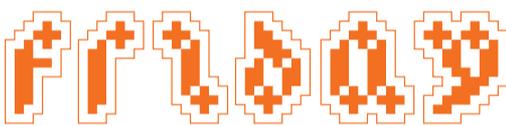




FRUITS





## schedule

## REYKJAVÍK ART MUSEUM

00:00 **The Go! Team (UK)**  
 23:00 **Jakobínarína**  
 22:15 **Apparat Organ Quartet**  
 21:30 **Islands (CAN)**  
 20:45 **Benni Hemm Hemm**  
 20:00 **Baggalútur**

## NATIONAL THEATRE BASEMENT

01:45 **Trost (DE)**  
 01:00 **Shadow Parade**  
 00:15 **Kalli**  
 23:30 **Lára**  
 22:45 **Picknick**  
 22:00 **Högni Lisberg (FO)**

## IDNÓ

Curated by Ghostigital

00:45 **Otto Von Schirach (US)**  
 00:00 **Ghostigital**  
 23:00 **Dälek (US)**  
 22:15 **Stilluppsteypa**  
 21:30 **Biogen**  
 20:45 **Steintryggur**  
 20:00 **Hestbak**

## NASA

Kerrang! night

01:45 **Dr. Spock**  
 01:00 **Brain Police**  
 00:00 **Mínus**  
 23:00 **Gojira (FR)**  
 22:15 **Sign**  
 21:30 **Future Future**  
 20:45 **I Adapt**  
 20:00 **Our Lives**

## GAUKURINN

Vice night

01:45 **Hölt hóra**  
 01:00 **Jan Mayen**  
 00:00 **Wolf Parade (CAN)**  
 23:00 **Jeff Who?**  
 22:15 **Mammút**  
 21:30 **120 Days (NO)**  
 20:45 **Lisa Lindley - Jones (UK)**  
 20:00 **Vax**

## GRAND ROKK

02:00 **Morðingjarnir**  
 01:15 **Gavin Portland**  
 00:30 **Hooker Swing**  
 23:45 **Dýróin**  
 23:00 **Coral**  
 22:15 **Call to Mind (UK)**  
 21:30 **Bob**  
 20:45 **The End**  
 20:00 **Tarnús Jr.**

## PRAVDA – Airwaves Club

04:30 **Exos (dj)**  
 03:00 **Óli ofur (dj)**  
 02:00 **Thor (dj)**  
 01:20 **Skatebárd (NO)**  
 00:40 **Ozy**  
 00:00 **Funk Harmony Park**  
 23:20 **Steed Lord**  
 22:40 **Thundercats**  
 22:00 **Bloodgroup**  
 21:20 **Beatmaking Troopa**  
 20:40 **Innersleeve**  
 20:00 **Steve Sampling**

## PRAVDA – Airwaves Bar

03:00 **Walter Meego (dj)**  
 01:00 **TBA**  
 22:00 **Leópolð & Ewok (dj)**  
 20:00 **Amman (dj)**

## GRAPEVINE PICKS FOR FRIDAY

**KAFFI HLJÓMALIND 15:00 / off-venue**  
**Lay Low**

At 23 years of age, Lay Low surprised a lot of people with her raspy whiskey voice and emotional delivery when she stepped on stage earlier this year as a solo artist. Her sound is best described as stripped-down country blues. With her debut album, Please Don't Hate Me, hitting the local record stores, and commercials, at this moment, Lay Low is one of this year's hottest prospects.

**REYKJAVÍK ART MUSEUM 20:45**  
**Benni Hemm Hemm**

Awarded the best band at the 2005 Icelandic Music Awards, former solo act Benni Hemm Hemm now takes the stage with his acoustic guitar supported by a 13-strong brass band. His soft voice and his knack for cheerful arrangements that could best be described as Big Band folk music have made Benni Hemm Hemm a local favourite.

**REYKJAVÍK ART MUSEUM 22:15**  
**Apparat Organ Quartet**

If the idea of an organ quartet sounds a little crazy, the idea of a five-piece quartet probably sounds even crazier. Featuring four organs and one drummer, Apparat Organ Quartet has wreaked havoc and mayhem by turning their organs to eleven and rocking out. Sounds somewhat crazy, doesn't it?

**NASA 23:00**  
**Gojira**

France's most extreme metal product has seen their latest release, From Mars to Sirius, top metal charts worldwide. With crushing metal sound in the mould of the Swedes in Meshuggah, Gojira pound your eardrums until they bleed and then turn it up a notch. Their live shows are the stuff of legends; so metalheads be advised, this is surely no Renault.

**IDNÓ 23:00**  
**Dälek**

Industrial hip-hop at its most brutal and ferocious. By way of New Jersey, USA, the partnership of MC Dälek and Oktopus spits out atmospheric (read: dark and moody) hip-hop with a metallic twist and a political message to boot. Having toured most of last year in support of their fourth EP, Absence, the band is returning after slaying an Icelandic audience at their show here last year.

## MASTHEAD



# GRAPEVINE\_AIRWAVES

## FRIDAY\_OCTOBER\_20\_2006

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Editor: Bart Cameron  
 Editorial Intern:  
 Valgerður Þóroddsdóttir  
 Art Director:  
 Gunnar Þorvaldsson  
 Photo Editor:  
 Guðmundur Freyr Vigfússon  
 Proofreader: Erika Wolfe

On cover: Benni Hemm Hemm  
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Murr Murr	Mugison	MP3 30ISL
I got a date with my television	Jakobínarína	MP3 40ISL
Stereo Rock & Roll	Apparat	MP3 98ISL
A little bit	Sign	MP3 53ISL
We are the Nine Elevens	Nine Elevens	MP3 400ISL
Talnalagið	Reykjavík!	MP3 399ISL
Someone somewhere	Dikta	MP3 1048ISL

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## The Whole Benni Hemm Hemm

### Musings on Motherfuckers In The House

By **BART CAMERON** Photo by **HÖRÐUR SVEINSSON**

>>> If you're visiting, you may not have heard of the Golden Boy of Icelandic pop, Benedikt Hermann Hermannsson. Last year, Benni Hemm Hemm, his shortened stage name, released a self-titled, self-produced debut that earned him band of the year, and the admiration of a country, from the most cutting edge of the art scene, to... their grandmothers. This summer, well before Airwaves, he met with the Grapevine to discuss a risky career decision, released a raunchy hip-hop single with fantastically politically incorrect gross out cartoonist Huggleikur. The single stayed under the radar, and we never released the interview... until now. <<<

>>> Will anyone be surprised by your new song, *Ég kyssi þau augun?* You're independent music's main representative in Iceland, and the new guy next door? The polite musician. Does that come up, this polite musician image? I actually saw you on TV just smiling and eating food. For a show. They just put you on TV eating broccoli, politely.

That was weird. I didn't do anything else but eat food with [established blues icon] KK. I've been a little bit afraid of that polite thing, because the bands I've been in until now have been very impolite. I used to be a drummer in a rap band called Mother Fuckers In The House and it was very impolite. We were always scared that we were going to be beat up after the concerts and stuff like that because we were insulting a lot of people.

>>> What decade were you playing in a band named Mother Fuckers In The House?

It was maybe '97 until 2000. And then I was in Rúnk, which is a dirty word for masturbation. It's a little strange being on the opposite side. Because I can really feel that people, like 50-year-old women, really like Benni Hemm Hemm. "Finally," they tell me, "there is someone decent in the young music scene."

>>> That's somehow the target audience for up-and-coming Icelandic bands, like Mugison seemed to play well to that same audience. Maybe because that group buys records.

>>> I think my Icelandic family had a Benni Hemm Hemm Christmas gift... Which they were happy about.

This new song, honestly, is kind of a relief from that thing, because I don't want to get too polite and clean. I know an approximately 50-year-old woman who told [the band] that we were keeping cultural values, or some cultural thing alive. Cultural inheritance?

>>> Cultural heritage? Even if you get nasty you could still be keeping the heritage alive because there is a long tradition of being open in Icelandic culture about topics that maybe would be surprising to a 21st century listener. (Laughs.)

>>> Let's assume, maybe, that it's the sound. You've covered the great 50s songwriter Haukur Morthens. And you study the craft. I'm studying composition now at the arts academy. So at the same time I'm writing arrangements for Benni Hemm Hemm pop songs and the piece I have for my test

piece this spring is for a brass quintet. It's the same instruments almost, but just from different angles. My goal in that whole thing is to stop thinking about myself as though I have multiple personalities.

>>> To combine all the interests into one song-writing mode?

Yeah. My wife asked me how could I possibly sit down and think, "I'm going to write a composition piece now," and the next day write a melody for Benni Hemm Hemm.

>>> And the next day do an insulting hip-hop number.

(Laughs.) Yes. And when you think about it, it is really unnatural and stupid, unless it's really career focused or something, which is not going on in this case. It's just about if I'm honest with myself, this whole thing works. And I'm getting there. Like, with me doing music in this place or another and I don't have to call it anything.

>>> We should move on to discuss briefly that you won some awards for your album this year from the Icelandic Music Association. And that you've sort of been positioned as the independent music personality in Iceland, which is going to be bizarre for anybody who's not from Iceland to think about: that there is a music industry in Iceland and that it's apparently difficult to succeed as an independent. But you're there right now. You're the major independent artist. Is there any other? Um, I don't know. Birgitta Haukdal.

>>> The Eurovision contestant who sings the theme song for the mall? Is she independent? She released one album herself. It was a really amazing thing because you would think that she was in the middle of the Icelandic record empire of Sena. But she wanted to release a record by herself. It wasn't a very beautiful album. But that's a different story. I though it was cool of her to do it.

