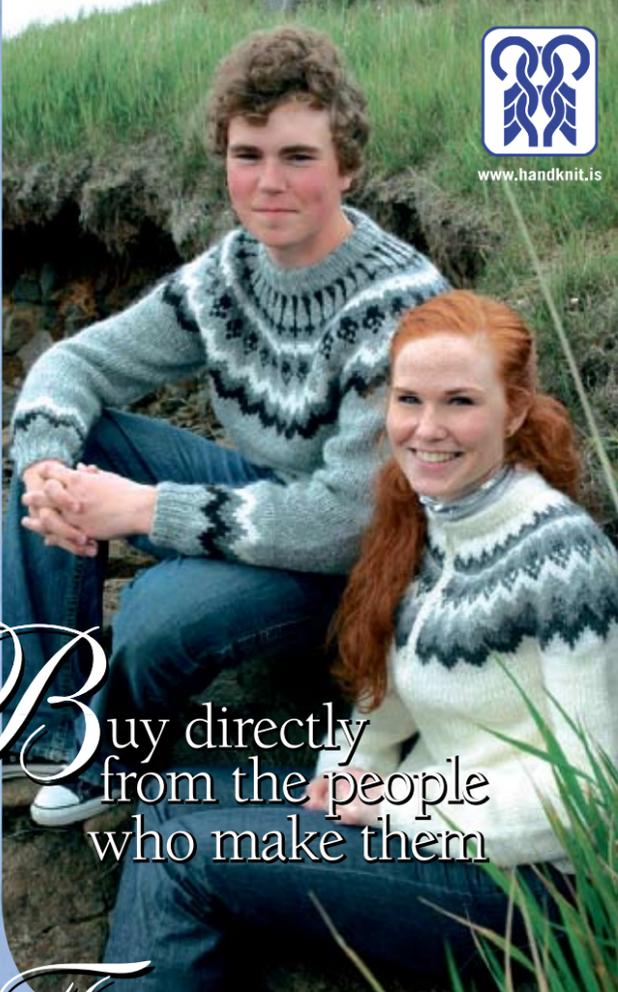


 *The*  
**REYKJAVÍK**  
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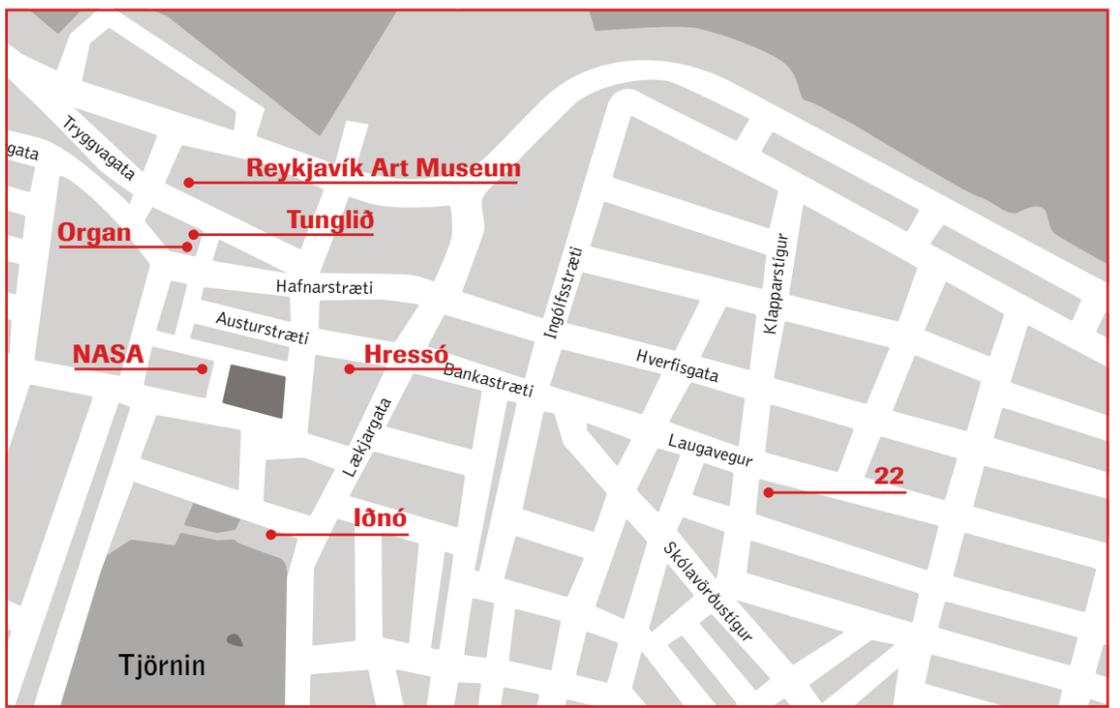
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## The REYKJAVÍK GRAPEVINE AIRWAVES

## FRI DAY

## SCHEDULE

### Reykjavík Art Museum

00:00 Munich (DK)  
23:00 Hjaltalín  
22:15 **Seabear** ■  
21:30 Dr.Spock  
20:45 **Sprenghöllin** ■  
20:00 Esja

### Hressó

23:45 Vicky  
23:00 Agent Fresco  
22:15 Dikta  
21:30 Atómstation  
20:45 Gavin Portland  
20:00 DLX ATX

### 22

01:30 DJ Ozy  
00:30 DJ Vector  
23:45 Biogen  
23:00 Anonymous  
22:15 Frank Murder  
21:30 Skurken  
20:45 Yagya  
20:00 Tonik

### Tunglið

04:30 Kasper Björke (DK)  
02:30 Simian Mobile Disco (UK)  
01:15 Michael Mayer (DE)  
23:15 Gus Gus (Instrumental)  
22:15 Familjen (SE)  
21:30 Nordpolen (SE)  
20:45 Bloodgroup  
20:00 BB & Blake

### NASA

01:45 Ultra Mega Teknóbandið Stefán  
01:00 Motion Boys  
00:00 **White Denim (US)** ■  
23:00 These New Puritans (UK)  
22:15 Retro Stefson  
21:30 Benni Hemm Hemm  
20:45 Skakkamanage  
20:00 Audio Improvement

### Organ

02:00 Reykjavík!  
01:15 Skátar  
00:15 Matias Tellez (NO)  
23:15 Half Tiger (UK)  
22:30 Mr.Silla & Mongoose  
21:45 Dynamo Fog  
21:00 Planning To Rock (UK)  
20:15 **Dýrðin** ■  
19:30 Steini

### Iðnó

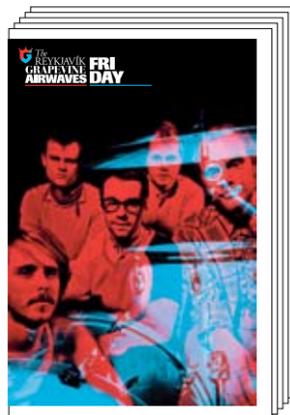
00:30 Final Fantasy (CA)  
23:30 **Valgeir Sigurðsson** ■  
22:45 **Nico Muhly (US)** ■  
22:00 Sam Amidon (US)  
21:15 Amiina/Kippi Kanínus  
20:30 **Ben Frost** ■  
20:00 Yroyoto



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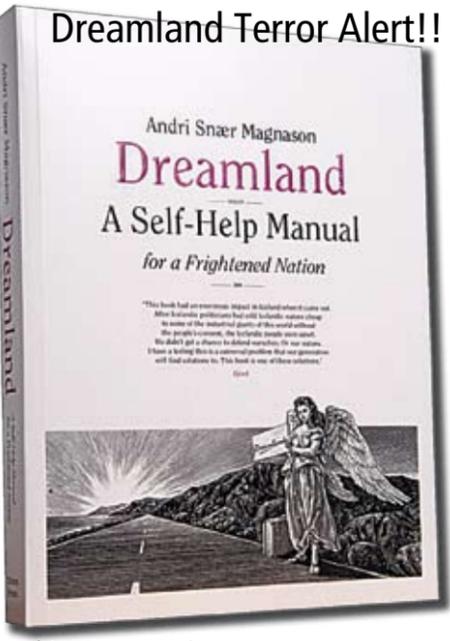
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## FRI DAY

## PRE VIEWS



### HJALTALÍN

Reykjavík Art Museum 23:00

„Chamber-Pop” is widely used to describe the music of Hjaltalín. With heavy arrangements, a wide variety of instruments and a bearded, bear-like front man, Hjaltalín produces easy listening indie-sound, suitable for kids who are making out or thirty-something investment bankers who want to reconnect with hipster Iceland. The band released its debut, Sleepdrunk Seasons, last year, which dazzled critics, while still generating attention from average-joes. This summer they managed to score a big hit on Icelandic radio so their concert in the Reykjavík Art Museum could easily turn into a sing-a-long fest.



### FAMILJEN

Tunglið 22:15

This one-man project sounds like the type of type of music photographers play in their studios to suck the soul out of their models. Johan T. Karlsson's formula is simple: cold and merciless beats accompanied by sexy female voices singing lyrics in Swedish. If you're the sweaty dancing type wearing T-shirts two sizes too small, Familjen will guarantee you 60 minutes of a hard pumping pleasure-seizure at Tunglið tonight.



### SKAKKA-MANAGE

NASA 20:45

The kids in Skakkamanage are so indie that all the shampoo in China wouldn't be enough to wash the grease out of their hair. They play optimistic guitar-pop that is clever enough to please the intellectuals and jolly enough for the rest of us. Nobody knows what the word Skakkamanage means but it has been the nickname of frontman Svavar since he was a teenager. Go and check out their concert at Nasa tonight and let these indie kittens leave you with a smile you can take to the bank.



