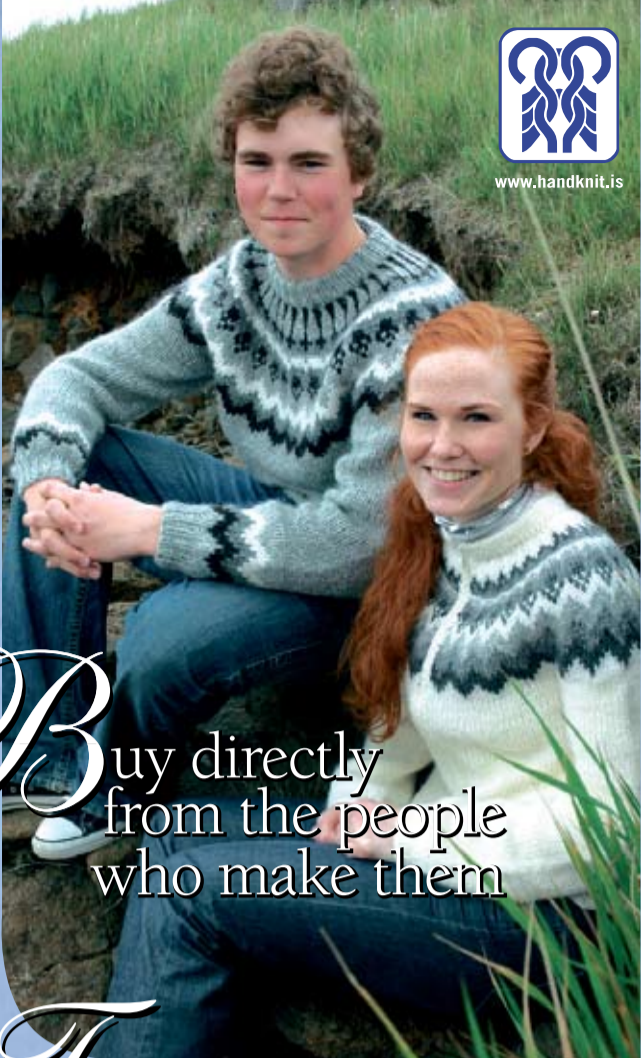


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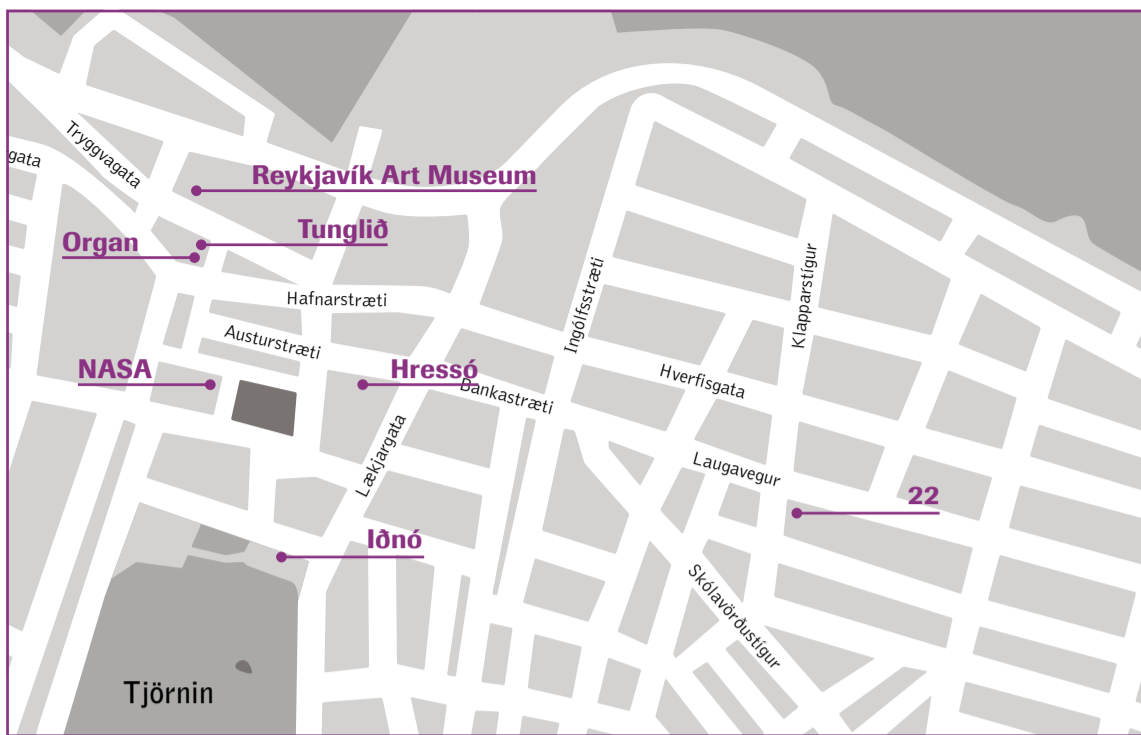
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Reykjavík Art Museum

00:00 Vampire Weekend (US)
 23:00 CSS (BR)
 22:15 **Boys In A Band (FO)** ■
 21:30 Dikta
 20:45 Jan Mayen
 20:00 Bob Justman

Tunglið

05:45 Sexy Lazer
 03:45 Gluteus Maximus
 01:45 Michael Mayer
 01:00 Yelle
 00:00 Crystal Castles
 23:00 PNAU
 22:00 Steed Lord
 21:00 Thomas Fehlman
 20:00 Gudrun Gut

Iðnó

00:00 Jeff Who?
 23:00 White Lies (UK)
 22:15 Sprengjuhöllin
 21:30 Viking Giant Show
 20:45 Ske
 20:00 Rökkurró

Hressó

23:45 Southside (US)
 23:00 Soundspell
 22:15 Ultra Mega Teknóbandið Stefán
 21:30 Borko
 20:45 Andrúm
 20:00 Wulfgang

NASA

02:30 J-Bag/Trailer Trash DJs
 01:45 **FM Belfast** ■
 01:00 Robots In Disguise (UK)
 00:00 Junior Boys (CA)
 23:00 Handsome Furs (CA)
 22:15 Boy Crisis (US)
 21:30 Singapore Sling
 20:45 **Sudden Weather Change** ■
 20:00 Mau (POR)

22

01:30 Plugg'd
 00:30 DJ Hero's Trial
 23:45 Family Of Sound
 23:00 Steve Sampling
 22:15 Sykur
 21:30 Stereo Hypnosis
 20:45 Oculus
 20:00 Prince Valium

Organ

02:00 Weapons
 01:15 Cruel Black Dove (US)
 00:15 Benny Crespo's Gang
 23:15 Miracle Fortress (CA)
 22:30 Mammút
 21:45 Eberg
 21:00 Lights On The Highway
 20:15 Noise
 19:30 Johnny And The Rest



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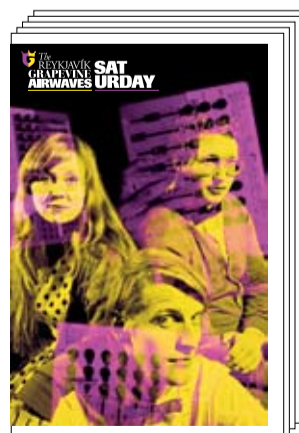


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- Magnus von Platen -*

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KRUA THAI
RESTAURANT AND TAKEAWAY

SATURDAY PRE VIEWS



BENNY CRESPO'S GANG

Organ 00:15

Benny Crespo's Gang are the four cooks of the remarkable Icelandic "Guitar driven, syntheseized-pop-metal-rock stew." While one of them, guitarist Lovísa, serves her own dishes several times at Airwaves as solo-artist Lay Low, the band is also preparing a meal at Organ together. Benny Crespo's Gang are famous for their unique mix of ambitious guitar- and synthy-sounds with classical epic songwriting, mildly reminiscent of bands like Muse. Last year the band released their self-titled debut album and inspired the audience at Airwaves 2007. This year they are going for the repeat.



MIRACLE FORTRESS

Organ 23:15

Shoegaze is back. Just look at the recently reformed My Bloody Valentine who are the true pioneers of the genre. Also, Look towards David Holmes, the man responsible for the Oceans Eleven, Twelve and Thirteen soundtracks who made a solo comeback lately incorporating shoegaze totally out of nowhere. For Airwaves look towards Miracle Fortress, the Canadian act whose poppy build-ups, plus feedback, plus vocal harmonies equals an opportunity perfect for shoegazing.



