

It is a rainy morning. The coffee is cold, the bed devastated. He turns on his radio. The speakers are blaring something he never had to endure before. Isn't it...? But yeah, that has to be Britney. Oh gosh, accompanied by that guy of the Black Eyed Peas. Never before had his ears suffered from such a rubbish. He drags himself to his computer and armes his MIDI controller with beats and synths. With his old, dusty NES sizzling in the corner of his room and his guitar smiling at him he makes a promise to himself. In despair over almost every song he has to endure on the radio these days, he swears to himself to be true. Truer than the whole interchangeable dung, which manifests itself only about raising glasses, getting wasted and parting all night long and all this cheap Guetta stuff . Honesty and emotion. This is his conception of music. Feelings. Compassion. Far from stupid hooklines about swag and prosperity. Towards real stories, fantasies and dreams. Sounds rather pathetic? So what? That's life. Sometimes noisy, sometimes peaceful. Sometimes exciting, sometimes chilled. That is what he is searching for when he creates music. 8-bit sounds meet violins. Catchy guitar themes climb on synth mountains. Catchy beats massage the legs. Colorful table fireworks of danceable electronic pop music. That is what it is. That is Jarno. As long as you go home with a big smile on your beautiful face.