>>> Because otherwise it takes a lot of effort. Why? Why is it so hard to release an independent album in Iceland?

It's not. That's the funny thing about it. Record companies really don't do anything and they take most of the money. That's the situation and the really big difference between Iceland and other countries is that everything is so manageable in Iceland. You can do almost every part of releasing an album by yourself, with your own hands. Because it's a small market you don't have to talk to an agent in every city of the United States, or something like that. I have 12 Tónar to distribute, and they're very important to me because that's the only thing I can't do. I can't drive to Akureyri once a week with albums, so I have to just deal with them and talk to them and make sure they are sending albums to Akureyri. Everything else: recording, all of the sound work, designing the cover, and getting it manufactured is a very easy thing to do. You have to find the best price in a factory, ask someone if it's a factory that you can trust, and that's it.

[It] would be okay if the record company was working really hard to sell your album and was selling a lot of it, which they don't do. The only thing a record company in Iceland [usually] does is send your master to a manufacturing company.

>>> Slightly absurd.

I think it's funny that you mentioned the polite thing. I've only been thinking about it and I've never discussed it with...

>>> Honestly, having been offensive or having been known for being offensive for a while, as the Grapevine has been, I am kind of jealous of being perceived as polite. It would be nice, once in a while, for people to assume the best. Yeah, it is nice.

>>> Benni Hemm Hemm plays Reykjavík Art Museum tonight, 20:45. <<<

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## Small-Scale Exploitation

*Wolf Parade struggles with their own hype*

By VALGERÐUR ÞÓRODDSDÓTTIR

>>> Discovered by Modest Mouse front man Isaac Broch, Wolf Parade have ascended to the throne as the kings of Indie rock. We talked to the foundation of Montreal's cool reputation just before they hopped their flight to Iceland. <<<

>>> *You were starting out as the hype about Montreal's music scene was at its height. Do you think it held you back?*

**Dan:** It didn't hurt the band. I never really cared about the hype but I think it made some people kind of uncomfortable. I think it also raises expectations of the general music buying public. If people read that someone says something sounds like this and this is what's happening, then even if that's not the case, people tend to believe it. It's kind of like the telephone game.

>>> *What about the fact that Isaac Broch co-produced your album and that you, especially, have very strong connections to Arcade Fire. That must have raised expectations.*

**Dan:** Definitely, but I think all those things totally were like, right place at the right time. For our band and for a lot of other bands in Montreal.

>>> *You say that it didn't really affect you or the band but then, what are you doing to rise above that, to outlive the scene and the hype?*

**Dan:** Well, not doing a lot of TV appearances and stuff like that, and not milking it for everything it's worth. Trying to have a little bit of dignity when it comes to the potential to sort of ride that wave.

>>> *Are you saying that you avoided publicity?*

**Dan:** Yeah, like maybe not taking every single offer that comes down the pipe, you know. And then basically continuing to write

songs that make the band happy. We've always tried to just play music for each other, just as a group of friends. That was sort of the spirit in which the band was started and we didn't really have any grand design with it, but then it started working out for us, we get to play for larger and larger audiences. But there seems to be this unspoken thing between everybody in the band that like, yeah, maybe we won't take every single play-on-TV offer or put-your-song-in-this-movie offer as it comes along and maybe just focus more on song writing, and definitely put on a really fun energetic live show.

>>> *Un-energetic?*

**Dan:** Fun and energetic. (laughs) Yeah, unenergetic. The kids love that.

>>> *Well I wondered because Arlen has described you guys as sort of disheveled and even 'half-assed'.*

**Dan:** I think the half-assed thing is more of, whether we rent a van half an hour before we leave on tour.

>>> *So it doesn't apply to the process of making music or writing songs then.*

**Dan:** No, or playing shows. Everything else we're pretty half-assed at, but playing shows and writing songs I think we're definitely using our whole asses.

>>> *You once described the archetype for people living in Victoria as the 'drunk pseudo intellectual clown'. Some might say that the same stereotype could easily be applied to Icelanders. Would you say that that environment has been positively catalytic for your band? I ask because Iceland's music scene has also been called, 'up-and-coming'.*

**Dan:** The city of Victoria is probably about the same size as Reykjavik and it's also an island,

and there's a certain fermet community that grew up there where, we weren't really worried about what was going on in Montreal and Vancouver, and there was kind of a 'us against them' mentality... It just facilitated everybody's navel-gazing. Which is not a bad thing. It let people make some pretty weird and amazing art. Some of my favourite bands come from Victoria. I don't know if a band like Frog Eyes would happen naturally in a place like Toronto or even Vancouver. The way they present themselves on stage, it's really kind of singular. And I've talked to some Icelandic people about that too, the drinking and the fact that you can't leave the island without taking a boat or a plane and anytime you want to date anyone, generally they're...

>>> *Probably related to you.*

**Dan:** (laughs) Right.

>>> *That also must breed a self-consciousness.*

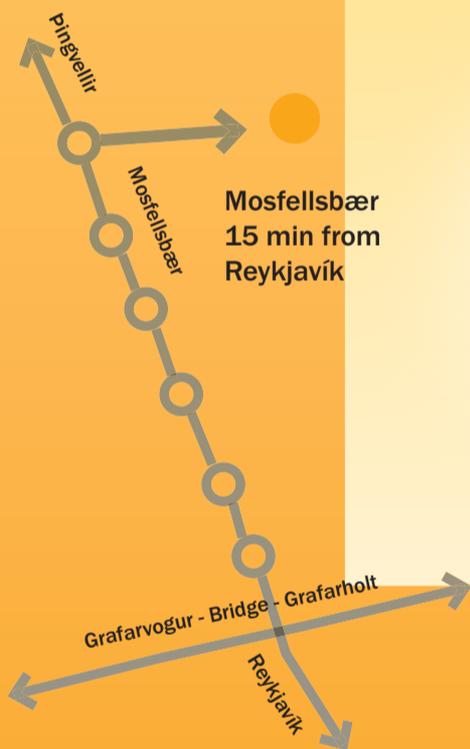
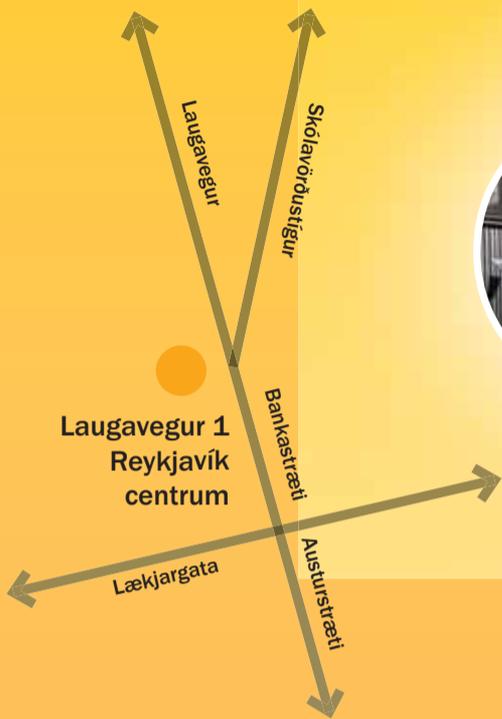
**Dan:** Absolutely.

>>> *This attitude may be specific to Victoria but is it possible to avoid being defined by your roots?*

**Dan:** I think if you're actually true to yourself there's always going to be something that binds you to the place where you first sort of figured out how you wanted to present your terrible art. You can try to turn yourself into something else if you have a predesigned or grand scheme for your band, but I think if you're honest in your songs and the way you play music, you will always be tied to where you grew up. I don't think it's a bad thing, exploiting culture, even on a small scale.

>>> **Wolf Parade** play **Gaukurinn** tonight, 00:00. <<<

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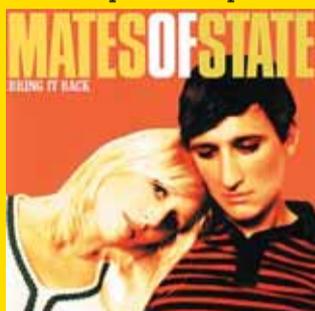
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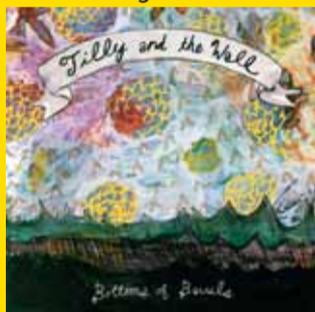
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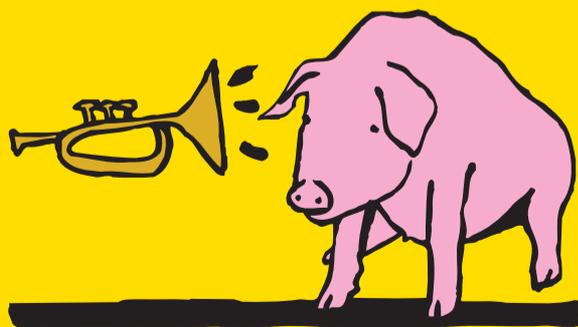
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21.okt	Dikta kl. 14:40	kl. 14:40
21.okt	Special Guests (TBC)	kl. 15:20



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## Islands Can Show You the Hidden People *A band with the tools for vision*

By VALGERÐUR ÞÓRODDSDÓTTIR

>>> If you follow independent music, you likely know The Unicorns, the eclectic, sometimes frustrating band who broke onto the scene with Unicorns Are People Too, were written up in Pitchfork, Village Voice, etc, as the saviors of music, then, by 2005, were posting the message “The Unicorns are dead. R.I.P.” on their website. Well, singer Neil Diamonds recovered, his band is Islands. One year old, and they’ve already toured the world with Beck and now they’re here for vacation. <<<

>>> *When I first heard your stage name, Nick Diamonds, I thought it was a play on Neil Diamond, but maybe that’s stretching it.*  
Yeah, it kind of was a play. I’ve had that stupid nickname for five, six years. It was just a joke; I was, you know, trying to be glamorous.

