

Knifeworld

85 Bears/Nitkowski

93 Feet East, London

★ Something weird and wonderful is happening in Brick Lane tonight. There may be painfully trendy dance music blasting out in the horribly humid bar outside, but inside the main hall there is an authentic riot of discord and angular guitar abuse going on, as first Nitkowski and then 85 Bears do their best to pave the squawking prog rock way for tonight's headliners. Students of the Don Caballero school of brain-melting angularity and rhythms that jar, judder and jiggery-poke you in the cerebral cortex, both of these bands could do with a bit more in the way of stagecraft and charisma, but the noises they make are both thrilling and deliciously unsettling, as time signatures, tempos and clashing chords are thrown into two distinct but undeniably related melting pots of left-field craziness.

If you've ever thrilled to the sounds of Cardiacs, Guapo or The Monsoon Bassoon, you may already be familiar with Kavus Torabi and his wickedly inventive mastery of the six-string, but Knifeworld are a very different proposition from anything the large-haired one has achieved in the past. Formed to perform the gloriously idiosyncratic and ambitious album - *Buried Alone: Tales Of...* - that Torabi has recorded almost entirely on his own, they take to the stage in a dizzying blur of lights, projections and howling feedback, launching into the hypnotic clanging of opener *Singled Out For Battery*. A glorious cacophony of noise, melody and visual mischief, they sound like Hawkwind locking drug-addled horns with Nothingface-era Voivod with solos provided by Steve Hackett, while The Residents conduct haughtily from a hovering glitterball platform. It borders on the overwhelming and is manifestly, joyously brilliant.

Free to take centrestage, Torabi makes for a compelling focal point. Not the most overtly brash of frontmen, he

simply makes it plain that this fantastic music revolves around him, and his well-drilled colleagues seem more than content to be dragged along by their leader's irresistible creative charisma. Songs like *The Wretched Fathoms*, *Unwreckaged* and the stunning *Me To The Future Of You* sound as uniquely wild and intricate in the flesh as they do on record, but there are extra layers of hiss, fizz and ambience floating in the atmosphere tonight that enable Knifeworld to side-step the fact that hardly anyone here is familiar with their music. Every song is greeted like a long-lost friend, and the band respond by gently cranking up the intensity of their performance.

Having spent the last few years playing guitar with the Cardiacs, Kavus Torabi knows all about responding to devotional crowds, and if he and Knifeworld can maintain this level of electrifying conviction, they may well be able to carve out a similarly lasting legacy. Could Knifeworld be your new favourite band? Don't bet against it.

Dorn Lawson

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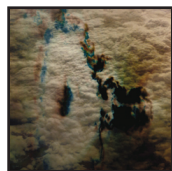
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Dom Lawson

IRR. APP. (EXT.)

KREISELWELLE
(THE HELEN SCARSDALE AGENCY)



Following on from Ozeanische Gefühle and Cosmic Superimposition, this is the final instalment in Californian

sound-artist Matt Waldron's trilogy of albums inspired by the life and work of maverick psychologist and theoretician Wilhelm Reich – best known for postulating the existence of the universal, cosmic energy, orgone. In many ways, this continuous, 45-minute piece feels like a journey deep inside Reich's brain: a linear, forward-moving collage of highly tactile, almost bodily sounds that slide seamlessly in and out of focus, rarely repeating themselves or lingering for more than a few minutes at a time. Amazingly, it's all constructed from field recordings accumulated over a couple of years, all generated by spiral-shaped sources such as springs, a spinning lampshade and waves churning over pebbles on a beach. It would be nice to think that listening to this might boost one's orgone levels, but at the very least it's a highly diverting piece of ambient tape-noise.

DANIEL SPICER

KILLSWITCH ENGAGE

KILLSWITCH ENGAGE
(ROADRUNNER)



The fifth (and second self-titled) album from metalcore heroes KsE hardly departs from the tried and tested

formula of its predecessors - the interplay between vicious outbursts and singalong melodies is still present and very much correct - but where 2006's *As Daylight Dies* was for the most part a note-for-note, riff-for-riff facsimile of their breakthrough album *The End Of Heartache*, this looks towards the classic metal of old for inspiration. After all, the last time around the band advertised their listening habits via a cover of Dio's 'Holy Diver', and it's right here that this latest album's heart and soul lie - classic, twin-guitar bravado metal. While this has softened their blow somewhat, it's frontman Howard Jones who carries the record once again, his



KNIFEWORLD PHOTO: HAYLEY MADDEN

charisma and incredible set of pipes always the main reason why KsE rose far above the immediate contemporaries like Trivium et al. As far as modern 'real' metal is concerned, KsE are still a tough act to beat.