GLUTEUS MAXIMUS

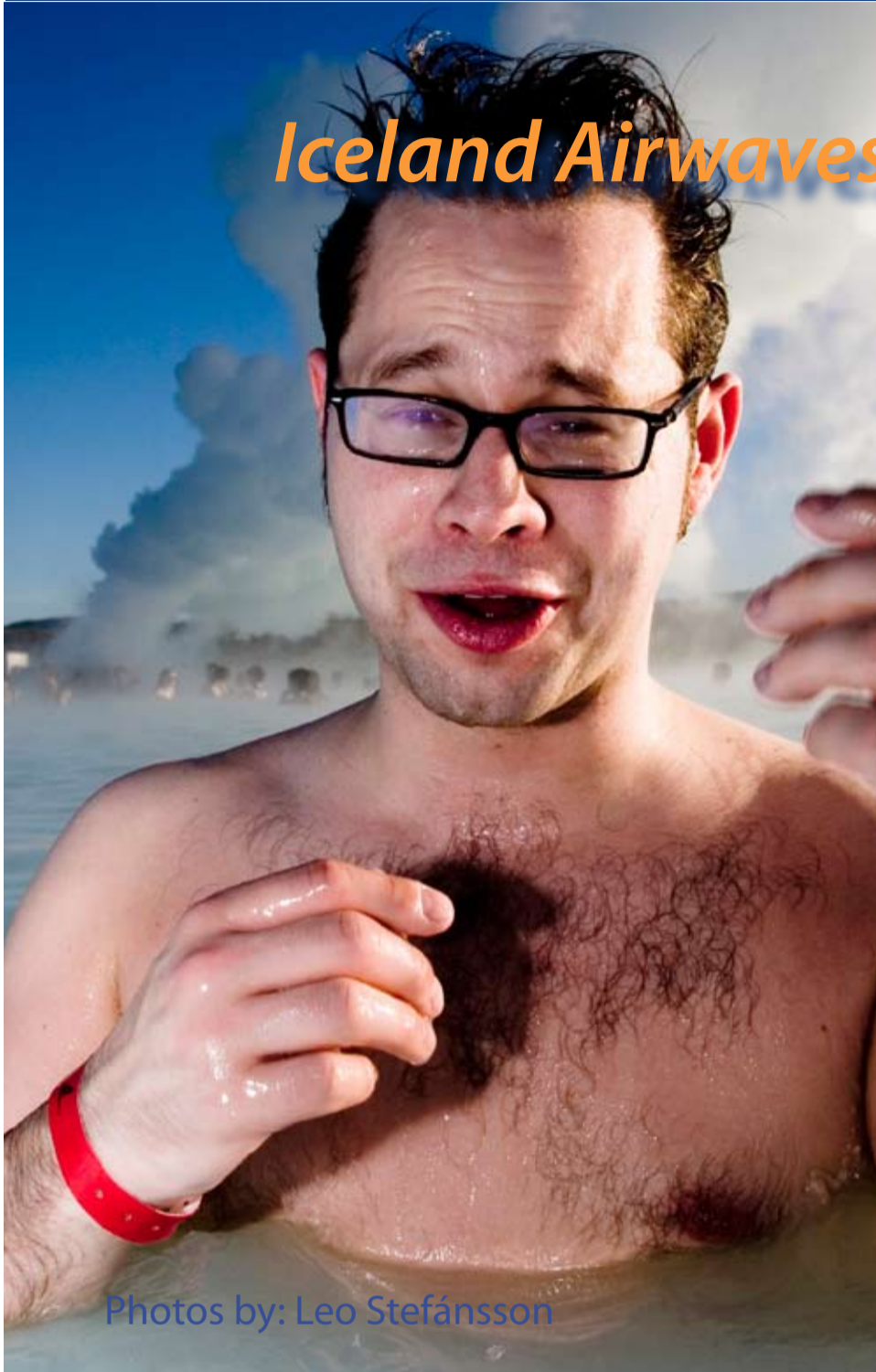
Tunglið 03:00

A music festival should never come to a premature end and that's where Gluteus Maximus comes in at Airwaves. If you don't know Jack Schidt then now is the time because after playing the Blue Lagoon party, Schidt, alongside President Bongo, will blow up dancefloor dynamite at Tunglið. These DJ's have been known to stagedive like rockstars and their presence alone guarantees a positively charged experience. They've remixed Björk and Sigur Rós, played in parties as far out as Moscow and San Francisco and tonight are exclusively yours.



**ICELAND
AIRWAVES**

Iceland Airwaves Blue Lagoon Party



Photos by: Leo Stefánsson



Iceland Airwaves Blue Lagoon Party - RE-200

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Pick-up is also in Lækjargata across the street from the IÐA Bookstore at 12:00.

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FRI DAY



FUCK TURNING ON THE RAINBOW

BUTTONS

WORDS BY BEN H. MURRAY

THE FUCK Buttons come from Bristol, England (the home to some of the best progressive electronic artists of recent times - Tricky, Portishead and Massive Attack) and last night's performance at the Art Museum was one of the most keenly-anticipated shows of the festival. The Grapevine beat the rush and had a chat to Andy Hung and Ben Power before their gig.

So when your manager told you that you'd be playing in Iceland did you have visions of a gig at a frozen food store?

Ben: We've never been here before so it's quite exciting but obviously the place isn't in the best health at the moment. I'm sure the festival is going to be good.

Are you influenced by any Icelandic bands? You've got quite a post-rock sound...

B: I wouldn't have said so, no. We're in a position where we can stand on our own two feet and feel comfortable with making the sounds.

But maybe you've listened to some of the same bands at some point and you have similar references?

B: There have been Icelandic bands I've listened to in the past. The obvious ones like Bjork and múm, but I don't think we'd cite them as influences.

You're quite well-known for making a lot of noise between the two of you, how do you manage it? It must be quite tricky to keep it all going in a live show.

B: I think we've got a stage where we can hone in on any instrumentation and just make a wall of sound until we're pleased with the sound we're making and fine tune it.

Would you say it's a good mix of live instrumentation and more technical elements?

B: I'd say it's more live instrumentation. We do have a laptop on stage but that's not really doing a great deal - in a live show it might trigger a sample.

What was making your album with John Cummings of Mogwai like?

B: It was amazing. When we were asked to think of someone to produce our record I thought of John and he had the right idea of what we wanted things to sound like. We made a really great replication of the live stuff we were playing at the time.

You've also been touring with Mogwai and Caribou lately - how was that, were there any particular dates that stood out?

B: We've spent a total of four days in New York, playing shows on those days, and I feel that there's so much more to explore. I think we both feel the same about that place. We'd like to go back and we have a lot of friends there. It's the place to be.

I've read that DJs sometime struggle to give the type of music you play a name or give you genre. What's the worst attempt you've heard at describing you sound?

B: I'm not sure really but obviously some people will struggle to actually say Fuck Buttons on the air...

How do they get round that?

B: However they can, a lot of DJs just say "F Buttons"

Do you regret choosing that name because it's so restrictive in terms of getting radio play?

B: I don't regret it at all. It's quite funny as it's not like they leave much to the imagination. People know what's going on.

I've read a few strange descriptions of your live performances...can I read a couple out and you tell me what you think.

Drowned in Sound: Ben and Andrew look like a pair of wild dogs circling each other, preparing to attack. A cap sticks out of the back pocket of Ben's skinny jeans, and in a blur of bobbing movement, it could be a tail.

Andy: That's an interesting way of looking at it, I guess! It certainly circles the primal aspect of our music.

Filter Magazine: In the very beginning; before any of the vocals, drumming, keyboards, dancing or convulsions, there were just two men at opposite sides of a table bobbing and fiddling with knobs. And it was mesmerizing.

A: I like the idea of that...

Bobbing and fiddling with knobs on stage?

A: Well, without the religious aspect of course

You describe your band as being 'rainbow rockers'...

A: We definitely have a visual approach to sound, we're able to communicate to each other, in a visual sense, about the sounds we make. It sounds quite pretentious but I think we are able to see colours, shapes and texture in our sound. It's the idea of a technicolour sound.

A psychedelic element to your music, maybe?

A: Not intentionally but I can definitely see that people may get a psychedelic feeling from our music.

INTER VIEWS



Reykjavík Art Museum 22:15, tonight

BOYS KICK-ASS ROCK 'N' ROLL

I FIRST SAW BOYS
IN A BAND PER-
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STUDENT BAR AT THE SPOT FESTIVAL IN ÅRHUS,
DENMARK, IN THE SPRING OF 2007. THEIR ON-
STAGE ENTHUSIASM AND CATCHY SONGS KICKED
MY ASS, AND I BECAME AN INSTANT FAN OF THIS
INSANELY BADLY NAMED FAROESE BAND.

IN A BAND

WORDS BY HAUKUR S. MAGNÚSSON

THAT FALL they won the Global Battle of the Bands contest in global finance capitol London, England, scored a deal with Iceland's very own shady and lovable Peter Grant-type manager Gis von Ice and commenced conquering the world. Their performance at last year's Airwaves festival was nothing short of awe-inspiring, as have the countless concerts I've seen them play in the interim. These boys are everything we want our rock bands to be: honest, authentic, open, quirky, happy-go-lucky - and their dark, brooding moments, courtesy of conflicted 23-year-old preacher's-son cum vocalist Pætur Zachariasson, give that sense of doom every good rock band needs. But mostly, they rock. I met up with a couple of them at Kaffibarinn last month to chat about their new album, their impending Airwaves performance, and how much those lazy, colonialist Danes suck.

■ "Have we thought about changing our band name? No, never. Is it bad? The thought has never crossed our minds. Even when people started telling us that they hated the name. That's a good thing. It's the beauty of our name: people hate it. That's great. It's so awesomely cliché. We get a lot of hate mail - there are about five hate clubs, just for the name. 'I love the music, but I hate the name', they say. Screw 'em."

Pætur Zachariasson is in a right good mood, in town to make a video with a renowned Icelandic director who shall remain unnamed for now. Drummer Rógvi Lamhauge sits by his side, sipping on a beer. They tell me how they started a band exactly two years ago in September of 2006, and how they are now negotiating an international release for their excellent Grapevine-approved début, Black Diamond Train.

■ "We started playing to go to the first Global Battle of the Bands thing. We didn't win that one, but we went again the year after and won it. Actually, we played a lot of the same songs in the second attempt. The GBOB thing was a good incentive to start a band, we had been talking about it forever," they tell me.

