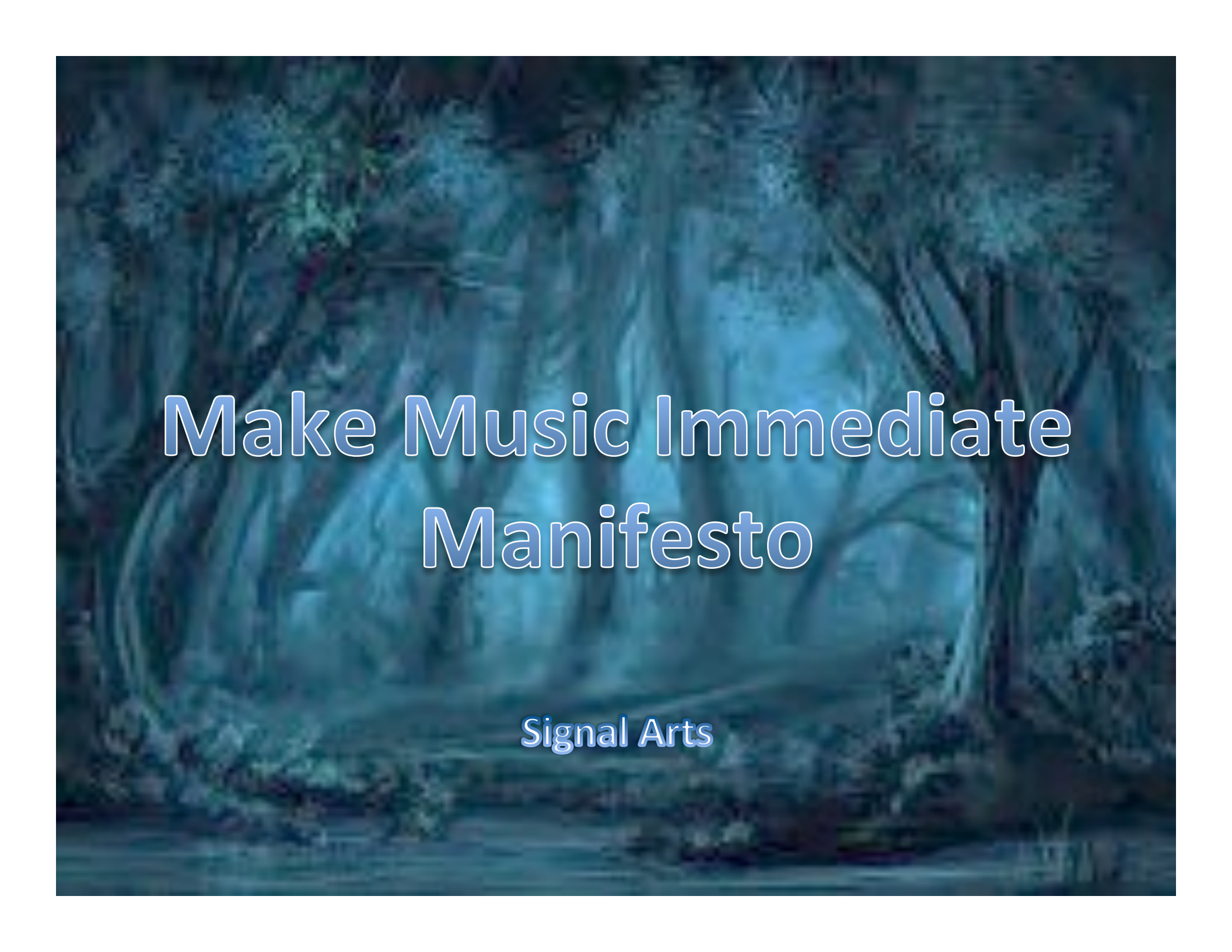


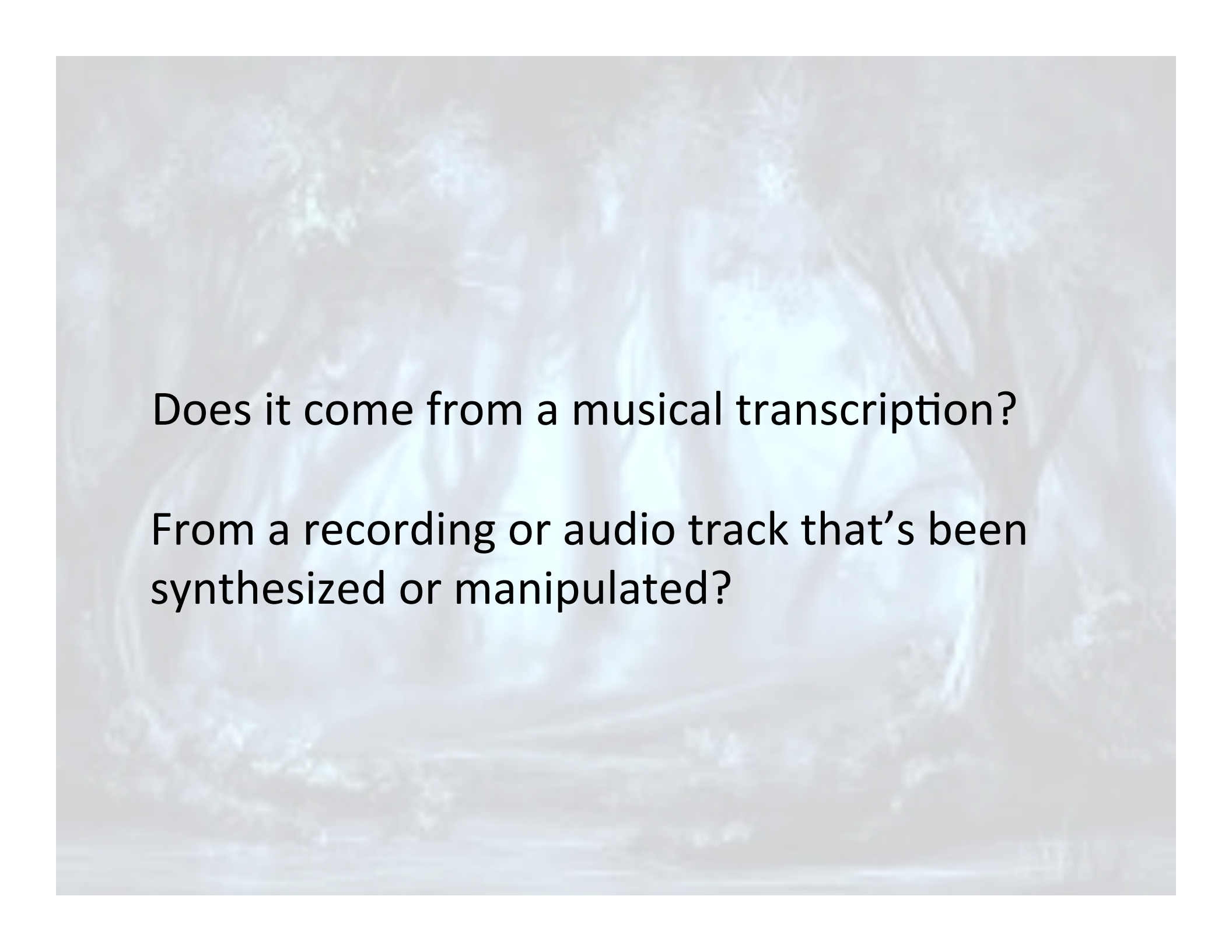
A dark, moody forest scene with a large tree trunk in the foreground and a path leading into the distance. The image is heavily shadowed, with a blueish-grey color palette. The text "Make Music Immediate Manifesto" is overlaid in the center in a white, outlined font.