Photos by: Leo Stefánsson

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WORDS BY STEINUNN JAKOBSDÓTTIR  
PHOTOGRAPHY VALDÍS THOR

## SEABEAR ON A FAST TRACK TO FAME

**S**INDRI MÁR Sigfússon's Seabear project has come a long way since he bought his first recording set back in 2002. What started as a solo act today counts seven members, one full-length album and a record deal with Berlin-based music label, Morr Music. Wherever the group cramps a stage, a growing number of idolaters, amazed by their lo-fi country pop, peculiar instrumentation and intimate live performances, seem to follow. When Grapevine caught up with front-man Sindi, he had just returned home after a very intense but successful five week European tour that took him through Paris, Manchester, Stuttgart, London, Barcelona and Berlin among other places.

■ **"We played every day except one so it was pretty extreme. It was also the first time we toured as the headliner so we didn't really know what to expect. But it was great,"** says Sindi. **It didn't matter if it was a Sunday show in Wales or concert in Hamburg's red-light district, they always drew a large crowd, he tells me. "Our best show was probably at the End of the Road festival in England. It took place in the countryside and we arrived way late and just had to run on stage, plug in and play."**

The band of seven, plus electro-mastermind Borkó and some girlfriends and boyfriends, crisscrossed Europe in a bus, which was also their home for the five weeks. He assures me that although it was a bit crowded they all managed to stay friends.

■ **"For the last two weeks we were 15 in the bus and living together 24/7 can of course be exhausting. I must say it went amazingly smoothly and although it can be tough playing every single day the concerts were always the highlight of the day. But it's good to be back home. My girlfriend is pregnant and it was hard for me watching her belly grow bigger through Skype"** he says.

Although on the road they didn't escape Iceland's financial fiasco, he says.

■ **"Our bus-price for example rose by one million ISK in a month and as much as we tried not to think about recession, it was hard when we paid 800 ISK for a glass of orange juice! Also, I did a radio interview in Vienna. The host was introducing me in German and I suddenly hear her say, Landsbankinn, Iceland and financial crisis! So there was no way to avoid it. But we got paid in Euros and Pounds, which is good."**

On to a much more positive subject, Seabear's second album will be released by Morr Music next spring. Since the debut album 'The Ghost that Carried Us Away' was released last year, Seabear has moved from being Sindi's brainchild to a large band where every member has their say. Asked if that has changed their sound he replies:

■ **"The album is definitely more of a cooperation project but I don't think we have changed our sound much. It's hard to say when you are so close to a project, but in my view this album is much better. We have bunch of new songs that we've been playing on tour and will try to play as much of our new stuff as we can (at the Art Museum tonight)."**

Sindi, who has been writing music since his teens, has a new solo project 'Sing Fang Bous', which will see its first release on vinyl and Mp3 in November.

■ **"I needed something to do in my studio when I waited for the group to get together. I like to have a lot to do. It's much better than sitting around doing nothing,"** he explains. And he clearly likes to keep busy. Along with girlfriend Inga and friends and Marguerite, Jónsi (of Sigur Rós) and Alex and Scott (from Parachutes), he's opened an art exhibition at Gallery Turpentine. The exhibition is part of the Sequences Art Festival and features paintings, drawings, installations, music and videos. Grapevine urges all festival-goers and non-festival-goers to check it out. It's free!



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FOR THE AUSTIN GARAGE BAND WHITE DENIM  
FOUND LYRICAL INSPIRATION FOR THEIR ROWDY,  
RIOTOUS „SHAKE SHAKE SHAKE” IN THE WORKS  
OF...GERTRUDE STEIN.

WORDS BY J. EDWARD KEYES

“**SHE'S ONE of my favorite writers,**” explains Petralli on the phone from his home in Austin, Texas. **“I was a literature major in college, and I got really into the story ‘Melantha’ from her book Three Lives. I’d never read anything like it before. It was really simple, but the phrasing was so musical. It just turned me on. I’d felt like I was really being bashed around by a lot of the literature I was reading at the time – this was something I could relate to a little more.”**

In Stein's story, the titular character is driven by a kind of restlessness, consistently searching for something she can never quite obtain. As a result, her life becomes a series of experiments, each one resulting in both knowledge and experience. It's not begging the point to say the same for White Denim. The group -- rounded out by drummer Joshua Block and bassist Steve Terebecki -- formed from the ashes of the generally unheralded Austin rock combo Parque Touch. **“I had moved into my friend Lucas [Anderson's] house and we just kind of sat on the porch and wrote songs,”** Petralli explains. **“He was really into performance art and so he had developed this really over-the-top rock persona. Then the two of us met Steve, who was doing some pretty over-the-top rock and roll things himself. So I guess in the end you could say Parque Touch was all about the moves!”**

Bands can't live on moves alone, though -- Anderson moved to Russia shortly after the group's incarnation, and Petralli and Terebecki recruited Block, pushing Parque Touch's ribald primitivism insistently forward and christening the new incarnation White Denim. **“Josh and I had been doing experimental music together since '99,”** Petralli explains. **“With White Denim, we're trying to get a little experimental while still staying grounded in standard rock & roll. It's kind of tough to marry the two processes – it's been a learning process.”**

So far, that process has yielded great dividends. White Denim's songs refuse to slide simply under one category. “Don't Look That Way At It” opens with a skittering guitar

line that could have been nabbed from free jazz, skidding slowly into lockstep post-rock before Petralli enters with the kind of yowled, emotive vocal that would do David Bowie proud. “Let's Talk About It” is weirder still, welding grizzled guitar riffs to hypnotic Krautrock rhythms. The trio are relentless genre-mashers, never content to let a song ride out the way it rode in. Chalk it up to both endless time and ease of access: Block owns a Spartan Trailer from the 1940s that the group has slowly and steadily transformed into an ad hoc recording studio. **“The monetary benefits are huge,”** Petralli explains, **“Going into a studio in Austin would probably cost about \$100 (about 11,000 kr) a day. When we're writing and recording, we like to take a lot of risks and try things out different ways, and working that way doesn't really align with watching the clock. This is Josh's place and it's out in the middle of nowhere, so we can work at any hour. It feels like a little clubhouse.”**

Mightier than their studio savvy, though, are their bravura live performances. The group goes off like a powder keg, endless forward motion topped with gallons and gallons of sweat. So kinetic and combustible are they that White Denim became the quick and constant buzz of this year's overcrowded South By Southwest festival. **“We kinda approach the stage and the studio as two separate things,”** Petralli explains. **“We don't feel too much pressure to capture all the things we do in the studio on stage. We just trust that our ability to put on a good show will carry us through.”**

The disparity between live and vinyl is about to become even greater. The group's forthcoming record finds them branching out even further, moving past their punk base into darker, rougher terrain. **“We got really into [Parliament's] Maggot Brain, so we're doing a lot of psychedelic funk”** Petralli says. **“At the same time, we also really got into Steely Dan's Can't Buy a Thrill. So there are a lot of 'smooth' things going on as well.”**

Which, in an odd way, loops right back to Gertrude Stein, whose approach continues to inform White Denim's working aesthetic. **“I don't really have a lot to say necessarily,”** Petralli admits, **“But Gertrude Stein for me is not so much about getting somewhere – it's about exploring different ways to present an idea.”** It's the novelty of presentation that makes White Denim so intriguing -- and so endlessly riveting.



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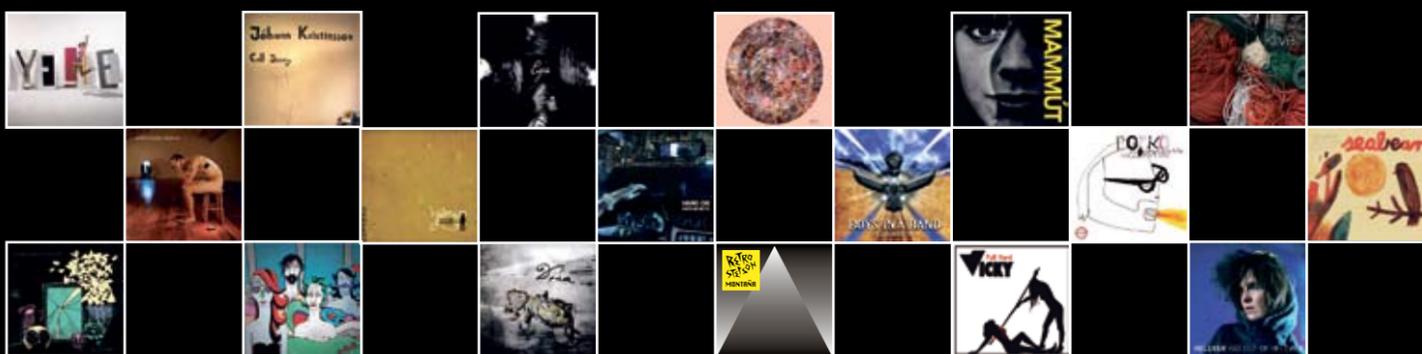


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FRIDAY

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Dr. Spock .....	KL: 11:00
Lightspeed legend .....	KL: 12:00
Lay low .....	KL: 13:00
Vicky .....	KL: 14:00
Miracle fortress .....	KL: 15:00
Boys in a band .....	KL: 16:00
Retro stefson .....	KL: 17:00
Dikta .....	KL: 18:00