We discuss how their international rampage (they guess they've played around ten countries in two continents this year alone, in a constant quest to promote their cause), has affected the band and their friendship. Already there is a causality, a founding member found the commitment to their international agenda to be overburdening so the old friends parted ways this summer. Having witnessed them working

their asses off at various festivals over the last year, not to mention the foreseeable strain of recording their righteous début, I ask if they feel they've moved too fast in their short lifespan. Pætur answers in a predictably cocky manner, yet somehow manages to remain earnest throughout:

■ "No I don't think so. We haven't gone ahead of ourselves, we haven't moved to New York and spent a lot of money on shit - we're still based in the Faroes - so it's definitely not too fast. We've been preparing for this kind of success in our heads for a long time. We've had a lot of faith in ourselves, and our songs and our music. And we really believe that this could make it for us. We've thought: our music is really good, and when we go abroad with it, people will like it. And that's exactly what's happened. Things have definitely not been happening too fast. Since I quit playing football and started playing music, I've been preparing for something like this, and really been up for it... attacking it with fire. That's what we'll do."

Your lyrics are really dark, especially when juxtaposed with your cheerful songs. Are you depressed?

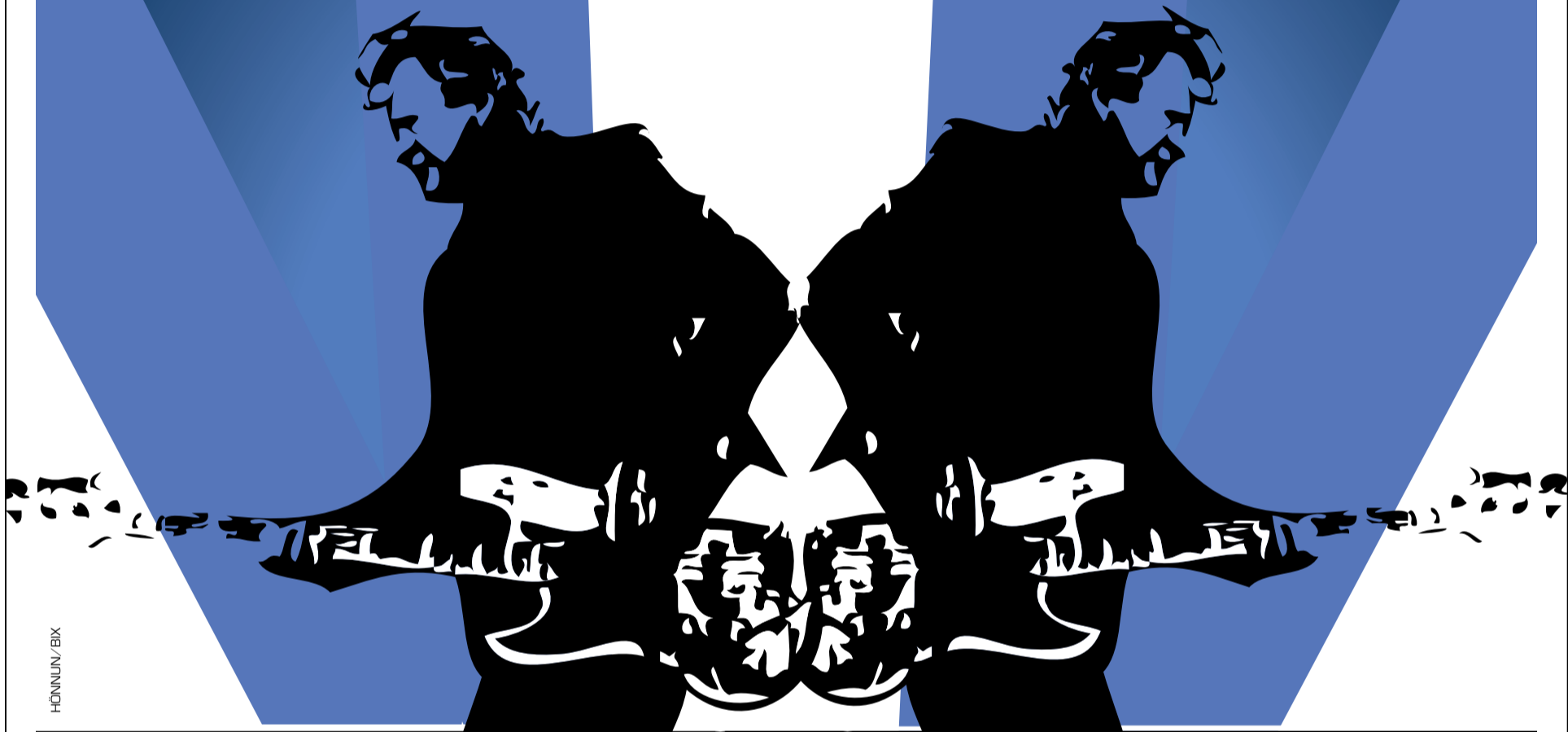
■ "Yeah, most of the time. I guess the people from the Faroes are depressed because of everything, the Danes, the darkness and isolation. Oppressed and depressed. Most of our [the Faroes'] music is dark. Do we support the cause of Faroese independence? Yeah, definitely. We had some philosophy lessons in the university; it's like what Sartre said of essence before existence, a person has to prove itself to become a human being. The same way a nation has to prove itself to be a nation. The Danes have been putting money into Faroese society for the last fifty years, and so the Faroese economy is bigger than it should be. Just like in Greenland [Denmark's other 21st century European colony]. It's not healthy for the economy. The last 600 years, the Danes have been polluting our society and our sense of self. And it all starts with independence. When we start taking care of ourselves and proving our existence, that's when we become a confident nation, that's my opinion. What Iceland did when you got your independence; that's what every country needs to do. Declare independence."



S · K Í F A N

Laugavegur 26 , Kringlan , Leifsstöð

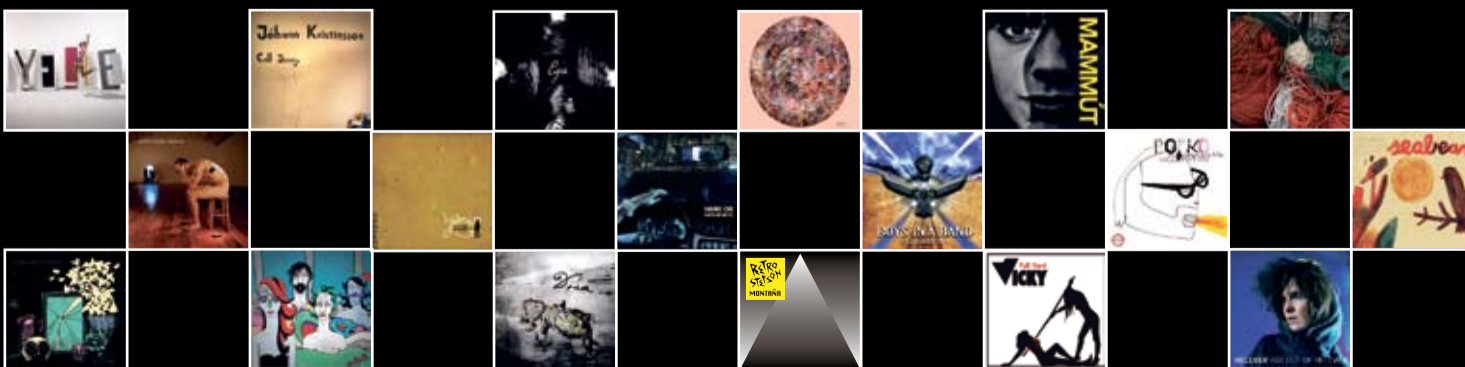
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FRIDAY

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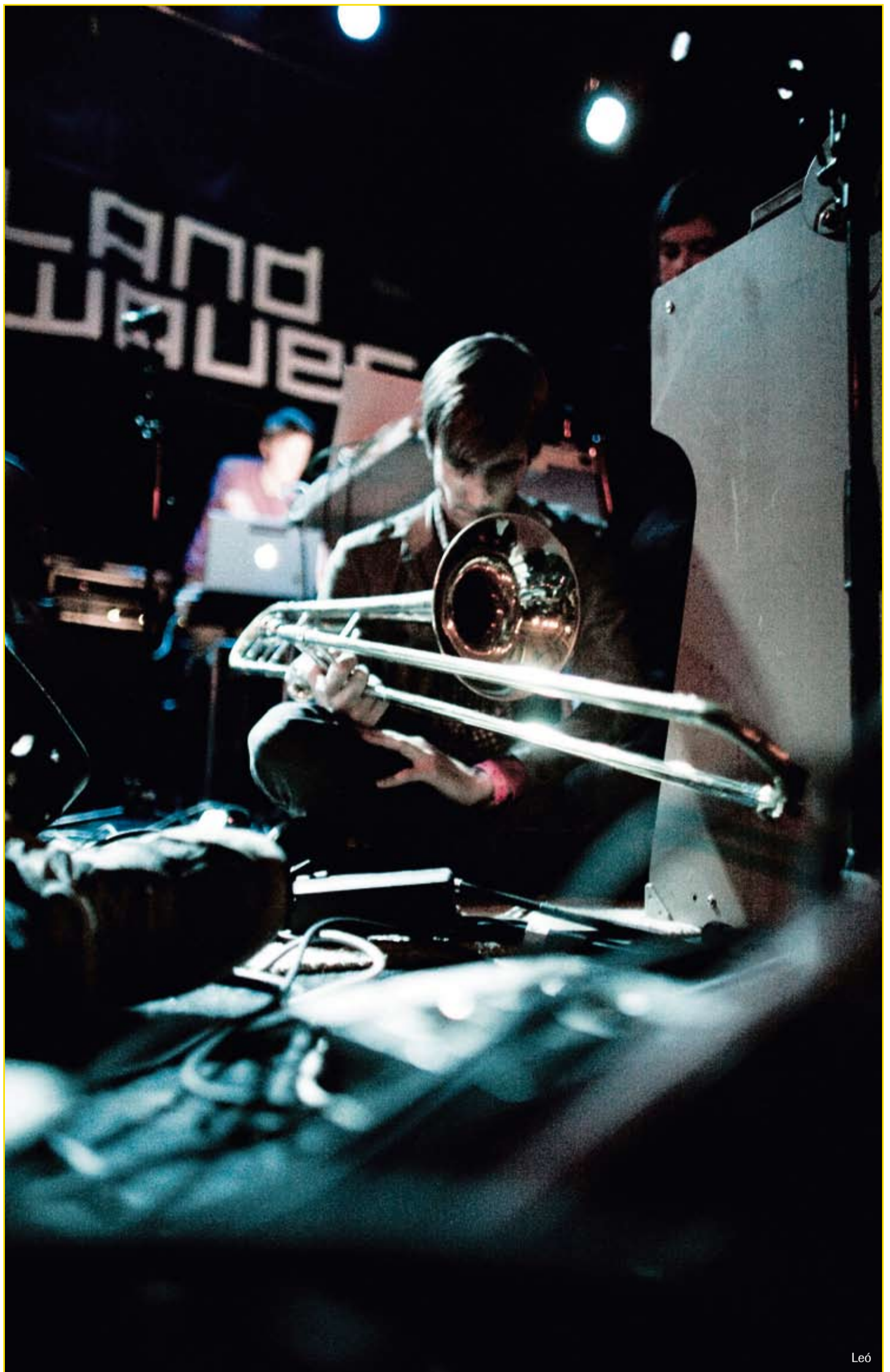
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FRI DAY

