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ISSUE5 FRI8AUG-THU21AUG 2003

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Culture Night**

REYKJAVÍK CULTURE NIGHT: FULL LISTINGS

THE REYKJAVÍK GRAPEVINE - ISSUE5 FRI8AUG - THU21AUG 2003

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BREATH FREE:**
THE PLIGHT OF
IMMIGRANTS IN ICELAND

**ICELAND AND
THE OUTSIDE WORLD:**
FLIRTING OR A FULL
TIME RELATIONSHIP

GAY PRIDE:
AS MUCH FUN
AS IT SOUNDS

**ARE ICELAND'S
LEADERS WAR CRIMINALS?**
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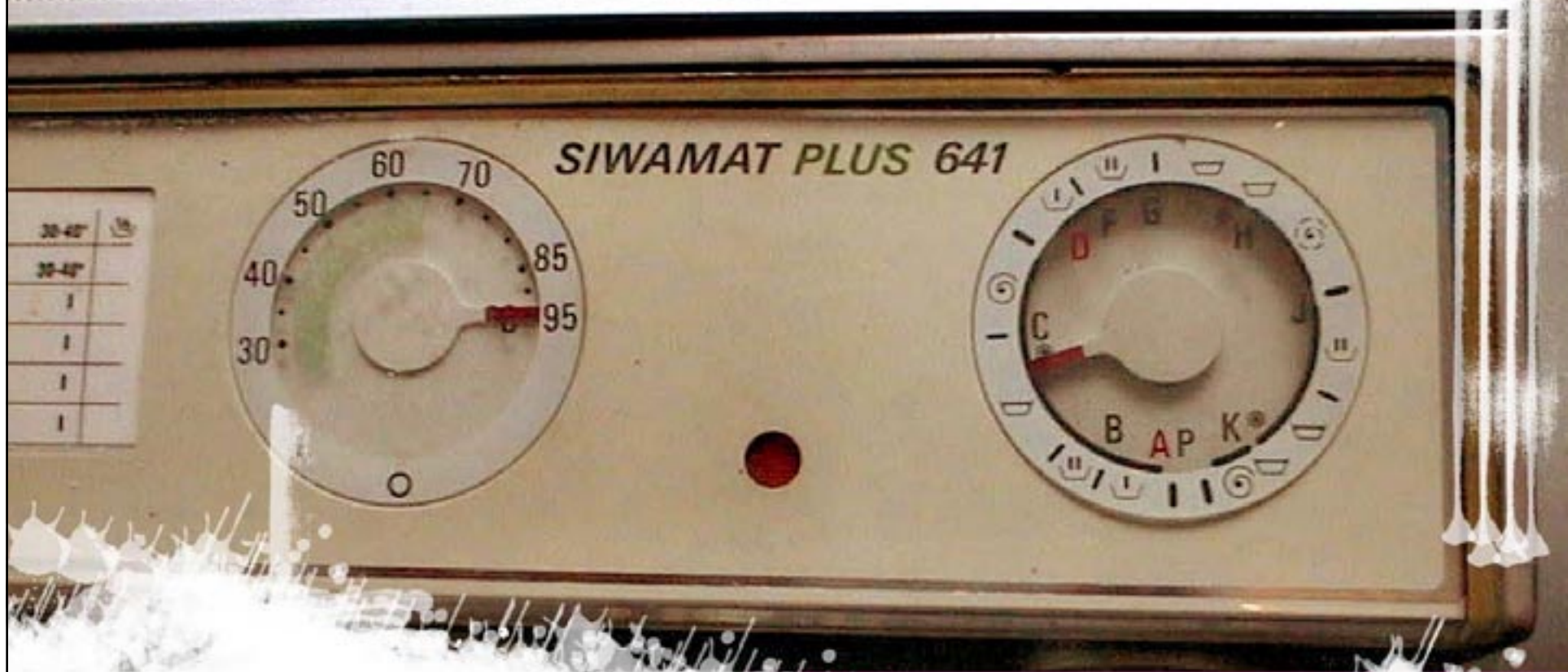
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LETTERS

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, or just stick it in the mailbox addressed to: The Reykjavík Grapevine, Blómvallagata 2, 101 Reykjavík.

Good Afternoon,

Congratulations on an insightful and informative newspaper. A friend of mine recently returned from a hiking trip to your country. I just finished reading a copy of your newspaper, which he happened to pick up while he was there.

I wish to ask a question and make a comment about a heading on one of the pictures on page 12, the "Culture" section of the paper. The pictures show a number of white clad figures with funny hats and clothes on their bodies performing various poses. The caption for the picture says, "The Ku Klux Klan practices its morning aerobics".

What I want to know is "do the performers actually call their group "The Ku Klux Klan", and if they do, are they aware of the negative connotations that the name carries.

My friend was quite excited about his trip and I hope to make a trip over in the near future.

Ciao,
A Curious Reader

This is not, in fact, the KKK, mostly known for wearing sheets, burning crosses and taking friendly black folks and hanging them from trees, but the Other House Street Theatre, mostly known for wearing sheets and entertaining passersby in Reykjavik during the summer, hence making hanging about in the sun doing nothing much more enjoyable for all. The reason for the title was something we in Iceland like to refer to as a "djók."

Hello guys,

First of all congratulations on your paper it is funny, in English and free... Three great things.

I work in Decode Genetics and there are approximately fifty foreigners with the company. At the moment we receive Icelandic newspapers. As a foreigner, I look at just 3 items in an Icelandic paper ; pictures, ads and weather Forecast

I have stop looking at the TV guide since I do not care to watch Innlit-Útlit or Icelandic weddings on TV. The "Deep Pool" is ok, as I can watch how young people look for fame...

So, since we need an English newspaper and you are here to save the UNIVERSE and at the same time my brain, can we please have 50 copies at the office.

Good luck guys and girls...

Thank you very much. It is good to know that the boys at DeCode watch the Deep Pool. With the miracle of modern science, one day we might all look like them. Now that would be saving the Universe.

Gentlemen,

The Grapevine is an excellent and informative newspaper about Iceland, its culture and its people!

Unfortunately for Americans of Scandinavian and German heritage, you cannot find German or Scandinavian



A picture of the picture in question. Notice the absence of burning crosses, indicating that this is not the Ku Klux Klan, contrary to popular belief.

newspapers at newsstands on the waterfront, or around the city anywhere.

Maybe in Boston, New York or up in St. Johns Newfoundland, but not here.

Good to read about what is going on Janseits der grossen leiches In Eisland. (I know you guys can speak German)

Terry Hillom

Skipper
Littlejohns Island, Maine, Marine Lobster Fishing boat, "Das Boot."
PS. Say Hallo to our Viking Buddy, "Hagar Der Schrecklich!! For US.

And a Heil Rumsfeld to you too, Mein Herr. Contrary to popular belief, Grapevine does not speak German, having slept its way through most of secondary school. However, this will probably be remedied on Culture Night, as the Goethe Zentrum are teaching German in 20 minutes, after which the country will no doubt speak German fluently and it will replace English as the language proliferating in Icelandic. Until then, Auf Wiedersehn.

Dear TRG,

This morning rain was pouring down and 20m/s winds, but it was still an exciting adventure to distribute the Grapevine.

Sat. Sun and Monday. Monday is an important day to have the ferry stocked, because it will be FULL and a lot of people will need pillows to sleep on and places to throw up, that is a great thing about the Grapevine, you can use them for a lot of things.....just a little joke poking fun at the drunks.

Best Regards,
Michael Parks

Our circulation department in the Westman Islands seems to have been busy preparing for the coming onslaught. The plan was to get them out before all hell broke loose. We hope they made it back to the mainland safely.

Dear Grapevine:

One hundred, five hundred, and a thousand years ago, there were many more whales in the sea than now. Also, there were many more fish in the sea than now. The shortage of both today is a direct result of human beings harvesting both whales and fish at a greater rate than their populations could sustain. If the "balance theory," which is to be used to justify restarting the hunt on whales, were valid (that is, less predation results in more prey, suggesting that fewer whales means more fish, and more whales means fewer fish), then the centuries' long decline of whales should have resulted in a centuries' long increase in fish populations. Alas, the fish declined as well, and from the same cause, overfishing by humans. If the "balance theory" were valid, and if we want more fish in the sea (in order to kill more of them), we should reduce the effects of their main predator. Human beings should be taking fewer fish from the sea than they now are. Talk about being between a rock and a hard place.

Cheers,
Bert Murray

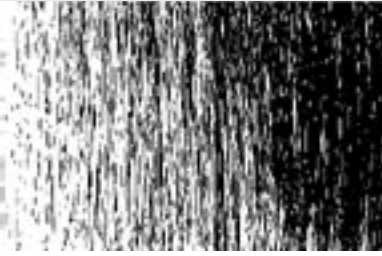
Actually, there were probably fewer whales in the sea 100 years ago due to too much hunting. Of course human harvesting has led to a long term decline in both fish and whale population. What the balance theory points out is that if the main predator, us, concentrates exclusively on one species and not the other, on fish while leaving the whales alone, then the result can only be that there will be too little fish to feed both whales and humans. Nature, of course, has a solution to this problem. It's called famine. But we, as at least semi-intelligent creatures, cannot accept famine as a viable option, any more than we can accept it as a way to deal with overpopulation in, say, Africa (although this in effect might seem to be the case).

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FROM THE EDITOR



MONDAY MORNING COMING DOWN

Monday morning after Verslunarmannahelgi. Something's wrong. I sit up and my surroundings seem strangely familiar. At first glance, this does not seem to be a moss-covered hill somewhere in the middle of nowhere, or even an unknown tent. On closer inspection, it actually turns out to be my own room. I feel strange. There's no headache, no dry throat. My body doesn't ache all over. I attempt to gather my thoughts, and find I can actually remember the preceding day. As it turns out, there's not much to remember.

This had been my first sober Verslunarmannahelgi since I started sprouting pubic hair, an event that seems to have driven me to drink. The furthest I got out of the city was when I attempted to go swimming in the swimming pool in Kópavogur, which, as it turned out, was just closing.

What was this?, the inevitable onset of middle age? Waistline had duly expanded, and hair seemed to be thinning. It's just my imagination, I kept telling myself. I was heavily in debt, although this has got more to do with boozing and unsuccessful recording ventures than mortgage or marriage. That, and the Icelandic banks' inexhaustible will to lend seemingly anybody money. Almost everyone finds himself with considerable debts in his early twenties. Some have cars, others merely hangovers. Probably an evil plot to stop the brain drain. As the money is more often than not spent on alcohol, brains are duly drained; they just never leave the country. I still had no children, at least none that I knew of, and given my social life, or lack of it, not much likelihood of there being any gone unreported. And yet, it was Monday morning after the biggest drinking weekend of the year, and I did not have so much as a headache. This almost sent me running to the nearest bar to drink myself into a stupor to prove my continued virility. I was almost on my way when I discovered that the thought of this did not appeal to me at all. I'd rather read a good book or something. This realisation sent me dashing to the mirror to look for grey hair. None yet, but



Hardly anyone was in town during the weekend, save for a mother celebrating the first anniversary of conception, and a lonely UFO on a day trip from Snæfellsnes. Photo: Aldis

it was only a matter of time. Monday is fridagur verslunarmanna, the trader's holiday. These days, it is everyone's day off, except for those engaged in trade and those selling wine and drink make a killing. It is also, as you no doubt know, the biggest drinking holiday of the year. In the other Nordic countries, the 1st of May, the workers holiday serves this purpose. Go figure. One of the big questions this weekend was whether Árni Johnsen would be allowed to perform at the festival. His day job was as an MP, but he was put in prison after it turned out public funds had disappeared and reappearing as upgrades for his house. He has been leading the group singalong for the past 25 years, and for a while he seemed in grave danger of becoming a national hero. Our leaders become villains when caught for stealing from us, and then become heroes again for being punished. Martyrs of the people. If they'd put Nixon in prison, he would probably have become the icon of a generation, at least if he could play the guitar. Jeffrey Archer will probably sell more books than ever. It reminded me of the Rolling Stones, who became tax exiles in '72, thus adding to their outlaw mystique. The rich, having been made rich by the people, become heroes by refusing to give anything back. No small feat stealing from people and getting them to cheer you in the process. Robin

Hood, if he were alive today would probably never get around to giving the money to the poor. He'd have formed a company instead. Or a band. In the event, Árni didn't get to go, but he's small fish anyway these days as almost every day brings new stories in the papers of corporate scandals such as tax fraud, insider trading and illegal price collusion. If you didn't know better, you might start to think the economy is being run by a bunch of crooks. At least the media, particularly Fréttablaðið, seem to be doing their job as the 4th estate. Even the Economist is going after Berlusconi, since the law has become powerless. And apparently the ozone layer is doing good these days. It seems everything might turn out alright. Or perhaps that's just the good weather we've been having causing delusion. Summer is slowly winding down. The nights are getting darker, a phenomena that always seems to surprise Icelanders as much every year. There is but one issue of Grapevine to go, before the tourists and the birds quite sensibly leave before the darkness and the cold sets in. But there is still one more month to go, with Gay Pride and Culture Night to keep spirits up during the final month of summer. There is certain desperation to the festivities; as if we party hard enough we can somehow prevent winter from setting in. What the hell, it's worth a try.

TOURIST OF THE DAY



Name:
Ingunn Mýrdal

How do you like Iceland?
It's lovely. I'm starting to like it more and more. Weather may be considered as a big factor here... It's sunny and a rainy day might have given a different answer.

Where are you from?
I'm from Kópavogur.

What in the name of Thor are you doing here?
I work here, I run a café in down town Reykjavik.

Have you been here long?
About 20 years with a few detours.

Have you tried any Icelandic delicacies?
Once I ate shark, and it was terrible, the smell was really disgusting.

Whaling: right or wrong?
Why not eat them, everything else is harvested in the sea!

Should North America be returned to its rightful owners, the Icelanders?
Of course my horse.

Do you know who David Oddson is?
A nerd with curly hair.

Do you know who Bubbi Morthens is?
A Rock and Roll singer with no hair.

Do you know who Keiko is?
A fat waste of money! (A whale)



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ANALYSIS

WRETCHED REFUSE YEARNING TO BREATHE FREE

articleBY

So you want to be an Icelander. You are undeterred by the fact that the weather is miserable for 364 days a year, and that for the price of a pint you can set up a small business in some parts of the world. So what's stopping you? For one thing, the law. So here's: Expiration Dates, Nationalist Rags, and Other Fine Aspects of Being an Immigrant in Iceland

PAUL FONTAINE-NIKOLOV

I left the United States for good, and I mean *really and for true*, in 1999, and have vowed never to return, ever. Aside from general embarrassment and disgust with what passes for culture, a military dictatorship pretending to be a democracy for a government, and the seeming ubiquitousness of "reality" TV shows, my greatest reason for leaving was that with every war, conflict, or battle that the U.S. visited upon some nation or another in the world, I knew that my tax dollars were paying for a part of it. Sooner than I thought, it became more than I could bear, and my Icelandic friends helped me process my immigration papers. Hello sweet freedom! Uh, right?

