

UK

SILENT BALLET_ Review_March 2009

Rone - Spanish Breakfast

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Score: 7.5/10

Rone is the moniker of Erwan Costes, French filmmaker-out-disco-jockey-sleazebag-producer who is on the expressly to making a name for himself in his native Parisian underground electronic scene. Commanding a variety of electronic textures and stylings that he amply demonstrates on an enticing debut, Costes removes himself from the eminent house scene which has become synonymous with French electro to experiment with the other corners of the electronic arena that could liken itself to everything from the chilled-out melodies of **Four Tet** and **Deaf Tension** to the trumplers in **The Field** and **Claude VonStroke**. The curiously titled *Spanish Breakfast* amply a natural progression that Costes has instilled into the structure of the album. It almost willfully templates the proceedings of a typical Friday night in any trendy lineaway bar, each subsequent track playing its part in the inevitable bar-to-club transformation and assertively doing so without

a hint of ambiguity. Gradually transitioning from mellow must-box EDM melodies to the near-depth of pumping industrial, *Spanish Breakfast* stands testament to Costes's willingness to run the gamut on this hefty curricular vitae.

The title track delivers a cruising appetiser for the early stages of the evening, as people settle at their designated corners of the late-night licensed venue. As Costes hints at the darker territory the album is bound for towards the end of the track, we move onto "Selleville", another live-maintenance pre-drinks type of track that patently owes the influence of **Aphex Twin**'s seminal *Selected Ambient Works 89-92*. We're starting to get a little tipsy now, and boy is "Aya Aya" the perfect track to accommodate this step in the evening's progression. The bass line intensifies, the tempo dial turns a few notches clockwise, and the night begins to turn up. Costes masterfully layers the beats over the synths and combines it with interloping cathartic breaks, almost worthy of the extraordinary *Push Here We Go Sublime* by The Field. We gloss over the brief "Interlude in the Bed" with its cheesy retro toned drum/bass aesthetics, as our minds begin to wander and our bar visits become more frequent.

Enter stage two. The seats are soon lonely areas as a floor congregation begins. With its trek into beats territory, "Poisson Plate" descends into a techno abyss, the treble and bass layers more polarised as the now extra-strength beverages continue their destructive euphoric impairment. The lighting in the space should now be dim, not that anyone would be inclined to notice due to how well it would enhance the dark tones of video game melodies that are in tandem with an intense bass line - a theme runs onto the subsequent "Bona Noct" but now coupled with a tempo that has the dance floor beckoning even the most inhibited. The next item on the *Spanish Breakfast* menu: "Tasty City", a sure sign we are now deep in unforgiving dance mode and that the night's transformation is on the brink of completion. With a complex combination of percussive textures, it is Claude VonStroke, the industrial overtones render the opening a distant memory despite it having been not that long ago.

And at the end of this wondrous evolution, "La Dame Blanche" brings everything together in a haunting combination of diemetic and antidemetic atmospheres. The liquor now really begins to soak up most the audibility of most sound frequencies, so Costes takes licence to play with the bass line, intersecting lounge-like grooves and jazzy sounds that provide sustenance to the record's undying danceability. *Spanish Breakfast* is quite a diverse and massive first-time effort from a promising talent, and while I'm not sure my hypothetical analogy fabricating the album's sonic documentation of a night out will do its versatile repertoire any justice, I do know that any listener will be able find something on there to satisfy their own electronic yearnings.

-Max Nguyen