with a straight mute, in a swing style. By the time Mr. Barrett got going, with blues phrases and shout and riff, the audience, not in the least bit cynical, and looking for a bit of showmanship, was belting.

"I've been lucky," said Mr. Barrett, 39, of Boston, who has a sense of humor. "I think it was Roy Carter who told me to learn the history of the horn, learn the history of the loop, learn the history of the horn. So when I played 'Sweet Lorraine,' I was thinking about Louis Armstrong. Not because I wanted to imitate him - there's no point in doing that - but because I wanted something of his energy. You're entertainers."

Mr. Faddis said he thought his performance of the tune had joy and fear, pain and happiness, and finely, excitement.

"I've been doing for a long time," said the trumpeter Michael Leebart, a semifinalist, who, in the opinion of several people at the contest, should have made it into the finals. "He doesn't have a radical style, but he's a great musician. He makes you listen to what he's playing. You can follow what he does."

Jimmy Heath, the great saxophonist and teacher, was in the audience. Both Mr. Urbana and Mr. Barrett have been his students. Mr. Heath was beaming. "Those are my boys," he said. "They're still putting on a show, and they're playing nearly as well as they are.

The third-place winner, Avishai Cohen, from Israel by way of Berklee College of Music in Boston, took a totally different approach, arranging his three songs so that the end of the second, "Infant Eyes," by Wayne Shorter, led into "One Finger Snap," by Herbie Hancock, who as the master of ceremonies for the contest noted that Mr. Cohen had a good taste in tunes.

Mr. Cohen played gently, letting his tendency to run out of power rule his intimate approach. It was careful improvising, and he moved around with his eyes open; he was thinking, and putting his notes in places where they had the most effect. He occasionally even paused the harmony, dropping a few notes, or geometric figures, against the regularity of a tune.

Neal Abercrombie, an ex-trumpeter who is now a Congressman from Hawaii, was in the audience for the finals. He was thrilled.

"Jazz is the most important and vivid manifestation of American artistic culture, the culmination of so much work," he said. "There were five trumpeters, all playing instruments approximately the same size and shape. The physics of it are all identical. But art, the human dimension, changes ever-}

everything, and we heard five different players trying to extend a tradition, trying to be different but respectful. It's really an extraordinary experience to be around a flowering like this."

At the Watergate Hotel for the after-finals party, Mr. Faddis was joking with Mr. Barrett.

"Yeah, I saw Wallace Roney," Mr. Faddis said. "He was sitting next to me, and he was falling asleep."

"While I was playing?" asked Mr. Barrett, a look of sadness crossing his face.

"Um, his eyes were open," Mr. Faddis said. "But I think I could hear him moving."

"Oh, no," said Mr. Barrett, putting his hands over his face in embarrassment.

Mr. Faddis laughed, letting him know that it might not be true, but that Mr. Barrett had certainly been bad. The two went off to the party. Jazz lived on.