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# GRAPE VINE

ISSUE4 FRI25JUL-THU7AUG 2003

## GODLIKE GENIUS

— MEGAS: ICELAND'S GREATEST LIVING WORDSMITH

## DEVILISH GRIN

THE REYKJAVÍK GRAPEVINE - ISSUE4 FRI25JUL - THU7AUG 2003

FIRST WEEKEND  
OF AUGUST:  
HARDEST DRINKING  
OF THE YEAR

THE ONLY TWO WORDS  
IN ICELANDIC YOU NEED  
TO KNOW

HE WHO LAUGHS LAST:  
THE PEOPLE VERSUS OIL

BELFAST TODAY:  
DOES PEACE  
STAND A CHANCE

MAKE YOUR MARK  
ON ICELAND:  
T-SHIRT  
COMPETITION

COMPLETE CITY GUIDE | MUSIC | MOVIES | EVENTS | BOOKS | ICELAND: A USERS MANUAL

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# LETTERS

Feel like bitching about the weather or the prices, need reassurance but your friends won't talk to you, want to open your heart but even the drunks at your local bar won't listen, just can't stop raving about Grapevine or if there's anything at all we can do for you, you've always got a sympathetic ear here in the letters column (especially for the latter). Please send your mail to [grapevine@strik.is](mailto:grapevine@strik.is), or just stick it in the mailbox addressed to:

The Reykjavík Grapevine, Blómvallagata 2, 101 Reykjavík.

Dear Friend,

I, on behalf of my colleagues from different Federal Government of Nigeria owned parastatals, decided to solicit your assistance as regards transfer of US\$41,500,000.00 into your bank account.

These funds emanated from unclaimed contractual proceeds of foreign contracting firms who could not meet their financial obligations to their creditors.

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We agreed that the said amount would



be transferred into an overseas bank account to be provided by a reliable foreign associate. This is because as serving government workers the Civil Service Code does not allow us to operate a foreign Account. We require a partner that is capable of rendering assistance and cooperation in executing this matter. We therefore offer the amount of 20% of the entire sum in return for services/assistance rendered in successfully carrying out this project. We trust that you appreciate the sensitive nature of this matter and the need for

initial caution on our part.

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Yours faithfully,  
Dr.Sam Obi

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The editor

## REYKJAVIK CITY SHOT



The Austurvöllur festival finally starts after several cancellations due to bad weather.

Photo: Aldis

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FROM THE EDITORS



I was having dinner at Casa Grande when a portly Paraguayan came up and started serenading me with his guitar. Duly serenaded, he invited me for dinner. He said his name was Don Felix, he claimed to be a member of the band Dos Paragayos, and said he had played Antonio Banderas' guitar parts in Desperado. What, exactly, he was doing playing in a medium budget restaurant in Reykjavik I did not know, but I had to find out, and so I accepted. At the very least, I hoped, the man was a decent cook.

We set the time for Sunday. Meanwhile, I had a country ball to go to. The country ball is almost as much of a tradition as is the drunken camping trip, the idea being that drinking in different surroundings will be a vastly different experience from being drunk in the usual ones.

The band playing was Stuðmenn, by far the best goodtime band in the country, and has been for about 30 years. Whereas most pretenders since have contented themselves with singing soppy love songs or simple exhortations to party, the Stuðmenn songs, although often on the same themes, have always seemed a little more profound. In between the good time anthems there is always the sense of looming tragedy, the tears of the clown that makes his laughter all the more necessary. Perhaps their tragicomic masterpiece is the song Slá í gegn, which has the fist in the air chorus about making it, until it concludes that for some reason it has always been out of reach, a sentiment every aspiring artist (and who in this country isn't?) knows all too well. Another song that straddles the often narrow divide between joy and grief is Blindfullur (Dead Drunk), which again has a chorus singalong tailor-made for country balls, before warning about the inevitable end of such revelry with the repeated line "I'm going to give up drinking tomorrow."



Grapevine had one of its rare moments of euphoria on the dancefloor, an area that under any other circumstances is best left to those more agilely built. Afterwards, we joined the backstage party. Sadly, giggling groupies and mountains of cocaine are absent, and even the fridge isn't well stocked. Instead, I find myself having a conversation with singer Egill Ólafsson. He starts talking about the constant need of Icelanders to document the past, and wonders why the Sagas were written in Iceland rather than, say, Norway or Denmark, as many have done before him. His solution, however, is a novel one. He draws a

parallel with Kenya, where he once worked as an actor for a French company (for a while Egill was the Gerard Depardieu of Iceland, it seemingly written into the constitution that not a film could be made here without him having some sort of role). He said the area he was residing in was brimming over with Stasi refugees, who had come over in droves with the money they stole in office when the wall came down. They seemed to have an almost pathological need to document everything, and most of them had built some sort of museum about East Germans in Africa. He likens this to Icelanders, themselves refugees who could never return, and hence busied themselves writing the sagas.

Grapevine is not quite sure what to make of the idea that it is descended from the 9th century equivalent of corrupt East German officials, so it is perhaps for the best that the conversation now turns to music. Grapevine's memory is getting a bit hazy by this time, but it clearly remembers Egill saying that Stuðmenn were definitely (and defiantly?) low-culture, despite Grapevine's protestations. If such is the case, then they are without a doubt the kings of low-culture. Long may they reign.

Back in town, hangover receding, I went to look up the Don. I found the prescribed address, which happened to be a community house for the handicapped in Fossvogur. He answered me dressed in a jogging suit, and ushered me into the kitchen. "You look, I teach, I very good teacher," he told me. Not only that, he is also one of the most impressively hung men Grapevine has ever been in the presence of, and his jogging suit made little attempt to conceal this. Images of aluminium wrapped cucumbers started springing to mind, but Grapevine, always wanting to take people in good faith, did not pursue this line of thought.

"A Felix production," he announced proudly as he presented me with something that resembled a tiny, hard pizza, which in fact tastes better than it sounds. "I very rich," he proclaimed as I munched on it. He told me he had a house in Hveragerði and on the Canaries, and that Aristotle Onassis had once presented him with a guitar. Sadly, the guitar no longer exists. I wondered why an international man of mystery such as him had chosen to live in a state-owned condo in Reykjavik. He answered that when he had been in India in 1972, playing at a Hotel, he had met Mother Teresa and seen the error of his



The upper part of Don Felix. Lower part not pictured.

ways, realised that money does not bring happiness and swore off the pursuit of earthly riches. This, apparently, had led him on the path to Fossvogur.

His career started at age 11. Growing up on a farm on the border between Argentina and Paraguay, he was discovered by minions of Evita Peron who personally presented him with an award. He then shows me a picture of the Spanish royal family, presented to him for his humanitarian work, which is something he has continued to pursue here, playing for those in need without asking for compensation. In hushed tones he tells me "my wife is very sick," with arthritis, it transpires, for which she is having an operation in the autumn. We have a chicken dinner and then the Don sits down to play for his guests. He shifts in his chair, and his magnificent bulge comes into view. Felix the musician plays an instrumental he composed to honour Iceland, before Felix the political commentator tells me that the politicians here aren't doing anything for the country. I agree wholeheartedly before Felix the social critic points out that the problem with Iceland is that it's run by about 25 families. "Glögg er gestsaugað," goes the saying, which might translate as "sharp is the eye of Felix." He says that on the Canary Islands, they managed to increase tourists from 2 to 12 million. Felix the tourism entrepreneur says that it is important that the police smile at visitors. I doubt the advantage of living in the Gran Canaries of the North, where tourists are escorted to bars by smiling policemen, but given the choice between this and those who want to turn Iceland into the Sheffield of the even farther north through the mass industrialisation of the highlands, I might feasibly opt for the former. I counter that Björk has done a lot to put Iceland on the map. At this suggestion, the mighty Felix gets out of his chair, his bulge flowing, in all its glory, downwards into the trouser leg. "Björk not important," he says. "Felix much more important. Felix always speak well of Iceland." Grapevine, even if it were so inclined, would not dare object. I promise Felix that together we will make Iceland great. We shake hands and Grapevine goes home to sleep off its hangover, leaving Felix, he of the big heart and even bigger trouser bulge behind.

TOURIST OF THE DAY



**Name:** Stefan Ties (on the right)  
**How do you like Iceland?** It is one of my favourite countries, I've seen many and it's one of the best.  
**Where are you from?** I'm from Italy, near the Swiss border, a place called

Süd Tyrol.  
**What in the name of Thor are you doing here?** I really like to take pictures (shows off his rather impressive camera), and to discover new countries.  
**Have you been here long?** No! Just a week. I managed to travel more than 1000 km around Iceland so far, mostly along Highway no 1. Still, I am leaving tomorrow.  
**Have you tried any Icelandic delicacies?** Well, I didn't eat much out since it is so expensive, and when I did I ate mostly junk food, hamburgers and stuff, the junk food isn't exactly cheap, actually it costs as much as a decent meal at a restaurant back home, but it is cheaper than eating real food in Iceland.  
**Whaling: right or wrong?** Do not shoot

them, instead watch them. I think whale watching makes much more sense than whaling, I myself went to watch whales and very much enjoyed it.  
**Should North America be returned to its rightful owners, the Icelanders?** Yes of course, the president of Iceland is without doubt 10 times better than the current president of the US; therefore surely Iceland should take over and make the rest of the world happier.  
**Do you know who David Oddsson is?** Unfortunately, no I don't. Well I know who Vigdis Finnbogadóttir is, the ex-president of Iceland and the first.  
**Do you know who Bubbi Morthens is?** WHO?  
**Do you know who Keiko is?** Yes! The whale from Hollywood!



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## ANALYSIS

HE WHO LAUGHS LAST:  
THE OIL COMPANIES AND ICELANDIC BUSINESS

article BY

FILIPPA  
GUDMUNDSDÓTTIR

Capitalism, as Castro realises, doesn't work on small islands. For it to function, in theory, it needs competition, and in a small economy it seems inevitable that a few companies come in possession of a virtual monopoly, which is probably why everything here is so damn expensive. Attempts have been made to stop this trend with legislation, but for some reason the it doesn't seem to be working very well. Is there any hope that we will one day see free and fair trade in this country?

For the past few days news of illegal price collaboration between the three main oil companies has dominated the Icelandic media, the latest in a long line of scandals relating to things such as insider trading, bribery, embezzlement and more. Not many years ago a report was published showing Icelandic companies to be some of the most honest and trustworthy in the world. Well, while that pretty image has been ruined, the revelation was not that we got so spoiled overnight, but rather that before, nobody bothered to check if something illegal was going on.

And when I think about it, it's incredible that no one saw anything wrong with that pretty picture. In a small country where everyone knows each other and where a handful of companies rule the market, the birth of the Icelandic mafia

seemed to go unnoticed. Among the first warning signs was price collaboration among the insurance companies. This was first brought to attention when a new insurance company emerged on the market, offering car insurance for only half of what everyone else was charging. The insurance mafia was quick to respond and lowered their price to match this new rival. Ecstatic over this, people praised the competition, but since they were getting the same price at their old insurance company nobody moved over, the new company got no business and quit.

And what happened then? Well, the price went up, and got higher than ever before.

And people just accepted this, and said nothing.

Icelanders don't seem to be too bothered when they're told that the oil companies might have stolen several billion krónur from them, sure we're angry and shocked, but we all need to move on, some say, why cry over milk spilled and money lost? And even if the companies are fined, the money is going to the government and not back in our pockets.

There has been surprisingly little discussion about this, and the fact that this has been going on for years. Most people probably knew there was never any competition, there was something fishy about how all the oil companies charged exactly the same and raised or lowered their price always at the exact same time. But nobody really complained, and nothing was done.

As deafening in its silence has been listening to members of the government refuse to comment on the matter while members of the minority parties have been happy enough to give their opinion, and while most of them talk, rightly, about the incredibly low moral standards of the oil companies leaders, their political opponents seem to turn away in shame. The interesting thing here and the awkward part for the government is that the president of one of the oil companies is married to the minister of justice, the highest ranking woman in the government, and probably the least liked politicians in the country. The government seems to attract scandals, earlier this year, the prime minister



Esso and Shell, side by side in perfect harmony.

Photo: Aldis

accused the owner of one of the largest companies in the country of trying to bribe him, the accused said it was a joke because he had heard that the prime minister could be bought. After all, what kind of a politician promises one of his best friends the guarantee of the government for a loan of 20 billion to a company only worth 6 billion? The bribery matter died out in only a few days, and is long forgotten now. Much like this scandal will be in a few weeks.

I don't think that this investigation now, however good and useful, is going to change anything in the long run, some companies may be fined, somebody

might even go to jail. But the bottom line is that customers are going to get cheated as long as someone wants their money and thinks it's possible.

And I'd love to go and say to the presidents of the oil companies that they can take their gasoline and pump it up their \*\*\*\*\*. But because lack of usable public transport forces me to own a car, and since the oil companies were all in on it together, I guess the joke is on me.

## NEWS IN BRIEF

A report on the cartelizing of Icelandic oil companies has been released. Authorities raided the headquarters of the companies and made away with large amount of files. The files show that the oil companies Olís, Esso and Shell were engaged in various illegal activities in price manipulation and illegal collusion. There were also attempts at a cover-up and the management seems to have been well aware of its wrongdoing. Some MP's have gone so far as to demand police investigate the matter, but no charges have been filed.



Competition seems to have increased slightly after the raid.

City authorities claim they may press charges, but the Mayor is the former marketing director of Shell, and some have demanded his resignation.

A man in his 30's was sentenced to 5 months in prison for grabbing his spouse by the throat. 3 months were suspended, but in addition he had to pay a fine of 200.000 krónur.

The US Army man accused of stabbing a local in downtown Reykjavik has been sent back to base for custody. At first he was free to roam about the base but not leave it, but after complaints by Icelandic



authorities, he has been grounded in his room. The Ministry of Foreign Affairs has requested that the man be tried by US authorities, but the Icelandic Supreme Court has overruled this, insisting he be tried in Reykjavik.

3 of the 5 US Navy helicopters at Keflavik have been sent to West Africa in case of US intervention in Liberia. US public relations officers claim the move is temporary, whereas an MP for the Alliance Party claims it worrying that the US is acting unilaterally in what is supposed to be negotiations.



Weather has been intermittently good in the capital, bringing tremendous joy and the beginnings of a tan to residents.

Weather reporters say it is the best summer of the postwar era.

Greenland days were held at Flateyri. A kayak was stolen, but was found by the side of the road.



Iceland's most expensive foal disappeared without trace. Its brother won a world championship in Germany in 1999, and was sold for 12 million krónur. The horse was found dead in a ditch the day after, probably the victim of an accident.

A fire was reported in a residential area in Hafnafjörður. The fire department showed up, only to find a man barbecuing in his garden, with the result that a lot of smoke formed.



Police in Hafnafjörður stopped a man driving at 202 km/h in a 90 zone. He was stripped of his licence on the spot.

Lord Robertson, head of NATO, is coming

to visit his friends Davíð and Halldór on Monday. Apparently, when he heard that the US intended to move its fighters away, he called them and told them that for God's sake, this wasn't the right time, causing the US to cancel its action, at least for now. Commentators speculate whether Halldór might actually break with habit and smile when they meet.

A NASA space station is to be built near Krafla to so that scientists can research what life would be like on Mars, since conditions there are thought to be similar

500 pensioners currently await placing in homes. The chairman of the society of senior citizens says the situation is



intolerable.

The 250 kilos of dynamite that were stolen near Rauðavatn were found by a group of filmmakers. The explosives were untouched apart from one box that had been opened. The culprits have not yet been found.

A Romanian family that has been here for 6 months is to be deported from the country, and will not be granted residence in any other Schengen country. The family belongs to a Hungarian minority group, and claim to be persecuted because of events in the 1989 revolution. The EU has ruled that Romanian authorities do not persecute minorities, and hence they have been denied residence. A lawyer for the cultural house calls the decision inhumane.

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## UNHEALTHY LIVING

## COFFEE

article BY

H.  
GUNN

The powers of a man's mind are directly proportioned to the quantity of coffee he drinks.

-Sir James Mackintosh

It is well known that Icelanders get drunk every weekend, but how do they get through the five remaining days? Grapevine investigates.

Like so many of my fellow countrymen I hold coffee dear, it is the source of my powers and without it I'm useless. For the last few years coffee has been the constant that the rest of my world revolves around. A cup of coffee in a quiet place is my haven in a world of restlessness. Idling, as is my want, in a downtown coffee shop, it suddenly occurred to me that I had little knowledge of this magic liquid. A state of affairs I determined to put right without delay. Coffee has its origins in Ethiopia and in fact it has probably been used by Ethiopians for as long as they've been around. The Ethiopians ate coffee beans with butter as an energy shot for long journeys, and spiced coffee beans are still sold as candy in many African countries. The most widely accepted

legend of how coffee was discovered is that a shepherd named Kaldi noticed that his goats behaved in a strange and lively manner after eating the cherries of a coffee tree, so he tried it himself and also felt alert and full of energy. Today, coffee is the world's most popular stimulant with more than 400 million cups consumed per day in the USA alone and 400 billions cups downed worldwide every day. Scandinavians consume most coffee per capita, more than 12kg annually (for once, Icelanders are not at the top per capita, and only in 17<sup>th</sup> place among Europeans, with the Finns in the lead). Coffee represents the world's second most important trading commodity (after oil) and 25 million people are employed in the industry. It is one of a few addictives that are legal in Iceland, along with cigarettes, alcohol and various prescription drugs ranging from painkillers to pure amphetamine. Much like alcohol, the best way to enjoy coffee is in extreme quantities. In fact I feel that moderation is hugely overrated. The desired effects of a magnificent consumption of coffee are: Periods of inexhaustibility, a rambling flow of thought and speech, general excitement, the impossibility of staying



One wonders whether this caffeine addict is experiencing a twisted clarity of mind.

still, a twisted clarity of mind and evenlight hallucinations. Most of those symptoms are actually the early signs of "Caffeine-induced organic mental disorder 305.90: Caffeine intoxication" (as described in the Desk reference to the diagnostic criteria from DSM-3-R, American Psychiatric Association, 1987). I like to obtain some of these symptoms and then go for a walk or just ramble on about nothing much at all to my friends while I have another cup. It's a good feeling that allows you to slip out of reality for a brief period and pass a few pleasant hours, usually at lesser financial cost than to going to the movies. This state can be achieved through various approaches but for now I will just concentrate on two personal favourites:

**Twin Peaks:**

The most effortless way to achieve caffeine greatness is to drink with a reasonably intelligent or interesting friend and just drink and talk until he/she or you give up. Music is recommended but not necessary, whereas the choice of partner is the essence of the exercise. Choose one who is willing to argue and discuss all matters great and small, and preferably has the same caffeine tolerance level as yourself. This is a fairly simple and easy technique and one which I experimented with for three years with good results,

**Lone Ranger:**

Solo drinking is currently my preferred method but this technique depends upon the individual's ability to be alone for substantial periods of time and the ability to remain silent for more than 10 minutes, a trait rarely found among caffeine addicts. But for those who think they can handle it, preparation is necessary. Before you begin it's important to eat something, for we must not let hunger interfere with our higher state of caffeine fuelled consciousness. You'll also need reading material and music. Start with something simple to read, like Grapevine, and then work your way up to more serious publications or books, but remember to always keep



A great deal of coffee.

Photos: Aldis

one hand on the coffee cup. For the solo drinker, music is mandatory. A wide variety of music is recommended, as are wild musical changes such as switching from Kraftwerks "Tour de France" to Talking Heads "Once in a Lifetime" and back to Vangelis' "End Titles" (Blade Runner) and then suddenly to Bob Dylan's "Visions of Johanna". Such eclectic choice of music will increase the chance of a successful session. For those too far gone to constantly change the disc, I recommend Blood On The Tracks by Dylan on repeat. Be careful, though, of opting for the radio, for a lot of pop music these days might do more harm than good. Music is the fuel of the mind and your mind will not run smoothly on the crude oil such performances produce. Television won't work either, although TV and coffee mixes fairly well if you are consuming coffee for recreational or sporting purposes. To become intoxicated by coffee, however, is a full time job and in my experience television will distract you from your ultimate goal. Serious drinking means serious commitment. Those are my two most basic techniques but essentially their goal is the same, to drink as much coffee as you can and thus, consume the greatest amount of caffeine possible. So go ahead and give it a try. Before

embarking on your pursuit, though (and to forestall possible litigation) a few words of warning: there is such a thing as a lethal dose of caffeine. The LD-50 of caffeine (the lethal dosage that would kill around 50% of the population) is estimated at 10 grams for oral administration. However, as is usually the case, lethal dosage varies from individual to individual according to weight. For people weighing 50 kilos, 7,5 grams is a lethal dose. For people in my weight group at around 90 kilos it takes 14 grams and so on. According to my calculations that equals about 65 cups for a person weighing 50 kilos and about 121 for people weighing 90 kilos, so try to stay within those limits. Voltaire the French author and philosopher reportedly drank 50 cups of coffee a day. I do not know what he weighed but apparently he was a very interesting person to talk to after taking his daily dosage.

So where does my rambling ode to the joys of coffee leave us? Is coffee and caffeine the key to the gates of paradise and endless happiness? Or is it merely a simple pleasure for simple minds? I do not know and do not care as long as they have it wherever it is I go when I die.

## THE SWEET STUFF WHATEVER PUTS THE JAM IN YOUR DOUGHNUT

Iceland's relationship with sweets has long been a strange one. For the most part it seems we tend to think of blatantly commercial, 100% American brands of sweets and cereals as somehow distinctively Icelandic. General Mills' Coco Puffs (or Kókó Pöffs, as it's affectionately known) is so ingrained in our culture that a whole generation of people, now in their late twenties, grew up on it. The bugle shaped snack



"Buggles," pronounced böggles (like Muggles from the Harry Potter books) is, despite appearances to the contrary, treated as if it were an old Icelandic delicacy from the fifth century, and then there's Prince Polo, the Polish wafer biscuit which has inexplicably melted its way into the affections of Icelanders and I would need the whole article to truly do its impact upon Icelandic culture justice. The sale of M&Ms and Skittles was banned in Iceland from the mid 70's until the mid 90's, due to the 1976 controversy that arose about the

type of food colouring used in the red pieces. This meant that the only means we had of obtaining that much coveted confectionary was to buy it duty-free. Anyone coming from abroad was therefore obliged to bring back a bag and would rise to high status within his family for as long as the candy lasted. Even though M&Ms are now widely available it still holds a special place in our collective sweet tooth and people rarely fail to bring a bag through customs.

We have the same quirks when it comes to soda, particularly Jolly Cola and Spur. An unremarkable soda really, Jolly Cola is a Danish brand and still widely available there and in the Faeroe Islands, where it's their biggest seller. Spur, however, is much rarer and only spoken of in hushed tones - legend has it that it can still be purchased in remote towns in the south of Portugal, under heavy guard by the ferocious natives, indeed some of those who have gone looking for it have never been seen again.

Ever since the US Army first came here, showering children with Juicy Fruit chewing gum and the like, we have milked a part of our national identity from foreign brands of sweeties. Why is this? Quite possibly, it has to do with the limited variety available to us through the years. When there are only so many types of crisps and cereal to choose from, people are likely to get attached to the few brands they can get. Or possibly, being a nation that still eats

pickled ram's testicles and sheep heads, we just don't have a clue when it comes to edibles.

Iceland's brightest moment was, no doubt, when we discovered the combination of chocolate and liquorice. On their own they are fine, but together, the experience is truly mindblowing. "Draumur" and "Kúlu-súkk" are excellent examples of this beautiful tradition. I am convinced that this is what Iceland will go down in history for.

The liquorice fetish can also be found in Scandinavia, but is absent in most other parts of the world. To think that these poor people might never know the joy of drinking coke from a bottle with a liquorice straw! This obsession of ours with liquorice might explain why Icelandic has an abundance of metaphors for bowel movements.

No discussion about liquorice would be complete without mentioning Blue Ópal. These small liquorice pills actually contain a small dose of chloroform. This is the reason for the pleasant smell and the slight burning sensation in your mouth when you eat a bunch at a time. It is reputedly illegal in Holland (of all places), but is held in high regard at an underground cinema in Amsterdam, the owner regularly making trips to Iceland for the sole purpose of buying blue Ópal. What he probably doesn't know is that the dose is insufficient for any anaesthetic effect.

For more information about liquorice you can have a look at <http://www.licorice.org/>. Or go to

my hometown of Hafnarfjörður where they have the Apollo liquorice factory. There, you can buy a huge bag of irregulars for loose change. Which should put the b into your bowel movements.

In closing I would like to point out the yummy website [www.nammi.is](http://www.nammi.is). There, foreigners and Icelanders overseas can order all sorts of Icelandic delicacies like: Blue Ópal, Malt&Appelsín, dried fish, Bleikt & Blátt (the only Icelandic semi-porn magazine), hotdog mustard, miniature Icelandic flags (sigh) and of course good old Icelandic Coca Cola.

### SPECIAL ICELANDIC SODA RECIPES FOR SPECIAL OCCASIONS: Ammæliskók (Birthdaysoda)

There are at least two known kinds of Birthday soda. One is made by taking every soda brand in the party and mixing them all together into a nectar of mysterious pleasures. The other is the accidental Birthday soda where crumbs from the birthday cake are slobbered back into the bottle creating sludge at the bottom of it. It may or may not interest you to know that it is from this



Surgeons eventually discovered its chloroform content was insufficient for anesthetic effect.

sludge that the Icelandic band Botnleðja (also known as Silt) takes its name.

