

“PUBLISH AND PERISH!”

Music and creativity at the gateway to Babylon.

I would like to begin by acknowledging the source of inspiration for the title of my address here today. “Publish and be damned” is what the Duke of Wellington is reputed to have said in 1824, when a blackmailing pornographer, one Joseph Stockdale, threatened to publish the memoirs of the courtesan Harriett Wilson. Ms Wilson’s adventures into the world of literature were intended to reveal that the Duke of Wellington had been dallying pleasurably on many occasions in her boudoir and submitting to her charms – this while being a married man. Such a naked attempt at blackmail was met with the now famous response by the Duke – “Publish and be damned”.

As I sat to begin work on my lecture today, this quote came to mind. The consequence of publishing anything is, and always has been, very relevant in the life of a composer or performer. In recent times, there has been much public attention – both in the media and indeed in the courts – about the effects that free access to global publication has had on the right to privacy of individuals. A casual accusation or revelation, unmediated by any editorial constraint or legal caution, can quickly go viral on the Internet, leading to considerable pain and distress in the lives of the persons being libeled. In the case of the Duke of Wellington, there was at least a clear motive. Mr Stockdale and Ms Wilson were obviously in the business of extracting some “hush money” – some Wellington booty, we might say.

Today, such honourable or enterprising motives are often missing. For certain kinds of people, the Internet provides a corridor for cowards from where a malign seed can pollinate and then be blown around in the digital crosswinds. It can take root in the fertile long acre on the edges of the information super-highway. It can cross easily over any border. It is subject to neither check nor balance, free, unhindered and unverified.

And so, when we speak of “publishing”, it is essential to distinguish between what that meant historically, and what it has come to mean with the arrival of the Internet. If we look at the Oxford dictionary, we see that it defines the verb “to publish” as “to prepare and issue (a book, journal, or piece of music) for public sale”. How quaintly threadbare that benign and antique definition seems today. One conjures up images songwriters honing the last line of a lyric, of editors checking texts into the small hours, printing presses whirring and clacking through the night, newsboys, booksellers and record stores stocking

their shelves in anticipation of the arrival of those eager and vital customers, breathless with cash in fist. Golden Days, perhaps, but no more.

“Publishing” today can be as simple as pressing the Upload button and away into that great tower of Babylon will fly the next “50 Shades of Grey” (which, by the way, sold more than all of the Harry Potter Books put together). Is this all a good thing? Well... let’s see.

Before I continue, and lest I am beginning to sound like a sentimentalist here, a weepy Luddite nostalgic for better times gone past, let me assure you that I am completely in thrall to technology and all its enticements. From the earliest days in both my professional and personal life, I was exhilarated by the possibilities of the new digital technology, and I would have been among the first of my colleagues to use the Internet as a means of transmitting music, both written and recorded. I am unable to enter a MacStore without succumbing to some new essential piece of kit to improve my life experience. Sometimes, when away from my screen and my mouse, I feel that hollow ache that will only be satisfied by hitting the “start” button, hearing that comforting chord announce the welcoming logo. That first draw on a morning cigarette. That ruby rush that follows a mouthful of red wine. I had considered a 12-step programme for techno-addicts, but being digital, they probably only run 10-steps programmes anyway.

So, I hope I have established my credentials as a lover of technological advances and therefore I trust I can avoid the accusations of being “anti-innovation” and a curmudgeonly old fart when I draw attention to some of the cultural cautions that have appeared to me since I bought my first Mac SE in the mid 1980s. That’s nearly 30 years ago, and I can still recall my excitement when I took it out of its box.

If I may, I would like to bring you back to my early life as a musician in Dublin. Sometime in the mid-1970’s I began to get work as a session player. In those days, recording sessions were quite structured affairs. They started sharply at 10 in the morning, and you could get three or more sessions into a day if you were lucky. The musicians union, the “Fed” as we called it, had determined that a “session” would last for 3 hours, with a 20-minute break somewhere in the middle. Normally, a musician would be paid £9 for a session, plus £2 portorage, that is, if you played an instrument that needed some form of transport. I played piano, so I often earned an extra £2 for carrying in my Fender Rhodes. This fee could never compensate for my subsequent back problems, but that’s another story. Anyway, what was notable about those sessions was that we all sat down *together* in the studio, linked *together* by headphones, and played *together in real time* until we got an acceptable take. Occasionally, while the engineer was working on some individual sounds in the control room, one or other of use would start playing a riff – more often than not with no connection to the work in hand – and the whole band would gradually join in, jamming happily until the producer or MD reminded us what we were there to do in the first place! The