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WEDNESDAY / THURSDAY

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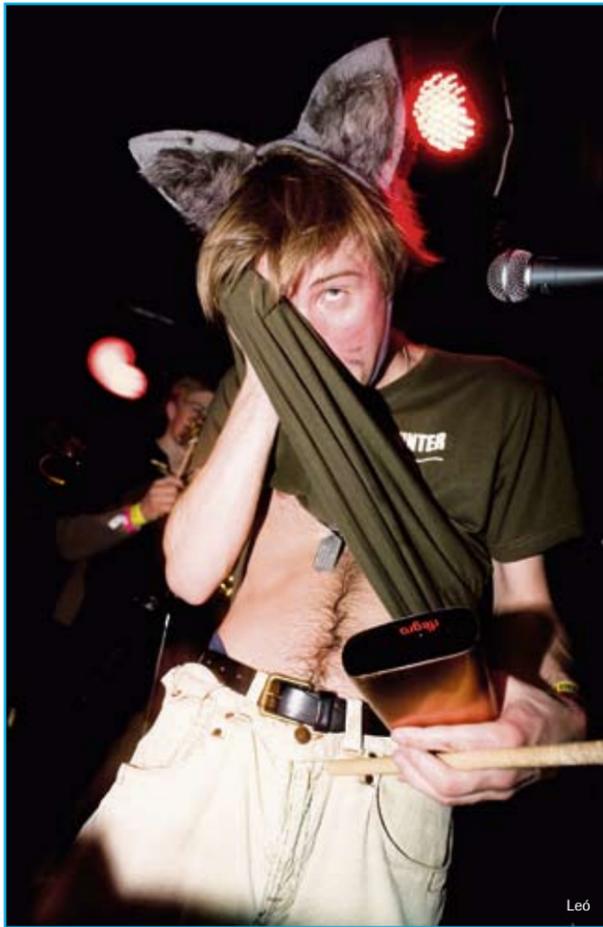
# WEDNESDAY



## Tunglið

**Hellvar** started the riot at Tunglið with a surprising amount of range to their set. The drum machine, along with frontlady Heiða, provide the hind legs for the new-wave to walk on. Heiða's party-prancing distracted the attention away from the defected amplifier. A honeyed start to *Airwaves*. Next, *Morðingjarnir* cranked up the volume and surprisingly nobody suffered from whiplash as their three-chord punk was apparently lost on the audience. **Borko** could be Hopelandic for beauty as their set slowed down the pace and added real depth to the proceedings. The band got out the brass and it was a case of 'away we go'. The musicians interacted with the audience magnificently in chanting their name which certainly has a nice ring to it. Opening with 'Continental Love', the quirk of the vocals provided mere surface to an exquisitely bottomless performance. **Benni Hemm Hemm** overdid it a little. While the horns, trumpets and trombones certainly give the band an identity, they could have used them a little more sparingly to allow the crescendo's to flourish. **Hjaltalín** roused the crowd with an exceptional cover of a Páll Óskar's chart-topper. 'Þú komst við hjartað í mér,' effectively transforming what is possibly the only good Europop song ever written, into something of their own. The rest of their set was similarly genial, as the quality of the night was maintained. **Retro Stefson** were just something else. It would be too convenient to mention potential when the music sounded so accomplished. They take the bossa nova of Antonio Carlos Jobim and implement the vocals of Spoon. **Retro Stefson** carried out a stylish performance and when they are having this much fun, then the crowd are too. Whether playing to their domestic followers or recruiting new fans, on the night everyone was on board. **Reykjavík!** confirmed that *Airwaves* was upon us in an historic fashion. Climbing the amps, surfing the crowd, piledriving the riffs, spilling the beers, screaming their songs into the night. After an overdose of brass, this was combustible band chemistry that set the festival explosively on fire. **MARCUS WALSH**

# LIVE REVIEWS



## Organ

The members of **<3 Svanhvít!** took the stage at Organ Wednesday night dressed as field mice – brown felt ears, matching vests and faces adorned with drawn-on whiskers. Those getups proved to be a good indication of what would follow: a set that was wild, fast-moving, slightly precious and thoroughly hard-to-tame. The group has become expert at writing songs that fuse together countless disparate elements: a fragment of polka, two bars of doo-wop and a healthy dollop of punk. On Wednesday, those songs were delivered with proud boisterousness and hyperactivity, choruses shouted as often as they were sung and instruments that were pounded more often than played. And though they remain an exhilarating live presence, Wednesday night occasionally found the group struggling to strike a balance between being a glorious mess and being simply a mess. In the end, they seemed content to split the difference. **<3 Svanhvít!** were the highlights of an evening that often seemed a stubborn tug-of-war between precision and recklessness. Evening openers **Who Knew** tended toward the latter, turning in an astonishing set full of tense, tremulous songs that quivered and bucked and snapped. Vocalist Armann sounds like David Byrne having a panic attack, and his terrified vocals snapped like rubberbands against the group's jittery post-wave. More restrained but just as shambling were *Mugsefjun*, who turned out banged-up, accordion-driven sea shanties that built to hectic, sweaty finales. A pair of post-rock groups formed the evening's bridge between the devilish and the refined. **Miri** and **For a Minor Reflection** share a similar aesthetic, writing instrumental songs that start small and creep slowly toward thundering epiphanies of sound. Neither band fiddles much with the formula, but both manage to achieve a startling potency. The evening's more practiced acts ended up seeming the least inspired. **Space Vestite** pulled off a tricky cross-pollination of '80s new wave with '50s rockabilly and garage but, aside from a spirited cover of Sly & the Family Stone's "If You Want Me to Stay," their set felt too practiced by half. Perla's complex, technical metal was almost surgically precise, and vocalist Elvar is a rare talent, but their attention to detail felt out-of-place in an evening where chaos was king. **J. EDWARD KEYES**



## NASA

Is there a better way to launch an evening – let alone to launch a whole festival – than kicking back and enjoying the solid, dynamic and powerful impact of a band like **Celestine**? This live performance boasted turbid and rugged, but still delicate, metal tunes that could've won anyone over. When the bassist started dueling with the growler the act was perfected. The girls (and boy) in **Vicky** sure had a wicked look and the act felt promising until the singer gave her incredibly awkward opening speech that gave the entire crowd the shivers. Besides their hair-raising talks between songs their emo-pop-indie-porridge never went beyond being merely passable, at best. **Our Lives** is apparently a well rehearsed and well playing band but that is also their weakest point. I stood by and listened to their whole set which could as well have been one single song. They are an indie-pop band along the lines of Jimmy Eat World, but their songs are all too forgettable. **We Made God** looked the look, and their performance was stupendous as they all wagged their heads like real rock stars. Sadly, a look was all they had. Their set was built up of long, depressed and heavy songs with the occasional nazgulish cry from the singer, who also drew up his fiddlestick once in a while and (apparently, at least) scraped his guitar with it. *Agent Fresco* has a bizarre stage mojo, which lit the hall on fire when they blasted their well-crafted funk-rock tunes like there was no tomorrow. The music was sometimes a little torrid, but at the same time really interesting. The 45 minutes I spent looking at **Biffy Clyro's** roadies preparing the stage and spraying the microphones with perfumes encouraged my expectations for this Scottish band but when they appeared on stage in matching white jeans with their tops off my expectations were instantly flushed down the tubes. Their music was fashioned after their outfit: outdated and dry. **SIGURÐUR KJARTAN KRISTINSSON**

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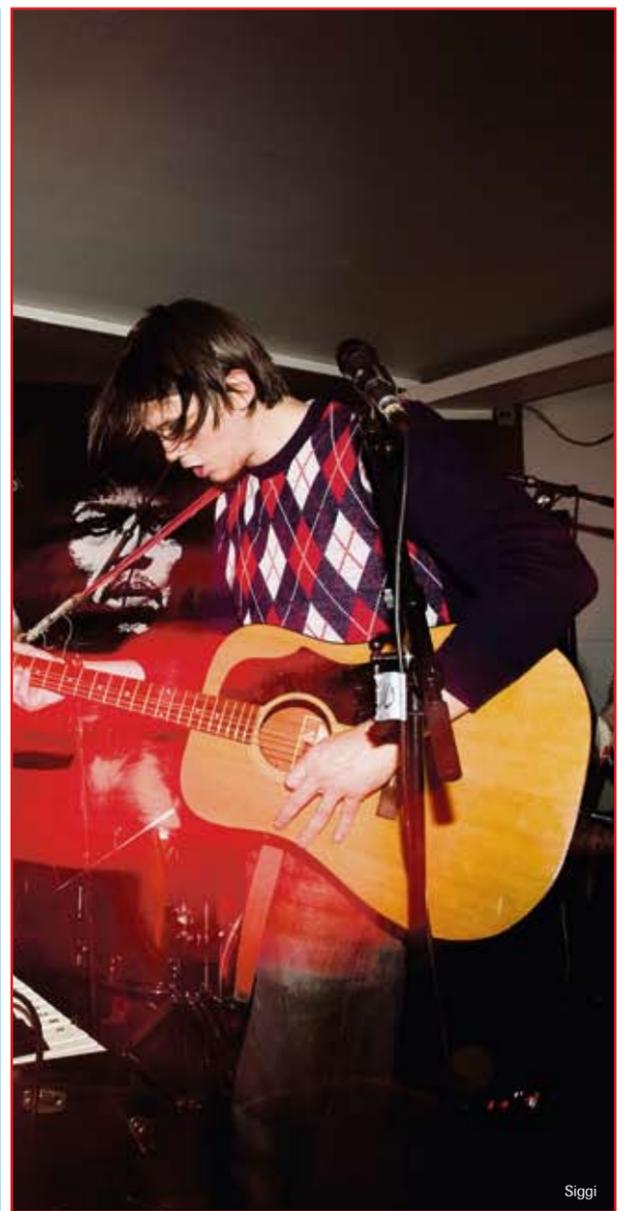