Well, let me say first of all that I am happy to be living in Iceland. This is where I want to stay, raise my family, and become too old to bathe myself. My life is much simpler and more relaxed since moving here, and my social conscience weighs a little bit less. But no place is paradise, of course, and there are things

which I learned the hard way. Hopefully, this piece will help provide a broader and clearer picture of immigration in general, and in Iceland particularly.

I have always found nationalism a bit silly, and anti-immigration sentiments downright absurd. Especially in the States. "Look at these damn foreigners," I've heard way too many Americans complain to me as we see a family of foreigners walking around somewhere, "They come to this country and don't even speak the language. They steal our jobs, breed like rabbits, and live forty to a one-bedroom apartment." This type of sentiment always gives me pause from an American. Especially from an American. I mean, aren't we all "damn foreigners"? Don't the real Americans live on reservations today? So I'd ask these people, "Where are your grandparents from?" Almost immediately the flag-waving ceases. Americans, with the exception of the reservation-dwelling Natives, are all descended from people who at one time came to this country without knowing the language, found jobs, worked hard, and with a little perseverance, became the butt of ethnic jokes which are still told to this day.

But certainly times have changed since the poem which is now engraved on the pedestal of the Statue of Liberty was first penned, right? The "huddled masses yearning to breathe

free" are welcomed much more easily in the States today, provided that they're not Muslim. And how about Iceland, then? Surely in such a comparatively more progressive country attitudes are proportionately more advanced, no?

Welllll, it depends on who you talk to. Icelanders are generally welcoming of foreigners. Many's the time I went to a bar alone and had someone approach me asking, "Where are you from?", thereby starting a long conversation of many questions. Even though I'm from a country as unremarkable as the U.S., after four years people are still asking me questions about what it's like there. The curiosity never ends, and though it takes time to make long-lasting friends with an Icelander, they generally welcome foreigners. To an extent.

When I first came to Iceland I worked in a restaurant which shall remain nameless. I very quickly found that I had to work three times as hard to prove a third as much, that if anything went wrong I was always the first person to be asked why it happened, and that my boss kept me in the dark about many of my legal entitlements. Other immigrants have told me similar stories. The fact is, there are incredulous people everywhere in the world, and you have to be careful. Look out for the tell-tale chain smoking, the unreturned phone calls, and the weak explanations as to why you can't get paid 'this month'. These guys are the exception. So how about the everyday people?

I once conducted an informal survey among the Icelanders I know. Some were co-workers, others were friends. I asked them one question: "Do you think there are too many foreigners in Iceland?" The response was always the same: "No, but . . .", followed by some rather imaginative suggestion regarding what they would do with the huddled masses. My favourite so far is, "They shouldn't be allowed to live together and start their own neighbourhoods." I laughed out loud at this, really. I mean, first of all, what is the harm in having a Chinatown? Secondly, how would one enforce such a law?

Immigration Official: "Country of origin?"

Immigrant: "Thailand."

Immigration Official: "Hmm, let me see. Well, we already have five Thais living in the 101 postal code. How'd you



She was not quite as cheerful after she found out what her job was.

Photo: Aldis

like to live in Kopasker?"

The fun doesn't end there either. In 2000 there were a couple of Chinese arrested in Keflavik airport for carrying false passports. The very next day the police came to the guesthouse where I was living, which was full of immigrants. They went door to door writing down passport numbers. When they came to my door I asked them why they needed my passport number. They sort of looked at each other, said nothing, and left. It was kind of surreal, actually. The Chinese people living in the guesthouse surrendered their passport numbers right away, however; in China you don't question the police about anything, and I think these Icelandic cops knew this. They probably also knew that we Americans will explode in a fit of rage and assault police officers, of course; haven't you ever seen World's Wildest Police Videos?

When I hear Icelanders expressing fear of an immigration flood they always bring up Denmark, as though Denmark was the greatest immigration failure on the face of the earth. In particular, they talk about how those notorious "neighborhoods" have formed, and they describe with indignation how the immigrants refuse to learn the language! OK, have you ever heard Danish? Even some of you Danes reading this know what I'm talking about. Seriously though, do you know who they're hurting, these people who refuse to learn the language?

Themselves alone. They will never get jobs higher than dishwasher or fish-gutter, they won't vote, and their income is still taxed the same as everyone else's. What more could a government want? If anything, you'd think the Ministry of Immigration would try to prevent them from learning the language!

All these little things don't make for much, in the long run. An immigrant who finds a good boss and tries to learn the language will probably do well for himself in Iceland. He will certainly do better here than in the States. Which makes it all the more deplorable what Fréttablaðið (whose hilarious motto is "we report the news") is doing.

Maybe it's because nothing very exciting happens in Iceland, or maybe it's because the editor of this rag has something against immigrants himself, but Fréttablaðið has consistently released a string of articles which have a decidedly anti-foreigner slant. Worse still, these articles are always built on reporting half of the truth. I cite my examples:

Earlier this year, they ran a banner headline which read "The Majority of Icelanders Think There Are Too Many Foreigners". Buried deep within the article, however, was the fact that they only called 600 people.

...Continued on page 30

NEWS IN BRIEF

The Verslunarmannahelgi celebrations went reasonably well. Weather was good in most parts of the country, no one died in car accidents and only two rapes were reported, considerably less than in previous years. Between 8 and 9 thousand attended the festival in the Westmans. There were several drugs charges and one rape reported, which organisers say stain the festival, which was otherwise a success.



More people were at the alcohol free festival at Galtalækur this year than there have been for more than a decade, in all somewhere between 7 and 8 thousand. Around 12 thousand went to Akureyri, where there were several instances of drunk driving. Less than a thousand attended the country festival at Skagaströnd, which is much less than in previous years.

The government has announced that whaling for scientific purposes is to be

resumed later this month, and that 38 whales are to be hunted. About 43.000 minke whales are estimated to be in the waters surrounding Iceland. Prosters have gathered outside the Icelandic embassy in London, wearing whale suits despite very warm weather. The opposition parties have welcomed the news, as have representatives of the fishing industry, while representatives of the tourist industry have protested the decision. The US State Department has warned that the decision might lead to sanctions, but the Minster of fisheries says he's not worried, and that the hunting is perfectly legal.

Jón Ólafsson, owner of Skifan, is accused by tax authorities of neglecting to mention 22 million krónur paid in wages by the company to himself. The wages were paid for consultation, and were paid to another company of his, Inuit Enterprise Ltd., in the Virgin Islands. Skifan chairman Ragnar Birgisson has admitted hiding 11,6 million krónur in wages from tax authorities. The company also stands accused of counting as operational expenses 12 million krónur paid in fines due for infringement of anti-trust laws and hindering investigations.

The Association of Icelandic Insurance Companies stand accused of conniving to hinder competition from entering the market for fishing ship insurance. When the company Alþjóðleg miðlun started offering insurance, they asked other companies for information regarding damage claims of potential clients. The Association then sent a letter to all members saying they were unauthorised to give out such information. Authorities claim this is a clear violation of anti-trust laws.

The World Competiton of Icelandic horses was held in Denmark, and Iceland managed to win five medals. The Swedes equalled this with five medals of their own, but we'll no doubt beat them in a meatball competition one day.



Three Americans have just completed a kayak journey around Iceland and came ashore in Neskaupstaður after an 81 day trip. One of these, Shawna Franklin, is the first woman to kayak around Iceland.

A bus carrying 28 Czech tourists went off the road and toppled at Geldingadragi. 12 were hospitalised, but 9 of these have already been released from the hospital.

Prime Minister Davíð Oddsson has said in an interview with the Washington Times that Icelanders view their country as a connecting point between the USA and Europe, but might have to reevalute their position if the US fighters are withdrawn. He says that if the US Army withdraws, Iceland might be forced to seek closer cooperation with Europe.

Police were contacted by an irate individual who complained about loud music originating from his neighbours house. The person claimed the same song had been played consecutively for 24 hours. Police tried to contact the homeowner, but without result.

The World championship in strange boats was held at Flúðir. The most interesting vessel was named Flúðarþvottur, captained by sisters María and Guðbjörg Hjaltadóttir. The craft was apparently doing well until a husband showed up, resulting in the vessel being overturned.

Prison guards have felt their relationship with the management of Litla-Hraun

prison to be somewhat cold, and have demanded that the Minister of Justice intervene. Prisoners have sent out a statement supporting the notion, especially after one guard, who reported himself sick when visiting his wife who lay in mortal danger after an accident, was asked to return wages paid during his sick leave.



According to a census, Icelandic males live longest of all men in Western Europe, whereas among women it's the French. Perhaps a dating service should be started?



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HISTORY

ICELAND AND THE OUTSIDE WORLD:
A BRIEF FLING OR A SERIOUS RELATIONSHIP?

Iceland is far away from pretty much everything. This geographical fact has always been a deciding factor in life here. Apart from the Turks in the 17th century and the British in the 20th, it has kept Iceland free of invading armies. It has also often made life very difficult here, due to lack of imports. Iceland was, of course, first settled by shipowners and Iceland had at least a hundred ships in its first century, but, due to lack of wood, it was difficult to replenish the fleet and by the 13th century foreign trade was completely in the hands of Norwegians.

article BY
PAUL
FONTAINE-NIKOLOV

When Icelanders agreed to pay taxes to the king of Norway in 1262, one of the conditions was that the King continue to send ships here. Iceland’s lifeline to the outside world may have seemed considerably more important than independence at the time. After the start of the Norwegian period, fish became, for the first time, the most important export. Markets opened up in the Baltic as the area became Christian (Catholics, of course, were not allowed to eat meat on Fridays and hence fish became a popular substitute) and the Norwegian port of Bergen became incorporated into the Hanseatic trading system. This, however, did not lead to an increase in living standards. Quite the contrary, the climate became harsher and crops



A squid. Not as big as an octopus, and hence tries not to scavenge on the latters turf.

could no longer be grown at the same time that some families became very wealthy from the fish trade. The rich became richer and the poor poorer. When the bubonic plague devastated Norway in the mid-14th century, shipping to and from Iceland virtually ceased. It was not until over half a century later that this changed when the English discovered that there was a lot of fish in the seas surrounding Iceland, and ships came here in such quantities that the period has come to be known as the “English Century.” Iceland was now, after the Kalmar Union of 1397, under the suzerainty of the king of Denmark and the king tried to stop this interference. His emissary, who was sent to see what could be done to stop Icelanders collusion with the Englishmen, some of whom traded and

set stipulating that those who did not own their own livestock had to become tenants for someone who did. Hence, the poorer labourers were from then on forced to work for the wealthier landowners who now owned their labour, and this precluded people from making a living out of fishing. What fishing there was was only done during time off from farmhand duties, and the catch belonged to the landowner. The new laws were probably set to prevent competition for labour from the foreigners who were now granted entry into the country, and for the same reason their stay was legally limited to summertime only. This system prevailed to a large extent in Iceland into the 19th century.

By then more and more ships started coming from abroad, and the number of traders grew. The main import was sugar, followed by hard liquor and coffee beans. The main export was wool. Trade with outsiders was finally given free in 1855. Until then, most traders had been Danish, as those who were not had to pay heavy duties. Trade continued to be in the hands of Danes until later in the century, when new markets opened up in Britain and Spain and these were exploited by locals. New laws were also set that prevented traders from owning more than one store in each town, thus preventing monopolies. Free

trade was one of the main goals of Jón Sigurðsson and those struggling for Icelandic independence. Living conditions improved considerably as the 19th century wore on, fishing became evermore important, and boats became both bigger and more numerous.

Independence won...and lost?
In 1914, a shipping company, Eimskip, was formed. Its founders were well aware that Iceland had lost its independence centuries earlier because it did not control its own shipping and were determined not to let history repeat itself. The company became known as the “dream child of the nation,” and everyone, rich and poor, bought stocks so that it might prosper, the rich, of course buying somewhat more than the poor. At the time, it’s

Airline company), and its undertakings continued to grow. Meanwhile in 1944 3 young Icelandic pilots studying in Canada bought their own airplane and brought it home, hoping to get a job with the airline. When this turned them down, they formed their own company, Loftleiðir, and this also met with success. Both airlines were domestic, but in 1945 Flugfélag Íslands decided to move into international flights as well. In order to do this, it needed more capital, and this was raised by asking Eimskip to buy its way into the company, with about a quarter of the shares. Eimskip agreed on condition its president come from Eimskip. Thus started a long association between the main shipping company and the main airline company, and the first international flights were flown to Scotland and Denmark. A year later both companies started chartering flights to the USA, and considerable competition reigned between them on both domestic and international routes.

This was put to an end in 1952 when the minister of communications, Björn Ólafsson, divided up the domestic routes between the two, with the most profitable ones going to Flugfélag Íslands. Loftleiðir decided they could no longer continue under such circumstances, and so the Minister gave those routes meant for Loftleiðir to Flugfélag Íslands as well. The latter’s profits swelled, whereas the former laid off its employees. Debate raged within the company as to what to do next. Eventually it was decided to continue flights to the USA, but at lower prices than those offered by other airlines. Most other airlines were members of the union IATA, who had synchronised their prices to avoid competition, but as Loftleiðir was not a part of this, it could underbid others on the Europe-America route. This met with success, even though the route was longer. “We are slower, but we are lower,” became the company motto.

David takes the place of Goliath
The IATA companies disliked the competition, and some tried to put an end to it by influencing their governments, such as Lufthansa, which managed to get a ban on Loftleiðir’s advertising in Germany, and SAS, who twice managed to get a landing ban on Loftleiðir aircraft in Scandinavia. Always Loftleiðir prevailed, redirecting its traffic to Luxemburg, and economising by buying larger aircraft. By the late 60’s, a role reversal had taken place. A small company, Air Bahama, challenged Loftleiðir’s dominance of the low budget Atlantic market by offering cheaper fares, and this was duly gobbled up by Loftleiðir, now the Goliath to this new David, in 1969. But its dominance was soon to come to an end. In 1970, IATA loosened its grip considerably, and companies such as Alitalia were able to offer prices up to 25% lower than had previously been known.



For some reason, the first passenger airline in Iceland failed to make a profit.



An Octopus. Several arms, one mouth, and a bitch to find yourself in a boardroom with.

In 1973, Flugleiðir and Loftleiðir merged to form Flugleiðir, or Icelandair as it is known abroad. The merger was painful for many within both companies, and it took six years before the companies finally adopted the new name and standardised uniforms. Icelandair continued to offer cheap flights between North America and Europe, but, ironically, it was very expensive to fly from Iceland, as the company held a de facto monopoly. Flights from Iceland to the USA, for instance, were much more expensive than the other way around. Hence the company benefitted travellers between the continents, whereas Icelanders had to pay high fares to get anywhere.