Iðnó

I show up at Iðnó and everyone's sitting quietly on the floor gazing into a parade of textures glitching on a screen: feathers, bubbles, old rope. Yroyoto is a visual artist: he dances around the laptop as though performing a rain dance while the loops go around and around. It's like climbing endless flights of stairs, but nice if you like that kind of thing. **Ben Frost** sets the precedent for the rest of the evening, filling the stage with people and instruments, both analog and electronic: there's a trombone, a few guitarists, several PowerBooks, and some of the most beautiful little fairy-like girls you'll ever see, all crouching and poised, nursing a tender breathing melody into a whole science of suspension and release. Video artist transforma gives us a cloudy white sky for the cloudy white noise. These are instruments played with the lightest hand and the darkest intent. It turns out that the beautiful girls are the quartet **Amiina**, appearing today with electro-experimentalist **Kippi Kaninus**. They are extraordinary: deceptively sweet and quiet, yet they generate a percussive tidal wave of sound. It's a sensual, organic process, but it builds into a violent fever: have you ever seen a beautiful girl in advanced pregnancy play the accordion, wide legged, eyes closed in musical ecstasy? No? Well, shit: you should've been there. Time for something completely different: the "Appalachian folk singer from Brooklyn" **Sam Amidon** takes the stage. His songs are traditional in theme and structure, full of space and silence to let the majesty of lyric and voice to shine through, but since neither one is majestic it ends up sounding a bit like Sting: hollow and interminable. Not even the arrival of more beautiful girls on violin, accordion and bassoon can lift the tedium until Amidon busts out a smile – his first – and does the buzzard dance: he's a better avant-gardist than troubadour, echoed when **Nico Muhly** is announced as absent and he's required to step up to the mic again. The trombonist sings, too: he's a wonderful tenor who does falsetto, occasionally Gregorian, jazz meets baroque. Muhly himself grins from the screen of a laptop while his music soars through space. It's a great big joyful jam, part-improvised, part-scored. Local hero **Valgeir Sigurðsson** takes the jam into choral exuberance, with the whole crew clapping and singing: and finally – after playing everyone else's music all night – sample-wizard Final Fantasy is alone in the spotlight. It's the undisputed highlight. He epitomises everything that is brave and wonderful about the new contemporary. He employs the new technologies, but never fetishizes them; he hacks protocols and status quos, but always with respect. He sings, he performs, he lets the violin's own voice speak its name and his, for the good of all of us; over and over, a looped, infinite, triumphant yes. **JESSE DARLING**



Leó

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22

The openers, **Tonik**, were promising – a vibrant pairing of synth & bass, and they played with enthusiasm and panache. Unfortunately, as the evening started there were (at most) ten people in the bar and with the best will in the world we couldn't muster the mood that these guys deserve. A little later, as the venue started to fill, **Yagya** took his place and began to produce the most beautiful music of the night. Electro-rhythms verging on Astral Projection levels of psytrance created a mood of sublime sweetness. Tentatively, in pairs and small groups, people began dancing, eyes closed, half-smiles of pleasure across their faces. Sadly, the evening lacked continuity as the next artists, **Skurken** and **Frank Murder**, achieved the unexpected result of completely dispersing the gathered crowd. This was a shame because the people here have obviously come to get down and dance: tapping feet, bobbing heads, they are ready to go... but the opportunity has gone... Skurken played a set that is delivered with enthusiasm but lacking in originality. His tracks reek of Malcolm Middleton and are just not the right sound for this bunch of people on this night. Frank, by contrast, epitomised the problem of poor sound balance and too much bass marring the evening. The screen displaying the visuals was a great contribution to the ambience but positioned exactly where the sound engineer should sit in order to hear what the rest of us do. Even the 'salsa dancers' that had been determinedly sashaying around the empty floor were driven away by the thrumming vibrations. By a happy coincidence, however, exactly as 22 filled up at late o'clock, a superb combination of MC-ing and hard breakbeat got everyone moving. Suddenly, the venue suited the sound that was being produced and by God was it well-received. Finally, when Biogen took his place, this old hand showed the youth how it was really done. Building up from a techno base, he increased the both tempo and the mood, finally dropping some dirty, dirty baselines that had us simply writhing with pleasure. If only we had him all night. **HEATHER ROSEMARY HARRISON PHILLIP**

Reykjavík Art Museum

Upstairs at the Reykjavík Art Museum, a black plastic skull revolves on a turntable. Fifties rock 'n' roll seeps out of the attached headphones. The piece is called 'Doppelgänge'. Across the room a large, red cushion gives birth to a trail of smaller, pink cushions. This piece is called 'Zeitgeist'. Downstairs a quintet of male, thirty-somethings play stodgy blues-rock that echoes across the almost empty main hall. Let's call this piece 'Wrong Place, Wrong Time' AKA **Esja**. The hall is no less empty come **Sprenghöllin's** arrival, but begins to fill slowly to the sound of the lovable-as-they-come Reykjavíkan's stirring indie-pop. They possess an indelible charm that hangs around even when they've announced the start of their "six-minute murder ballad" 'Konkordia'. The song's sinister subject matter is wasted on us – even with the cue – because of the beaming smile on bass player Georg's face. It was murder, I tells ya- murder most cheerful. From a killing to an aggravated assault of the eyes, thanks to the disco king get-up of **Dr Spock's** aging lead singer. He's matched a see-through shirt with a fur coat and improbably tight leggings – haute couture that only a man who's auditioned for Eurovision (the Spocks came second in this year's Icelandic heats) would feel truly comfortable in. Musically they're System of a Down shed of the politics, sincerity and a degree of ability but, after 24 hours of watching mournful singer-songwriters, we're ready to admit that a grown man with his cock cling-wrapped in pink spandex might be just what the doctor ordered. Eurovision's loss is our considerable gain. **Seabear's**

singer doesn't look like the sort who'd appreciate the humour in Dr Spock's act. He's a miserable little so-and-so, which is a shame since his band – six of them, on all manner of bells, flutes, keys and clangers – couldn't look happier to be here. At their best they connect with the audience like a heyday Flaming Lips. Unfortunately, the door I'm leant against – shaking with the vibrations of the band's anthemic playing – moves more than their singer does. In contrast it near rattles off its hinges when **Hjaltalín** start up, all four-to-the-floor drum pounding and bass playing as heavy as a sonar pulse. Their grandiosity unites the crowd, which has somehow swelled to fill the hall and is stamping the floor in approval. There's a reason why the strobe light stays on for most of their set as, like MGMT, this is disco-rock for hippies with rhythm. The exuberant arrival of Páll Óskar, for lead vocal duties on their closing number, gets them the roar of the night from the now adoring crowd. Danish doom-rockers **Munich** have a tough job following them. A long setup time doesn't help and the room's half empty by the time they're on stage. Singers Mikael Kærsgaard and Karin Nielsen do their best with those that are left, but by now we're all looking a little spent. Parts of Munich's set may sound like the world falling apart (due to some battleground drums and sonorous guitar work) but for the most part they're unable to stir us from our post-Hjaltalín haze. **HENRY BARNES**