**Malt & Appelsín**

No Christmas or religious holiday in Iceland is complete without this beverage. It is comprised of non-alcoholic malt extract and orange soda and is brown in colour. Mixing Malt & Appelsín, also known as Christmas ale, has been an established custom for more than 40 years and shows no sign of letting up.

Ragnar Egilsson

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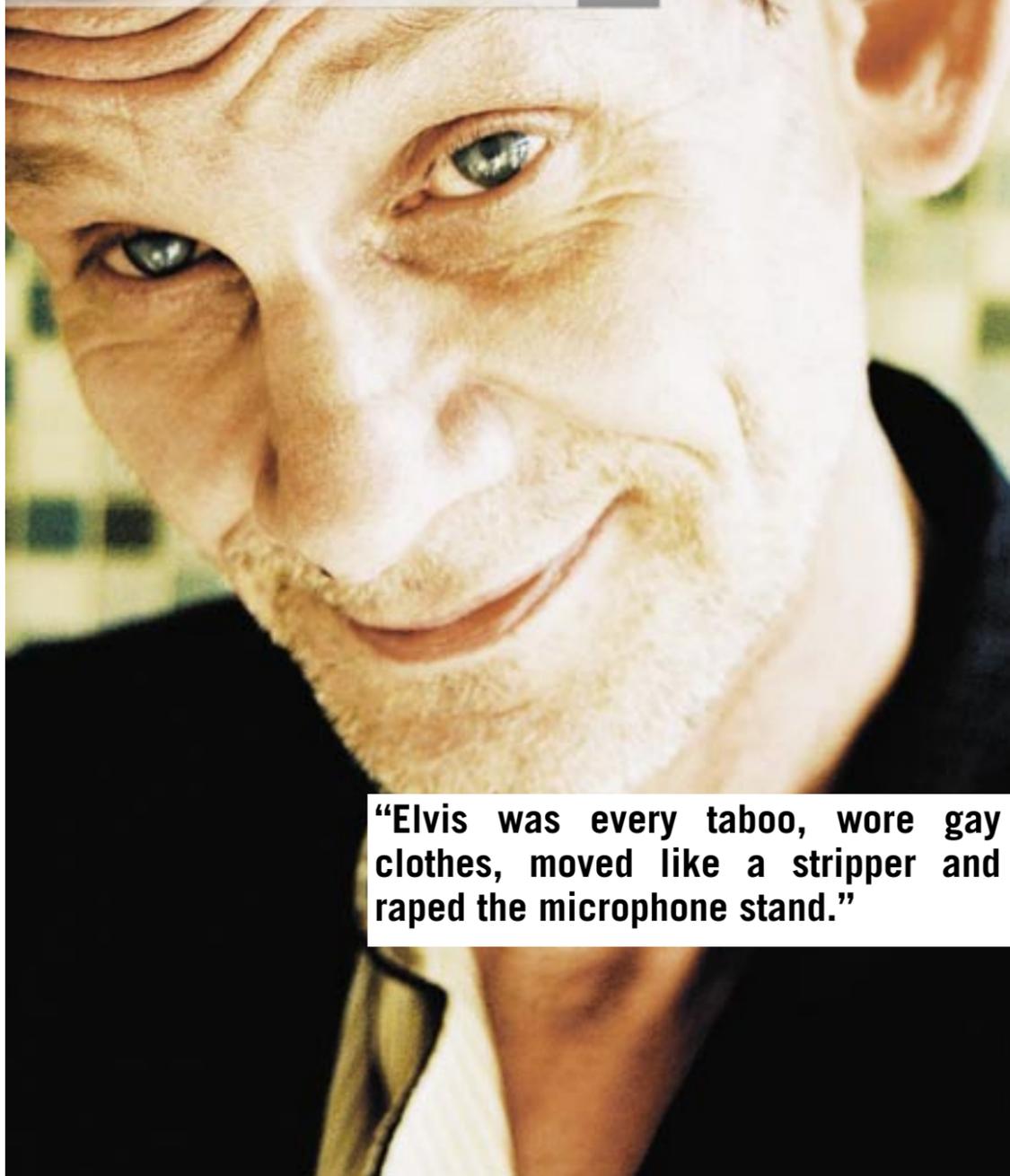
## FEATURE ARTICLE

GODLIKE GENIUS  
DEVILISH GRIN

article BY

VALUR  
GUNNARSSON

There are so many questions. Why am I here, is there a God, why is there so much suffering, what can I do to make the world a better place, why do bad people always seem to have more sex than good people? To find the answer to these questions and many others, including which is the more profound comic character, Batman or Spider-Man, and what happened to the stolen treasures in Iraq, we called Megas, songwriter and sage.



**“Elvis was every taboo, wore gay clothes, moved like a stripper and raped the microphone stand.”**

Grapevine does not know what to expect as the phone is picked up. Will Master answer in verse or prose, quoting pearls of oriental wisdom, the Sagas or the Bible, or will he answer cryptically, leaving Grapevine to discover the meaning itself?

“Yes?” says the voice. “Megas?” asks Grapevine somewhat stupidly, as the voice is very distinctive and well known from hundreds of songs. “Yes?” the voice repeats. “I’m calling from Reykjavík Grapevine,” I manage to blurt out, before becoming silent with awe at the moment. Here I am, holding an old Nokia cellphone, and at the other end of the line is Master Megas himself.

Megas is almost as old as the Republic, born in 1945, and the country has grown up with him. His 1990 semi-autobiography, *Sól í Norðurmýri*, is a wonderful prose poem about growing up in Reykjavík in the post war years. Through Megas’ works you can witness the transformation of Reykjavík from the small town of his childhood to the gritty urban area portrayed on his 1987 masterpiece, *Loftmynd* (Airview), released in honour of Reykjavík’s 201st anniversary. The album (which features Björk on very apparent backing vocals),

is full of tales of innocence lured to the big city, as generation after generation of Icelanders moved to Reykjavík, leaving entire towns abandoned. Once there, however, instead of the realisation of their dreams, they find drunkenness, murder, prostitution and heartbreak. But the album is also an extended love letter to his city (it’s his, we might as well admit it), filled with adventures among the abandoned bunkers in Öskjuhlíðin and the fair in Vatnsmýri (defunct since 1963).

His first album, released in 1972, is an iconoclastic tour de force of Icelandic history. Among the cast is first settler Ingólfur Arnarson, lamented for his unfortunate discovery of the island, last Catholic bishop and national hero Jón Arason, who loved young girls as much as God and the pope, and national poet Jónas Hallgrímsson, the syphilitic drunk whom it is not safe to let into your house.

Megas made a string of brilliant albums in the 70’s and did a lot of drugs before retiring after having released a final album, *Drög að sjálfsmorði* (First Steps to Suicide), recorded live in 1978. He disappeared from public view, stopped doing drugs, became a

dockworker and finally went to art school from where he got a degree. He was finally cajoled into making a comeback in 1986, with the brilliant album *Í góðri trú* (In Good Faith), and has been recording and performing frequently ever since, also writing a novel, a play and even translating the stage version of Irvine Welsh’s *Trainspotting*.

He has spent time in Thailand, and made his first trip to the United States in 1990, playing “Got a Lot of Living to Do” along with the Sugarcubes and Mexican Elvis impersonator El Ves at an animal rights benefit in New York.

**Profundity or a pint?**

Megas agrees to meet me on one condition. “I am broke”, he says, “so you buy the beer.” Grapevine is not in the habit of buying girls drinks, even though it knows that this sometimes entails the tiniest possibility of leading to sex, but this time, it seems like a sound investment. Still, it is ironic that the greatest artist in the country cannot afford a drink. A Soviet propaganda poster shows on one side a wretched troubadour playing on the streets, and on the other a well dressed violinist

playing in a concert hall. The poster is supposed to reflect the difference between how capitalist and communist societies treat their artists. These days, the strip clubs of Russia are filled with trained ballet dancers unable to find employment elsewhere after the state stopped sponsoring them, whereas in the West, teenagers are auditioned, placed into pop groups, taught a few dance moves, stripped of most of their clothes, videoed and made rich beyond their wildest dreams before being abandoned to their drug addictions once the money stops rolling in.

In Iceland, as in most civilised countries, we are outraged by our greatest artists on occasion, but mostly we just ignore them until they die, after which we worship them like Gods. Megas’ works have rarely stormed up the charts, and he has sometimes had difficulty releasing his albums due to lack of financial backing, but lately he seems to have been vindicated to some extent, as in 2000 he was voted by the nation to be the second greatest wordsmith in its history, second only to Halldór Laxness and beating Snorri Sturluson. His entire catalogue was rereleased in 2002, remastered and with bonus tracks, the most ambitious rerelease series undertaken in this country so far.

**Mussolini, Ciccolina and the Gay Birds**

Meanwhile, our artists can always find expression on the second floor of Grand Rokk. The room, seating some 200 persons after the tables are taken out, is cramped and very, very smoky. Opening act Súkkat is a duet comprised of two cooks, as renowned for their subdued stage appearance as for their witty lyrics. The crowd is noisy, drunk and impatient, but Súkkat show their mettle and, defying convention as well as logic, before the set is over the crowd is singing along. They then announce the next band, Geirfuglarnir (a penguin like bird hunted into extinction on these shores in the mid-1800’s, yes, we did it to them and we’ll do it to the whales), as the Gay Birds. The Gay Birds back them up on the last two songs, and by now the crowd is wholly on their side.

Súkkat leave the stage and the Gay Birds do a few numbers of their own, including one song in Italian, a language of which they seemingly know where little, but they manage to name check Mussolini, Ciccolina and various culinary delights, before somewhat ingeniously rhyming Don Corleone with Silvio Berlusconi.

But no one has forgotten what we are here for, and finally comes the anticipated moment when the Master takes the stage (sadly, at this time Grapevine is in the bathroom, so the following description is entirely fictional). The lights go out, and the room becomes deadly quiet. A low chanting of childlike voices is heard, ever escalating, then suddenly stopping. A terrible thunder is heard as the heavens part, angels and demons flutter about, each playing a different instrument, laughing and shrieking and dancing about on tables and above peoples heads. Then a flash of light blinds everyone, and as we slowly regain our senses an aging man with protruding ears and a guitar slung about him has appears on stage. He begins to sing. It is as senseless to try to explain in words the joy of listening to music as it is to describe the taste of wine (“oak and earthy nose, barnyard dusty palate, good length,” anyone?), so I won’t.

**Campness from Elvis to Batman**

The minutes seem to pass satanically slowly as I stand waiting outside Hotel Borg, feeling that combination of dread and anticipation usually associated with first dates. Finally Master arrives, apologizes for his lateness and courteously motions me inside. He explains he had something he had to finish, and Grapevine hopes its intrusion hasn’t smothered some masterpiece in infancy.

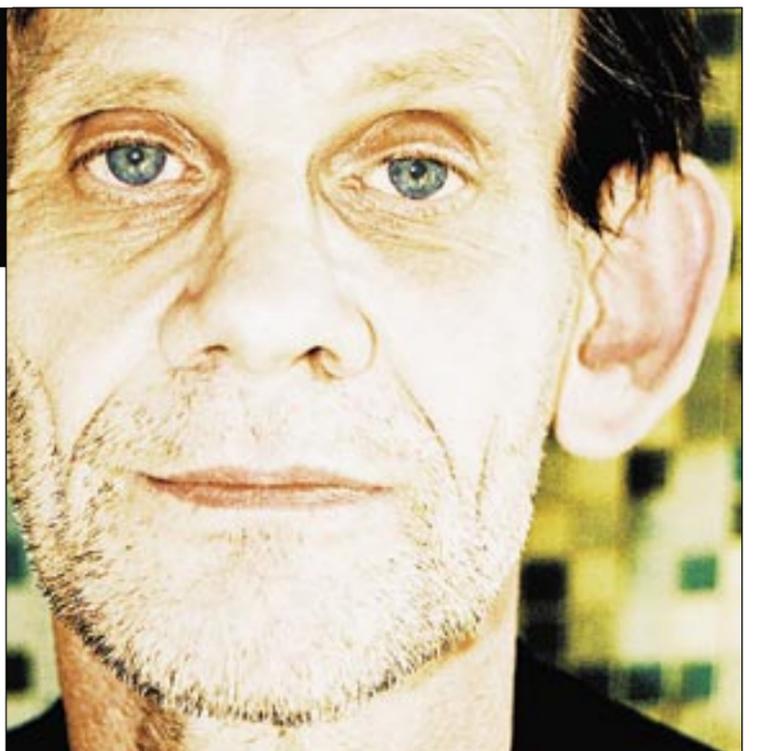
Finally, the moment has come. Able to ask anything I want, I am bereft of inspiration. “Why do you write songs?” I find myself saying.

“Presley was one of my two saviours, but unlike him I didn’t have access to material, so I had to write it myself.”

“And the other one was?”

“Laxness. I listened to him read Gerpla on the radio as a child, and I was glued to the set with the book in front of

Photos: Aldís



**“Spider-Man always annoyed me. It’s that damn aunt of his. You just want to punch her face in.”**



me, feeling a sense of thrill whenever he made any changes to the text. At the very same time, Elvis was just beginning. He was an anarchist in behaviour, he was every taboo rolled into one. He had a homosexual haircut, he dressed like a homosexual, he moved like a stripper and every song resembled rape in the way he used the microphone stand as a partner. There aren't any colour pictures of him, the ones that we have are in black and white, or counterfeited colours. We don't get to see him as he was, dressed in a red jacket and green trousers. If we had, styles would have changed a lot earlier. He sang white trash in a negroid manner, but it worked both ways, the white man began to sing black and the black man began to sing white. This is the reason why ideals about equality managed to brake through and why events did not turn out that much worse when schools were integrated. When white people played black songs, the teeth were pulled out of the music. But Elvis still had bite, and brought unadulterated black music to the masses, and hence recognition of blacks. So when schools were integrated, it was because of Elvis."

Master has spoken, and his incisive intelligence has begun to illuminate things. "One of your other loves is comic books," says Grapevine, attempting to drag the conversation down to its level. "How do you like Spider-Man?"

"Spider-Man always annoyed me. It's that damn aunt of his. She is portrayed in such a manner, probably reflecting tension within the writer, that it irritates the reader so you want to punch her face in. She is a very good portrait of someone who pretends to need help, but is a master of instilling guilt if everyone doesn't sit and stand as she wants. This type exists. But Batman is a much better venue for philosophical thought, and ever changing, yet still using all the elements of the Batman myth created by Bob Kane, just as the theatre of the middle ages tended to use the same characters over and over.

Grapevine does not know much about medieval theatre, but Batman is something it understands. "Have you read the Dark Knight series?"

"It was a return to the roots, cutting out the campy humour that had characterised him for so long. Batman had become very gay, but once he had become more evil, lurking in the night, he seemed less so. Everyone is insane, both he and the criminals, although he is on the opposing side, two sides of the same coin. He is always playing a form of Russian roulette. It's not self contempt so much as a general contempt for mankind. Comics often escape the censor, because they are considered too irrelevant. So they often get away with biting social criticism. In Hollywood, the studios tend to censor themselves, but ways are found to get through. In the Eisenhower era, gays could have a laugh because authorities were that deaf and dumb. Some Like It Hot is extremely gay, and a film worshipped by gays, but no one else seemed to realise its implications."

#### The similarity between Caligula and Icelanders

From Jack Lemmon in drag the conversation turns to social criticism.

"Poverty is increasing. People are fooled with the carrot 'good times are coming,' so they invest heavily and unsoundly. Everyone becomes heavily in debt, and have no choice but to continue being where they are, doing the jobs they do. It was the same in the old farming society when people were literally banned from moving about.

Nero and Caligula were both men who were reasonably sane before they came to power, but then suddenly become raving mad. A bit like Icelanders. In most countries, it takes absolute power to corrupt absolutely, but here a little power is enough. People like Jónas frá Hriflu (mid-20th century Progressive Party politician, parodied in a Megas take on Dylan's John Wesley Harding) espoused Nazi-ish art, even after the war, and he was also responsible for putting the girls who had associated with American soldiers into concentration camps. Of course, it was men who ran the corrupt government, and women tended to be victims. One of the reasons Icelandic men took second place to the soldiers was Icelanders complete lack of courtesy. Gentlemanly

behaviour must have been known here at some point, but had been forgotten and replaced by rudeness. It's amazing that they actually wrote pre-designed reports. These claim that it wasn't corruption, only a few tarts selling themselves, or worse, doing it for free. But these men would sell their own grandmother, and not even hand her over once they had gotten the money, and then sell her over again."

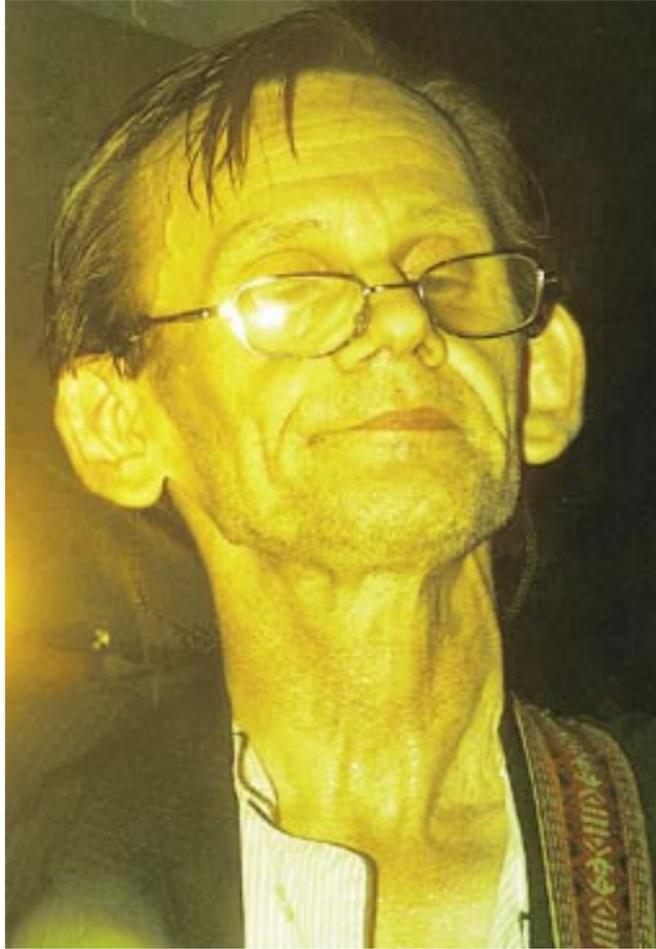
suspected.

"And so it will be until our old stepmother Earth, who has killed almost all life on earth several times, gets tired of being raped and brings an end to this experiment too."

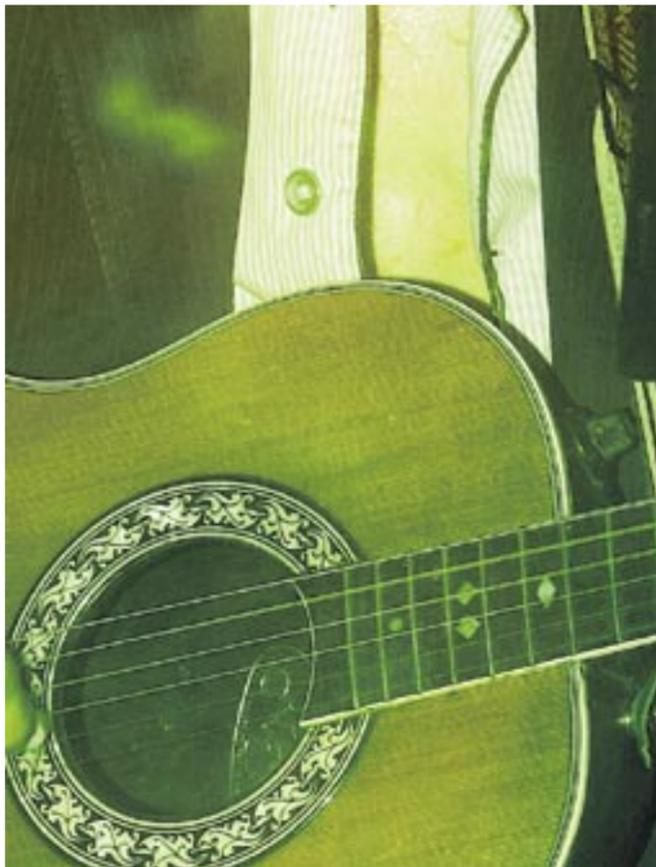
"But is there anyone directing the experiment?"

"It is up to ourselves what we do, but there is no thought, no bald Matrix scientist behind it all."

So, there is no God. It all boils



**Building the Twin Towers is a far greater insult than Tower of Babel was. And God is still active.**



#### Prozac or sex?

Grapevine has learnt a lot that afternoon, but still is no closer to discovering the road to eternal happiness. So far, it can imagine but two possibilities. Loads and loads of sex, or, failing this, a lot of Prozac.

"Oh Master, lies the road to eternal bliss in taking enough prescription drugs so that you are rid of this endless craving for sex?"

"Prozac and sex are mutually exclusive. If you're getting rid of your sexual urges, you're going contrary to the point of it all. You have peace, but you have no purpose anymore. In the end, reproduction is our goal here on earth. There isn't any other." It is as if

down to sex, then, if reproduction is the only way we can reach immortality. How should this be conducted? Should we get married or should we sleep around? Some claim that marriage kills creativity.

"This was always obvious," says Master. Relationships can bring you some beautiful moments, but those games should always be ended when they reach their climax."

"Is this why you've never gotten married?"

"No, that's just because I'm impossible to have about the house. The creative person is dedicated to his work and doesn't care about anything else. He cannot sit still on a couch with a beer in his hand and watch TV. He's just

not interested in that, so he's not made for relationships. And sensitive men can just forget about it. Women have shown time and again that they're not interested in that sort of thing. You can be that for yourself, it relieves a lot of stress, but out amongst people you must put up a front. If you can't be cool you get beaten up. But if you have a menacing look in your eye, you can avoid conflict."

#### Why revolutions are hopeless

Icelanders, it is true, are very much in the habit of beating each other up, especially when drunk, and the Sagas speak of people who were killed just because they could be. But yet attempts have never been made at revolution, despite this seeming propensity for violence,

Master speaks: "There have been two uprisings in Icelandic history. One was when the label of the Brennivin bottles was changed, and people protested and refused to buy it."

"And the other one?"

"It was when the nation sat at home on the 1000 year celebration of Christianity in 2000. Not very active rebellions, perhaps, but nonetheless..."

"It is very much like Icelanders to protest against the small things and ignore the big."

"Exactly. No one expected any trouble on the 30th of March (the riots that broke out in 1949 when the Icelandic government joined NATO), but yet, just in case, they trained a group of men, the white guard as they were called, and the people found to do the job were Icelanders who had been in the SS and were transported home from Norway at the end of the war. How do they respond then, if they are really threatened?"

"Well, these days people are becoming more radicalised than they have been for a long time," Grapevine opinions hopefully. But Master has seen it all before.

"But then the same thing will happen over again. CIA diverted money to them, to know where they had them. They then became dependent on CIA financing, which could be stopped at any time. Protesting is a very expensive business."

We are now reaching the heart of the matter. "What is to be done to make the world a better place? What can we do?"

"There is nothing we can do. There is no us and them. They are us and we are them. People protest against the industrialisation of the highlands, but they won't mind once it's taken place. Perhaps we can put up some cardboard cutouts of nature in the summer for the tourists."

And so it is. In the end, successful revolution is out of the question, because it is our own greed and, frankly, stupidity that we are up against.

#### How George Bush stole history

Master continues: "The existence of Bin Laden is open to doubt, a CIA spy that pops up when needed, if not in Afghanistan, then in Indonesia, and doesn't seem to exist otherwise. If you don't have the enemy you need you must create him. The Nazis said that if they hadn't had the Jews, they would have had to invent them. Saddam Hussein, however, existed and is probably still alive and protected to some extent by the population.

"The Robin Hood, or John Wesley Harding of Iraq?"

"No, he's done too much wrong. But the people probably prefer a local dictator over foreign occupation. For instance, the day after US troops entered Baghdad, artefacts from the National Museum popped up on sale in New York and Rome."

"Stolen by the US?"

"This has been claimed. Who else would be able to put them on sale right away? The Iraqis wouldn't, even though they might have wanted to. It is an old tradition to plunder a conquered country. This is the cradle of civilisation. It is interesting that Bush was so interested in destroying the birthplace of civilisation, and thus changing the history of ideas, when he's chopped it into pieces and shipped it out."

"But aren't there religious reasons as well, in bombing Babylon?"

"God has already taken care of Babylon. And he's active elsewhere, too. Building the two Twin Towers in honour of money is a far graver insult than the Tower of Babel. Two planes

arrive, and God spits on the ground. The US government, of course, knew what was about to go down, in much the same way as the Nazis knew about the burning of the Reichstag, but did nothing to prevent it. Once they could point their finger at the enemy, they could go about abolishing human rights and getting rid of their enemies. To reach to power you need to be a bastard, and what is good if this is the government?"

#### The Heart of the Matter



"So what can we do? There's no one worth voting for and all revolutions seem to accomplish the opposite of what they set out to?"

"The good guys are always by nature weaker than the bad. The victory of good is never more than symbolic, and then only in retrospect. When the Nazis were beaten in World War Two, they were beaten with Nazi tactics, so fascism won, and so completely that almost the entire staff was flown to Washington to continue their work. Then came the Korean War, which was a good dress rehearsal, as was Vietnam, which was carpet bombed into oblivion. To save it they had to destroy it. Everything is



so insane that there's not anything to be said anymore."