importance of these spontaneous outbursts of musical expression was not that any sparkling gems of creativity were lost forever- although I'm sure that may have been the case from time to time. What was important was that we were experiencing the joy of impromptu music-making and the essential thrill of listening to each other, and responding creatively to what we were hearing. Without getting unnecessarily poetic, when I see flocking birds wheeling in synchronous flight patterns, I am reminded of those moments in the studio when all of us seemed to be animated by the same elemental force and while there was no music on the music stands, we were somehow reading from the same invisible page. Moments such as these were acknowledged by winks and smiles among the players, and I'd gladly have handed my £2 portorage back anytime in exchange for this kind of transport.

But let me fast-forward a tad to the late 1970s and early 80's and the arrival of digital technology into the recording studio. The control room, normally the sanctuary and preserve of the engineer and the producer, began to be flooded by all kinds of new gizmos, doohickeys and thingamibobs. The synthesizer and the sampler took the place of the Wurlitzer and the Fender Rhodes. No self-respecting studio worth its salt was now without a tower of flight-cases cluttering up the control room, and filled with all kinds of magical swagers, strambblers and phlangers. Prince among these invading armies was the *drum machine*. It is now a matter of some embarrassment to me and a source of considerable regret when I consider the hours spent crouched over the endless manuals that were now part of our daily literary intake. We could now program in Phil Collin's snare drum and Steve Gadd's Tom Toms and Peter Erskine's cymbals and Vinny Colaiuta's hi-hat, all being played by some digital Herculean Goliath whose elastic arms and feet were simultaneously in New York, Nashville, Los Angeles and London – and all in perfect time with each other. No more setting up of rickety drum kits, with all their eccentric clicks, squeaks and noises. No more gaffer tape on drum heads and cushions shoved into bass drums. No more tedious microphone placement and endless sound-checks with taciturn drummers, hungover from a late gig the previous night and wishing they were elsewhere.

As well as this, the notion of the three-hour session went out the window, and players were brought in one-by-one and on different days to record their performances on the same song. For the studio owner and the engineer, this was great news. A four minute song, instead of taking a few hours to record, could now stretch itself into days and days, as the various composite parts were added individually. Full disclosure here. I of course did this on many occasions. Often it was very convenient for reasons of the availability of players, or even for geographical considerations. I recall one song I wrote for a film score where I recorded the basic track in Galway, the Monks of Glenstal at the Abbey in Murroe, the orchestra in London, a choir in New York, Charlotte Church in London and mixed it all in Galway. Of course this would have been very difficult to assemble in one place and the engineer and I were able to travel between the locations carrying just a hard drive and a computer.

Another big plus that this kind of modular recording afforded was the ability to really focus on each individual musician and performer. Not only that, but as digital technology improved, we were able to record many performances from the same musician and then choose what we thought were the best bits later. Before the arrival of digital recording this would have been so painstaking as to be virtually impossible. Editing with a razor blade on thin magnetic tape was a completely different kettle of fish than cutting and pasting with a mouse. And in the great post-operative surgery that the studio has become, we are now able to get singers into tune, on the beat and with exquisite dynamics without having to put them to the bother of doing it themselves on the day of recording.

Studio designers are breathless trying to keep up with this change of emphasis, as the new control rooms expanded to house all the racks of toys, while the studio musicians' space contracted, as there was nobody in there most of the time. Photographs of engineers in front of desks that look like the bridge of the Starship Enterprise are now being replaced with men staring at virtual representations of their beloved "boards" - now languishing in a skip outside the studio en route to being recycled.

From the perspective of pure sound recording, much of what has happened since the arrival of digital is very positive, and while the purists will still hanker for the warmth of analog and the authenticity of vinyl, in my view there is no turning back. Any of the criticisms aimed at digital - and in particular the need to compress the audio down to Internet-friendly Mp3s - will in time disappear as Cloud computing and other innovations advance, as they undoubtedly will.