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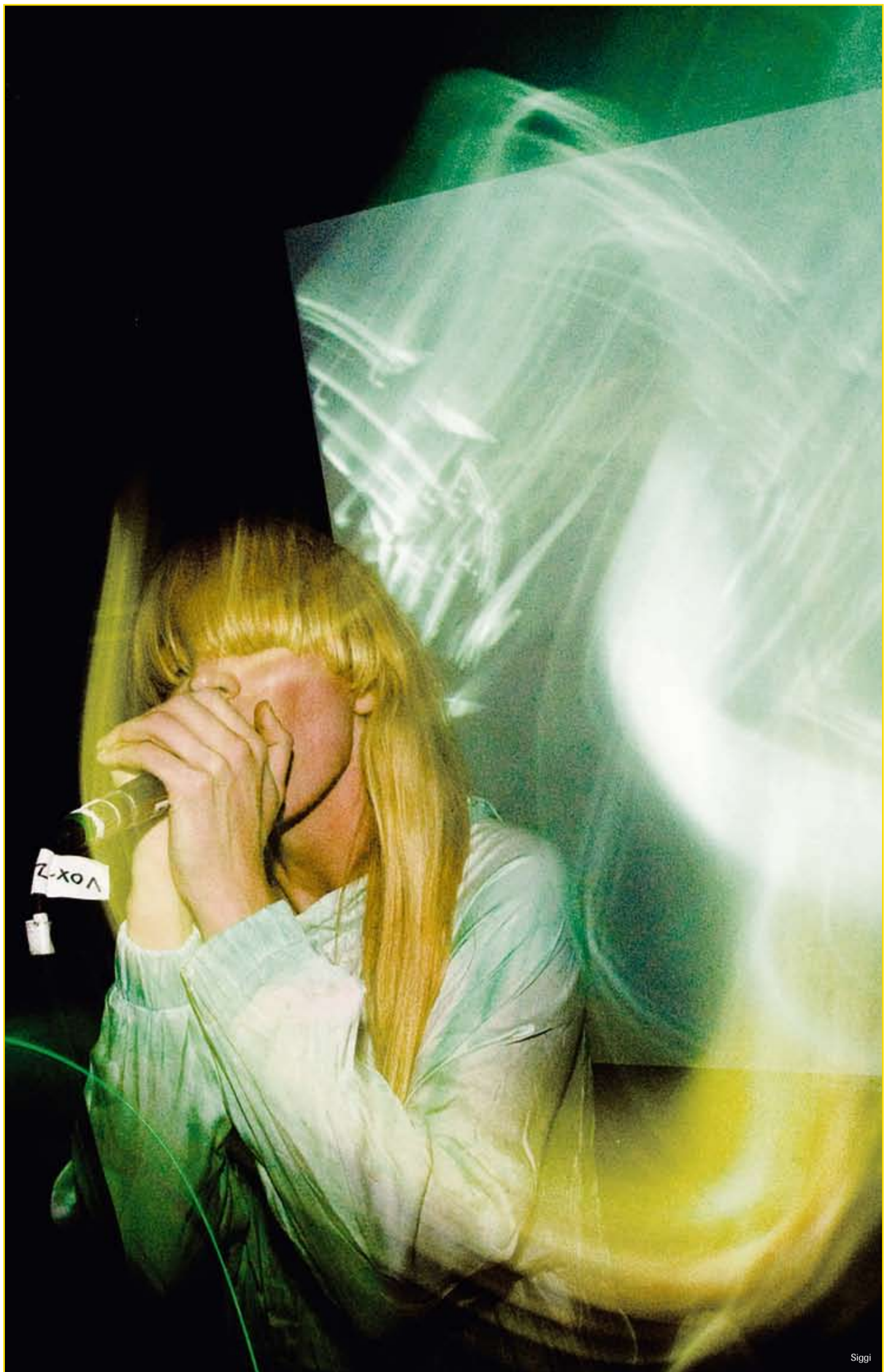
18:20 Ane Brun

BOKABÚÐ
MÁLS & MENNINGAR
LAUGAVEGI 18

FRI DAY

Organ

The newly-resurrected Organ was never a high-brow establishment until, that is, a bunch of magnificently arty bands invaded the tiny stage last night. A ghoulish **Steini** started the revolution with some easy-going guitar pop, declaring “I’m so sexy right now – I feel too good,” despite wearing enough face paint to frighten even the blindest of suitors. They warmed up noticeably towards the end of their performance as a flock of journalists and industry buffs filled the floor in advance of **Dýróin’s** slot. Although the stage was only designed to accommodate a band of starving midgents, all seven members of Iceland’s current indie pop darling shuffled on and, to great applause, performed more songs than it should be possible to cover in such a short set. Some frantic drumming and whip-cracking guitar work maintained the Olympian pace before ‘Bubble Girl’, their last song, drilled its way through the audience’s collective minds like a musically-inclined screw-worm. But it was a wholly welcome parasitic invasion – once heard, that pop song will never ever leave your brain. It’s not clear whether **Planning To Rock** is a statement of intent or a question, but one way or another the solo artiste answered the query with some deft electro and faultless performance art. Her videos, screened throughout the Brit’s lengthy set, were both freakish and intricately produced but the real showpiece was the helmet. Modelled (possibly) on the Sydney Opera House and an S&M-inclined medieval knight’s battle dress, the chrome creation looked like a piece of sci-fi movie memorabilia and it nearly scraped the ceiling as she gyrated to a pre-programmed mix of filthy dance music whilst also dressed in white bio-hazard overalls. Performance art was never this much fun at University, neither was the accompanying noise. Carrying on the proposition of shiny things and dancing girls, **Dynamo Fog** marked their arrival with a glitter cannon (aimed precisely over the audience) and two table-dancing ladies framing the stage. The trio’s lead guitarist was reminiscent of a young Graham Coxon – bespectacled, brooding and energetic – but the bass player and drummer, who battered his rack of electronic drum pads expertly, were no less entertaining or obviously talented. Their stylish electro rock could’ve been carried on until closing time and not one person in the room would have minded, especially if the playful **Mr. Silla & Mongoose’s** slightly flat alt folk had been shunted in favour of something more apt. The second British band of the night, **Half Tiger**, took several minutes and an acapella version of Whitey Houston’s ‘I Wanna Dance With Somebody’ before they ironed out some technical issues, but their mellow, dancey indie-rock was the perfect serenade to midnight. The final song (“The best one” according to their energetic female lead singer, a cute-as-pie ‘Santa’ Monica) was ‘The One She Wants’ and it was indeed their best effort of a generally perfect performance, augmented with twinkling lights and plastic flowers. These adornments might not have been as grand as Planning To Rock’s headgear, but Half Tiger, and virtually all of the conveyor belt of bands on the bill, added a delightful combination of art and music to what was a fitting re-invention of Organ. **BEN H. MURRAY**



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SCENES

PHOTOGRAPHY GAS



AIRWAVES

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Business

FRI DAY



Tunglið

At Jon Jonsson night you'd expect everyone to be in the mood to party but **BB & Blake** might not agree. With sparkly costumes and poppy beats, this duo tried in vain to get the audience moving. One song insisted "you've got to dance" over and over again, but apparently the placid crowd was not taking that command seriously. In fact, the audience responded as if they were playing a funeral dirge instead of their self-proclaimed 80's pop. And here's a general note:

To the woman at the front dressed in black, you know who you are: Thanks for dancing.

From,
Those of us who couldn't be bothered.

By the time **Bloodgroup** took the stage, there was not much room for dancing but they managed to get things moving with their strong vocals and heavy but effective use of electric echo—a favourite feature on the Casio keyboard. Their high energy was infectious and it set a perfect tone for the rest of the night. With a change to the line up, **Kap10Kurt** gave an unexpected performance that matched the intensity and fun of Bloodgroup. Before the second song, they announced: "Now a song you will know. It's not a good song but we fixed it." Then they played their freshly remixed version of Dire Straits Money for Nothing. The verdict: they fixed it. **Nordpolen's** slow start and weak stage presence dropped the mood quickly, and for the first time there was actually space to walk around as people took this time to head to the bar. I heard a few key expletives thrown around but let's just say this performance was a letdown. After Nordpolen left the stage there was a lull of about twenty minutes. As the crowd grew restless, they started to chant, as crowds do, and there was a sense of both relief and unbridled joy when **Farmiljen** finally came on stage. It was worth the wait. The band was having at least as much fun playing as the crowd was dancing and screaming out lyrics. These guys were so entertaining I could watch them do laundry. **DESIREE ANDREWS**



Nasa

For a good portion of Friday's show at NASA there was a man in the back of the venue dressed in a trenchcoat insistently whirling an enormous rubber chicken. The gesture was appropriate: all of the bands on the bill seemed set on one simple but important goal – throwing a good party. Fortunately, partying is what **Motion Boys** do best. Their set was exhilarating, deftly manicured new wave full of cascading synths and powered by taut, propulsive rhythms. Their songs are bright and brash and accomplish the mean feat of recalling '80s electropop without resorting to empty revivalism. On Friday they were a wonder, vocalist Birgir Gunnarsson working the lip of the stage, preening and pouting his lyrics directly into the audience. The songs work because they rely on simple, singable hooks – it didn't take long, for example, to piece together the chorus of "Five to Love" and even less time to learn the accompanying hand motions. As good as Motion Boys were, they were handily upstaged by **Últra Mega Teknóbandið Stefán**. Their set was a 30-minute shot of adrenaline, one neon-bright blast of hardcore techno after another, inspiring the kind of frantic pogoing more commonly found at punk shows. By the end of their set, the wall between audience and performer had collapsed, and the stage was flooded with beery revellers. Clearly Últra Mega Teknóbandið realise that sometimes the best parties are the kind that end in broken bones. Likewise raucous and just as winning were **Retro Stefson**. Their music was a patchwork of musical

styles, mostly from the 1970s – like disco and funk. Their set was vibrant and hyperactive, and vocalist Sigríður Thorlacius has the kind of warm, rich voice needed to centre such free-spirited songwriting. **These New Puritans** had a different kind of partying in mind. Their doomy post-punk made for a kind of herky-jerk danse macabre, apocalyptic rave-ups that inspired dancing despite the group's persistent and wearying rigidity. Much sunnier were **White Denim**, whose garage rock base belied a deep fascination with the mechanics of songwriting. Their set took odd, surprising excursions into free jazz and post-rock, guitarist James Petralli often peeling off long clusters of quick, fluttering notes. In the end it was the group's rowdier numbers that were the least interesting. **Benni Hemm Hemm** knows that it's not a party without friends – in his case, around 20 of them. He filled the stage with musicians, creating an ad hoc orchestra to support his lithe pop songs. Lesser compositions would have crumbled under the weight of so much sound, but Benni's songs are warm and expertly crafted, and the extra instrumentation served to augment, not distract. **Skakkamange's** party was small but inviting, modest guitar-based pop songs that neither stirred up nor settled down. The only sad sacks in the lot were **Audio Improvement** who opened the night with a set of somber, self-important rap-rock that could have used a bit more of both. It's fitting, of course – every party needs a wallflower. **J. EDWARD KEYES**