BOBBY BONE

KNIFEWORLD

BURIED ALONE: TALES OF CRUSHING DEFEAT
(BELIEVERS ROAST)



Being the solitary-plus-friends endeavour of one Kavus Torabi, idiosyncratic string-slinger of lofty repute for

Cardiacs/Guapo, perhaps unsurprisingly these 11 nuggets of eccentric power-pop, laced with exotic elements, bear a certain resemblance to Torabi's former band, greatly missed math-pronksters The Monsoon Bassoon. Somewhere between hard-edged absurdist prog and shimmering psychedelic indie, *Buried Alone* is equal parts jumbo choruses, gossamer harmonies, tungsten riffs and psychotic timings. Although sometimes played fairly straight, at their best ('Pissed Up On Brake Fluid', 'The Money Shot', 'The Wretched Fathoms') these songs rub unabashedly pretty, richly layered pop up against

impossibly intricate structural madness in an awkward but explosive fashion. Far from the self-indulgent sprawl you might expect from a man whose other bands are so admirably irrepressible, this is a sharp, direct and highly welcoming album. With lots of mental twiddly bits.

MATT EVANS

KONGH

SHADOWS OF THE SHAPELESS
(TRUST NO ONE)



First Kongh, now Kongh. In what is most certainly not a coordinated release with the similarly named but very different

UK trio (see review elsewhere in this issue), this Swedish, erm, trio definitely live up to their name and deliver something very, very heavy indeed. Like their last album, there is nothing necessarily new here, but damn it if these guys don't pull it off with some aplomb. The doom/sludge genre, already buckling under its own, severely overpopulated, weight could do with shedding some bands. On the strength of *Shadows Of The Shapeless*, however, Kongh are most definitely welcome here.

BOBBY BONE

LOVVERS

OCD GO GO GO GIRLS
(WICHITA)



The first LP proper (or at least one that's longer than 13 minutes) for the UK punks, and it's business as

usual. There was always something down and dirty about their severely stripped-down sound, and while this is very much a case of more of the same, very few people will complain. Sharing the fuzzy dissonance with the likes of Times New Viking and No Age, this is skewed punk pop that will delight and annoy in equal measure - but that's probably exactly what Lovvers want anyway.

BOBBY BONE

MÚM

SING ALONG TO SONGS YOU DON'T KNOW
(MORR MUSIC)



Often mislabelled as avant-garde and a bit like Aphex Twin, múm, on their latest set at least, write brilliant broken

pop songs. True, they create ethereal, elegiac pop that is at once distant

Jordan Rudess

Notes On A Dream OWN

Nobody can doubt that Jordan Rudess is an adept keyboard player. His work with Dream Theater is mostly of the highest calibre. But listening all the way through this solo album is a chore.

Rudess has chosen to play nine Dream Theater ballads on piano, unaccompanied. To these, he's added three of his own compositions and his skill in a style that combines classical and jazz motifs is to be admired.

However, what Rudess lacks is the impact and vision of Keith Jarrett and the melodrama of Rick Wakeman. Technically as gifted as either, the DT man is just too introspective. At times, you feel like you're intruding on a private session, with the player indulging his own musical fantasies.

In the right frame of mind, dipping into something like *Hollow Years* or *The Answer Lies Within* could be diverting, and tracks such as *Perpetuum Mobile* should really come alive with proper orchestration. But this is mostly an example of how virtuosity can occasionally be tedious. *Notes On A Dream* never reaches out to the listener. If anything, it's alienating.

Right now, you can only get copies through Rudess's own website: www.jordanrudess.com.
Malcolm Dome

Knifeworld

Buried Alone: Tales Of Crushing Defeat BELIEVERS ROAST



A quick scan over Knifeworld protagonist Kavus Torabi's musical CV -

Cardiacs, Monsoon Bassoon, Guapo, Chrome Hoof, etc - should give you some indication as to what to expect from Knifeworld's debut. Delightfully hare-brained and scattered across the musical palette, Knifeworld don't always make for an easy listen, but there's no denying they have the knack of drawing in the listener with their explosions of intricate melodies, twisting, sometimes angular time changes and blatant sense of adventure.

This much is evident the minute opener *Singled Out For Bottery* kicks in, and echoes of Hawkwind, King Crimson and even ELO battle for recognition. However as the likes of the excellent *The Wretched Fathoms* and *Corpses Feuding Underground* follow, Knifeworld's spirit of adventure allows their own identity to stamp itself on the music.

A delightful vocal performance from ex-Sidi Bou Said member Melanie Woods on the folk-inflected *Severed Of Horsehoof* adds texture, whilst the single, the charmingly titled *Pissed Up On Break Fluid*, comes across surprisingly mainstream.

Given the "marmite" effect of some of the bands Torabi is involved with - not least the love 'em or hate 'em view of the Cardiacs, it's nice to announce one needn't approach Knifeworld with such caution. It's challenging, but wholly worthwhile.

Jerry Ewing

Leaves' Eyes

Njord NAPALM

Get past the conundrum of why leaves would have eyes anyway and you're met with another mystery, the new album from German/Norwegian metallers Leaves' Eyes. First up, why we need another female-fronted symphonic gothic metal band is anyone's guess. But then saying that, there is a market. Sadly however Leaves' Eyes haven't exactly catered for it.

Frontwoman Liv Kristine Espenæs Krull, while blonde, buxom and stunningly beautiful, does not possess the same vocal flair as some of her peers. Thankfully for Liv, her lack of vocal prowess is overshadowed by co-vocalist (and husband) Alexander Krull who sounds like the Cookie Monster grappling with a lion. His contributions are both hilarious and grating, and while they serve to highlight Liv's delicate harmonies, they're also overused.