>>> *Jamie Thompson, who formed Islands with you, also had a stage name that was sort of a pun.*  
Yeah, J’aime, which means “I love” and Tambour, which in French is like Thompson. It was originally from the Unicorns, and Alden was Alden Ginger, and that’s a play on Ginger Alden who was Elvis’s girlfriend when he died of overdose. [Alden] had the coolest one.

>>> *I got the feeling that the play on words was maybe just a facet of what seems to be a lightheartedness in the way you present yourselves as a band. But... maybe you’re trying to move away from that.*

In life, nice things have a balance between the light and the heavy, but I feel like I’m just go-

ing toward heavy a little bit more than light. And it’s good not to take yourself too seriously, but I kind of feel like for a period I want to take myself kind of seriously. Maybe I’ll just be like John Cougar-Mellencamp and have [Diamonds] as my middle name.

>>> *With Return to the Sea you collaborated with a lot of Canadian musicians. To what extent would you say that place has affected the growth of your music?*

Oh yeah, I would. I would say the natural beauty of the West Coast, the mountains and the oceans, the forests, the rural, pastoral life have seeped into my lyrics. I have kind of a hard-on for nature. But not Montréal. I feel very alienated in Montréal, I think that comes across, isolation, alienation, it is a big theme in islands.

>>> *As far as I can see, with the exception of Airwaves, you guys are playing a show literally every night through November.*  
We toured a lot this summer. It’s been insane actually, the amount of touring that we’ve done.

>>> *Does it leave any time for you to write or work on your next record?*  
You can write concurrently. I used to find in the past when I’d be on tour that I’d be in a creative black hole, but, in the past year, which has been chock-full of touring, I have been more creative and have been writing more than ever.

>>> *The week you’re spending in Iceland around the Airwaves Festival looks to be the only break in your schedule. What was so appealing to*

*you guys about it, enough for you to move away from your very diligent U.S. tour?*

We get a five-day paid holiday in Iceland. It couldn’t be much luckier. I mean, it’s going to be... Amazing, I think.

>>> *Airwaves is your vacation?*

We’re going to treat it as such. I’d like to see some gnomes and ponies .... And volcanoes and hot springs and glaciers. I wanna jam-pack as much as I can into that five-day weekend. Hopefully I will, because it’s the most expensive city in the world, and I don’t want to spend too much money on falafels or something.

>>> *Well, there will be a lot of bands playing, it might be very tempting to, you know, not sleep for three days and go to all the shows. You don’t think that you’ll be interested?*

I don’t really like music. I like... glaciers. Rock music is boring. I don’t know, maybe there’s one band I’ll see. Jekka... What’s that band, jekka... Bína something.

>>> *Jakobínarína?*

Yeah, I’ll see them.

>>> *I think they’re playing the same venue as you.*

Yeah, I think they’re playing the same night, so, I’ll check them out.

>>> *That’s handy, they’ll be right there.*

Yeah, exactly, because I’ll be on mushrooms for the rest of it, so...

>>> **Islands** play **Reykjavík Art Museum** tonight, 21:30. <<<



*Þeir eru komnir!*

# MESA/BOOGIE



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## WED. NIGHT LIVE REVIEWS

If only it were true that the reception of the crowd was a sign of a blossoming Icelandic hip-hop community.

FORGOTTEN LORES NASA

Númer Núll is a band that doesn't fuck around with talking to their audience between songs.

NÚMER NÚLL GAUKURINN

**GAUKURINN >>> Scientific Americans <<<** Wednesday evening at Gaukurinn started with a whimper audience-wise, but it built to a huge roar. Though the locals in **Noise** – great name, that – were scheduled to open Airwaves here, it was the youthful **Led By A Lion** – great name again! – that kicked it off. ¶ Though forceful, these locals were sort of charmingly nervous, and they were young enough not to be beholden to silly genre constrictions. It didn't make sense 10 years ago, but in 2006, it's cool to love **Metallica**, **Sunny Day Real Estate**, and **Alice In Chains** equally. By the end of the set, with the sparse crowd beginning to fill in, **LBAL** started to sound like a thousand American metal bands – but that's not an insult. They sound like the kind of American metal band that goes on to sell millions of albums. ¶ Next up, in a jarring juxtaposition: **Cynic Guru**, led by a classical violinist clearly indulging in a little classic-rock slumming. Though far from original, **Roland Hartwell** looked like he was having a blast. The crowd surged for **The Telepathetics** (for those keeping score, the great names are winning here), whose singer looked a bit like **The Arcade Fire's Win Butler**, but who sounded more Scottish than Canadian. ¶ With **Hoffman** nowhere to be found but on the schedule, **Noise** took the stage with greasy hair and grungy aspirations in tow. Though unapologetically metal at heart, the **Noise** boys clearly have room for some garagey punk, too. Singer-guitarist **Einar Vilberg** possesses a classic, God-given yowl that alternates between nu-metal tones and **Mudhoney** holler. In the Detroit-vs.-Seattle battle for their hearts, Seattle wins by a nose. And they never let the crowd's attention wander: the bass rattled Gaukurinn's floor, and **Vilberg** ended the set with a siren emanating from a bullhorn. That's rock 'n roll. ¶ The night clearly belonged to **We Are Scien-**

**tists**, though, who made their Icelandic debut with a short, sweet set that was only available to those who had made it through the door early – a line extended all the way around the building even minutes before they played. There's no reason the New York band shouldn't be headlining huge arenas, which makes see-

Move, Nobody Get Hurt to the one you wish **Blur** would still write, "The Great Escape." ¶ It was all over too fast, of course, with eight oldies – For Love And Squalor has been out over a year in most parts of the world – and one new song inspiring sing-alongs in all the right places. The crowd began shuffling toward the

Lead singer **Gestur** told Grapevine that their sound is a **Led Zeppelin** and **Pixies** inspired brand of indie hard rock. "It's Indie-sleeze," **Gestur** said. Having "toured Reykjavík" this year, the bearded threesome plans to release their first full album next December. VIRGINIA ZECH ¶ ¶ **NASA >>> Kronik Night <<<** Due to the

little too 'nice'. ¶ **Kenya Nemor** would do well to get one of their numbers on a Mother's Day compilation album, because your ma would love them. They are fabulous, talented and smooth with their soulful R'n'B sound, but with some covers (say **Ike** and **Tina**) they could turn themselves into one of the best post-serious-



Ultra Mega Technobandió Stefán

PHOTO BY HÖRÐUR

ing them in a jam-packed club that much more exciting, like a shared secret about the future of pop. ¶ Though the two bands clearly share influences, **WAS** don't seem destined to reach the Hollywood heights of **The Killers** – too bad considering the songs on **We Are Scientists'** For Love And Squalor outshine their opponents' by far. But listening to the record doesn't do it. It's only when **We Are Scientists** bring it live that it becomes clear: every single song sounds like a potential smash hit, from the obvious It's A Hit to the sinewy Nobody

exit soon after, most ready to burst with the kind of good cheer that can only be inspired by great pop. JOSH MODELL ¶ ¶ **Dikta** plays agreeable, mellow rock with decent vocals. Though not bad, they could be called forgettable. For this reason, and due to the fact that they followed the festival highlight **We Are Scientists**, Gaukurinn was all but empty when **Númer Núll** took the stage. But NN is a band that doesn't fuck around with talking to their audience between songs. They played to the empty room as if it were full of enthusiastic fans.

presence of approximately five black men, **NASA** kicked off Airwaves 2006 with the most racially diverse Icelandic night many visitors will ever witness, **Kronik's** hip-hop, R'n'B and general MC extravaganza. **Spaceman** started, an MC trio complete with ex-US, Keflavik NATO Base soldier **Tim Bronson**, who got discharged, he claims, for a drink-fuelled fight. Enthusiastic, confident, you wanted to mother them as they took on their musical legacy gamely. Not quite inspired, they have promise, but lack a live backing and to be honest seem a

drinking bands ever ¶ So the most famous Icelandic hip-hop crew **XXX Rottweiler** spawned **Bent** (MC), but he's a big problem for Airwaves out-of-towners with his Icelandic rap, save his crystal clear "fucks", "motherfuckers" and "kiss ass" – classy. The best bit was when **Bent** stopped, took a beer into the photographer's pit and let the DJ have a moment of mixing glory; the worst bit, a tune in which he shouted "the homo" a lot, and we get the feeling (us non-Icelanders) that it was not that positive. ¶ Take some been-round-da-block





The bass rattled Gaukurinn's poor, and Vilberg ended the set with a siren emanating from a bullhorn. That's rock 'n roll.