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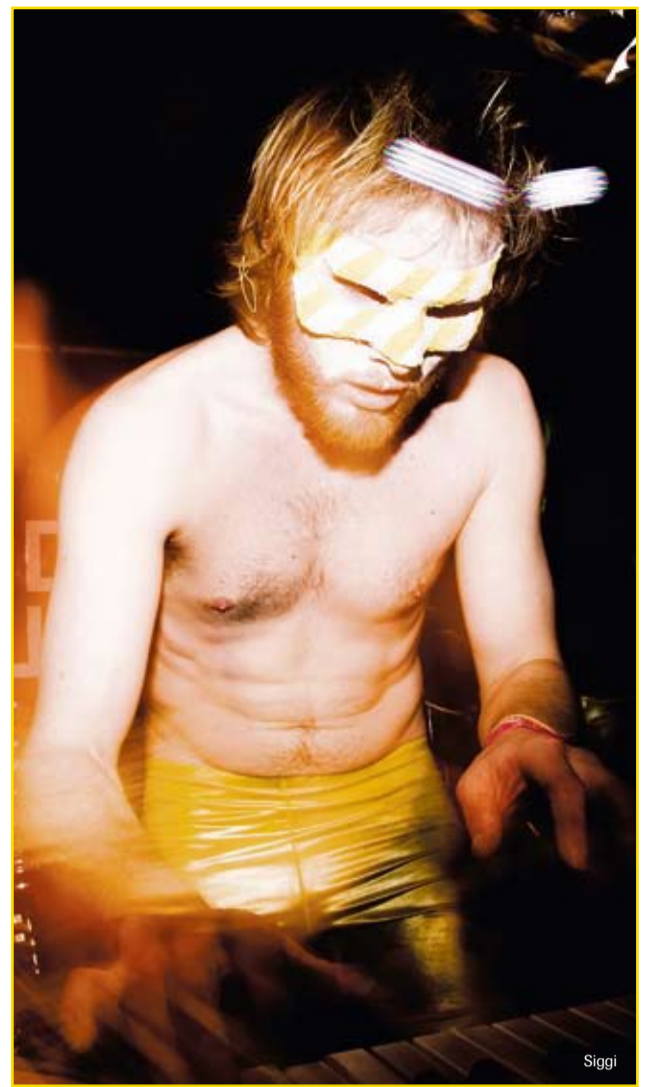
Höskarinn

Hressó

Drum and bass isn't usually one playing drums and another guy playing bass, but that's exactly what **DLX ATX** provided. They took a novel idea and explored it to its limits. The vocals were often not more than harmonic wailing, but it suited their low-key, minimalistic vibe. Despite their Slayer shirts and straight edge tattoos, **Gavin Portland** provided anything but a short sharp shock. What they did play was much more impressive: taking the free-thinking punk of Refused and crossing it with the slow-burning heaviness of Neurosis, they showed they knew how to work the stage as well as the room. Their anarchist politics might be a symptom of their youthful angst and idealism, but that same fire is what prompted them to produce an electrifying, uncompromising set. Hopefully their next album, produced by Converge's Kurt Ballou, will give them more exposure. Although, to be fair, they're already turning heads on the underground circuit abroad. **Atomstation** cancelled after their drummer was put in the hospital earlier that day, but due to the cancellation it was a long wait until **Dikta** took the stage, but their full-bodied indie rock was worth the wait. Every song carried a sense of purpose and created a strong atmosphere that held the crowd captive throughout their set, as they recalled all of Elbow, Coldplay and Muse in places. They couldn't match Gavin Portland for intensity, but that was hardly the point: their craft is unassuming and unpretentious and all the better for it, during their masterfully controlled set. **Agent Fresco**

took any preconceived notions of what a band influenced by Dillinger Escape Plan and opera could provide and blew them away. They blew everyone in the place away, too. They came across sounding like what might happen if Mike Patton and System Of A Down took turns possessing The Smiths, as they took control of the night and made it their own. It's rare that a band who've been around for such a short time garner such praise and devotion from their crowd, but in the case of Agent Fresco it's totally justified. For a band who fill their songs with tangential, interesting ideas they know the importance of writing strong choruses, which mean people get drawn in to their world. It's a bumpy ride to a disorientating destination, but we were all happy to join them. With their mix of aggression, style and sheer musical ability, there's no reason they can't appeal to rock audiences further afield. The 80 per cent female punk of **Vicky** prompted another surprise, with them playing the kind of brooding, moody rock at odds with their mohawks and glitter aesthetic. Their set, like the band, was funny, sexy, edgy and proved that they have personality to spare. Due to their line-up, comparisons to the likes of The Donnas are perhaps inevitable but scratch the surface and Vicky reveal themselves to have a style and delivery all of their own. Just be careful they don't steal your hotel rooms, though, as an on-stage confession revealed that apparently they have a tendency to do that.

ALISTAIR LAWRENCE



Siggi

Late Night

Nasa

Nobody bothered to inform the riled up crowd that **Mau** were re-scheduled to take the stage when Ultra Mega Technobandið Stefán finished their set. Actually nobody bothered to tell anyone, so the only ones witnessing their set were 3 scantily clad girls, the guy sweeping the floor and the surly looking doorman. A sorry affair because Mau's set was excellent. It's a shame nobody witnessed it, since Mau made Nasa seem like the Hacienda in the nineties – sans the people. **PALL HILMARSSON**

Organ

Having Skátar and Reykjavík! as last acts, Organ secured an action-packed finale. **Skátar**, who have earned a reputation as an outstanding live act, impressed at first by their stage dress. The selection of colourful spandex pants and various face masks was later completed by a hilarious winter coat for singer Markús. Their musical appearance was as entertaining as their clothing. The show was intense for band and audience alike and showed why Skatar is one of Iceland's finest when it comes to partying. Hey. Hey. The last band of the evening were the hyperactive **Reykjavík!** Playing at an average of two times a day did not get them tired at all, which is why this show had everything a good rock show needs: a sweaty crowd, stage-divers en masse and high spirits in the whole venue. Guitarist Haukur explained what it is all about: "Singing together in a place of drunkenness." Mission accomplished. **FLORIAN ZÜHLKE**

Tunglið

Everyone is a little bit confused. The schedule has been thrown out the window. Can **Gus Gus** clear up the confusion? The 'instrumental' set from Gus Gus includes no instruments at all. It's just a DJ Set. Nobody's feeling it and one starts to wonder why we're really here. Gus Gus are not at fault though, the main blame lies with the organisers. Soon after, **Simian Mobile Disco** become the saviours. They plant kisses on lips with their spangly electro. 90% of the crowd are making out and everyone's hips are made of elastic when dancing to their disco treats. **MARCUS WALSH**

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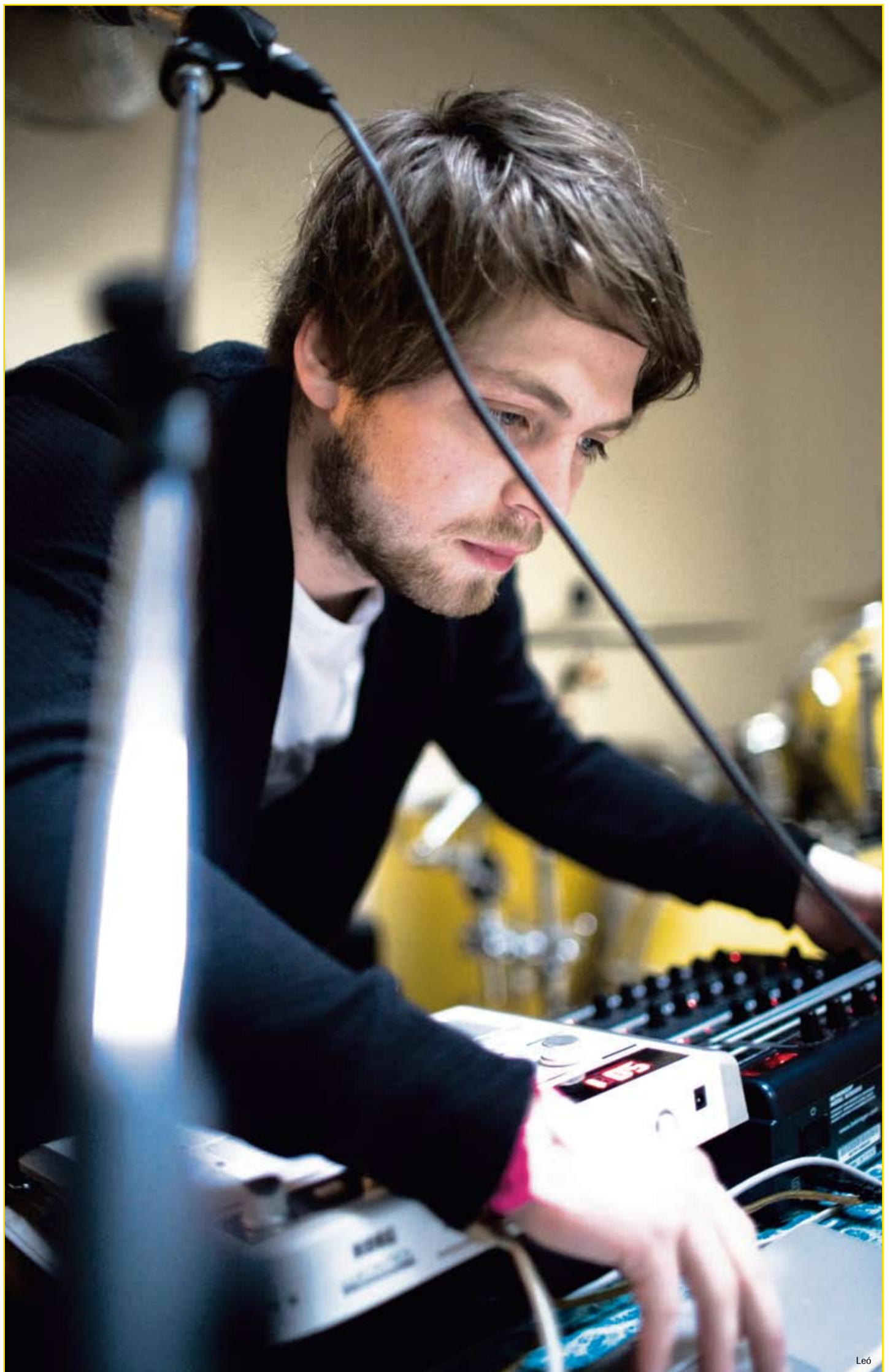
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FRI DAY