Make Music Immediate Manifesto

Signal Arts

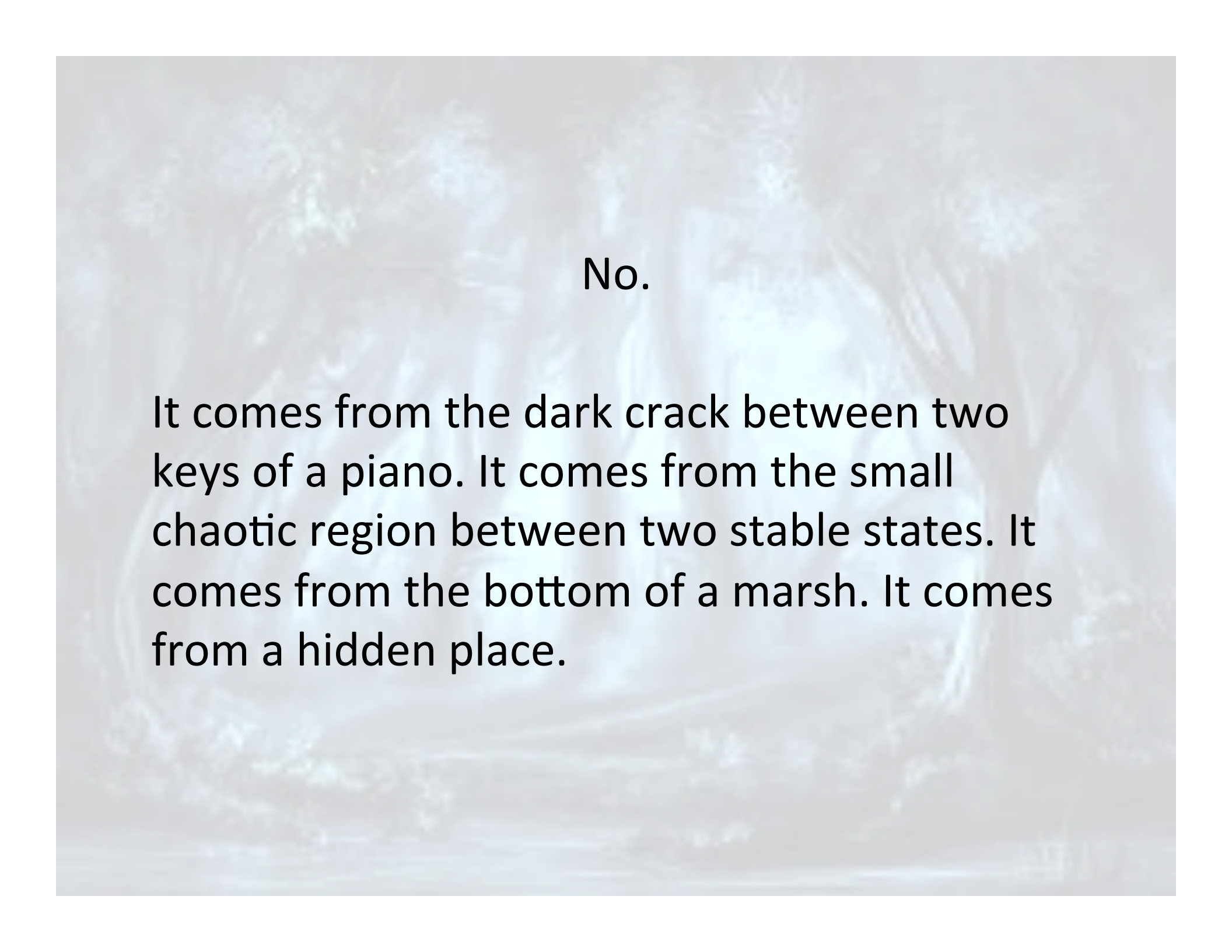


Where does music come from?



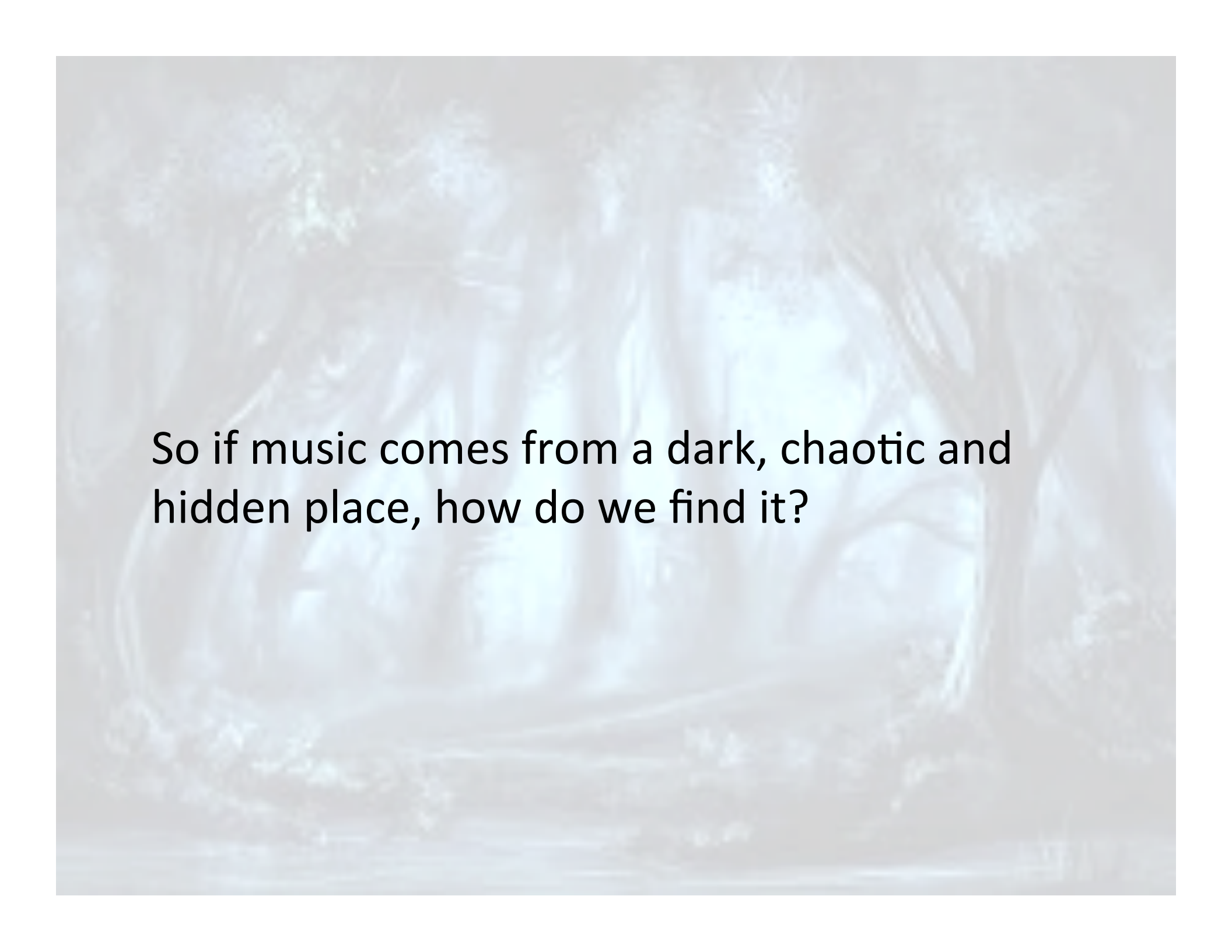
Does it come from a musical transcription?

