

During my long lost days in the 1960s and 1970s as a reviews editor for *The Times Educational Supplement* and jazz reviewer for *The Sunday Times* and *The Times Literary Supplement*, this ill-written and uninformative – and, frankly, ignorant – contribution would have been “spiked”. (I wonder if that beautifully evocative term is still used in newspaper offices?) Whyton’s book should be re-reviewed so we can find out whether it’s worth reading/buying.

Bill Luckin, St Helens

... I read with great interest John Robert Brown’s review of Tony Whyton’s book *Jazz Icons* and with mischievous delight wondered how long it would take before the fluttering in the dovecot reached a spitting-feathers fury.

Tony’s book is a scholarly work more aimed at academia rather than the general reader. We can all argue the toss with these studies as they invariably impinge on our beliefs and perceptions. For example, Professor Whyton, in the chapter “Birth of the school”, makes a valid point on the tuition of Louis Armstrong by Lil Hardin but misses out qualifying points, such as that Louis’s first lessons in music were in a home for wayward kids.

Clearly jazz can cover all sorts of disciplines; for example, jazz is an ideal analogy for the study of group dynamics or as a metaphor in business studies for styles of leadership – the *laissez faire* to the martinet.

Tony Whyton should be congratulated on securing academic funds for research and if he had not it would probably have ended up with a study into why Papageno wears tights and the magic flute is a potent symbol of male sexuality and prowess – which brings me to Krin Gabbard. Professor Gabbard is an immensely likeable fellow and knows his jazz inside out. His academic writings have clearly struck a chord with younger academics. For example Professor Gabbard delivered a paper at a jazz conference at Leeds College of Music in April 1999 which hypothesised that “Marlon Brando’s work in *Street Car Named Desire* was a kind of jazz performance, not just in terms of how he performs his masculinity. The paper connects jazz with the Method Actors of the 1940s and 50s in terms of a shared fascination with black male sexuality, psychoanalysis, spontaneity and rejection of bourgeois values.”

This is all rip-roaring stuff, but as I try and drag this tired old nation of ours up by its bootstraps, I wonder how will this get musicians gigs, build audiences – especially in the younger demographic – help promoters in straitened times and attract investment? However, I also recognise the business of putting on gigs must go hand-in-hand with strides to build a deep and profound hinterland of knowledge for jazz – a hinterland that provides ballast for funding and investment applications.

Chris Hodgkins, Jazz Services

TRUTH AND IGNORANCE

Regarding his so-called “review” of a Woody Herman CD on page 25 of your May 2013 issue, please inform your readers that Steve Voce is completely and utterly wrong by involving me in a CD manufactured by a company called Sounds Of Yester Year.

Mr Voce has picked on the wrong person. I never have had anything to do with Sounds Of Yester Year. I did not write or utter the words that the insolent Steve Voce has wrongly attributed to me. I did not record anything for Sounds Of Yester Year. Steve Voce’s gratuitous spelling-grammatical lesson to whomsoever wrote the words of his complaint discredits him further.

Since the company Sounds Of Yester Year seems to have been in operation for a number of years that would indicate that Steve Voce’s fantasy regarding my involvement with Sounds Of Yester Year has lasted for quite a long time. Beyond indulging in his fantasies via writing “record reviews” why he picked on me can never be satisfactorily understood or in any way justified: green eyes? Surely not. Tut tut.

Steve Voce is utterly wrong in alleging that “Chris Pirie did well by his early Woody Herman LPs.” In fact my work was misappropriated, decades ago, thence exploited time and again through being rearranged, sold on, and issued by other labels for unwarranted cash profit by unscrupulous individuals. I did not and never did profit by those misdoings. Not one penny.

Although I commissioned, and paid for, exclusively, with full authorisation, the concert recording of “Stan Kenton Conducts The Berlin Dream Band”, that also was knowingly misappropriated and sold on, without my knowledge or approval.

Best wishes to all *Jazz Journal* readers.

Chris Pirie, by email

Steve Voce apologises: I did not know that Chris Pirie had legally ensured termination of his association with Submarine Records twenty years ago, and in labouring under that misapprehension I wrongly and unfairly criticised him for which I am deeply sorry.

LOUIS & TRUE JAZZ

I am writing to thank Steve Voce for recommending the book by Ricky Ricardi about Louis Armstrong (JJ 1212). I have several books about Satchmo but none with so much detail of his life as well as his music. It is definitely one of the best jazz books I have ever read.

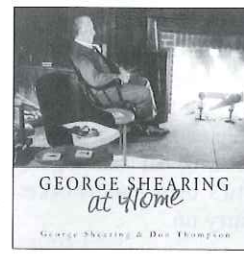
Change of subject, I would recommend the DVD Wynton Marsalis & Eric Clapton Play The Blues. It features Eric Clapton and Wynton Marsalis playing with a group of New Orleans musicians playing *Hot Love, Ice Cream* and one of my favourites of the Hot Fives, *The Last Time*. Eric Clapton, who really enjoyed himself playing jazz plays wonderful

TRAD DAD WINNERS

The answers to our Trad Dad competition on page 7 of the April 2013 issue are: (1) Michael Garrick. (2) Bert Courtley. (3) Harry Beckett.

We had 13 fully correct entries and the six out of the hat were Ian Andrews of Cranford, Brian Edwards (Potters Bar), Matt Fawbert (Preston), Malcolm Godman (St Albans), David Smith (Hull), and Robert Wood (Manningtree). Each will shortly receive a copy of *Trad Dads, Dirty Boppers And Free Fusioneers* from Equinox Publishing.

Look out next month for a chance to win At Home, the newly discovered George Shearing set from JazzKnight Records.



guitar especially the blues. Wynton is also first-class as are all the rest of the band.

I’m no youngster and prefer the true jazz as opposed to bebop. Unfortunately most of the greats are dead. There are some like Jon-Eric Kellso and Scott Hamilton playing the right stuff. Scott in particular is definitely on a par with Hawk and Webster.

I’m just about exhausted with all this writing so I’m off to pour myself a good dram of Glenfarclas or Highland Park. Good health to Steve Voce, yourself and the JJ. I’ve renewed my sub and would like to thank Sarah for her very pleasant help.

Jimmy Hendry, Aberdeen

SO LONG, ERIC

Eric Hobsbawm, aka the jazz critic Francis Newton, merited an obituary (JJ 0413). My reviewer colleague Brian Morton, who wrote it, omits to mention that it’s not only Marxists who can recognise and deplore “inequalities in our social relationships,” though they claim a monopoly on what to do about them. Many believe that Hobsbawm, in never condemning Stalin or the murderous regimes his example spawned, was a repulsive character. But they could be wrong.

Nigel Jarrett, by email

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