The Octopus spreads its tentacles
Apart from Eimskip, stock companies have rarely succeeded here. Part of the reason may have been that ownership

the previously mentioned merger. Some people wondered whether Eimskip’s considerable proceeds should not be spent on lowering prices on traffic rather than overtaking other companies, as this would inevitably lead to more purchasing power among the general public. It seemed that about 15 families controlled virtually all traffic to and from the country. These were nicknamed “The Octopus,” as its many arms seemed to be feeding the same mouth. Its other two main pillars were the Shell oil company and the Sjóvá-Almennar insurance company. Its main rival was another conglomerate, Sambandið, often called the “Small Octopus” or “the Squid.” Virtually all fishing distilleries belonged to one or the other, and an understanding was reached regarding spheres of influence. By the late 80’s the Squid was falling apart, leaving the field to the bigger player.

It seemed that 15 families, nicknamed
“The Octopus,” controlled virtually all
traffic to and from the country.

of major corporations was kept secret, which tended to make the public distrust them. When in 1990 ownership of Eimskip was made public, it turned out 40% of stock was owned by 15 individuals who controlled the board. The board had been buying up stock sold by shareholders without putting these on the market, something that in most other countries is considered insider trading and is illegal. The board had also been buying stock in other companies, notably about a third of Icelandair shares, and some people sat on the board in both companies. It had also gobbled up its biggest competitor, Hafskip, as well as Loftleiðir through

The Fall of the Empire?
These days, the dominant position of the Octopus is under siege. Shell Iceland is currently under inspection for illegal price collusion with the other oil companies, and is being bought up by Kaupping. Other giants have entered the stage, such as Jón Ólafsson of the Northern Light Corporation, currently under investigation for tax fraud, and father and son run Baugur, who own the Bonus supermarket chain. Another father and son who’ve been making their presence felt are Björgólfur Guðmundsson and Björgólfur Thor Björgólfsson. Björgólfur the elder was former chairman of Hafskip, and was given a 12 month suspended sentence for embezzlement in 1991. Having then made a fortune in the beverage industry in Russia, they are currently buying their way into Eimskip. The Octopus has also been losing its interest in Icelandair, as vegetable giant Pálmi Haraldsson, also under investigation for illegal price collusion, bought into the company, as well as a daughter company of Baugur. A new low cost airline, Iceland Express, began operations at the beginning of this year, and brought new competition into the airline market. Their destinations as yet only lie to London and Copenhagen, but this time the low prices are available to Icelanders as well. With competition in the skies above, Icelanders might finally get to develop a long term relationship with the outside world, rather than just sneaking a peak at it every now and then.

“Those who are considered chieftains in
this country are foolishly susceptible
to prayer, drink and bribery.”

others plundered, writes: “Those who are considered chieftains in this country are foolishly susceptible to prayer, drink and bribery, but still the simple and poor common people believe them and are duped.” Such is progress, that at least they are not as susceptible to prayer any more.

No fish, no freedom
In 1490 the king of Denmark set a new policy, and from then on Englishmen, Dutchmen and Germans were allowed to trade if they were granted the proper permit. At the same time, laws were

owners totalled 13.000 in all, at a time when the population had not yet reached 100.000. Five years later, many of the same men sat at another meeting and formed the first Icelandic airline. Its fleet consisted of a single Avro-504 bought from Britain, but this had to be sold a year later due to lack of funding. Other attempts were made at founding an airline, but it wasn’t until 1937 that an airline that prevailed was founded, this time at Akureyri. A year later it bought its first plane and in 1940 it moved its headquarters to Reykjavik and became Flugfélag Íslands (the Icelandic

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GAY PRIDE

THE BIGGEST LITTLE PRIDE IN THE WORLD

article BY

HEIMIR MÁR
PÉTURSSON

In the late 70’s, singer Hörður Torfason, then hugely popular, announced that he was gay. The public outcry was such that he was forced to leave the country and moved to Sweden. Today, the gay pride festival is attended by thousands of people, families as well as singles of all inclinations. Progress has been made, which is good reason to celebrate.

The Reykjavik Gay Pride festival is the third biggest in Reykjavik. It’s been held since 1999 but the first parade was in the year 2000 and has from the beginning been a huge success. Last year over 30 thousand people came to the city center to participate or just to take a look at the many colourful people and floats going by at Laugavegur, the main shopping street.

This years Pride takes place 8 – 9 August, starting on a Friday night with an opening ceremony and premiere of Ain’t Misbehavin’, the Fats Waller Musical Show at Loftkastalinn theater. Four African-American actors/singers come from the USA accompanying the Icelandic diva Andrea Gylfa and an Icelandic band of musicians. This is the first time this tribute to Fats Waller has been put on stage in Iceland, though his music is as well known to Icelanders as to the rest of the western world. There are only 10 shows running from 8 – 17 of August.

One out of every ten Icelanders goes to Pride

All the Prides in the world try to educate and generate tolerance among the general public. But maybe because of how small Iceland is, high tolerance grew rather quickly and the people of Reykjavik and Iceland have welcomed Gay Pride. At the first Pride in 1999, when there

Parade, 1.500 people came to see the outdoor showed up downtown. The year after, when there was a parade for the first time, around twelve thousand people attended the parade and the show, growing to more than thirty thousand last year. That is about 10% of the population of the country and a quarter of the population of Reykjavik, so this must make it the biggest little Pride in the world.

On the 9th of August you will see people and floats organized beside the police station at Hlemmur bus terminal. People start to come together at 1 PM and the parade itself starts at 3 PM. On the sidewalks you will see all kinds of people mixed together. There will be gay people, old men and women, young people and married couples with babies, there will be Asians, South Americans, people from different places in Europe and tourists.

Even though Reykjavik is one of the smallest capitals in the world, you will find people from all over the world here. And when you are gay or lesbian in a small community like Reykjavik, you are positively forced to mix with people of all colours and cultures. In some cities people of different races have seperated Pride festivities. They don’t seem to be able to cross the race



As gay as it gets.

barrier, and maybe they don’t feel they have to, because there are so many in each and every group. But it would be a very lonely position to be foreign and gay in Iceland and not meeting the local gay people. Because of the smallness the gay community very much welcomes people from other countries and is proud to have them represented in the parade.

The Asian community has a tradition of making a colourful float and beautiful costumes. This year they promise to have a stunning number in the parade. So do the lesbians. In previous years they have had big dancing numbers, but this year they are planning a three car parade with some surprises. The float of the leather men from the MSC Iceland Club will be extra extravagant because of the visit of “International Mr. Leather” 2003 from London. Then Paul Oscar, the Eurovision contestant for Iceland in 1997 has joined forces with Coco, the famous drag queen, in a number that will without doubt make people hold their breath. Let us hope they will catch it again.

Ain’t Misbehavin’ flying in from America

The Reykjavik Pride has always opened with an international number on Friday night. In 2001 the American standup comedian, Nina Hartong, opened with a hilarious program at the Café Theater and last year the world famous pop group STEREO-TOTAL from Berlin gave an unforgettable concert in Spotlight

This year the objectives are even more ambitious. The project is so big, a special theater company, Different Days Productions, was formed to make it happen. Different Days Productions is staging the very funny and famous Fats Waller Musical Show, Ain’t Misbehavin’,

8th of August and ending Sunday 17th of August. The band playing with the cast is a collection of Iceland’s best young jazz players. Agnar Már Magnússon is the musical director and plays the piano, Valdimar Kolbeinn Sigurjónsson plays bass, Erik Qvick drums with Jól Pálsson on saxophone and clarinet.

The costumes are from Skaparinn, Reykjavik’s most progressive clothes designers, Dúsa and Rösi. They run their own shop at Laugavegur shopping street, selling their clothes and hat lines and where they also regularly have music happenings on Saturday evenings. Other people supporting the show all have years of experience in theater. Unnar Geir Unnarsson is the assistant director. He works with the Icelandic opera, is studying classical singing and has worked on productions with the famous gay actor/director/playwright Felix Bergsson. Ívar Ragnarsson, a household name himself in the music business, is the sound designer and Ólafur Pétur Georgsson the lighting designer. He designed lights for Felix Bergsson before and now works for the National Theater of Iceland.

But why is a Pride company importing an African-American musical to put on stage in connection with Pride? What is gay about that? There is everything gay about that, though the musical is not,

rights in general, laid the ground for the gay rights movement in the seventies. So the connections are many. It’s all about Pride.

The thirties was a time when blues was hot and jazz was a growing mainstay of American culture; when speakeasies were filled with both blacks and whites dancing to the ‘rhythms of life’; when the “New Negro” was making his mark in politics, art, literature, music and science. The industrial North summoned African Americans out of the agrarian South and they came, fleeing racism and poverty. It seemed as if in cities like New York, Chicago, and Detroit, the



The national day? No, gay parade. Bigger crowds, better flags and it doesn’t always rain.

The float of the leather men from the MSC Iceland Club will be extra extravagant because of the visit of International Mr. Leather

the best known African-American musical of all time.

The director and three others in the cast are here from America. Different Days Productions held an audition in New York in April, where 42 actors, who had been selected from 200 applicants, competed for three roles in the musical. In the end Kenyatta Herring, Moyo Mbue and Chris Anthony Giles were selected to star together with the Icelandic rock and blues diva Andrea Gylfa and the director Seth Sharp in ten shows, starting Friday

technically speaking, a “gay musical”. Still, gay people have been known through history to hold a special love for musicals. Ain’t Misbehavin’ catches the atmosphere of the period in American history called the Harlem Renaissance, Harlem nightclub life in the 1930’s. It was the time when black Americans gained new pride and new identity in the big cities of US, specially in Harlem in New York City. The story of Harlem Renaissance, the African-American’s struggle for equal rights and human

American Negro could finally find respite from racial prejudice, could finally hold a decent job with decent pay, could finally become a property owner, and could finally go out dancing on Saturday night without fear of having men in white sheets shatter his fun. Harlem became the center of urban black life. If you wanted to write, dance, compose music or effect social change, you went to Harlem. If you wanted the best chance at changing your circumstances and you were black, you went to Harlem.

Ain’t Misbehavin’ – The Fats Waller Musical Show - has delighted American audiences for 25 years and now adds to the cultural diversity of Reykjavik. This year is not just the 25th anniversary of the musical, but also of the Icelandic Gay and Lesbian Organization, Samtökin 78. Ain’t Misbehavin’ started off Broadway, but soon became so popular it was moved to Broadway, where it was shown 1.604 times. Even in America that is quite a lot. So don’t miss that special opportunity to see this fun filled show of great songs and performers at Loftkastalinn theater. Remember there is only a limited number of shows.



These days, fair maidens get to ride white horses too, and prince charmings sometimes wear dresses.

FILM

CARREY ALMIGHTY

reviewBY

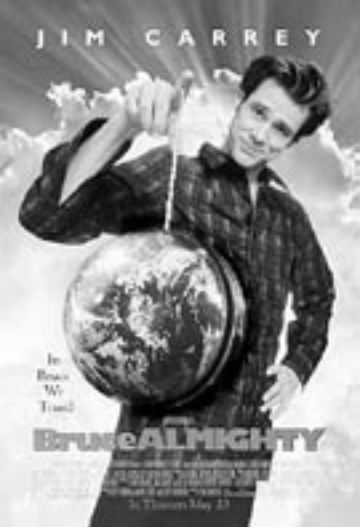
CAROLINE RYAN

Not an art house effort but still good fun, “Bruce Almighty” is the latest in Jim Carrey’s bid to remain Hollywood’s top funny man. Directed by Tom Shadyac, the film suffers from the same uninspired creativity of most studio products, but is funny with moments of warmth and genuine interest, thanks to the character of God, played with perfect understatement by Morgan Freeman.



The allure of the film, nearly lost among Carrey's many sight gags and facial contortions, is that it is a take on Frank Capra's much-loved 1946 classic "It's A Wonderful Life". We are helped to this connection by a glimpse of a scene from that film, where George Bailey offers to lasso the moon for his girl Mary. Carrey plays Bruce Nolan, a TV news reporter whose ambition is to read hard news from the studio rather than report soft stories from chocolate chip cookie factories. The big promotion seems all lined up, but God must be in a sadistic mood, because Bruce's arch rival, he of plastic hair and shiny suit, gets the job instead. Bruce hears of this just as he is about to deliver a live report. In a fluent, sarcastic fury, he gets as even as he can, even using the unthinkable "F" word, and is fired. The tirade continues at home with his girlfriend Grace, played by Jennifer Aniston. As with other Hollywood redemption films such as Bill Murray's "Groundhog Day" and "Scrooged", the real tragedy is internal: a loss of faith in life and a lack of compassion for others. Our anti-hero feels that he is fired not for his tirade, but because God is cruel. He rants at God for this, demanding an explanation. Enter God, who is Freeman resplendent in a white suit, radiating an otherworldly calm and an earthly humour. This particular lost soul needs a bit of fine tuning, the Almighty feels, and tells Bruce he may run things himself for a while. God needs some time off, which he's taken before ("Remember the Dark Ages?"). And if things are so simple, Bruce ought to be able to handle it for a while. But Bruce doesn't handle it; he misses the point altogether. Instead of using his powers to help others, as God points out in a later meeting, Bruce has only helped himself, teaching his dog to use the toilet, parting red soup in a bowl and creating new clothes and a Saleen S7 to drive. He also takes hilariously mean pot shots at his enemies, moving his career and his ego forward while neglecting and losing his girlfriend. Things spiral ever downward for the prodigal son till God snatches him away again for a clarifying chat. Unsure he will be returned to his life, Bruce realises he may not have a chance to right things. But our original Creator, Frank Capra, wins the day. What slightly sinks "Bruce Almighty" is that it was created from the southern California studio movie vantage point, a cultural and emotional vacuum where citizens are consumers and spiritual growth a thing for trendy books and seminars. Unlike 1940's America, the film's intended audience has no memory of the Great Depression. Of course

there are millions in America now who daily fear homelessness, hunger and unemployment, whose children have no health insurance. But the film ignores that particular reality. The soul it wishes to save belongs to a spoiled and self-



centred child-man, troubled but lovable. As the old saying goes, all you need is to be genuine, if you can fake that, you got

it made. But faking genuine character growth is not among Carrey's strengths, and Bruce's redemption, made possible by his love of Grace, is desirable but not quite believable. We don't worry about a man who already has a television career, a beautiful girlfriend and no kids. The film provides plenty of funny moments, but a man worth saving? Only God would think so. Maybe if studio films like "Bruce Almighty" stepped out of the product placement, cookie cutter mold, out of the realm of the upper middle income, away from the standard images of the miniscule leading lady with the perfectly tousled hair, the light yellow apartment, the cute dog learning new tricks. If they let Bruce be a decent guy like Capra's George Bailey, who moves into a broken down house with a young wife, builds a good life on little money, loses it all one day, and then against all odds, gets his life back. If we were to see that kind of

film being made again, now that would be a miracle.