"So the only thing the sensible person can do is to resign himself from everything, and try to ignore it?"

"Well, you can try to express your opinions as clearly as possible, and give those who are still struggling ideological weapons. But everything is just so insane. Bush comes to power through forgery and fake vote counting. Under any other circumstances, other power elites would have protested over the dubiousness of the election. He had done what a politician is not allowed to do, drugs, but he became born again, so that's alright. Christian fundamentalism



is also a good excuse to hate 95% of humanity, although he's probably not Christian at all."

"But isn't sarcasm powerless to fight this? There have never been as many satirists let loose as during the Weimar Republic, but they failed to laugh Hitler of the stage, who was the one man who seemed deadly earnest. What can we do?"

"You can make fun all you want, and some people will laugh, but then evil clenches its fist and punches your teeth out."

So there you have it. Everything is hopeless. Grapevine leaves genius to do its brooding, somewhat wiser but necessarily happier.

# COLUMNS

## “HEYRÐU!” - “HA?” FUNDAMENTALS OF THE ICELANDIC LANGUAGE

Just the other day I listened to two Radio X presenters (einasta radióið sem rokkar, in case you have forgotten) as they spent considerable time pondering over the variety of ways people greet each other in different languages. They seemed to enjoy particularly the French ‘Ca va?’ - ‘Ca va.’, with its mere exchange of punctuation marks, and the impossibility of battling the ultimate full stop of ‘I am fine thank you how are you.’, a sentence which might pretend to be a question, although neither the person asking nor the person asked is likely to give a damn.

I remember quite distinctly my first encounter with the Icelandic ‘how are you’. I was an autodidact who had started learning the language because I liked the funny Icelandic characters my computer had such a hard time coping with, no matter what encoding I used. At that point I had never in my life been to Iceland or even near it, so the first time a genuine Icelander asked me ‘Hvað segir þú?’ [How are you, translated literally: What do you say],

nature off. Nowhere in the books, however, will you find the few words that are the true foundation stones of spoken Icelandic.

The very first thing you have to do if you want to conquer the language is to take some breathing exercises. In Icelandic, it is not enough to say ‘yes’: you have to take a deep breath at the same time. The result is a ‘yaah’ which to an unsuspecting ear sounds like a futile attempt to gasp for air, as if you were choking on cocoa powder, drowning, or had just gotten the shock of your life, catching your macho boyfriend wearing your bra.

Having mastered the physical aspect of Icelandic, you may proceed to vocabulary building. By far the



Many newcomers have pronounced injuries during premature attempts at pronunciation, but so far fatalities have not occurred.

### When I was first asked “Hvað segirðu,” I thought the person was deaf.

I was totally confused and thought he was either deaf or not very clever, and in all my innocence I answered ‘Ég segir ekki neitt’ [I am not saying anything]. It was his turn then to wonder which of us was dumb.

Icelanders are secretly proud of their complicated language. Textbooks of Icelandic will of course brag about the four cases and weak and strong declensions on their opening pages, to scare students of a less masochistic

most frequent Icelandic word seems to be ‘heyrrðu’. Quite flexible in its application, translating sometimes as ‘listen’ corresponding to ‘well’ but often has the weight of ‘now thou shalt listen (for there is a great idea coming)’. When addressed with ‘heyrrðu’, you must not only turn to the speaker and await further instructions; you are also to establish aural contact, and you can do so with number two in the Icelandic corpus, the popular ‘ha?’ [What?]. The

word will prove particularly useful at the beginning of your studies, when you will need each Icelandic sentence repeated three to four times then eventually translated into English.

‘Heyrrðu’ and ‘ha’ will see you through 99% of all your Icelandic communication. They seem to be expressions unique to Iceland; I can only think of one equivalent outside Icelandic and it is a crying shame the two syllables of ‘heyrrðu’ prevent the word from appearing where it belongs, especially when other languages have to make do with lame substitutes such as ‘Hear!’ or ‘Lo!’. I therefore strongly recommend that, metric constraints or not, the Icelandic translation of Beowulf open the way it does in Old English: ‘Heyrrðu!’

Beata

## URBAN MENACE

Being the mild mannered type, who would rather join a ladies league than gun a man down, there are not many subjects the discussion of which can significantly raise my blood pressure. A most definite exception is Icelandic drivers.

First I have to lay my cards on the table and confess a natural bias in this area. A) I don't possess a vehicle of any kind, B) I don't have a full or even a provisional licence and C) I don't even know how to drive. Well, if pressed, I could probably transfer a car from point A to point B but, I assure you, it would not be pretty. Car culture rivals the United States in its intensity here on this modest island. In fact, both A and B of the above are deeply frowned upon while C, I should imagine, is probably a criminal offence. The number of cars per head of population exceeds most European countries despite high prices.

Practical necessity is undoubtedly a factor. In the countryside, in particular, people learn to drive from a very early age. Indeed, my rural in-laws reacted with astonishment when they



It was never actually determined who got there first.

Photo: Aldis

### To an Icelander, a car pool is the place where you can take your vehicle for a refreshing dip.

discovered that I had not been motoring since the age of four. Astonishment turned to stupefaction when I unwisely revealed that at the age of 29, I still had not mastered the simplest of motor vehicles.

Ever aside from the practicalities of life here, Icelanders are very much in love with their cars. Even massive improvement and expansion of the public transport system would not

tempt Icelanders from behind the wheel. This is bad news for the city authorities as concern grows over increased congestion and rising pollution in the capital. Take a stroll down the main street any day of the week to witness a contributing factor; an endless procession of slow moving cars populated by a single individual. While other countries have devised innovative strategies to improve the car-to-human ratio, such vocabulary has yet to reach these shores. To an Icelander, a car pool is the place you can take your vehicle for a refreshing dip. Reykjavik was obviously a city planned by drivers

for drivers, judging by the absence of unimportant details like footpaths and pedestrian crossings in some less salubrious parts of town. It seems that the slamming of the car door unleashes the beast in the breast of the normally docile Icelander, and then it's every man for himself.

As you attempt to make an undesignated but unavoidable crossing the oncoming traffic appears to make a quick time cost analysis; is it quicker to run you over or let you pass? Most drivers remain in two minds as they graze your toecaps whizzing by. And that's just the summertime.

As the autumn light fades so does hope as we, the undriven, resign ourselves to that inevitable equation of winter. Big car + large dirty puddle x bad driver = one very wet pedestrian.

John Boyce



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# WHERE ARE THEY NOW? SOME ICELANDERS WHO TRIED AND FAILED TO CONQUER THE WORLD

The Sagas often take pains in pointing out how well received Icelanders were at the courts of kings and chieftains. It seems Icelanders have always measured themselves by how foreigners perceive them, and no one can really be sure whether anything is truly good until they've been praised by people abroad. No one in this country was actually sure Björk could sing until she started getting praised by the British music press. No one was even sure Halldór Laxness could write until the Swedes took a liking to him and sent him home with a prize. For some merely asking tourists the ever popular "how do you like Iceland" will not suffice, and every so often you see an interview with some local celebrity on vacation in London or New York, apparently on the verge of world fame, who then comes home again in time for Christmas and the escapade is never mentioned again. Before the days of Björk, several attempted and all failed. These are but a few:

**Bubbi Morthens** was first spotted in 1980, when his debut album Ísbjarnarblús came out, chock full of anthems for fishing industry employees. Fronted a series of rock groups such as Utangarðsmenn (The Outsiders), Ego and Das Kapital, and made a memorable appearance in the Rock in Reykjavik concert film. Went to America to become world famous, was offered the part of Thor in some Z-film on condition that he did steroids, opted for cocaine instead, came home and went through



the inevitable drug bender/rehab/mellow album about wife cycle. Lost his hair, become born again, and did a number of commercials, including ones for Visa, Hagkaup and B&T car dealership. Currently hosts a boxing program on Sýn TV channel.

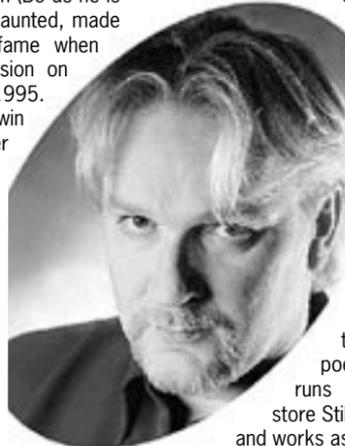
**Björgvin Halldórsson** was a massive pop star/sex symbol in the late 60's and early 70's. Such mania did he inspire that teenage girls were known to break their teeth attempting to imitate his adorable front tooth dental



gap. Made his first stab at world fame with Change, who appeared on British television dressed like the Bay City Rollers. Were since called the girls from Iceland by the few who had heard of them at all. But Björgvin (Bo as he is affectionately known), undaunted, made another stab at world fame when he participated in Eurovision on behalf of the nation in 1995. Tragically, he failed to win and currently voices over coming attractions commercials on Channel 2.

**Herbert Guðmundsson** had been a ships cook

and record store employee before going to Hollywood in search of fame and fortune. Neither was found, so he returned to Iceland and joined the band Kan, which soon became the biggest live draw of the West Fjords. They released the album Í ræktinni



(At the Gym) in 1984, and scored a hit with Megi sá draumur. He released the album Dawn of the Human Revolution as a solo artist the following year, and the song Can't Walk Away became a Christmas hit.

Having conquered Iceland, he went back to Hollywood in 1993 to record a video for a song of the same name he had written there on his previous outing, turning pain into poetry. Currently runs the ice cream store Stikkfrí (Síðumúli 35) and works as a travelling book salesman, but his fan club, The HG Club, is still going strong, churning out T-Shirts and badges and even organising a mini festival at Laugarvatn.

**Rúnar Júlíusson** was in the mid-sixties the king of the Iceland scene. He was bass player and vocalist in the country's most popular band, Hljómar (Chords), played in the national football team and dated Miss Iceland. But too much is never enough, and he went on to attempt world domination, renaming the band Thor's Hammer for international consumption. Despite dressing up as Vikings on occasion, world domination

remained out of reach, so he returned home to participate in various other classic rock groups, most notably Trúbrot (Broken Faith). Still lives in his native Keflavík, is married to former Miss Iceland, and plays in a band with his two sons. Applied for the job of bass player with the Rolling Stones when Bill Wyman left in the mid nineties. Was turned down. Managed to have the last laugh of sorts, as the Thor's Hammer material has become a much sought



after collectors item in Japan, and has since been rereleased on CD.

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FILMS

PASSING THE WORD ON USSS



whether Arnie and his robots will eclipse this story of two Reykjavik losers remains to be seen.

The film starts intriguingly enough with a woman approaching a man lying in a bathtub with a chainsaw. We then meet a couple of cops, who pick up an Afro-Icelander to use for target practice. Said Afro-Icelander seems remarkably nonchalant about his fate, but whether this is due to stoic calm or lack of dramatic ability is unclear. The other main characters are a couple of losers who run a used record shop, whose paths cross with aforementioned policemen as well as a nasty kiosk clerk, leading to an inevitable bloody climax.

Of the six main characters, five of them are played by friends of Eirikur, plus an uncle of a friend who has previously had walk-on parts in some films. All of the leading actors performed in between day jobs as photographers, students and cement workers, but some have since gone on to study acting. The policemen's uniforms were borrowed from a retired officer and the serial numbers taped over, while their vehicle is Eirikur's mothers Landcruiser.

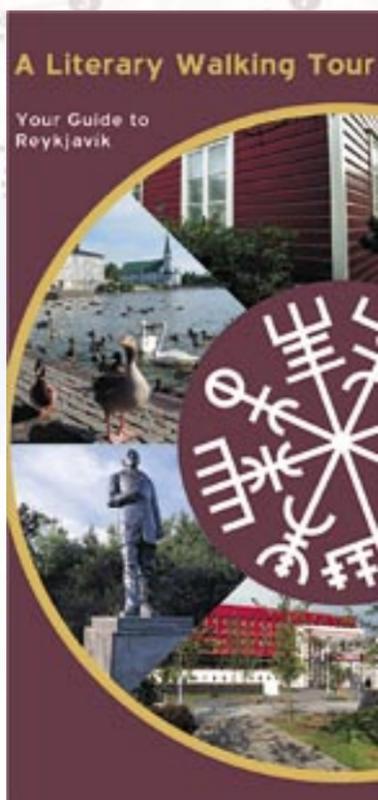
The film quality is shoddy, but once you get past this, the film is actually surprisingly entertaining. The actors might not be winning any Oscars for their performance (then again, considering the performances that do, they just might), but they all look the part, and manage to get through their roles



without major embarrassment. The policemen are deliciously over the top bad guys, and there are no good guys to sympathise with, but the amorality of it all is quite acceptable from an indie film and quite amusing. The script is very much written around the realities of low budget film making and the settings had to be in locations available for shooting in the evening and on weekends. The plot is as crude as the camerawork, but is sprinkled with often entertaining dream/story sequences, and certainly manages to hold on to your attention. A nice touch is the bullet-through-a-man-and-then-a-vagina-on-a-poster shot. A subplot about a serial killer girlfriend might, however, have been better left out. It is all a bit Tarantino, as are most films from new directors these days (although it resembles the wonderful Danish Tarantino inspired work, I Kina Spiser De Hunde, even more), and whether this is parody or homage is unclear, but in the end it doesn't matter, as it is never dull. Against the odds, then, this is one for the street.

VG

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PHONE BOOTH

It was with that dreaded sinking feeling that I watched the opening scenes of Joel Schumachers latest offering, a slightly extended music video complete with break dancers which looked suspiciously like time wasting. Why, I asked myself, would a 91 minute flick need a five minute pop promo filler. The answer, a desperate need for cinematic padding, was, as it turned out, one of the many potential problems you face when you set a film almost entirely in a phone box.

The initial premise seemed promising enough. Farrell plays a faintly sleazy two-timing young turk named Joey, a fast talking publicist who bluffs and charms his way around New York City. Conducting an affair with Katie Holmes, he has taken to calling her from a public phone booth so that his calls to her won't come up on his mobile phone bill.

His call is cut off by a sinister voice that seems to know all about him, can clearly see him in the box and who threatens to shoot him should he try to leave the phone booth.

And just about here it all starts to unravel. What follows is a series of clichés, from the irate hookers screaming to use the phone to the ensuing siege style showdown. A towering leading man to anchor the film might have partially saved the day. Sadly Farrell largely fails to convince in a difficult, static and wordy role.

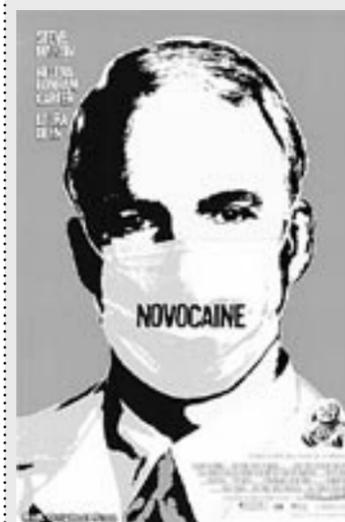
Farrell's task is not eased by a flaccid, repetitive and more than occasionally embarrassing script. After about 20 minutes of increasingly tiresome verbal jousting between Farrell and "the voice," Forest Whittaker arrives in the guise of a cool headed and perceptive police chief, and not a



moment too soon. Whittaker's appealing character and his solid performance lends some badly needed weight to the proceedings. However, it not ultimately enough to save a disjointed and strangely unengaging film. And, of course Schumacher, to whom subtlety is a dirty word, directs in customary sledgehammer style to drive the final nail in the coffin.

John Boyce

NOVOCAINE FROM THE RENTAL



Steve Martin is back in the dentists chair, or at least overseeing it, for the first time since Little Shop of Horrors. Helena Bonham Carter seems at first to be reprising her Fight Club role, but instead of cruising support groups, she goes to dentists and beds them (or, more to the point, chairs them) in exchange for prescriptions. Steve Martins character seems to have it all, he's a successful doctor with his own practice and his girlfriend looks like Laura Dern, so it's hard to see what attracts him to the misfit Bonham. The only excuse given is his desire to do it in the chair, which his girlfriend refuses to oblige him in, or perhaps its just a case of opposites attract. This, of course, unleashes a series of events that tears his perfect life apart. Fortunately, that is one of the few predictable things about his film.

Perhaps it says something about the state of moviemaking these days that seeing a film which doesn't drag you through a collection of scenes that you constantly feel like you've seen before towards the inevitable happy ending fills you with joy and love for your fellow man. The fallible, but still occasionally brilliant Martin delivers his best film in quite some time, in his first semi serious role since the promising but ultimately disappointing Spanish Prisoner. But this film manages to see its premise through, rather than frustrate towards the end, which seems like no mean feat these days. The dentist metaphors are a particular joy, and this is certainly one of the few films in recent memory that has a man playing with his penis and a dental minicamera as a pivotal plot twist.

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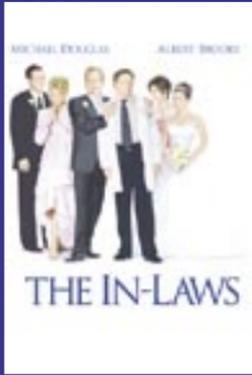


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Call for showtimes  
Laugarás



**THE IN-LAWS**

4, 6, 8 & 10 pm

4, 6, 8 & 10 pm  
Premiers July 30th  
Premiers August 8th

phone: 553 2075

## THE HULK

A man is in the habit of waking up not knowing where he is, torn clothes or naked, aching all over and not remembering anything while friends say he's been a monster. Sound familiar? No, this is not a film about the trials and tribulations of an alcoholic (unless metaphorical) but The Hulk, Hollywood's latest Marvel Comics adaptation. In the long opening sequence we see David Banner, Bruce Banner's father dabbling in genetic research, genetics being the new atomic energy of strange and terrifying powers, infecting himself and his son. This is probably meant to make the story more plausible, but in a story about a man turning into an angry green giant, plausibility does not seem of prime importance. In a nod to the comics, Banner Jr. is also infected with Gamma radiation and the Hulk is born. Eric Bana seems to have been chosen in the leading role because of his tremendous chin, which probably had the CGI department drooling at the prospect of turning him into the monster, while Jennifer Connelly plays Betty Ross, one of those unbelievably gorgeous science chicks that only seem to exist in the minds of Hollywood casting directors. Particularly annoying is the constant split panelling. None of

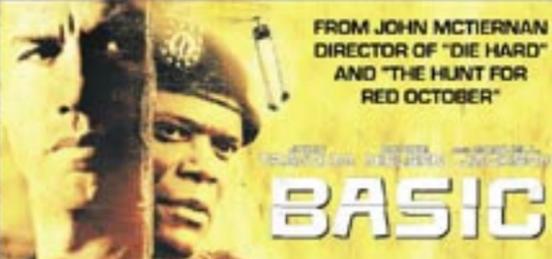
this matters, though, because when Banner turns green he looks, well, like a computer generated travesty. When the Hulk himself fails to convince, it doesn't really matter whether he's hanging on fighter jets or jumping upon the Golden Gate Bridge. The all too obvious mix of live action and graphics makes you think of Mary Poppins rather than Jekyll and Hyde. It is somehow assumed that after the advent of CGI, anything can be put up on the screen, whereas most of the time, CGI looks like CGI. Lou Ferrigno painted green was far more effective. Perhaps it would have been better to concentrate on the drama and leave the monster out.

Proceedings are enlivened somewhat by Nick Nolte as his mad scientist father, the one charismatic character, and the one you wind up rooting for in the three way struggle between himself, the Hulk and the US Army. One can't help but think this is intentional. The Army is led by heartless bastard Thaddeus Ross, who even refers to Bruce Banner as collateral damage, a nod to the Army's traditional disregard for the suffering of individuals, and yes, there is something gratifying about seeing M1-A1's being thrown about the desert. It is the Army that meddles in the affairs of

scientists, preventing them from curing diseases, probably in much the same way heads of companies meddle in the creative process of artists and cartoonists. David Banner wants to put an end to flag waving and armies, seemingly the mad scientist is the only sane person in an insane world. Bruce perhaps represents the masses caught in between, the masses that can smash the military power of the establishment if they want, but are instead drugged with sex in the form of Jennifer Connelly (as well as religion and TV, of course), and is always bribed back into complacency at the very moment it could be overthrowing the establishment. David offers him an opportunity to really change things, but the Hulk denies both great power and responsibility, probably hoping to be left alone with his girlfriend if he is no longer a threat to society. Just as the duel between the two seems on the verge of capturing some of the thrill and wild imagination of the comic book, the story ends. Which is a shame. It has much to commend it. It's just a pity it didn't work better as a film.

VG

**ALFABAKKA**  
**SAMBIÓN**



FROM JOHN MCTIERNAN  
DIRECTOR OF "DIE HARD"  
AND "THE HUNT FOR  
RED OCTOBER"

**BASIC**



**What a Girl Wants**



ERIC BANA JENNIFER CONNELLY NICK NOLTE

**HULK**



JULIETTE BINOCHE  
JEAN RENO  
**JET LAG**



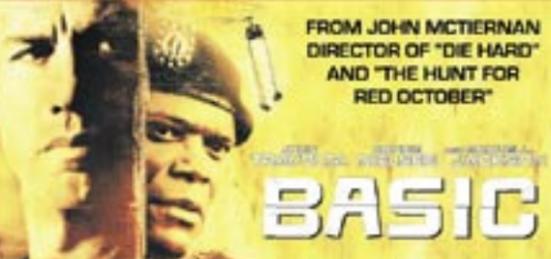
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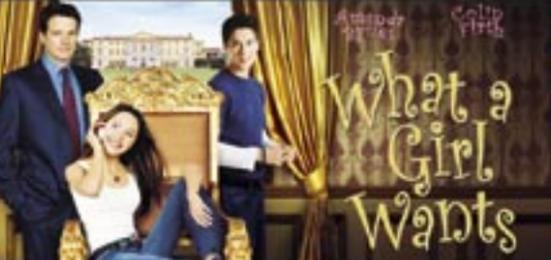
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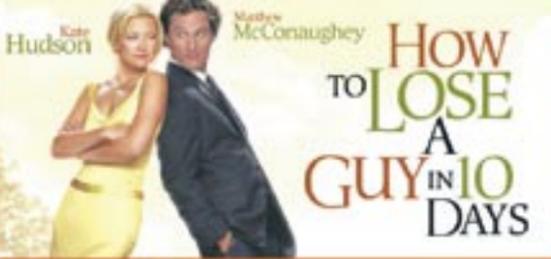
**BASIC**



**What a Girl Wants**



JULIETTE BINOCHE  
JEAN RENO  
**JET LAG**



KATE HUDSON MATTHEW MCCONAUGHEY  
**HOW TO LOSE A GUY IN 10 DAYS**

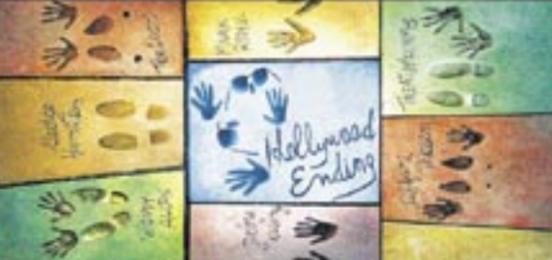
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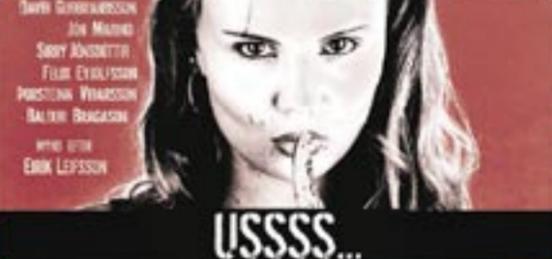


FROM JOHN MCTIERNAN  
DIRECTOR OF "DIE HARD"  
AND "THE HUNT FOR  
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**BASIC**



**Hollywood Ending**



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CITY GUIDE

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LEAVING THE CITY

If you're not going to hitchhike your way out of town and you haven't got a bike, there are three ways to do it.

Rent a car

A comfortable way to if you can afford it, renting a car for 24 hours can cost anywhere from 6.900kr (89\$/83EU) with insurance and unlimited mileage. You can rent anything from a four wheeled aluminum tin can (usually a VW Polo) to a huge Motor home/VR, jeeps are also available. Car rentals are situated in most of Iceland's larger towns, e.g. Reykjavik, Akureyri, Ísafjörður, Selfoss and Egilsstaðir. You must be at least 20 years old, and you must have been licensed to drive for at least one year at the time of the rental. The rental company usually require payment by credit card..

Taking the Bus

Reykjavik's main bus terminal is BSI (www.bsi.is). It opens at 7:30 (9:00 in weekends) and closes at 19:00. BSI's bus routes go all around Iceland, at a rather reasonable price.

The buses are accurate and usually on time, a big advantage, but the time between trips from one place can sometimes vary from a few hours to a couple of days, a disadvantage for the less patient.

You can also check out BSI's guided tours either at their website (www.dice.is), or simply contact the bus terminal.

Get airborne

There are two airlines that handle Iceland's domestic flights, Flugfélag Íslands (Air Iceland) and the smaller islandflug. We recommend you visit their websites for more info on their fares and so on. Both airlines are situated on Reykjavik airport in the center of Reykjavik. Flying to Akureyri, usually costs around 7.500kr (100\$/90EU) and flights to all destinations are frequent, often up to three times a day, but if you think you're going to be enjoying the view on your way, you will be disappointed.

www.flugfelag.is  
www.islandsflug.is

and of course you can always walk.

