TAKE THE SECRET OATH. JOIN AN ELITE ORDER OF COMPOSERS.
QUIT YOUR NINE-TO-FIVE, AND EARN SIX FIGURES.

J. T. CLOUTIER
The Bedroom Super Producer

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Quit your nine-to-five, and earn six figures.

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Acknowledgments

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My parents for letting me drop the bass and paying for my college education (even if in the long run I didn’t choose plan B) and for letting me tweak kick drums for hours without even complaining about the bass.

My brother, Louis, for making me a businessman and for having this endless conversation about the possibility of making it as a musician over and over and over again (until my vision was completed in my head).

My best friend, BK, who put the universe’s wheels in motion by showing me the secret ways of the bedroom super producers.

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My long-time friend 2Faces for showing me the ropes of the music-production world—I remember to this day how you taught me to pick the drum sounds to create a cohesive kit.

All of my awesome friends and family.

All of my haters—you help me get better every day.
Introduction

How I Quit a Six-Figure Job at a Fortune 500 Company

with No Hesitation Whatsoever

Life has this unrelenting way of kicking you in the nuts (ladies, pardon my choice of words, but you know what I mean), especially when you are not living your life’s true purpose.

This book is a testament to the fact that dreams do come true. All of that wishy-washy, self-help stuff about believing in one’s self and the law of attraction actually works—big time.

I have been preaching what is between these pages for quite some time now. Some fellow composers have listened and created a substantial income for themselves. Some did not listen and are still clueless. This is powerful stuff. It took me a lifetime of mistakes to create a formula that works consistently. I shall now pass it on to others who want to live meaningful lives, earning a living through their artistic passion—people who have the sack to endure being kicked in the groin several times and ask for more (shout out to Gary Vee) because they know that the only way to live is by following their lifelong dreams.
Choosing Plan B

Twenty years ago, I had no idea what kind of journey I was about to embark on when I sat down in front of the computer to make my first beat. That was in 1996, the year Tupac Shakur released *All Eyez on Me*, the Fugees released *The Score*, and Jay-Z released *Reasonable Doubt*. We were witnessing what some call the golden era of hip-hop. The revolution was televised—live and unadulterated.

For white Canadian suburban kids like me, this culture was like crack. We watched hip-hop movies, read hip-hop magazines, listened to hip-hop records, and dressed in baggy clothes. Personally, my fascination stemmed from the beats: the thick, funky bass lines, the hard drums, and the MC’s tight flow. I became obsessed with the musical aspect of hip-hop and had to learn everything there was to learn about making beats.

Back then, there was no Internet (figuratively speaking, of course). You could not download albums, songs, music software, or VSTs. In order to make rap beats, you pretty much had to figure everything out on your own. This constraint planted the seed of self-teaching in me, and to this day, it helps me evolve as a composer.
instead of getting stuck in a certain space and time (becoming an autodidact is going to be very important down the line, so keep this in mind).

One day, a geek friend of mine in high school showed me this ugly DOS program that allowed a person to record sounds in the computer, play them on the keyboard like on a piano, and sequence them into patterns and songs. He was making this experimental brand of acid house, but I knew exactly what I would use it for. The program was called Impulse Tracker, the archaic ancestor of FL Studio.

I started to dedicate all my evenings and weekends to learning how to sample open drums, funk loops, and soul intros from CDs to record what I called “delicates” on cassette tapes. When it was sunny outside and my friends were playing basketball, I stayed inside and made beats. When it was time to study for a math exam, I waited until the very last minute because, well, beats came first. When my mom called us for supper, I ate alone because I had to finish some beat. Some kids cry when their parents confiscate their gaming console. Mine had to threaten me to take away the music gear in order for me to do my regular chores.

When high school came to an end, I started to have these talks with my folks about choosing a career path.
Because music had always been just a hobby (and my parents made sure it stayed that way), it never occurred to me to see it as a potential career. Instead, I chose plan B. I was a good momma’s boy and got a college degree in graphic design. Then I got a master’s degree and worked a slew of stable but boring web-design jobs. Life wasn’t very hard, but it was far from fulfilling.

I like graphic design. A lot. But I love music. The first is like a fun little game I’m pretty good at; the latter is a grand love story (yes, that much). This obsession drove me to work nights and weekends (that’s after forty-plus hours behind a desk) for the next fifteen years in the hopes that one day I would be able to pay the bills by doing the one thing I loved the most in this world: composing music. I knew that if I could achieve this one goal, I would find satisfaction. Hell, I’m going to say it: I would have a real shot at happiness. So for fifteen years, I paid the bills with one job while building a side business. It took all of my time and energy.

The tough part was having this virus grow inside of me, this unshakable feeling that something was never quite right. It slyly started with a few hits of the snooze button. Then the morning showers got longer. Before long, the simple idea of going to work became nauseating. I spent eight hours a day watching the
clock tick, hoping the hours were magically going to vanish so I could go back home and make music.

When I finally got there, I was exhausted. There was no more energy left in the tank. On some nights, I felt good enough, but my girlfriend reminded me that I agreed to have dinner with her parents a month ago. Soon, I started to see everything as an obstacle in my path, blocking me from getting enough time to work on my craft and become the super producer I always knew lay dormant inside of me. I became aggressive and antisocial. I tried to switch jobs, get pay raises, take more vacations, anything to give me a little motivation boost, but the feeling simply did not go away.

This Part of My Life Is Called Depression

I had to go through divorce, lose a home, see my newborn son only once every two weeks, and do two full years of psychotherapy before coming to the difficult realization that something had to change.

