

## I HATE JAZZ

Nic Pillai

I hate jazz. No, no, let's be more specific. I hate *your* jazz. You know what I mean, don't you? The jazz you've dedicated your whole life to, the jazz you've collected on LP, then tape, then CD, then iTunes, then LP again. The jazz you know more about than anyone else. The jazz that is better than anything else.

Yeah, that's right. I hate *your* jazz.

If you're getting angry now (and I hope you are), it's because you heard my words but you didn't listen. I hate *your* jazz. I don't hate you although, if you're really honest, you probably hate me.

Guess what? I've got news for you. Read all about it or, even better, look around you. It's not your jazz anymore. It's not your record shop, not your festival, not even the kind of beer you like. I bought a pint of your beer for you once in a round and you never bought me one back.

Real ale. Authentic ale. I think it was called Gentleman's Armpit.

Now, don't get defensive. I'm only joking. Except I'm not. I am. I'm not.

Guess what? Breaking news. It's never *been your jazz*. You thought you owned it, back when borrowing was easy and house prices were cheap. But actually you were just renting all that time and now we're evicting. Toodle-oo motherfucker, you're not getting your deposit back.

We just passed some legislation: Jazz now belongs to that kid you just crossed the road to avoid. Jazz now belongs to your long-suffering wife. Jazz now belongs to the immigrants and the unhoused. It's noisy and it's angry and you don't understand it so you think it's bad.

Come and join us if you'd like. Be *our* guest.

Lots of love, kiss kiss x

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