

tunesmith

PRESSTEXT

TUNESMITH - THE BAND

Sometimes it can be really hard to find interesting stories about up and coming bands. That's definitely not the case with Tunesmith. Their story seems to be the kind of modern fairytale all music journalists dream about. Starting with how the band got together....

ONCE UPON A TIME...

The three main characters met each other at the „Convention of Extraordinary Descendants of Famous People“ in Vienna in October 2004. Klaus Wienerroither, great, great (illegitimate) grandson of emperor Franz Joseph the First who once had an affair with a flower girl; Persian prince Sasha Saedi, a descendant of the Sassanide dynasty and Michael Prowaznik, the great grandson of the Austrian inventor Carl Auer von Welsbach (one of his most handy inventions: the flint for a pocket-lighter).

On this momentous evening, a creative spark set these three musicians on fire, resulting in extensive rehearsals during the following weeks. Klaus took on the role of lead singer and played the guitar, Sasha handled the lead guitar and did some backing vocals, the drum duties were handled by Michael. In no time at all, they recorded their debut "No Tourists". Afterwards, they were giggin' all over the world, from Teheran to Schönbrunn palace (former residence of emperor Franz Joseph), from the city hall in Miami to a beach club in Brighton.

Tunesmith are known (and notorious) for their unannounced and spontaneous live-performances which have moulded the band into a live sensation. Wearing their trademark tailor-made suits, they also performed as the three kings, going from door to door in the Upper-Austrian countryside and playing their own songs instead of Christmas carols.

MAGIC MOMENTS ANYONE?

The trio has now developed a quite distinct musical style. After the quick shot "No Tourists", they are releasing a mature second album, "Some People Say" which was produced by Sasha Saedi. Also involved was Vienne- se Rock icon Walter "Wurzi" Wurbalek who worked as a bodyguard for Elvis Presley in the 60's and managed Lord Screaming Sutch from 1970 to 1975.

Unfortunately, Walter was killed by an exploding amplifier during the recording sessions. His last words were: "Burn, motherf***ers!" So the torch is now carried by these three fine gentlemen: Rock'n Roll is here to stay.