From a recording or audio track that's been synthesized or manipulated?

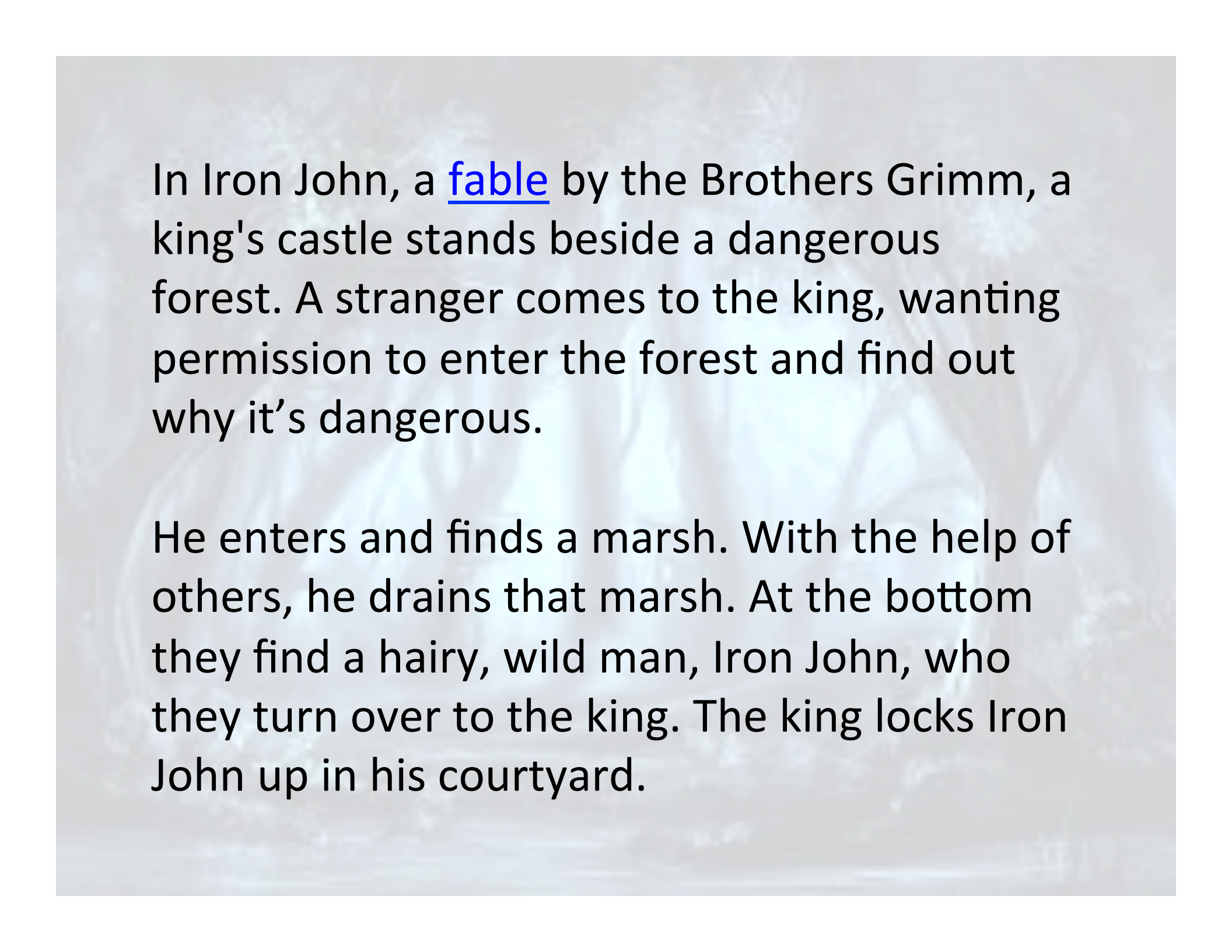


No.

It comes from the dark crack between two keys of a piano. It comes from the small chaotic region between two stable states. It comes from the bottom of a marsh. It comes from a hidden place.