Njord does have its saving graces. The cover of *Scarborough Fair* is surprisingly uplifting and the infusion of traditional folk music suggests a band genuinely attached to this genre. But the cinematic string arrangements and bombastic choral injections in tracks such as *Northbound* and *Ragnarok* are just another laughable feature of an album that sounds like a pastiche of progressive symphonic metal as opposed as a frontrunner.

Holly Wright

Litmus

Aurora RISE ABOVE



Often derided as being no more than a Hawkwind copy act,

Litmus have taken their time to find a niche. But with this, their

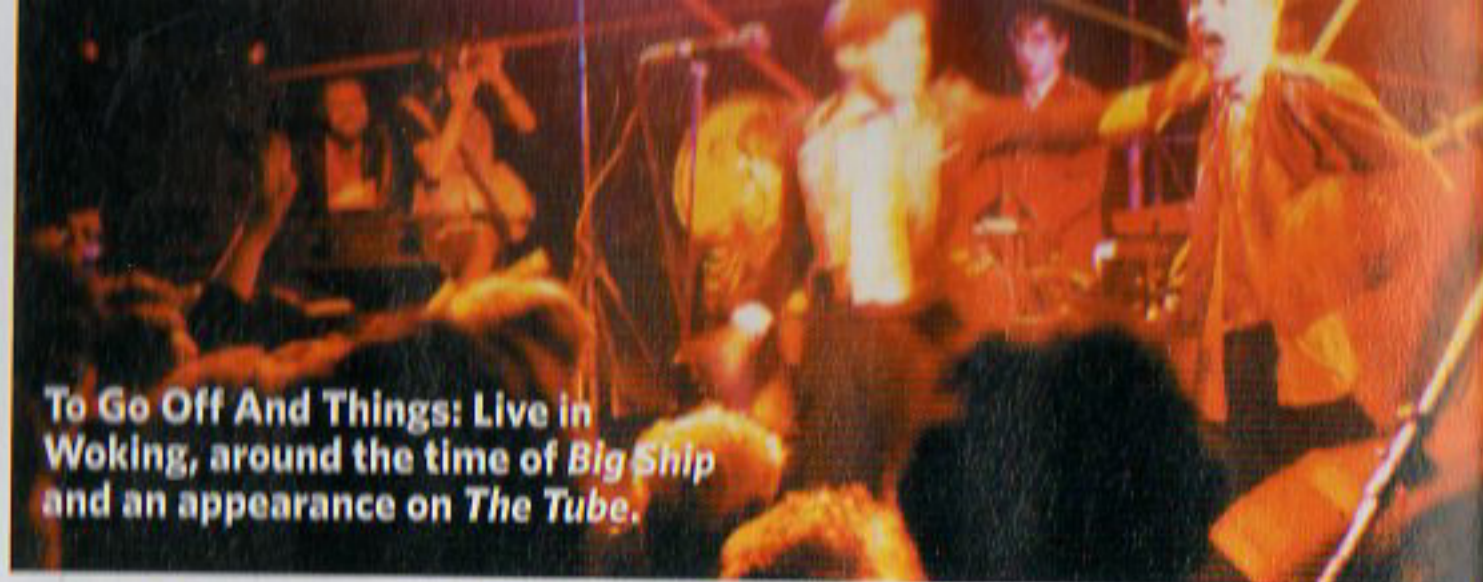
al but rocking and
I just thought that they

were doing, hook, line and
and a regular collaborator
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you found another Cardiacs
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To Go Off And Things: Live in Woking, around the time of *Big Ship* and an appearance on *The Tube*.



Cardiacs guitarist and Knifeworld honcho Kavus Torabi.

impressive but as a whole, it just makes him a much more colourful guy than just a really talented musician. There's a song on the new Wildhearts album named after him. It was going to be called *The Greatest Man Who Ever Walked The Earth*, but it's about Tim so I thought 'Fuck it, let's call it *Tim Smith!*'"

Although the Cardiacs line-up has changed numerous times over the years, Smith and his various henchmen have always maintained their uniqueness, protecting both the band's carefully constructed collective persona and the quietly exhilarating magic that surrounds their music. Despite occasional dalliances with the mainstream – the band supported Blur at Mile End Stadium at the height of their Britpop supremacy and were roundly booed – Cardiacs have stayed beneath the radar of the average music punter, remaining proudly independent and, in a slightly chaotic and shambolic way, entirely self-sufficient, releasing records when in a financial position to do so and touring sporadically but frequently enough to keep their steadily expanding and surprisingly huge fan base happy. In truth, it seems to be the near-psychotic fondness and commitment of Cardiacs fans that have sustained the band through three decades of self-imposed obscurity. Once you get lured into the world of Cardiacs and their music tightens its grip on your head, heart and toes, you will never leave. And, like the vast majority of the band's many acolytes, you will spend the rest of your life vainly searching for another band that can compete.

