Subject: What Shakespeare said about vinyl and digital.
Posted by jim... on Sat, 19 Nov 2005 15:12:26 GMT
View Forum Message <> Reply to Message

What Shakespeare said about vinyl and digital. Poetic license and copyright Jim RiversFriends, Texans, music lovers, Lend me your ears;I come to raise up vinyl, not bury it. The evil that digital does lives after it;The good oft interred below the 0's and 1's;So let us bury CD. The noble SonyHath told you CD was perfect sound forever:If it were so, it was a grievous jitter,And grievously hath CD answer'd it.Here under leave of vinyl and the rest -For vinyl is an honourable sound;So is music all, all honourable sounds-Come I to speak in CD's funeral.He, also, was my friend, not so faithful but just OK to me:But Sony says he was perfect;And Sony is an honourable company.Sony hath brought many CD's home to music roomsWhose ransoms did the stockholder's coffers fill:Did this in CD seem perfect?When our vinyl hath sang, digital hath wept:Perfect sound should be made of sterner stuff:Yet Sony says CD was perfect;And Sony is an honourable company.You all did see that on our audio systemsWe often presented new digital formats,Which our ears just as often refused: was this perfect sound?Yet Sony says it was perfect sound;And, sure, Sony is an honourable company.I speak not to disprove what Sony spoke,But here I am to speak what I do know.You all do still love vinyl, not without cause:What cause withholds you then, to listen to vinyl more?O judgment! thou art fled to brutish formats,And men have lost faith in their hearing. Trust your ears with me;My heart is on the turntable there with vinyl,And I must pause as true sound comes back to me.Ò¿Ò jim...

Subject: Re: What Shakespeare said about vinyl and digital.
Posted by Manualblock on Sat, 19 Nov 2005 18:26:44 GMT
View Forum Message <> Reply to Message

Et Tu Brute'?"The man that has no music in himself;nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds;Is fit for treason, stratagems and spoils.The motions of his spirit are dull as night;And his affections dark as Erebus."W. ShakespeareThe Merchent Of Venice