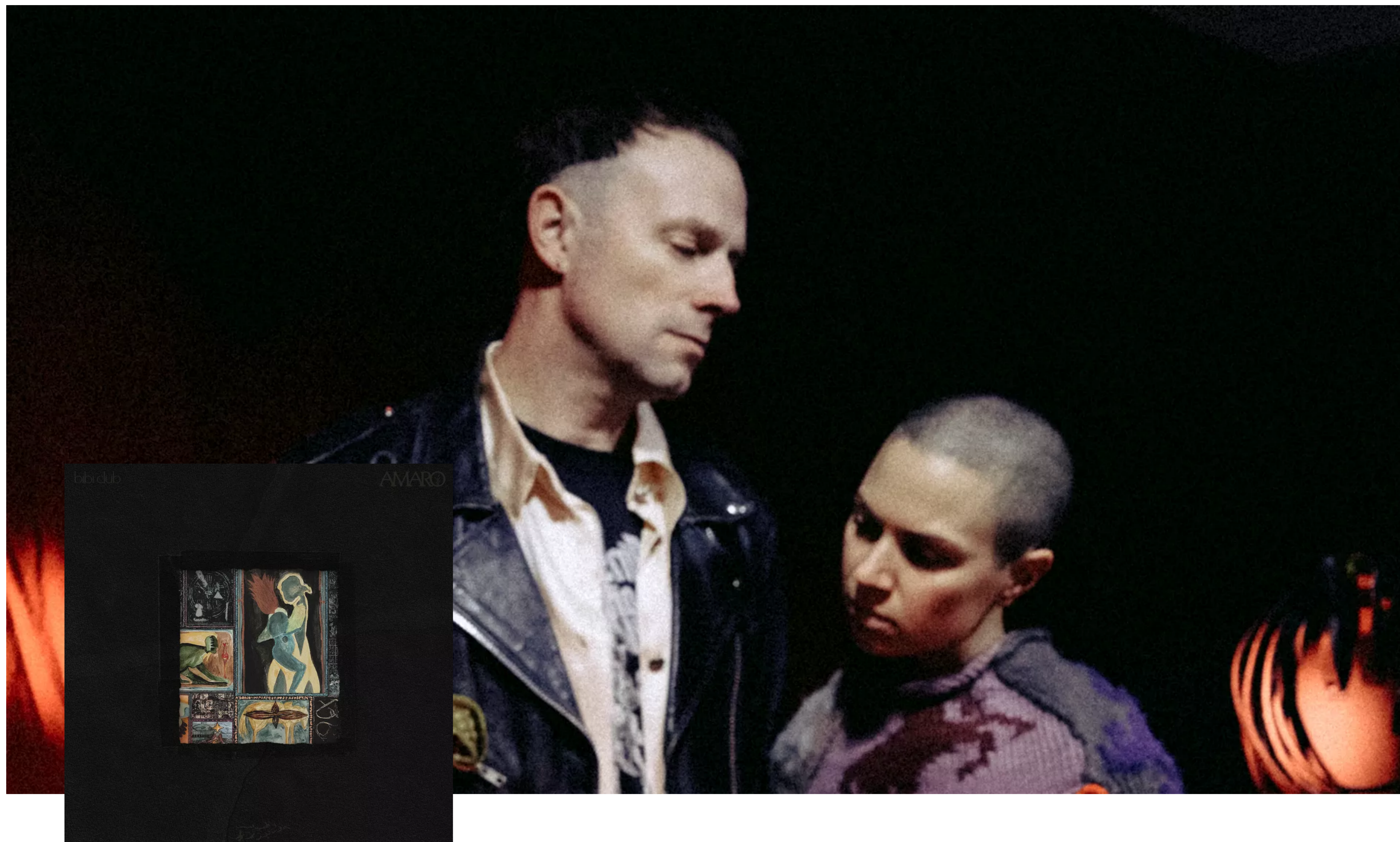


ALBUM REVIEW

Your New Favourite Band You've Never Heard Of



BIBI CLUB
Amaro

★★★★★

/ SECRET CITY RECORDS
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Avant-pop, deathly motifs and crystalline production coalesce into a singular whole in Bibi Club, a group that has, quite remarkably, slipped entirely beneath the Danish radar.

