

FKY is coming back to shake up your brain with rhythmic melodies whose roots are anchored deeply in the ground and footed by a bunch of hot and ready to dance party people.

The time when FKY was playing with its Protakeur, Amiga or his beat box Roland R8 as an autodidact in the early 90's is far now. His first album under the name of Akick featuring Cyberskum and helped by Marco de Kanyaar was released in 1995 and seems to be old history now. However you can find today traces of this debut carefree attitude and of his beats which get crazy and make us lose control.

FKY starts to have fun when he does concerts with groups like **Massilia Sound System**, **MDC**, **7 Seconds**... the mix of music genres is definitely not a problem as long as the music is good and FKY even has **Dead Kennedy's** as his favourite band.

His first real contact with electronic music was when he listened to samples on Amiga 500 and when he discovered the Spiral Tribes arriving in the South of France.

Right away, FKY is seduced by the free parties in the wood, by the people gathering together to share long musical moments and to let off steam, looking for escape from the general uniformity. He is an activist in Free Parties and he keeps on touring and vinyls from Breakbeat and Techno compositions are released.

Today, FKY is going back to his beloved Techno which takes its deep essence from the machines, which shows insidiously direction to his work. FKY has fun sampling music fragments which he scatters as tribal ricochets in this new album. In this release, rhythms are the favourite smugglers of magic and trance with the same image of the natural moves of our bodies, which we have forgotten slowly and replaced by mechanic automation. Images merge together while melodies are broken and absorbed by kicks with terrifying tempos that drive you crazy. Scraps of stories are set in motion and recreate a virtual world with strong beats and spinning around bass. This world is an unconscious praise to an unbridled future which has been imagined by a brain running fast and wanting to mix all kinds of genres. Wise mutants look with a kind eye at this one way submersion to deep grounds with hectic beats. This journey is a true putting into orbit to far away places over there, on the other side of our galaxy. FKY, as a dark hole, absorbs all the energies and make them burst into light destroying the last hopes of a uniform society. There is no way to try and hear any strings of popularization but rather find the knots of protest. This album is without any concessions, like a friendly uppercut, which wants to build us as simple dancers, as natural descendants of this shared raw material which unifies peoples: rhythm.