SPOT THIS

The Volcano show:  
Red Rock Cinema  
Hellusund 6a  
101 Reykjavik  
p: 845-9548



It is said that a picture tells more than a thousand words. If such is the case, a video would tell a few thousand more. Most of the sights of Iceland, such as Gullfoss and even Geysir, can be explored at little or no danger to life and limb, although the wallet might wind up aching. Volcanic eruptions can be an exception to this rule, besides being often inconveniently timed and located for the traveller, although you might get lucky, what with more than 10 eruptions in the past 50 years. But if you're not, then The Volcano Show might be the second best option, quite apart from being very close to the centre of Reykjavik. It is a film program consisting of footage from all eruptions in Iceland since the Mt. Hekla eruptions in 1947-48, footage shot under dangerous circumstances by the presenter of the Volcano show, Vilni Knutsen, and his late father. The show is divided into two parts, the first part covers all eruptions in Iceland in the past 50 years, while the second part is a special on the eruptions in the Westman islands and the birth of Surtsey, an island south of the Westman islands that didn't exist before 1963. Open every day, all day with first show at 11 o'clock. The duration of each part is one hour.

Admission: 750 ISK for one hour program, 950 ISK for 2 hour program and 250 ISK for the Historical Film Show

café

1. Te og Kaffi

Laugavegur 27  
Because of it's small entrance, it easy to miss while walking by. Being not only a café, but also a gift shop, it is well worth the visit. It's Reykjavik's answer to Starbucks, with a large selection of coffees, teas and everything you need to consume your coffee at home. The café itself may not be the best place to sit down in, but does great takeaway.

2. Ráðhúskaffi

City Hall  
With view over the city pond, Ráðhúskaffi is situated inside Reykjavik's City Hall. Coffee and great cakes as you enjoy the view. Free internet access for costumers and around the corner inside the City Hall, you'll find a big 80m2 model of Iceland.

3. Grái Kötturinn

Hverfisgata 16a  
Grái Kötturinn is across the street from Iceland's National Theater and very small and very popular in the early hours of the day. A good place to start a day the British way, with eggs and bacon and other traditional breakfasts on the menu. The lunch menu is also inviting.

4. Kaffitár

Bankastræti 8  
The colors of the Rainbow meet you when you enter this café on Bankastræti, with a different color on every wall. It's small but has good coffee and tasty side dishes. It's one of these places that make you want to sit down and watch daily life go by on one of downtown's busiest streets, or simply just to read the newspaper.

5. Súfistinn

Laugavegur 18  
The only no smoking café in the centre and always crowded. Being inside Mál & Menning bookstore on Laugavegurinn is it's biggest advantage. You are allowed to pick up books, magazines and newspapers from the bookstore, and read them there over a cup of coffee and/or a snack.

6. Mokka

Skólavörðustígur 3a  
An Icelandic tradition since 1958, Mokka is the oldest café in Reykjavik and the first one to make coffee with an espresso machine. Mokka celebrated its 45th birthday on May 24. The walls are covered with art for sale and seats usually filled by loyal customers.

7. Kaffivagninn

Grandagarður 10  
By the harbor where fishermen and sailors along with bus drivers and old badasses gather for lunch and a cup of coffee. If you want to try out traditional Icelandic food, pancakes or bread covered with smoked lamb this is the right place although you might feel slightly apprehensive about the tough old guys, don't worry! They're not going to be the last thing you see in this life.

8. Café Paris

Austurstræti 14  
Situated in the heart of the city with view over Austurvöllur, its spacious, popular and usually full. Offers you light meals and the opportunity to sit outside when the weather is nice. Middle aged Icelanders on every other table, and tourists in between, the usual crowd, Café Paris is international like the city it's named after.

9. Tíu Dropar

Laugavegur 27  
With the exception of Mokka café, Tíu Dropar is the oldest café in downtown Reykjavik. The place has a very special feel to it, the decor, the tables and the chairs, along with the service makes you feel very much at home, it's almost like your sitting down for a cup of coffee in your grandma's kitchen. The menu is limited, but has the advantage of constant changes, with new items every day.

bar and bistro

(most are cafés too)

10. Café Victor

Hafnarstræti 1-3  
Spelt with a c rather than with the more traditional k in order to be more cosmopolitan. This play seems to be working, as the bar has become something of a hangout for foreigners. The Viking ship sitting on top of the house might also add to the appeal. The crowd is very mixed, both in origin and age, and so is the music.

11. Hverfisbar

Hverfisgata 20  
Very long queues to get in, and once there, you wonder what the fuss was about, or whether the queue was the best part. When it's four o'clock on a Sunday morning and you're still going strong, this might be the place you'll wind up, by which time you probably won't care that the same song seems to come on every half hour.

12. Grand Rokk

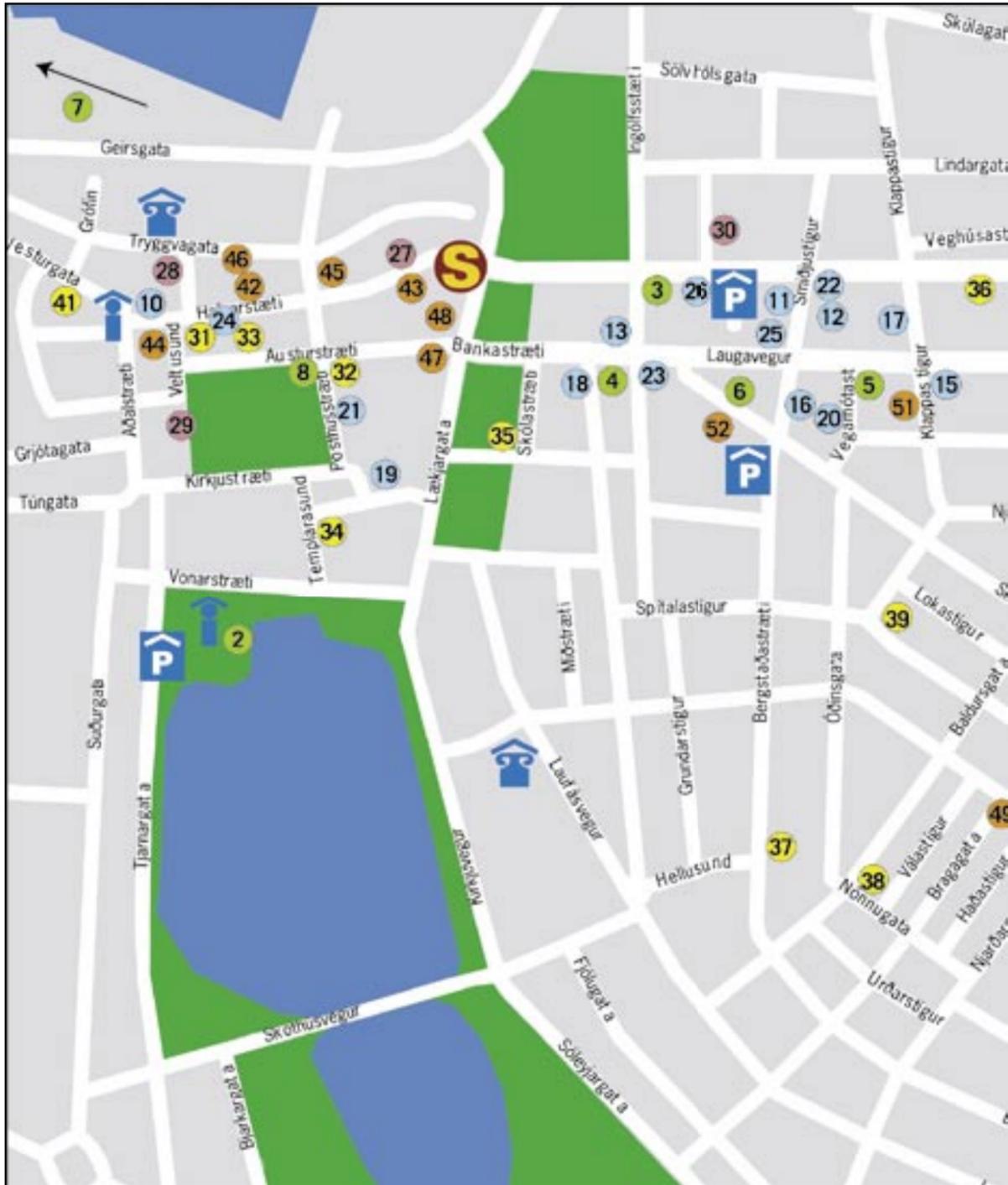
Smíðjústígur 6  
A place true to Rock 'n' Roll, leather, long hair and bands that don't do covers. Well known and less known Icelandic bands play for free (free drinks for band members, need I say more?) usually no less than three bands a night, four nights a week. Grab a beer and rock on! During the day this is a hangout for chess players, challenging each other and anyone that might wander in here for a game. Some of them seem to have finally decided to abandon participation in the outside world in favour of the afternoon drinking and chess.

13. Sólon

Bankastræti 7a  
One size fits all is what this place is going for, and it's usually a very crowded pick up place. Somewhat expensive, and whether it's because of this, an attempt at masculinity or just general despair, people have been known to jump from the second floor balcony. This is not recommended, as a broken leg is most often the result, and the girls remain duly unimpressed.

14. Kráin

Laugavegi 73  
An atmospheric place, which has its regulars and and is sadly one of few places that has Kronenbug on tap. A rather quiet place to chat on the weekdays, and troubadour plays there every weekend. It also has occasional jazz piano concerts.



15. Cafe 22

Laugavegur 22  
Originally a gay hang out now it's a place where you can pass through all the stages without leaving the building, from chatting on the first floor, dancing on the second, to passing out on the third, where the atmosphere is more of an intimate late night one. Still maintains the feeling of being a place for people who don't necessarily fit in anywhere else, which makes it a great place to hang out.

16. Kaffibarinn

Bergstaðarstræti 1  
Kaffibarinn is cool Reykjavik, or at least tries to be. Reykjavik prides itself on having more artists per capita than any other capital in the world, and the crowd here seem to be trying to prove the point, with musicians, actors and writers, and a whole lot of wannabes. You can't say you've partied in Reykjavik unless you've partied here, although civilians might have a hard time getting in. Blur's Damon Albarn owns a piece of this one wisely figuring it was cheaper than paying for drinks.

17. Sirkus

Klapparsígur 30  
Weird inside out and the tropical forest painted on the outside gives you a hint of what's to come. It's Reykjavik's underground wildlife in a small cage, it's kinda like someone threw a party at home, and things got a bit out of hand... months ago. It's as tiny as an apartment for two and the second floor looks just like someone's living room. Cramped, but the bathroom queue is a good place to meet people.

18. Nelly's

Þingholtsstræti 2  
Has just changed management, so what will happen now is anyone's guess. All we can do is hope they maintain their policy of being the cheapest bar in Reykjavik.

19. Little Central

Pósthússtræti 17  
Little Central is both small, central and cosy. It's situated in a cellar near Austurvöllur, just behind the church. The quiet

atmosphere is lifted up in weekends with live jazz music, a rare sight in downtown Reykjavik. Recommended for those who want to have a chilled night out and take it easy.

20. Vegamót

Vegamótastígur 4  
Wants to be the in-spot to be seen, and is just that. Dress up, flaunt it and enjoy the view as others do the same. It's a jungle in there, and the fittest, or at least the fittest looking, come out on top.

21. Kaffibrenslan

Pósthússtræti 9  
On the sober side of town, but ironically with the largest selection of beers in Reykjavik, good coffee and even better service, (and imagine, we're not getting paid for saying this). One of these cafés/bars that should fit all, the editors admit they drink coffee here more often than they should.

22. Celtic Cross

Hverfisgata 26  
Arguably the bar in town that comes closest to deserving the title of Irish, even though the Dubliner tries harder. Except for the coffin in the back, it's very much alive. Live music almost every night and middle aged philosophers asking themselves questions about life during the day, over a pint of beer or a cup of coffee.

23. Prikið

Bankastræti 12  
Always a classic, no matter if it's early on a Monday morning or very late on a Saturday night, Prikið makes your day (or night if that's your thing). Nice coffee, better music and remember to dance, if you can manage to take advantage of the very limited space

24. Dubliners

Hafnarstræti 4  
The city's main Irish pub, which, as in many cities, means that it's a hangout for all sorts of foreigners. At the weekends there's also a large influx of locals, often of the slightly older variety. If you like the darker stuff on tap, this is probably the

best place to go.

25. Coffee Shop 11

Laugavegur 11  
Owned by the same people as 22, and sort of its little brother. Usually has decent rock music and a pretty good jukebox if you're still not happy. Foosball on the upper floor, and if you ask Guðni the bartender nicely, he might perform the house trick for you, which is putting a match into his mouth and pulling it out of his nose, and if you meet him on a good day, he might even put a pen into one nostril and take it out the other as an encore. Watch out for slam poetry nights first Thursday of every month.

26. Kaffi Kúltur

Hverfisgötu 18  
For those who grow tired of seeing nothing but palefaces about town, Kaffi Kúltur might be a pleasant diversion. During the day it's something of a hangout for the actors from the National Theatre, just across the street, but in the evening it is populated by both new and older Icelanders. They have multi-ethnic food and frequent concerts. Wednesday night is tango night. Anyone can join in, but this is not a place to learn.

clubs

27. Spotlight

Hafnarstræti 17  
With perhaps the exception of the Vatican, every self respecting city has at least one gay club, and this is Reykjavik. Gay, bi or simply curious, are supported by a crowd that's there to dance rather than to make moves (if you know where I'm going). Cool happening club and likely to be entertaining unless you're particularly prudish. Crowd: 20+

28. Gaukur á Stöng

Tryggvagata 22  
Iceland's oldest club is turning 20 this fall. During the day it's a pool pub and on weekday evenings there are often live rock

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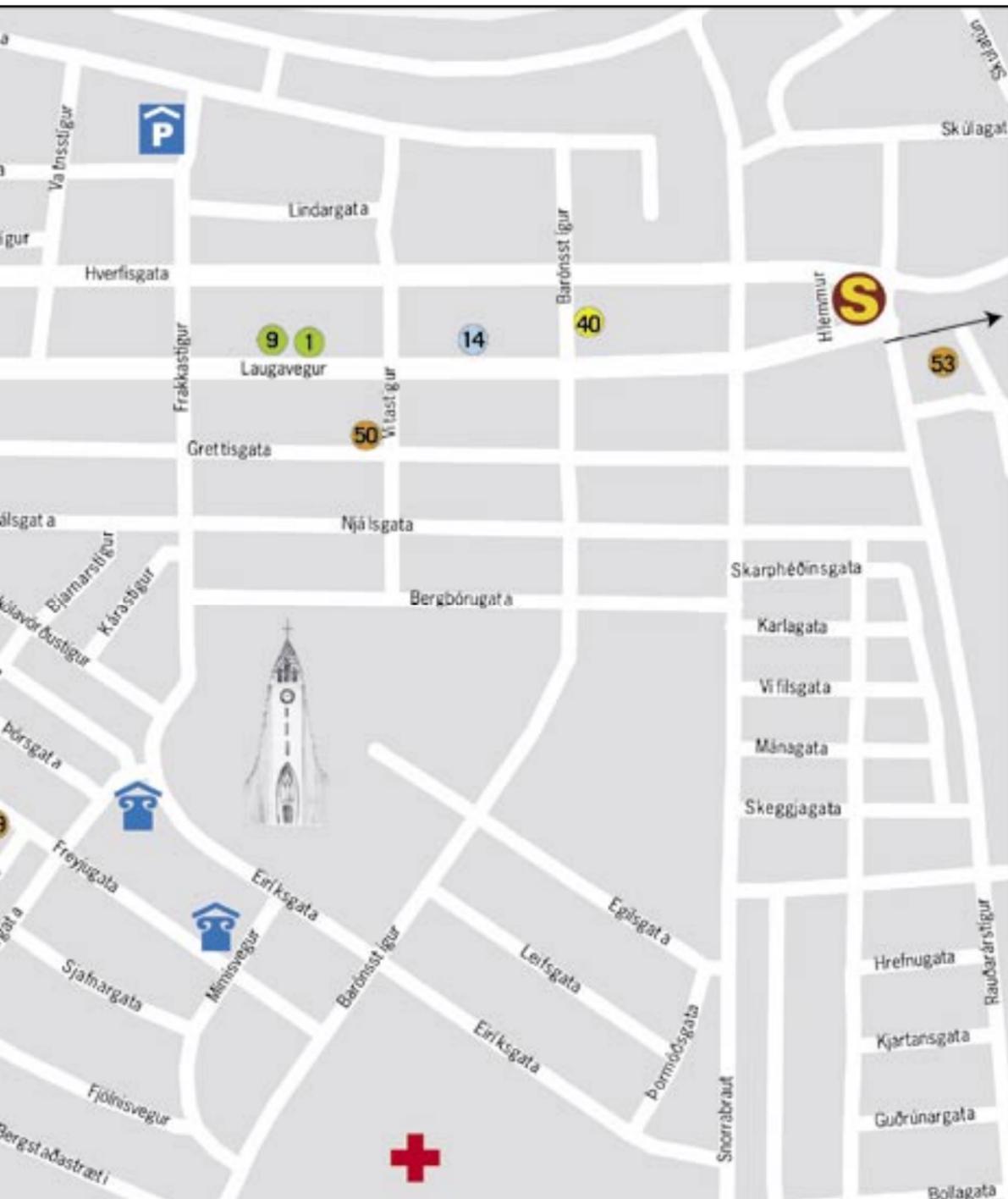
Reykjavík has no trams, trains or subways, only buses. These yellow things can take you pretty much anywhere in Reykjavík's suburb areas. It's a slow system and you might have to change buses a couple of times to get where you want to though usually things run smoothly, and on time. The price of a single fare is 220kr, for an adult, (60kr for children under 12). If you are in town for more than a few days then 9 ticket package for 1500kr would be a better bet. Bus cards valid for two weeks a month or three months are also available. You have to pay as you step on board and it has to be the accurate amount, unless you want

to pay more for your ride. The driver can not change your money. For those of you used to the honesty system, this system is as honest, because if you don't pay, you don't ride. You can ask the driver for a free time limited exchange ticket, if you need two buses to complete your journey. The bus system is closed during the night, you can catch your first bus between 6:40 and 7:00

in the morning, and last call is around 24:00. The main bus stops in Reykjavík are Hlemmur and Lækjartorg (see map), there you'll be able to get all the information you need.



# HOW TO USE PUBLIC TRANSPORT



at the Corithia Nevskij Palace in St. Petersburg. Ask Chef Jeff Tunks owner of the fabulous DC Coast in Washington DC. Ask anyone who is somebody in the culinary world, and they will tell you about Soggi Hall, Iceland's famous chef and television personality. Soggi Hall has presented Icelandic gourmet food all over the world. His television show is very popular and so are his cookbooks. The Soggi Hall restaurant at Hotel Óðinsve is one of the 100 best new restaurants in the world according to Condé Nast Travel Magazine. Need we say more.

**40. Argentina**  
Barnsstígur 11a  
"A dark cavernous, off-beat restaurant called Argentina..." "A steak house where the lamb has killed the beef..." and "a gastronomic delight..." are just few of the impressive compliments paid to this restaurant. David Rosengarten wrote in his American Newsletter not too long ago: "Lots of chefs in Reykjavík riff on local lamb, but if you want to see it in its most pristine form, you can dine at Argentina." There are few places in Reykjavík where you can simply sense the deep passion for simply prepared seasonal foods.

**41. Tapas**  
Vesturgata 3b  
For those with a bit of money and time on their hands, the evening can hardly be better spent than at Tapas, where you can wile away the evening having course after course of wonderful miniature dishes served. Particularly recommended is the garlic fried lobster and duck in apricot sauce. If afterwards, you don't feel like getting up right away, there's also a rather large lounge to lounge in, and the paintings are worth a look.

## fast food

**42. Nonni**  
Hafnarstræti 11  
The owner is a miser, so always count your change. Having said that, this is almost certainly the best junk food in the Greater Reykjavík area, and quite possibly farther a field. The subs are great, none of that Subway commitment to healthy living, and they probably contribute significantly to the ever increasing "size" of the nation. They also serve burger and sandwiches, and have good lunch time offers.

**43. Serrano**  
Hafnarstræti 20  
A new place right next door to the above. A Mexican themed eatery, but light on the chili. Slightly cheaper and lighter on the cholesterol, but somehow not quite as fulfilling. Still, you can get a large burrito and Pepsi for 599, which is one of the cheaper ways to fill your belly in this too expensive town.

**44. Hiðilli**  
At Ingólfstorg  
Where Nonni used to work before he went solo. The original, but not necessarily the best. They have a somewhat larger selection of subs, and of different sizes, but somehow manage to be slightly on the soggy side, and miss the heavenly Nonni sauce.

**45. Bæjarins bestu**  
Tryggvagata  
They claim to have the best hot dogs in town, and for once the product lives up to the hype. Ask for one with everything, and you'll get a dog in a bun with ketchup, mustard, remulade (don't ask), fried and raw onion, the standardized Icelandic hotdog, only better.

**46. Pizza 67**  
Tryggvagata 26  
The local pizza chain that's trying to take on the world, and who currently operate a place in the Faeroes, as well as nation wide here in Iceland. The have a Summer of Love type theme, which doesn't really extend beyond the names of the pizzas, a few slogans and a few posters, but the pizzas are nice. They also do deliveries.

**47. Kebab**  
Lækjargata 2  
The only kebab place in downtown Reykjavík, surprisingly. Does not really stand comparison to more established kebab places on the continent, but its presence gives Reykjavík a more international, rather than just Americanised, feel.

**48. Waffle Wagon**  
At Lækjartorg  
Sort of comes and goes like an apparition. One minute its there to serve you its delicious, chocolate soaked Belgian waffles, the next it's just the empty pavement. Close your eyes and pray, and it might appear before you.

**49. Eldsmíojan**  
Bragagata 38a  
Oven baked pizza's simply don't get much better than this. It is slightly more expensive than other pizzerias, but well worth it. A wide selection of toppings, including that sorely missed pizza delight, snails. Also delivers.

**50. Vitabar**  
Bergþórugata 21  
Actually a bar, but best known for its hamburgers. A burger with fries for 500 is one of the best meal deals in town, but special mention must go to the Forget-Me-Not blue cheese and garlic extravaganza. The Viking beer always feels particularly cold.

**51. First Vegetarian (Á næstu grösum)**  
Laugavegur 20b  
Used to be called One Woman Restaurant, as there was always the same woman working there. Has new owners and a larger staff, but the theme is still vegetarian, with one vegan and one wheat free dish always on offer. Remains on the right side of the 1000 krónur bill at lunchtime, slips slightly over in the evening.

**52. Grænn kostur**  
Skólavörðustígur 8  
Located in a parking lot, which is actually not as bad as it sounds. Claims to be the only vegan restaurant in Reykjavík, and is frequented by visiting rock stars so inclined, including hardcore band Sick of it all. Has a selection of fairly reasonably priced specials of the day, and some delicious cakes you can devour guilt free. Watch out for Antonio the cat, so called because he's stocky as a Latin lover, the only customer who gets treated to milk based products.

**53. American Style**  
Skiptótt 70  
An all-Icelandic chain, as you may have guessed, with a selection of burgers, chicken and steak. Pictures of rock stars on the wall complete the theme. Mostly on the right side of the purple note and you can refill your glass with soda as often as you like. Still, you find yourself wondering, is all that cheese and bacon on the chicken breast strictly necessary?

## USEFUL NUMBERS

<b>Car rentals</b>	
ALP	562-6060
Avis	591-4000
Budget	567-8300
Europcar	591-4050
SBK Car Rental	420-6000

**Internet Cafés**  
BSI, Vatnsmyrarvegur 10 101 Rvk.  
Ground Zero, Ingólfstogi, 101 Rvk.  
k-LANIð, Laugavegi 103, 101 Reykjavík  
Ráðhúskaffi, City Hall 101 Rvk.  
Netkaffi, Kringlan mall 103 Rvk.  
Tourist information center, Lækjargata 2, 101 Rvk.

**Post offices**  
Central Post office, Pósthússtræti 5, 101 Rvk.  
Post Office, Kringlan Mall, 103 Rvk.

**Laundry Services**  
Embla Laundry, Barónsstígur 3, 101 Rvk.

<b>Taxi services</b>	
Borgarbilastöðin	552-2440
BSR	561-0000
Hreyfill	588-5522

**Useful for emergencies**  
**Emergency phone** 112  
Information 118  
Dentist 575-0505  
Doctor 1770  
Pharmacies (find your closest) call 118

**Phone companies**  
Landssíminn 800-7000  
Og Vodafone 599-9000

**Rent a bike**  
Borgarhjóli, Hverfisgata 50, 101 Rvk  
BSI, Vatnsmyrarvegur, 101 Rvk  
Tourist information center, Lækjargata 2, 101 Rvk.

