It’s late on aSaturday evening and I find myself in the basement space of *Schlot,* a jazz club in Berlin. The *Schlot*, meaning “chimney” in English, offers the unique‘old factory’ feeling of past Berlin mixed together with a cosmopolitan and creative atmosphere. In the warm light of the candlesthe audience waits in excited anticipation for those first few soothing tones which would announce the arrival of the Kait Dunton Trio to the stage.

Kait Dunton, L.A. based pianist and composer, never plays in the centre of the stage, never raises her voice and never asks for your attention. Instead, she allows the long, mellow tones of her music to inadvertently drawher listeners in and take leave of their senses as the music penetrates their entire state of being.

On hearing the first few notes, the audience begins to melt, like an ice cube on a summer’s day. The following composition, featuring Andreas Edelmann on bass and Tilman Person on drums, invites the audience onan escape, seizing their imaginations until they are lost in the unpredictable narrative.The soft beats of thedrums, bass and pianotake hold of the mind and it seems to methat it’s the simplicity of the music which provides the core ingredient of Dunton’s compositions. With each song, the Dunton Trio kidnaps every listener from reality and leads them on a journey steered by mulled expressions; from feelings of grief to absolute clarity and joy.

There has been a lot of excitement around Ms.Dunton’s compositions, whose music is often comprehended as an abstract depiction of a story of travel. Playing songs such as *Mountain, Path*and*Day One*from her last album *Mountain Suite,*she unlocks her intimacy and lets others experience her story. “I think music helps you to remember things. You know...when you hear a song you like, you remember the place where you first heard it. So for me it is more abstract... where I have been ...so I write a song about it and then it takes me back there,” explains Ms.Dunton.

Throughout the set, the rising tones and intensification of therhythmcorresponds to thebody language of the trio, whose state of drowsy euphoria transcends across the audience.With their closed eyes, they immerse themselves entirely into the musical current. Looking at Mr.Edelmann (bass) and Mr. Person (drums) totally hypnotized by the music, I am taken back to a night I spent at one of Berlin’s famous techno partieswhere I was paralyzed with every single beat as itran through my whole body down into my fingertips. Although the style of music is completely different, the power it has to seep through your veins and assume full control of your body is identical and almost overwhelming. “When you play, you just have to forget all the things around you,” states Mr.Edelmann, and he adds, “You make the music through the mood you have.”

Looking around, the rest of the audience seemsequally consumed by the entrancing tones of the trio, and one man behind me is so caught up in the melody he almost spills his glass of red wine and seems distressed when he is broken from his musical stupor.Well, I guess that demonstrates what a faithful audience is all about; not willing to let anything come between them and the music. Comparing their American audiences to that of Berlin, Ms.Dunton admits, “here, they listen better. You know, they say it about Europe that the audience is more engaged than in the US.”At this moment athoughtsprings to mind; is it really this man’s passionfor jazz music that made him appear so affected by this disturbance, or is it, in fact,his very European devotion to wine and the horror of potentially seeing it go to waste?! With that unanswered question, I leave the *KunstfabrikSchlot* and make my way through the dark empty streets of Berlin.