Hljómalind: Off Venue

With ten acts scheduled for the day, Kaffi Hljómalind was one of the most active off-venues on Friday. All the bands played in the community space in the back of the coffee house. First on was the electronic artist **Casette**. While his atmospheric songs were beautiful, his appearance was just unspectacular. A motionless guy sitting in front of his computer: I have seen more excitement at a bank counter. The subsequent band **Sudden Weather Change** was totally different in this regard. They presented a show of powerful post-punk. On the one hand intentionally off-key and rough, on the other hand melodic, they presented themselves as a professional live band. They were followed by Miri, who tried to combine dodgy guitar parts with atmospheric songwriting. Another electronic artist hit the stage after them. **Eukidu** turned out to be a quite good songwriter, but destroyed this basis by hectically switching between instruments and his computer. This destroyed the quiet note of his music, because his musical performance got quite sloppy. The sound in Hljómalind changed from electro to americana-country, when **Artery Bros.** started to play. The band played this style in a simple way, which did not make very fancy impression. The poor vocals made it even worse. With black humour and an exceptional approach to songwriting, **Me The Slumbering Napoleon** went on stage. They undermined the concept of 'songs' by sudden breaks and strange beats. However, by not taking themselves too serious, they made this an entertaining appearance for everyone. **The Mae Shi**, who did their second Airwaves performance, turned Kaffi Hljómalind into a big playground by rollicking in the café, spreading a huge cloth over the audience and demanding their own encore. People had great fun and joined in their call for more electro-punkrock-noise. **The Neighbours**, which were up next, shared The Mae Shi's love for fast punk beats, but did not come up with anything special in this style. They were followed by **Fru Grimheidur**, a local classic rock outfit. The last band was **Vera**, which played quite dark new-metal on a very high technical level. Unfortunately their performance suffered of very bad sound settings during the first songs, which turned the vocals into a giant eardrum-piercing feedback. **FLORIAN ZÜHLKE**



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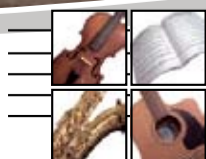
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FRI DAY



WORDS BY SVEINN BIRKIR BJÖRNSSON

Ane Brun

A NORWEGIAN SWEDE PUTS IT ALL ON THE LINE
IN A NORDIC COUNTRIES' PISSING CONTEST

From Norway through way of Stockholm, Sweden, comes Ane Brun, a singer/songwriter who burst out of nowhere a few years ago to dazzle both critics and the record-buying public with her sweet sounding melodies and a voice that contains all the innocence that you would care for from a grown up woman. Ane agreed to answer a few questions from the Grapevine Airwaves regarding music in the Nordic region.

Your Wikipedia.com entry states that you only started to play guitar when you were 21. Is that true? That sounds like a very old age to begin, isn't it? Did you play any instruments before that?
■ I went back to my hometown for Christmas just before my 21st birthday, and I brought the family guitar with me back to Oslo where I was studying at the time. I fell in love with it and played day and night after that... So it's true. During my teens I played some piano but I was more of a sports girl back then... I was top five in Norway in Rhythmic Gymnastics at the age of 15. Actually, I'm thinking of adding some new tricks to my show.

In 2005, you were nominated for the Norwegian Song of the Century. Considering that at the time, only about 5% of the century had actually passed, can we assume that Norwegian music has peaked for at least the next 90 years? Are you really that good, or is Norwegian music that bad?
■ Well, I am really that good... but by the way, it was actually the last 100 years (1905-2005) that they were thinking about at the time.

Ok, but why did you decide to move to Sweden to pursue your music career? What is it about the Swedish music industry that makes it so much more effective than the industry in Iceland or

Norway? And whatever happened to Kent anyway?

■ Actually, I didn't move because of my career, it hadn't really started yet at the time, but I moved for a better reason – love... As far as the difference between the countries; the Swedish music industry has a longer tradition of successful artists, and somehow it's easier for Swedish acts to get international success. I don't hold the answer to why it is so. Kent is alive and well, as far as I know!

Molde, Bergen, Stockholm, what is the best party town?

■ Bergen for clubbing, Stockholm for concerts... Molde for getting high on nature!

Ok, it's time for a little Nordic Countries pissing contest. Representing Sweden: Agneta Faltskog and Joey Tempest. From Iceland: Björk and Jónsi. From Norway: Morten Harket and... who exactly? Ketill Stokkan? They would make a nice couple, wouldn't they?

■ Hmm... I can't really see it... but love is blind.

Anyway, who would you rather spend eternity with on a desert island, Joey Tempest or Morten Harket? What about Burzum?

■ I think all three would be interesting, actually.

Is Norwegian Black Metal the last music legacy of Norway?

■ Let's hope it can have a wider range than that..

When can we expect a new album from you?

■ Well, I have just released 2 albums this year "Changing of the Seasons" and "Sketches." But, right now, first there will be a live-DVD coming out in a couple of months After that I can't really say.

INTER VIEWS



EL PERRO

A NEW WAVE OF
ROMANCE

THE GRAPEVINE AIRWAVES MET WITH THE SWEDISH SONGSTRESS EL PERRO DEL MAR TO TALK ABOUT THE GOTHENBURG MUSIC SCENE, HER WRITING PROCESS AND WHY ROMANCE IS COMING BACK.

I KNOW you're from Gothenburg as are so many of the big names in the Swedish music scene like Jens Lehkman and Jose Gonzales. Why do you think this city has become such a hotbed for music as opposed to Stockholm, which is a much larger city?

There's always been a difference in the two cities I think. Years back, Gothenburg was pretty known as the rock city but in the last few years it seems that there has been an emergence of a new style, something in Sweden we call the West Coast sound. It's a sound that's very mellow and electronic but organic. There is also a kind of psychedelic touch to it. It seems like that sound has been affecting a lot of music in Gothenburg lately. There's also been a strong wave of smaller independent artists and do it yourself artists like me and Jens. We all started doing our things on our own and built it from there. That's quite common in Gothenburg compared to Stockholm.

Is there anything specific about Gothenburg that makes it unique to smaller artist?

I think Gothenburg has a second city complex. Living there has an ambiguous kind of feeling; you want to get out of there but you're fine where you are. It's that you have to strive for something and maybe when you're in a bigger city like Stockholm or anywhere else, you're more satisfied and more at ease and happy with where you are. A certain amount of dissatisfaction creates some kind of urge to build your own kind of world, or your own soundscape or your own fantasy of some kind. That's what I do when I write music.

For your latest album, From the Valley to the Stars, you mentioned that you were trying to reach a timeless space. Why was this so important to you and how were you trying to achieve that?

In everything I do with my music I try to catch a timelessness. That's what really gets me going. When I did the first album I was very into the music of the 50s and the 60s. I was into that kind of romantic time and this time I wanted to go even further back. I wanted the kind of feeling that my music would evoke if it were played in a small village church some where in Sweden, somewhere around the early 20th century. That's why I used the instruments that I used, the organ and a lot of flutes. Those sounds have a lot to do with the simple almost nursery rhyme songs that I used to sing when I was a child.

DEL MAR

WORDS BY DESIREE ANDREWS

There seems to be a strong romantic element coming from a lot of music from Sweden and other places. Why do you think this is becoming so popular?

I just feel like there is need to build a world of your own where things are good, or to try and see the good things. That's always a reoccurring theme in my life. I need to find and to hold onto good things. Also, it is a way for me to hold onto the child in me, my playfulness and imagination.

At the same time, there is a deep undercurrent of sadness in your songs. Is that something that you strive for?

Definitely, that is one of the absolute key elements to my music. I think that music and lyrics have to have a kind of tension between good and bad or between beautiful and harsh where you don't really know what you are supposed to feel. If the songs were to be totally sweet and very naïve, it wouldn't really be interesting to me. It wouldn't ring true. I think the tension is very important.

At the same time, you have said that you wanted to use naïve lyrics or expressions to get to the very core of what you are trying to express. Can you tell me a little more about that?