NOISE GAUKURINN

No subject was taboo, and Thugs On Parole proved to be equal-opportunity assholes willing to stop at nothing to get a laugh

THUGS ON PAROLE PRAVDA

'Apparently, you have to be 20 to dig music in Iceland,' said a pair of 19-year-olds waling up Laugavegur with beers in their hands

LOCAL TALK

musos from **Maus** and a 'funky' bassist, pull in two attractive young'un vocals and you get **Fræ**. The male **Jake Shears** (of **Scissor Sisters**) look-alike lacked charisma even though you can be assured by the locals that his lyrical, tonal rap is smart, and the cute excitable female backing vox is, well, a bit too excited

ly capturing the growing crowd with an overwrought and doped-down remix of **DJ Shadow's** "Organ Donor". **FABRIZIO FRASCAROLI** ¶ **¶ Original Melody** took the stage featuring three rappers, a keyboard player, drummer and a trumpet player. The rappers fired off incomprehensible lyrics in English with a flow that was may-

Their set was exactly what the people wanted, loud, thumping bass and great beats. If only it were true that the reception of the crowd was a sign of a blossoming Icelandic hip-hop community. Sadly the truth is that most of the people in attendance would not consider venturing out on a Wednesday night to see a local

snickers than raising ire, and on that front, they didn't fail to please. ¶ No subject was taboo, and the **Thugs** proved to be equal-opportunity assholes willing to stop at nothing to get a laugh: the surprisingly fluid old-school B-Boy shouting certainly touched on gangsta rap staples like drive-by shootings and fucking bitch-

derlining the homelike feel so typical of 12 Tónar concerts. Playing a short set including two new songs, **Pórir** duly rewarded his loyal fans. **Pórir** will be playing five more shows with three different bands during the festival. If that's not ambition, I don't know what the hell is. **STEINUNN JAKOBSDÓTTIR** ¶ ¶ **LOCAL TALK**

"Apparently you have to be twenty to dig music in Iceland," said a pair of nineteen-year-olds walking up Laugarvegur with beers in their hands. "No, we're definitely interested in Airwaves," said one, "but we didn't even bother trying to buy bracelets." With underage talent sweeping this year's Airwaves, this might surprise the typical attendee. After all, 24-year-old **Lovísa Elísabet of Lay Low** opened tonight at NASA, and **Jakobínarína**, all between the ages of 15 and 19, are playing the big stage at the Reykjavík Art Museum on Friday, receiving the prize for most-hyped Icelandic acts, to say nothing of Rolling Stone Magazine's top choice, the 19-year-olds of **Mammut**. In fact, the very underaged, about 15, **Ultra Mega Technobandið Stefán** have been hailed across town as the most interesting act of the week, with live performances filled with glitz and all around gusto. Too bad **UMTS's** friends weren't allowed inside the venue to witness it. ¶ On the other end of the age spectrum, geriatric film star Harrison Ford is in Iceland this week enjoying the local talent and booze. Last night he was spotted at NASA and then at Gaukurinn where festival goers received him in typical Icelandic fashion, politely but unenthusiastically, with an air of cool. This with the exception of a young woman who passed Ford on Laugarvegur Thursday, and, according to freelance journalist Megan Pillow, ran after him down the street shouting, "Robert Redford! Robert Redford!" **VALGERÐUR ÞÓRODDSDÓTTIR**

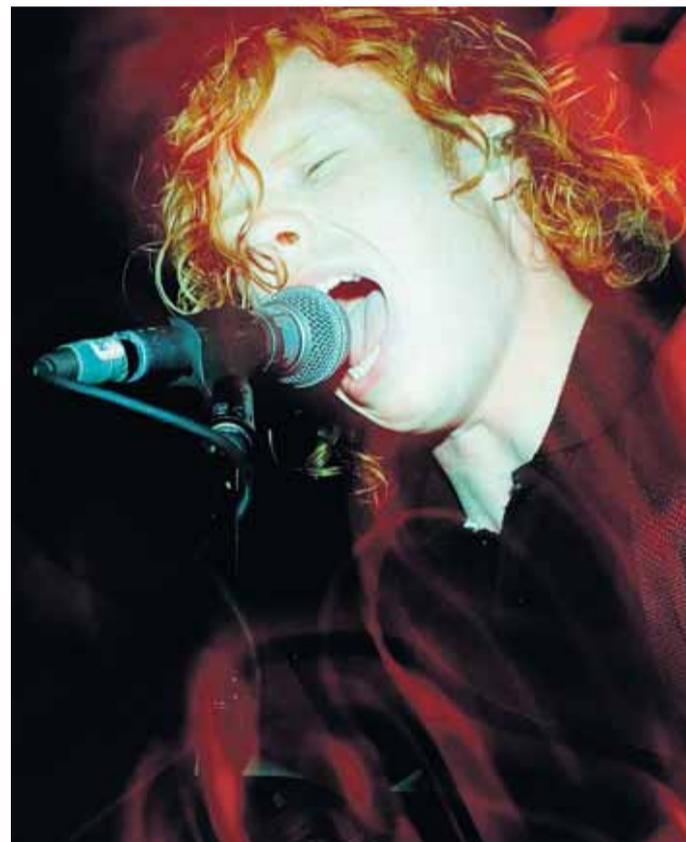


Thugs on Parole

PHOTO BY RÚNAR

compared to her male companions. If they go see **The Go! Team** this weekend maybe they can work out how to take highly polished studio work into the live arena and give that girl and boy the backing they need. **DEBORAH COUGHLIN** ¶ ¶ From his very introduction "Hey! I am **DJ Platurn** from Oakland, California... but I originally come from Stykkishólmur!" **DJ Platurn** had the credibility to bring some irony into the night. In an abstract and deconstructive set, largely played on funky breaks and aggressive breakbeat, he succeeded in final-

be not so original but certainly smooth. A few people were seen nodding their heads in approval. As the set wore on more people appeared on the stage, including two DJs. If Iceland needs their own Beastie Boys then the job is surely theirs ¶ **Forgotten Lores** rap in Icelandic and do the job pretty damn well. Although the sound muffled the lyrics a bit, it was obvious that these guys are an intelligent and funny bunch. Their stage act was full of comedic theatricals with mock fighting between the MCs who worked the crowd skillfully into a frenzy.



Weapons

PHOTO BY LEÓ

rap group if it were not for Iceland Airwaves. **PÁLL HILMARSSON** ¶ **¶ PRAVDA >>> TOP invite you to suck it <<<** The closest **Thugs on Parole** have been to prison may have been late night reruns of "Law & Order," but that didn't stop the gangsta rap trio from resurrecting the spirits of **2 Live Crew** and **NWA** at Pravda Wednesday night. Spitting rhymes that would make even **Eminem** cringe, the decidedly white posse treated a crowd of 40 curious onlookers to a XXX version of humorous hip-hop. **TOP's** 30-minute set was aimed more at eliciting

es, but the trio's fondness for rapping about anal sex and STDs sets them apart from their American peers. That and one member's peculiar fascination with physics. **JOEL HOARD** ¶ ¶ **12 TÓNAR Pórir**, better known as **My Summer as a Salvation Soldier**, kicked off this year's Airwaves in a soothing, emotional kind of way. **Pórir's** fragile, sometimes angry voice and his sorrowful, personal lyrics mixed well with the relaxed and quiet atmosphere inside the store, created not only by the music but by the free red wine served in plastic cups, un-



**TUBORG**  
LOUD & CLEAR



WED. FEATURE

**Grand Rokk****“We Sold Lots of Beer”**

Let us pause to consider unfamous men – and the friends and curious foreigners that come to see them rock out. Wednesday night at Grand Rokk featured seven Icelandic bands, several with less than a year of live experience under their belts. Most were a little green, and songwriting was at a premium. Boozy, good-natured enthusiasm – from the bands and the packed crowd – wasn't. ¶ The two standouts were **Múgsefjun** and **Weapons**, country-folk songsters and frenetic power-pop bashers, respectively. **Múgsefjun's** largely waltz-rhythm songs featured ruminative melodies and narcotic slo-mo choruses that were pretty impressive – at least, the first time you heard them. **Weapons** – three skinny boys from Ísafjörður – summoned the largest contingent of admirers, as plenty in the crowd seemed to come just for them and left after. They quickly made with the catchy, kicking out focused, plaintive melodies that sometimes got lost in a full-throttle guitar attack. ¶ Openers **Hot Pants** – two enthusiastic brothers manning guitars and MOOG samplers – coupled choppy, percussive electro loops with muddled New Wave melodies, recalling, at their best, a couple of guys doing **Depeche Mode** covers in their bedroom. **Retro Stefson** took the prize for most eclectic band. Their bright pop-rock touched on Afro-pop melodies, surf-rock guitars and Caribbean riddims. ¶ The punk school – of varying quality and, um, loudness – rounded out the bill. **Spengjuhöllin** bounced between boozy pop-rock and boozier country songs, with very rough vocals but enough soused energy to keep the crowd hyped. **Lokbrá** – a power trio with a skinny, shirtless singer-guitarist – kicked out garage-punk raveups with **Thin Lizzy** riffs, but most songs barreled ahead for so long that you wondered if these guys knew they weren't playing in a garage. **Lada Sport** sported a vigorous **Dinosaur Jr.** wall-of-sound approach that was alternately muddled and invigorating. ¶ For some of the bands, at least, the night was officially a Big Deal, a vibe that will likely continue for all bands at this stage this weekend. ¶ “Playing Airwaves is a big break for us. This was the best crowd we've ever gotten,” said **Múgsefjun** singer-guitarist **Björn Jónsson**. ¶ Grand Rokk stayed packed throughout the night. “It's nice to see this place full of rock people,” said Hanne Carlsen, a longtime Grand Rokk bartender. “Everyone was really happy. We sold lots of beer.”

