



Gabriel Hyden (Guitar / Vocals), Simon Dallaserra (Guitar / Vocals), Konstantin Heidler (Guitar / Vocals), Juan Marhl (Bass), Gregor Apfalter (Drums)

VAGUE – TEMPDAYS (EP)

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Distribution: Cargo (Ger), Sonic Rendezvous (Benelux), Differant (Fra), Plastic Head (UK)

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A new band out of Vienna! VAGUE are five Twenty-Somethings, who have decided to honour the tradition of guitar bands like The Clean, Felt and The Feelies. They sound as if they have the collected works of Labels like Flying Nun or Sarah Records in their Clarks shoe boxes. If these five protagonists are actual music nerds is irrelevant though: the sound is driving, contemporary music listeners with a hipper outlook might pin them next to the bands of the Captured Tracks label.

2015 sees their first EP on Siluh Records. Vague have collected five songs by their songwriters Konstantin Heidler („Black Sheep“), Simon Dallaserra („Nothing Again“ & „Take It Still“) and Gabriel Hyden („Vain City“ & „Space Addict“). The band has proven their ability to perform these airy tunes in a live setting in Vienna and Berlin. February will see their first European tour going through cities such as Berlin (8mm Bar), Hamburg (Pudel Club), Cologne (Club Scheisse), Paris (Espace B) and London (Old Blue Last).



Tracklist

1. Nothing Again
2. Vain City
3. Black Sheep
4. Space Addict
5. Take It Still

LIVE

- 2015-02-14 GER - Solingen, Waldmeister
- 2015-02-15 FRA - Paris, Espace B
- 2015-02-17 GER - Lüneburg, tba
- 2015-02-18 GER - Hamburg, Euphorie @ Pudel Club
- 2015-02-19 GER - Berlin, 8mm Bar
- 2015-02-20 GER - Leipzig, Goldhorn (+ Paperhead)
- 2015-02-21 AUT - Stuttgart, Ossex
- 2015-02-23 NED - Maastricht, B32
- 2015-02-25 UK - Brighton, Northern Lights
- 2015-02-26 UK - London, Old Blue Last
- 2015-02-27 GER - Köln, Club Scheisse
- 2015-02-28 GER - Giessen, Alte Kupferschmiede

Five young guys from Vienna, buried in heavy distortion, knowledgeable in three decades of tasteful guitar music and, might I add, not unhandsome, they are called VAGUE and they are dignifying the _song_ itself. Blurry and melancholic, full of energy, 80's-90's and canny, effortlessly designed and devotedly performed: VAGUE exemplify, what other bands will not understand: you cannot get in the way of the pop song itself.

There is no use treading the convoluted paths of Retro fashions: few ears if any can be reached by dropping the number of a certain decade in the present. Which is why the emptiness of such labelling is obvious - who cares about the date of recording when the song is good? So let's stay in the present for a moment, let's stay with VAGUE: five young guys from Vienna and their sketch of a pop song. One sentence _could_ be enough to encapsulate the five songs on "*Tempdays*": Here's the chords, there's the sinister lyrics, finally: a song.

But it's clear instantly why it's necessary to bang the drums for this. VAGUE move off the beaten paths and they don't need any grand gestures, the band lets the song speak for itself. Three guitarists play and sing their own songs, which serves as a grass-roots democratic decision worth mentioning, in opposition to the grandiose frontmen of these days.

VAGUE don't light of the large displays of fireworks, but there is a fire burning here. The quintet present their timeless version of guitar pop calmly, scruffily, almost timidly. When friendly people from an island close by did their label Sarah Records it was a similar thing. When (probably) friendly people with weird haircuts on the other side of the world kept Flying Nun Records alive, it was a similar thing. Big names, big words but VAGUE accomplish all this despite their young age: The dusty records whose references we might want to drape around the band and their talent for the art of the pop song are older than them. The three guitarists each sing the songs they wrote themselves. Which one song is supposed to be hit is a decision they decidedly leave up to the listener, since there is no drop-off in quality. The ride traverses through C-86 jangles through post-punky darker terrains (fittingly titled 'Black Sheep') as if the decades of ambitious, stylistic guitar music gone by had never worn off.

What these scruffy young men present points to a large knowledge of pop culture. If they possess it doesn't matter though, because VAGUE do not acknowledge nostalgic drivel, macho posturing or perfectionist posing. They are far more interested in hazy melancholy and un-masculine pathos, far removed from the grandiose gesturing of pop music's regular pathos.

VAGUE don't explain clearly if they know where they want to go or if they just take the path that the next song will lead them to.