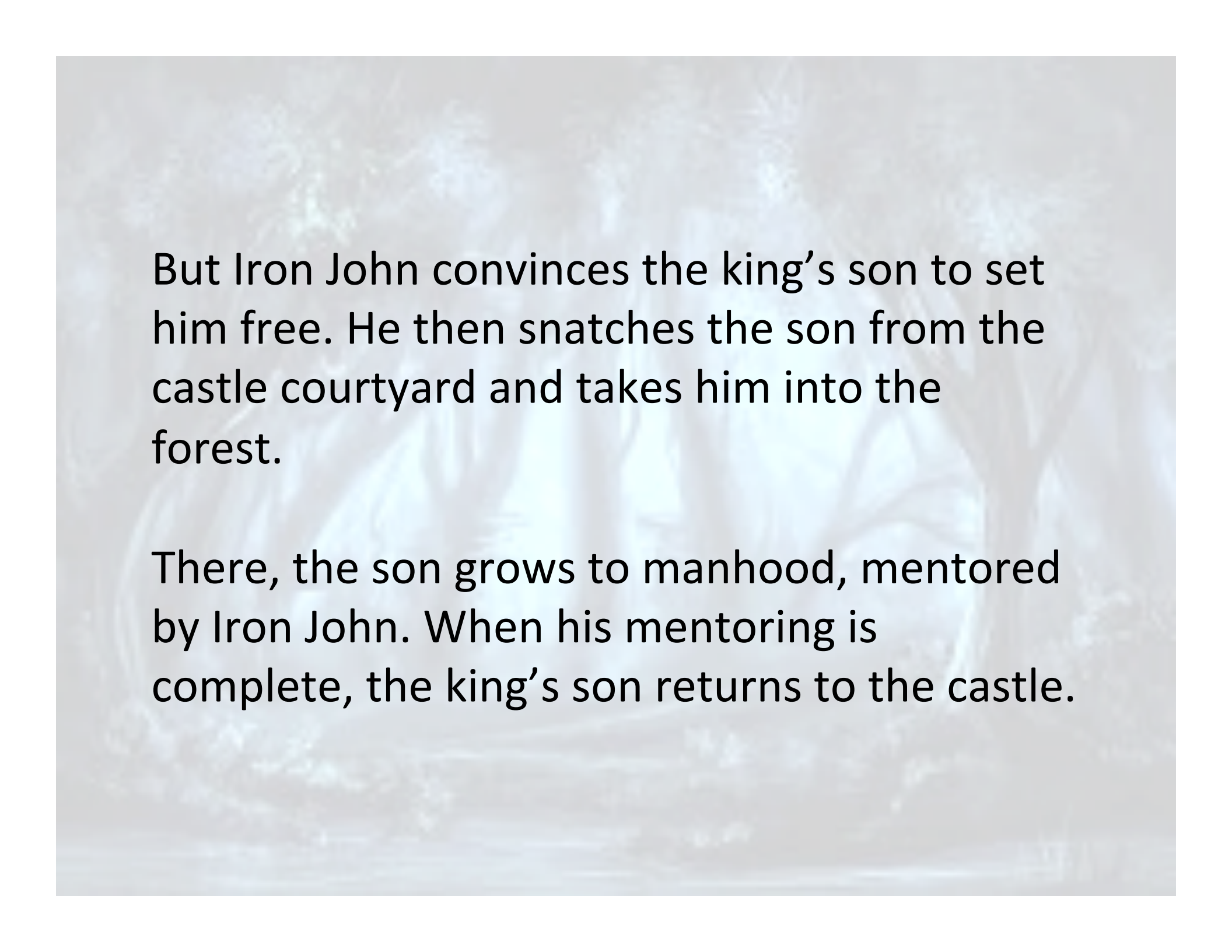
A dark, moody forest scene with tall trees and a bright light source filtering through the canopy. The text is overlaid on the center of the image.

So if music comes from a dark, chaotic and hidden place, how do we find it?



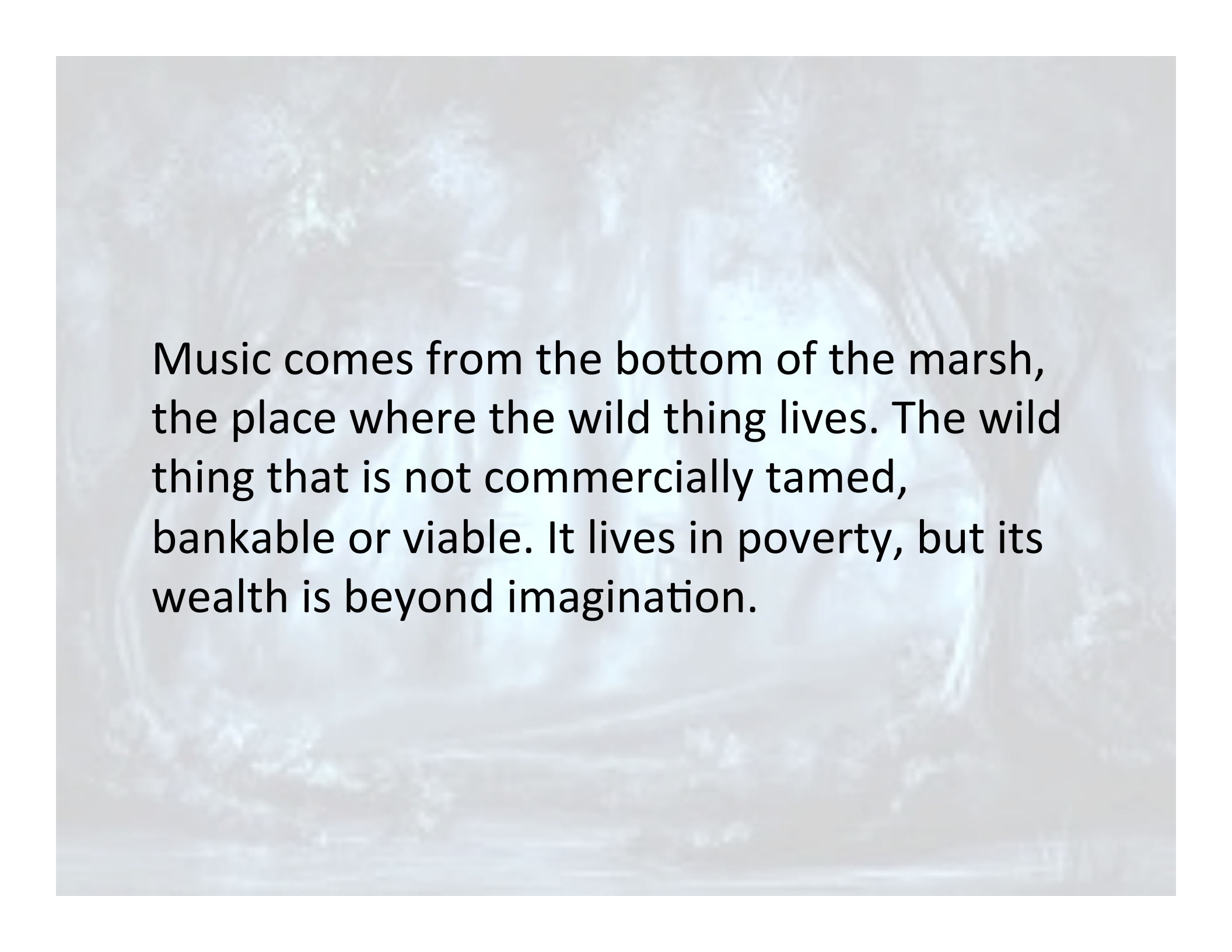
In Iron John, a [fable](#) by the Brothers Grimm, a king's castle stands beside a dangerous forest. A stranger comes to the king, wanting permission to enter the forest and find out why it's dangerous.

He enters and finds a marsh. With the help of others, he drains that marsh. At the bottom they find a hairy, wild man, Iron John, who they turn over to the king. The king locks Iron John up in his courtyard.