"They do invite you into this odd world and it's a very special thing," says Ginger. "It's definitely not for everyone but it reminds me of when I first went to see the Ramones, and part of their charm was that the people went to see the Ramones *really* got it. I'd like to think that The Wildhearts have got a little bit of that about them as well, the social value of being part of it. It wasn't just the band throwing some shapes and charging you for a T-shirt. It is a world that if you really belong there, you'll find a lot of kindred spirits in there. We always wanted to be like the Cardiacs."



"It's an incredible thing to be part of that," says Kavus Torabi. "On the last tour we played at the Astoria in London and there were about 2,000 people there. I was the first one on the stage and the first thing I hear is this massive roar from the crowd. Unlike some bands that you go and see, the thing about Cardiacs is that you know that everyone there considers them to be their favourite band and everyone there lives for it. Everyone knows everything about the band and it's a big love-in. Feeling that response, it's overwhelming."

The Cardiacs back catalogue is a treasure trove of glittering delights, from the tentative quirkiness of their earliest recordings, to the potent exuberance of their first official releases like 1986's *Big Ship* mini-album and 1988's debut album proper *A Little Man And A House And The Whole World Window* through to the fulsome sonic enormity of their most recent works, the gargantuan double album *Sing To God* (1995) and its opulent follow-up *Guns* (1999). Tim Smith has also been involved in numerous side-projects along the way, including the fabulous Spratleys Japs, whose sole album *Pony* (1998) is well worth tracking down and the Sea Nymphs (a collaboration with Sarah Smith and William D Drake), while various Cardiacs alumni have also gone on to make great music of their own, including former guitarist Jon Poole's band The God Damn Whores, Kavus Torabi's new band Knifeworld and William D Drake's various solo releases. Cardiacs' world is one worth exploring at length and at your leisure.

Sadly, Tim Smith is currently recovering from a major health problem which stopped him in his tracks in 2008 and put all future Cardiacs activity on hold for the immediate future, but he is expected to make a full recovery and fans, friends and followers alike are hopeful that the first album of new Cardiacs material in over a decade will eventually see the light of day and the world will be filled with this remarkable band's sublime musical magic once again.

"Cardiacs' music is a total celebration," says Shane Embury. "I love the way that Cardiacs embrace life. It's about loving life and living it to its extremes, whatever they might be. It's slightly hippie-ish, in a way, but also it has this massive punk energy in what they do and you can't explain it. It's total brilliance. They are undoubtedly the greatest band there's ever been."

If you've never had the pleasure of experiencing Cardiacs, a comprehensive selection of YouTube clips can be found online at ckuik.com/Cardiacs. Dom Lawson would like to thank Sean and Marina at The Organ. Please visit them at www.organart.com. This article is dedicated to Tim Smith. We love you Tim. Get well soon. ♫

Visit the Cardiacs Museum at cardiacs.org and official site at cardiacs.com.

PLANE PLANE A THE GRAIN...

Five moments of Cardiacs genius.



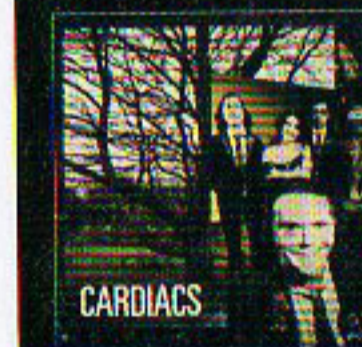
TARRED AND F

[BIG SHIP, 1986]
The song that Cardiacs show *The Tube* back anthem neatly sums and faintly unhinged



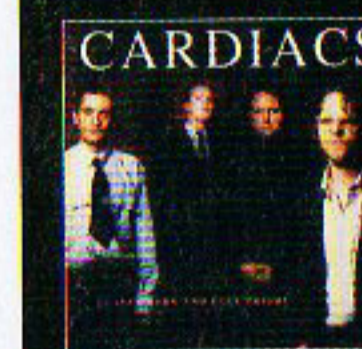
IS THIS THE LI

[A LITTLE MAN AND A WINDOW, 1988]
The closest Cardiacs rock song, this windy greatest guitar solos lots of airplay on Ra



THE DUCK AND

[JON LAND AND IN THE]
Fast, furious and utter fans' favourite Cardiacs opener during the la song without superv



THE ALPHABET

[HOME OF FAD]
[HEAVEN BORN AND EV]
Stately, austere and song, their hymn, th whose thunder shake right too.



DIRTY BOY

[SING TO GOD, 1995]
Dark, scary and im of muscular prog w Cardiacs' magnum remains a highlight



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Knifeworld *Buried Alone: Tales Of Crushing Defeat*

Type: [Album](#) Release date: [7/20/2000](#)

[Artist](#) [Knifeworld](#)

[Label](#) [Satan's Reach](#)

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by [Robert Ferguson](#)

7.5 [Reviews](#) 40/24 [Replies](#) (14, 1440)

I still maintain that in isolation [Knifeworld](#) is a propagandous name for a band, but the strong believability of [Buried Alone: Tales Of Crushing Defeat](#) makes their choice in name sympathetic. Merging kinds of direction are the first lead [Buried Alone](#)... seems to lead your brain into submission. Heavy, huge, feeling pattern. Judging you are second, before your hormones take you by the hand and lead you towards somewhere else entirely, all the while ratcheting up the drama.