**Useful Websites**  
www.icelandtourist.is  
www.visitreykjavik.is

**Select swimming pools**  
Laugardalslaug, Sundlaugavegur, 105 Rvk.  
Sundhöll Rvk. Barónsstígur, 101 Rvk.

<b>Embassies</b>	
<b>Canada</b>	
Túngötu 14, 101 Rvk.	575-6500
<b>Denmark</b>	
Hverfisgötu 29, 101 Rvk.	575-0300
<b>France</b>	
Túngötu 22, 101 Rvk.	551-7621
<b>Germany</b>	
Laufásvegi 31, 101 Rvk.	530-1100
<b>Norway</b>	
Fjölögötu 17, 101 Rvk.	520-0700
<b>United Kingdom</b>	
Laufásvegi 31, 101 Rvk.	550-5100
<b>United States</b>	
Laufásvegi 21, 101 Rvk.	562-9100

## REVIEWS BY

<b>Restaurants</b>	Sonny Greco
<b>Bars, clubs, bistros, cafés and fast food</b>	The Editors
<b>Map</b>	Bjarki Þór Kjartansson

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laugavegur 13  
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concerts. On weekends there is usually a lot of action with cover bands playing everything from Britney to the Beatles. Without exception you'll be charged at least 1000kr for entrance in the evenings.  
Crowd: 20+

**29. Nasa**  
by Austurvöllur  
Used to be a theater, but is now a club. New in Reykjavík's nightlife and it seems that there was need for it. Great sound system and occasional live bands. Most come to dance and space out. Because of little competition it is perhaps the only super-club downtown. Admission 1000 krónur.

**30. Leikhúskjallarinn**  
Hverfisgata 19  
Recently opened again and is gaining respect, it's a Restaurant during the day but a dance place during night (weekends of course). The crowd here is usually little more mature than in the other clubs. Talented DJs play with the drunken crowd.  
Crowd: 25+

## restaurant

**31. Einar Ben**  
Veltusund 1  
Full of 19<sup>th</sup> century charm the restaurant Einar Ben is named after one of Iceland's finest poets, Einar Benediktsson. It is situated in the older section of Reykjavík's mid-town, close to the harbor. A fine menu features a contemporary version of the Icelandic international kitchen. The Menu is composed by Chef Bardur Brandsson, whose magic is outstanding. The food and the old Einar Ben. Atmosphere is something you can't miss. A visiting journalist has likened it to a Hollywood photo from Gloria Swanson's personal family album. Seriously!!

**32. Apotek**  
Austurstræti 16  
Formerly the central drugstore of Reykjavík, established in

the late 18 hundreds, the Apotek is now a modern restaurant with Art Deco interior. You can still see the names of the chief managing pharmacists/owners on the wall of the bar. Today, this "drugstore" serves a different type of milkshake. Now look for a sizzling visual kitchen (behind a glass wall) with a Super Menu Apotek is an eating experience not to be missed.

**33. La Primavera**  
Austurstræti 9  
Everybody laughed when we discovered a contemporary restaurant that has its most notable influences from Northern Italian cooking but using local Icelandic produce. The unique menu that results from this combination features homemade pastas, risotto, gnocchi, polenta and a wide variety of the freshest vegetables, fish, poultry, meat and game. The menu, the atmosphere and a comprehensive, exclusively Italian wine list has made La Primavera a favorite among the locals. They laugh no more!!

**34. Við Tjörnina**  
Templararund 3  
The most novel fish restaurant in Iceland. The owner, Chef Runar Marvinnson, is known for innovative fish dishes made from a variety of rare fish and shellfish and related raw materials. Mr. Marvinnson is also a respected food and cooking personality and the author of several cookbooks. His respect for his raw materials is a tribute to fish and shellfish, showing off their natural goodness without artificiality. Chef Marvinnson is really a natural wonder and a particular favourite with Icelanders!

**35. Humarhúsið**  
Arntmannstígur 1  
One of the most popular places in Reykjavík or should we say Iceland, - a gourmet restaurant in the heart of Reykjavík. The kitchen has a menu with various types of shellfish, lobster and the amazingly sweet and succulent langoustine (sometimes called Icelandic Lobster). The specialty of the house is a rich Cream of Lobster Soup has been hailed all over the world by international gourmet writer David Rosengarten, whose comments appear in the finest food magazines in Europe and in the States.

**36. Sommelier**  
Hverfisgata 46  
The Sommelier not only has an excellent menu - Icelandic cooking with delicate French Touch - but the Sommelier wine list is admired for its variety of specially selected wines. The service is impeccable and the waiters take time to discuss the qualities of each and every wine listed, if you wish. The wine list has two hundred entries! This is where you may just happen to meet stars of stage and television, if you're lucky!

**37. Hótel Holt**  
Bergstaðarstræti 37  
An exclusive hotel housing Iceland's Most Renowned Restaurant, the Gallery.  
An evening at The Gallery Restaurant remains an unforgettable experience, if your passion is good wine and food. The superb cuisine is inspired by French culinary tradition and includes a variety of Icelandic seafoods and organic lamb. The impressive selection of vintage wines is unique for lovers of the grape. This is where you will see original Icelandic art, without having to go to a gallery. The Holt has the largest privately owned art collection in Iceland.

**38. 3 Frakkar**  
Baldursgata 14  
This is a restaurant that cannot be ignored. A very small place with an atmosphere. Here you may enjoy the house specialties of Icelandic traditional dishes prepared in the good, old-fashioned manner, including catfish, shark, and whale steaks. And of course much more. If you're lucky, Chef Úlfar Eysteinnsson, the owner, may be present regaling the clientele with wild whaling tales. Don't forget to ask Chef Úlfar for dark Icelandic pumpnickel bread with pure Icelandic butter.  
Don't forget to make a reservation!

**39. Soggi Hall at Óðinsvé**  
Þórsgata 1  
Ask Chef Dellea, the only Italian who is "Commandeur de la Commanderie de Cordons Bleu de France". Ask Chef Burnistov



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## LISTINGS

Thule Music  
Grand Rokk

Friday July 25th

Grand Rokk is filled tonight by artists on the Thule Music label, among the artists performing is the band Twisted Mind Crew who will, along with hip hop DJ Total kaoz, open the evening. Also playing is Exos, a minimal techno activist who feeds on the brainwaves of others. He is currently fighting for the equal rights of minimal music and "radio active free" food ingredients. Exos is issuing his first remix CD, which will be sold on the premises. Also performing tonight are; Tómas TH, Bjarki Sveins, Aurra Sing, ZEUS, DJ Richard, Árni Vector and DJ Guðný. Starts at 23:00. Admisson 300ISK a pop.

DJ Mike Scott  
Vidalín

Saturday July 26th



If you missed the party last weekend you have still got a chance to see DJ Mike perform. Since there was such a huge turnout last weekend when he played, DJ Mike decided to do another party. Mike Scott deep passion is spinning vinyl for crowds of hungry music lovers. Mike Scott has been spinning in clubs, on the radio and at parties since he was 16 yrs old. His passion for music comes thru in dynamic sets and in his explosive energy as he takes the dance floor to different pulsating levels that makes them crave for more. Mike's skills have also taken him into the studio for production of original music, remixes, and production. Party starts: 22:00, admission ISK 500.

## Artistic Saturday

July 26th

Part of the Amazing City Centre project, collaboration between the City and shop owners in the centre to bring attention to what makes it special. Among happenings is an open house at the gay society house and an invitation to paint Italian ceramics at the shop Ceramics For Everyone, Laugavegur 48b (they also give you coffee). At 13.00 there's an outside mass at Lækjartorg, at 14.00 there is a cultural walk around the streets named after deities from Nordic mythology, which starts from Skólavörðuholt. At 16.00 there is a literary walk from the City library with among others Hallgrímur Helgason, author of 101 Reykjavík. The Reykjavík Art Museum has free admission from 13.00.

Want to be seen in the listings? Send us a mail to grapevine@strik.is and your event will be announced in the next issue, and the best thing is that being in the listings is free!

## Friday, July 25

## Both Day and Night

**Austurvöllur out door exhibition**, Earth from Above. Aerial Photographs by Yann Arthus-Bertrand.

## Day

**Reðursafnió, Phallogical Museum**, A fine penis and penis related selection from various mammals.

**Árbæjarsafn, Folk Museum**, An exhibition shows life and work in the years 1950-60.

**National Gallery of Iceland**, Exhibition of selected works by Icelandic artists from the National Gallery's collection.

**National and University Library**, Exhibition of the founder of the city's documentation, also, childrens literature, texts and drawings.

**Culture House**, Images of Iceland - milestones in cartography

**Norræna húsió, Nordic House**, The Big Nordic Elephant Show

**Reykjavík Museum of Photography**, The Five Elements. Photographs and etchings from French-Vietnamese artist Claire Xuan.

**Hitt Húsió (Youth culture house)**, The Friday meltdown

**Ásmundarsafn, Sculpture museum**, The Modern Man, works of popular sculptor Ásmundur Sveinsson.

**Einar Jónsson Sculpture Museum**, The works of Iceland's first modern sculptor.

**Hafnarhúsió, Reykjavík Art Museum**, -10 to 17 -Lobster or Fame Two Decades of Bad Taste Ltd. Also Erró's War paintings and Insight into international contemporary art in Iceland. Admission 500 ISK. Free on Mondays.

**Kjarvalsstaðir Art Museum**, -10 to 17 -New times in Icelandic Photography. Admission 500 krónur

**Saga Museum**, -10 to 18 -History face to face, historical figures and major events in Icelandic history presented in a unique way. Admission 800 krónur.

**Hafnarborg Art Gallery**, -11 to 17 -US artist Barbara Cooper exhibits drawings.

**Handverk og Hönnun**, -13 to 17 -Exhibition of contemporary and traditional Icelandic art and crafts.

**Sigurjón Ólafsson Sculpture Museum**, -14 to 17 -Portraits and Abstractions

**Galleri Hlemmur.is**, -14 to 18 -"Look out for my Love, it's in your neighbourhood", some works of Hrafnhildur Halldórsdóttir

**Safn**, -14 to 18 -Collection includes both international and Icelandic contemporary art. Admission 200 krónur

**ASÍ Art Museum**, -14 to 18 -Icelandic art from 1950-1970

**Light Nights Summer Theatre**, -starts at 20:30 -Real authentic Icelandic show performed in English, including the most thrilling ghost story ever told; The Deacon of Myrká

## Night

**Glaumbar**, Atli partycop

**Little Central**, Band Misery Loves Company

**Nasa**, Band Sálín Hans Jóns Mins, one of Iceland's biggest pop groups entertains predictably drunk Icelanders.

**Celtic Cross**, Coverband 3some downstairs and troubadour Ómar Hlynns upstairs

**Mojito Club**, Daddi Disco

**Coffee shop 11**, DJ Andri Loverboy

**Sirkus**, DJ Arni Sveins

**Hverfisbar**, DJ Benni

**Hverfisbar**, DJ Benni

**Thorvaldsen bar**, DJ Hlynur

**Nelly's**, DJ Jón Gestur

**Café 22**, DJ KGB

**Amsterdam**, DJ Master

**Kofi Tómasar frænda**, DJ Sidekick

**Café Sólón**, DJ Svali

**Vegamót**, DJ's Árni E and Balli

**Kaffibarinn**, DJ's of the house

**Prikió**, Surprise event

**Gaukur á Stöng**, The band Kung Fu

**Leikhúskjallarin**, The ultimate party all night with one of Iceland's top disco-party DJ's "Johnny Dee," or so they say

**Dubliners**, Troubadour Bjarni Tryggva

**De Boomkikker**, Troubadour Danni

**Kráin 73**, Troubadour Ingi Valur

**Ari í Ögri**, Troubadour Óskar Einar

**Café Victor**, Various DJ's, 80's 'n 90's music

**Vidalin**, -Starts 23:00 -Grapevine party, all welcome! Jazz band plays music for tired Grapeviners, then DJ takes over to entertain drunk Grapeviners.

**Grand Rokk**, -Starts 23:00 -Thule Music night

## Saturday, July 26

**Reykjavík's City Center**, Artistic Saturday, culture in the city center. Some thing happening on every corner.

**Amazing City Center**, Many events and happenings in downtown Reykjavík

**Austurvöllur out door exhibition**, Earth from Above. Aerial Photographs by Yann Arthus-Bertrand.

## Day

**Reðursafnió, Phallogical Museum**, A fine penis and penis related selection from various mammals.

**Árbæjarsafn, Folk Museum**, An exhibition shows life and work in the years 1950-60.

**National Gallery of Iceland**, Exhibition of selected works by Icelandic artists from the National Gallery's collection.

**National and University Library**, Exhibition of the founder of the city's documentation, also, childrens literature, texts and drawings.

**Culture House**, Images of Iceland - milestones in cartography

**Árbæjarsafn, Folk Museum**, Some old motorcycles will be shown.

**Norræna húsió, Nordic House**, The Big Nordic Elephant Show

**Reykjavík Museum of Photography**, The Five Elements. Photographs and etchings from French-Vietnamese artist Claire Xuan.

**Ásmundarsafn, Sculpture museum**, The Modern Man, works of popular sculptor Ásmundur Sveinsson.

**Einar Jónsson Sculpture Museum**, The works of Iceland's first modern sculptor.

**Hafnarhúsió, Reykjavík Art Museum**, -10 to 17 -Lobster or Fame Two Decades of Bad Taste

**Icelandic tapas Tryk it all in one column.**

*From the Icelandic ocean and mountain*

Bacalao Shrimps Lobster Mountain Lamb

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**Tapas RESTAURANT/BAR**

INTERVIEW

LISTINGS

Ltd. Also Erró's War paintings and Insight into international contemporary art in Iceland. Admission 500 ISK. Free on Mondays.

**Kjarvalsstaðir Art Museum**, -10 to 17 -New times in Icelandic Photography. Admission 500 krónur

**Saga Museum**, -10 to 18 -History face to face, historical figures and major events in Icelandic history presented in a unique way. Admission 800 krónur.

**Hafnarborg Art Gallery**, -11 to 17 -US artist Barbara Cooper exhibits drawings.

**Handverk og Hönnun**, -13 to 17 -Exhibition of contemporary and traditional Icelandic art and crafts.

**Sigurjón Ólafsson Sculpture Museum**, -14 to 17 -Portraits and Abstractions

**Gallery Hlemmur.is**, -14 to 18 -Look out for my Love, it's in your neighbourhood, some works of Hrafnhildur Halldórsdóttir

**Safn**, -14 to 18 -Collection includes both international and Icelandic contemporary art. Admission 200 krónur

**ASÍ. Art Museum**, -14 to 18 -Icelandic art from 1950-1970

**Night**

**Glaubar**, Atli partycop

**Little Central**, Band Misery Loves Company

**Celtic Cross**, Coverband 3some downstairs and troubadour Ómar Hlynur upstairs

**Mojito Club**, Daddi Disco

**Sirkus**, DJ Andri

**Hverfisbar**, DJ Benni

**Hverfisbar**, DJ Benni

**Café 22**, DJ Bobby K.

**Thorvaldsen bar**, DJ Hlynur

**Nelly's**, DJ Jón Gestur

**Prikió**, DJ KGB

**Amsterdam**, DJ Master

**Kofi Tómasar frænda**, DJ Sidekick

**Vegamót**, DJ Sóley

**Café Sólun**, DJ Svali

**Kaffibarinn**, DJ's of the house

**Leikhúskjallarinn**, Oldschool-dance-singalong-party-jam-sweaty fun with the house DJ

**Coffee shop 11**, Palli from Maus plays

**Skaparinn (the Creator)**, Tecno Music by Data Pogrom, for more information see article on page 21 in the paper you are reading.

**Gaukur á Stöng**, The band Buff

**Dubliners**, Troubadour Bjarni Tryggva

**De Boomkikker**, Troubadour Danni

**Kráin 73**, Troubadour Ingi Valur

**Ari i Ögri**, Troubadour Oskar Einars

**Café Victor**, Various DJs, 80's 'n 90's music

**Vidalin**, -Starts 22:00 -DJ Mike Scott. The famous DJ filled the house last weekend, decided to stay in Iceland and is doing his thing again tonight. Admission 500 krónur.

**Grand Rokk**, -Starts 23:30 -Band Rúnk (Masturbation), admission 500 krónur

**Sunday, July 27**

**Both Day and Night**

**Austurvöllur out door exhibition**, Earth from Above. Aerial Photographs by Yann Arthus-Bertrand.

**Day**

**Reðursafnið, Phallogical Museum**, A fine penis and penis related selection from various mammals.

**Árbæjarsafn, Folk Museum**, An exhibition shows life and work in the years 1950-60.

**National Gallery of Iceland**, Exhibition of selected works by Icelandic artists from the National Gallery's collection.

**National and University Library**, Exhibition of the founder of the city's documentation, also, childrens literature, texts and drawings.

**Árbæjarsafn, Folk Museum**, Hay day, the summer harvest.

**Culture House**, Images of Iceland - milestones in cartography

**Norræna húsið, Nordic House**, The Big Nordic Elephant Show

**Reykjavik Museum of Photography**, The Five Elements. Photographs and etchings from French-Vietnamese artist Claire Xuan.

**Ásmundarsafn, Sculpture museum**, The Modern Man, works of popular sculptor Ásmundur Sveinsson.

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**Hafnarhúsið, Reykjavik Art Museum**, -10 to 17 -Lobster or Fame Two Decades of Bad Taste Ltd. Also Erró's War paintings and Insight into international contemporary art in Iceland. Admission 500 ISK. Free on Mondays.

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**Gallery Hlemmur.is**, -14 to 18 -Look out for my Love, it's in your neighbourhood, some works of Hrafnhildur Halldórsdóttir

**Safn**, -14 to 18 -Collection includes both international and Icelandic contemporary art. Admission 200 krónur

**ASÍ. Art Museum**, -14 to 18 -Icelandic art from 1950-1970

**Night**

**Kráin 73**, Jazz duet Finni and Eddi Lár

**Dubliners**, Troubadour Andy Garcia

**Monday, July 28**

**Both Day and Night**

**Austurvöllur out door exhibition**, Earth from Above. Aerial Photographs by Yann Arthus-Bertrand.

**Day**

**Reðursafnið, Phallogical Museum**, A fine penis and penis related selection from various mammals.

**Árbæjarsafn, Folk Museum**, An exhibition shows life and work in the years 1950-60.

**National Gallery of Iceland**, Exhibition of

**Hitt húsið: Friday Meltdown**  
Friday July 25th



The 4th and last and of course biggest of the Hitt Húsið Friday Meltdowns this summer is held today with a long and interesting six hour schedule. The Meltdown will include music, happenings and acting, along with some poetry.

**12:15**  
Friday Meltdown starts, Cantabile Trio holds a short concert with classical music.

**By Laugarvegur, Ingólfstorg, Austurvöllur and in the City Hall:**  
Street theatre, Mr. Sivertsen and the minstrels, the Marching Band of the Masses, Fusion, Street Poetry, Over-acting acting group, Summer Opera and Radio Mandolin.

**Lækjargata**  
Artistic garbage cans put into place.

**Arnarhöll and Skóluvörðustigur 22a**  
Wall paintings by the Happy Painters, on the latter and if you look in the direction of Kolaportíð flea market.

**Tjarnarbió Theatre**  
Living Theatre. Open rehearsal of a new Icelandic play.

**Street party of the Hitt Húsið peer education group.**  
Flea market, Games, Facial painting, Introduction to the group, Refreshments.

**16-18.00 Ingólfstorg.**  
Concert, Kuai, Original Melody, Doctuz Ókind, Bent and 7Berg.

**Frikirkjan Church.**  
Reykjavik Art Theatre premiers Faith Healer by Brian Friel.

**Kentár Grand Rokk**  
Thursday July 31st



Blues band Kentár, or Centaur, was founded at a Tony Ellis concert in Reykjavik in the summer of '82. The plan was simply to play Rock 'n Roll and the band started to rehearse in an old garage near the residence of Vigdís Finnbogadóttir, then President of Iceland. Some band members even got a lift with the president every now and then on their way to rehearsal. After playing hard rock for some years the band suddenly found itself playing blues. After releasing an album in '87 titled "Bluesjamm" the band toured a lot around Iceland. In the spring of 1990, the band quit. In the past years Kentár have reunited to play a gig every now and then, and are doing so tonight. Admissoin: 700ISK. Starts at 10:00



MAUS



"For strong, natural white teeth and a fresh mint breath..."

This man probably does not use the same brand of toothpaste.

Photos: Aldis

**From one of Reykjavik's suburbs comes the band Maus**, one of the more mature and developed bands in Iceland. They've been around for a while, released five albums and received a nice selection of music awards along with making numerous radio hits.

The band was founded in early 1993, by four friends; Birgir Örn Steinarsson (vocals/guitar), Eggert Gíslason (bass), Páll Ragnar Pálsson (guitar) and Daniel Þorsteinsson (drums). All members were very young at the time, the youngest, Páll was only 16 at the time, the others a year older. The following spring the band participated in Iceland's annual battle of the bands competition, "Músiktilraunir". Maus took the first prize impressively, the winner out of nearly 30 participants. Winning prize was studio time, and time was well spent as Maus's first album was recorded over the summer, and released in the fall on the Bad Taste label under the name "allar kenningar heimsins.... Og ögn meira".

Their next album was on a

different label, and all in English, titled Ghostsongs. It received positive reviews, but didn't sell too well. After the release Maus supported Ash on a gig in Reykjavik and later also The Super Furry Animals. Maus released another album in '97 and were chosen as best band in the Icelandic music awards in '98.

Their forth album was released in

1999 in both English and Icelandic, titled "Í þessi sekúndubrot sem ég flýtt" (These Short Seconds I Keep Afloat) and along came more music awards, for best drummer and best lyrics.

Two Grapeviners had the privilege of meeting half the band, guitarist Páll and drummer Daniel, in one of Reykjavik's cafés for chatting and a few photos.

went back and forth in a long distance relationship between the band situated in Iceland, and the producers in Germany. This uncommon method took quite some time, but left the band pleased with the results, as the band is confident this is their best album so far.

The new album is released in Iceland on Bad Taste label, just like their first

**It was a common misunderstanding that the bands' music didn't fit the masses. "We're just a pop band," they stated.**



Drummer Daniel to the left and guitar player Palli

The conversation soon lead to discussions about their latest album release titled "Musick". They told us that the working process of the latest album had been the strangest and the longest so far, with work beginning soon after their '99 release. Recording of the songs was finished last summer in a studio in Dortmund Germany, then began the tedious work of mixing and post producing, tapes

album, and Páll stated that "being released again on Bad Taste was like being back home", saying that the label Maus was on didn't fit the bands profile. The album is also released in Germany for the European market, which might mean some touring there this fall and also a release of a remix album.

The conversation turns to touring and gigging in Iceland, as they told us that it was a common misunderstanding that the bands' music didn't fit the masses, "we're just a pop band" they stated. A humble statement by members of one of Iceland's most progressive bands.

Maus is just back from London where they played a concert related to art show Lobster or Fame, Bad Taste's history art show.

We said goodbye, knowing that big things are on the horizon for Maus, and wondering who the hell "Oneball" is.

Loki & Xor

**First Vegetarian**

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Sun 5 pm-10 pm

## TRUE STORIES

## KEFLAVÍK, WE HAVE A PROBLEM

So the summer continued. I had a chance to return to home to spend some days with my boys Jake and Harry. Willed myself out of bed at 5.00am to catch the early flight to Heathrow. Keflavik Airport was its usual July self, a snake of passengers worked their way via the cordons to the check-in desks, most as blurry eyed as me. The walk from the security is almost as long as the journey from Reykjavik. The reason why the passport control is situated so far from the heart of the airport is found in one word - Schengen. Whoever or whatever Schengen is, it seems that he she or it has done a fine job in creating unnecessary hassle. Why? For no good reason is why. But it is the way this Schengen seems to operate. The name actually sounds like a mythical creature, if that is the case, then the people of Iceland have really upset him. He makes you and your visitors walk needlessly from point to point at unfriendly hours of the morning, whilst making some of your nations finest sit wearing guns in bullet proof boxes, checking passports. We live in times of global uncertainty, the axis of evil etc. But, if Islamic fundamentalists are going to strike, Icelandic passport control will not be high on their list of strategic priorities. These passport officers seem uncomfortable in their uniforms and gun belts, as do their female counterparts newly trained at the 'full service' TGI Friday's in Reykjavik. State policing and service seem refreshingly alien to Iceland's youth.

I boarded the plane and eyed the



In the event of an aircraft evacuation, style points will be given according to style and artistic impression.

safety video. It had a cheery section of a 7 whatever 7, floating in the sea with life rafts around it. A regular traveller, I of course ignored the video and read instead. We climbed away from the city and levelled off at a cruising altitude, when the words, "Ladies and gentlemen, we are experiencing a problem with one of our engines we are returning to Keflavik." They were as welcome as a positive blood test.

One of our engines? A glance at the wing confirmed that we only had two.



A plane carrying passengers full of phlegm, spunk and pluck.

I looked around ready for the inevitable panic which would have gripped my fellow travellers and took the opportunity to show some sang-froid, to see there was absolutely no reaction from the Icelanders who made up the bulk of the passengers. The group of drunken students who had been up all night, started to sing "Ground control to Major Tom" and continued to swig from beer bottles. The remainder sat in silent indifference while this seasoned traveller began to panic. The old woman and her son sitting next to me were amongst the few non-Icelanders on the flight. They were from Somalia. How they ended up in Reykjavik is another story, but he had fallen asleep the moment we took off, while she sat huddled in her shawl, gazing at the folded tray-table. I thought of family friends and listened anxiously to every sound from the engine as the aircraft banked hard to retrace our course.

There's time to reflect in moments like these. Why no reaction from the Icelanders? They are Lutherans not Buddhists, a hymn might have been appropriate. Certainly, in America, the aircraft would have filled with the chant 'Oh my God...! In Italy, passengers would have crossed themselves, gabbling and arguing. Anywhere in South America, we would have a riot on our hands. But here we are, 29,000 feet over the Atlantic with only one functioning engine and there was - nothing. Screens showed an ancient rerun of a 'Friends' episode and the passengers sat watching, oblivious to the drama they were part of. For me the image of the aircraft in the ocean beckoned and it occurred that I had actually never seen a floating aircraft in my life before.