I think I'm after the language of the heart and I try not to over analyze things. But there's a definite process I go through and I'm very aware of what I'm doing. I still try to keep the balance of not over working the lyrics while holding on to the initial feeling that I had when I felt what I felt. For me, poetry and lyrics have a lot to do with aesthetics. It's choosing the right words with the right sounds in them that will go along with the music. That's what I mean when I say that I try to be honest but it still has to be in the right form with the style that I use. It's like a tool that you need or the right kind of paint brush to go with the right kind of colour. It's that kind of feeling you have when you're working.

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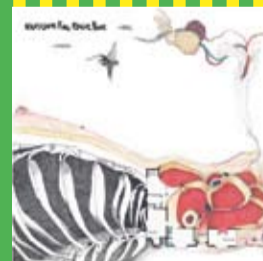
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FM BELFAST

WORDS BY MARKUS WALSH
PHOTOGRAPHY BALDUR KRISTJÁNS

HAVE JUST RELEASED THEIR DEBUT ALBUM 'HOW TO MAKE FRIENDS' JUST IN TIME FOR AIRWAVES. THEIR ELECTRONICA IS GAINING A STRONG REPUTATION BOTH AT HOME IN ICELAND AND ABROAD. HERE, THREE OF THE CORE MEMBERS TALK ABOUT LITTLE BEARS, TROPICAL ISLANDS AND BREATHING OUT FIRE.



For those that don't know a lot about your shows, what can we expect at Airwaves this year?

■ **Árni V:** We may have up to 11 people on stage at this festival. We have made some friends, and maybe they will join us. It's going to be a big party and we're expecting a bear on stage.

Sounds like The Flaming Lips.

■ **Lóa:** The Flaming Belfast! I like shows and props.

■ **Árni H:** The little bear will be inside a bubble.

You're making quite a number of appearances aren't you?

■ **Árni H:** We are playing five shows but we also have to get the album out.

■ **Árni V:** We have a lot to do but we have been ill.

■ **Lóa:** Árni V has had pneumonia and the other Árni had a fever.

I hope you have recovered in time.

■ **Árni H:** We like being in limbo and the uncertainty of knowing if we're gonna be sick or not.

The new album is called 'How To Make Friends,' how is this significant?

■ **Árni V:** We have been making songs and travelling and we made some friends along the way.

■ **Árni H:** It should really be called 'How We Made Friends' instead.

But it's kind of nice as a 'user guide' perhaps?

■ **Lóa:** I actually made a user guide for 'How To Make Friends' at summer camp once. It was a comic strip of how to approach other kids that are cool without looking too desperate.

■ **Árni H:** I stole the name. It's supposed to be positive.

Regarding the lyrics in the new track 'Tropical': who is this Nelson you speak about?

■ **Lóa:** There are three people on this tropical island. Pedro is a monkey that plays keyboard and Nelson is the boyfriend.

■ **Árni H:** The song is about the Faroe Islands.

■ **Lóa:** We played a concert in a cave in the Faroe Islands and we wanted to make a tropical song about something that's completely not tropical. That was our first ever show.

But you played your first official show at Airwaves 2006 right?

■ **Árni H:** Yes. We were all in denial that we were not stressed. All our stomachs were really bad.

Wow, are you always ill for Airwaves?

■ **Árni H:** We were just really stressed out because it was our first show.

■ **Lóa:** It was bizarre.

■ **Árni V:** There was this young kid that said if we were to puke onstage we should just 'do the dragon'. Just hold out our hands...

■ **Lóa:** ... and vomit, like breathing out fire.

That would have topped The Flaming Lips for a spectacle! How has the band progressed since back then?

■ **Árni H:** We are more secure on stage but are still in denial though. We get stomach problems still of course.

Do you feel this is good timing for the shows and the album, like an anniversary?

■ **Árni V:** Yes. The band was conceived at Christmas but born at Airwaves 2006. What else can we expect from you?

■ **Árni H:** A lot of new songs.

Songs that are not on the album?

■ **Everyone:** Yes

Do you have plans for a new record already?

■ **Árni H:** Not when to release it, but there are about twenty or thirty ideas for the next one. This is only our first album and focuses on the past.

Where did the band's name come from?

■ **Árni H:** FM Belfast sounded like a cool name.

And you sound better than the radio stations in Northern Ireland.

■ **Árni V:** We are really fond of Ireland and Belfast. It feels like it's our home town.

■ **Árni H:** We would really like to go there.

■ **Lóa:** We actually got an email from a woman who had just moved to Belfast asking us what we recommended to do there!

■ **Árni V:** Have a taste of the haggis there! It's unbelievably good. A pint and a punt!

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MUSEUMS, GALLERIES & HERITAGE

Simple guide with a map
to ease your search for
the most interesting sites
downtown Reykjavik

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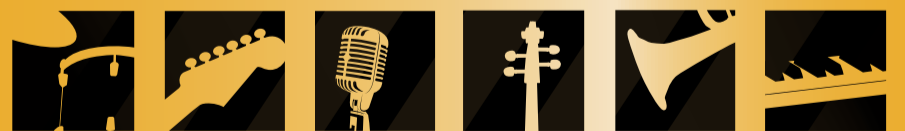


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Laugavegi 32 - tel. 772 3700

Samán í Síðumúla 20

Tónabúðin í Reykjavík sameinast Hljóðfærahúsinu í Síðumúla 20. Þar verður til langstærsta hljóðfæraverslun landsins. Hinir vösku starfsmenn Tónabúðarinnar koma að sjálfsögðu með og mynda einstakt teymi fagfólks með yfirburða þekkingu á hljóðfærum og búnaði fyrir tónlistarfólk.



HLJÓÐFÆRAHÚSIÐ **TÓNABÚÐIN**

HLJÓÐFÆRAHÚSIÐ | TÓNABÚÐIN | SÍÐUMÚLA 20 | 108 REYKJAVÍK



Ólafur Páll / Radio Broadcaster, Iceland
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.



Eva Fanney / Student, Iceland
I saw Familjen. We arrived just in time for the concert, managed to squeeze in front but then they were delayed so we were stuck inside the packed venue. The show was way too crowded so you couldn't really enjoy it. But we went to NASA to see Motion Boys. That was crazy! And Ulta Mega Teknóbandið Stefán. That was the best concerts I've seen so far! They are a bunch of maniacs!



Brynjar / Student, Iceland
Munich were brilliant! And Hjaltalín, when they played Páll Óskars's song (Þó komst við hjartað í mér). That was just crazy. I find Airwaves this year quite similar to last year. There are not as many big names, but its' still great, and the pizza is as good as always.



Sophie / Government worker, Canada
We've seen Bloodgroup, BB & Blake, Simian Mobile Disco and Retro Stefson. We've been here since Sunday and really love Reykjavík. People here, they are so stylish and cool. In Canada we have lots of people, but most of them are idiots. Here, you have few people, they are cool and all have good sense for fashion and music. That's amazing!

BUY SHIT!

FRIENDLY ADVICE FROM A GRAPEVINE JOURNALIST ON WHERE TO FIND THE GREATEST BARGAINS, INSPIRED BY YEARS SPENT ON THE BARGAIN HUNT.

WORDS BY STEINUNN JAKOBSDÓTTIR



AUGA FYRIR AUGA

Although the financial meltdown probably hasn't been too kind to your wallet, there's no reason not to look your best at this year's Airwaves festival. Inside Auga Fyrir Auga on the corner of Klapparstígur and Hverfisgata, four girls decided to empty their wardrobes for you to enjoy and have stuffed the gallery with eye-catching second-hand clothes. Prices range from only 500 to 5000 ISK, which must be the best deal in town, and with a selection equal to a top of the line fashion boutique you can easily dig up some stunning treasures, from chic dresses, belts and boots to one-of-a-kind leather jackets. Don't miss this great opportunity to dress up from top to toe for a laughable price. The shop will be open today from 12 to 17.



GALLERY MARIO

Margrét Lóa Jónsdóttir made a life long dream become a reality when she opened the Gallery Marió this September. Located on Laugavegur 82, the gallery's goal is to offer a good selection of prints and drawings by a number of Iceland's leading artists for a price people can afford.

"I only choose artists that I find exciting and want to offer art works by both established and emerging young artists, today's pioneers in Iceland's art scene. My goal is to make art easily accessible so everyone can enjoy it and focus on the many positive things happening in Iceland's society. We have an incredibly flourishing art scene and that's what we should emphasize on today," explains Margrét.

The gallery features, among other things, unique T-shirts and drawings by Jóhann Ludvig Torfason, political illustrations by Halldór Baldursson and Hallgrímur Helgason, paintings by FM Belfast's singer Lóa Hlín Hjálmtýsdóttir, posters by Birgir Snæbjörnsson and comics by Hugleikur Dagsson. Instead of buying some typical souvenirs drop in at Marió and invest in some unique Icelandic art. The gallery will be open this weekend from 14 to 18.



KOLAPORTIÐ FLEA MARKET

You know the saying – 'one man's junk is another man's treasure'. That's exactly the atmosphere inside Reykjavík's indoor flea market Kolaportið on any given weekend. Located down by the harbour, the market features almost countless stalls that fill almost every inch inside the huge space. As you can expect at other flea markets, there's a lot of junk to be found in Kolaportið, but clever hunters who take their time looking for that special something might stumble upon some really great bargains. Stalls filled with old vinyl and CD's, movies, second-hand clothes, shoes, jewellery and antique furniture and even new designs by young Icelandic designers can be found. And there are eatable things too. The best potatoes and 'harðfiskur' (dried fish) you'll find in the city in fact, as well as stacks of traditional Icelandic candy and fermented shark. Kolaportið is open every weekend from 11:00 – 17:00.

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