

THORN1

OBLIVION

“Visions of high mountains and glaciers sweep over the mindset, as Thorn1, traverse an arête, the audience meanwhile watch crampons hold firmly, as ice picks crack in to position.”
~ Indie Bands Blog



Thorn1 is the Silber artist from Siberia, Russia. The project of Evgeny Zheyda inspired by the legacy of the “Silver Age” of Russian culture of the early 20th century. Decadence. This music is designed to be listened to in the snowy winter, when everything becomes white, transparent. Reminiscent of Silber artists like Aarktica, Remora, Vlor, & If Thousands; Thorn1 has a flavor all of its own blending drone, shoegaze, post rock, & nature sounds with stories of love & loss, angst & hope.

On the Oblivion EP Thorn1’s lo-fi way of recording makes a step to the next level. The boundaries between the author’s mind and the fan’s ears no longer exists. Every second of music is intentional, even though the recordings are often improvisational & first takes. The making of music brings joy; to be able to immediately implement your plan is happiness... The old nylon guitar, which Zheyda’s played for 13 years, is not a forced necessity, but a conscious choice of “his instrument.” A mixer is not used, instead of a microphone – a digital voice recorder. The sounds, however, are very juicy & warm. Digital memories of the 1980s.

However, this music is not only the form, but the content of natural feelings, of genuine emotion. A kind of artifact, a snapshot. A dark thread runs through the entire album, track by track. “Now my clothes has your smell. And I am the one who wants to be saved” – the awakening of this pleasant gloom, where every now & then there are sparks from long-extinguished stars. “O” – this thread is swimming through a wall of snow to a starry night. “Wake up, Princess, that night the snow fell” – snatches of flying under the tree with people in conversation. “Spiral stars in the sky on Jan. 11, 2009 and May 21, 2007, but I promised to return” – climbing higher & higher, the trail of this thread, we realize that the strange twilight is the light that strikes directly from the heart. An epilogue to all – a classic from Jon DeRosa’s Dead Leaves Rising – “The Boy Who Ruined The World.”



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