

a y m é



FIRST AIRUM



c o r i o b o n a

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Who quotes Peter Gabriel and Kid Creole in the same sentence? Who ambles through computer age 3D music videos in prehistoric garb? Who lectures on the power of Orgone stones and their alleged effects against bad vibrations...

Hugo, leader of Parisian band Aymé, hardly looks like a guru. But the facts are here. This kaleidoscopic band brandishes high and loud the wicked impetus of its mystical pop sounds, fueled by the fires of adolescence, tribal rhythms, and crystal clear melodies pure as mineral rich spring water.

Aymé rejuvenates our cells to the core with their conscious pop, both ambitious and unbridled, pagan and full of pixie dust, as if Vampire Weekend had jumped into the shower with that wonderful witch Kate Bush. A land where everything is possible, fed by dreams, humanism and solar energy.

Aymé are totally cool with their green, humor filled naivety. Which touches us with clean carbon footprint lyrics. This psychedelic cyber pop takes us right back to the source. To our childhood dreams and ambitions for a better world. Aymé, certified film buffs, summon John Boorman to save the Emerald Forest and pay homage to the long-haired Peter Gabriel and his Real World label, connected and open to the world.

Aymé, Hugo's family name, rings out like a biblical command without spellcheck. Yes, this band disseminates love, Prepare to dance like elves around a joyous bonfire born from a graphics tablet. Here is the first band of the Anonymous generation to dare disrupt chaos through revelry and melody.

As for **Coriobona**, the album's title, it's neither an organic alcohol brand, nor a peat-heated Venezuelan holiday resort. It's a wink to the iron-age Celtic village built by experimental archeology enthusiasts near Limoges, France. That's the source of it all: Aymé, with their crazy wood guitar rhythms and euphoric synth, draw from antiquity their idea of an orgasmic musical collision between ancestral forces and modernity.