Track two "The Unraveled Pathway" is a crushing assault on the senses. Culture burst through intense, lower-level brainwashing, symbols and somewhere in the hinterland. Initial senses suddenly, with casual feeling along like they have no feelings with gravity, just the leads in short hand. Then you realize that these casual which needed you had some life agenda along, actually just being you up for another valley of madness. This is how [Buried Alone](#)... makes leads and in leads around itself. The only thing that holds it all together is a steady sensation in its own strangeness and a constant pag variability that under throughout. This album is coming from a glass cup, cup through the leading glass.

[Carpus Reading Underground](#) opens with a left and right and then moves, at first coming in casual, pushing and then leading down, then spreading its wings and introducing pain-mixed pattern and incident drama. It almost feels as if the track suddenly gets introduced with a sense of its own potential and decides that it could be better not to run risk. All of this takes place within four minutes and goes on.

The various members of [Knifeworld](#) have previously played with acts including [Chromastal](#) and [Lisa Tordella](#), and the image with some distinctive outside helps to get the sound mainstream of [Buried Alone](#)... in some kind of context. The same fearlessness that drives [JIT](#) and [Chromastal](#) is present on this is the period of release also runs through [Knifeworld](#). That absence of fear is the strongest quality that [Knifeworld](#) possesses at times, the ghosts of the success of the first wave of gang bang, large on [LA](#), but the leadership goes and strength of the record leaves its audience with no breath left to form any dissenting voice. This is also the rule. The tempo of [LA](#) frequently feels like there are some parts given only a momentary attention before being thrown away to focus the next idea. Track nine, "The Heavy Beat," is the all star. There is a genuine harmonical road leading towards the end of the track - "you'll go right in ahead there's been an accident" - but despite sounding like one of the best moments of a [Real School](#) record, it's given less than its seconds of life.

[LA](#) occasionally offers the listener a head-down issue. (The single "Shed Up On Error Road" could have generated considerable [JIT](#)'s attention in the past [JIT](#) search for new hardware and software) but its sheer graceless style makes it something of an acquired taste. Anyone who remembers the band [Dark Star](#) but wished they could have reproduced more of the intensity of high-water mark [I Am The Sun](#) will find a lot to enjoy here.

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Knifeworld

Posted on [May 13, 2009](#) by [extremelistingmode](#)

Here at ELM, we are sent some strange and wonderful things, and act as a sort of filter for the stuff we know you lot wouldn't like. We know, for example, that the release of a new limited edition Razorlight 7-inch digipack is unlikely to float your boat. We are aware a press release detailing how well recording sessions are going on the new Joss Stone album is likely to be as welcome right now as your cousin coming round to show you the pictures from her recent wedding. In Cancon.

But when we saw the debut single from a new band called Knifeworld is called 'Pissed Up on Brake Fluid', we were interested and knew you'd probably be too. It's a terrific slice of driving rock featuring all manner of different instruments and some lovely lady backing vocals.

We'll have an interview with Kevva (pictured) from the band in mid-June.

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Knifeworld – Buried Alone: Tales Of Crushing Defeat

Wednesday, August 12th, 2020

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I do not even want to begin to count the number of albums that I have listened to over the years. Some are a means to pass time, some are there to take me on journeys of emotional relief and satisfaction and other are to teach a musical lesson. Knifeworld's debut album **Buried Alone**:

Tales Of Crushing Defeat

is without a doubt an



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alternative composer's dream. I interviewed Kavus Torabi (Knifeworld father) a few months ago and after the interview he made me even more passionate about music and the way I felt about it. He has written and composed this album with the help of special guests that include Ben Jacobs (Max Tundra), Melanie Woods (Cardiacs), Katharine Blake (Medieval Baebe), Sarah Measures (The Monsoon Bassoon) and Khyam Allami. This vast family of talent contributes to the album in a way that is special; it is as if they knew exactly what the ultimate sound intended was.



Kavus Torabi

This album is so utterly grand that each time you listen to it another realm of serenity emerges. 'Strangled Out For Battery', 'The Wretched Fathoms', 'Pissed Up On Break Fluid' and 'No More Dying' have become my stand out tracks on the album. The reason that I adore this album so much is the sheer magnificent change. The changes between keys, tempos and styles is altogether astounding but it works so well that it takes me back to the great psychedelic bands of old who have lasted the test of time.

'No More Dying' is an amazing composition on this album. The opening horns have an almost Alice In Wonderland feel about it. A quirkiness yet fearful darkness creeps in and out like shadows during daylight. This work of art has the ability to combine an almost film soundtrack with a well-crafted song of rock fuelled proportions. By the end, this song is enormously nasty and glorious.

If there is any justice, this album will have the critics sopping themselves with shock. It has everything from imagination, blistering riffs, barbarous percussion to the most cleverly written passages I have heard in some time. Kavus Torabi has evolved into one of the great composers of my generation and this album casts a throw back to culturally important music of the past yet sticks its iron claws firmly into our present.