So what did happen on the negative side? I will return to this question in greater detail later, but for the moment let me say this - I think we have less of a *community* of musicians and performers than we did before it arrived. The ability of composers to work on their own, with their Macs and their PCs has made for a more socially fractured working environment. If I can have the famous Jaco Pastorius and his array of bass guitars available to me on my keyboard, why do I need to bother hanging around live gigs in Smyths or Whelans, looking for a player to come in and enhance my Masterwork? And say if I was the guitarist overdubbing onto a track that already has a keyboard player, a drummer, and a bass player, would I really need to know their names? Do I ever need to meet them? Will I miss the buzz of interacting with other players, swopping and bouncing ideas back and forth? Will I miss that transcendent sense of musical companionship that infuses any group or ensemble when they know they've got it right - together. Well... if I've never had it, I suppose I wouldn't miss it, but it is my belief that musical life is somehow the poorer without it.

Let me return to the title at the top of my page here, Publish and Perish. Why should our young creator pause before pressing that Upload button and unleashing his work into the world?

We have seen that digital technology has allowed our performers and composers to create completed master recordings in their homes or attics for a fraction of the cost that it might have taken twenty years ago. Not only that, but they will have their song in a format that can immediately be published on the Internet. So why wait? The world is out there, just a click away. Well, there are a few problems....

The first one has been well noted over recent years but the debate still rages. For our purposes here today, it is worth summarizing who the main protagonists are. On the one side are the creators – those whose works can be made available over the Internet, be they musical, literary, visual, or whatever. These creations are commonly known as intellectual property or rather less satisfactorily as “content”. All of this material has traditionally been protected by copyright, but as the Internet developed, it became apparent that copyright was being infringed at an alarming rate by a process known as file-sharing employed most notoriously by an Internet service called Napster. Napster became incredibly popular. It had 26 million users - surprise, surprise – free music turned out to be a popular idea – genius! However, after a few years and some terminal damage to the old model of the music industry, Napster foundered in the courts and was finally wound up.

The forceful reaction of the record industry to this flagrant abuse of copyright rose the hackles of the other protagonists in the argument who were many and varied, but can be loosely referred to as the Creative Commons. This group, filled with a liberal smattering of intellectuals and academics argued that any control of the Internet amounted to an attack on free speech and civil liberty. There is much to applaud in the arguments put forward by this group, but it fundamentally confused two separate rights – the public right to free speech, and the private right to earn a living from your work. Somehow it saw these two rights as being in conflict with each other, when, in fact, they are quite complimentary and should and can happily live side-by-side.

I recall, at the height of the controversy, listening to a discussion on BBC4 where a prominent academic was waxing eloquent about the new era of Internet freedom that was dawning upon us. “We are”, she announced “in the Age of Sharing”. (All very well until I come round to “share” her car or her wine collection tomorrow) This viewpoint is most often voiced by those people who are so removed from the lives of performers that they have no idea what it is like to depend on a royalty cheque to contribute towards next month’s bills. There is an essential link between the author’s work and his or her livelihood that, if broken, leaves him with little option but to look elsewhere for a living. The result is an industry which will ultimately be largely amateur because it is expected to rely on a market which has no currency.

So, looking at our young man or woman at the Gateway of Babylon – what are they to do? Publish, and perish.... Or.... Don't Publish, and perish. And anyway, how does all this link into creativity?

I have sat at conferences and debates about this whole issue over the last ten years, and I have been astonished to hear what some people have been saying in order to convince young creators to unhitch themselves from any attachment to copyright. To let their work breathe freely into the great wide world. The simpler of these arguments goes something like

1. Give away your music for free, and as a result
2. Attract a large fan base
3. Earn lots of money from your new fans.

This “cheese in the mousetrap” idea is not only a little smelly, but it is completely impractical. If your fanbase has been educated not to pay for your music, then good luck with introducing them to the idea later.

The second version of this is similar, but more complex

1. Give away your music for free, and as a result
2. Attract a large fan base
3. Earn lots of money from *other* activities like advertising and merchandising and tour promotion.

I have heard this one being touted extensively and mostly by that other group of protagonists in the argument – the ISPs or Internet Service Providers. These slightly more opaque figures are not only organizations who are making billions from the Internet, but they also benefit enormously from keeping the whole situation unregulated and chaotic. It is no accident that they spend millions on lobbying politicians around the world. In our little country there is a fear amongst our leaders that any attempt to regulate the internet will result in stifling innovation and the loss of jobs. Translated, this means that the multi-national will move their operations elsewhere. (They'll do that anyway when they find a cheaper location. Loyalty to place is not high on the list of international corporations.)

