



Léonie Pernet Crave

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1. African Melancholia (3'28)
2. Butterfly (2'47)
3. Rotten Tree (4'14)
4. Crave (5'51)
5. Father (5'28)
6. Auaati (3'32)
7. Story (4'23)
8. Nancy (3'14)
9. Two Of Us (4'18)
10. Last Track (4'50)
11. India Song (3'10)

Like a dive into an amniotic fluid, Léonie Pernet's first album at 28 years old, gives a sense of the vertigo of endless nights. Those nights spent boxing against oneself, without knowing if morning will ever come. *Crave*: this record would be one, as its title suggests, of an oppressive desire, a clawing at the shadows and shafts of light; a desire that it took three years since her first EP *Two of us* (Kill the DJ Records, 2014) for Léonie to experience it, compose it and, finally, share it.

A record of restlessness - this album was written in solitude, sometimes toxic, that only Alf (Stéphane Briat) pierced through for the mixing process. This cloistered approach has supported Léonie - she doesn't support compromise and takes each decision alone: each of the 11 tracks on this record was written with innate fetal-like blatancy, in a studio in Barbès, Paris - which could have been renamed faith. A record made by one - but one who is populated by her talents in her solitude. Léonie is unique - a Drummer (as discovered in the band with Yuksek), pianist, arranger, and singer with a wide range of tessitura. Léonie is a kaleidoscope coloured by her musicianship and influences. In *African Melancholia* the tinges of something that reminds us of the mechanical animals of Marilyn Manson, whereas, equally in *Crave* there is the appearance of the baroque spectrum of Klaus Nomi. Elsewhere they are the echos of Mansfield Tya, the memory of Jeanne Moreau, Rachmaninov or even Philip Glass, as well as elements of Caribou. A poem by François de Malherbe gives *Rose* its words when, not far away, the sublime Hanaa discusses the the anxiety of being via psalms in Arabic.

Crave is a record of collision. A trajectory of dependencies and successive liberation. One must imagine it as a crossing of blue waters by a legendary hybrid amphibious creature - much like Léonie herself. After a stormy schooling, Léonie studied the sacred art of liturgical music at university, while organizing her first club nights; this combination created an active political conscience (2013 - 2016 manifesting in her internet poetics via mixes : *Mix pour tous*, *Mix debout*, and *Mix d'entre deux tours*, which were daily mixes of electro scratching, precisely aimed rants, and mystical wells of light - similar to the record she gives birth to today. Léonie Pernet's music is reverberated and cinematographic. (She wrote the soundtrack of *Bébé Tigre* by Cyprien Vial, 2015, and two tracks used for *Marvin* by Anne Fontaine, 2017). It is as spacious as a place of worship. Her voice whispers – a call for breath. Léonie Pernet, as confined as she was when she composed, has a taste for doors that open and take her elsewhere. Listening to this record, at its end comes a feverish insomnia, perhaps you will feel the wind of a morning; soft light gives a tune - you who don't want to say anything. It's that which tells me about her, her nights, our nights...