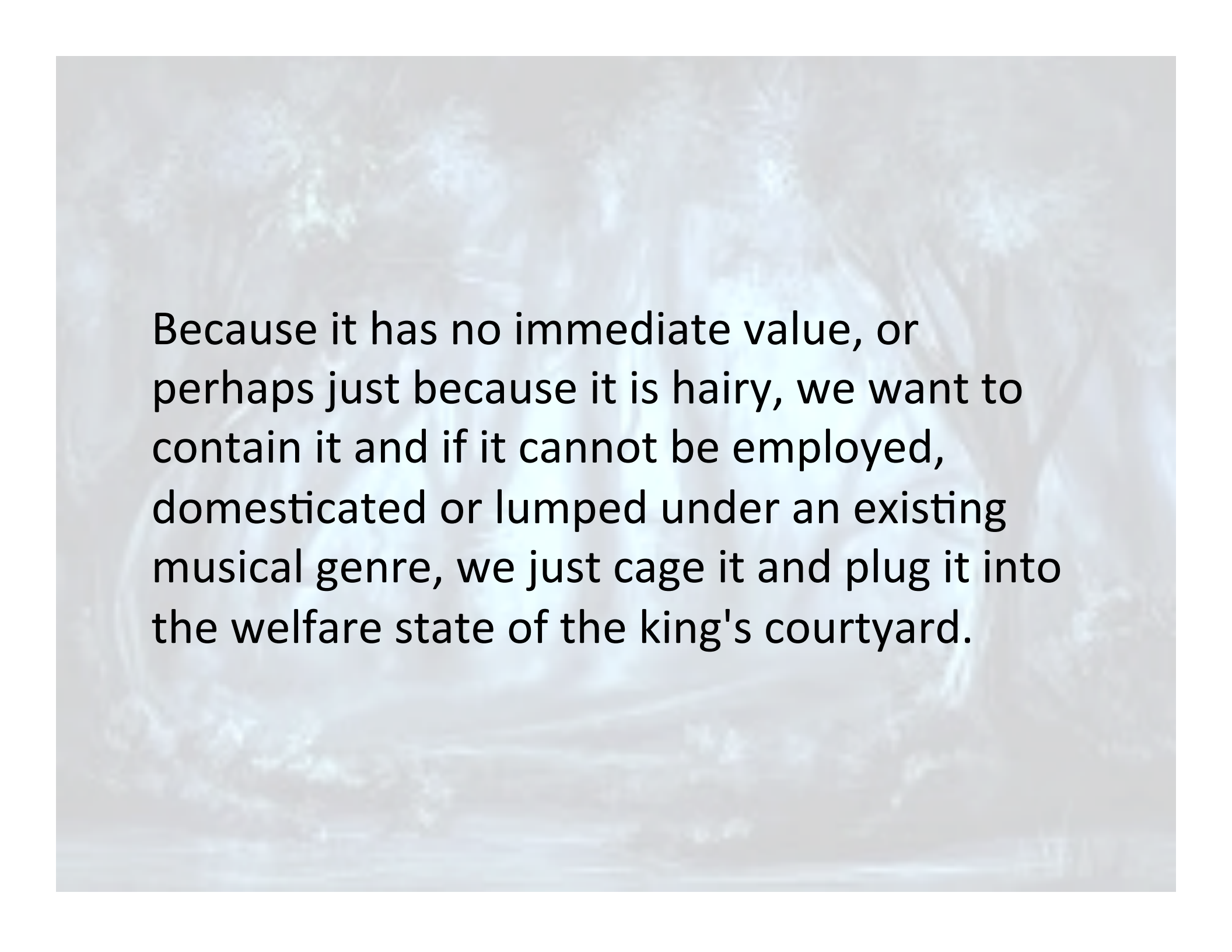


But Iron John convinces the king's son to set him free. He then snatches the son from the castle courtyard and takes him into the forest.

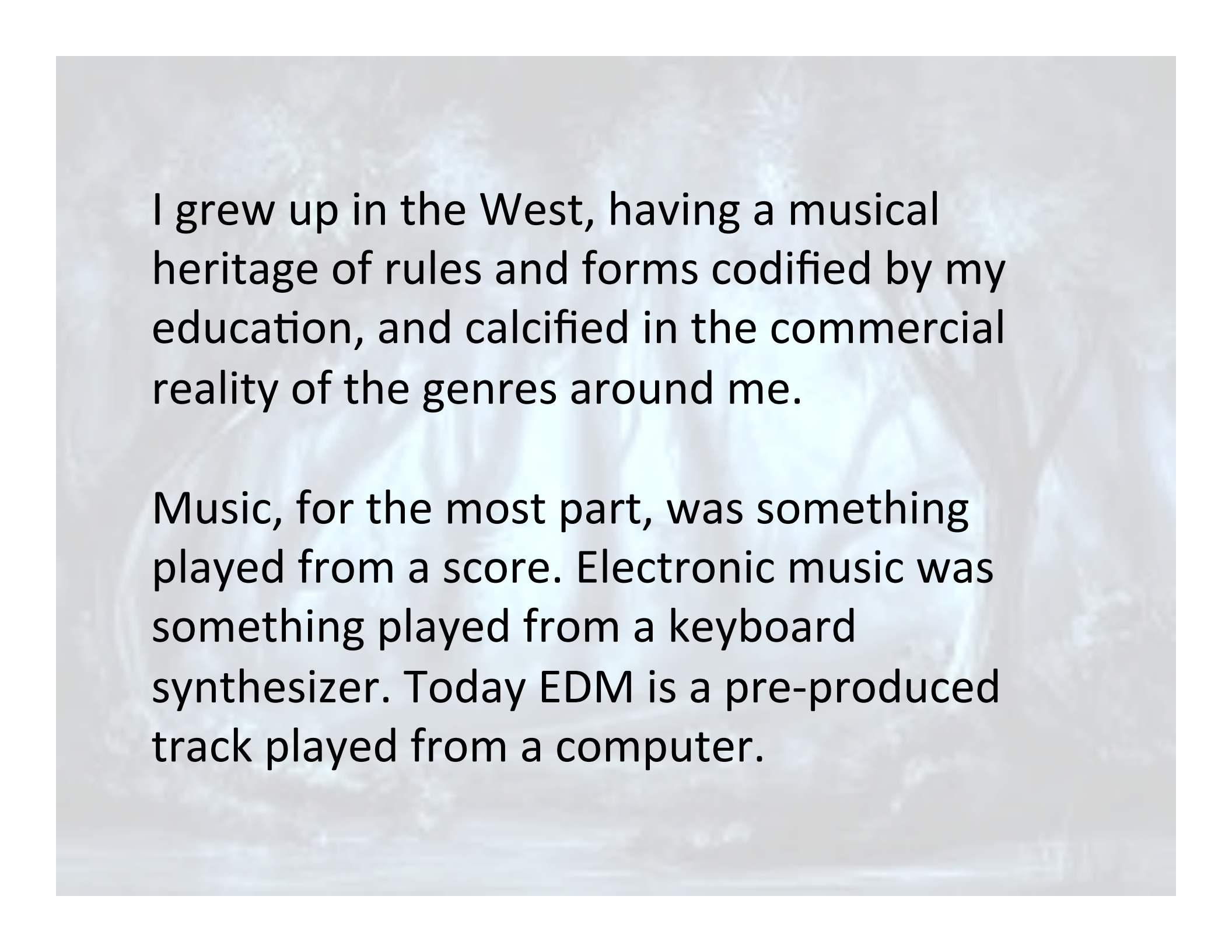
There, the son grows to manhood, mentored by Iron John. When his mentoring is complete, the king's son returns to the castle.