CHRISTIAN HOARD



Lokbrá

PHOTO BY SIGGI



Retro Stefson

PHOTO BY SIGGI



Mugison

PHOTO BY LEÓ

THUR. FEATURE

## Reykjavík Art Museum

### The Sound of Hot Girls Tap Dancing

Depending who you ask, America's **Tilly and the Wall** are either redefining the building blocks of pop music, or hoodwinking the masses with gimmicks and bright colours. Both would be missing the point. When the centre of your stage is inhabited by three attractive women tap dancing, one on a large wooden block, there's a certain amount of debate that is built into the equation. Despite fighting muddy sound all night, the band still managed to communicate the point that sometimes music is just meant to be fun. In contrast to **The Hot Club of Paris** who, with all their energy, could only coax some low-level head bobbing out of the crowd, **Tilly** had the crowd in hand from post to rail. ¶ It was hardly a surprise to see the kids with the cool haircuts swarming to the front as the **Klaxons** tore into their first track. It's easy to see why they drew the biggest crowd of the night. Singer **James Righton** gives the girls something to swoon over while the rest of the band has the might-carry-a-switchblade look that provides cover for hipsters everywhere. Musically the band delivers as well. It's impossible to even speak of their set without mentioning their debt to **TV on the Radio**, but in this instance it only serves to bolster the theory that being derivative doesn't always have to be a bad thing. ¶ Those able to see **Mugison**, (for some reason the police stopped people from entering the venue just before he took the stage at 11:00 pm), were treated to a gorgeous set highlighted by pedal steel guitar player **Pétur Halgrímsson**, playing only his second show with the band. **Mugison** danced his way through older material and a new track that he called "the best song he ever wrote," before blowing his load on I Want You. The song has an immediacy in a live setting that leads you to believe he might file it in the nonfiction section of his mind. Raw and moving, it is infused with the horrible desperation that comes a moment after you realize it's too late. ¶ The symmetry of the night, as it seems, was poetic: the glare across the room, the hopeless crush that follows, and the awful, protracted tap dance that ends it all. DON BARTLETT



**TUBORG**  
LOUD & CLEAR



## THUR. NIGHT LIVE REVIEWS

They were followed by Skakkamanage, a folk-rock collective that sounds like Arcade Fire oggling Tom Petty in some dank bar.

SKAKKAMANAGE GAUKURINN

Their stage presence, confusing: They were apparently going for a party vibe, but it was unclear whether or not the audience was invited.

SKÁTAR NASA

**ÍÐNÓ >>> Stepping Forward, Without Ego <<<** A musician's ultimate goal should be to transfix the audience, to grab them in such a way that they simply can't turn away. For too many bands, the solution is volume: Rock hard enough and you won't be able to hear the uninterested chatterers, and those that stay will abuse their necks right along with your hairy bass player. Going it alone requires a bit more thought and lots more guts. To win a crowd over, even with the benefit of a beautiful room like Íðnó, where people are naturally more respectful, the lone gunman needs either an incredibly distinctive voice or a gimmick. (A combination of those two doesn't hurt.) ¶ **Egill Sæbjörnsson** looks and sounds like the impossible androgynous love child of **David Johansen** and **Lou Reed**, (looks of the former, voice of the latter). **Sæbjörnsson** intoned over backing tracks while cleverly choreographed projections danced behind him, mostly letting his dry voice, amazing outfit – white jeans, flashy white sweatshirt, necklaces, **Cindy Brady** haircut – float above it all. ¶ The rest of the night at Íðnó followed a funny trajectory, from performances clearly centred on one person's voice and vision – **Sæbjörnsson**, American traditionalist folkler **Sam Amidon** – toward more collective sounds. From his between-song chat, it was clear that classical composer **Nico Muhly** enjoys his own work (ahem), but he let it shine through other players. ¶ The star of the show in almost every way was **Valgeir Sigurðsson**, whose new **Bedroom Community** label served as the evening's thread and whose performance – egoless, seated off to the side of a large group including strings, laptops, and drums – captured every ear in the room when it was loud and when it wasn't. ¶ Subdued and slowly captivating, **Sigurðsson's** compositions – his first since stepping out of the shadows

as a producer/collaborator with **Björk**, **Bonnie 'Prince' Billy**, and others – play out like breathing little symphonies, pulsing with classical energy but infused with enough rock life that they never get dull. It's that rare music perfect for sitting in a darkened bedroom or shuffling in a big club. ¶ **Sigurðsson's** clear vision only made the last act at his showcase a bigger comedown: **Ben Frost**, an Australian now based in Iceland, kept threatening to come forward with actual songs but never did. His two guitarists made rock moves, even sort of charging each other, but when it came time to actually breathe life into a song, they pulled the trigger and fired blank, formless, pointlessly loud ruckus. JOSH MODELL ¶ **REYKJAVÍK ART MUSEUM** **Ske** opened the Thursday evening show at Reykjavík Art Museum. Described by patrons as "polished but not moving," **Ske** played to a small crowd. Concert goers had clearly collected for **Mates of State**. The musical duo – they're married and don't want to talk about it – balanced their attentions in concert between addressing their mics and cross-stage eye-sex. The song "Love U Crazy" got a lot of lips and feet moving, until said body parts followed legs out the door immediately after the **MoS** show. British trio **Hot Club de Paris** brought both their own vibe and set of fans. Often theatrical and occasionally a cappella, this pop-rock act, while neither dangerous nor beautiful, were humorous, gifted crowd-charmers. VIRGINIA ZECH ¶ **GRAND ROKK** Two ways to get your band attention: get an ex-**Sugarcube** to produce you, then call yourselves "Post Rock". One way to lose it is to have long outros. **Miri** have very long outros. ¶ Harder and faster, if a little less fit, **Koja** have the campest, jerkiest frontman in the country. He played up to the headbanging, one-man-mosh-pit, then slid a hand down his trousers urging everyone to get in touch with their "pocket

rocket" (apparently everyone has one – where's yours). ¶ Finally, the fashionistas arrived and we realised that we might actually be somewhere cool (or is that rad - whatever). **Jara** is connected with cool locals, and has just gone solo, with tremolo guitar and her special soft as peach vocals, **CocoRosie** meows and crackling

**diigo** and pulled off their polished and poplarist indie '**Buckley**' ballads. ¶ NME would have loved **Tony the Pony** last year for their garage rock (sooo 2005!). Its downward, string-breaking guitar stabs and thrashy interludes were taken by punters in the audience as a cue to finally get the guts to shake a leg to. ¶ **Búdrygindi**

banged their whammy bars and had the kids dancing the twist. Fifteen years after the release of their lone record, **Langi Seli og Skuggarnir** showed their veteran mettle with an alternating series of big, brooding instrumentals and shuffling rockabilly. The National Theatre Basement may have looked like a jazz club, but **Langi**



Datarokk

PHOTO BY SKARI

wisps. While her sickeningly shy demeanour may not seem sincere, you couldn't help thinking she's got something. A cool-as-fuck bassist and a chain-smoking chap on drum machine joined her and it went electro. It was beautiful, though the appearance couldn't mask a lack of presence and practise. ¶ A harpist and violinist on stage should be exciting. But it wasn't with **David Gray**-like **Idir** who left his musicians sitting on stage while he played extensive guitar solos, leaving them glum, arms crossed and fags in mouths. ¶ **Royal Fortune** played for no-showers **In-**

were young, fun and full of... erm....cum (seriously they offered free copies of their album for blowjobs and sex). Their music: hyper-agit punk, Latin jazz hybrid from Airwaves child prodigies. DEBORAH COUGHLIN ¶ **NATIONAL THEATRE BASEMENT >>> Like a Dingy Dive Bar <<<** Don't let the baldness and graying roots fool you; **Langi Seli og Skuggarnir** can still grit their teeth and rock with the hippest 20-somethings. Capping off a night of stops and starts at the National Theatre Basement that featured some of Iceland's mellowest troubadours and hardest rockers, the foursome

made it feel like a dingy dive bar. **Langi's** set was a kick in the pants after **Bela** began the night with a set of **Nick Drake**-esque quietude replete with finger-picked guitar and breathy vocals. While **Bela's** intimate tales of longing and heartbreak by no means had the crowd dancing in the aisles, it was hard not to crack a contented smile. ¶ **Helgi Valur** and his backing band the **She-Males** took the stage next with an eclectic mix of blue-eyed soul and covers of American hip-hop staples like **Snoop Dogg's** "Gin and Juice" and **Onyx's** "Slam," both of which will appear on his forthcoming faux-LP



The musical duo balanced their attentions in concert between addressing their mics and cross-stage eye-sex.

MATES OF STATE REYKJAVÍK ART MUSEUM

The National Theatre Basement may have looked like a jazz club, but Langi made it feel like a dingy dive bar.

LANGI SELI & SKUGGARNIR NATIONAL THEATRE BASEMENT

Those that stay will abuse their necks right along with your hairy bass player.

BEDROOM COMMUNITY IÐNÓ

The Black Man Is God, the White Man Is the Devil. Described by attendee Stephen Frew as “the David Beckham of the alternative Icelandic music scene” on account of his messy blond locks and rugged good looks. Helgi Valur came off as **Chris Martin** with a sac and a sense of humour, as adept at writing pensive love

bigger Scandinavian names. The resulting mood was a mishmash, with good-natured noisemaking that ranged from folk-rock to sleek disco, and several bands taking a sound-over-songs approach. Top honours went to one group of raucous foreigners (**Datarock**) and one songful local act (**My Summer as a Salvation Soldier**). ¶ **The**

tar-bass-drums plus cello, **Pórir** delivers remarkably broken-hearted bedroom folk songs. Alternately warmly inviting and hard-to-take, they produced mixed results. Simpler songs have sounded better in acoustic guise, but near the end of his set **Pórir** wailed away while his band dropped some dark, dense, grooves. The whole

like a comedown. Tasteful, accomplished and a little snoozy, they shuffled between cushy keyboard-driven lite-funk and jammy disco. **Oye’s** pretty tunes floated on top of grooves that burnt-out and reappeared. The effect was a rave for bedroom poets. CHRISTIAN HOARD ¶ ¶ **NASA** >>> **Either Or** <<< Last night’s showcase