I was brought up on a rich diet of black and white movies, the Dam Busters' school, ample material for my fear-loaded imagination. The pilot would doubtless be wriggling in his seat, brow-furrowed and adopting that calm in a crisis tone that generates panic in all of us who think we know better. The co-pilot would be flicking switches and making 'Mayday' calls, before the aircraft was given the ultimate test of its amphibious

potential. The female purser, beautiful in a way that had survived a million drunken leers, would be preparing herself to issue the big one - the numero uno of in-flight announcements 'Ladies and gentlemen please adopt the crash position!' I reached below me and was comforted to find, for the first time in my life, the bouyancy aid.

I looked around the aircraft newly comforted and impressed by my partners in crisis. I felt a fraternal charge with people who showed such phlegm, spunk, pluck (all sound pretty terrible I know, but that's the way the great book, the Oxford Dictionary, tells us is what we show in the face of adversity.)

We pierced the low cloud that now enveloped Keflavik and landed without further incident or comment from the passengers. My heart rate returned to normal and the Icelanders made no remark as we were asked to disembark the aircraft, and endured the long wait for an announcement and inevitable disruption to their timetables. A call that would send other nations into apoplexy, in Iceland it did not elicit a shrug. What I'm trying to say is that they coped. No drama queens, no hissy fits, no 'you'll be hearing from my lawyers', just a shrug and let's get on with it. And I like them all the more for it.

Oh yes, the Somalians. The mother remained transfixed throughout and the son awoke as we arrived at the terminal - He looked at his watch and then asked 'London?'

'No'. I smiled, enjoying the new found confidence that only terra firma can produce. 'No, not London - Keflavik - we have a problem'.

Iceland air Flight 105 returned to service a day later (?).

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Robert J Jackson 2003

Robert Jackson is a writer. He divides his time between Reykjavik, Vik and the UK. His first book 69 Degrees North, an adventure love story with an environmental twist, is available at Penninn Eymundsson, Austurstraeti 18 or through Amazon.com.

## LISTINGS

Fictional Reykjavik  
City Library

Saturday July 26th



A literary walking tour of the downtown area, starting at the Reykjavik City Library in Tryggvagata 15 (only seconds away from the downtown Tourist Information). There will be a short introduction at the library about Icelandic literature and films based on Icelandic novels, and then the guides will take you to some downtown sites that play a roll in Icelandic fiction. The tour is free of charge and will be run every Friday, starts at 16.

World Press Photo  
2003 Kringlan shopping mall

Until August 2nd



When you have finished your tax-free shopping at the Kringlan shopping mall, it is time to balance your materialistic urges with more cultural entertainment. Put the bags down, take your time to walk through the mall and have a look at the panels that present international photojournalism at its best.

The world has not yet become a good place to be born in, and the flashy sale advertisements of Kringlan shops create an ironical background to pictures of mourning and violence. The World Press Photo contest has by now achieved a reputation of prestige and high professional standards and the 2003 winning entries are no exception. Fortunately, there are also categories such as nature and the environment, portrait and daily life, so you can always cheer yourself up again with a giant Leonardo di Caprio head, Chinese monks during a Kung-Fu practice or National Geographic landscapes. The second part of the exhibition presents photographs by Ólafur K.Magnússon (1926 - 1997), a photographer associated with the largest Icelandic national paper, Morgunblaðið. Ólafur studied photography in Hollywood, joined Morgunblaðið immediately after his return to Iceland in 1947 and stayed working for the newspaper for almost fifty years. He was the first Icelander to make photojournalism his full-time, life-long occupation. The exhibition includes portraits of Icelandic artists and politicians, daily life snapshots from all parts of the country as well as pictures that document important events in Icelandic history. A unique opportunity to see Icelandic farmers observing the 1954 solar eclipse or to learn what the centre of Reykjavik looked like when the parliament voted for Iceland's affiliation to NATO in 1949 and the not so happy citizens took to smashing its windows with stones.

selected works by Icelandic artists from the National Gallery's collection.  
**National and University Library**, Exhibition of the founder of the city's documentation, also, childrens literature, texts and drawings.  
**Culture House**, Images of Iceland - milestones in cartography  
**Norræna húsið, Nordic House**, The Big Nordic Elephant Show  
**Reykjavik Museum of Photography**, The Five Elements. Photographs and etchings from French-Vietnamese artist Claire Xuan.  
**Ásmundarsafn, Sculpture museum**, The Modern Man, works of popular sculptor Ásmundur Sveinsson.  
**Einar Jónsson Sculpture Museum**, The works of Iceland's first modern sculptor.  
**Hafnarhúsið, Reykjavik Art Museum**, -10 to 17 -Lobster or Fame Two Decades of Bad Taste Ltd. Also Erró's War paintings and Insight into international contemporary art in Iceland. Admission 500 ISK. Free on Mondays.  
**Kjarvalsstaðir Art Museum**, -10 to 17 -New times in Icelandic Photography. Admission 500 krónur  
**Saga Museum**, -10 to 18 -History face to face, historical figures and major events in Icelandic history presented in a unique way. Admission 800 krónur.  
**Hafnarborg Art Gallery**, -11 to 17 -US artist Barbara Cooper exhibits drawings.  
**Light Nights Summer Theatre**, -starts at 20:30 -Real authentic Icelandic show performed in English, including the most thrilling ghost story ever told; The Deacon of Myrká

**Night Dubliners**, Troubadour Ingi Valur

## Tuesday, July 29

Both Day and Night

**Austurvöllur out door exhibition**, Earth from Above. Aerial Photographs by Yann Arthus-Bertrand.

**Day**

**Reðursafnið, Phallogical Museum**, A fine penis and penis related selection from various mammals.

**Árbæjarsafn, Folk Museum**, An exhibition shows life and work in the years 1950-60.

**National Gallery of Iceland**, Exhibition of selected works by Icelandic artists from the National Gallery's collection.

**National and University Library**, Exhibition of the founder of the city's documentation, also, childrens literature, texts and drawings.

**Culture House**, Images of Iceland - milestones in cartography

**Norræna húsið, Nordic House**, The Big Nordic Elephant Show

**Reykjavik Museum of Photography**, The Five Elements. Photographs and etchings from French-Vietnamese artist Claire Xuan.

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**Saga Museum**, -10 to 18 -History face to face, historical figures and major events in Icelandic history presented in a unique way. Admission 800 krónur.

**Handverk og Hönnun**, -13 to 17 -Exhibition of contemporary and traditional Icelandic art and crafts.

**Sigurjón Ólafsson Sculpture Museum**, -14 to 17 -Portraits and Abstractions

**Gallery Hemmur.is**, -14 to 18 -"Look out for my Love, it's in your neighbourhood", some works of Hrafnhildur Halldórsdóttir

**ASÍ. Art Museum**, -14 to 18 -Icelandic art from 1950-1970

**Víðey Island**, -19:30 -A walk around Víðey Island with a look at the wild life.

**Night**

**Dubliners**, Troubadour Ingi Valur

## Wednesday, July 30

Both Day and Night

**Austurvöllur out door exhibition**, Earth from Above. Aerial Photographs by Yann Arthus-Bertrand.

**Day**

**Reðursafnið, Phallogical Museum**, A fine penis and penis related selection from various mammals.

**Árbæjarsafn, Folk Museum**, An exhibition shows life and work in the years 1950-60.

**National Gallery of Iceland**, Exhibition of selected works by Icelandic artists from the National Gallery's collection.

**National and University Library**, Exhibition of the founder of the city's documentation, also, childrens literature, texts and drawings.

**Culture House**, Images of Iceland - milestones in cartography

**Norræna húsið, Nordic House**, The Big Nordic Elephant Show

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**Handverk og Hönnun**, -13 to 17 -Exhibition of contemporary and traditional Icelandic art and

**DON'T BE SHY**

keyrings with attitude



Bad Taste Bears

www.badtastebears.com

LISTINGS

crafts.  
**Sigurjón Ólafsson Sculpture Museum**, -14 to 17 -Portraits and Abstractions  
**Gallery Hlemmur.is**, -14 to 18 -Look out for my Love, it's in your neighbourhood", some works of Hrafnhildur Halldórsdóttir  
**Safn**, -14 to 18 -Collection includes both international and Icelandic contemporary art. Admission 200 krónur  
**ASÍ. Art Museum**, -14 to 18 -Icelandic art from 1950-1970  
**Night**  
**Nelly's**, Coverband Raun  
**Sirkus**, Jazz, DJ Kári and KGB  
**Gaukur á Stöng**, The band EE project  
**Dubliners**, Troubadour Bjarni Tryggva

Thursday, July 31

**Both Day and Night**  
**Austurvöllur out door exhibition**, Earth from Above. Aerial Photographs by Yann Arthus-Bertrand.

**Day**  
**Reðursafnið, Phallogical Museum**, A fine penis and penis related selection from various mammals.

**Árbæjarsafn, Folk Museum**, An exhibition shows life and work in the years 1950-60.  
**National Gallery of Iceland**, Exhibition of selected works by Icelandic artists from the National Gallery's collection.

**National and University Library**, Exhibition of the founder of the city's documentation, also, childrens literature, texts and drawings.

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**Saga Museum**, -10 to 18 -History face to face, historical figures and major events in Icelandic history presented in a unique way. Admission 800 krónur.

**Gallery i8**, -11 to 18 -Works of the contemporary artists Roni Horn

**Handverk og Hönnun**, -13 to 17 -Exhibition of contemporary and traditional Icelandic art and crafts.

**Sigurjón Ólafsson Sculpture Museum**, -14 to 17 -Portraits and Abstractions

**Gallery Hlemmur.is**, -14 to 18 -Look out for my Love, it's in your neighbourhood", some works of Hrafnhildur Halldórsdóttir

**Safn**, -14 to 18 -Collection includes both international and Icelandic contemporary art. Admission 200 krónur

**ASÍ. Art Museum**, -14 to 18 -Icelandic art from 1950-1970

**Night**

**Nelly's**, Acoustic night

**Prikið**, DJ Kári

**Kráin 73**, Live Music

**Gaukur á Stöng**, The band EE project

**Café Sólun**, Tommi white

**Sirkus**, Travelling Disco

**Little Central**, Trio Sigurðar Rögnvaldssonar

**Dubliners**, Troubadour Bjarni Tryggva

**Grand Rokk**, -Starts 22:00 -The band Kentár plays the blues, admission 700 krónur

Friday, August 1

**Both Day and Night**  
**Austurvöllur out door exhibition**, Earth from Above. Aerial Photographs by Yann Arthus-Bertrand.

**Kráin 73**, Exhibition grand opening by Sigurðs Harpa, paintings and various other artworks

**Day**

**Reðursafnið, Phallogical Museum**, A fine penis and penis related selection from various mammals.

**Árbæjarsafn, Folk Museum**, An exhibition shows life and work in the years 1950-60.

**National Gallery of Iceland**, Exhibition of selected works by Icelandic artists from the National Gallery's collection.

**National and University Library**, Exhibition of the founder of the city's documentation, also, childrens literature, texts and drawings.

**Culture House**, Images of Iceland - milestones in cartography

**Norræna húsið, Nordic House**, The Big Nordic Elephant Show

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**Gallery i8**, -11 to 18 -Works of the contemporary artists Roni Horn

**Handverk og Hönnun**, -13 to 17 -Exhibition of contemporary and traditional Icelandic art and crafts.

**Sigurjón Ólafsson Sculpture Museum**, -14 to 17 -Portraits and Abstractions

**Gallery Hlemmur.is**, -14 to 18 -Look out for my

Children's Crayon Kit  
 Gallerí Hlemmur  
 Until August 3rd



Give a child some crayons, scraps of paper or pieces of cloth and you can be sure you get some peace and quiet for a couple of hours. The little monster will become totally absorbed in his work, drawing... cutting... glueing... deaf and blind to whatever may be happening around him.

The joy of creating and absolute concentration play the central role in Hrafnhildur Halldórsdóttir's works at Gallerí Hlemmur. The artist probes different approaches, making changes and variations on a simple principle, using easily accessible material: plain children's crayons, pencils and felt. The embroidery resembles a pencil drawing, uncomplicated and subdued in colour, the thread line being treated the same way one handles a pencil; the artist basically sketches with the sewing needle. It is no heavy art in gilded frames, the exhibition has an atmosphere of playfulness, obvious enjoyment and a fragile balance between the imperfection of the process and the completion of a finished work, the kind of exhibition that cheers you up and makes your fingers itch for some crayons and some felt, too.  
 Open Thurs-Sun 14-18

The Culture House  
 All Year Exhibition.



Opened in 1909, and at that point it housed the National Library and Archives, as well as the National Museum and National History Museum, which is why it was called "the Museum House" by the public. All of the above have since moved elsewhere, but various items from them are on exhibit there. On the groundfloor is an exhibit of manuscripts preserving Iceland's medieval literature. Other collections include one dedicated to Hannes Hafstein, poet and first minister, and one dedicated to independence leader Jón Sigurðsson. On the top floor is an exhibition about the Vikings in the New World. The exhibitions are open daily from 11.00 to 17.00, and are free on Sundays.

TURN ON, TUNE IN  
 DRESS UP!

It is said that some things that don't make sense actually do make sense. Using a design store as a place to hold concerts does in a way not make sense, but in this case it makes a lot of sense. The store mentioned is "Skaparinn", or in good old English, "The Creator". The Creator is owned and run by a pair nicknamed Rósi & Dúsa, both designers of clothes. Rósi & Dúsa opened up their store in 2001 after working together for over a year designing and you'll find nothing but their design on the stores hangers (no shelves you see). The store itself is designed by their standards and ideas also.

Less than a year ago they started to hold concerts in their store and during last winter they held 17 concerts with various artist and bands. Their schedule included bands like Singapore Sling and Ensími, who both toured the USA last winter and also other highly respected bands and musicians like KK, Hudson Bay and Stjörnukísi. In order to be able to hold each concert they have to empty the store completely, which is a lot of unpaid work, since neither they nor the bands and artists get paid any money for their effort, as there is no entrance fee, the music is free.

Rósi & Dúsa then use the musicians as models and that way they combine their design and the concerts, and their efforts have received a lot of attention abroad, for instance in various music and design magazines. Icelandic media has been less impressed and shown little interest what they're doing. As the saying goes, enginn verður spámaður í eigin heimalandi (No one becomes a prophet in his hometown).

On the 25<sup>th</sup> of July there is a musical show named Dada Pogrom. Behind the name is Kenneth Vladas Balyš, a.k.a. K. K is born in Canada and is half Icelandic and half Lithuanian. His origin draws him to his roots in Iceland and his great grandfather Sigvaldi Kaldalóns is very well known in Iceland for his music compositions. Though K doesn't live here, he's worked a lot with Icelandic artists and filmmakers on movies and music videos, including the movie "1. April" with director Haukur M and the video "Bent Nálkast" a rap track by



At first glance this looks like a work of art, but you can actually wear it on your head.

Photos: Aldis

Icelandic band XXX Rotweiler. This fall he is going to record a new album at Thule music in Reykjavik. The tracks on

"I am just a stupid foreigner, give me a beer", and then he added; "I know a little bit more, but this sentence has proved

"I am just a stupid foreigner, give me a beer," is a most helpful sentence to know.



K's latest album all bear names in Icelandic, and the last song, eilífð, is dedicated to his grandmother, Selma Kaldalóns (also a composer of music). K is mostly into techno, but leaves the classical music to his ancestors. Grapevine asked K if he knew any Icelandic, and his response was; "Ég er bara heimskur útlendingur, gefðu mér bjór", which translates;

to be the most helpful one on numerous occasions."

Grapevine hopes more is to come from the music hall of Skaparinn.

Event: Electro Musical show by Data Pogrom  
 When: Saturday 26th of July  
 Where: Laugavegur 28, shop "Skaparinn" (the Creator)  
 Admission: Free

Jónði

**Beer Wine Drinks**      **Coffee Tea Cake**      **Sandwiches Salads**      **Light Courses**

# Central Café Bar

Pósthússtræti 17, the cellar of restaurant Skólabrú

<p><b>Fri. July 25th- Sat. July 26th</b>  <b>Thu. July 31st</b>  <b>Fri. August 8th - Sat. August 9th</b>  <b>Thu. August 14th - Fri. August 15th</b>  <b>Fri. August 22nd - Sat. August 23rd</b></p>	<p><b>Misery loves company</b>  <b>Trio Sigurðar Rögnvaldssonar</b>  <b>Rubic's Cube</b>  <b>"Steipa"</b>  <b>Jazz duet "Augnablik"</b></p>
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## MUSIC

# THEY CAME, THEY SAW, THEY FROZE THEIR ASSES OFF

A brief look at the bands that have been here

## THE FIRST

The Kinks were here in '65 and played at Hótel Borg, today's oldest surviving hotel in downtown Reykjavik. This was the first notable pop band to visit Iceland. Because they were playing at a small venue they had to do two gigs a night, half the normal length, and wound up giving eight performances all in all. Ray Davies is rumoured to have written the song "I'm on an Island" during his stay, a phrase that must have burst into the minds of the Icelandic kids as a desperate revelation when The Kinks left and they had to wait five bleeding years for the next half-decent act to come along, years spent in a cultural purgatory void of TV, Playstations and banned narcotics such as beer.

The hippy movement caught on late in Iceland and didn't have the same cultural grounding as in the US and rest of Europe. We lacked the means of infection, our media could not fuel the fever as needed and our government was unreasonably fair in every respect and gave young people little to rebel about (editorial note: ho-hum). But Led Zeppelin still came here in June in 1970. They played at Laugardagshöll which has since then been the most popular venue for imported bands. They did some tunes, shagged some birds (some women in very respectable position today are said to have been in questionable positions with the band members at the time), and then followed The Kinks' example and got an idea for a song here. It was of course "Immigrant Song" where they point out that here we have cold weather and hot springs (they didn't have time to look around much). The year after Deep Purple played at the same venue, blew the sound system and stormed away in a bad mood.

## PUNK

The rest of the decade was mostly uneventful and it wasn't until the wonderful 80's that things started to pick up. Not only was there an unprecedented shipping of foreign talent to our shores but the local bands really started to shape up and new progressive musicians were born, laying the foundations for the Björks and Sigurrós's of today. So maybe here we have an answer for those who want to know why we have such a flourishing and inventive music scene, it might be because it was effectively born in an era of punk. Punk was never about sitting still or being quiet. And we had bands such as The Clash performing



here in 1980 and showing us how things should be done. When The Stranglers came in 1978 we hadn't been ready for them but they didn't leave without planting seeds in the hearts of a generation. So The Clash, at their peak with the London Calling tour, got a very warm welcome - we even had a punk band of our very own to thaw out the crowd, the now legendary Outsiders.

## 80'S KICK OFF

Everything opened up. The tempest of mullets and new wavers the following years brought us The Fall, Gary Numan, Echo & The Bunnymen, Madness, Human League, Grace Jones, Classix Nouveaux and Crass to name but a few. Nick Cave & the Bad Seeds stumbled over but it was during their drugged-out-of-this-or-any-other-world-phase and they still can't remember their stay so Cave had to come back in 2002 to make up for it. In 1987 Meatloaf graced us with his presence, and the glitzy one hit wonders Europe, which at first was a lame but fun band, then became lame, then fun again a few years ago for sarcastic indie shoe gazers, got played to death and are now lamer than ever.

Boy George, Uriah Heep, Leonard Cohen, Status Quo and Kiss came in 1988, Meatloaf again in '89. In 1990 the Happy Mondays seem to have some recollection of coming here and puking their way about the place. A mediocre performance but at least they beat Boney M and Tom Jones who were here the same year.

## WHERE BANDS COME TO DIE

1991-'92 was the era of washed up rock bands, for whatever reason. Since not enough time had gone by since they lost their cool, even in our instant nostalgia times, Iron Maiden, Jethro Tull and Black Sabbath (minus Ozzy), were nothing to call home about. Ozzy was originally supposed to come here in place of Black Sabbath, but a Christian organisation prayed that this would not happen, Ozzy duly caught a cold and cancelled the show and his old bandmates were hired as a replacement. Skid Row came here the same year at the peak of their powers, but these were, admittedly, slight.

Many Icelanders still remember the mini music event held in a stadium in Hafnarfjörður where Poison was supposed to play, but bailed out at last minute due to a bass player's finger injury. Whitesnake had done better a few years before when they went on despite singer Coverdale's being incapacitated by a sore throat, and made up with extended guitar solos and local singers stepping in. In 1992, however, we had the Quireboys (Queerboys originally but they had to change their name), Thunder, Slaughter and Norwegian-



Icelandic group Artch to keep our rock glands secreting at said festival despite (or because of) Poisons absence. A year later, in 1993, Rage Against the Machine rushed the same stage and all hell broke loose. Axes and knives were confiscated, and Icelandic kids drunker than Shane McGowan in a distillery became among the first to discover the bands genius. Rage Against the Machine were not impressed.

## CHANGE

This year, 1993, was a turning point because that was the year Björk Guðmundsdóttir hit it big. The Sugarcubes had built it up but after this Iceland was ensured cool status and has had little difficulty signing big bands to these shores since. Marking this occasion, I have compiled an incomplete list of the visitors of the last 10 years: Underworld, St. Etienne, The Prodigy, Bobby Gillespie (of Primal Scream), Atari Teenage Riot, Ash (peculiar because they hadn't made it at all when they came but the machine was put into action and all singles were played around the clock everywhere until Ash became famous here and the promoters made money), The Cardigans, Pulp, Blur (twice - and Damon Albarn ended up buying a house here), Coldplay, Propellerheads, David Bowie, De La Soul, Goldie, Fugees, Massive Attack, Robbie Williams (made it onto the Icelandic blacklist along with Jerry Seinfeld after Robbie acted like a prick and had a hissy fit on stage just because someone threw a bottle at him), Garbage, Mercury Rev, Fugazi, Stereolab, Modest Mouse, Elton John, Ian Brown, Bloodhound Gang, Shellac, Wiseguys, Low, Thievery Corporation (twice - as part of the first two Icelandic Airwaves - which has since become the only real music festival here and not a bad one at that), Flaming Lips, The Hives, Rammstein, The Strokes, Sasha, NOFX, Blonde Redhead, Fatboy Slim and finally the bleached technocriminals of Scooter!

Foo Fighters will be the next name to add to the list as they will play on the 26th of August at Laugardalshöllin.

A big sloppy "thank you" to Dr. Gunnar for writing the most extensive guide to Icelandic rock culture ever with his book "Eru ekki allir í stuði?".

Ragnar Egilsson

# LISTINGS

## Indoor music festival Innipúkinn Reykjavik Saturday August 2nd

For those wise (or broke) enough not to attempt to spend the 1st weekend of August drunk and wet in a tent somewhere in Iceland's wilderness, there is now a way out...or in.

While the other outdoor festivals offer a cocktail of booze, bad weather and bad coverbands, "Innipúkinn" (roughly transl: couch potato?) is the alternative choice, though it doesn't mean leaving the booze behind. Various artists and bands try their best to make people forget their outdoor festival longings as all hope for more rain, just to feel better about staying in town. The music is made by bands such as Trabant, Botn, Rúnk, Mugison, Innvortis and Lovers.

This is the 2nd time Innipúkin indoor music festival is held and as heard through the Grapevine the first time was a hit.

Likely to be the only event worth your money this weekend.  
Entrance fee: 2200kr, 1800 if bought beforehand at 12 Tónar record shop.

## Trabant At Innipúkinn Saturday August 2nd



The band Trabant is just back from their Japanese tour and their first gig after returning is at "Innipúkinn" tonight. Trabant played at the Icelandic Airwaves music festival last year and received a lot of attention.

The members of Trabant have been working together in one way or other the last decade in various bands within the Reykjavik music scene, such as Quarashi, Unun, Apparat Organ Quartet, Slowblow, The Funerals, Kvartett O Jonson og Grjoni, Kanada.

Trabant's latest album Moment of Truth was produced by Trabant and techno merchant Thor of the Thule Music empire. Its recording / producing process took no less than six months on top of three years of Trabant composing, so a nomination as best debut album of the year at the Icelandic Music Awards 2002 was well deserved, mým being their predecessors in the category, plus their single "Enter Spacebar", was chosen single of the month in MUZIK Magazine.

## Destination Greenland Tourist Information Centre Aðalstræti 2 Until August 2nd

The tourist office at Aðalstræti in the centre of Reykjavik offers information of how, when and why to visit Iceland's north western neighbours. Practical information is supplemented with an exhibition of Greenlandic arts and crafts, books on Greenland, seal skins and the inevitable polar bear skull.

Love, it's in your neighbourhood", some works of Hrafnhildur Halldórsdóttir  
**Safn**, -14 to 18 -Collection includes both international and Icelandic contemporary art. Admission 200 krónur  
**ASÍ. Art Museum**, -14 to 18 -Icelandic art from 1950-1970  
**Light Nights Summer Theatre**, -starts at 20:30 -Real authentic Icelandic show performed in English, including the most thrilling ghost story ever told; The Deacon of Myrká

## Night

**Ari í Ögri**, Acoustic duet (Jói and Kjartan)  
**Celtic Cross**, Band Hound Dog Trio and Elvis downstairs and troubadour upstairs.  
**Dubliners**, BT and family: Various musicians play together as a band in a random appearance  
**Thorvaldsen bar**, Daddi Disco  
**Kráin 73**, DJ Andrea Jónsdóttir  
**Prikió**, DJ Daði  
**Mojito Club**, DJ Hlynur  
**Sirkus**, DJ Iceland  
**Kofi Tómasar frænda**, DJ LeChef  
**Café 22**, DJ Rally Cross  
**Café Sólun**, DJ Þróstur  
**Kaffibarinn**, DJ's of the house  
**Nelly's**, House DJ  
**Coffee shop 11**, Special event  
**Gaukur á Stöng**, The band Kung Fu  
**De Boomkikker**, Troubadour Óskar Einarsson  
**Café Victor**, Various DJ's, 80's 'n 90's music  
**Grand Rokk**, -Starts 23:00 -Clever and Smart, a new hip hop band featuring Steini from Quarashi and others, admission 500 krónur.