Hallina Rital

Knifeworld Myspace

Recommend



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SINGLE OF THE WEEK

Band of Skulls "I Know What I Am"

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Knifeworld - Buried Alone: Tales of Crushing Defeat (Believer's Roast

Records)

TC

Solo project by Iranian Kavus Torabi who will be best known as guitarist in prunk band **Cardiacs**, having previously fronted **The Monsoon Bassoon**. An ambitious album this is too with great depth in instrumental virtuosity and, whilst it bears a progressive tag, it has synthesis with folk, pop and metal along the way.

The prime musical drive comes from spiralling guitars being pinballed around by some throaty organ peeling, all of which is very reminiscent of seventies prog rock giants like *Yes* or "Nursery Cryme" period **Genesis**. Opening track in particular inclines towards the latter, with strained vocals much akin to **Peter Gabriel**, escalating keyboards and spasmodic drum interventions. Elsewhere, the folkier moments bring reminders of **Jethro Tull**, to complete the seventies leanings, but it is the Genesis association that becomes more evident throughout the set.

Generally, the arrangements are complex but there are more commercial numbers like *No More Dying* and current single *Pissed Up On Brake Fluid* with more of a traditional hard rock approach. In both cases, the execution remains skilful and articulate. The only time where we maybe enter



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Knifeworld - Buried Alone: Tales of Crushing Defeat

Review: The List (Issue 12)

Date: 22 July 2010

By: Dan G. (aka: Dan G.)

Review

22 July

Comments (0)



After a few of the best live offerings on this, the solo debut from guitar virtuoso Kenan Tardir, images of great grief and the great of the biggest and the indie scene drifting into the scene including the band and the band. The band's first release was a guitar virtuoso for the indie scene, but rather than being forced in by the great, he writes out on his own album, 'Buried Alone: Tales of Crushing Defeat'. The band's first release was a guitar virtuoso for the indie scene, but rather than being forced in by the great, he writes out on his own album, 'Buried Alone: Tales of Crushing Defeat'.

(Buried Alone)

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MASTODON

The Dirty Dozen

While Nick Mitchell reclines after a close encounter with My Bloody Valentine, Dave Kerr sits down with prog metal monoliths **Mastodon** to devour a box of Tunnock's Tea Cakes and sift through July's singles swag.



Troy Sanders (vocals/bass)
Brann Dailor (drums)
Bill Kelliher (guitar)
Brent Hinds (vocals/guitar)
Darren Sanders (Troy's brother and guitar tech)



GIRLS
HELLHOLE RATRACE
 6 JUL

Troy: This could come in handy at 3am in the morning, if you're standing by yourself in a bar feeling that you just need a good cry to make yourself feel better.
 Brann: Right when you realise that the woman you've been courting and trying to sleep with is a man.
 Troy: It's the perfect soundtrack to that scenario.
 Brann: Buy that man a revolver.
 Dave: Marks out of ten?
 Brann: If we're talking about playing this in a situation where you find out that your girlfriend's penis is bigger than yours...
 Troy: Then it's a ten. We just put a sweetly positive twist on that one.

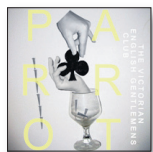
10/10



KNIFEWORLD
PISSED UP ON BRAKE FLUID
 13 JUL

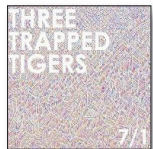
Troy: This is the first song you play at your house party, that'll get it going. Right, Darren?
 Darren: Yeah, this'd get me going. I'd take my pants off to this.
 Troy: Knifeworld, you say? I like it.
 Brann: I like it too. There's a little Foo Fighters in there, but not on purpose...sounds like they've been doing this for a long time.

Troy: It's got a little Bob Mould in there. A little Sugar. 10 out of 10 stars.
10/10



THE VICTORIAN
ENGLISH GENTLEMENS CLUB
PARROT
 6 JUL

Troy: If you have eleven syllables in your name, you already have a lot going against you. But I like this. It sounds like something my little gay brother would play all the time.
 Darren: Once again, correct, I can't believe you got that.
 Brann: Sounds like the 80s. We've got to rate that, how many stars?
 Troy: I'm going to say five and a half.
 Brann: Five.
 Troy: Can we just meet in the middle, say five and a quarter?
5.25/10



THREE TRAPPED
TIGERS
7/1
 6 JUL

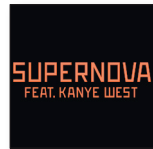
Troy: They're not as good as Journey; nobody's as good as Journey. Sounds like you're at a weird party with a bunch of freaks; everybody's dressed nicer than you and they're listening to this.
 Brann: And you're way too fucked up. You're like 'where's the bathroom?' Of course, there's also some dude with over-styled glasses dancing in your face.
 Troy: Clap your hands, everybody.
 Brann: It sounds like a strobelight.
 Troy: It sounds like a disco ball, French-kissing a snow globe.
 Troy: Three Trapped Tigers. I wonder if they're

smart people...if they're real nerds. I can see them going apeshit in their little practice room.
 Brann: This should've been the soundtrack to *Star Wars*.
 Troy: I like that party now, but it was weird at first.
 Brann: I'd certainly stay now. But I'd ask them to please turn it down a little bit.
 Brann: I'm going to give this an eight.
 Troy: I too was thinking eight, let's do eight.
8/10