Music comes from the bottom of the marsh,
the place where the wild thing lives. The wild
thing that is not commercially tamed,
bankable or viable. It lives in poverty, but its
wealth is beyond imagination.

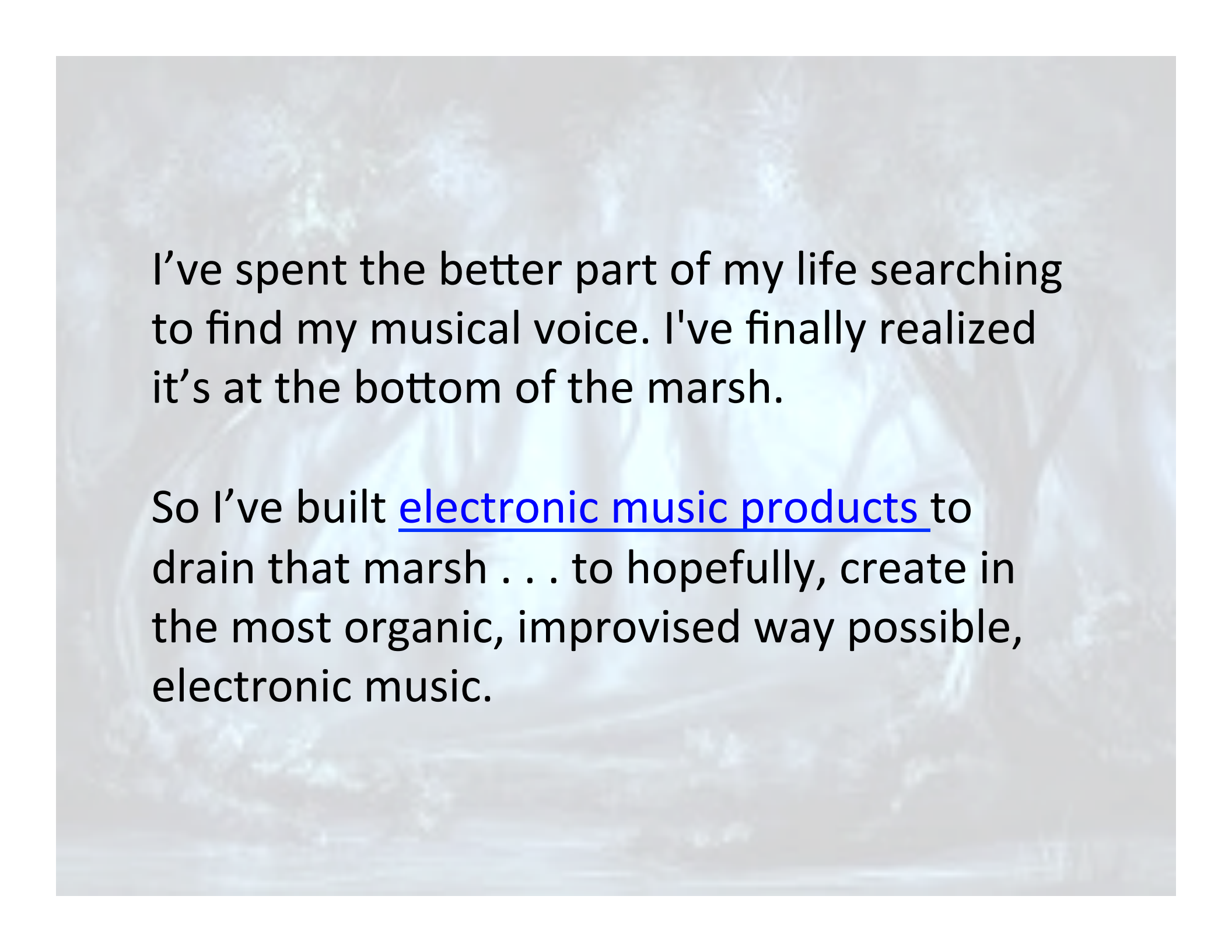


Because it has no immediate value, or perhaps just because it is hairy, we want to contain it and if it cannot be employed, domesticated or lumped under an existing musical genre, we just cage it and plug it into the welfare state of the king's courtyard.



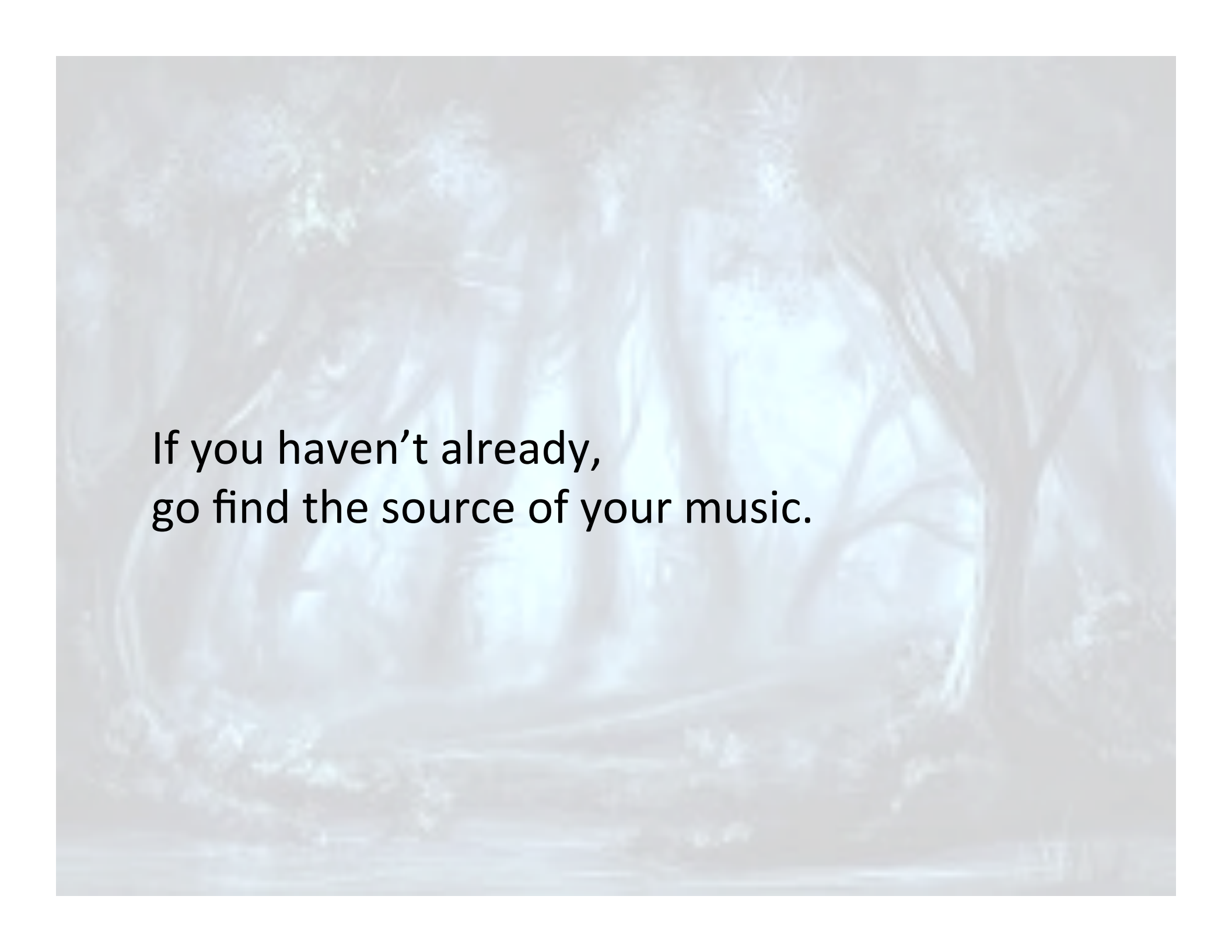
I grew up in the West, having a musical heritage of rules and forms codified by my education, and calcified in the commercial reality of the genres around me.

