



hear a knowing chuckle from an audience. But if that laugh indicates a smug sense of superiority over something as time-tested as a Sondheim standard, no doubt those smirks would melt away as Salvant tears into the song. Her version is confident but a little wavery, not as quixotic as versions of that song tend to be, an invitation rather than a fantasy. If we know the story it's even more devastating, just because she sounds so confident in a happy ending. Besides, it's an appropriate song for an America gone to shit, the implication being that "somewhere" is "anywhere but here."

But *The Window* doesn't feed us any explicit political intentions. Though it's bold in making no distinction between Cole Porter and Stevie Wonder, juke-joint blues and the Parisian cabaret, it feels more like a conversation between two music lovers than a world-hugging statement of purpose. Albums this long tend to be either epics or unhurried jam sessions, but *The Window* is a bit of both. And it's not a moment too long. We want them to keep jamming, deep into the night.