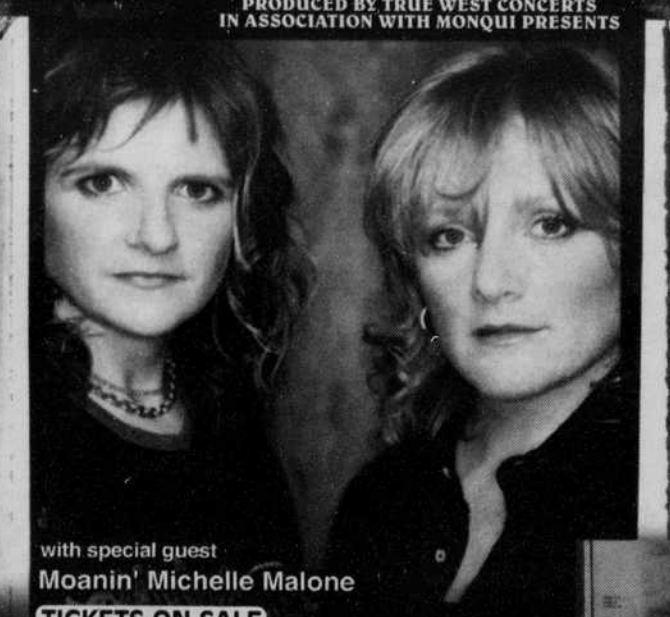


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RIAA waging war on pirates, restricting music freedom

The last time I went into a music store, I walked out empty-handed. Not because I couldn't find anything I wanted, but because I couldn't find anything I could afford.

The thing is, I need music. Without it, I have no reason to get up in the morning. I usually start every day with something loud and refreshing, maybe My Chemical Romance or



Carl Sundberg

Reasoning with madness

I end the day with something somber and peaceful, such as Bill Frisell or Aphex Twin. I'm a music addict and like any type of junky, I need my fix. But to hell with dropping a twenty note on the counter for a CD that might have four or five good songs on it at best.

Sometimes I try to listen to the radio, but I can only hear Nirvana so many times; I hate Britney Spears and I can't get any good stations — like KRVN-FM or KWVA-FM — to

come in at my house.

A friend of mine suggested downloading music, but I aptly reminded him that the Recording Industry Association of America is suing the dook out of anyone and everyone they can get their greedy hands on. I haven't downloaded music since I caught wind of this villainous tactic.

The RIAA has a lock-down on many peer-to-peer servers these days, and anyone who's downloaded 1000 songs or more is a potential target. They don't care who you are. Last month, they made an example out of a twelve-year-old girl, Brianna LaHara, forcing her to read a statement of apology and making her parents pay \$2,000 in damages. This mad raid by the RIAA is all in the name of fair business practices.

It's just not right.

By attacking the music fan, the RIAA drew attention to illegally downloading music. What it has actually done is made things worse — they've started a war. On one side is big business. On the other, the music fan.

Personally, I've probably downloaded around 900 or more songs in the past couple of years, which puts me in the cross-hairs of the recording industry.

Like that twelve-year-old girl and hundreds of millions

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NYBURG

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ten Barry Manilow's for every Commodores album. If they weren't so cheap I wouldn't bother.

I always thought it would be a great joke to play on someone, sending them all that bargain basement crap for their birthday or something — Manilow, Wayne Newton, Lawrence Welk, Barbara Streisand and Kenny Rogers. The input would probably drive them to suicide.

My best finding at a local thrift shop recently was a copy of a hard-to-find 1970s album from The Ventures. It's a rock/instrumental/classical album called "Joy," with the band covering Mozart, Bach, Beethoven, et al. Very cool, but it took me all day and three stores to find anything worthwhile. So, rather than finding decent music, I'd say thrift shopping is for masochists or those just interested in pure sonic input.

For those looking for quality recordings of the vinyl persuasion, I'd have to recommend House of Records located at 258 E. 13th Ave. Just a big bad selection of cool records. The best finds there for me have been a couple of albums by Richard Hell and the Voidoids' "Blank Generation" and

"Destiny Street," the Butthole Surfers' "Live PCPPEP" and Joy Division's "Warsaw." Yummy.

Another good spot is the annual Eugene Record Convention at the Eugene Hilton. It happens the weekend after the Super Bowl and is probably the best indication of a benevolent higher power in the universe. Picture a convention hall holding a cornucopia of rare singles, classic albums, bootleg tapes and whoop-ass poster art.

As I mentioned before, I tend to use vinyl as a way to get stuff that's tougher to find on CD, or that can only be found in overpriced re-releases. It's getting increasingly more difficult, but I have some hope for the good ol' wax discs. For all my problems with dance hall DJs and the hip-hop genre, they have kept those old records popular and in circulation.

But do records have a future beyond being tools for sonic manipulators? As long as I can't find old singles from the Cramps on CD, then I would like to think that they do. And part of the fun is in the search for great music.

Contact the senior pulse reporter at ryannyburg@dailyemerald.com. His opinions do not necessarily represent those of the Emerald.

THEM

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burn up well. Flame-throwers are used in abundance throughout the film, and anyone who enjoys the visceral thrills of streaming jets of burning gas will find plenty to be happy about here.

Any of the film's deficiencies can be easily overlooked merely so one can enjoy the supporting cast. This is another way the film feels like something from John Ford, in the way that almost every scene is filled with lively minor characters. While the leads are good, they are still only functional. The smaller roles, on the other hand, are scene-stealing gems. Edmund Gwenn as an absent-minded doctor for the Department of Agriculture leads the pack, giving an intellectual goofiness to his role that

makes his scenes a pleasure. He handles the usual role of scientist in these movies — as the harbinger of doom — with dopey style.

The movie has its imperfections and it is remarkably dated, but still remarkably enjoyable. While the message behind it — that the nation must be cautious with its newfound nuclear technology — will be mostly lost on an audience more familiar with the effects of nuclear radiation, it still holds more than enough thrills to compete against any number of high-concept Hollywood epics. Giant ants didn't come crawling out of the deserts of the Southwest. But with an evocative power reminiscent of old radio shows, the film kind of makes you wish they would have.

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