## 22

22 is a surprisingly good venue for tonight's event – whilst it is the obvious choice from the point of view of the regular breakbeat & other dj nights hosted there, it is a relatively new location for Airwaves. However, the familiarity of the regulars with the place really enhanced the atmosphere making those who had travelled from afar feel instantly relaxed and at home too. It has to be said, though, that the electronica crowd is generally both more welcoming and less pretentious in equal measures than those of some other music scenes. The people who go to these gigs are very much there for the music – if they are not actually dancing they at least look as though they intend to dance. Trainers abound with not a heeled boot and barely a skinny jean in sight. That's not to say that the usual Reykjavik quirkiness was absent, of course. At one point early in the evening a six foot brown bear in baggy jeans & a hoodie shambled past, head bobbing in time to the mellow beats. After receiving several double takes & raising a lot of smiles, the bear unzipped his hoodie to reveal a normal human head beneath a bear-shaped hat. And even without the customary accretions of high art-house fashion, the guests still managed to convey a look of complete individuality and style. Only this time they seemed somehow more real than normal... **Ewok** started the evening off with some pretty mellow rhythms appropriate for – it has to be said – a pretty empty venue. It was probably just as well that most of the crowd began to drift in a little later as the changeover from Ewok to Subminimal was not at all tidy – any

atmosphere that might have been building was quickly lost in the 15 minutes of silence between sets. However, it was worth the wait as **DJ Subminimal** turned out some really cool tunes starting slowly and building into the kind of heavier basslines that got the heads of listeners bouncing and shoulders moving. By the time old hand **Raychem** came on, the place was filling up and there was a definite feeling of energy in the air. He slowed the tempo down during the middle of his set and the charged mood deflated a little only to be revived towards the end of his session with some really dirty beats. At elevenish, the tables started to get cleared away to make space for dancing. **Ewok** took his second turn at the station and by now the changeovers were relatively seamless. Building on the ambience that Raychem generated, he came in with a more energetic set than earlier. Well-received, the tables were hardly off the floor before people started to fill the available space with bouncing and rhythmic scuffling. Eyes either closed or gazing intently at the DJ, it is clear that these people love music. Much later when **DJ Lynx** was up, so was everyone else – the place was now so full as to make it almost hard to dance and people were allowed in only when others came out. Lynx had a slightly more funky sound than the earlier DJs, using more upbeat samples, but this was ideal for this crowd at the time. Having travelled from the UK to play here, he definitely won't be disappointed by what he has seen of a Reykjavik party night.

HEATHER ROSEMARY HARRISON PHILLIP



## Hressó

Hressó should reconsider some of their duties as an Airwaves venue. Apart from dining tables which stood amidst the audience – and which people were actually having dinner on – the sound was pretty awful the whole evening, due to bad mixing and over-strained equipment. Opening act, **Klive**, was not affected by this as badly as later bands were. He played a very relaxed set of his ambient electronica. The well-fitting vocals made this a really good appearance. Although Klive was accompanied by a group of brass instrumentalists, which got a little loud from time to time, the music reached the audience clearly and developed hypnotic vibes. It was completely different when **Shogun** hit the stage. Not only were they completely out of place in the evening's line-up just for their style, the metal band suffered badly from the overdriving sound-system. However, the few people who stayed to watch the performance will remember the gig for the band's – and especially singer Ásgeir's – raging delivery. Hressó filled up again when **Bob Justman** and his band took the stage. Justman and band played an entertaining set of blues-rock, with songs sounding from dreamy and playful to dirty and rough. Despite the band's professional delivery, the listening pleasure was unfortunately interrupted regularly by deafening snaps from the speakers. The subsequent **Mammút** delivered a 'solid' performance. The band seemed unmotivated and performed their new songs without the power and rousing enthusiasm that one would expect from listening to the new album. The thin sound contributed in making it worse. The last band of the evening was **Jeff Who?**, and they were the first band that really made the audience move. Although their show was not very spectacular, they fired up the whole room with their simple but catchy pop rock songs. Although there were some problems with the drum kit, which caused a delay in the middle of the show, most of the audience finished their evening in Hressó dancing and singing along to the songs of this band. FLORIAN ZÜHLCKE



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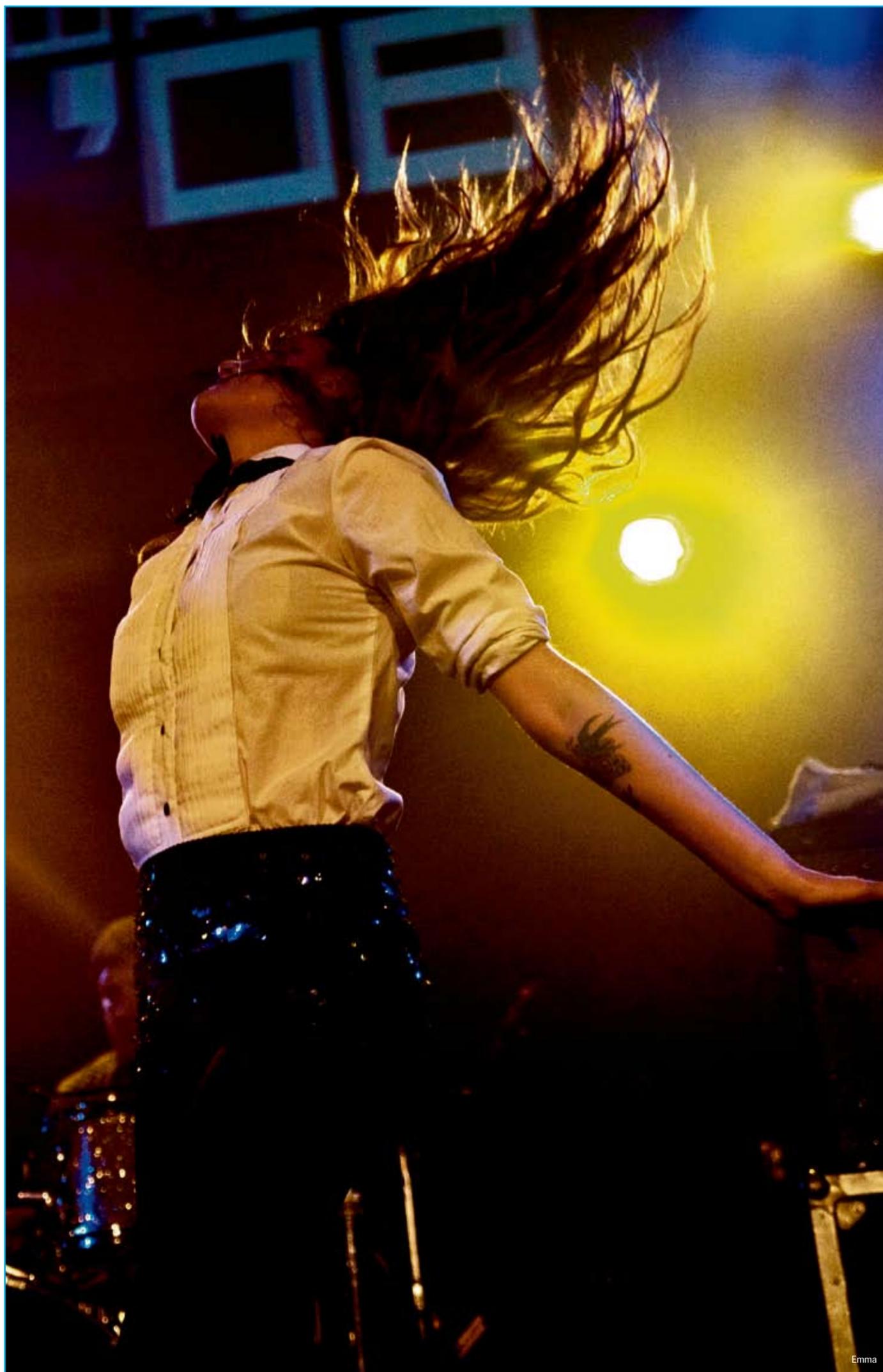
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# THURSDAY

## Reykjavik Art Museum

Last night at the Art Museum was a battle of the machines and, although the competition varied between outstanding and obsolete, one clearly finished on top. As a grey evening took hold, 7.30 pm came and, despite sounding like an unsavoury pharmaceutical conglomerate, **Biogen** (one happy man, a laptop and a bunch of electronics) successfully goaded a chemically inert, early-doors crowd into smiling appreciation with an accessible slab of progressive techno and drum & bass – perhaps the only two musical genres not touched by **The Mae Shi's** following performance. In-between harking back to early hardcore Beastie Boys, a psychedelic Animal Collective and some dense punk influences, the four-strong Americans rampaged through 30 minutes of impressive musical gymnastics. Their pre-schedule early appearance might just have been the enthusiasm that bubbled forth from every song taking hold earlier than expected, a feeling **Florence And The Machine** also (thankfully) shared. Bowing theatrically in a bowtie and the top half of a dinner suit, the eponymous lead singer of Florence And The Machine discarded her jacket soon after coming on stage to reveal a pair of sequinned granny pants that sparkled almost as much her band's performance. The acoustics of the vast Art Museum hall flattered Florence's already-broad voice and a wrestling match between keyboard player and singer during 'Kiss With A Fist' added spice to the magnificent furor – something the ironically-named next band, clearly not a duo who could do without buttons in their music, could and should have been taking notes on. **Fuck Buttons** bought a suitcase with them that resembled Stephen Hawking's overnight spares bag; such was the spew of wires and boxes that surrounded the twosome on their centre-stage table. They played their glorious soundscape music faithfully and without pause but made no attempt to do anything other than press buttons at the right time until they scarpered to make way for electro legends **GusGus**. "Give them what they want!" was President Bongo's maxim for the evening and the audience certainly didn't want, or expect, the surreal video that opened their set. Called 'SOS Rescue Operation', the amusing short film documented a camp German's love for GusGus, setting the stage perfectly for an hour of timeless techno and soaring vocals from Daniel Agust. After pumping fake snow over the front rows and pounding their way through a seamless performance, the piano break from 'Moss' broke an expectant silence and signalled the end of an evening of mainly mechanised music. So the machines did take over for one night but one young lady and her band, complete with an under-used harpist and a strutting guitar player, definitely won the arms race, although it was a close-run thing. **BEN H. MURRAY**