Music, for the most part, was something played from a score. Electronic music was something played from a keyboard synthesizer. Today EDM is a pre-produced track played from a computer.

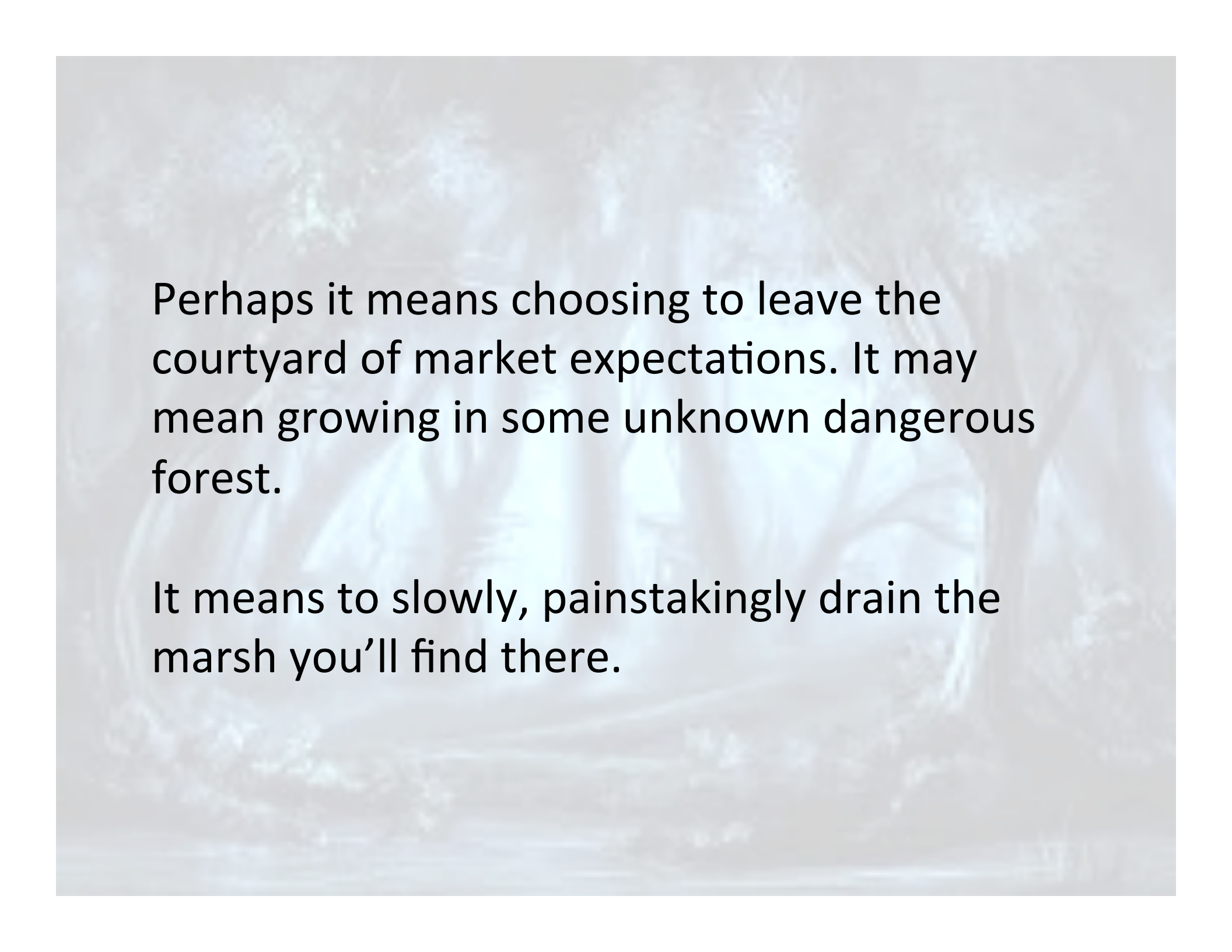


I've spent the better part of my life searching to find my musical voice. I've finally realized it's at the bottom of the marsh.

So I've built [electronic music products](#) to drain that marsh . . . to hopefully, create in the most organic, improvised way possible, electronic music.