FLASHGUNS
MATCHING
HEARTS / SIMILAR
PARTS
 13 JUL

Troy: This is picnic music. I want to hold hands with a girl.
 Dave: Where would you say Flashguns are from, at a guess?
 Brann: The woods.
 Troy: Manchester.
 Troy: It sounds like a summer afternoon; you make a sandwich then you go outside and eat it. That's what this song reminds me of. In that circumstance it's very good.
 Brann: Set the boombox up in the corner, then mow the lawn so you can't hear it.
 Troy: In the context of making a sandwich, it's a good seven.
7/10



MR HUDSON
FEAT. KANYE
WEST
SUPERNOVA
 20 JUL

Dave: What's your position on Kanye?
 Troy: I think he's awesome (sings "I don't want no RoboCop")
 Brann: I really don't like the ultra effected vocals, though.
 Troy: True, that vocal effect has been heavily abused

this past year.
 Brann: Ever since that Cher song, where it was like: 'Hey, it's OK that we can't sing, let's do this!'
 Troy: I don't really care for this tune, though.
 Brann: It's reminding me of Britney Spears or something. End it.
 Troy: Not as good as RoboCop.
 Brann: Zero.
 Troy: Meh, I'm going to say 2. Collectively it's a 1.
1/10



DAN BLACK
SYMPHONIES
 6 JUL

Dave: Some trivia for you: essentially this is a track salvaged from a session where Dan Black had spliced elements of the soundtrack to *Starman* with the drums to Umbrella and layered lyrics by Notorious B.I.G. over the top. Black couldn't get clearance on the Biggie lyrics though, so he released this instead...
 Brann: Why doesn't he make his own music? Then he wouldn't have to worry about it.
 20 seconds later...
 Brann: I hate it, turn it off.
 Dave: Pish?
 Troy: Zero.
 Brann: I want to be funny about it...
 Troy: But it just bums you out so bad you can't possibly be funny.
0/10

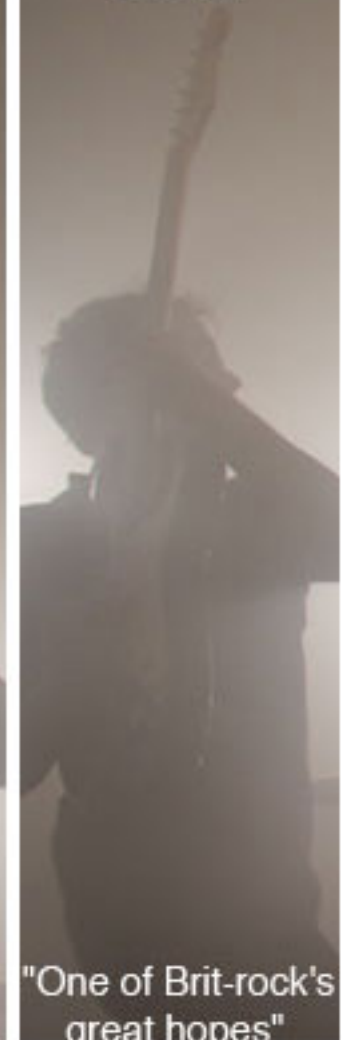


YEAH YEAH
YEAHS
HEADS WILL ROLL
 6 JUL

Dave: Fans of Karen-O?
 Brann: Yeah, yeah, yeah... I've always liked her voice.



PHOTOS: SARAH ROBERTS





Knifeworld

Kavus Torabi

added: 24 Jul 2009

interviewed by: Susan Ford

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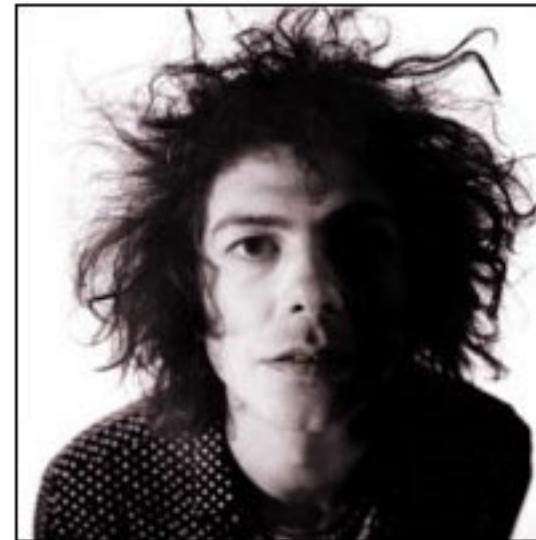
Kavus Torabi is a very musical body, boasting a career with bands The Monsoon Bassoon, The Cardiacs and Guapo. His recent role sees him perform as **Knifeworld**, an artist whose latest single 'Pissed Up on Brake Fluid' made Mastodon want to take their pants off! As Knifeworld prepares to release the new album 'Buried Alone: Tales of Crushing Defeat' on August 13th, Music News reporter Susan Ford caught up with the leading man to talk lyrics, place, and new releases.