out swinging. The singer – barker, really, screamer sometimes – wore a tuxedo shirt, tie, and jacket, and often jumped on a folding chair, presumably to better glare at the crowd while the band bashed out post-punk with flourishes, including sinuous, vaguely middle-eastern riffs. ¶ Tough to say what exactly Skátar were going for. The five of them came onto the stage in diaphanous white jumpsuits – they wore boxers underneath – and proceeded to freak the funk in the style of the early **Red Hot Chili Peppers**. The grooves were loose to sloppy, and their stage presence confusing: They were apparently going for a party vibe, but it was unclear whether or not the audience was invited. ¶ The night’s frenzy peaked when **Reykjavík!**, who thrilled and battered in equal measures, introduced their expansive, multi-layered take on screamo. When he wasn’t sprinting around like an escaped hamster, lead singer **Bóas** staged chorus-knotting shouting matches with his guitarist and jumped into the crowd. ¶ Only with the final act did the two polar opposites meet. **Emily Haines**, singer-keyboardist for Montreal’s urbane **Metric**, either stood stock still or thrashed her bottle-blond hair around wildly; her band stitched pop, drone, and dance into songs that leaped from hushed to noisy. Finally, the night had moved beyond either/or. NICK CATUCC ¶ ¶ The first dance-craze I witnessed thus far was unleashed in NASA on the quirky and catchy tunes of art-punk quintet **Love Is All**. In a nearly packed house, it took only a couple of songs for the Swedish band to completely capture the crowd, through an explosive blend of pop melodies and shameless enthusiasm. Singer **Josephine Olausson** stood out as one of the great stage presence of the night, confronting the audience with both authority and candid naivety. FABRIZIO FRASCAROLI

Off-Venue Coverage in Sunday Issue



Klaxons

PHOTO BY BILLI

songs as he was at covering **Montell Jordan**. ¶ **Seabear** brought things back down to Earth with dreamy pop lullabies that had the standing-room only crowd swaying along sleepily. Their slightly snoozy set left the packed house wholly unprepared for the menacing bombast of **Langi Seli og Skuggarnir** that was to follow. JOEL HOARD ¶ ¶ **GAUKURINN** >>> **A Rave for Bedroom Poets** <<< Despite a lack of wiggle-room, the crowd crammed into Gaukurinn Thursday was so lit-up and enthusiastic that they might have cheered **Falco**. What they heard was established local acts and

**Foghorns** – a **Dylan**-influenced country band comprised of itinerant sex workers – delivered a fine set. They were followed by **Skakkamanage** – a folk-rock collective that sounds like **Arcade Fire** oggling **Tom Petty** in some dank bar – that delivered a sloppier-than-usual performance. It had its moments: sparkling, synth-specked songs blowing-up without warning into warm, astral group choruses. But mostly the tunes got lost in the ether. ¶ **My Summer as a Salvation Soldier** are one of several projects fronted by Thorir, the closest thing Iceland has to its own **Conor Oberst**. Backed by gui-



Leópold

PHOTO BY KRISTINN

package suggested **Crazy Horse** on primo Vicodin. (That is a compliment.) ¶ **Eberg** backed pretty, co-ed harmonies with swooshy electronica and sleeker rock; then beloved Norwegian quintet **Datarock** busted out a party-hearty set of garage-rock and punk-disco indebted to both the **Rapture** and the **Descendents**. The music was light on tunes, but their flubbery grooves and boozy shoutalongs won over the packed crowd. ¶ **The Whitest Boy Alive**, a quartet fronted by **Erland Oye** of the esteemed Norwegian folksters **Kings of Convenience**, should have been the culmination of the night, but felt

at NASA delivered a small dose of understated simplicity for the minimalists, and a gulletful of venue-busting aggro for the maximalists. **Lay Low**, **Benny Crespo’s** frontwoman **Lovísa’s** folk-pop project (their new album is *Please Don’t Hate Me*), launched the night with a set that was as light as a page of sheet music, and nearly as serene to watch. ¶ Joined by a deft three-guy band, **Lovísa** picked carefully at an acoustic guitar and sang softly in English, with the barest trace of rasp, about love, love lost – and, flowing fully into the pop-universal – wanting to hold your hand. Then **Æla** came

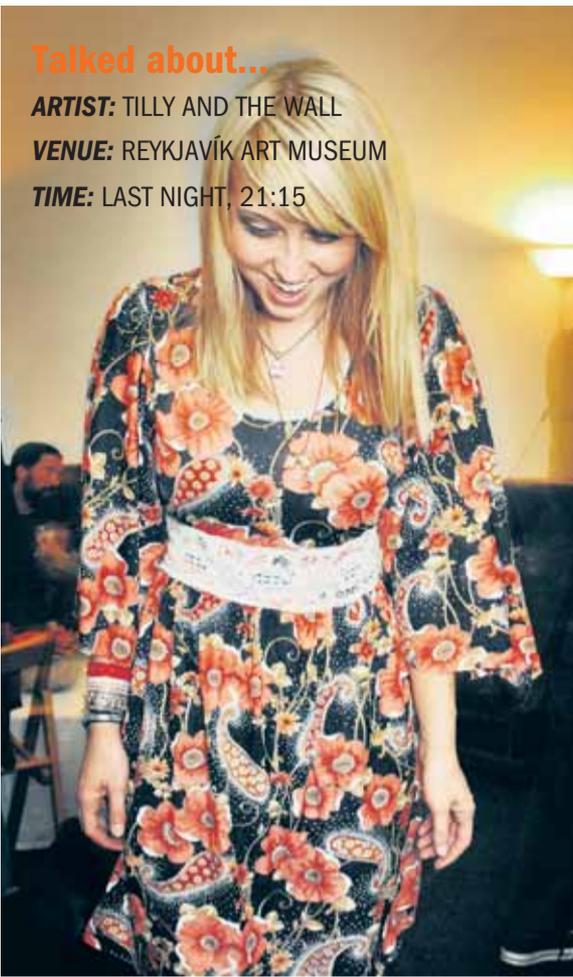


**TUBORG**  
LOUD & CLEAR



**Talked about...**

**ARTIST:** TILLY AND THE WALL  
**VENUE:** REYKJAVÍK ART MUSEUM  
**TIME:** LAST NIGHT, 21:15



Tilly and the Wall tap the rock spirit of Iceland Airwaves.

PHOTOS BY JULIA

**Will be talked about...**

**ARTIST:** MÍNUS  
**VENUE:** NASA  
**TIME:** TONIGHT, 00:00



Iceland's hardest rock band prepares for a return to their favourite festival.

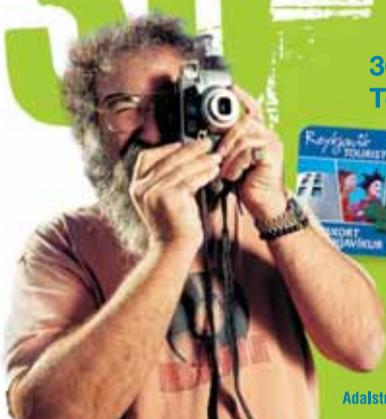
PHOTO BY GULLI



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### *The Sequences – Real Time Festival takes over Reykjavík*

By **STEINUNN JAKOBSDÓTTIR** Photo by **SABINE HAUBITZ & STEFANIE ZOCHÉ**

>>> “Here, art and culture has kind of a different notion than in other parts of the world. The freedom in creativity in general is something that makes Iceland very attractive and is in my view something very unique but very typical of its art scene,” Christian Schoen, director of the Centre for Icelandic Art tells us. Schoen and the CIA have put together a remarkable festival, Sequences – Real Time, so that the special raw and creative energy characteristic of Iceland could find a voice.

The festival, which is coming up on the conclusion of its two-week run, includes 140 local and international artists, musicians and performers who will invade over 30 venues in Reykjavík’s city centre. Established museums and galleries, shops, bars and public spaces are hosting multiple exhibitions focusing on time-based art phenomena.

“To create a festival is nothing new but a lot of art festivals have no clear focus,” Schoen explained. “I think that festivals make sense if they are really focusing on something contemporary, something up-to-date. Therefore, we stressed that in our concept we would be focusing on time-based art projects. Time-

based art is a term that is used in art theory for specific projects that deal with time and are somehow in perception time based. The subtitle ‘Real Time Festival’ stresses that you really have to be here to experience it. You can’t transport the idea of the festival through catalogues for example. You have to experience what is going on by showing up at the venue at the time the performance takes place, and even participate in it.”

During Airwaves, downtown Reykjavík will be crowded not just with rockers, but with contemporary visual artists putting up art performances, sound installations and video projections and the venues are as diverse as the exhibitions they are housing. To name a few, Gallery Turpentine will host Jón Sæmundur Auðnason’s Longplay installation and Húbert Nói’s movie of a 50-megawatt geothermal drill hole at Hellisheiði. The short film TimeKilling will be on display at the Naked Ape, the National Gallery will focus on the post-1980s paintings by the first generation influenced by pop and punk culture, while a ping pong dance installation by Egill Sæbjörnsson will take place at SAFN. The small shop Belleville at Laugavegur

55 will host a display by up-and-coming local artist, (a reputation he has held onto despite doing the artwork for the Grapevine book cover). The list goes on.

A central idea for this festival is to bring art not just to established venues, but out to the public. Performances will take place at Austurvöllur, Laugavegur and various other spaces. Musician Kira Kira’s contribution to the festival, called the Helium Choir, a 20-minute sound installation, will take place up in the tower of the Apótek building while Marta María Jónsdóttir will show her animated film on the corner of Laugavegur and Klapparstígur, for example.

“I’m personally very excited to see the artists working in public spaces,” Schoen says. “You’ll have to find the exhibitions or stumble on them, kind of like a surprise. The front wall of the Icelandic Parliament will be lit up one night,” (that event is a video projection by Andrew Burgess). The city centre will be no less exhilarating when Copenhagen/New York collective Parfyme Deluxe will get on their weird little wagon and speed around town with the aim of helping people and doing good deeds.