BY NICOLAJ ROOS / PHOTO: MANOUSHKA LAROUCHE
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Let us, once and for all, drive a stake through the tired old claim that music "was better in the old days." *Amaro* stands as a textbook rebuttal: for those willing to exercise even a modicum of curiosity, the musical landscape remains strewn with rough-cut diamonds, waiting patiently to be unearthed.

Here, then, is a band who, on their latest outing, appear nothing short of peerless—and whom you have, in all likelihood, never encountered. That, quite simply, is an oversight.

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Despite a strikingly high level of craft and three records now under their belt, researching this review revealed a near-total absence of meaningful coverage in Danish media. Bibi Club continue to operate at the periphery—but surely not for much longer.

The duo—Adèle Trottier-Rivard (vocals, synths) and Nicolas Basque (guitar)—hail from Canada, and self-describe their sound as avant-pop and EBM, flecked with shades of darkwave and neofolk. It is the sort of genre taxonomy that piques the curiosity on paper—and they more than deliver on its promise.

They have toured with Blonde Redhead, and both members trace their lineage back to Plants and Animals. The name Bibi Club itself originates in the pair's own living room, where friends—"bibis"—gather to dance. A curiously domestic genesis, set in stark contrast to the music's often cool, urban, and faintly alienated aesthetic.

Their debut bore the hallmarks of a more innocent sensibility, with echoes of early Cardigans and Belle & Sebastian, refracted through indie and jazz, occasionally adorned with French inflections that sit naturally within a Canadian context. Vocally, one detects clear traces of Broadcast and Stereolab.

On *Amaro*, however, the palette darkens considerably. Death emerges as a recurring motif, prompted by personal losses within the duo's orbit—and it is keenly felt. Not as melodrama, but as a quiet, insistent gravity humming beneath the surface.

What strikes one first upon listening is the sheer breadth of the record. This is a band that—despite their geographical proximity to the United States—seem far more attuned to European traditions. Comparisons to Arcade Fire and Beach House are inevitable, yet Bibi Club operate within a more rhythmically insistent framework.

The production is exceptional. Mixed by Seth Manchester (Machines With Magnets) and mastered by Heba Kadry (renowned for work with the likes of John Maus, Slowdive and John Cale), the album manages to feel both organic and microscopically controlled. Despite the duo's professed fondness for preserving "imperfections," the execution is immaculate. The dynamic range is particularly noteworthy: space is afforded without any loss of intensity.

The tracks consistently hover around the three-minute mark or below, yet rarely feel rushed. Conventional pop structures are eschewed in favour of groove-driven progressions, often anchored by drone-like undercurrents. The ghost of *The Velvet Underground* flickers intermittently in the distance. The guitars are uniformly exquisite—occasionally flirting with atonality in relation to the central melody, not unlike early *New Order*—while Trottier-Rivard's vocal drifts above it all, airy and almost untouched.

"Infinité" stands out as a high point, propelled by a Moog-like bassline and a rhythm track that sounds as though a TR-606 has been fed through a battered Space Echo. Here, the duo demonstrate an almost instinctive grasp of dynamic build. At the opposite end lies "Le Château", a subdued, near-cinematic composition imbued with revolutionary overtones—rifle shots, hunting horns, and distant explosions reverberate through its sonic architecture.

The title track "Amaro" returns to loop- and groove-based territory, edging towards a near-collapse of overdriven saturation in its closing moments. Dark percussion and indistinct string textures conjure an atmosphere thick with foreboding, resolutely refusing catharsis.

There is, however, a faint ambivalence detectable in the English-language tracks. While intelligibility increases, it introduces a slightly naïve vocal timbre that does not always sit comfortably alongside the music's more ominous undertones.

Amaro is an album that insists upon its own singularity—uncompromising, yet never alienating. Bibi Club balance fragility and control with a precision that speaks to a band in full artistic bloom. It is rare to encounter a release that feels at once so immediately alluring and so subtly complex.