Who/What is Knifeworld and what's your story?

Knifeworld started out as a solo venture I suppose. I rehearsed the material with drummer Khyam Allami, we recorded the drums and I played most of the rest of it myself. I drafted in some great players to do the bits I couldn't, like horns and tricky keyboards, such as Max Tundra, Katharine Blake, Sarah Measures and Melanie Woods on singing. It's in the process right now of turning into a seven-piece live band.

Where does the name 'Knifeworld' come from?

From those shops that have names like 'Monocle World' or 'World Of Rococo Vases'. What, the world is full of them? Are you saying the world is made from them? Surely that's too specific a product to warrant A WHOLE WORLD being made of them. So Knifeworld seemed really funny to me. Plus it's quite a rock sounding name, which I liked. It's not, God forbid, meant as some sort of social commentary about "shit, it's so bad that kids are stabbing each other up, it's some kinda crazy knife world out there, no?". It's a name that doesn't fuck about, you know? There's a tendency in, say, Post-Punk for these really dull, sort of very utilitarian names, almost anachronistic. Knifeworld doesn't



Jordan Rudess

Notes On A Dream OWN

Nobody can doubt that Jordan Rudess is an adept keyboard player. His work with Dream Theater is mostly of the highest calibre. But listening all the way through this solo album is a chore.

Rudess has chosen to play nine Dream Theater ballads on piano, unaccompanied. To these, he's added three of his own compositions and his skill in a style that combines classical and jazz motifs is to be admired.

However, what Rudess lacks is the impact and vision of Keith Jarrett and the melodrama of Rick Wakeman. Technically as gifted as either, the DT man is just too introspective. At times, you feel like you're intruding on a private session, with the player indulging his own musical fantasies.

In the right frame of mind, dipping into something like *Hollow Years* or *The Answer Lies Within* could be diverting, and tracks such as *Perpetuum Mobile* should really come alive with proper orchestration. But this is mostly an example of how virtuosity can occasionally be tedious. *Notes On A Dream* never reaches out to the listener. If anything, it's alienating.

Right now, you can only get copies through Rudess's own website: www.jordanrudess.com.
Malcolm Dome

Knifeworld

Buried Alone: Tales Of Crushing Defeat BELIEVERS ROAST



A quick scan over Knifeworld protagonist Kavus Torabi's musical CV -

Cardiacs, Monsoon Bassoon, Guapo, Chrome Hoof, etc - should give you some indication as to what to expect from Knifeworld's debut. Delightfully hare-brained and scattered across the musical palette, Knifeworld don't always make for an easy listen, but there's no denying they have the knack of drawing in the listener with their explosions of intricate melodies, twisting, sometimes angular time changes and blatant sense of adventure.

This much is evident the minute opener *Singled Out For Bottery* kicks in, and echoes of Hawkwind, King Crimson and even ELO battle for recognition. However as the likes of the excellent *The Wretched Fathoms* and *Corpses Feuding Underground* follow, Knifeworld's spirit of adventure allows their own identity to stamp itself on the music.

A delightful vocal performance from ex-Sidi Bou Said member Melanie Woods on the folk-inflected *Severed Of Horsehoof* adds texture, whilst the single, the charmingly titled *Pissed Up On Break Fluid*, comes across surprisingly mainstream.

Given the "marmite" effect of some of the bands Torabi is involved with - not least the love 'em or hate 'em view of the Cardiacs, it's nice to announce one needn't approach Knifeworld with such caution. It's challenging, but wholly worthwhile.

Jerry Ewing

Leaves' Eyes

Njord NAPALM

Get past the conundrum of why leaves would have eyes anyway and you're met with another mystery, the new album from German/Norwegian metallers Leaves' Eyes. First up, why we need another female-fronted symphonic gothic metal band is anyone's guess. But then saying that, there is a market. Sadly however Leaves' Eyes haven't exactly catered for it.

Frontwoman Liv Kristine Espenæs Krull, while blonde, buxom and stunningly beautiful, does not possess the same vocal flair as some of her peers. Thankfully for Liv, her lack of vocal prowess is overshadowed by co-vocalist (and husband) Alexander Krull who sounds like the Cookie Monster grappling with a lion. His contributions are both hilarious and grating, and while they serve to highlight Liv's delicate harmonies, they're also overused.

Njord does have its saving graces. The cover of *Scarborough Fair* is surprisingly uplifting and the infusion of traditional folk music suggests a band genuinely attached to this genre. But the cinematic string arrangements and bombastic choral injections in tracks such as *Northbound* and *Ragnarok* are just another laughable feature of an album that sounds like a pastiche of progressive symphonic metal as opposed as a frontrunner.

Holly Wright

Litmus

Aurora RISE ABOVE



Often derided as being no more than a Hawkwind copy act,

Litmus have taken their time to find a niche. But with this, their