

I never intended to become a professional songwriter. As a matter of fact, my vision for my life was to be unemployable. My moral outrage over the abuses and travesties of capitalism wielded by political power was so fierce that I never wanted to make money because I didn't want to pay the taxes that supported the destruction of so many lives and dreams. Ah, to be young and idealistic again.

I was shanghai'd in 1987, my copyrights stolen by British pirates, and forced to walk the plank. I became a professional songwriter by de facto exploitation of my copyrights via bootleg. By the time I consented to recording professionally, my copyrights were already raped and ravished.

As a result, when I was offered what seemed like an exorbitant amount as an advance by a record label as enticement to produce more published compositions, I resisted the trap. I insisted on ownership of the copyrights, both masters and mechanicals. I sacrificed the short term benefit for the long term control of my intellectual property interests.

Fast forward to the dystopia that I now live in where my compositions are ripped, shredded, mangled and dismembered by the largest copying machine ever invented (ie. the 'internet') and it should not come as a surprise that I am vociferously opposed to the enabling of industries of disruption (tech advertisers) shackling my rights as a copyright holder to their slave ship under a bright, candy-colored pirate flag of "Innovation Uber Alles" (ie. Google)

If anything, please use your tarnished, weary moral duty to protect the powerless interests of one very bitter songwriter to slow down this leviathan in its progressive path to destruction of everything worth cherishing.

Michelle Shocked

May 19, 2014