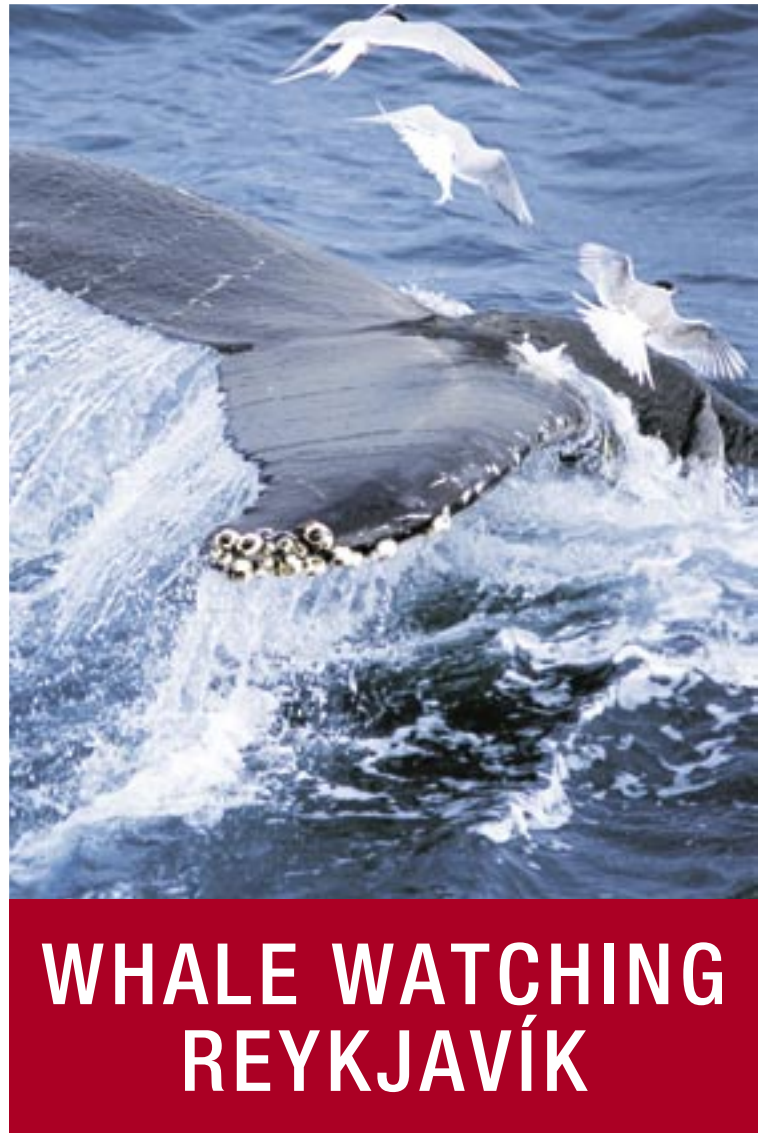


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FOOD

THREE YEARS FOR THE PTARMIGAN

Hunting is a popular sport here in Iceland. Almost every Icelandic man I know hunts. They are known as “veiðimenn” (hunting men). My ‘Viking’ fishes, and he too is called a veiðimaður (hunter). Basically, as long as they are out there killing something, they are hunters. My ‘Viking’ has to come back with an ample supply of salmon or trout to call the trip a success; we make sushi as well as smoked and grave lax with the catch. He also returns with an uncanny hangover. Ummm???? ...

Anyway, as I was saying, they hunt here. They hunt reindeer, shoot geese, ducks and ptarmigan or rjupa as it’s called in Iceland. Or at least they used to. Just recently, the Environmental Ministry ruled that rjupa hunting be banned for the next 3 years as the poor bird is being depleted from this volcanic island. The plan of action is to up its numbers to what it was at the beginning of the 20th Century. The rjupa, is to the Icelander what turkey is to an Englishman at Christmas. It’s a must, it is the beast of the feast! But whereas one turkey would suffice a whole family with enough leftovers to make you not want to eat it again for a whole year, the rjupa, in all its daintiness, is hardly enough for one adult. Three to four rjupa’s are needed per person. Funny enough, in the days of old the rjupa was considered a poor mans meal whereas today a single rjupa can cost up to 1000 Icelandic krónur.

“Watch out for the pellets” I was told, when I first tried this delicacy. I flinched back from my fork immediately. Cautiously I inspected the now suspect morsel of meat. I ran my fork through it a couple of times, making sure no metal bits were hiding in my food, before I put the now raggedy piece of meat into my mouth. My mouth instantaneously reacted with a force of its own and

my tongue dived into removal action... coiling itself back in one swift move and massaging the morsel forward.

It was Christmas Eve and we were gathered at the large family dining table. All the family members’ eyes were on me, watching my virgin try of RJUPA (whipppee yeah hey! One feels like one should say that “whooppeee wayhay!” every time the word rjupa pops up. It’s always said with such gusto and licking of lips that one feels one should wave a flag or at least blow on a hooter!!) There was a general consensus that I was bound to LOVE it since they all thought it was the best thing since sheep’s testicles!! Quickly I regained control of my reflexes and carefully avoided swallowing the slightest amount of saliva contaminated with the vile foreign substance while outwardly I concentrated on smiling. It was difficult as my mouth kept turning down at the corners in total disgust at the putrid matter in my mouth. In panic, I pick up a Christmas paper serviette and rid my mouth of the offending piece of rjupa. “It’s rotten!” I exclaimed, with uncontrollable shivers of my upper torso followed by a lot of water drinking.

Good God! The bird is rotten.. hung.. you know “Gamie” as gamie goes. I’ve been told that I have to try the bird at least three times before I learn to love its taste. Well har har! It’s precisely at this window of opportunity that I announce that I am by no means underweight and love ample kinds of food and therefore see no reason to force upon myself another craving,



This is what a ptarmigan looks like before the festive season begins.

especially for a little ‘rotten’ bird!

So for me, the ban means nothing. I can, being an animal lover, (yet not so dedicated as to shy from my carnivorous ways) be quite happy that these pleasant little camouflaged cuties are saved from the big bad hunters.

Rjupa facts

They are called ptarmigan in the rest of the world, which is Gaelic for “mountaineer”, its technical name is Lagopus, Greek for “Hare footed.” They have feathers on their feet. They are a member of the grouse family.

They are quick to change their plumage to match their surroundings. They live most of their lives on the ground. Dwelling in the mountains during the day and flying some distance to lower altitude during the night.

There are three types of ptarmigan. 1) The willow ptarmigan which is Alaska’s national bird. 2) The white tailed ptarmigan. 3) The rock ptarmigan which is the Icelandic breed.

Funnily enough it’s referred to as Americas most under hunted bird.

Michelle Mitchell

THE REINDEER HUNTERS

In mid-July, the sun never sets on the hills of Iceland. If you drive high into the mountains to a certain point, you can see the magnificent midnight sun, a fiery pinkish ball that hangs in suspended animation just above the horizon.

It was on such a night that we set out for the kill. We piled into an old but indestructible jalopy and headed for the hills in search of prey.

To reach significant herds of reindeer one has to venture deep into the uninhabited interior of Iceland. About two thirds of the land surface is home to little more than scrub grass and the hardest of wild life. The terrain in these parts has a strange lunar quality. There is a slightly surreal feeling about speeding across crater-pocked wilderness in complete daylight at one in the morning, sun and moon simultaneously visible at opposite ends of the sky.

Much of the interior of the island is rather like a vast desert with gravel, small stones and rocky outcrops taking the place of fine sand. It requires almost two hours of hard motoring to reach a promising stretch of plain. Our driver,

never having shot anything in my life and not knowing one end of a rifle from the other, I am certainly an accessory before, during and after the fact. Bang goes my membership of the Vegetarian Society when this gets out. We park our vehicle out of sight and maintain a deathly silence as reindeer, though possessing only moderate eyesight, have a very acute sense of hearing. Meanwhile our marksman eases cautiously down the spiky ridge towards the thick undergrowth. He needs to get considerably closer than us if he is to stand a decent chance of bagging a stag. We watch his every movement though the field glasses, three hundred metres, two-fifty, two hundred from the herd. To get closer still, he must slither though the swampy marsh, then find a comfortable strategic location from which to shoot.

Without warning three bursts of gunfire ricochet through the valley floor. One set of startled antlers disappears beneath the scrub grass, then another. A third staggers pitifully



Hunters often wear this outfit in order to lure the amused prey into a false sense of security.

Under the magnificent midnight sun, a fiery pinkish ball hanging in suspended animation, we set out for the kill.

a canny Icelandic farmer, conquers aggressive terrain in his old jalopy that I could not have managed in a tank. Instinctively almost, he knows that there is quarry in the vicinity. Out come the binoculars and, sure enough, we spot a roaming herd of reindeer, perhaps thirty or forty in all, grazing peacefully in swampy grassland. A tinge of guilt begins to nag at me now. Though I will not be pulling the trigger myself,

dragging herself doggedly through the undergrowth before expiring in a muddy pool of swamp water.

Now we can drive down to the grassy plane to survey the bloody damage. The victims lie in contorted positions bearing vacant wide-eyed stares. The insides have to be removed and the bowels washed out on the spot to prevent rotting, then the carcasses dragged nearer the jeep. After removing

the horns and hoofs, they are wrapped in plastic and loaded on the back. My companion who is busy shooting the proceedings on 8 mm film has come along principally to partake of the fresh liver on offer. He rips a knife along the side of the still quivering organ, stuffing the results in his mouth. Um! Tastes just like chicken!

After repeated bowel slashing and bagging, it’s time to go home. The meat will quickly find its way on to plates in Reykjavik’s most expensive restaurants. After my midnight experience I’d have more respect for the diners if they’d come on out and shoot it for themselves.

John Boyce

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T3: BACK FOR THE LAST TIME?



At first, the idea of a third Terminator film did not sound too appealing. Arnie hasn't been on top form since, well, T2, and James Cameron is too busy being king of the world and a voyeur over the carcass of the Titanic to direct these days. Instead we have Jonathan Mostow at the helm, whose main credit so far was having Bon Jovi onboard a WW2 submarine counterfeiting history and not even making a good film in the process. That the centrepiece of the film involves a 60 year old man beating up a teenage girl does not seem any more mouth-watering, at least not to the rank and file of cinema goers. But this is before the film starts.

The first shot, of a nuke hitting ground zero, is one of the more impressive in recent memory. Before the credits are over, the Terminators have arrived, and time is not to be wasted. Before you know it, Arnie has already cut off his chest and thrown it out the window. What follows is virtually non-stop OTT action, the highlights being a chase scene involving a fire engine and a construction truck, and a bathroom fight (far surpassing the same in True Lies) with the T's seemingly more interested in wanton destruction

for the sheer hell of it rather than the termination of/protection of John Connor. It borders on parody, and even this is admitted in an amusing scene when Arnie steals his trademark leather from a Village People-ish male stripper.

The T-X is a robobabe who can take the form of anyone, but still, for whatever reason, chooses to constantly revert to the body of a blonde Norwegian model (then again, wouldn't you?), and is suitably icy. One of the problems of this sequel is that Judgement Day seemed to have been avoided at the end of the second, but, taking a deterministic view of history, it was only put off, which is made to seem plausible enough. Sarah Connor dying of leukaemia seems somewhat inappropriate, but once Arnie opens up a coffin full of assault weapons, all is forgotten. Edward Furlong is missed, but it was never John Connor we came to see anyway. The weakest plot point is that highly suspicious people seem to be able to waltz in and out of what should be the world's most top secret military instillation at will. Any guard who would let a large leather clad heavily armed Austrian man past without asking any questions would not seem to be in line for promotion. Another scene, when the Terminator discovers his inner humanity, should have been cut. This is Arnie after all, we don't want him to be showing his feelings.

Having the film take place on the very eve of Judgement Day adds to the excitement, as does finally seeing

Skyнет in action. The plot twist at the end serves its purpose (I'm assuming everyone's seen this by now), rather than copping out by having everything turn out alright. Apparently, the future is not bright for mankind. Not only is there an army of machines hellbent on our destruction, but the only survivors are members of the Minnesota militia, who, of course, were right all along in spending their weekends training in fallout shelters. The worldwide nuclear holocaust is a marvel to look at, echoing the surprisingly poetical beginning of the film. Unlike the Hulk, here the Army dad is a good guy but the franchise, which seemed improbably gloomy in 1984 only feels too timely now as the US seems to be rapidly trading in its manpower for killing machines, one of those already in use being called the Predator, which brings to mind another Arnie film.

The stage is set for a multitude of sequels, since the war against the machines now seems to take generations, but this might be Arnie's last stand, as he seems to be turning his attention to politics. Whether they'll change the constitution so he can become president is anyone's guess. But so far, putting retired actors in charge of Great Powers has not been a good idea. Nor putting Austrians in charge of them either. In the event, whether or not the future will be as bleak as in T3, let's celebrate this for what it is; finally, a summer blockbuster worthy of the name.

VG

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GRAPEVINE’S GUIDE TO REYKJAVIK CULTURE NIGHT

Reykjavík Culture Night will be celebrated for the 8th time on the 16th of August. Around 70.000 people attended the event last year. The program is varied as usual, and participants include poets, painters, rappers and professors from the University, to name but a few. On this page you can read about some of the events, and on the next one you will find complete listings. All events are free unless otherwise stated. All events in Icelandic unless otherwise stated. For addresses, see the Venue Finder.

walks

13:15. Historical walk. A walk of Aðalstræti (“Main Street”) and Grjótaþorp (“Rock village”), the old town, in the company of the city curator. *Starts by the square at Ingólfsnaust at the corner of Aðalstræti and Vesturgata.*

14:00. Garden Walk. The most beautiful gardens of Reykjavík will be looked at. *Starts by the square at Ingólfsnaust at the corner of Aðalstræti and Vesturgata.*

15:00. Pagan Walk. A walk around Skólavörðuholt, where all the streets are named after pagan gods. Just as with the many cats inhabiting the area, where we wind up is uncertain. *Starts by the Leif Ericsson statue outside Hallgrímskirkja.*

15:00. A walk around the old West End. *Starts by the square at Ingólfsnaust at the corner of Aðalstræti and Vesturgata.*

16:00. Literary walk. A literature scholar takes us around the centre. *Starts by the square at Ingólfsnaust at the corner of Aðalstræti and Vesturgata.*

All walks take about an hour.

