

This evening **Pawn** found himself wandering over to The Jazz Estate on Milwaukee's East Side for a little respite of delightful music. The bookings read "Jeanne Woodall w/ The Jim Poalo Trio" I have never heard them, but what the hell.

On the walk over the nice man sitting outside Beans & Barley says, "Hey white nigger!" It's always pleasant when strangers take it upon themselves to break the ice with a friendly greeting.

At the club, \$5 cover paid, I settle into a seat at the bar and crack open my New Yorker under the dim green bulb for a little read whilst I await the trio. The night unfolds with a wonderful journey through the mid-century songbook of American jazz. Ms. Woodall favors Sarah Vaughn with some lovely renditions of old standards. The pianist is inspired, Poalo on bass is steady and smooth. Krause on drums is just the right prescription.

The arab in the corner nurses his Beck's and speaks in resonant tones. The hipster on the end works his Guinness and worries his mustache. The black trombonist in the middle, his torso a short cubic yard of flesh, sipping a Cosmopolitan, the stem of the Martini glass impossibly small in his hefty mitt, mediates between them.

After two sets I strolled back home, towards Jupiter as he marches across the sky, my appetite for jazz sated for one night. I'll be back again soon. I had forgotten how much I love this club.