What is essentially flawed about all this kind of thinking is that it removes the creators further and further from what is the real source of their livelihood – their copyright. You put your music up on YouTube. Instead of being paid on the basis of the value of that music to the listener, you might be recompensed from the enormous advertising revenue that the ISPs earn every year. In effect, all creative content becomes like a kind of massive conglomerated advertising jingle to attract consumers. Once again, the giant corporate hand moves everywhere. It is my belief that the corporate invasion of our cultural lives – in our sport, in our music, at virtually every public gathering or pastime – has become so pervasive and intrusive that the pure enjoyment of any event is now virtually impossible. Our stadiums and concert halls are all being named after commercial products.

When Riverdance plays in the London, the show normally appears at what used to be called the Hammersmith Odeon. Since we began performing there years ago, it has been re-named several times, mostly after different kinds of beer. Soon, even the bands will be named after products.

“Where are you going tonight?”

“I’m off to see the Pedigree Chums”

“Ah, where are they playing?”

“They’re at the Dolce and Gabbiano Music Hall”

“Is Dizzy Domestos still on bass?”

“Of course. And the Kentucky Fried Chickens are the backing singers”

“Cool. I’ll be there.

One of the most common phrases that is bandied about in conferences about music on the Internet is the one that tells young artists that they can “get rid of the man”.

Getting rid of the man is shorthand for removing all of the intermediaries that traditionally have been interposed between performers and their audiences. So in this rogues gallery we would have found Record Companies, Music Publishers, Managers, Agents, Promoters, Distributors, Record Stores, Producers, Collection Agencies and anyone else that could leech onto the career of the great artist. With the new personal freedoms afforded by the Internet, most, if not all of these could be dispensed with, and the creator could now have a direct line to the audience.

My own relationship with members of this group has varied over the years, and I never thought I would see myself standing up to defend them, but my recent experience has caused me to use a wider lens when viewing the roles that many of these folks fulfilled. However, rather than eulogizing about the great music business mangers or record company executives we have seen, I would prefer to look at this from the point of view of an artist and their creative career.

A few years ago, I became aware of a young songwriter and performer. He was doing exceptional work, and was creating quite a stir with the quality of his songs and the uniqueness of his live performances. I met with him a few times, and we discussed his music and his plans. He was very au fait with the new technology and was fired with an entrepreneurial spirit. He had been overwhelmingly convinced that he could do much of what his career required on his own – not for reasons of greed, but because he thought that, rather than pay somebody to do it badly, he could do it much better himself. There was a time when such notions could not have been entertained by any artist. But the Internet with its promise of “getting rid of the man” made this a beguiling and attractive idea. And if there was anyone who could multi-task, it was this guy. He could certainly sing and write. Recording was no problem to him, and he was a multi-instrumentalist so could play most of the instruments required for his songs. He was a wizard on the Web and knew how to design his own web page. Facebook, Twitter, Linkdin and all the other Social Networks were second nature to him, and he could reply to the queries of his fanbase while watching television or having his breakfast cereal.

He managed to find his way, via the Internet, to most of the venues suitable to his kind of music, and pretty soon was able to book his own tours. I know that he was also designing his own merchandise and an app for the iPad, when I lost contact with him for quite a while.

About two years later I heard a new song of his on the radio. What immediately struck me was how little his music had progressed in the intervening years. And then I could not help thinking – “Well, what should I expect”? He was doing the work of 10 people, and surely some part of him was going to suffer. Unfortunately, at the moment, it would seem that his musical progression has been halted and in all the frenetic activity of his self-animated career, some promising part of his creative expression has been put into cold storage.

I have no problem with the idea of looking after as much of your career as you can. The Internet is an ideal way to introduce yourself to a wider market, and who knows, you may start hearing from fans in Madagascar or Bulawayo who have found their way to your music on the Web. However, a writer is a writer, a performer is a performer, and for most people who do it, it is full time job. If Van Morrison had to design his t-shirts or update his Webpage every day, or Prince had to do his own tour booking, then I am certain we would have had no “Moondance” or “Purple Rain”. The danger of getting rid of the man is that you run the risk of *becoming* the man.

And let us not forget that, for performers, managers or producers can have an important role in a similar way that publishers and editors can have for authors. Bringing a new piece of writing into the world can be a tentative and insecure activity, full of doubts and hesitations. To have a trusted sounding board as part of your team is an invaluable asset – not only to encourage you when you need that extra spur close to the finishing line, but also to get you moving if you are in one of those doldrums that can often afflict the creative classes. And it seems idle to speculate what the Beatles albums might have been like without “the man”, George Martin to mediate and interpret what the band was trying to achieve. Also, I have never met a writer who can negotiate sensibly about his or her own work. They are too close to it – they either think too much, or too little of it, or generally make a fool of themselves when representing their work in a commercial context. This is where “the man” came in, and a good man in that position can be an essential part of the artist’s armoury.