Picture, 13:00. The bordering town of Seltjarnarnes invades the Reykjavík Culture Night for the first time with this piece connecting the City Marathon with the Reykjavík Culture Night. The first part of the piece takes place in the garden of artist Borghildur Anna in Seltjarnarnes where spectators can watch lovely Icelandic landscape through a frame and then view marathon runners running right through it. The second part of the piece takes place in the window of the shop Bitte Kai Rand at Skólavörðustigur, and starts at 20.00. *Bollagarðar 115 in the garden.*

Chewing Gum Painting, 14:00. The bits of chewing gum stuck on the pavement will be painted in various colours. *Outside the Laugavegur Chemist.*

Andy Warhol at Gallery Fold, 14:00. 12 paintings of famous athletes from the years 1977-8, as well as one single piece, in the hall in the back. In the Red Room there is an exhibition of glass works by Jónas Bragi. A drawing competition for children, wherein the best picture of a bus will be rewarded goes on until 23:00. There is also a free lottery every 30 minutes, wherein the prizes are works of art. The opera singer Guðbjörn Gunnarsson will perform at 15.40. *Gallery Fold.*

Crayola Man will be out and about in Austurstræti, handing out pictures and crayons. Aspiring artists invited to chalk outside the shop. *Penninn Eymundsson, Austurstræti 18.*

The Puppet Mobile, 15:00. The PM is now in its 23rd year, and tours the playgrounds every summer. It has never missed a show, regardless of weather. This summer it has some new characters as well as the beloved old ones such as Junior and the Wolf. The show takes about 30 minutes, is aimed at the youngest audience, and every kid will be presented with a program at the end of the show. *Frikirkjuvegur 11.*

The Beringer Blass Waiter Run, 15:00. The Run is open to all waiters and restaurant employees. Starts at Café Victor, where participants will be given a numbered T-shirt, hat, tray, two glasses, an opener and a bottle. The Run itself starts at 15:30, when bottles are opened, glasses filled and waiters run off. The route runs from Viktor over to Ingólfs Square, then a lap and a half around Austurvöllur, before concluding at Vínbarinn. Prizes will be awarded for the top 3 places, and all participants will receive a certificate. *Those who want to participate can sign up at Café Victor.*

Siglufjörður at City Hall. The town of Siglufjörður, formerly the site of the herring gold rush, is this years special guest and take sover City Hall for the day. An exhibition of items from the Herring Museum, an introduction from the Folk Song Home of Bjarni Þorsteinsson, photos and accordian music. *The City Hall.*

Nordic Super Trio Jazz Concert, 15:00-15:45. The musicians involved are three, all from a different Nordic country, all with impressive CV’s. The Danish Sax player Benjamin Koppel is here along with Swedish bass player Tommy Anderson to play with Icelandic keyboardist Eyþór Gunnarsson. Eyþór is a member of the band Mezzoforte who had quite a few UK hits in the eighties and are still big in Japan, apparently. He still tours with them but is also one of the most the most respected session musicians in Iceland. Sponsored by Sjóvá Almennar. *Icelandic Art Museum, Frikirkjuvegur.*

Aviation Festival, 15:00-20:00. The 100th anniversary of the first flight, the 30th anniversary of Icelandair and the 60th anniversary of the DC3 workhorse currently used by the planting foundation for airborne manuring. The festival consists of three parts. Indoors there is a visual exhibition about the magic of flying, and with the help of computers you get to look over Iceland as if airborne, as well as learn about the history of aviation with the aid of photographs and videos. Inside the hangar you can see a number of different airplanes great and small, and there is a flying show with aeroplanes, gliders, parachutists and more. *Reykjavík Airport.*

Pentagon, 16:00. Is a play comprised of five parts, four of them Icelandic and one Australian. All the parts deal with opposition to authority in some way as we get a glimpse into the lives of different people and see events that shed light on their characters, desires, hopes and disappointments. The events take place in different locations, from a basement in Breiðholt to the outer reaches of the universe, including a strange stop at an impartial news broadcaster. Hope and joy, sorrow and heartbreak, fun and seriousness, and who knows whether the Pentagon might become a circle. *Iðnó Theatre, Vonarstræti.*

Culture Mania at the Other House. The Other House has certainly done its part to liven up the city in the past two months, with events every weekday. Sadly, they’re on a break in August, but Reykjavík Culture Night gives us a chance to survey all that’s been going on there, as everyone will be taking time off from their time off this one day. See the next page for further information. *The Other House,*

Open University-Science Marathon. Strange items from the cellars of the University, such as old lotto machines and organs from “jar city.” Scientists perform tricks with lasers, helium and nitrium, among

other things. Secrets of chemistry and physics exposed. Guests can also attempt to solve puzzles and get to understand illusions from psychology. At 16, 18 and 20 there will also be stand-up science by the Science Web and the University of Iceland. Scientists attempt to answer any questions posed by the audience for 45 minutes. Examples of topics on the science web: “What is insider trading,” “why are blondes considered stupid,” “and why are planes not made from the same material as the Black Box?” *Top Shop house, Lækjargata.*

Window exhibition of paintings and lithographs by Jóhanna Bogadóttir. *Fasteignasala Híbýli, Suðurgata 7.*

Where? By G. Erla. Paintings embroidered with copper and placed on the pavement. Can be touched. *Templarásund by the Parliament Garden.*

Designated Roles. By G. Erla. Dedicated to women who have to change language zones. Consists of rags with embroidered words. The words are like dots that can be connected together to form a picture, the outcome dependant upon each spectators state of mind.

Clay sculptor Margrét Jónsdóttir shows cups in the optician store Sjáðu. Alan Bekaert presents Theo frames. Open until 22. *Sjáðu optician. Laugavegur 32.*

Nylon and strawberries has a window exhibition of hats designed by Dóra Emils. *Grettsigata 7.*

Meistari Jakob Gallery. Run by 11 artists. Graphics, clay, weaving, painting, water colours and sculpture all on exhibition. Open 11-21. *Skólavörðustígur 5.*

Litli Prinsinn (the Little Prince) by Hulda Vilhjálmisdóttir. *Japis, Laugavegur 13.*

Open house. Handcrafts among other things. *Heimilisiðnaðarskólinn, Laufásvegur 2.*

Quo Vadis. Works by Soffía Árnadóttir in the shop Kristin Cardew at Skólavörðustigur.

Mandalas. The artist Vignir Jónsson promised to draw one mandala for every day of the year. *He will be in place and explain the work. Laugavegur 82.*

Artist Pétur Gautur opens his workshop and invites people in for a visit. Light refreshments and sweet jazz. 19-22. *Njálsgata 86.*

Áfram veginn graphic design shop. 5 year anniversary exhibition. 15-22. *Laugavegur 1b, through the alley.*

Work shop exhibition. Ólafur Kjaran and Unnur Knudsen. 14-22. *Sólvallagata 1*

TM “Saffetyy”. Exhibition by Ilma Stefánsdóttir on safety gear. *Aðalstræti 6-8.*

Combined Exhibition in a box. Photography, audio and visual exhibition. By Friðrik and Björgvin. *Parking lot in front of Mál og Menning bookstore.*

2 m² of Iceland. Photo exhibition. *Galleri Álfur.*

Dragons and Runes. Photo exhibition by Claire Xuan. *Reykjavík Museum of photography. 15-18.*

Andy Warhol exhibition. *Gallery Fold.*

100-mini video clips. Exhibition by the young people of the work school. *Reykjavík Art Museum-Hafnarhús. Until 18:00.*

Nordic Architecture as Resource, Examples from all the Nordic countries. *Skólavörðustígur 14. Until 22.*

Painting and Running. The house painted inside out, Cesco Soggiu and Karl Kristján Davíðsson. *Gallery Sævar Karl.*

A Day in Reykjavík. Slides photo show in the window, *Kaupþing Búnaðarbanki, Austurstræti 5, Until 23:00.*

exhibitions

Living Room Concert, 17, 19 and 21. Anna Pálina and Aðalsteinn Ásberg have attracted attention during past Reykjavík Culture nights with their original living room concerts, which were first held in their living room at Laufásvegur, and later in the Music Tower by the pond. This time they'll be at the *Culture House at Hverfisgata*, with a family friendly program of folk and poetry.

The Bahái Dancing Group, 17:00. A group of young people from all over the world who dance as a means of expression in order to make the world think about such social problems as bigotry, poverty, drug addiction and the like. The dances mostly speak for themselves, but there are explanations in between sessions. *Ingólfstorg square.*

Night of the Long Poems, 20:00-23:40. The girls who’ve spent summer spreading poetry around the city have now christened themselves Aginia and cap off the summer with a whole evenings worth, some 15 poets in all, ranging from established artits to aspiring poets. Musical interludes and other acts in between readings, including some supposed entertainment from your humble editor. *Nasa by Austurvöllur.*

Harry Potter Session, 17:15. Legendary Ham vocalist and bookstore clerk Ottarr Proppé leads the debate on the whiz kid along with fans of all ages. There will be a reading from the Icelandic translation of the new book. *Reykjavík City Library, Tryggvagata.*

The band Doctuz, 19:00. The band Doctuz, brightest new hope at this years Músiktilraunir battle of the bands, perform. *City Library, Grófarhús, Tryggvagata.*

Rokk in Reykjavík, 18:00. The legendary film documenting the punk scene in the early 80’s, with bands such as Purkur Pillnik, Þeyr, Tappi Tíkarass (featuring Björk) and Ego. There is also the Bad Taste exhibition and the Erró exhibition on the second floor. *Reykjavík Art Museum, Hafnarhús, Tryggvagata.*

Magic Program, 15:00-18:00. Tales of magic and ghosts will be told, authors read from children’s books, and magical items, manuscripts and books are on display. Everyone can have their own magic rune. *National Library, Suðurgata.*

The Reykjavik Culture Night at the Intercultural Centre TFA (Time For Action) is organising an expansive program in cooperation with Exodus, the Intercultural Centre, and Málning ehf. **14:00 Graffiti artists start working** on a 75 square metre wall at the back of the Intercultural Centre. Hip-hop music starts to be heard. **20:00 The DJs show up to get the crowd going** **20:30 Rappers perform a selection of muzikal works** **21:00 DJs do some serious scratching** **21:15 Break dancers strut their stuff on the floor** **21:30 The rappers beat box – Open mike** **18:00 Flamenco show** at the Intercultural Centre café – Minerva Iglesias from Andalucía dances. **22:30 Argentinian Tango and Milonga** – Bryndis Halldórsdóttir and Hany Hedaya perform. After the show, the Milonga starts where everybody is welcome to participate in the Tango dancing. *The Intercultural Center, Hverfisgata.*

In Traditional Style at Landsbankinn bank

17.00 A renowned art expert shows us works and explains their meaning and origin. Round two starts half an hour later.

18.00 Football players of both genders show their skills on stage.

19.00 Benedikt the gnome and Dídí entertain the youngest children with a performance.

19:45 The Iceland Dance Company performs.

20:00 The Men’s Choir of Reykjavik sings under the direction of Friðrik S. Kristinnsson.

21:00 Scenes from the popular play Sellofón by actress Björk Jakobsdóttir.

22:00 Guitar Islandico. The Guitar Islancio trio is made up of guitarist Björn Thoroddsen, guitarist Gunnar Þórðarson and bass player Jón Rafnsson. Formed in the autumn of 1998, the trio has played numerous concerts, both in Iceland and abroad. They have released four albums, all of them containing jazzed up Icelandic folk songs which have received rave reviews and become best-sellers. The trio has played all over the world, including Scandinavia, North America, Germany, Spain and Great Britain.

22.30 Einar Jónes performs traditional tunes on a trumpet on the balcony.

Landsbankinn is the main sponsor of Reykjavík Culture Night

Landsbankinn Austurstræti.

in traditional style

VARIOUS OTHER EVENTS:

Artists at work at Gallery Fold. 15-23.

Orientation game by Sælkerabúðin and Gallery Meistari Jakob. 14-20. Clues to be found all over Skólavörðuholt hill. Right answers announced at 21. Two prizes to be given, a work of art and a food basket. *Answers will be announced at Meistari Jakob, Skólavörðustíg 5.*

Story hour for children. 15-17. *City Library, Grófarhús.*

Little Christmas shop. Adventureland outside as well as in. Coffee and biscuits. Music in the garden. 17-20. *Grundarstígur 7.*

Coffee event. Coffee waiters show their skills and make different coffee themed drinks. Music from “coffee countries” played. Free samples. *Kaffitár, Bankastræti 8.*

Wedding gowns and evening dresses are among the clothes exhibited at the tailors’ shops. 14-22. *Organza og snúðar, Laugavegur 71 and Hnappur, Njálsgata 11.*

Secret Theatre. 20:00. The journey begins at *Laugavegur 42* and traverses the city, the final stopping point being *Ingólfstorg at 23.*

Agadir. Introduction to Morocco. Books, food, culture and society. 13-22. *Laugavegur 55.*

The Prophet. Can be recognised by his hat and beard. Widely travelled, remarkable insight and has chosen to conclude his journey here. Will make predictions for passers-by. *Outside Salka book publishers between 20 and 23, Skólavörðustígur 4.*

Youth Group Free Thought has an open house. Artist’s workshop by the harbour. Instruments welcome. *Jam session begins at 20. Faxaskáli, Reykjavík harbour.*

Junior Chamber has an open house. Exhibition The Office as Seen From the Air, inspired by the current exhibition as Austurvöllur, The Earth From Above. At 20 there’s a debate, and at 21.30 there’s a Pictionary competition. *Hellusund 3.*

Smith works with open fire in front of Gallery Hnoss, 20-23. *Skólavörðustígur 3.*

Handverk og hönnun. Crafts and design. A show by 26 individuals, both traditional and modern design, using various materials. There is a lotto with handcrafted silverware as the prize. 13-16. *Handverk og hönnun, Aðalstræti 12.*

Meat and Red. Hereford steakhouse introduces Icelandic beef and offers grilled meat. 15-19. *Hereford, Laugavegur 53B.*

rás 2 concert

Starts at 21:00. State run Radiostation Rás 2 is celebrating its 20th anniversary with these concerts. Starting the show is the band Quarashi, an Icelandic hip hop band founded in 1996 and had the honor of being the opening act for both the Fugees and Prodigy when they played here. Quarashi has been touring the world and making world wide hit singles and videos but is now at home to play for their fellow Icelanders.

Following them is beloved pop band Sálín hans Jóns mins, and though they did once in the late 80’s change their name into “The Beaten Bishops” and alter their lyrics by singing them in English, they now only sing in Icelandic. The translations showed the difficulty of transporting poetry between the cultural divide, for example the song “Hvar er draumurinn” became “Where is My Destiny,” hence presupposing that destiny and dreams are the same thing, whereas thinkers as diverse as John Calvin, Jean-Paul Sartre and Darth Vader might disagree.

The last band to hit the stage will be Stuðmenn, a band that has produced popular music for Icelanders for over thirty years. Age doesn't seem to put an end to them and they've become classic low culture (their own distinction) a long time ago, at least in Iceland. *At Reykjavík Harbour.*

GRAPEVINE IN YOUR POCKET

ULTIMATE SURVIVAL KIT IN REYKJAVÍK

CENTERFOLD
IN YOUR POCKET !

august 16TH

Day reykjavík culture NIGHT

13:00

The Opening of Reykjavik Culture night. The mayor begins proceedings. Reykjavik's Womens Choir sings. At the corner of Aðalstræti and Vesturgata.