Ilmur María Stefánsdóttir set the tone early, with a curious project called Stupid People, performed opposite Café Hljómalind on Laugavegur, Friday the 13th. Stefánsdóttir describes the performance as “a surreal, pointless and useless performance about a lonely cat in a tree, wet window washing, eccentric painting, impossible jumping in the wrong outfit, a 70s circus in windy rain, poorly performed

with frightfully bad technique.” When asked to clarify a bit Stefánsdóttir told the Grapevine that the idea is basically to take things out of context and find them a new role. “The useless element in things is very dominating. What do I mean by useless? Well, that all has to unfold when you see the performance.”

At Skífan record store, Stefánsdóttir’s three video works, Dinner Party, Mobiler, and Playtime will be screened at the same time. “The useless element is also very clear in the video works. In Dinnerparty I’m preparing a dinner party but not in any ordinary way. I cook fish with a hairdryer and boil potatoes in a food processor and in Playtime, which I worked on in cooperation with Davíð Þór Jónsson keyboardist, I play some weird instruments, change an ironing board into a cello and use a blender as drums for example,” Stefánsdóttir added.

Asked about highlights of the Sequences Festival, Schoen points out particularly the schedule at Tjarnarbíó movie theatre, where a row of local and foreign artists and musicians will put on a rich program of video and performance nights. “It is really hard to point out certain events. Of course, you can’t be everywhere at the same instant but we try not to have too much going on at the same time. If locals are willing to participate with us, I’m pretty sure that this festival is going to be a very unique event, and hopefully an annual one.” <<<

>>> For a full program visit: [www.sequences.is](http://www.sequences.is). <<<

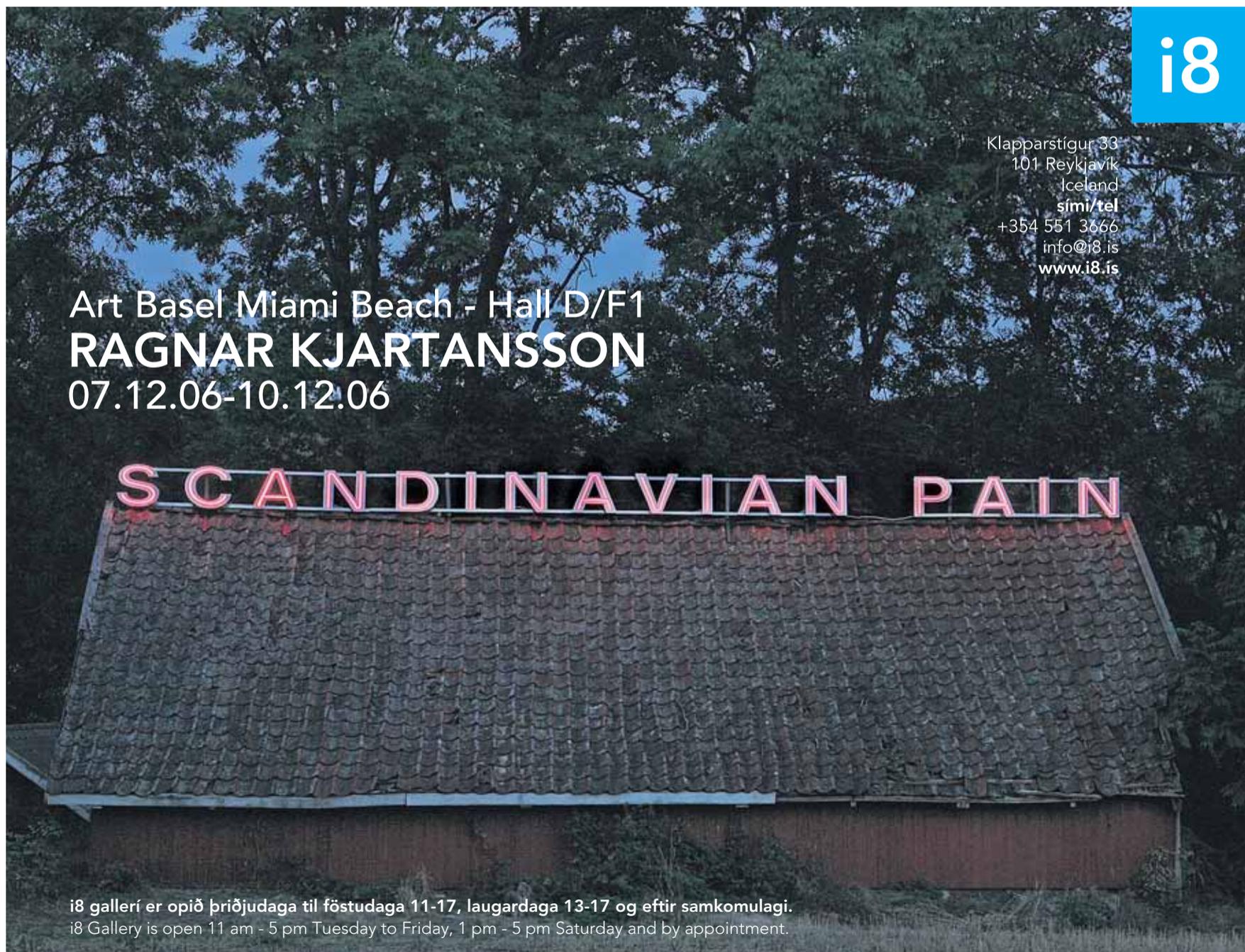
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## You Can't Say Iceland Airwaves without Saying Icelandair

*Icelandair lends wings to the Airwaves festival*

By **SVEINN BIRKIR BJÖRNSSON** Photo by **GÚNDI**

>>> "People don't fly just because there is an airplane, people fly because they have a reason to go someplace," says Gunnar Már Sigurfinnsson, senior vice president of marketing and sales for Icelandair. Ever since the inaugural Airwaves festival took place in an aircraft hangar at Reykjavík Airport in 1998, Icelandair has been the festival's main sponsor and co-creator with the production company Mr. Destiny.

Says Sigurfinnsson: "Because it is dark and cold in the winters, Iceland has never been as popular as a wintertime destination for tourists, so we have always tried to create reasons for people to travel here during that time. And Airwaves is one of the many things that we do in order to change this perception

of Iceland."

The festival's popularity has increased steadily over the years. This year, festival tickets in Europe and North America sold out weeks in advance and flight and hotel reservations are increasingly difficult to come by.

"The demand for tickets exceeds supply. We have sold all the tickets we have. There are over 1,000 people travelling here to go to the festival from all over the world. We even have ten people coming all the way from Japan to attend the festival. Next year, we need to add more flights to meet the demand," Sigurfinnsson says.

The Airwaves festival, along with the Reykjavík Loftbrú program (Reykjavík Air Bridge) is also an opportunity for the

company to support Icelandic musicians. "We want to support the Icelandic music scene, and this is one of the best possible ways to do that. The festival draws a lot of attention from the foreign music press and is great exposure for Icelandic bands," says Sigurfinnsson. "I know that some Icelandic musicians got opportunities abroad after playing at the Airwaves festival."

Sigurfinnsson says the festival gets more recognition on the international music festival calendar every year. "When we first started this program, it was difficult to get the attention we wanted. People were not interested. We were helped by the reputation built by Björk and the Sugarcubes at first, but then Sigur Rós and Gusgus started to get a lot of attention as well, and then people started to take notice. Now, we can't keep up with the demand."

According to Sigurfinnsson, Icelandair never balked at the idea of a music festival as an adventurous endeavour. "This is support for the Icelandic music scene. That is one part of it, so even if the festival had never attracted any attention, we still had that. But the goal

was to create a real festival, and if you are not willing to take risks to do that, it will never amount to anything. We always believed in the project, and I think everyone realised that the potential was here as was made evident by Icelandic musicians that had taken this path before, such as the Sugarcubes and Björk. Their reputation created room for us to take some chances."

In light of the Reykjavík Airwaves success, Icelandair and Mr. Destiny launched another festival this spring, The Rite of Spring Festival. "The festival focuses on cutting edge folk, jazz and world music. It was successful, even better than what we had hoped for, certainly better than the first Airwaves festival. We hope we can continue to expand that festival simultaneously with the Airwaves festival."