Let us leave the world of artists for the moment, with their dilemmas of whether or not to Publish or Perish or how to have their voices heard in the Babel of the Internet. I would like to turn to ourselves here today– far more interesting – and reflect on our relationship to music within a culture that has now had digital technology and the Internet for a couple of decades. If I may, I will get anecdotal again.

When I was in my teens, I saw an ad in the back of Melody Maker or the New Musical Express for a club in England called the Heanor Record Centre. I sent

away for an application form and joined the club. Every week I received a catalog of all the new albums, together with a list of the upcoming releases which you could pre-order. It was May 1976, and there it was in black and white – the long promised Sgt Pepper’s Lonely Hearts Club Band. I immediately sent on my 21 shillings (if I recall correctly), and waited for the release date. To my delight and absolute amazement, I received the album a week at least before it appeared in the shops in Limerick. Now you have no idea what this meant. If I had run for mayor, I would have been immediately elected on a landslide. Girls who wouldn’t give me the time of day, were now falling into step beside me, and I strode the streets of Limerick like a colossus, my vinyl treasure under my arm, and the four mustachioed faces of my heroes on the cover smiling benignly out at the envious people of Limerick.

After school each day, a group of about ten of us would gather at the house of Billy Sinden – whose father had a magnificent stereo system, and for the next few hours, (and indeed on many long nights into that summer of 1967) that vinyl treasure would be the subject of endless analysis, scrutiny and discussion. Tracks would be played and replayed, at various speeds, and backwards, as we rummaged between the grooves for further insights into what we had all sensed that this was – a massive milestone in the history of popular music. I had learned by ear the accompaniment to Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds, which I swapped for the harpsichord part in Fixing A Hole which my friend Pete had meticulously deconstructed and reproduced perfectly. Things were no longer “bad” or “good”, but they were now “grotty” and “fab”. A few of us had acquired granny sunglasses, which we wore on the tips of our noses, along which we could peer superciliously like John Lennon at those on the outside of our elite world.

But granny glasses and Liverpoolian linguistics aside, mostly it was the music that moved us. Beautifully sung and played, it’s scope scanned the Pythonesque world of Mr Kite, the isolation and loneliness in She’s Leaving Home, the exotic eastern spirituality of Within You, Without You, and the anthemic hippie bonhomie of A Little Help from my Friends. It was *our* music. It defined us. And we enjoyed it *together*. We went on to listen voraciously to Pink Floyd’s “The Wall”, or Simon and Garfunkel’s “Bridge over Troubled Waters”. We sat in groups in bedsits and turned up the volume as loud as the neighbours could endure it, and we went to the beach with guitars and sang “You’ve got a Friend” or, later on in our local pub, bellowed the chorus of “Hey Jude” to drown out the barman calling for time Gentlemen please. Mostly, it was a community experience, and the first “Li-li-li” of the chorus of “The Boxer” was all it took to turn a room of apparent strangers into something like a close knit gathering of long lost friends.

So what happened?

Well a large meteor crashed into the centre of the music business and the dinosaurs have definitely been obliterated. As digital technology advanced, the iPod, iPhone, Android, Smartphone, iPad, Playstation, MBox, and all forms of

tablets became the new ways to engage our leisure time. So the central position that music occupied from the 1950's onwards began to change and it became just one of the many leisure activities from which we could choose our pastimes. In addition, the experience of music became less of a community activity, and more of a solitary one. We stuffed our pods into our ears and off we went into our own world. Our record collections changed from a dog-eared shelf of vinyl or a tidier array of CDs into a library of thousands of recordings on our hard-drive or in the Cloud, most of which when downloaded, hopefully legally, we would never listen to anyway. Our relationship to music became less discerning, more indiscriminate and promiscuous. What had been a passionate centre of gravity, had now become a casual more peripheral activity. And yet, music was still everywhere. Of course it had been used for advertisements for many years but now composers were making careers out of writing ringtones for telephones or music for computer games. And music on television served only as a vehicle for the hysterical antics on so-called "talent" shows, where dubious judges gave cynical and often cruel pronouncements on the efforts of unfortunate wannabe singers. So here again the emphasis had shifted – the stars were no longer the performers, but instead the self-promoting of often nauseating judges many of whom could neither play an instrument nor hold a tune. This meteor had certainly caused us to shift our centre of gravity.