## Saturday, August 2

### Both Day and Night

**Austurvöllur out door exhibition**, Earth from Above. Aerial Photographs by Yann Arthus-Bertrand.

### Day

**Reðursafnið, Phallogical Museum**, A fine penis and penis related selection from various mammals.

**Árbæjarsafn, Folk Museum**, An exhibition shows life and work in the years 1950-60.

**National Gallery of Iceland**, Exhibition of selected works by Icelandic artists from the National Gallery's collection.

**National and University Library**, Exhibition of the founder of the city's documentation, also, childrens literature, texts and drawings.

**Culture House**, Images of Iceland - milestones in cartography

**Norræna húsið, Nordic House**, The Big Nordic Elephant Show

**Reykjavik Museum of Photography**, The Five Elements. Photographs and etchings from French-Vietnamese artist Claire Xuan.

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**Handverk og Hönnun**, -13 to 17 -Exhibition of contemporary and traditional Icelandic art and crafts.

**Sigurjón Ólafsson Sculpture Museum**, -14 to 17 -Portraits and Abstractions

**Gallery Hlemmuris**, -14 to 18 -"Look out for my Love, it's in your neighbourhood", some works of Hrafnhildur Halldórsdóttir

**Safn**, -14 to 18 -Collection includes both international and Icelandic contemporary art. Admission 200 krónur

**ASÍ. Art Museum**, -14 to 18 -Icelandic art from 1950-1970

## Night

**Ari í Ögri**, Acoustic duet (Jói and Kjartan)

**Celtic Cross**, Band Hound Dog Trio and Elvis downstairs and troubadour upstairs.

**Dubliners**, BT and family: Various musicians play together as a band in a random appearance

**Thorvaldsen bar**, Daddi Disco

**Café 22**, DJ Diabolicals

**Mojito Club**, DJ Hlynur

**Kofi Tómasar frænda**, DJ LeChef

**Sirkus**, DJ Yamaho

**Café Sólun**, DJ Þróstur

**Kaffibarinn**, DJ's of the house

**Prikió**, DJ's Snike and Tiger

**Nelly's**, House DJ

**Coffee shop 11**, Special event

**Gaukur á Stöng**, The band Kung Fu

**Kráin 73**, Troubadour Danni tjökkó

**De Boomkikker**, Troubadour Óskar Einarsson

**Café Victor**, Various DJ's, 80's 'n 90's music

**Reykjavik Museum of Photography**, The Five Elements. Photographs and etchings from French-

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LISTINGS

Vietnamese artist Claire Xuan.  
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**Night**  
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**Thorvaldsen bar,** Daddi Disco  
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**De Boomkikker,** Troubadour Óskar Einarsson  
**Café Victor,** Various DJ's, 80's 'n 90's music  
**Grand Rokk,** -Starts 22:00 -Hangover jazz, Flis. Admission 500 krónur

Monday, August 4

**Both Day and Night**  
**Austurvöllur out door exhibition,** Earth from Above. Aerial Photographs by Yann Arthus-Bertrand.  
**Undisclosed location,** Höddi's Birthday. Don't forget to give him a gift. Happy Birthday to you Höddi.  
**Day**  
**Reðursafnið, Phallogical Museum,** A fine penis and penis related selection from various mammals.  
**Árbæjarsafn, Folk Museum,** An exhibition shows life and work in the years 1950-60.  
**National Gallery of Iceland,** Exhibition of selected works by Icelandic artists from the National Gallery's collection.  
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**Night**  
**Dubliners,** Troubadour Ingi Valur  
**De Boomkikker,** Troubadour Óskar Einarsson

Tuesday, August 5

**Both Day and Night**  
**Austurvöllur out door exhibition,** Earth from Above. Aerial Photographs by Yann Arthus-Bertrand.  
**Day**  
**Reðursafnið, Phallogical Museum,** A fine penis and penis related selection from various mammals.  
**Árbæjarsafn, Folk Museum,** An exhibition shows life and work in the years 1950-60.  
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**Kjarvalsstaðir Art Museum,** -10 to 17 -New times

Viðey walk, Viðey Island

**Tuesday August 5th**  
 Viðeyjar walk. A guided walk around Viðey island with artist Kristinn E. Hrafnsson. The work of American sculptor Richard Sierra is on show around the island. Sierra is one of the best known sculpture artists in later years, and is thought by many to be the most influential artist of his kind in the past 50 years. Along with looking at art the guide will tell visitors the island's history. The history part includes a little bit of both of those mainstays of history, killing and praying. The ferry from Sundahöfn harbour in Reykjavik will leave at 19:30 and entrance fee is only 500kr. The tours duration is around two hours. Good shoes and warm clothes recommended.

Lobster or Fame: Two Decades of Bad Taste Ltd. Reykjavik Art Museum



**June 13th - August 31st**  
 Smekkleysa SM, widely known as Bad Taste SM Ltd is the record label that launched The Sugarcubes, Reptile, Ham, Maus, Björk, Sigur Rós and Minus. This summer it celebrates Icelandic music, culture and its 16th birthday at Reykjavik Art Museum with a blend of photography and music. Lobster or Fame is an overview of the labels' history, displaying posters, record sleeve designs and photos that capture an apparent naive joy and vibrancy. Historically significant, the rarely seen photographic images weave into the creative core of a label whose anarchic and quirky spirit has produced extraordinary artists and made a lasting mark on both the Icelandic music and art scenes as well as having had considerable impact further afield. An informative and appropriately tasteless catalogue is published in connection with the exhibition. In it you will find rare photographs from the infamous Bad Taste Evenings of the '90s, sleazy details about its famous members and inside information on people you have never heard of – and in the spirit of tastelessness there is even a never before seen picture of a poet with a dried cod sticking out of his fly. Splendid!

Skemmtihúsið Theatre, the Saga of Guðriður

**from 13th of June**  
 Skemmtihúsið Theatre performs in English the Saga of Guðriður. A woman's tremendously courageous voyage to Vinland (America) during the Viking era. Information and tickets available at the Tourist Information Centre, Aðalstæti 2, 101 Reykjavik. Performances in English: Tuesdays, Thursdays and Sundays at 20:30 and Fridays at 18:00 Performances in German: Sundays and Tuesdays at 18:00

Those who have travelled a lot will know what I am talking about when I moan about the fact that there isn't a decent coffee shop with small snacks available in the particular town we have been discussing. Small, good looking, clean shops with a distinguished look are hard to find nowadays. Be it Paris, New York or Stockholm, you don't find these jewels on every street corner no more.

Well, I suppose you don't know where to look. Because high-calibre coffee shops are still around, but perhaps not where you would be looking. But they are there, oh yes, you'll most likely find them at places like MoMa in New York City, or similar art museums all over the world. And Reykjavik is no exception!

Believe it or not, you can find this type of coffee shop on the upper floor of the National Gallery of Iceland. The Gallery, situated at Frikirkjuvegur by the lake in downtown Reykjavik, houses some of the finest art works by Icelandic artists if you are interested. However, you don't have to pay the admission to the showrooms if you are only going to visit the coffee shop. You just give the nice lady who sells the tickets a nod and a smile as you enter the marble clad foyer and continue up the elegant stairs – and you'll find the coffee shop on your immediate right as you reach the second landing.

As you come into the coffee shop there is a glass counter where you may order something simple with your coffee. I say simple because there is not a great selection to choose from. On weekdays you can have a soup and salad – or "Today's Special," usually a plain fish dish, not fancy but good and tasty. On Saturdays and Sundays you can select either a ham quiche or a broccoli quiche. You should have no problems in making your selection.

A glass of the house wine, red or white, is priced at 610 krónur per glass, the beer goes for 550 krónur and a soda, such as Coca Cola, costs 200 krónur ( approx. \$1.60).

If you are not having lunch, just dropping in for a quick cup of coffee



No, you don't have to pretend to understand it, this is just the coffee shop.

Photos: Aldis

and perhaps a cake, you have a choice of apple pie with whipped cream, a blueberry cake or a fancy marenge with pear filling and a lot of whipped cream. The white board on the wall beside the

counter also lists coffee cakes and even milk biscuits (sometimes maliciously referred to as dog biscuits). A cup of coffee/tea will cost you 200 krónur for a regular brew, but a cup of Swiss mocha is offered for 280 krónur, - a price that would make Mr.Starbucks wonder!

The furniture and decor is, of course, very stylish and good looking Scandinavian design. There are art works by Danish artist Asger Jorn on the walls plus a few by Corneille. The furniture and the artwork give the coffee shop that clean, almost sterile atmosphere that people occasionally long for, in order to get away from the shabby bistros. Even the back-ground music is different; soothing classical music tuned so low that nobody can recognize it, floats by as if it were a part of the air condition system.

For those who appreciate fine art, the Summer Exhibition of Icelandic Art at the Listasafn is a must. Some may even want to stop by at the coffee shop.

Sonny Greco



It's not about the size, it's how you use it...



## ART

## HIGH TIME FOR GREENLAND

High time is the folk etymology translation of what seems to be Icelandic key word in summer - hátið. Hátið means a festival, festivities, holiday, and there appears to be quite a choice of those all over Iceland as soon as the weather gets a bit friendlier. The majority of these events are children-oriented, but some offer fun for fully grown humans, too.

The second weekend of July you could have, for example, entered the Most Flaming Red-Head contest at the Irish days at Akranes, or, alternatively, travelled up north to watch the traditional Greenlandic drum dance or learn how to skin and carve a seal. The latter took place at Flateyri, a little village in the West Fjords where a four-day festival of Greenlandic culture was organized by Kalak, a Greenland - Iceland friendship association. The chairman of the association, the Greenlander Benedikta Thorsteinsson is, among others things, a former member of the Greenland government living in Iceland.

Flateyri was not chosen because of its location, the organizers hoping the guests might actually catch glimpses of Greenland proper from the fjord shore, but because of the special ties that have been binding the two places for the past seven years. In 1996 a disastrous snow avalanche hit the village, damaging 29 houses and killing 20 people, and Benedikta Thorsteinsson organized fund raising in Greenland to help Flateyri recover from the shock. The festival was to be an opportunity for Greenlanders



Warning: there actually were some seals harmed in making of this picture

to see the beautiful and sometimes dangerous landscape and for Icelanders to get acquainted with the culture of their Atlantic neighbours.

Unfortunately, the malicious gods of sea cargo played yet another of their cheeky tricks and the container, carrying genuine Inuit tents, clothes and other equipment, ended up making a grand tour of European ports instead of sitting nicely in front of Vagninn, Flateyri's number one pub and the ultimate meeting point. It did not seem to have done any major damage to the festival, and the lack of seal skin tents was made up for by the atmosphere. For four days Flateyri became a little melting pot, where Greenlandic, Icelandic and Faeroese elements were mixing with the local Polish population, spiced up by three Americans who are at the moment kayaking around Iceland and stopped by to take part in the kayak competition. Communication was as smooth as ever and whatever feelings may be against the mainland oppressor, the fact of the matter is that the official language of the festival beside Icelandic was Danish, even to such an extent that when one of the music bands addressed the audience in English, there were protesting voices. The look of the village occasionally proved more than my poor confused mind could cope with, and whenever the concentration of Greenlandic flags and people running to and fro in seal skin clothes reached a critical level, I had to give my brain a silent Flateyri, Iceland chant.

The four days offered a variety of events in both kind and provenience, proving there is more to Greenlandic



Miki Jacobsen, untitled, etching 2003. Miki is the frontman of Appap papii, a seven-man music group from Nuuk that specializes in all kinds of drums

culture than shamans' humming. The east coast supplied a world-famous traditional drum dancer as well as a rock band on one hand and a choir on the other. The choir among others sang at the Sunday mass, read by the former prime minister of the Greenland government and attended by an incredible number of people, given the wild partying of the night before. From the south of Greenland came a choir that presented traditional Greenlandic group dance, while a music group from Nuuk played traditional Greenlandic as well as African drums plus whatever

else they could get their hands on and soon had the reserved Europeans stamping their feet and clapping their hands. The frontman of the group is also a graphic artist with international artistic training background and an exhibition of his works showed Greenlandic art is not necessarily bone carvings over and over.

The Icelandic part of the festival was a powerful argument against the belief that culture in places smaller

than Reykjavik is non-existent. The village had obviously produced at least two competent song-writers, who have both come to the festival to contribute to the fun. Furthermore, the local doctor not only played the role of a tireless presenter, but turned out to be the director of a prize-winning film and a singer and musician. Two VIP's native to the area came to give speeches, the minister of agriculture had the audience roaring with laughter at some dirty jokes as well as jokes on local politics (ed. note: who'd have thought he had a sense of humour? Apparently, this is never shown to us city dwellers), while a member of the parliament held a lecture on a hobby horse of his, Iceland - Greenland historical relationships. The visual arts Icelandic counterparts were landscape paintings by a fisherman from Ísafjörður by trade, who first started dabbling in painting in his leisure time on boat.

Flateyri has, of course, as any other decent Icelandic settlement with population in the plurals, a swimming pool, where you could learn Eskimo turns and which the Greenlandic guests took by storm, as pools and swimming are a rare pastime in Greenland and, surprisingly, many Greenlanders actually cannot swim at all. During an afternoon kayak presentation at the harbour, the kayak instructor showed what our poor attempts should really look like, performing Eskimo turns while holding the paddle in ways that simply seemed

to contradict human anatomy, or even holding a lit cigarette that did not go off. That it was not just another lame show for dumb tourists was proved by the oohs and aahs the onlooking fellow kayakers uttered.

Having been given mental nutrition, festival guests were not to go physically hungry either. The fact that the monstrous barbecue devices were set up next to a tub with a cute baby seal got me quite worried, but soon a motorboat arrived with a somewhat bigger seal caught in the sea. The seal was dragged to land, and immediately skinned, carved and dissected by the skilled hands of Greenlandic women. The baby seal was left in peace for children to pet; still I think we were quite lucky Madame Bardot was elsewhere.

We were also lucky the rainy weather changed its mind in the end, and last night's bonfire and open-air concert took place without any emergency relocating. By that time locals, participants and guests had mixed into a homogenous mass, and when the presenter introduced the last song of the night, a piece written by a local songwriter and sort of Flateyri's national anthem, as "a song everybody knows and can therefore sing along, if there is anybody who does not know it, will they please leave the premises immediately", even strangers such as me were able to join in the refrain at least.

Greenlandic nights was a festival of bright summer nights, when the sun would only symbolically pop down below the horizon so that there was plenty of time and light for entertainment. There were organized events for sure, but what charmed me most was how people who until then had known little about each other, enjoyed time together. Now and again, I get surprised at the enthusiasm and energy that Icelanders put into organizing fun for themselves. The roads to the West Fjords were teeming with cars that were transporting whole families to places of obscure names and population counts in the tens, because some family holiday or another was held there. So next time you drive in the country, watch out for flags flapping in the summer breeze, the unmistakable sign of such an event - you may end up experiencing a genuine Icelandic hátið first-hand.

Beata Rödingova



Traditional Greenlandic drum dance

## LISTINGS

### The Five Elements Travel Journals by Claire Xuan, Reykjavik museum of photography May 24th - Sept. 1st



This exhibition is based on the travel journals of the French-Vietnamese artist Claire Xuan and features a collection of artistic photography and reproductions of original etchings. The photographs are processed as lithographs and on paper made from natural materials. Between the sheets are thin sheets of paper (papyrus), printed with special features and written characters of different countries.

The unification of the five fundamental elements in Asia is the source of Claire's inspiration for the concept of her travel journals, which span the past six years of her career in five different countries; Vietnam, Paris (France), Morocco, Madagascar and Iceland. On her travels around the globe, Claire seeks out different aspects of the five natural elements; wood, fire, earth, metal and water and photographs them.

Although Claire Xuan's photographs clearly comprise the majority of her work, they should not be considered alone as the most significant work of the exhibition; the presentation display box in itself is equally important.

The concepts of binomial and diptych were primarily considered when selecting the works for this exhibition. Seen from that perspective, the photographs illustrate surprising common features, which may be observed in the same elements in different conditions and in different places in the world. Admission free.

### West of the Sun, North of the Moon, Nordic House Until August 31st

The Nordic House duly throws in its share to this summer's Atlantic spirit and sets up an exhibition of 48 photographs from Greenland, the Faeroe Islands and Iceland in its foyer. The exhibition is organized into sets of 3 photographs, one from each land, bringing to light the parallels and differences between the three lands. The photographs were taken by Ragnar Th. Sigurðsson during his extensive travels in the region. His fellow traveller Ari Trausti Guðmundsson, a geologist and writer, provided the text. Open Mon-Sat 8-17, Sun 12-17, Admission free

in Icelandic Photography. Admission 500 krónur  
**Saga Museum**, -10 to 18 -History face to face, historical figures and major events in Icelandic history presented in a unique way. Admission 800 krónur.  
**Gallery i8**, -11 to 18 -Works of the contemporary artists Roni Horn  
**Handverk og Hönnun**, -13 to 17 -Exhibition of contemporary and traditional Icelandic art and crafts.  
**Sigurjón Ólafsson Sculpture Museum**, -14 to 17 -Portraits and Abstractions  
**Viðey Island**, -Starts 19:30 -Walk around Island Viðey, with a look at the art of Richard Serra.

**Night**  
**Dubliners**, Troubadour Ingi Valur

### Wednesday, August 6

**Both Day and Night**  
**Austurvöllur out door exhibition**, Earth from Above. Aerial Photographs by Yann Arthus-Bertrand.

**Day**  
**Reðursafnið, Phallogical Museum**, A fine penis and penis related selection from various mammals.

**Árbæjarsafn, Folk Museum**, An exhibition shows life and work in the years 1950-60.

**National Gallery of Iceland**, Exhibition of selected works by Icelandic artists from the National Gallery's collection.

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**Safn**, -14 to 18 -Collection includes both international and Icelandic contemporary art.

**Night**  
**Dubliners**, BT and family: Various musicians play together as a band in a random appearance  
**Sirkus**, Jazz DJ  
**Gaukur á Stöng**, The band Ókind

### Thursday, August 7

**Both Day and Night**  
**Austurvöllur out door exhibition**, Earth from Above. Aerial Photographs by Yann Arthus-Bertrand.

**Day**  
**Reðursafnið, Phallogical Museum**, A fine penis and penis related selection from various mammals.

**Árbæjarsafn, Folk Museum**, An exhibition shows life and work in the years 1950-60.

**National Gallery of Iceland**, Exhibition of selected works by Icelandic artists from the National Gallery's collection.

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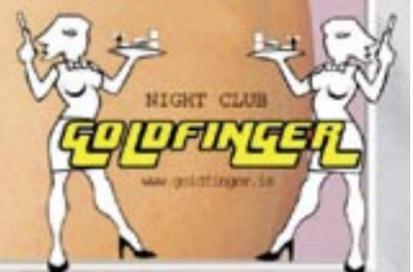
**Safn**, -14 to 18 -Collection includes both international and Icelandic contemporary art.

**Night**  
**Dubliners**, BT and family: Various musicians play together as a band in a random appearance  
**Kránín 73**, Live music  
**Grand Rokk**, -Starts 22:00 -The bands Moody Company, Tenderfoot, Fritz. Admission 500 krónur



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# BELFAST AND THE IRA

article BY

JOHN  
BOYCE

**Last February I was sitting in a bar in Belfast when police entered and said there'd been a bomb threat. No one got up, they just kept on drinking their pints as officers looked under chairs and tables. After 30 years of civil war, it takes more than a bomb threat for people to abandon their beers. But have things really changed, and if so, can it last?**

Once upon a time about 800 years ago in a green and distant isle, a young clansman called Diarmaid was having trouble with his neighbours so he decided to invite one Mr Strongbow from across the water to help keep them in line.

Not the 13<sup>th</sup> century's brightest idea as it turned out, the sea in question being the Irish one and Strongbow a not so nobleman from England, whose arrival heralded the beginning of what was to be eight centuries of colonisation with all the murder and mayhem that this implies. After centuries of false start

successive British administrations and, ominously for the nationalist minority, the unionist political elite were left to run the show. Fast-forward to the swinging sixties, the smell of revolution is in the air and northern Catholics, inspired by the likes of Luther King, take to the streets to shake off fifty years of dreary bigotry and discrimination.

The rest of the tale is sadly familiar. Demands for civil rights lead to civil strife, and latent Irish Republicanism and Unionist reaction fuse as the province slides into war.

Sunningdale, the province's first



One of countless murals, this one obviously Catholic, decorating sectarian areas.

assembly were postponed. Suspicions that postponement came at the tacit behest of Trimble, who of all the players had most to lose by going to the polls, has not helped the credibility of the democratic process.

In a province so politically polarised, where unionists and nationalists vote en bloc, the political action is often hottest within rather than between these divided communities.

It is these very tensions and the resulting shifts in power that will shape events in the months and years ahead, indeed the next election, provisionally set for the autumn, will perhaps be the defining moment for the life or death of the peace process in its current form.

In the Unionist camp, support for the Good Friday agreement has ebbed steadily since its signing. Recently, however, support has gone into freefall. UUP leader Trimble, one of the architects of the agreement, is in dire political trouble. Three years of ceaseless internal divisions and countless rebellions from the anti agreement members of the party have left him critically, if not fatally, wounded. After surviving another challenge to his strategy recently Trimble finally suspended his three leading tormentors, an action unlikely to heal divisions in the short term but seen as vital to retaining Trimble's credibility as leader of a rapidly imploding party. Long the dominant unionist grouping in the province, its position at the centre of what is increasingly viewed as a failed process has seen the Ulster Unionist Party take a battering at the polls. Ian Paisley's Democratic Unionist Party (DUP) has been the principal beneficiary and is gaining fast. Were the not entirely unlikely to happen and the DUP became the largest Unionist party at the next election, their publicly avowed policy of renegotiation of the whole deal could spell the death knell of the Good Friday agreement. A further complication is the increasingly volatile Unionist paramilitaries for whom the peace process has been an unmitigated disaster. Unlike the IRA, loyalist paramilitary groups never established a political power base that would give them a seat at the table when the time came to talk. Consequently, in the elections to the new power-sharing assembly their hastily constructed political fronts made almost no impact against the UUP and the DUP. As their marginalisation increases, so does frustration and it is no surprise that in recent years loyalist paramilitaries have been responsible for much of the sporadic violence in the province, not only against nationalists but, even more spectacularly, amongst themselves.

In the late sixties there was only one major political force on the nationalist side, The Social Democratic and Labour Party (SDLP), a moderate constitutional party. The IRA until the late seventies retained a lofty disdain for the workings of the political process. Then along came Sinn Fein. Very much the brainchild of Gerry Adams, Sinn Fein were born of the horror that was the H block hunger strikes of '81 when IRA prisoners refused food to protest the stripping of their prisoner of war status by Margaret Thatcher. In a classic case of winning

the battle and losing the war Thatcher refused to bend as ten prisoners, one after another, slipped into a coma and died. The anger and bitterness of the protest reenergised a waning PIRA for another ten years of low intensity warfare and helped put Sinn Fein firmly on the political map. Adams twin track strategy of the armalight and the ballot box was born.

From a low of less than 8% in the 1984 elections, Sinn Fein have climbed to almost 18% of the province's vote, overtaking the SDLP as the largest nationalist party in last British general

## Sinn Fein were born of the horror that was the H block hunger strikes of '81

election. As Sinn Fein considers itself an all Ireland party, its long hoped for breakthrough in the Republic of Ireland, picking up five seats in the last election, has brought particular satisfaction and more importantly, vindication for Adams ceasefire strategy.

As ever Sinn Fein's relationship with the IRA is at the heart of the dispute with Unionism. To fully understand the current impasse it's important to

remember the accepted reality behind the rhetoric. Just as nationalists, without of course having to say so, were tacitly accepting the union with Britain in return for an affairs deal within the province, moderate Unionism tacitly accepted that it was not in the perimeters of the political gift of even Adams to wind up a deeply ingrained paramilitary organisation in an instant, and that the disappearance of the IRA would be a gradual process. Moderate unionists, in reality at least, were not demanding a complete inactivity but, at least, the appearance of it assuming that Sinn Fein and the IRA are still committed to the implementation of the agreement. Embarrassing fiascos like the arrest of three IRA members in Columbia that have made Trimble's position within Unionism all but untenable is hardly good news for Republicans either. However, there are, one suspects, many devotees within Republicanism of the zero sum game theory; that Unionist turmoil whatever its source is somehow good news for Nationalists.

This notion of a zero sum game brings us to the ultimate sticking point on which this or any other agreement could well flounder. Because of Unionism's longstanding dominance in the province there is an inevitable feeling within that

community that they have everything to lose and nothing to gain and vice versa for the Nationalists. Support for the agreement, holding steady in the high 80s on the nationalist side and now well below 50% among Unionists would seem to bare out this perception. And in a divided community like Northern Ireland, full of tension, argument and violence, potential perception is everything.