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# SCENES

PHOTOGRAPHY GAS



## AIRWAVES

FRIDAY OCT. 17TH

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PHOTOGRAPHY GAS

# THURSDAY



Leó

22

DJ **Danni Deluxxx** presses play, and so the night begins. Jay-Z and Dizzee Rascal are the highlights of a set that is has that bit of deluxe - he plays dub-step too. There are not so many people at 22 but just as Redman says - "Kick back, relax" and the Grapevine does just that. M.I.A.'s 'Paper Planes' comes on and the venue starts to fill up. Nice. **Poetrix** pours his heart out and doesn't spill anything. He is very political and has beef with something. It's probably something important, but not understanding Icelandic doesn't mean that it's not appreciated. The fire alarm goes off. There is a gap of 15 minutes. The fire alarm isn't one of his samples after all. Poetrix has a lot of resilience and comes up trumps tonight, always rhyming tight. **Sesar A** makes an 'A' sign as per the YMCA dance. His set is very 'old skool'. They call him the 'Grandfather of Icelandic hip-hop' but he has plenty of life in him just yet, well at least based on this evidence. **Original Melody** sound like the Beastie Boys, Atmosphere and Serengeti all rolled into one. The setup is 3 Mc's and 1 DJ and self-deprecating rhymes to boot. This makes for intelligence and dumbness rolled into one, all adding to the charm. Let's hope this never ends" they rap - exactly. Resounding success. **32c** are a brand new band that have been around for just two months. They have dressed up tonight in suits. Dabbi T and MC Gauti are local legends and a Hollywood sees a whirlpool of fans dancing around their centre Everyone is loving it. Beautiful blondes and brunettes dancing along to their debut gig. DJ Danni Deluxxx, whose production is flawless provides the backing for **1985!**. He presses stop on what's been a night that's both educational and entertaining in equal measures. **MARCUS WALSH**



Bjössí

## Organ

The crowd are sat cross-legged in a semi-circle like it's story-time. Some heads rest on friend's shoulders. A few eyes droop, mirroring the members of **Mogil**, who are deep in their work. Their music, an odd but exhilarating fusion of free jazz, soul and indie, requires concentration. They skip across time signatures effortlessly, driven by the rock-steady, if unusual, combination of guitar and bass clarinet. It's ethereal, intense stuff. Certainly far too intense to warrant any open peepers. German troubadour **Finn** also likes to keep his eyes closed. But you get the feeling that with him it's less passion, more affectation: the pretentious wardrobe - cape, knee-high socks and medieval monk hairdo - gives that impression. He wanders alone through a set of beautifully dull acoustic ballads - one man, three microphones (there's a slightly different echo effect on each) and enough ego to fill the void left by the absence of any real stage presence. Fortunately **Esja** have that in barrels. Their down-home bar-room whisky and spitting baccy blues gives us a much-needed change of pace. They roar out their love for them ol' fashioned treasures - the open road, the open bottle and the lure of a good woman. It's clunky but boisterous stuff - like Kings of Leon, but more leathery. Their sex is on simmer. Sex plays a significant supporting role in the appeal of **Theresa Aunei's** winningly fey love songs. The subject matter of her material - marauding pirates, dopey pigeons and the appeal of "throwing rocks at the sun because you feel bitter" - are

innocent enough but her lusty voice and a cover of Aqua's 'Barbie Girl' give the game away. She can throw cute glances from under her fringe all she likes, that voice will always betray them. **Parachutes** could do with some of Aunei's lustre. They follow the U2 blueprint (the U2print!?) of swinging between strident loud sections and ponderous quiet ones. Their atmospheric rock is done well, but they aren't vocally strong enough to match up to Sigur Ros, who they obviously emulate. Towards the end of their over-long set they throw bubbles into the crowd - a nice touch - but it's a shrill blast of unexpected feedback that proves the most exciting part of their set. The final act, **Ane Brun**, has a nightmare show, the lowest point of which sees her getting a fairly hefty shock from her electro-acoustic. She's tenacious and quick-witted enough to pull it back together and the bluesy undertones of her songs enliven a set that could have easily slipped into introspective balladry. The people at the bar (possibly Esja fans) don't seem to notice and make use of the delicate spaces in Brun's songs to scream at each other. Brun grimaces, tightens her grip on her guitar and slowly shuts her eyes. When you've suffered an electric shock, the back half of the venue is full of yell-out-loud drunks and your aching soft ballads are interspersed with the sound of breaking glass, then all you can do is shut your eyes and sing. **HENRY BARNES**

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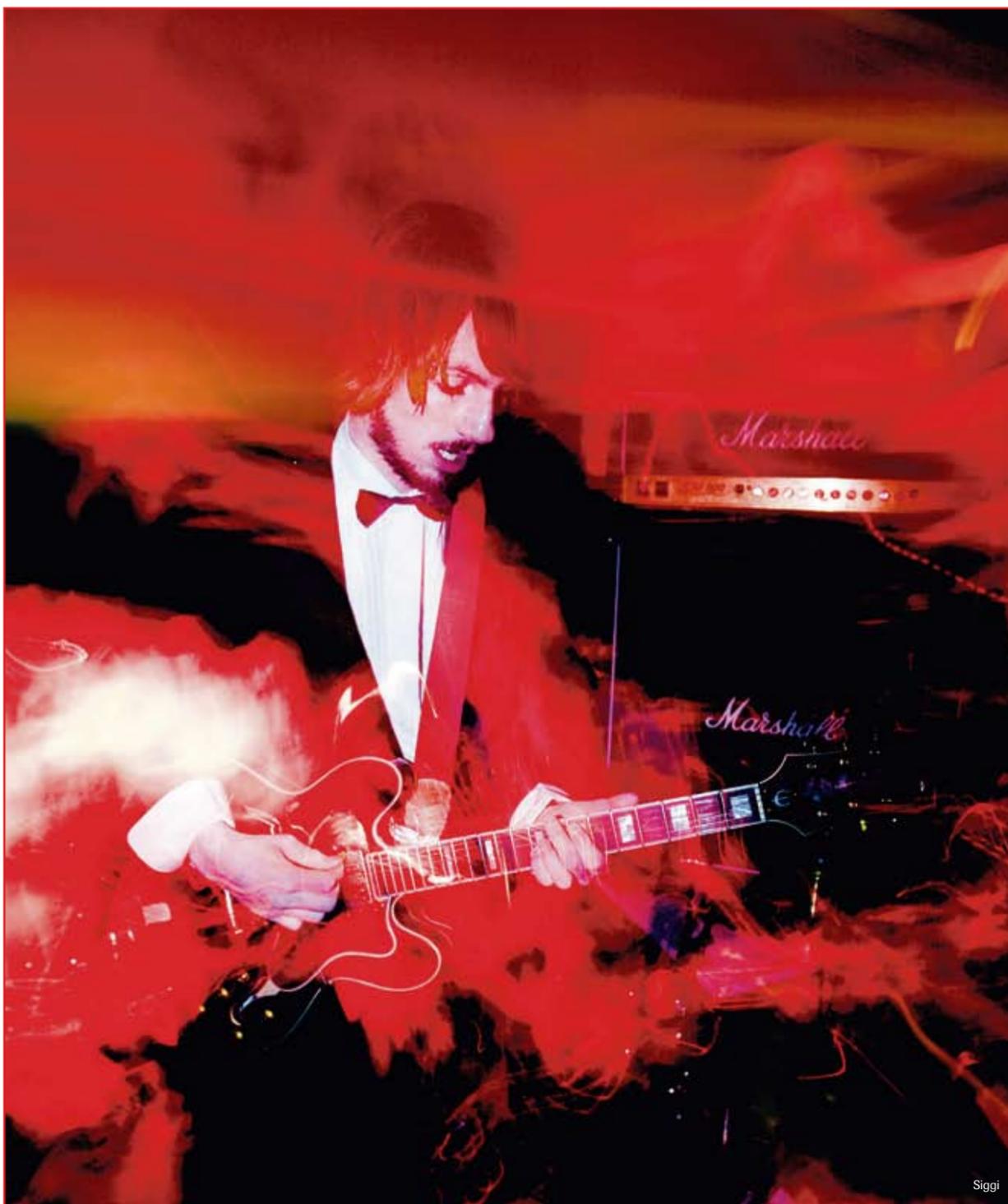
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# LIVE REVIEWS



## Hressó

Úlfur A. Einarsson, lead vocalist for the Reykjavik band **Swords of Chaos**, sings like the skin is being flayed from his body. There's no tone or shape, just sound – one long, protracted unearthly shriek after another, an endless bloodshot howl that rockets up the centre of his band's beastly, red-orange songs. Swords of Chaos were one of a cluster of bands at Hresso Thursday night that built songs around two key characteristics: volume and aggression. Their set swung from merely terrifying to positively infernal, Einarsson frequently leaping from the stage to whip his body around chaotically in front of it. It was as if he was trying to exorcise a demon. Just as loud but slightly less fiendish were **Fist Fokkers**, who transcended their silly name to deliver songs that blended the blank anti-melody of no wave with the fury of punk rock. Their music is grimy and primal, angry sheets of sound that were stacked and collapsed over and over and over. Early in their set, the group got assistance from a saxophonist and clarinetist who appeared to be roughly three times as old as any given band member. Their presence was charming but pointless: the instant Fist Fokkers erupted full-on, their amiable skronking was drowned out completely. Where Fist Fokkers and Swords of Chaos let sound expand, **Æla** preferred to whittle it down. Their set was astonishing, a blast of nervous energy that handily bested everything that

had come before it. Vocalist Halli Valli took the stage in a suit jacket and tie, both of which he quickly shed. **Æla**'s songs are built around repeated bursts curlicue riffing – tiny question marks of sound that grow steadily desperate. Halli Valli's voice mirrors the guitars' anxious quiver; he pouts and hiccups out his verses, and the music has a kind of frantic elasticity – thrilling, neurotic post punk that is long on both energy and invention. A bit of inventiveness would have done **Slugs** a great service. Though their horror rock is certainly confrontational – a quality amplified by the fact that guitarist Geirharður Þorsteinsson and vocalist Sindri Eldon spend most of their time flailing in the audience – it quickly loses character. Standing in stark relief to the evening's reigning chaos was **Naflakusk**, who opened the night with a set of buoyant shoo-wop pop songs. Their music is irresistible, like a high school girl's choir performing the collected works of the Ronettes. The 11 members like to shout choruses in unison, a trick that gifts the songs with an undeniable spirit of joy. Occasionally that exuberance masked darker intentions: midway through their set, one of their vocalists asked the crowd, "How many of you are from the UK?" After she got her answer, she thrust out a bag of chocolate coins. "We've got your money right here, you bastards!" Who says polite pop can't be aggressive? **J. EDWARD KEYES**

