

**From:** gggeegi [REDACTED]  
**Sent:** Wednesday, August 6, 2014 11:53 AM  
**To:** ATR-LT3-ASCAP-BMI-Decree-Review <ASCAP-BMI-Decree-Review@ATR.USDOJ.GOV>  
**Cc:** gggeegi [REDACTED]  
**Subject:** Re: Consent Decrees

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To whom it may concern:

Writer's compositions, especially musical ones, should be an inherent protected right under the U.S. Constitution. Is the Land of the Free interpreted the Land of rob from the poor and line the pockets of the rich? For this is what harshly enforced consent decrees amount to: robbing songwriters of profits from their own work while enriching corporations like YouTube, which grew to the massive structure it is today on the backs of musicians/songwriters.

Imagine, if you will, this scenario: I go to a doctor, get a diagnosis, and treatment. I subsequently distribute the diagnosis and treatment, and make profits on said diagnosis and treatment. Is this acceptable?

Songwriters are soul physicians. We are artists. At the very least, we should be able to deny the use of and enforce said denial of use of our own work(s). In what world are entertainers forced to entertain for free? Many entertainers/artists/writers choose to do so, and that is their prerogative. Those who charge for their service(s) should be respected.

In conclusion, I believe it should be stipulated in the Consent Decrees that a songwriter may deny use of their work(s) to any entity not providing the compensation for said work(s) asked and demanded by the songwriter, and that strict penalties be imposed upon any and all entities in violation of such decrees.

Very truly yours,  
Marie-Therese Knepper  
ASCAP member 2014; Songwriter, Writer, Poet, Musician

Sent from my iPad

**From:** gggeegi [REDACTED]  
**Sent:** Wednesday, August 6, 2014 1:28 PM  
**To:** ATR-LT3-ASCAP-BMI-Decree-Review <ASCAP-BMI-Decree-Review@ATR.USDOJ.GOV>  
**Cc:** gggeegi [REDACTED]; chariscall [REDACTED]  
**Subject:** Response to DOJ Decree Review

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And now my poetic response:

Pay Us (how much we are worth)

Where do you run when you feel blue?  
I bet, more often than not  
you run to the tunes of ones who know you,  
who understand just what you've got.

Supposin' you need a prescription,  
'cause that's what you've been told  
"I ain't payin'," you tell the physician -  
Could you be so bold?

You could, I suppose, but likely you'd find  
a summons in the mail.  
The good physician's got an axe to grind -  
you might just end up in jail.

One thing you won't (now) get in the post  
is a bill from your favorite songwriter;  
the one who has helped you get over the most  
life-trials – who's made you a fighter.

Was it an MD who soothed your soul  
while standing beside a grave,  
or the words of grace that filled the hole  
penned by a sinner saved?

The words – those words that mean so much -  
just how much are they worth;  
the words of songs we use like a crutch  
to guide us through life on this earth?

So the next time you hear a new song  
on YouTube, it just might be me:  
one of many soul physicians who long  
to be paid for what you use free.

Marie-Therese Knepper

Sent from my iPad