In recent years, the site has become the online venue for musicians to release their new material. Name-brand bands such as Weezer, Nine Inch Nails — and even aspiring rapper Kevin Federline — have debuted music on their MySpace.com pages.

But popular English songwriter Billy Bragg claims the MySpace.com "terms of service" give Murdoch's minions the right to exploit their content as they see fit.

Bragg has deleted his tunes from his MySpace.com page, which offers this explanation: "SORRY THERE'S NO MUSIC," because "once an artist puts up any content (including songs), it then belongs to MySpace (AKA Rupert Murdoch) and they can do what they want with it, throughout the world without paying the artist."

The troublesome fine print informs users that by posting any content, "you hereby grant to MySpace.com a non-exclusive, fully-paid and royalty-free, worldwide license (with the right to sublicense through unlimited levels of sublicensess) to use, copy, modify, adapt, translate, publicly perform, publicly display, store, reproduce, transmit, and distribute such Content on and through the Service."

Sounds dire. But MySpace.com spokesman Jeff Berman says not to worry. "Because the legislature has caused some confusion, we are at work revising it to make it very clear that MySpace is not seeking a license to do anything with an artist's work other than allow it to be shared in the manner the artist intends," Berman says. "Obviously, we don't own their music or do anything with it that they don't want."

Nice to know.

Quick & Dirty

BIG MAC ATTACK AT JAZZ GALA

That was Bernie Mac (e) cracking jokes while John Legend, Natalie Merchant, John Mayer, Tracy Chapman and Joe Cocker rocked the house during Monday's Jazz at Lincoln Center gala at the Apollo Theater. Joe Cocker got a lot of soul," Mac told an audience that included Spike Lee, Danny Glover and Glenn Close. "Sometimes he feels like he's black. He got so much soul, ladies and gentlemen, he couldn't even catch a cab here today. I had to go pick his ass up."

As for heartthrob Mayer, Mac joked, "Beautiful son of guns he is! I ain't no homosexual, but I just got to tell ya like it is. Georgina son of a b-? Mac's assessment of Natalie Merchant? "Tasty!... Put some C-L on your A-S-S. Yes ma'am!" Never mind that Mac addressed trumpet gigolo Wynton Marsalis as "Winston." Marsalis told Lowdown: "I've been called Winston my whole life. My mama calls me Winston. It doesn't matter to me." Good thing.