Rás 2 Weekend Special from downtown Reykjavik. Interviews, live music and more. Ingólfstorg Square.

Picture. Watch a lovely landscape through a frame and runners running right through it. Bollagarðar 115.

Scoutland. Rides, clowns, music and the like. Hljómskálagarðurinn. Until 18:00.

Nea Nah Nea Nah. An old fire engine on display. 13-15. Ingólfstorg (Square).

Amusement Rides. You have to pay to get on some of these (ca. 200kr.) Trampoline and Bouncy Castle. Lækjartorg. Until 18.

Unnur the Elf Girl and Tobbi the troll clown sing and play. Tryggingarmiðstöð, Aðalstræti 6-8. Until 16:30.

Historical walk. Starts by Ingólfssnaust at the corner of Aðalstræti and Vesturgata. Starts 13:15.

13:30

Summer Event of the radio station Bylgjan. Locally famous band and children's TV host Granpa perform. Lækjartorg (Square). Until 16:00.

Mooh Now-A Day in the Life of Kristín Jósefína Páls. A play for children of all ages. Lab Loki. Iðnó Theatre, Vonarstræti.

14:00

Fun at Grófin. Twins Juri and Vadim Fedrov play accordions at the steps by Kogga.

Graffiti in the Making. Behind the Intercultural House, Hverfisgata 18.

Garden Walk. Starts by Ingólfssnaust at the corner of Aðalstræti and Vesturgata.

A date with the past. Have your picture taken in 19th Century attire for 100kr. Grófarhús, 6th floor.

Hlemmur. The bus terminal becomes a cultural center with exhibitions and events. Until 16:00.

Chewing Gum Painting. Outside the Laugavegur Chemist.

Crayola Man will be in Austurstræti.

Organic harvest. Farmers introduce their organic dairy products and vegetables. Yggdrasil, Kárstíg 1.

14:30

Lotto. Works of art as prizes. Gallery Fold.

Fun at Grófin. Scenes from The Summer Opera: The Coronation of Poppea by Claudio Monteverdi, performed out of the window of Galiléó and on the square by Ingólfssnaust.

15:00

Pagan Walk. A walk about Skólavörðuholt. Starts by the Leif Ericsson statue outside Hallgrímskirkja.

A walk around the old West End. Starts at Ingólfssnaust at the corner of Aðalstræti and Vesturgata.

The Puppet Mobile. Frikirkjuvegur 11.

The Beringer Blass Waiter Run. Starts at Café Victor. Hafnarstræti 1-3.

Síglufjörður at City Hall. The town of Síglufjörður is Reykjavik Culture Nights special guest, and its history and culture are introduced. The City Hall.

Nordic Super Trio Jazz Concert. Sponsored by Sjóvá Almennar. National Gallery of Iceland, Frikirkjuvegur.

Aviation Festival. Exhibition and flying show. 15.00-20.00. Reykjavik Airport.

The seer Erla Stefánsdóttir tells stories of elves and trolls. Gallery Álfur.

Chess and Coffee. Mass competition with chess master Guðfriður Lilja Grétarsdóttir. Anyone can join. Junior Chamber.

South River Band. Íslandsbanki, Lækjargata.

Horse rental for children. Price 300kr, Ari í Ögri, Until 19:00.

Hula hula and limbo competition. All entrants welcome. Kirsuberjatréd, Vesturgötu.

Young Book Worms. Popular children's author read. Mál og menning.

Magic Program. Magical items, manuscripts and books are on display. National Library, Suðurgata. Until 18:00.

Music on the corner. Kentár plays merry blues. Corner of Skólavörðustígur and Bankastræti.

15:30

Bank mascot George sings. Íslandsbanki, Lækjargata.

Fimmta herdeildin (The 5th Division) plays music. Outside Deli, corner of Bankastræti and Skólavörðustígur.

Guðbjörn Gunnarsson opera singer performs. Gallery Fold. Starts at 15:40.

16:00

Science Marathon. Scientists attempt to answer any questions posed by the audience. The Top Shop house.

Literary walk. Starts by the square at Ingólfssnaust at the corner of Aðalstræti and Vesturgata.

Fear Factor. The Finals. Pop stars versus radio presenters. Hljómskálagarðurinn Park.

Culture Mania at the Other House: The Street Theatre will be out and about between 16 and 18.

Summer Opera shows scenes from L'Incoronazione di Poppea at 16:10.

The Fusion dance group performs in the attic every half hour between 16:30 and 18:30.

The actors from Date.is give dating advice and tips. 2nd floor. 17-18.

The Marching Band of the Masses plays frequently between 16 and 18:30.

Hr. Sivertsen and the Minstrels play at intervals between 16 and 18:30, 2nd floor.

The Reykjavik Theatre performs scenes from Faith Healer on the 2nd floor, 16-18.

The Living Theatre performs short pieces in the attic, 16-18.

Poetry by Aginia at the Information Centre, 16:40-17:00.

The Happy Painters have a circus exhibition on the 2nd floor, 16-20.

Trio Cantabile concert in the attic, 16:45-17:00.

Best of Radio Mandolin on the staircase, 16-19.

The Trash Can Girls have a picture exhibition in the hall and explain their project, 16-19.

Picture Exhibition of the Mice. 16-20.

Visual Art by Baldur Sigurgeirsson in Gallery Tukt, 16-20.

The Other House, Pósthússtræti 3-5.

Konstantín Chtcherbak plays the balalaika and other instruments. Gallery . Bankastræti 5.

Music scenes from the play Plómur. Listasmiðjan Nú, Skólavörðustígur 6.

Dance your way into Reykjavik Culture Night with Spaðar. Nordic House.

Funny Opera. They promise you something you've never heard before. Íslandsbanki, Lækjargata.

Southern Breeze. Big band plays on the porch. Ari í Ögri, Ingólfssstræti.

Pentagon. A play comprised of five parts. Iðnó Theatre, Vonarstræti.

Dancing on the square. The group Come and Dance. Everyone welcome to join in. 16-17.30. Ingólfstorg Square.

Faeroese singer Eivör Pálsdóttir plays. Tryggingarmiðstöð, Aðalstræti 6-8. Starts at 16:30.

17:00

A renowned art expert shows us works and explains their meaning and origin. Landsbankinn, Austurstræti.

National Museum. Currently undergoing renovations, it gives a taste of coming attractions. Sponsored by Landsvirkjun. National Museum, Suðurgata. Until 20:00.

Living Room Concert. A family friendly program of folk and poetry. Culture House.

Harry Potter Session. City Library, Grófarhús, Tryggvagata. Starts at 17:15.

Fun at Grófin. The Larynx Society sings outside Ingólfssnaust and the Kaffi Reykjavik porch.

The Baháí Dancing Group performs. Ingólfstorg square.

Icelandic history in 40 minutes. Speeches from settlement to the present. Kjafatklöpp at Skólavörðustígur, outside Heilsuhúsið. Starts at 17:30

18:00

Flamenco as performed by Minerva Iglesias. Intercultural house.

Rock in Reykjavik. The legendary film documenting the punk scene in the early 80's shown. Reykjavik Art Museum, Hafnarhús, Tryggvagata.

The Radio station FM957 pop concert, Hljómskólagarður.

Science Marathon. Scientists attempt to answer any questions posed by the audience. The Top Shop house.

Organ concert. Hallgrímskirkja.

Football players of both genders show their skills. Landsbankinn, Austurstræti.

Hula hula and Limbo competition. Kirsuberjatréd, Vesturgötu.

Trío Cantabile band. Everything from serious works to popular music. Frikirkjan church, Frikirkjuvegur.

Otherwise Poets. Heimir Már, Didda and former Sugarcube Þór Eldon read their poetry. Music by chief of the pagans Hilmar Örn Hilmarsson. Loftkastalinn theatre.

The twins Juri and Vadim Fedorov play accordions. Gallery Álfur. Bankastræti 5.

Time overload begins and runs until 22.30.

Æla (Vomit) from Keflavik open the show with video installation by Berglind Águstsdóttir & Curver. Tjarnarbió Theater.

Nordic Poetry and Music. Piano player Hrönn Bráinsdóttir and soprán singer Margrét Hrafnisdóttir perform works by among others Grieg, Sibelius and Jórunn Viðar. Iðnó, Vonarstræti.

Anonymous (electronic music) with video installation by **AudRey Del Sol.** Tjarnarbió Theater, Starts at 18:45.

19:00

The band Doctuz perform. City Library, Grófarhús, Tryggvagata.

The Open Gallery. Contemporary art. Laugavegur 73.

The Hallgrímskirkja Motet Choir sings. Hallgrímskirkja church.

Benedikt the gnome and Didi entertain the youngest. Landsbankinn, Austurstræti.

Living Room Concert. A family friendly program of folk and poetry. Culture House.

Jazz standards performed by Hlin Lilja Sígfúsdóttir Trio. Iðnó Theatre.

Fun at Grófin. Elly is always good. One act play. An exiting psychological thriller with a surprise ending. Kaffi Reykjavik.

Hudson Wayne (lo-fi rock) with video installations by **Lortur** and "the Buffalo" by **Retron.** Tjarnarbió Theater. Starts 19:15.

The Iceland Dance Company performs. Landsbankinn, Austurstræti. Starts 19:45.

Jóhann Eiríksson (Product 8) with videos by **Einar Örn Benediktsson** and **Magnus Logi Kristjánsson.** Tjarnarbió Theater. Starts 19:45.

20:00

Tango. Members of the Tango Association dance the Argentinean tango. Everyone free to join in. Útitaflíð (The big chessboard).

Outside mass and gospel music. Ingólfstorg square.

Picture. The second part. Bitte Kai Rand, Skólavörðustígur 8.

Bad Taste in Patriotic Swing. Poetry, music. Reykjavik Art Museum, Hafnarhús, Tryggvagata. Until 23:00.

Guided tour for the whole family. National Gallery of Iceland. Frikirkjuveg.

Brilliant Blues. Until 22:00. Brilliant jewellery store, Laugavegur 49.

The Hallgrímskirkja Motet Choir sings. Hallgrímskirkja church.

Konstantín Chtcherbak plays the balalaika and other unusual instruments. Gallery Álfur. Bankastræti 5.

Night of the Long Poems Reborn. A great repertoire of poetry and music. NASA by Austurvöllur.

Kurtz und Gut. A 15 minute course in German language and culture. Goethe Zentrum, Laugavegur 18. Starts every 30 minutes.

The Men's Choir of Reykjavik sings. Landsbankinn, Austurstræti.

Music scene from the play Plómur. Listasmiðjan Nú, Skólavörðustígur.

Science Marathon. Scientists attempt to answer any questions posed by the audience. The Top Shop house.

Kristjana Stefánsdóttir Trio plays at artist Pétur Gaur's workshop. A culture night staple. Njálsgata 86.

Some authors publishing later this year read from their works. Music in the intervals. Súfistinn, Mál og Menning bookstore.

DJ's Hip Hop, Break, Dance, Rap and Graffiti behind the Intercultural House. Until 22.

Einar Gíslason plays the accordion. Listaselið, Skólavörðustígur 17b.

Adventureland, music and coffee. The Little Christmas Shop, Grundarstígur 7.

Smárin accordion quartet play. Shop Still, Laugavegur 53.

Open house at SPRON. Pippi Longstockings, The Men's Choir, Drum and Brass Until 22. SPRON Skólavörðustig.

Introduction to the happenings of Gjörningaklúbburinn. Living Art Museum, Vatnssígur.

Pentagon. A play comprised of five parts. Iðnó Theatre, Vonarstræti.

Fun at Grófin. Guðlaug Dröfn Ólafsdóttir trio play jazz on the porch outside Kaffi Reykjavik.

Helgi Þórsson (Stillupsteypa) with video installation by **Stillupsteypa.** Tjarnarbió Theater. Starts 20:15.

20:30

Line Dancing by Danshúsið. Kolaportið Flea Market.

Artistic Dance Fashion Show. Students from the Art dancing school of Iceland interpret fashion. GuSt&disjón. Laugav. 39.

Fun at Grófin. Juri and Vadim Fedrov walk around Grófin with their accordions and entertain guests.

Nordic Super Trio Jazz Concert in the Kaffleikhúsið, Hlaðvarpinn. Vesturgötu.

Guðbjörn Gunnarsson opera singer performs. Gallery Fold. Starts at 20:40.

Kimono (experimental rock) with video installation by **AudRey Del Sol.** Tjarnarbió Theater, Starts at 20:45.

21:00

The Band Van Trapps amuses at Gallerí Álfur, Bankastræti 5.

Celebration by the people of Síglufjörður. Song and music, herring and shrimp. Reykjavik City Hall.

The Accordion Society of Reykjavik conjures up the atmosphere. Útitaflíð (The Outdoor Chessboard.)

Rap band Nameless. Penninn Eymundsson bookstore, Austurstræti.

Living Room Concert. A family friendly program of folk and poetry. Culture House.

Rás 2 concert. Quarashi. Reykjavik harbour.

Video piece Thank You shown. National Gallery of Iceland, Frikirkjuvegur.

Kristín Sigurðardóttir soprano singer sings on the stairs of the JC House.

Men's Talk. Rappers and poets perform pieces on masculinity. Skífan store.

The band Santiago plays until 23:00. Amadeuz Barber Shop. Laugavegur 62.

The chamber quire Schola cantorinn. Hallgrímskirkja church.

Southern Breeze. Porch band. Ari í Ögri, Ingólfssstræti.

Guitar Islandico play Icelandic songs. Landsbankinn, Austurstræti.

Accordian ball, Kolaportið Flea Market.

Mass singalong, Accordion and singing group. Kirsuberjatréd, Vesturgötu.

Passion. Young clothes designers. National Gallery of Iceland, Frikirkjuvegur.

Icelandic Jazz. Some well known musicians play popular local songs. Tryggingarmiðstöð, Aðalstræti 6-8.

Abena duet. Stína Bongo and Addi. Hún og hún jewellery store, Skólavörðustígur 17b.

Line dancing. Ingólfstorg (Square). Starts at 21:15.

21:30

Artistic Dance Fashion Show. Students from the Art dancing school of Iceland interpret fashion. GuSt&disjón. Laugav. 39.

Happenings in the garden. Einar Jónsson Art Museum in the garden.

These three and Eivör band perform. Kaffleikhúsið, Hlaðvarpinn, Vesturgata.

The band Maus (with video installations by **Dodda Maggý, Heimir Björgvinsson and Ragnar Hansson**). Tjarnarbió Theater.

Rás 2 concert. Sálín hans Jóns mín. By the harbour. Starts at 21:45.

Tango concert with L'amour fou. Iðnó Theatre, Vonarstræti. Starts at 21:45.

22:00

Church choir. Dómkirkjan church.

The Salvation Army sings. Ingólfstorg square.

The Band Van Trapps amuses at Gallerí Álfur, Bankastræti 5.

Singing group "Ingveldur Ýr" sings varied repertoire. National Gallery of Iceland, Frikirkjuvegur.