Years ago, when our family were young, we were in America. I took one of my daughters to a shop called Toys r Us. It was August and Christmas was miles away, and yet here we were in a Supermarket twice the size of Dunne's filled with nothing but toys. Nessa picked up a basket and off we went down the aisles. The first toy that attracted her went into the basket and so we continued our meanderings. Each time she found another toy, she put the first one back on the shelf – a nightmare for the stock takers. Anyway, by the time she got to the checkout, she had discarded about twenty toys, and was now even having second thoughts about the one remaining in the basket.

My point is this. We now have access to a cornucopia of music – everything from 16th century Renaissance music to esoteric electronica and exotic tribal dance music from Amazonia. But finding our way through this tower of Babel is very challenging. Yes, the technology is more than willing to help. If I liked James Taylor, my software will guess that I will like Don McLean – in fact they might be wrong. However, what is now missing from my life completely is the relationship I used to have with the guy who had a small jazz record store on Baggot Street. I went to him when I had heard some track on the radio, and wanted to find out more. And often when I would be browsing the album sleeves in the cramped conditions of his shop, he would put on a record I had never heard and smile as he saw my ears prick up. He knew what I liked, and he guessed what I might like. Then we would talk about upcoming gigs, and shoot the musical breeze, and he would flag me if he heard of any musician coming to town that I'd be interested in. Sure, a lot of this information is available to me on Google or iTunes, but no

matter how many algorithms we write into the software, we will never replace the essential human contact available to us through our mutual love of music.

And so, as we stand here at the gateway to Babylon, it is perhaps prudent to check in our bags and make sure that we are not leaving anything important behind. For musicians it is worth making sure that we do not forget the stimulus to creativity and existential joy that performing with other musicians can bring. Being alone with your computer or your pencil is, and always will be, an essential part of the work, but we must remember to open the windows and let the air in from time to time.

For writers, when we write a new piece, we don't just create a new work, we also create a right. No matter what happens with the Internet, the acknowledgement and protection of that right is essential to our future and any attempts to dilute it will not alone make an already precarious existence virtually impossible, but will do terminal damage to the cultural life of our community at large.

As performers and artists, we would do well to remember that *this* is what we do. No matter how many people are trying to convince us to become entrepreneurs and merchandisers, we would do well to imagine what it might be like if the record company executives and managers started to write and perform the songs themselves. Not a pretty picture. Most of all, it takes time to reach any degree of excellence at what we do. If we believe in our talent, then that is what we should invest our precious time and energies in.

As music users, it is worth remembering that the enjoyment of music *together* is fun and also a very healthy human activity. It is not only stimulating and relaxing, but it can also teach us about each other, about our emotional responses and our sense of identity. It works best when we give it space and devote a certain amount of mindfulness to allow it to do its work.

As a culture and a society, we have made extraordinary leaps in a very short time. In fact I think that we humans are breathless in trying to keep up with the technology. For some of our activities, we have created more than we need, but we seem to convince ourselves that we require even more still. I do not need 250,000 songs on my iPad. I do not need to be able to text, phone, email, podcast, take photos, make movies, pay my bills, "friend" people, and tweet about my progress in the rush hour, all at the one time and on the same device. And if I do, the day is long, what will I do with the rest of it? These are serious questions.

And as a society that survives on increasing consumption, we should perhaps pause and ask ourselves how much corporate presence do we really want in our cultural lives. Sure, it is great if some company sponsors a performance or concert. I would never have been able to afford to make the recording of Riverdance without some funding from an Insurance Company. But to replace the earnings of performers with revenue from advertising is, for me, a step too

far. And to watch as parasitic operators on the Internet benefit from the content created by creators is particularly galling.

If all of this seems like a rather dark and dystopian view, it isn't. As I said at the beginning, I have always welcomed the new technology, but it took me a few years before I was able to wrestle that drum machine to the floor and get it to do what I wanted. I think there are major excitements and possibilities ahead, but I am simply taking this opportunity to pause and consider the strengths of what we had, and to suggest that we weave the best of those into the fabric of our future. And if the rights of composers and authors are properly protected in a community of attentive music users, then I would be inclined to echo the words of the Duke of Wellington...

“PUBLISH AND BE DAMNED”