Sigurfinnsson adds: "Young people tend to have a very positive outlook towards Iceland, and a lot of that has to do with the music. Icelandic musicians have made Iceland an interesting destination for a lot of young people." <<<

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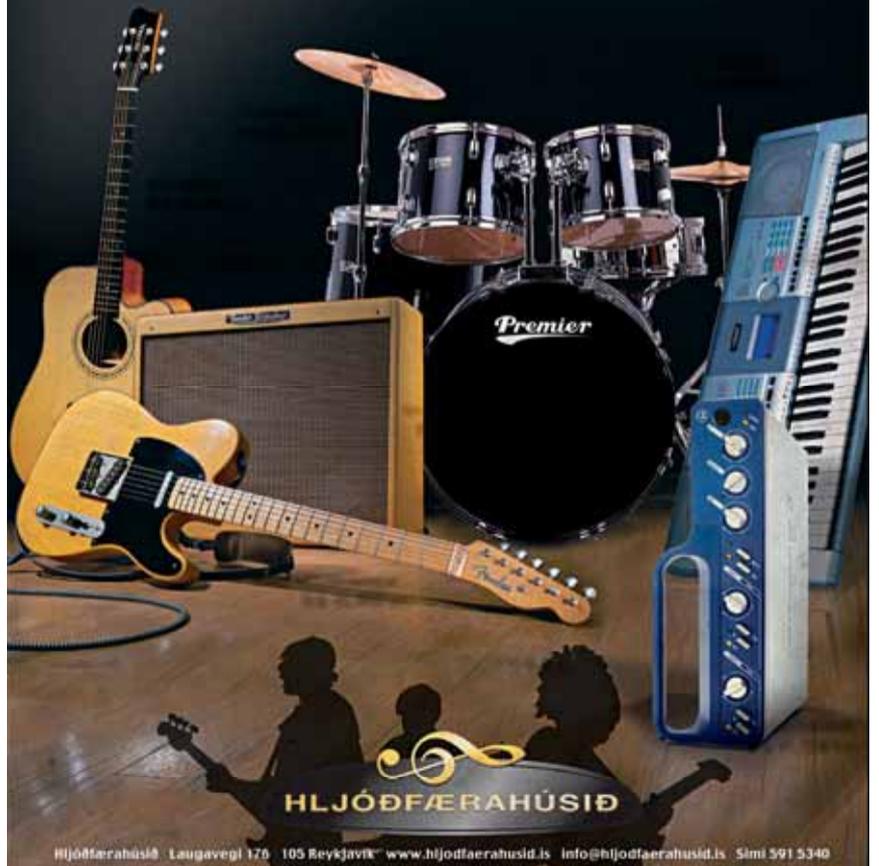
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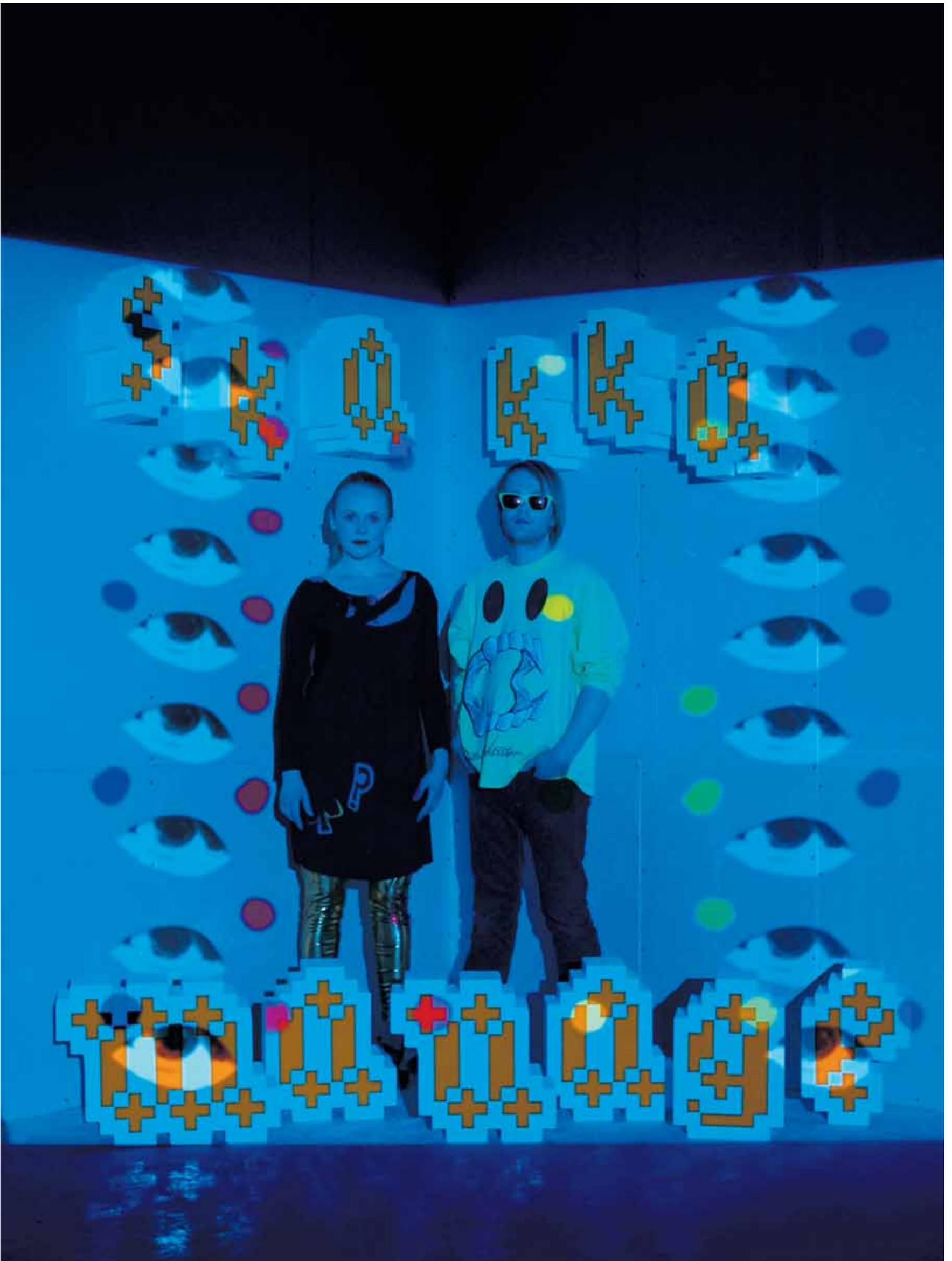
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**Photo:** Bjarni Einarsson  
**Styling:** Anna Clausen @ Emm  
**Art Direction:** Gunnar Þorvaldsson  
**Make Up:** Sóley Ástudóttir @ Emm  
**Projections:** Bec Stupac

**Assistant:** Josephine Shokrian  
**Post Production:** Óli Breiðfjörð  
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**Berglind:** Dress from Galleri Sautján, leggings by American Apparel from Naked Ape, shoes Rokk & Rosir.

**Svavar:** "Jack" T-shirt by Patrik Söderstam at Belleville, sunglasses from Naked Ape and Acne jeans from Galleri Sautján.

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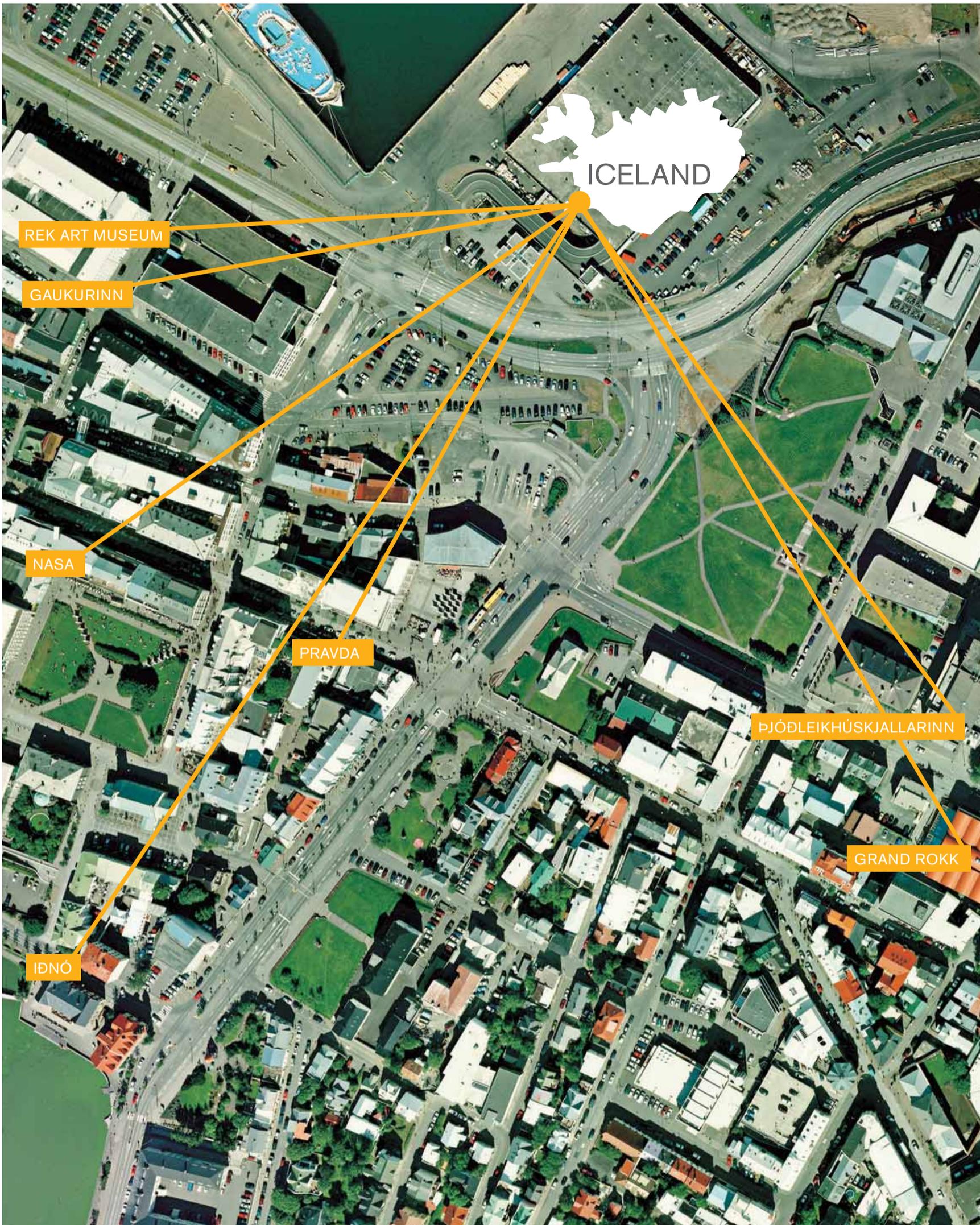
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