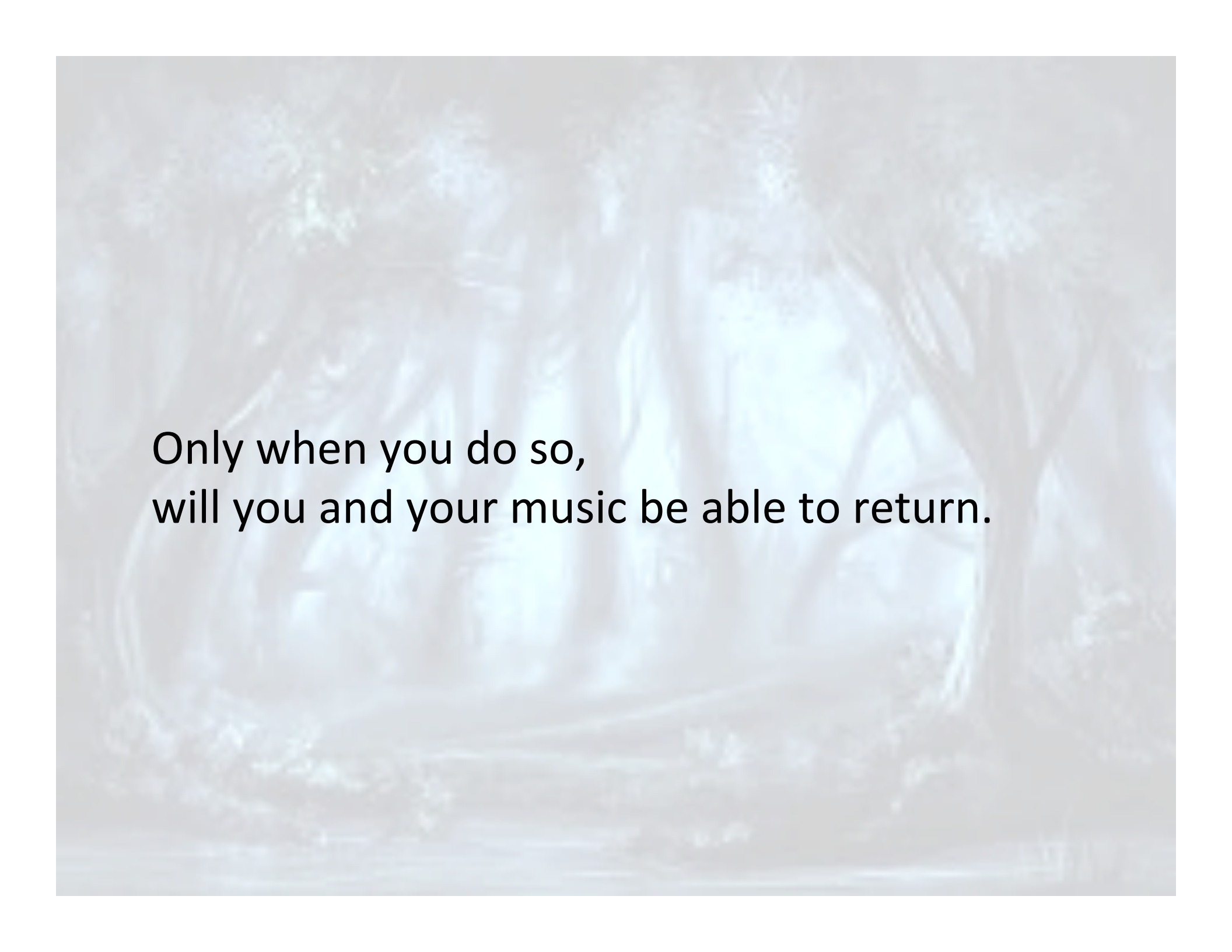


If you haven't already,
go find the source of your music.

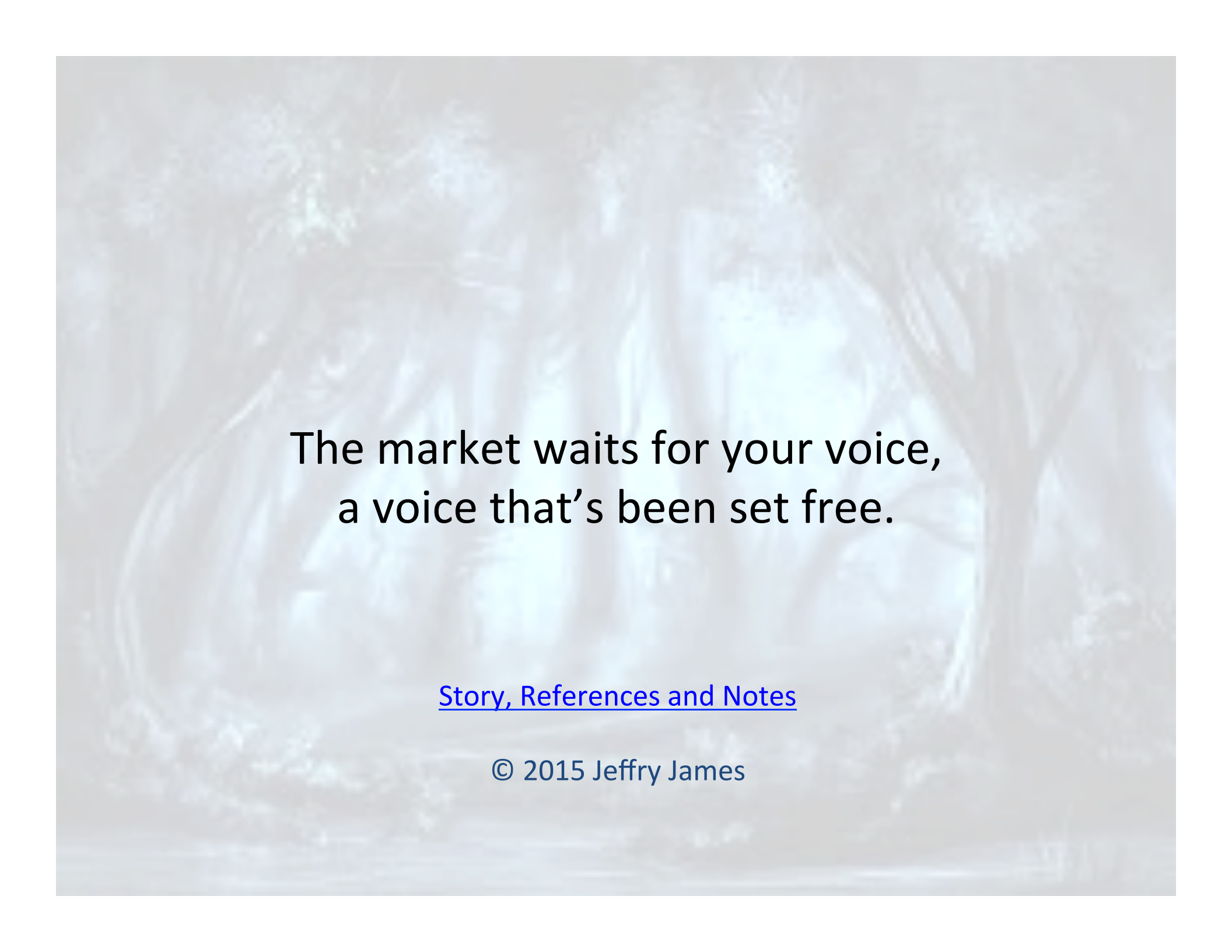


Perhaps it means choosing to leave the courtyard of market expectations. It may mean growing in some unknown dangerous forest.

It means to slowly, painstakingly drain the marsh you'll find there.



Only when you do so,
will you and your music be able to return.



The market waits for your voice,
a voice that's been set free.

[Story, References and Notes](#)

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