Holy hour. Songs, organ and prayer. Hallgrímskirkja church.

Einar Gíslason plays the accordian. Listaselið, Skólavörðustígur 17b.

Scenes from the popular play Sellofón. Landsbankinn, Austurstræti.

Regina Ósk and her band. Penninn Eymundsson, Austurstræti.

Bardukha band. Mál og menning. Starts 22:22.

22:30

Bark burning. Fire Giant will be created. Vinnustofa Tedda, at the corner of Klappastígur and Skúlagata. Starts 22:23.

DJ Margeir and Jóel Pálsson saxophone player play at Metz, Austurstræti.

Einar Jónsson. Folk songs played on a trumpet. Landsbankinn, Austurstræti.

Tango show and ball, Café Culture.

Rás 2 concert. Stuðmenn. Reykjavik harbour.

23:00

Harbour fireworks display. Courtesy of Orkuveita Reykjavíkur.

The program is open to revision. For updates go to: www.visitreykjavik.is.



Landsbankinn

The main sponsor of Reykjavik Culture Night



Reykjavik
Energy



City of Reykjavik



Reykjavik
Culture Night

CITY GUIDE

GRAPEVINE IN YOUR POCKET

THIS PULLOUT HAS ALL THE INFORMATION ONE MIGHT NEED, SO FOR A SAFER JOURNEY, PULL IT OUT AND PUT IT IN YOUR POCKET

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 day's, 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 islandsflug. We recommend you visit their websites for more info on their fairs 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.

S P O T T H I S

Reykjavik Culture Night
All around the City



Reykjavík Culture Night

On Reykjavik Culture Night those present in the city can expect events all over the city, including street theaters performing, singers singing and poets reading on street corners. Everyone who has an instrument is encouraged to bring it along, friends should form choirs and families form dancing groups, and everyone should entertain themselves by entertaining others. Here to help you as always is Grapevine, with a guide on how to navigate through the joy.

Full listings are to be found on page 15, perfect for putting in your pocket with the centrefold map.

On page 14 you will find most of the highlights explained, in as much as art can be.

Where exactly they are taking place can be seen in the venue finder on page 18, and the stars on the map represent some highlights. Is everything clear? Now go have a blast, enjoy the evening but stay clear of the brown acid and all that.

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 Reykjaviks 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
Smíðjustígur 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 is sadly one of few places that has Kronenburg 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
Bergstaðastræti 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
Klappargstigur 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
Þinghótsstræti 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

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. Kaffibrennslan
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. Þríkið
Bankastræti 12
Always a classic, no matter if it's early on a Monday morning or very late on a Saturday night, Þríkið 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

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.

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.

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 Gústi 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.

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's. 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

KAFFIBOÐ ef.
Grettisgata 64
Tel: 5621029 / 8993034



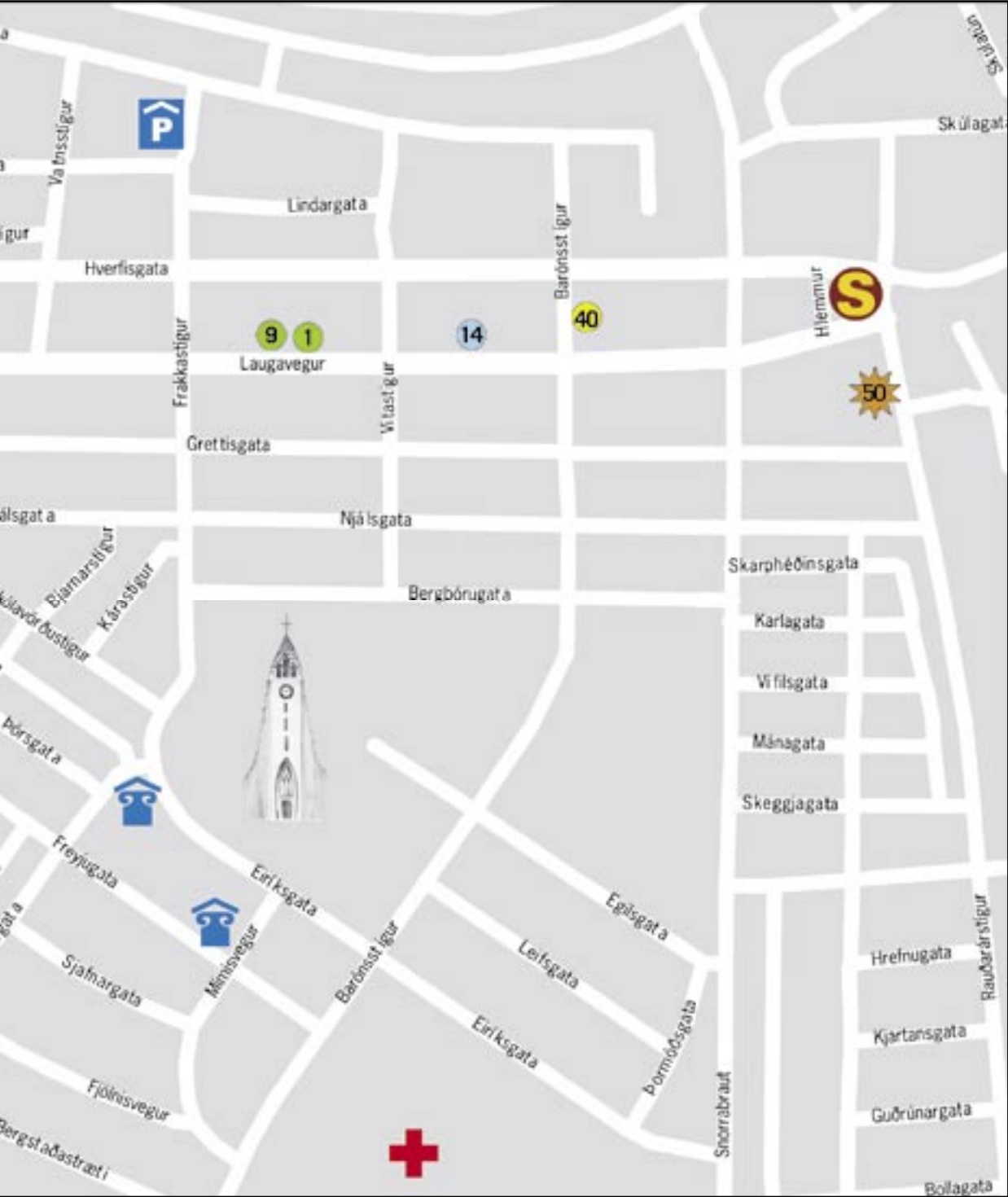
Crystal wine glasses from 360 kr.
Cappuccino-coffeemachines from Isomac.
-Probably the best machines on the market! (for ref. www.coffeegeek.com)

Furniture:
Tables, chairs and sofas for in and outdoor use.

Reykjavik has no trams trains or subways, only buses. These yellow things can take you pretty much anywhere in Reykjavik'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 Reykjavik are Hlemmur and Lækjartorg (see map), there you'll be able to get all the information you need.



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 Reykjavik'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 then in the other clubs. Talented DJs play with the drunken crowd.
Crowd: 25+

restaurant

31. Einar Ben
Veltusund 1
Full of 19th 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 Reykjavik'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 Reykjavik, 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
Arntmannsstíg 1
One of the most popular places in Reykjavik or should we say Iceland, - a gourmet restaurant in the heart of Reykjavik. 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 Ulfar Eysteinnsson, the owner, may be present regaling the clientele with wild whaling tales.
Don't forget to ask Chef Ulfar for dark Icelandic pumpnickel bread with pure Icelandic butter.
Don't forget to make a reservation !

39. Síggi Hall at Óðinsvé
Þörsögata 1
Ask Chef Dellea, the only Italian who is "Commandeur de la Commanderie de Cordons Bleu de France". Ask Chef Burnmistov

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 Síggi Hall, Iceland's famous chef and television personality. Síggi Hall has presented Icelandic gourmet food all over the world. His television show is very popular and so are his cookbooks. The Síggi Hall restaurant at Hotel Óðinsve is one of the 100 best new restaurants in the world according to Conde 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 Reykjavik 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 Reykjavik 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 vile 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.

reykjavík culture night

42. Culture Mania at the Other House
Pósthússtræti 3-5
The Street theatre, the Summer Opera, the Fusion Dance Group and the Marching Band of the Masses are but some of the other house artists who will be out and about giving performances. The actors from Date.is will give dating advice, which might come in handy as the evening wears on, Trio Cantabile give a concert in the attic Aginia read poetry in the information centre.. Exhibitions include works by the Happy Painters, the Trash Can Girls and Baldur Sigurgeirsson.

43. Open University-Science Marathon, Top Shop house.
Lækjargata
Strange items from the University cellars on display. Scientists explain some riddles of chemistry and physics using lasers, helium and nitrium. Puzzles and illusions from the psychology department. At 16, 18 and 20 scientists will attempt to answer any questions posed by the audience for 45 minutes.

44. In Traditional Style at Landsbankinn bank
Austurstræti 11
A very wide selection of events starts at 17 with an art expert guiding us through an exhibition, then footballplayers show there skills, after which Benedikt the gnome and Didi entertain the kids. The Iceland Dance Company performs and scenes from the popular play Sellofón are shown. The highlight is probably a performance by guitar trio Guitar Islandico playing traditional tunes in jazz arrangements. This is followed by Einar Jónsson playing the trumpet.

45. The Intercultural Centre
Hvessfötu 18
Various multicultural events all day from 14-22. It begins with graffiti artists and hip hop music. At 18 there's a flamenco show, and after 8 DJ's, rappers and breakdancers perform. At 22.30 there's Argentinean tango which everyone can participate in afterwards. The artist Gerla displays a work on the steps dedicated to multicultural women.

46. Rás 2 Concert, at 21-23
Reykjavik Harbour
State run Radiostation Rás 2 is celebrating it's 20th anniversary with this concert.
Performing are Quarashi, Iceland's premium hip-hop export, pop band Salín, a major player on the countryside ball scene for the past 15 years, and Stuðmenn, one of the most consistently popular and best bands of the past three decades.

47. Grófargleði
This is a small area surrounded by bars which is host to a series of events from 14 to 22. It begins with the brothers Fedrov playing accordion and then come scenes from the Summer Opera's The Coronation of Poppea by Monteverdi, the reggae band Svasil and the singing of the Larynx Society. This is followed by the one act play Elly er alltaf goð and the jazz trio of Guðlaug Dröfn Ólafsdóttir. At 20.30 events move into the Coffee Theatre in Hlaðvarpin, with the Supertrio and the band These Three and Evör.

48. Time overload
Tjarnarbíó
Begins at 18 with the band æla (Vomit) from Keflavik, and goes on until 22. Other acts are electronic band Anonymous, lo-fi rock by Hudson Wayne, Retron, Jóhann Eiríksson, Helgi Þórrsson, Kimono and Maus. While music is played, video artists show their works. Other happenings include tire changing, onstage haircuts, sock selling and perhaps a live wedding. The definitive alternative to the mainstream music industry, at least for a night.

49. Ingólfstorg square
The Rás 2 radio weekend special kicks off from the square with interviews, live music and the like. An old fire engine will be on display. At 15.30 the water run comes through here, on its way from Café Víktor to Vinbarinn. The group Komið og dansað! (Come and Dance) perform at 16 and invite everyone to participate, and then the Bahía dance group takes over with their expressive dancing against social ills such as poverty, prejudice and drug abuse.

50. Fold Gallery
Rauðarárstíg 14
12 paintings by Andy Warhol of famous athletes from the years 1977-8, as well as one single piece, in the hall in the back. In the Red Room there is an exhibition of glass works by Jónas Bragi. A drawing competition for children, wherein the best picture of a bus will be rewarded goes on until 23. There is also a free lottery every 30 minutes, wherein the prices are works of art. The opera singer Guðbjörn Gunnarsson will perform at 15.40.

51. Reykjavik Art Museum
Hafnarstræti
As well as abolishing entrance fees for its regular exhibitions, including the Bad Taste exhibition Lobster of Fame and Erro's political works, 100 short film clips by the young members of the summer work school will be shown starting at 14. Then the legendary documentary of the early 80's Reykjavik punk scene (featuring Björk, of course) will be screened. In the evening there's a lecture about traditional forms of poetry, followed by reading 4 poets

USEFUL NUMBERS

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

Internet Cafés
BSI, Vatnsmýrarvegur 10 101 Rvk.
Ground Zero, Ingólfstorg, 101 Rvk.
kLANið, Laugavegi 103, 101 Reykjavík
Ráðhúskaffi, City Hall 101 Rvk.
Netkaffi, Kringlan mall 103 Rvk.
This is Iceland, Laugavegur20, 101 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.

Taxi services	
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

Rent a bike
Borgarhjól, Hverfisgata 50, 101 Rvk
BSI, Vatnsmýrarvegur, 101 Rvk
Tourist information center, Lækjargata 2, 101 Rvk.

Useful Websites
www.icelandtourist.is
www.visitreykjavik.is
www.this.is/iceland

REVIEWS BY

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

arctic

RAFTING

TEL: 898 0410

TASTE

LAUGAVEGUR 13

LAUGAVEGUR 13

Live music

laugavegur 13

KRAIN

Opnunartími:

MÁN - FÖST 10:30 - 18:00

LAUG - SUN 12:00 - 18:00

Open:

MON - FRI 10:30 - 18:00

SAT - SUN 12:00 - 18:00

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Tertur við öll tækifæri

Baldur Óndal Halldórsson

www.laugurain.is

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sími/ fax 963 - 2100 + 800 - 9000

VENUE FINDER

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LISTINGS

Angurgapi

Cafe Culture

Friday August 8th



The band Angurgapi is a quintet, whose roots can be traced to Iceland's premier school of jazz studies, Tónlistarskóli FIH. Angurgapi has been working on their own material for approximately one year. Every member of the band composes and usually the arrangements are worked out during rehearsals. The music is influenced by a wide variety of sources, the main being: jazz, rock, modal, funk, tango, dub, free improv. Angurgapi will be performing on the 8th of August at Cafe Culture, Hverfisgata 18, in downtown Reykjavík. The concert starts at 23. Don't miss this opportunity to witness this magical band perform live.

Ensími & 200.000

Naglbítar

Grand Rokk

Saturday August 9th



200.000 Naglbítar are a band of brothers...and a drummer from Akureyri. The two brothers take care of the vocals, guitar and bass guitar and the drummer, well, drums. Their lyrics are, with a few exceptions, in Icelandic, but rock is always rock and for those not very familiar with the native language should be able to get the general idea. The band has just recently recorded an album and are busy mixing it these days.

Also playing is band Ensími. Ensími was formed in 1996 by drummer Jón and guitarist Hrafn. Ensími has released 3 albums and their latest was all in English. For their second album "BMX," they worked with producer Steve Albini who's famous for his work with both Nirvana and the Pixies. Ensími has toured a lot in the past years and they've played with bands and artists such as the Jon Spencer Blues Explosion, Sparta and Ian Brown.

