

tious fusion of old and new worlds, with its aggressive rapper/DJ energy and its strong undercurrent of groove, definitely spoke to the younger set, which took to the aisles to dance in uninhibited fashion.

This same "now" aesthetic was played out in other festival venues by drum 'n' bass kingpin Roni Size, the Norwegian free-jazz groove band Wibutee and the Montreal Tribal Trio featuring DJ Arkin Allen. It was just one taste among many flavors offered this year at the Istanbul Jazz Festival.

—Bill Milkowski

Jazz à Vienne Vienne, France

Layers of history seemed to coalesce into an almost surreal composite one particular night at the Vienne Jazz Festival this summer, which took place June 30 through July 13. There was an evening that toasted Louis Armstrong, a "Trumpet Summit" (Jon Faddis, Randy Brecker, Lew Soloff, Terrence Blanchard, et al.), then a set from the Lincoln Center Jazz Orchestra steeped in Pops and Pops-influenced material. After midnight, Wynton Marsalis introduced a series of Armstrong film clips through the years, projected on a screen of epic proportions onstage.

All of this unfolded in the outdoor, 2,000-year-old amphitheater splayed up a hillside, from the top of which a panoramic view of the city, speckled with ruins dating back to the Roman era 2,000 years hence, softened the hardest heart. It also humbled the historical sensibilities of the visiting American, for whom early Armstrong is hoary stuff.

The Vienne festival celebrated its 20th anniversary this year, and its status as a festival worthy of greater recognition is clear. The small city, along the Rhone river south of Lyon, becomes engulfed with jazz for 10 days a year, with giant posters of Rodney Whitaker and Howard Johnson looming over daily affairs.

Like other European festivals, Vienne fortifies finances with selective pop acts and a Brazilian night, but a palpable commitment to art and attention to jazz history

prevails here. Last year's highlights included Ornette Coleman with the Master Musicians of Joujouka, and Henry Threadgill. This year, the left end of the spectrum included Anthony Braxton and Gerry Hemmingway, while, front and center, was Marsalis and the Lincoln Center Jazz Orchestra, which settled in for a four-day, three-concert residency. They wooed the dance crowd with their "For Dancers Only," and strutted headier stuff in the next night's program, but only sparingly. This was, by and large, a retro kind of residency.

The ubiquitous Diana Krall, who never seems to wear out her welcome, continued to fine-tune her command of the art of song. She delivered them in a manner at once sultry and sophisticated, whether on "Devil May Care" or her fresh reading of Joni Mitchell's "A Case of You." Not surprisingly in France, where good singers rule, the crowd went wild. In general, Vienne's crowd is a music-adoring, encore-starved crowd, not willing to let musicians slip away quietly, as Tony Bennett discovered and willingly obliged.

The elusive Freddie Hubbard showed up, in physical form at least, for the first of several European dates with the New Jazz Composer's Orchestra, a crack midsize unit led by David Weiss. It was great to see Hubbard back on a stage, but his sound has yet to resurface. His solos aimed in the right direction, but went down a bumpy road. They suggested a semblance of form, but the edges were rough, tonewise and tonalitywise.

Other amphitheater fare: A Coltrane-themed night, with McCoy Tyner's trio and the Elvin Jones Jazz Machine offering a study in modal splendor; Jon Hendricks and Annie Ross singing the Lambert, Hendricks and Ross songbook; the dapper, smartly-machined French charts of the Stan Leferriere Tentet; and more au courant trumpeting from Terence Blanchard's sextet and Roy Hargrove's ballad-heavy horn-and-strings project.

Many of the most memorable sounds occurred in the nearby De Minuit Au Theatre, after hours. In fact, Marsalis' most impressive playing happened here after 1 a.m., during a long "Coltrane Serenade" program organized by pianist Farid Barron. Putting out several adventurous yet economical solos,

Marsalis practiced what he had preached during a press conference the day before about the imperative of creating logic and fire in more compact solo space.

Hemingway's group included trumpeter Herb Robertson, saxist Ellery Eskelin and bassist Mark Dresser, a fine modern example of a quartet free of a chording instrument, boasted an inspired balance between abandon and structure, freedom and the groove. Reportedly, the last time Hemingway played here, 11 years ago in the main arena, tomatoes flew. This year, only ovations were flung.

The next night, the engaging, nascent jazz figure Patricia Barber showed her own pianist-vocalist wiles in an artier direction than Krall. She is a fine, probing pianist, as heard via Jarrettesque runs through "All the Things You Are." But Barber's main contribution to music is that of a singer of cool, unusual gifts and new ideas, even when reconsidering "Blackbird" or the set's most delicious oddity, "She's a Lady"—Tom Jones' swaggerfest reinvented into the stuff of poetry.

Sparks, brainy turns and interactive banter flew from a group co-led by Stefon Harris and Jacky Terrasson. Capping off Brazilian night with a dose of subtlety, Joao Bosco substituted for Vinicius Cantuaria, and his limber songcraft, vocal and guitar playing charms mightily gripped this old theater, once home to Moliere. Clearly, in this place, we aren't in Manhattan anymore.

—Josef Woodard



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