The police still drive armour plated Land Rovers with bulletproof windows.

movements and failed revolution Irish nationalism got serious at the turn of the century. The 1916 rising, though in itself a military fiasco, proved a potent symbol on which to build a revolutionary movement and led to the extraordinary rise of Sinn Fein, who by 1919 was the largest party on the island with a growing militant wing. A virtual declaration of independence quickly led to a war of independence, evolving into civil war over the controversial terms of the peace treaty with the British. The leading bone of contention was the exclusion of

attempt at power sharing in 1974, and on which the current model is roughly based, collapsed under the weight of a massive Unionist strike. There would be ten more years of dirty war before the rise of Sinn Fein as the political wing of the IRA, which, under the direction of Gerry Adams, set the province on the long and winding road back to the sanity of a political settlement.

It is now almost ten years since the first historic IRA ceasefire and almost five since the groundbreaking Good Friday agreement, the accord that set

## The 1916 rising, though a fiasco, proved a symbol on which to build a revolution

the northern part of the island from the fledgling Irish state. Partition of the country was at the political behest of the majority Protestant population who, loyal to the British crown, had no wish to join a Catholic nationalist state.

After independence the northern mini state was actively ignored by

out the political future of the province.

After five years of stalling, suspensions, disputes, court battles and of course violence and civil unrest the agreement seems dangerously close to disintegration and death by a thousand cuts. Earlier this year David Trimble, leader of the Ulster Unionists (UUP) the largest party in the province, walked out of the power sharing assembly in protest at continued IRA activity, most notoriously an alleged spy ring close to the heart of government, thus triggering a return to direct rule from Westminster. Trimble's conditions for a return include the virtual disbandment of the IRA, a concession that Sinn Fein is unlikely, unwilling and probably unable to make. In the absence of any agreement last month's elections to the



The peace wall separating the Catholics and the prods.



A Belfast police station.

## Will the real IRA please stand up?

What with the real IRA, the Provisional IRA, the Continuity IRA, the Official IRA and the Old IRA, telling your nationalist militant groups apart can be a tricky business.

The Old IRA refers to pre independence days. Often called The Good IRA, reflecting a general belief that Ireland's violent Independence movement 1919/1920 had a legitimacy that the more recent campaign lacks.

After the disastrous border campaign of the fifties Republican militant potential lay dormant until the late sixties, when it erupted once again in the wake of civil rights unrest. The old IRA network was largely unprepared for the possibility of armed insurrection. A year of an escalating IRA campaign saw the first of many splits emerge in the Republican movement. About two thirds of the movement advocated a ceasefire followed by political talks.

The remaining members remained convinced that only a military campaign would push the British out of Ireland

The Official IRA, as the majority became known, quickly faded into obscurity, while those who split, containing the likes of Adams and McGuinness, emerged as the dominant nationalist paramilitary force, the Provisional IRA.

Twenty years later, when the provisional IRA, after secret talks with the British government, announced a ceasefire, a small section of the organisation in true Republican tradition split from Adams and Co. and declared their intention to continue violent resistance to the British presence. These dissidents, tiny though they were, managed to split again to form both the Continuity IRA and the Real IRA, the latter being responsible for the biggest single attack of the troubles, the Omagh bombing which killed 29 people in 1998.

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## WANDERINGS

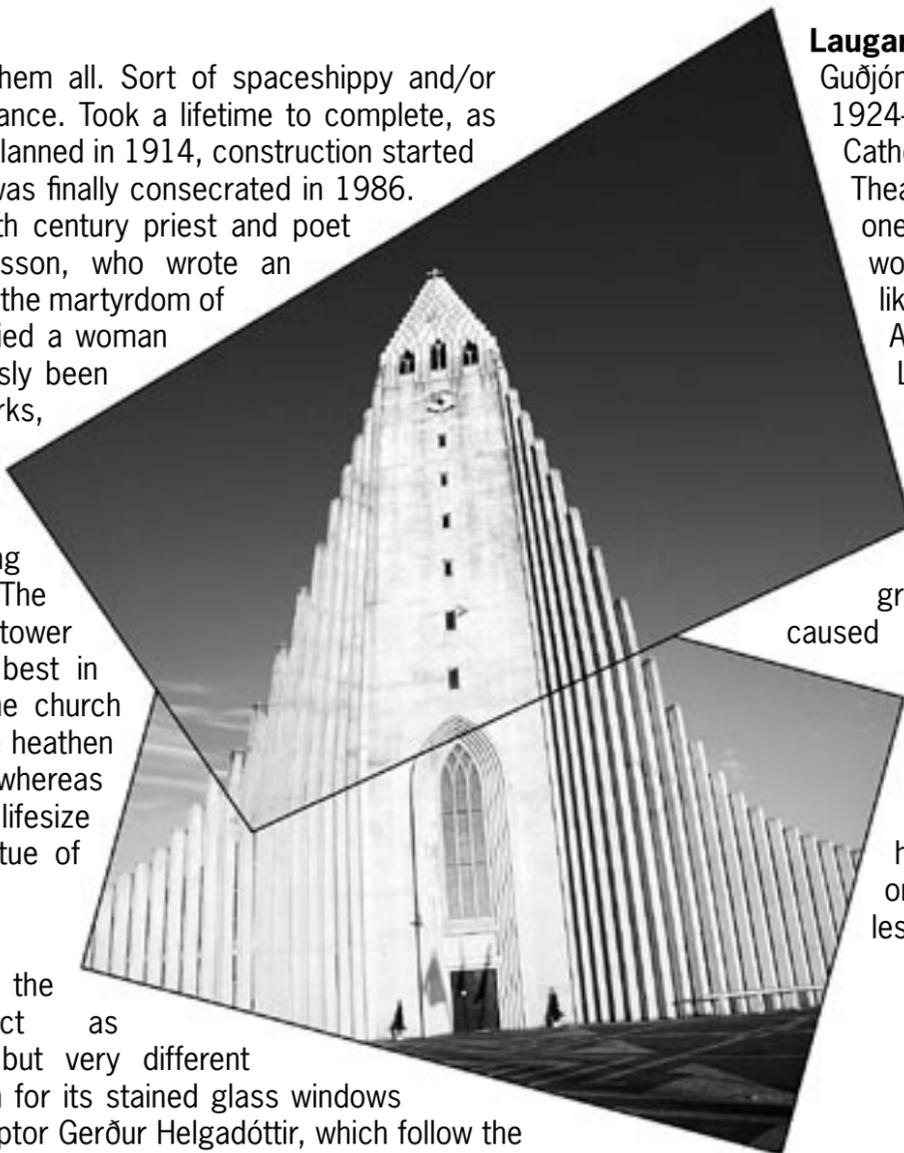
## CHURCHES

## SOME FUN PLACES TO VISIT AND WORSHIP IN

**Hallgrímskirkja**

The mother of them all. Sort of spaceshippy and/or phallic in appearance. Took a lifetime to complete, as it was originally planned in 1914, construction started in 1945, and it was finally consecrated in 1986.

Named after 17th century priest and poet Hallgrímur Pétursson, who wrote an epic poem about the martyrdom of Christ, and married a woman who had previously been abducted by Turks, before dying of leprosy. The area housed barracks during World War Two. The view from the tower is probably the best in town. Outside the church is a statue of the heathen Leifur Eiríksson, whereas inside is a lifesize (presumably) statue of Jesus himself.

**Kópavogskirkja**

Designed by the same architect as Langholtskirkja, but very different in design. Known for its stained glass windows designed by sculptor Gerður Helgadóttir, which follow the bow shape of the walls and said to create a mysterious atmosphere in the way they filter daylight.

People supposedly go there as much for the great view as the closeness to God. The church has had its share of organ problems, and is currently on its fourth organ. The first was a harmonium owned



by a nearby school, the second only lasted for 7 years before being sold off and the 3rd, lasting from 1964 to 1997 was very vulnerable for climate changes. Let us hope they won't be looking for a new organ donor soon.

**Kristskirkja í Landakoti**

Iceland's last Catholic bishop, Jón Arason, was executed in 1550, and has since, paradoxically for a supposedly Lutheran country, become something of a national hero for standing up to the Danes. Following his death, every Dane in the country was killed, but no



one saw this as a good time to declare independence, and Danish rule was silently reimposed. Was known at the time for being a staunch advocate of literacy, and for raising some of the best sheep on the island. Modern genetic research has proven that he is in fact the direct ancestor of every living Icelander. Catholicism was relegalised in 1874, and they got their first church in 1897. This, the current Catholic church, was consecrated in 1929.

**Laugarneskirkja**

Guðjón Samúelsson was the state architect of Iceland from 1924-1950, and designed many churches, including the Catholic Church and Hallgrímskirkja as well as the National Theatre. This church was consecrated in 1949, and is not one of his most original works, as it looks a lot like the church he built in Akureyri a year earlier. Legend has it that Hallgerður Langbrók, wife of Gunnar from Njálssaga, lived here and that she is buried in the graveyard after having caused her mans death by refusing to ruin her hairdo so he could mend his bowstring when under attack, apparently because he had slapped her once. Let that be a lesson...

**Langholtskirkja**

A rather recent church, consecrated in 1984. Apparently has great acoustics, and concerts are frequently held there. Among notable performers have been Faeroese singer Eivör Pálsdóttir. The house choir is apparently one to watch out for, as it won 3 gold medals in a choir competition in Tampere, Finland. Perhaps we should try entering it in Eurovision. The church also houses AA meetings, but how this affects the choir is, as yet, undocumented. The choir is currently in its 50th anniversary, as will be celebrated by the church. The area was farmland until about 1960, when encroaching urbanisation forced the farmers away.

**Neskirkja**

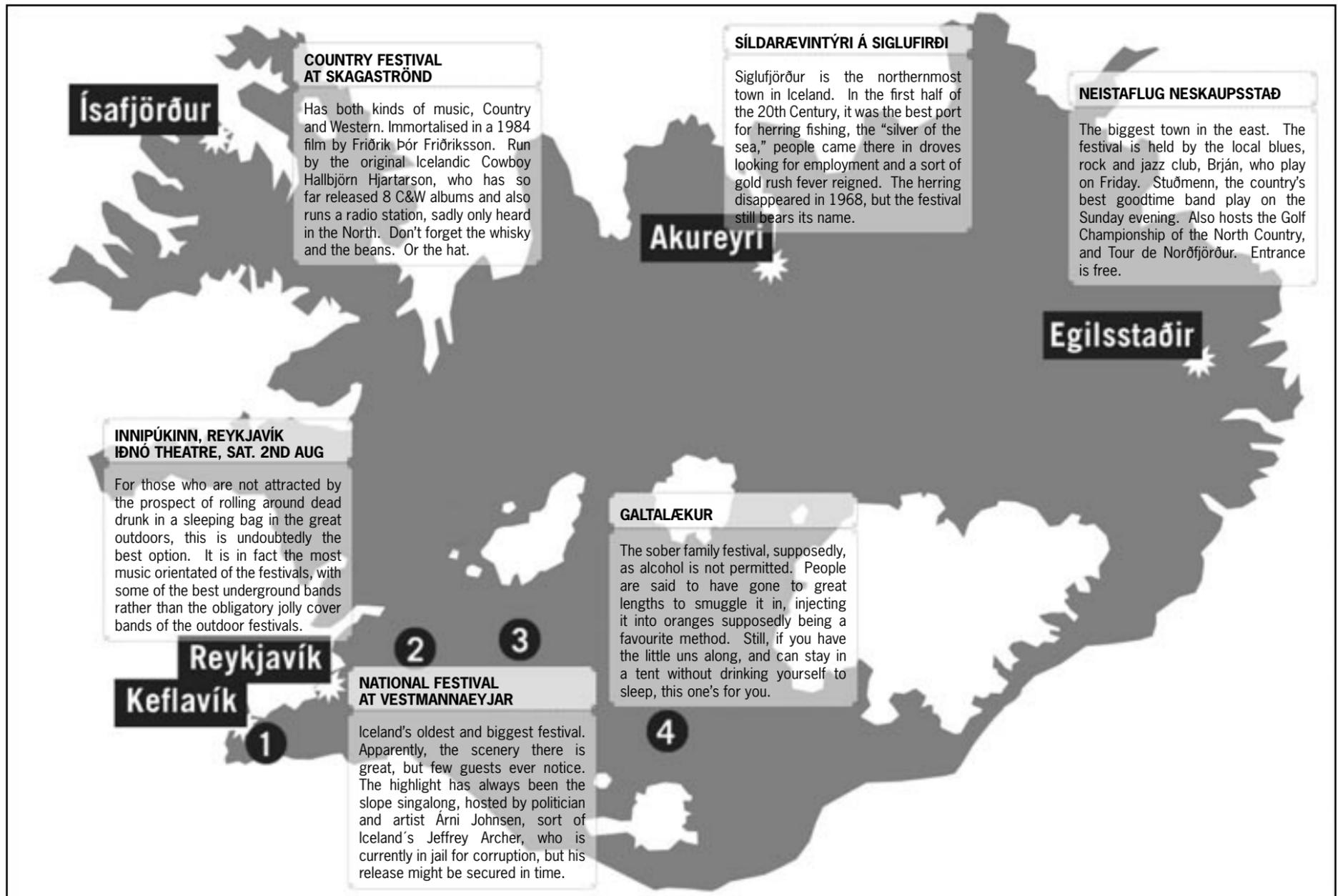
Consecrated in 1957, it has been called the first modern church in Iceland, as it was built for other uses than just preaching. This probably was a reflection of declining church attendance. Even the architect realised this and did not bother to put up a belfry, as he felt there was no need for one on a modern church, probably as no one would heed the call anyway. As bars have become the more popular places for gatherings and spiritual refreshment, churches have responded to this competition by housing more and more AA meetings. Other attempts at modernisation include broadcasting mass directly over the internet, and the churchmobile, which drives around the area every Sunday.



Photos: Aldís

OUTSIDE THE CITY

ICELAND: A USERS MANUAL  
CLOSE LOOK AT THE FIRST WEEKEND IN AUGUST



LET THE GOOD TIMES ROLL  
THE FIRST WEEKEND IN AUGUST

You wake up hung over in a collapsed tent. It is raining and there is someone that you do not know lying beside you. All of your clothes are wet. All of your belongings are either ruined or they have been stolen. You are not sure about what has happened in detail, but the fact that some days before you took the healthy decision of packing loads of alcohol in a rucksack and going to the countryside to celebrate a bank holiday weekend seems quite obvious to you given the dreary circumstances.

We make up excuses for drinking on every occasion. The first Monday of August is a bank holiday and the preceding weekend we go to one of numerous festivals located all around the countryside packing everything necessary (alcohol, some food, alcohol, some clothing and, of course, alcohol) and leaving behind everything unnecessary (ethics and prudence).

Among the oldest and most popular festivals would be Galtalækur (Boars Creek) and Vestmannaeyjar (Westman Islands). Galtalækur has gained a reputation as a family festival for dried up alcoholics... so many a teenager takes his first steps towards alcoholism during that festival, smuggling in booze by any means possible. It is now only a family festival and not run by AA anymore, so maybe the teenage drinking has decreased. Vestmannaeyjar have their own national holiday. The reason for a special national holiday on an island which is (still) Icelandic, dates back to 1874, when the granting of the first constitution by the king of Denmark was being celebrated. The Vestmannaeyjar folk wanted to take part in the festivities but could not make it there on account

of a storm preventing them to sail to the mainland. So they decided to have their own national festival, which lasted the whole weekend. It was so much fun they decided to do it again next year. And then every year since. To most people it is the nicest festival and personally I prefer it because of the sense of history and tradition which give the festivities increased value as a festival which is not just about drinking your self into oblivion, although this is certainly done as well.

There are numerous downsides to these festivals. In the first place the expenses are gigantic since you have to get yourself there and then pay to get in, in addition you have to bring three days worth of alcohol and we all know how expensive that is on our island. And the weather usually sucks. It is not uncommon that it rains a lot and it gets so stormy sometimes that the tents blow out in the wind. The crime rate also explodes. There was an incident in a festival called Eldborg a couple of years ago when a gang of guys gave "date-rape" drugged drinks to girls and then they walked around gang banging their passed out victims using an igloo tent which they had cut out the bottom off so they could put it over the girls and do their thing in peace.

Apart from such atrocities, which fortunately are rare but do happen, festivals can be pretty claustrophobic, since you are in an isolated place which you can not just walk away from if it gets boring... actually I think that is one of the main reasons for this excessively heavy drinking... you just have got to enjoy yourself somehow, otherwise you realise where you are and get depressed

(editorial note: much the same might be said of Iceland in general).

The music sucks too. It is played by cover bands who all share the same sound and same really bad taste in music. All of them cover exactly the same songs in exactly the same way. When the bands have been around long enough they manage to make their own songs, but since they have only been playing cover songs, their own material tends to be a pop music in a bizarre mixture of other music styles and genres. Therefore it is not uncommon to hear in one song a hint of some eighties glamour metal, some seventies disco and funky death-metal, even all at once in a strange mix. It may look interesting on paper but do not be fooled... it is truly bad to listen to and to enjoy it you have to either be a person with absolutely no taste in music or sufficiently out of it to enjoy it ironically. Given that we Icelanders drink a lot we can not blame these bands existence on anyone but ourselves since we make up the masses who ultimately attend their shows, but foreigners beware, do not let your selves get sucked in... you will regret it for ever!

The upside can be the fun of going out of the city and live completely free of all boundaries of clubs and their dress codes. As stated above, every sense of



For some reason, single men were frequent visitors to the hospital, although none appeared injured. (Photo: Geiri | <http://goto.to/ejjar>)

ethic and prudence is left at home (some take it too seriously though... hence the rapes) so the fun can be pretty damn crazy and it is said that EVERYONE gets laid causing a birth explosion in May since nobody has sense to use proper protections in his or her drunken stupor. (editorial note: this is not literally true. Grapevine has found out the hard way to never trust statisticians.)

Things to bring: Alcohol, food, tent, warm and water resistant clothing (umbrellas are not enough). Places to go: Vestmannaeyjar, Galtalækur, Akureyri, Kántríbær (the northern wild west celebration), and many others... posters are everywhere. Bands to avoid: Írafár (avoid the singer) and 2003 Eurovision contestant Birgitta Haukdal, Í Svörtum Fötum (avoid that singer too), Skítamóral, Á Móti Sól, Buttercup.

Follow the above, and let the good times roll.

Aðalsteinn Jörundsson

PLACES TO LOOK AT:

**1. THE BLUE LAGOON**  
One of the first stops for any visitor, and situated very close to Keflavík's international airport. The lagoons' mud is believed to have healing powers, especially for people suffering from psoriasis or other skin diseases. The distinctive blue colour is due to the warmth and the high level of silicone in the water. Sadly, there's no evidence that this increases cleavage size.

**2. ÞINGVELLIR**  
In 930 a.d. the Vikings decided they needed to find a way to settle their disagreements, so they founded a parliament, and called it Alþingi. Today, although relocated, it is the oldest (sometimes) functioning parliament in the world. The Vikings, when not busy hacking limbs of one another, were quite aware of the beauty of nature and picked this breathtaking spot to meet. The American and European continental plates meet precisely here.

**3. GULLFOSS & GEYSIR**  
Usually these two are mentioned together, partly because of geographic proximity, partly because they both start with the letter G. Geysir is the geyser from which all geysers derive their name. Sadly, it rarely erupts these days, the family business having been taken over by heir Strokkur. Gullfoss is generally thought to be Iceland's most beautiful waterfall, hence the name, meaning "Golden Waterfall."

**4. LANDMANNALAUGAR**  
Probably one of the most popular jeep excursions tours is a round trip from Reykjavík to Landmannalaugar. Not surprising since Landmannalaugar is actually a natural swimming pool in the middle of Iceland's highland desert. Don't bring shampoo or soap because this pool is so natural that we wouldn't want to spoil it would we? If you're up to a 12 hour journey, most of the time inside a huge jeep, it is usually worth it.

## MISCELLANEOUS

## THE VOICE OF THE RESISTANCE

Anyone who read John Boyce's article on the media (issue 2) should have realised that said media are not to be trusted. It seems that in the information society we are bombarded by the media 24/7, all of it telling us the same thing, and ultimately, is seems, owned by the same people. Where Iceland only a decade ago had almost a dozen newspapers, it now has only three. But the truth, as the saying goes, is out there. You just need to know where to look, and ignore the headlines.

In the communist countries the strategy of the powers that be was to keep information about the outside world from the masses. This failed completely. In capitalist ones, the strategy of whomever it is who ultimately runs

things seems to be to saturate us with information until we become numb to it all (would pictures of starving children in Ethiopia elicit the same response as it did even in 1984, now that horrors are brought into our living room every night). Our only non-violent response to this is to point out where alternative sources of information, not run by corporate interests, can be found.

The internet is still a free forum for opinions. Anyone can use it to say whatever he wants. However, it is so vast that all opinions almost have the effect of cancelling each other out. It is hence our duty to point out the sites that are saying something that sounds like a reasonable approximation of truth. One of these is Apsaras Review. It is

run by someone up in Akureyri called Paul Fontaine-Nikolov, who claims the idea came to him when he was a drug smuggler in Tangiers in '47, while drinking with William Burroughs. Whether this story is historically accurate or not is of no consequence, what is important is that the company, Kremena Publishing, is currently looking for new talent to publish in its netzine. It's aim is twofold, to help unknown writers be heard, and to use the proceeds to help organisations such as Amnesty International, United Nations Children's Fund ( UNICEF ) and Cambodian Mine Action Center. If that's not worthwhile, then at least it beats sheepshagging. Their current issue includes everything from a first person account inside an aircraft carrier

in the 91 Gulf War, to an interview with a member of the Icelandic Left-Green Party.

The mag's manifesto sounds something like: "What I would like to see accomplished with the help of Apsaras Review is that every-day people from around the world can come here and express their point of view about what's going on around them, that other people around the world can respond to them, and that this forum grows in both strength and volume. Dialogue can lead to understanding, understanding can lead to unity, and unity can take us anywhere. All the power in "running the world" only seems to belong to the wealthy and the politicians. The fact is, we run the world. Our labour, our

taxes, our presence (or lack thereof) at the polls, our military service-what else do the powerful rest upon but this? The distance between the rulers and the ruled is much shorter than it seems; they sit upon our very shoulders, and can be put on the earth with as little effort as it takes to shrug. Of course, such an action will never be possible without a little solidarity. I hope Apsaras Review can contribute to just such a solidarity." Send your submissions to: [www.kremenapublishing.com](http://www.kremenapublishing.com), or read the thing at: [www.kremenapublishing.com/ar10259x35.html](http://www.kremenapublishing.com/ar10259x35.html).

Vladur

## FUNNY MONEY

Icelanders are stubborn, independent and extremely proud of their history, which is fine. Iceland's currency reflects these things being both colorful, and full of history. The bills have pictures of historically famous or important people, while the coins have etchings of various types of fish (reflecting Iceland's biggest industry). Still, you probably haven't got a clue who these people are, or what type of fish it is on you're the coins, and if you simply don't care, don't read any further than this.

The last in the family of króna notes, and the most valuable of them all, is the 5000kr note. Still it seems that with

the exception of tourists there are only a few Icelandic purists that still use the note. Others have taken credit and debit cards and do not carry around paper money at all, though most Icelanders



wish they never came into contact with credit cards to begin with. The 5000kr note is very special for one reason, it is the only króna note with a woman on it, and it seems the lady is there for no other reason but because she's a she. Her name is Ragnheiður Jónsdóttir (1646-1715) and she was the 3rd wife of bishop Gísli Þorvaldsson. Ragnheiður was known for

embroidering, but, it seems, nothing else. Grapevine recommends Vigdís Finnbogadóttir, former president (and first female president anywhere) as a replacement, she at least has some historical value for Iceland and the rest of the world. Or perhaps even Björk. But perhaps you have to be dead to make it onto a note, unless, of course, you're royalty. Also on the front is the bishop, and his first two wives and on the back is Ragnheiður again, doing her thing.

**What's it worth?**

If you are insane enough to drink at bar in Iceland, one purple 5000kr note could at least get you a little dizzy, but

it could hardly send you into a drunken bliss, depending on your stamina. It should get you about 10 pints. To get to the drunken bliss state, a short stop at the local liquor store with a budget mentioned above would do the trick, a case of beer or a couple of bottles of "Brennivín" (Icelandic vodka) could be purchased without difficulties. A very decent restaurant in downtown Reykjavik would not charge you much more than 5000kr for a lunch, for two even, unless you're too extravagant. The note might even cover the prize of a cheap pair of jeans somewhere at Laugavegurinn.

Jónði

reykjavik grapevine & icelandic killer sheep  
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The competition is open to everybody, but visitor's ideas are especially welcome.

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Blomvallagata 2  
101 Reykjavik



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- Tent and poncho from OgVodafone.
- And last but not least; your idea printed on quality T-shirts to take home to friends and family.



- A collection of Icelandic health products from Lysi hf
- Tent and poncho from OgVodafone
- A case of Egils malt - the sweet tasting Icelandic "dark beer"



- A collection of Icelandic health products from Lysi hf
- Tent and poncho from OgVodafone

Name .....  
Address .....  
Country .....  
Phone .....  
E-mail .....

Or E-mail your idea in any digital format to [ook@hi.is](mailto:ook@hi.is), max 5 mb please!  
(Don't forget to include your name, phone number and address so we can contact you.)

reykjavik grapevine & icelandic killer sheep  
t-shirt competition

**COMPETITION RULES** 1. By submitting your design for the competition you accept the competition rules. 2. Icelandic Killer Sheep reserves the right to produce T-shirts or other merchandise based party, or entirely, on submitted ideas. 3. All entries must be free of claims and rights of third parties. 4. The closing date for entries is 8.august 2003.



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