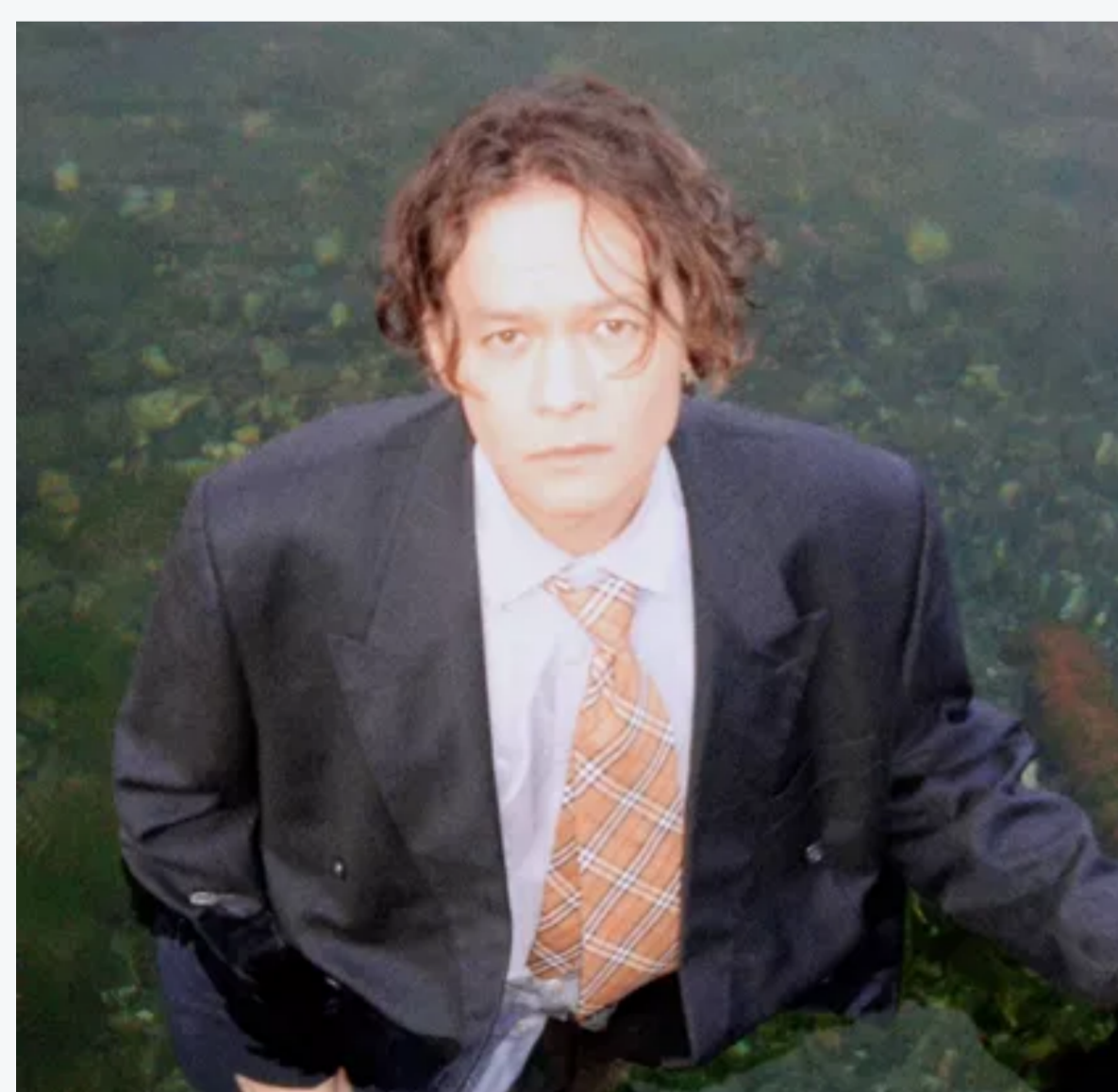
If you once believed that Arcade Fire deserved their breakthrough, you owe it to yourself to pay attention here. Bibi Club occupy that exact liminal space where something genuinely significant is beginning to stir—and the question is not if they will break through, but when.



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