## Tunglið

**Cocktail Vomit** make music as colourful as their name, starting the evening with electronica influenced pop, with some squealing samples and a strong stage presence that has the band comfortably sharing stories with their audience in-between songs. **Sometime** follow and steal the show, though. Strong female vocals pitch them somewhere early Martina Topley Bird and a clubbed up Macy Gray. The music is big beat, drone driven and unhurried and as a lesson to those they shared a bill with tonight, their samples are well chosen and bring an extra layer to their sound. They receive a heroes' welcome and rightly so. **Ghostigital** at first offered proof that industrial strength hip hop, jazzy trumpets and howling feedback can go together. As their set progressed it became apparent that their strongest material was their first. An impassioned delivery couldn't gloss over that they had more strong, interesting ideas than the song structures needed to get the most out of them. **XXX Rottweiler** blended video displays with a high-energy live show to display an intelligence and ability not evident in the macho, clichéd posturing that mars a lot of their strengths. The invective they aim at Gordon Brown is superb, the tacky images of sex and violence projected throughout their other songs shows they should stop borrowing so readily from generic hip hop and trust their own unique perspective more often. Faroe Islands duo **Ghost** made a belated entrance but wasted no time working hard, trying to whip up the crowd into a sing-along. They were gifted food and polaroids by the front few rows for their efforts. Their quirky, buzzy electronic pop was less appealing than their personalities. Beats from a laptop are economical but rarely varied. **FM Belfast** suffered from a similar problem, but they were clearly in town and on stage to make sure everyone enjoyed themselves, band included. They might have more members than instruments, but the sheer positivity they transmitted was enough to help everyone forgive them wailing high pitched and off key at various points. They were having a party, which peaked with a partial cover of Killing In The Name Of by Rage Against The Machine. They kept the handfuls of confetti being flung from the stage until the end, though, just to make sure. **ALISTAIR LAWRENCE**

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# THURSDAY

## NASA

Although they look as though they've escaped from an office party somewhere in UK suburbia, the **Young Knives** know how to rock! Their fans, of which there appears to be a healthy representation, occupy the front of NASA, singing to every track, thrusting arms in the air, bouncing and, at some stages, even surfing. The atmosphere is electric and the band engages the throng with some upbeat banter, mostly involving jokes about man boobs and small...appendages. And yet, despite their obvious popularity, they seem a strange choice to finish the evening. Most of the night has revolved around a mixture of electro-pop, ambient chill and mellow country. The surprise hit of the evening is **Soundspell** – considering that they are the starter band, they deliver beautiful music with passion and vigour. Lead singer Alexander Briem's voice soars with mercurial clarity and emotion – definite shades of Sigur Ros but, well, certainly younger and possibly more accessible to the wider audience too. They are followed by the **Ólafur Arnalds**, who by all accounts produces an achingly gorgeous set. The violins and cello are the perfect foil for his piano, gently bringing the mood of the people down, soothing and lulling them. If there is any criticism to be offered at all, it is that perhaps this live music is best listened to whilst lying in a chill-out tent following a night of hardcore dancing, possibly under the influence of some mood-enhancing substance. Otherwise, it may be best saved for later listening. The audience obviously think so too; there is a minor stampede to buy copies of the album after the set. Next up is **Disa**; the cheer as she and the band appear on stage reveals the level of support she has managed to acquire since arriving on the scene this year. Her tiny, cinched-in waist belies the fact that she can truly belt out the music. There is something of Skye Edwards (Morcheeba) in her voice, particularly when singing in English. However, the few times that she switches to Icelandic, she lets slip a much greater depth of sound and a voice suited to the blues. The Swedish **El Perro Del Mar** is somewhat subdued in comparison to the vibrancy of Disa. Perhaps there is something being lost in translation but the lyrics are a little bland and they fail to raise the atmosphere. By comparison, listening to the dulcet tones of **Lay Low** is the aural equivalent of melting the finest Belgian chocolate on your tongue. She bounces through her repertoire, interspersing songs from her new album with well-known classics from her old one. As ever, her distinctive sound is well received and we can expect another hit there! **HEATHER ROSEMARY HARRISON PHILLIP**



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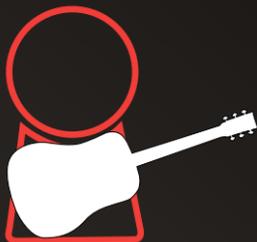
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# TÓNASTÖÐIN

Allt fyrir tónlistarmanninn



WORDS BY BEN H. MURRAY  
PHOTOGRAPHY GAS

## THE GLORY OF TWEE

# DÝRÐIN

If any group playing this year's festival deserve praise from above then seven-piece indie pop band Dýrðin, whose name translates into English as 'glory', will be at the front of the celestial queue for lightening the mood with their cheery abstract songs and playful performances. Dýrðin's Einar and Kolla enlighten us as to what we can expect from tonight's slot at Organ.

Last year Pitchfork really picked up on Dýrðin as being an Airwaves highlight...

**K:** We were the discovery of the festival!

How's that working out for you – more money, more groupies?

**K:** I'm having more sex.

**E:** It's been a quiet year since then, really. Our drummer went abroad, he usually does that for a few months every year, so we've not been doing too much.

**K:** We didn't play much after Airwaves because the line-up was always changing.

**E:** We played something like two gigs after last year. But we played in London a couple of times.

**K:** We met our fans there

**E:** The two fans we have in England.

It's good to meet your public...

**K:** True fans.

**E:** We went and checked out the scene in the UK, there's a big twee pop scene over there.

So twee pop is quite a big influence?

**E:** It all started with The Cardigans. Me, Maggi and Doddi – the founding members of Dýrðin – we'd all been playing punk and noisy stuff and then The Cardigans hit us and we just had to do something like that.

**K:** Then the punk and The Cardigans just kind of merged.

**E:** We're pretty much inspired by that whole movement. We started creating some silly pop songs and we needed a girl singer so we started looking for one and finally decided to check if my sister can do it. She said OK and the first thing we did was record one song without any practice or anything. Then we took a long pause for about ten years...

**K:** And now we have a new album.

**E:** In 2006 we also had a CD out too,

it has received a lot of good reviews – I like it. So now we're increasing in size for some reason. We used to be three and now we're seven and its turning into a girl band now with four girls and three boys.

Lucky you!

**E:** Except some of them are my sisters.

**K:** Don't give him ideas.

**E:** So now we have a lot of new material and we're thinking about getting a new CD out as soon as possible.

Will you be performing a lot of the new material at Organ?

**K:** Just new material, apart from two songs from the old album but we're much noisier now.

**E:** We're trying to find some people to throw money at us, in these days of hardship and despair.

**K:** It's our responsibility to build a reputation for Iceland again and produce good products.

Do a lot of Icelandic bands feel like that at the moment?

**K:** Yes, I think so. The musicians can do a lot of good now.

**E:** A lot of people I know who play in bands are saying that now it's their turn. The money people had their chance and they screwed it up and now the art people, we have our day in the sun. There's a lot of this feeling going around.

You also write songs about some quite unusual subjects...

**K:** We have one song about when the Polar Bear came to Iceland. He came to Iceland to fall in love with another Polar Bear

**E:** Two polar bears – we thought obviously its love. That's our main subject – love and some weird sides of love.

**K:** We also have one song about the experiment they did in Switzerland, the Large Hadron Collider.

**E:** We try to take these everyday subjects and turn it into a love song. We're very aware of what's going on.

**K:** We are a mirror of society, a positive mirror



# BEDROOM

MUSIC FOR THE PEOPLE! NASA 20:00, tonight

# COMMUNITY

WORDS BY HAUKUR S. MAGNÚSSON  
PHOTOGRAPHY SKARI

MUCH HAS BEEN WRITTEN ABOUT THE BEDROOM COMMUNITY COLLECTIVE SINCE IT FORMALLY OPENED SHOP BACK IN 2006, AND ALMOST ALL OF IT HAS BEEN EXTREMELY FAVOURABLE. THE LABEL IS A PROJECT OF VALGEIR SIGURÐSSON, BEN FROST AND NICO MUHLY – ALL GREAT MUSICIANS IN THEIR OWN RIGHT – AND HAS BUILT A REPUTATION FOR BEAUTIFULLY EXECUTED RELEASES BOTH IN STYLE AND PRESENTATION, SOUND AND VISION. WE MET UP WITH VALGEIR SIGURÐSSON, BEN FROST AND NICO MUHLY TO GET A SENSE OF WHAT THE LABEL IS ALL ABOUT.

**W**HEN YOU started the label two years ago, you talked about a "culture gap" you thought you sensed, where a large portion of the population wasn't being exposed to a lot of the great art that's out there, and that one of the community's goals was to try and bring more eclectic sounds to "ordinary folks." Now, two years later, do you think you've achieved this? You have managed to create quite a profile for yourselves, do you feel it is resulting in "unusual suspects" buying your music and coming to your shows?

