

AKE

I remember the trees



Tracklisting

1. Polvere
2. Stop listening to it
3. Lotta
4. We'd have deserved a better future
5. In reverse
6. Aspettando

Label

TRST Records

Format

CD/TAPE/Digital

Release Date

May 24, 2019

Web Utilities

Artist

<https://isuonidiake.com/>

<https://www.facebook.com/isuonidiAKE/>

<https://www.instagram.com/isuonidiake/>

<https://soundcloud.com/ake>

Label

<http://trstlabel.com/>

EPK & Downloads

<http://www.fiverosespress.net>

Promo Agent

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About the artist

Elia was born in the colourful 80s and was raised in the suburbs, near the mountains. As a kid he studied the piano for some years without much enthusiasm, as he was more interested in the idea of playing his own pieces instead of music composed by others. He then started to use sequencers, synthesizers, effects, finding his own dimension.

"AKE embodies the need to have a creative alter ego, something with independent shape and identity. Its name is a graphic acronym of my name, because I liked the idea of having a strong bond with this new creature after all."

In the music he produces as well as in the listened one, the most important element is always the tone. Melody, harmony and rhythmic, though essential, move to the background. The tracks are a mixture of samples, drones created using granular synthesis, synthetic melodies and acoustic sounds.

I Remember The Trees

They were waiting for the right moment to leave. By then, it was a question of days.

The heat around was unbearable as usual and dust covered everything, it could get into your throat and eyes. While waiting you need to find something to do, above all to keep the baby busy. Outside the light was yellowish as usual, it was sadistically heating rocks and wrecks, it was unimaginable to go out and play.

By searching through in the attic, grandpa had found a box full of objects that seemed to belong to another age. The dust covered everything and marked the decades passed on those lifeless bodies. The box was turned upside on the floor to see if there was something that could resemble a toy.

Stuck on the bottom of the worn-out cardboard there was a ruined picture. And inside there was a smiling boy.

Behind him, weird shapes, unknown structures. Thin columns from which several branches extended that looked like lots of intertwined arms. Rough pipes that raised straight and extremely tall. One beside the other, they were dancing in the wind of that faraway afternoon. It seemed centuries ago, another planet.

"What are those?"

"Those were trees, and they don't exist anymore."