

TROY VON BALTHAZAR

„KNIGHTS OF SOMETHING“

Album LP (siluh066) / CD (siluh065) / Digital

Release: 01.04.2016

Label: Siluh Records (LC15356)



Tracklist

1. Surfer
2. Thugs
3. We need you
4. Smarter
5. Astrid
6. Empire of my hate
7. New world lamb
8. Touch is meat
9. Curses!
10. Smile
11. My black prize
12. Manic high
13. Lemon seed

Contact: bernhard@siluh.com

PRESS / Pics / Info / Cover // www.siluh.com/artists/troy-von-balthazar

Troy Von Balthazar's 4th studio album was recorded in Berlin and the South of France. He used a combination of an old Tascam 388, tape machine and Protools, a bunch of amazing guitar pedals, and vintage microphones. It's lo-fi songwriting and recording at it's best, stream of consciousness music structures and powerful lyrics. The songs create a very distinct atmosphere that is really "The TvB sound".

All alone. Troy von Balthazar, once born out of his former band Chokebore's mystic thunder, has become somewhat of a infamous ascetic, as the name of his previous album "How to live on nothing" already insinuates. But TvB (multi-instrumentalist, poet and composer) nowadays answers that "nothing" with a belligerent "Something!" - "Knights of something" is his fourth solo-album.

Picture thirteen tropical flowers, some sweet, others poisonous, shining melancholically between a sharp and cutting voice. "Knights of something" is the new masterpiece of TvB who - lonelier, freer and more generous than ever - somehow manages to wrest the very best out of the eternal vapor.

All depends on him. Troy von Balthazar is a "Don Quijote", one of those "Knights of something", whose used Fender guitar serves him as his "Sancho Panza" during his travels. He thinks and sings about things that nobody would have thought of, or nobody would have dared to sing about. He brings, with all his strength, a part of the world to shine. The same world that would have been so much poorer and dishonest without him.

Chokebore, a Hawaii based band, produced 5 great albums (on the legendary AmRep-label, amongst others), coined Sad-Core as a genre definition and, in the early two thousands, even reached the higher spheres of indie pop paradise (if there is such a thing) with their album *"It's a Miracle"*. The slightly bitter and sad undercurrent in TvB's work from that time has remained until today, in his poetry, his film music, and his solo-albums.

"Something", although not a very precise word, is definitely a reaction to the nothingness. *"Knights of something"*, a knight of remote countries, epic ballades and romantic duels, in which TvB more often speaks with his hands than with his words. It is a tale about adversities and the virtues that are held against them. TvB has trust, even if he has learned, in music and on stage, to mostly trust himself. There are very few that can overwhelm you with so much honesty all by themselves.

TvB on stage, is more than just a concept: it's magic, that not only absorbs him, but also the entire audience. TvB is a clown, but a serious and sad one, able to dance an old dance, with his guitar hanging just a couple of inches above the ground, a crooked shape, his body bent on itself, while still roaring electrifyingly. Dancing in a chaotic clutter of effect pedals he holds his Fender down lasciviously and rolls on the floor only to juggle between extreme softness and honest roughness a few moments later. Meanwhile his mouth only opens every once in a while. Only a few words escape it, but they are sharp as knives and they are more than enough to penetrate the audience's heart. All this while holding his own heart in his blood soaked hand and pushing it wide from him. TvB wholeheartedly surrenders to his music - twisted but melodic.

This sweet melancholy sung by a shrill voice that whirls like a thunder in a metallic cage. **"Thugs"** and its devastating waves, is one of these special songs. In it, TvB makes himself a hostage of his art. The location of this captivity though is may change and constantly shift between the different worlds of TvB - from the USA to Berlin, to France, and further. It's not a self chosen solitude, its the reaction to a world that he sees and in which he walks, a world in which complete control prevails (*"We need you"*) and that is to close to the universe (**"Curses!"**): *"first I'm conscious, then I'm unconscious "* (**"Lemon Seed"**). At the end, self-esteem overbalances everything: *"I keep to myself now"* (**"Touch Is Meat"**), *"my failure behind a smile"* (**"Smile"**); *"my destiny is the pillow"* (**"Manic High"**).

The music of TvB is based on the idea that he - first and foremost - composes it for himself. Now he plays it for us. This is not only his source of his strength. It's the source of our fascination.