**B**en Frost: I think first and foremost the label has kind of forged out its own territory by the sum of its parts rather than from any grand manifesto... I think, while on one hand, that is true, we did and indeed still do feel that on the whole "normal people" miss out on quite a bit, as opposed to those who are intimately plugged into the "scene" or whatever. But this is not an important motivator in the label. We are just doing what we are interested in. I think we have kind of created our own audience and the label has an identity and an aesthetic that is really quite abstract but also very specific. We've been told a number of times by our distributors that those who stock our records order them now based on the reputation of the label as much as the reputation of the artist – I think in the beginning we relied more on our individual stories to push the label, but its rapidly turned around. I am far more concerned with and proud of what we have achieved creatively- on our records than in a public sense. I was saying to someone just this morning that I would take it really personally if someone hated one of our records, like, as in, I don't really see Bedroom Community as an outlet for just any music, its very personal, which is probably a big part of why we have only released 5 albums so far. We've had a lot of arguments and discussions within The Bedroom Community about things that other labels might consider fairly arbitrary –like photos and artwork and final tracklistings on albums, not so much for how they will be perceived publicly, but rather how they work for the album/artist concept at the root level.

**N**ico Muhly: I agree with Ben, I feel like it was less of a "manifesto" and more of people doing what they do best in a home that they're building, you know? And similarly, I think it's great how supportive we are of each others' projects; when something good happens on, like, Sam Amidon's record – you know, last week Wedding Dress was featured on YouTube! – I feel a surge of special good feeling.

One of the results of your "outreach", as far as I can tell, was a Pitchforkmedia.com review that basically slammed Nico for being all over the mass media. I know this sounds absolutely ridiculous, but do you feel that by presenting yourself to a wider audience, you might be "alienating" the snobs?

**BF:** Look, appealing journalists is not the point. The review you are referring to, for me, made some interesting points about the contextual value of music and the review was well written and obviously had some serious thought behind it which I appreciated – but ultimately, for me and for most people I know, it doesn't change the value of Nico's work nor my belief in his total conviction in making it. If, when he is writing, he is also on iChat, or playing scrabble or watching gay Japanese porn – in the end, his work speaks to me in a profoundly emotional way that belies any aspect of its production – and I think right there is the root of the Bedroom Community sound – if there is one.

**NM:** Yeah, I mean, that review was interesting to me, because it focused not on the thing itself but on the perception of the thing. Also, it was at the end of a spate of very positive press, so it was sort of like one little salt liquorice at the end of a big chocolate thing. Just makes you take a step back. Also, Pitchfork isn't the snobs, by any means. In this particular case, it was just some straight kid from Brooklyn!

Does Bedroom Community identify as an Icelandic label, an international one or what? How does the label's "identity" factor in your general aesthetic?

**V**algeir Sigurðsson: Bedroom Community is clearly "an Icelandic Label" but that might not be important to anyone except maybe the President of Iceland a decade from now, when he writes a speech and mentions how this small label brought these artists to the attention of the international press and punters, or whatever.

The label is run and operated in Iceland, the music is recorded here and whatnot. But the artists come from here as well elsewhere, and to me that is very important. The label is a home for a dialog between those that are involved and I think that it makes that dialog much more exciting to have individuals from vastly different backgrounds and influences. Do you plan on adding anyone else to the family? Are there any bedroom babies on their way, bedroom buns in the oven?

**NM:** Totally! But just like with having real live buns in the oven, you have to be careful!

**VS:** We already an exciting line up of albums for 2009, some completed and others in the works. I think that you should expect about 3-4 new names on the label in the near future...

Valgeir Sigurðsson, Ben Frost and Nico Muhly all appear in the The Bedroom Community night at Iðnó Theatre tonight, along with selected guests.

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WORDS BY MARK OLLARD  
PHOTOGRAPHY BALDUR KRISTJÁNS

# SPRENGJU HÖLLIN

WAS ONE OF THE MOST SUCCESSFUL BANDS IN ICELAND LAST YEAR WITH THREE OF THE MOST POPULAR SONGS OF THE YEAR AND A HIT DEBUT ALBUM. WE CAUGHT UP WITH ATLI AND GEORG FROM THE BAND AND ASKED THEM A FEW QUESTIONS.

Your second album, "Bestu Kveðjur" (Best Regards), will be released in a few weeks, what are your expectations for the album?

■ We're very proud of it; we think it's very good. We simply hope that people will like it, enjoy it and find it an important addition to their daily lives. We hope they play it at parties, when they wake up, when they go to sleep.

How was the writing process?

■ It came together in a very short period. The first album, "Tímarnir Okkar" (Our Times) only came out last October and we had been playing and practising those songs for almost 2 years. After that we wrote a score for a play in January so we didn't really start thinking about new songs and an album until March this year. We had a weekend out in the countryside and practiced like crazy all summer.

Why did you decide to record and release an English language version of your big hit "Worry Till Spring" last year?

■ Actually, the English version came first. When we started out, like many Icelandic bands, we wrote lyrics in English. In many ways that is easier, you can write and sing something but say nothing – just throw in some pop clichés and you have a good pop song. This is very apparent if you analyse some of the English lyrics of Icelandic bands, just a collection of clichés. At first we did both but after a while we realised it was the Icelandic ones that meant more to us and to everyone else too.

Do you think that limits potential for international success?

■ Yes, probably. Actually we toured Canada and the USA recently as a kind of test and we were a little surprised. The vibe, theme and feelings of the lyrics managed to shine through even if they couldn't understand the words themselves. Saying that, we're probably not going to sell a million albums in Europe without trying lyrics in other languages, but for now we're very happy singing in Icelandic.

On your website you have something like a manifesto, saying that the role of the artist is to grab ideas and make them accessible...

■ Yes, in our art we have wanted to make something that is accessible and non-exclusive. A lot of the art that comes to mean the most and last the longest is exactly that. This is reflected in the way the group is put together, we come from different musical backgrounds and our choices of music in our own time are very different. We come together to find something we all agree on. So when we do agree, and find a middle ground, it must be something that people will find accessible. With the first album we tried to encapsulate 'our lives' – that is to say it was very current. This one is less about people, and more about ideas. The theme is being optimistic when you can't, when everything is so bad the only option is optimism – things can't get any worse. It's a kind of "desperate optimism". The cover we've chosen sums it up really well, it's a painting called "Wanderer in the sea of fog" by a German artist, Caspar David Friedrich.

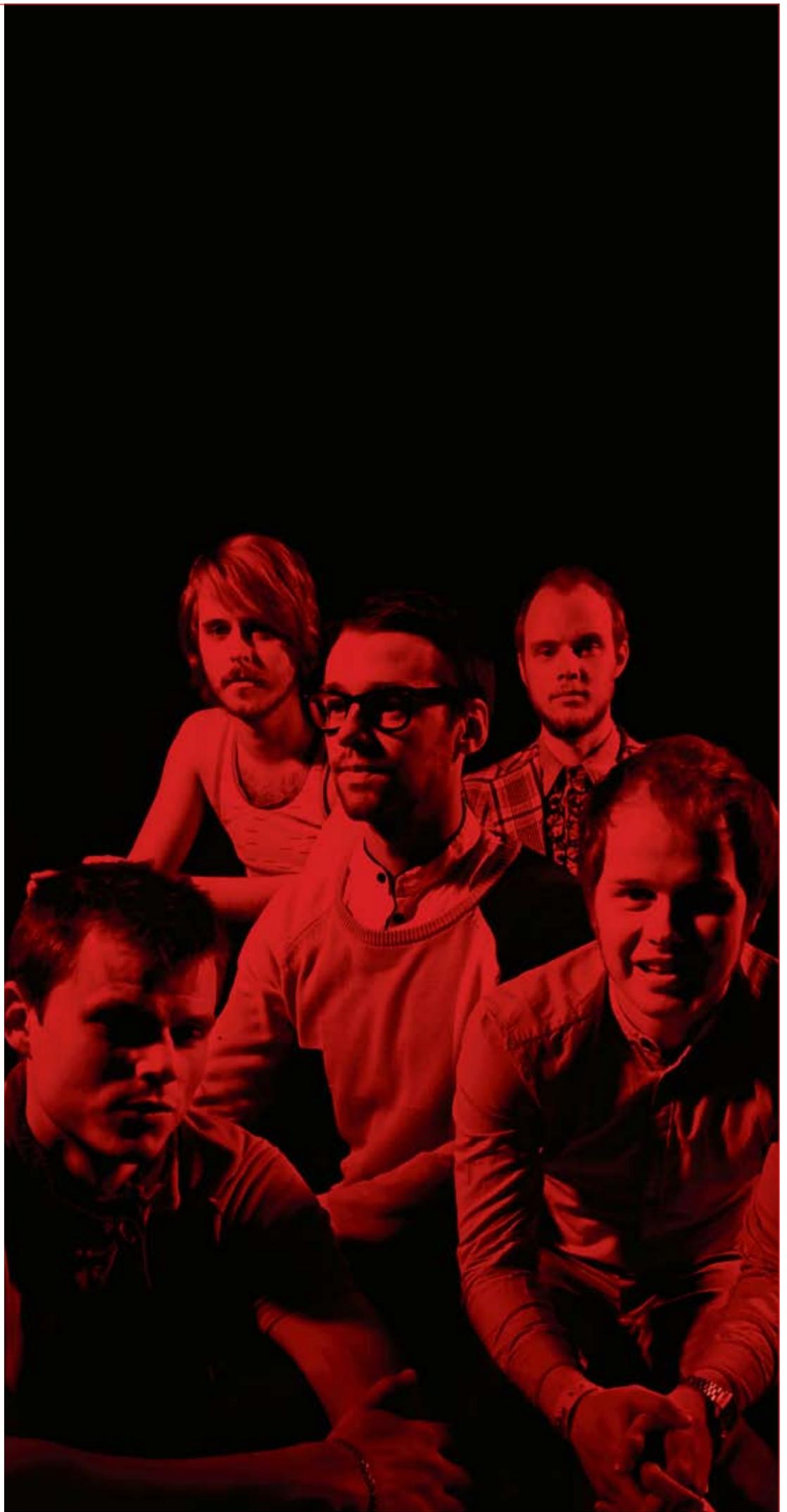
Yes, I've seen it – it's really beautiful. How did you find it?

