**DINO BRANDÃO – BIO – EN**

***Short Bio***

Identity does not mean being one and the same, but several at the same time. Angola and Switzerland at the same time. Flying and falling at the same time. With his music, Dino makes heads swirl and the splinters of his identity fly high. With a choir, **Dino Brandão** remains a *cancioneiro*. He spreads out the small map of the pop music world in shifting proportions. He has an eye for baroque, ornamentation and old percussion, plays on foggy synthesisers and kicks his drum machine, dancing on the broken pieces. Delightfully tangled in all directions, **Dino Brandão** can be all this without losing himself, whirling on the shards of his reflection.

***Long Bio***

At the crossroads of Paris, Zurich and Luanda in Angola, lies a small Swiss town: Brugg. Make no mistake, the centre of a world map is relative, and identity is born from a split, a cracked mirror, a shard of glass that reflects light in all directions. When things threaten to get complicated, Dino Brandão takes refuge in his bunker, among drums stacked up to a ceiling lined with egg boxes, his computer saturated with recordings, and his head full of melodies. Questions surge. Should he gather those shards and glue them together, then sand down their rough edges? Should he build himself on this mosaic, as anarchic as it is unstable?

Originally it was the djembe, because his father knew rhythm. Then the skateboard, which taught him to fly and fall. “Mr Brandão, your cruciate ligament, it’s as if it weren’t there anymore”. His body worn out, the guitar enabled him to forget everything, or almost everything. By adding his voice, Dino took off again – a voice that enabled him to become Frank Powers, to sing with friends (**Sophie Hunger, Faber**), and to make strangers smile in underground railway stations and on main stages at festivals. Dino went into exile in Paris. He rushed into the catacombs of the Metro and locked himself up in his room. He began to sort, to work, to feed his computer with new tracks. His reflection disappeared: “Alone in the basement you go mad, it’s a bit weird”. He isolated and lost himself to let his music breathe.

One day, one album. **Dino Brandão** is now Dino Brandão and what that means exactly, he himself doesn’t know. Identity does not mean being one and the same, but several at the same time. Luanda and Brugg at the same time. Flying and falling at the same time. With his music, Dino makes heads swirl and the splinters of his identity fly high. With a choir, Dino Brandão remains a *cancioneiro*. He unfolds the small map of the pop music world in shifting proportions. He has an eye for baroque, ornamentation and old percussion, plays on foggy synthesisers, kicks his drum machine and sounds the bugle, dancing on the broken pieces. Delightfully tangled in all directions, Dino Brandão can be all this without losing himself.