Something had become very fucked up along the way, and I had to fix it—now. This something was me. I had to change my perception of myself. A mentor of mine once said to lose the internal loser talk. I did. And like the mythical phoenix, I rose from the ashes and built myself anew. When you feel like you lost everything,
you have two options: drown in self-pity or go to war. I chose to take arms and fight with everything I had left.

Fast-forward through two years of binge drinking and other self-destructive patterns, and I had lost thirty pounds and felt younger than ever. I was head of the user-experience department in a Fortune 500 company. I was earning a six-figure salary, wearing fancy suits to work, and driving a brand-new car, and I had a beautiful new girlfriend. I had made it. Or so I thought.

The honeymoon rapidly faded away. In a matter of a few months, I was back to square one, hating my job and clueless about what it took to make me happy. And then it dawned on me. It wasn’t about the money. It wasn’t about the social status and recognition. It was about freedom. It wasn’t about waiting for it to happen; it was about making it happen by all means necessary.

On that fateful morning of November 2013, I pulled the trigger (figuratively speaking—come on now). I did myself a great favor and fired myself from the corporation. I threw away what my poor mom thought was a perfect life for me. I never looked back. Today, I earn more money, work fewer hours than ever before, and feel like I am truly happy. True story.

What You Will Learn
If you are reading this book, I assume you are a bedroom music producer and you want to take your game to the next level. You want to be part of the elite and become a “bedroom super producer” (BSP). But JT...Who are these highly secretive people you call BSPs, and what is their secret sauce? Good question! BSPs take many shapes and forms, but we have common traits:

• We are regular women and men.
• We live everywhere around the world.
• We usually work from home, just like you.
• We are very passionate about music, marketing, and business.
• We understand every aspect of the music-licensing game.
• We are business-minded individuals.
• We monetize every hour spent in front of the computer.
• We design our lifestyle to attain happiness as well as business success.
• We live off beats.

Here is the main difference: bedroom super producers build sustainable, automated incomes from their musical activities. Better yet, their methods optimize
their wages to make them comparable to some of the best-known music super producers in the world, without having to live with the pressure of the limelight.

This book will teach you how to make this transition. Here are some of the steps you will learn to make this happen:

• How to change your mental state to make the crucial leap from artist to creative entrepreneur
• How to find sales partners who will do all the dirty work for you (marketing, driving traffic, programming, and so on)
• How to craft a musical product that sells
• How to maximize your productivity and efficiency to work at an hourly rate that rivals those of your favorite super producers
• How to drive even more traffic to your songs by mastering marketing copy and keyword strategies
• How to monetize every second you spend in front of your equipment, creating sounds, melodies, and production tools
• How to create habits that sustain lifelong creativity

What You Will Not Learn
I can show you the pond, show you how to build a fishing cane, and show you how to actually fish, but I cannot create the hunger you will need to go fishing day after day.

Only your life experience will build the mental trigger that you need in order to have the courage, dedication, and incredible resilience to walk the way of the bedroom super producer.
Chapter 1

Darwin’s Law

Only the Strong Survive

Trust me when I say this: what you will learn in this book takes hard work. Repeat after me: hard work.

Just like you, I have been looking for shortcuts and get-rich-quick schemes. There are none as far as I know (what a cliché). On the flip side, what I offer here is a sound business model that will create a steady stream of automated income.

Creating products that can be sold online to generate an automated stream of income is the future. The richest people in the world will all tell you the same thing: it takes multiple streams of (ideally automated) income to achieve true financial freedom. I humbly offer you one method to build a stream that is in line with your passion for music.
Oh...are you are still here? Are ready to work hard? Relentlessly? Are you humble and patient enough to listen and learn? Good. Let’s go to work.

But before I lay before you the (major) keys to success, you will have to pledge allegiance to the secret order of bedroom super producers by repeating out loud the following ten commandments.
Our Secret Oath

Commandment 1
I shall be patient.

Commandment 2
I shall not dwell in self-doubt.

Commandment 3
I shall work on my craft every day, notwithstanding inspiration.

Commandment 4
I shall always find ways to improve my sound, technique, and musical knowledge.

Commandment 5
I shall improve in all areas of my life, as my creativity is but a reflection of my inner well-being.

Commandment 6
I shall find mentorship.

Commandment 7
I shall find partnership.

Commandment 8
I shall not covet my neighbor’s achievements (remember what Jay-Z said about jealousy).

Commandment 9
I shall never give up.

Commandment 10
I shall seek to make insane bangers every step of the way.

Welcome, sisters and brothers. You are now members of a very elite secret society. Not respecting the oath you have just taken could have dire consequences on your life and your life only. Do not waste the precious gift bestowed upon you: your limitless talent and creativity.
Life

HAS THIS UNRELENTING WAY OF KICKING YOU IN THE NUTS, ESPECIALLY WHEN YOU ARE NOT LIVING YOUR LIFE’S TRUE PURPOSE. IF YOU ARE READING THIS BOOK, I ASSUME YOU ARE A BEDROOM MUSIC PRODUCER AND YOU WANT TO TAKE YOUR GAME TO THE NEXT LEVEL. YOU WANT TO BE PART OF THE ELITE AND BECOME A “BEDROOM SUPER PRODUCER”. BUT BEFORE I LAY BEFORE YOU THE (MAJOR) KEYS TO SUCCESS, YOU WILL HAVE TO PLEDGE ALLEGIANCE TO THE SECRET ORDER. ONLY THEN WILL I BE ABLE TO SHOW YOU JUST HOW DEEP THE RABBIT HOLE GOES.