■ Through a lot of searching. It seems to reflect exactly the themes we were using. It is very romantic but also has a real sense of desperation about reaching the top, and then what happens next? (The painting shows a man on a mountain top looking down on to a sea of fog). It's kind of like Icelandic society right now. It's all happened so fast, we're at the bottom, so the only way is up.

Ah, I wondered if we'd get onto that. Have the last few weeks affected the confidence in the music scene here?

■ We haven't felt that. Of course the currency situation makes it harder for bands to tour outside of Iceland; a lot of the big financial companies were supporting bands and the art scene. It's been very good doing music in Iceland for the last few years; CD sales of Icelandic artists increasing, more grants and corporate money, it's been relatively easy to play at sponsored events and things like that. But The Sugarcubes, Björk and Sigur Rós all broke out before the new money came so we know it isn't impossible, we just have to find new ways. Perhaps the local bands need to think about Iceland first, rather than immediately thinking internationally.

Mark Ollard is a publisher for Penguin Books in England, where he puts out Hugleikur Dagson's hard hitting comix. He also maintains a blog about Icelandic music at [www.iceblah.typepad.com](http://www.iceblah.typepad.com)



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# Samán í Síðumúla 20

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**Vincent** / Student, France

*About Airwaves I like the atmosphere in the whole town the most. I've lived here for five months, and now as Airwaves is on, it is really different with all the off-venues and all the people coming to town for the festival. Also I like to go from one venue to the other and discover new bands.*



**Vera** / Saleswoman, Sweden

*I think Airwaves is cool, because there are so many different people going to it, although Reykjavik is such a small city. Also there are so many bars and therefore you have so many different places, that you could go to.*



**Elin** / Waitress, Sweden

*My favourite thing about Airwaves are the countless off-venues, because they are so intimate and cosy. It is cool to be so close to the artists while in the real venues you sometimes do not even see them.*



**Irene** / Highschool student, Iceland

*My favourite things about airwaves are dancing and being able to listen to so much good music. I like the variety that the many different bands provide.*

# EAT SHIT!

FRIENDLY ADVICE FROM A GRAPEVINE JOURNALIST ON WHERE TO FIND AFTER MIDNIGHT GRUBBING INSPIRED BY YEARS SPENT ON THE FESTIVAL CIRCUIT

WORDS BY **HAUKUR S. MAGNÚSSON**

**T**O OUR foreign guests: Welcome to Iceland Airwaves! We hope you have taken full advantage of our imploded economy and loaded your suitcases with cheap electronics and your bellies with cheap(ish) beer and liquor.

Anyway, I wanted to give you a scoop on some do's and don'ts when it comes to late night post-binge drinking binge eating. So you can learn from our mistakes and not splurge on a stale slice of pizza or a crappy sandwich. There's plenty of good AM eating to be had. The key is to know where to look. Although the Icelandic Krona is almost worthless at moment, there is no reason to spend thousands of them on crap.

## Some Basic Guidelines

You probably know the score when it comes to quelling your alcohol-fuelled hunger. Grease is good. So are carbohydrates. And hot sauce is probably the only thing that can penetrate your nicotine-and-brennivín burned taste buds.

Also, if buying a slice of pizza from one of those heating boxes, insist that you get a "current" slice. Some of our downtown pizza makers have a nasty habit of trying to offload their wretched cardboard leftovers on to the unknowing intoxicated. And if you wind up a buying hardened piece of wheat, remember that an unhealthy dose of garlic oil and chilli powder will make almost anything taste bearable.

Also. Ask around before splurging on food. And ask locals. Most of them will have strong views on what's to be found, and although not all of them will be right, you can be sure all of them will be pretty damn amusing while explaining their love for that particular place or the other.

## Places to Avoid

We can't really divulge that information. It would be plain mean of us to warn you against certain downtown eateries, even though we all know them to be dingy dens of desperation. We need all the economic help and currency exchange we can get, so we pretty much encourage you to spend lots of your hard earned money at every freaking opportunity you get. If you don't like the taste, food fight is always an option.

That said, again: ask the locals. They will know. Also: if a place is less than crowded, you can be pretty sure it's nothing you need to worry about missing. Drunken binge eating is one of the few areas of life where popular opinion is to be trusted.

## Places to Go

This is a bit easier. We all have our favourites, of course. Here are some of them (sorry to those we forgot. The time of writing is kinda late and all).



## Habibi

All of their dishes taste the same, but they're still pretty damn good. I recommend the shawarma sandwich? It is nothing less than awesome, especially if you're falling down drunk. They're actually pretty good during daytime also. This has been verified time and again by the Grapevine staff.

## Pizza King

Right next to Habibi, the Pizza King can make a mean slice when he feels like it. But make sure you ask for a fresh slice. They are legendarily stingy about their pizza and are just as likely to pass off a dry, stale slice just to get rid of it.

## Bæjarins Bestu

Legendary Icelandic hot dog stand that has served both Bill Clinton and Metallica. Go there.

## Vöfluvagninn

These guys make Belgian waffles. Out of a van. The Waffle Van. It's pretty good under most circumstances, under others: Awesome.

## The Clock Shops

These shops are named after what used to be their opening hours (10-11, 11-11, etc), but now most of them are open 24-hours. During the daytime, these shops should be avoided like an STD, when there are cheaper alternatives open, but after-hours, they become more attractive stores can provide a relatively to be a cheap alternative. Especially if your hotel or hostel has some kind off oven contraption. You cannot go wrong with a frozen pizza and a block of cheese, my friend.

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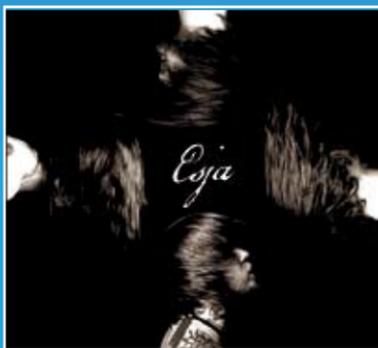
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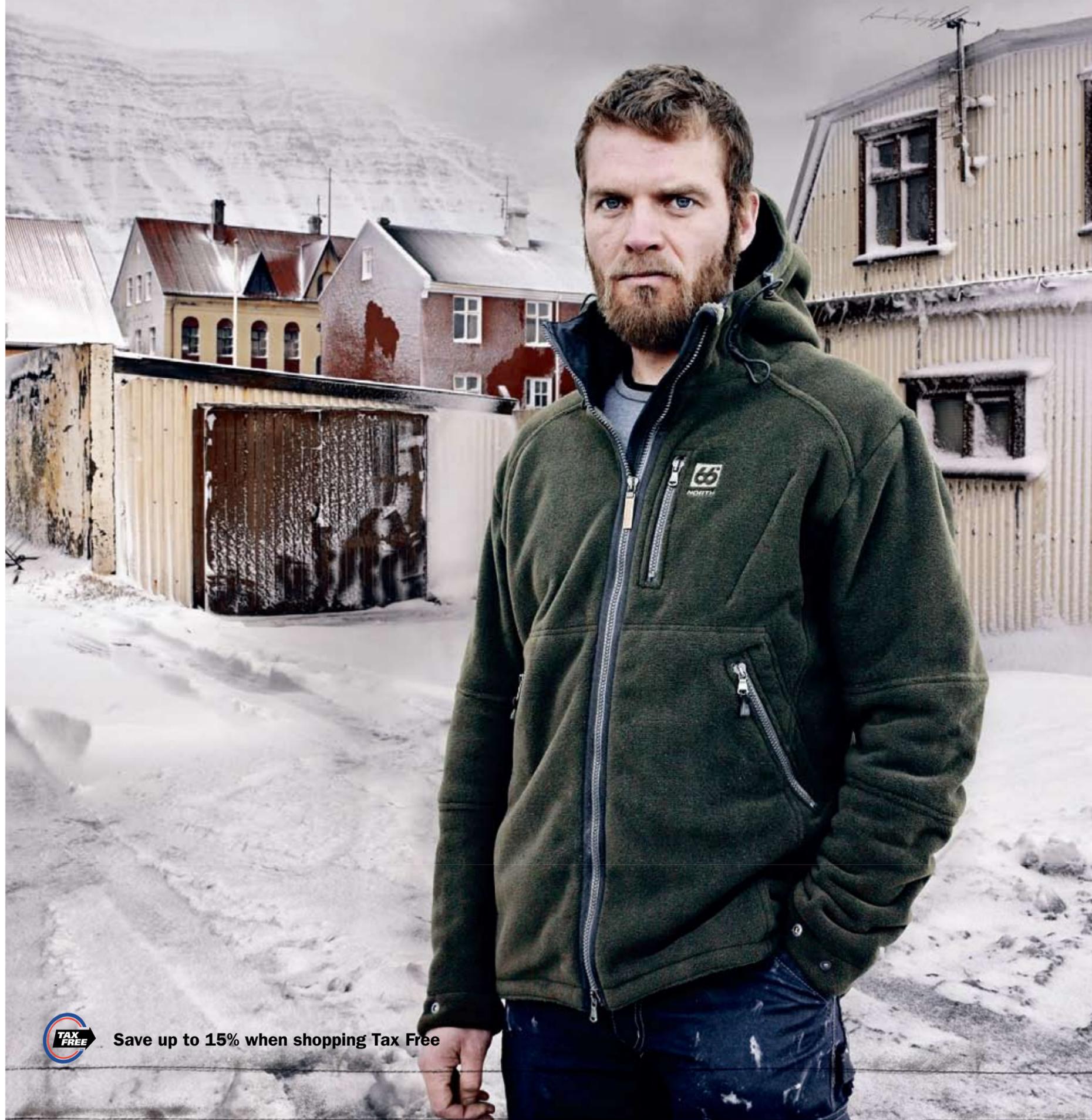
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