Light Nights, lðnó

Theatre

Every Friday and Monday



Light Nights, now in its 32nd year, is starting up again. It is probably the best place to see Viking dancing, chanting of old rhymes, traditional wrestling, and what some sources say is the scariest ghost story of all time. Show starts at 8.30.

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, August 8

Both Day and Night

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

Day

Reðursafnið, Phallological 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

City Harbour, Summer long Fair

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.

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

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

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

Kræin 73, Acoustic Blues duet

Gaukur á Stöng, Band Buff, free entrance

Spotlight, Boys only dance with DJ Fabio White

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

Café Metz, DJ Andrés

Kaffibarinn, DJ Andri

Glaumbar, DJ Atli

Hverfisbar, DJ Benni

Mojito Club, DJ Daddi diskó

Coffee shop 11, DJ Einar Sonic

Thorvaldsen bar, DJ Hlynur

Nelly's, DJ Jón Gestur

Vegamót, DJ Kári

Sirkus, DJ KGB

Amsterdam, DJ Master

Kofi Tómasar frænda, DJ Sidekick

Prikið, DJ Sóley

Café Sólon, DJ Svali

Café 22, DJ Þórhallur Thule

Café Culture, DJ's of the house take on various multicultural music themes

Nasa, Famous cover band Skítamóráll (Shit)

Café Culture, Jazz Band Angurgapi

Little Central, Jazz band Rubík's Cube

Dubliners, Live music by Rut Reginalds and BB

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

Ari í Ögri, Troubadour Garðar Garðars

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

De Boomkikker, -starts 01:00 -Troubadour Ingvar

Saturday, August 9

Both Day and Night

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

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Reðursafnið, Phallological 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.

Nýlistasafíð, The Living Art Museum, Behind the ice : Heimir Björgúlfsson - Pétur Örn Friðriksson - The Icelandic Love Corporation

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.

City Harbour, Summer long Fair

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





Icelandic tapas
Try it all in one course.

From the Icelandic ocean and mountain


Bacalao

Shrimps

Lobster

Mountain lamb

The Tapas Bar - Favorited by Icelanders
Ask for recommendation in your reception
Vesturgata 3b, 101 Reykjavík
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INTERVIEW

LISTINGS

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
Safn, -14 to 18 -Collection includes both international and Icelandic contemporary art.
Night
Kráin 73, Acoustic Blues duet
Gaukur á Stöng, Band Sixties, admission 1000kr.
Grand Rokk, Bands Ensími and 200.000 Naglbitar
Celtic Cross, Coverband 3some downstairs and troubadour Ómar Hlynur upstairs
Vidalín, DJ Andrea Jóns
Sirkus, DJ Arni Sveins, gay theme
Prikið, DJ Benni B-Ruff
Coffee shop 11, DJ Blackbird
Mojito Club, DJ Daddi disko
Thorvaldsen bar, DJ Hlynur
Kaffibarinn, DJ KGayB – Gay Pride theme
Café Metz, DJ Margeir
Amsterdam, DJ Master
Café 22, DJ Rally Cross
Kofi Tómasar frænda, DJ Sidekick
Café Sólun, DJ Svavi
Vegamót, DJ Tommy white
Glaumbar, DJ Tweek
Hverfisbar, DJ Víli
Leikhúskjallarinn, DJ's Gullfoss and Geysir
Café Culture, DJ's of the house take on various multicultural music themes.
Spotlight, Gay Pride dance with DJ Fabio White
Kofi Tómasar frænda, Gay Pride Dance, DJ's Atli and Jón Gestur
Nasa, Gay Pride party, DJ Páll Óskar
Little Central, Jazz band Rubik's Cube
Dubliners, Live music by Rut Reginalds and BB
Ari í Ögri, Troubadour Garðar Gardars
Café Victor, Various DJ's, 80's 'n 90's music
Prikið, -from 21:00 – 01:00 -karaoke competition
De Boomkikker, -starts 01:00 -Troubadour Ingvar

Sunday, August 10

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.
Nýlistasafnið, The Living Art Museum, Behind the ice : Heimir Björgulíffson - Pétur Örn Friðriksson - The Icelandic Love Corporation
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.
City Harbour, Summer long Fair
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 Ásmundar 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.
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Safn, -14 to 18 -Collection includes both international and Icelandic contemporary art.
Sigurjón Ólafsson Sculpture Museum, -starts 17:30 -Schubert Concerts: Hlíf Sigurjónsdóttir violin, Guðrún Þórarinsdóttir viola, Robert la Rue cello, Þórir Jóhannsson double-bass and Adrienne Kim piano.
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
Hallgrímskirkja Church, 20:00 Concert (Bach, Gillou, Lemmens, Lizt)
Dubliners, Troubadour Ingvar Valgeirs

Monday, August 11
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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Einar Jónsson Sculpture Museum, The works of Iceland's first modern sculptor.

Traditional Icelandic Dancing
Look for their frequent shows



Unlike some traditions and forms of art that can be written down and that way preserved for the ages, traditional dancing is something that has to be passed on through time by practising it regularly. Traditional Icelandic dances seemed likely to become an extinct tradition when eight years ago, a group of dancers decided to form "Sporið".
"Sporið" (the Step) is a group of 10 couples that dress and dance in traditional style and perform for natives and tourists alike, as well as dancing abroad, having chosen countries like the US, China, Canada and Austria as their dance floor, although it's most frequent venues are in Borgarfjörður and Reykjavík. The accompanying instrument is most often the accordion, just as it was in days of yore. The dances are introduced and their story told in different languages, including English, German and Danish. The most popular dance is the weaver, supposed to portray how clothes are made. The members are all enthusiasts, but none of them professional dancers. Their aim is to present the dances in their original form.

They can be reached through the Grapevine Research Department

The Coronation of Poppea. City Theatre
From August 15th



The Reykjavik summer opera was formed in January 2002 with the aim of producing one opera every summer, as well as two smaller productions in wintertime. Its goal is to make the art form relevant to modern theatre and modern audiences without moving the story in space or time. The performers are chosen by audition, hence giving everyone an equal opportunity for participation while trying to get the best young performers for each production.
This summers production is L'incoronazione di Poppea, or the Coronation of Poppea, which was the first opera whose characters were historical figures. It was written by Claudio Monteverdi and was first produced in Venice in 1643. Its leading protagonists are the Emperor Nero and his lover Poppea, and the story includes betrayal, murder, love and hate, in short everything necessary to make a good opera. It will be performed in Italian, but the lyrics will be projected on a screen in both Icelandic and English. The opera is performed by a cast of 13, supported by a six-piece band, including a lute player

BEHIND THE EYES OF LOVE

On the 9th of August three artists; Eirún Sigurðardóttir, Jóni Jónsdóttir and Sigrún Hrólfsdóttir, also known as "The Icelandic Love Corporation", will be opening a new exhibition in The Living Arts Museum called "Behind the Eyes".
The Incorporated Love Group started as a performance art group of four back in '96 with a happening performed in the cellar of the National Theatre. That single event wound up becoming a long and rather colourful relationship that still lasts and does not seem to be anywhere near ending, although one of the four members withdrew her partnership in the Love Corp. to run her own advertising agency. The other three continued successfully. The Love Corporation didn't settle for just events but has made various kinds of other art as well. Their new exhibition is not just a happening but something much more, a fully blown show where the artists explore the good in bad, and the bad in good. The ILC has had exhibitions here and there in Europe, and like many Icelandic artists, received more attention abroad than at home.
Grapevine popped in at the Living Art Museum, met Eirún where she was working hard preparing for the upcoming exhibition, looked around and asked a few questions about corporate love and living art.
After strutting around the area for a short while, the interrogation begins: "Looking around we noticed that half the exhibition is black and half is white. From



Don't worry, these women are artists.

Photos: Aldis

cooperation;
"There are three of you, all of you must have different ideas and views so how do you combine your thoughts into your work and at the same time avoid conflicts and their inevitable escalation into fistfights?"
"We've worked together for 7 years now and of course working together can sometimes be difficult, but after all these years we've got very used to each other and working together has come very natural to us."
And still Grapevine asks:
"Is this exhibition what you really want to

you have other occupations?"
"Well, I teach at the Icelandic Academy of the Arts, and Sigrún runs the store "Búðin" on Laugavegur, and that helps. Recently the larger companies in Iceland have finally taken some interest in supporting art with grants and now see it more as an investment than charity. A change of mind for the better, I must say. For us personally we're lucky enough to receive a six-month artists grant from the government and also we've sold some of our sculpture work to large Icelandic companies. At least we're not totally broke. But getting grants is

Your eyes see but your brain understands. We want people to make up their own mind on what they see.

what we've been taught black represents the bad things in this world and white the good things, but when we looked around this wasn't the case, so what are you trying to express here?" says Grapevine, preferring to cling to clichés as this makes everything simpler.
"Well, it's a matter of how things that some people think are bad can actually mean something good for others, and the other way around. Someone may believe that his way of doing things brings good to all and is the right thing to do, but while doing this he actually brings death and destruction. For instance, the idea: "to save the village we must destroy it". Basically, seemingly good things can bring bad results, and seemingly bad things happening may sometimes have a very positive result."
Grapevine, reflecting bitterly on its own internal politics, wonders about



do, or is it just something you needed to do?" penetrating right to the heart of the existential dilemma.
"Like always this is exactly what we want to do for now and that's how it is for each show we have done in the past, always exactly what we want to do."
"But what about the name of the exhibition, "Behind the Eyes," has it anything to do with dreaming?" says Grapevine, closing its eyes and wandering off into a land where papers write themselves, sponsors grow on trees and editorial groupies vie for favours, while somewhere in the distance the answer drones:
"No not really, your eyes see but it is your brain that understands and measures, all people understand things differently and that is what we want from the observers, to understand our art their way. That's why we're not trying to get one message to the people with our art, if that is what we wanted to do, we'd write an article in the paper. Instead we want people make up their own mind on what they see, understand it in their way."
Snapping back to attention, Grapevine now asks about a subject close to its heart; money and grants. "Do you make a living out of this, or do

still a major pain in the rectum."
"About your name The Icelandic Love Corporation, how did that come about?"
"When we started we called ourselves "Gjörningaklúbburinn", which roughly translates as "The Happenings Club". When we started performing outside Iceland that name simply didn't make any sense, so we came up with the Icelandic Love Corporation name. The name has sometimes caused silly misunderstandings, some people actually think we're a "whole lotta love" escort service, or something in that direction."
Some discussion then takes place about various happenings by the Love Corporation over the past years, at parties, weddings and even in Amsterdam's Red Light District, but by this time Grapevine's attention is far away, resting in the lap of editorial groupies underneath the sponsorship tree. It might be the ears that hear, but it is the mind that does the measuring and the understanding. Hence, the rest of the conversation goes unrecorded, and it is up to one and all to form his or her own impression of the works of the ILC.

Jón Oddur & Jón Snær



SPORTS

ICELAND FOOTBALL

A COMPARATIVE ANALYSIS

Years that end in odd numbers hold barren summers for football addicts in most of the civilized world with no World Cup or even a European Championship to ease the pain of seasons end. Idle transfer gossip dominates the back pages instead of actual goals and results and if there is a game on the telly it's probably a rerun. Is it perhaps time to get a life?

Fear not. There are always the barbaric Nordic countries that insist (or rather the weather insists for them) on having the football season during the summer. Therefore, with a long summer holiday in, say, Iceland, you can finally make football a year-long obsession. One problem remains, however, what to do with all those unpronounceable names and strange initials? Well, in the long tradition of teaching Americans math by using baseball scores (all those heartfelt Hollywood movies don't lie, do they?) I will now try to teach Icelandic football by using examples of European clubs that bear an uncanny resemblance to their Icelandic counterparts.

Let's start with the current champions, KR. They are, without a doubt, the Manchester United of Iceland. Both are by far the richest in the land and draw the largest group of supporters (2,000 and 65,000 respectively). Comparisons do not end there, however. Both had legendary sides in the sixties, only to fall into obscurity and failure for decades. While United waited 26 years for the title, KR waited 31, years filled with nasty jokes from fans of opposing teams. Since they finally broke the ice they've both been the teams to beat in their respective countries. They even mirrored each other in 1999 both winning the treble. The only difference was that KR's treble didn't include a European cup.

Then there is Fylkir. They used to be the relegation specialists but have recently transformed themselves to the Neverkusen, sorry Leverkusen, of Iceland. They may be top of the league



When he came to in the hospital, he found he had lost his ability to solve differential equations.

Photos: Árni Torfason

most of the season but they won't take home the trophy on the final day.

An hour's drive from the capital is Grindavík, who have evolved from a small town team in the lower divisions to the Chelsea of Iceland. First they were, along with ÍBV, the masters of the relegation battle (i.e. the team that sent Fylkir down) but in recent years have always been near the top without actually being good enough to take the title – just like Chelsea. Not to mention that being the closest town to the Blue Lagoon, they have the same knack of attracting foreigners that Chelsea does. This season they even have Lee Sharpe playing for them.

The Arsenal of Iceland would have to be KA from the beautiful northern town of Akureyri. Not only did both win the championship in dramatic fashion in 1989 but also they have by far the most intelligent and literate supporters (Nick Hornby and me, that is).

ÍA from Akranes are a mixture of AC Milan and Ajax Amsterdam. All three clubs seemed almost invincible in the mid-nineties but have since faded somewhat, although still remaining serious contenders. And just like Ajax they have what seems like a never-ending production line of young talent.

FH have a thing or two in common with Aston Villa, both were very good at finishing second a decade or so ago but are

now mostly good at being hardly noticed in the middle of the table and in danger of being overtaken by the other, less famous, team of the city / town.

The Westman Islands have a lot in common with Sicily. Both are south of the mainland and the inhabitants don't necessarily follow the law of the land too strictly. Perhaps Roskilde in Denmark is a better comparison, because of the annual music and drinking festival – although the bands in Roskilde are probably a bit edgier. The Danish national team are probably the most like Westman Island team ÍBV, both are kind of *ligeglad* (Danish slang for charmingly careless or annoyingly irresponsible, take your pick) yet able to pull up their shorts and win things from time to time.

The destinies of Reykjavík clubs Fram and Valur have been quite similar recently. An annual duel for the title in the eighties has transformed into an annual battle to avoid the drop. A state of affairs strangely parallel to teams from another city, Liverpool and Everton, except for the Beatles. Hljómar, The Icelandic Beatles, are from Keflavík – chances are you're about to land there if you're reading this aboard a plane. They are currently spending a rare year outside the top flight but are expected to be back soon.

Then there are this years minnows, Þróttur. Newly promoted and with the most successful coach in the Premier league, they have been frequently promoted to the top flight over the last fifty years – but they never seem to last long. Sunderland perhaps? And that's it as the Icelandic premiership only features ten teams. Well, it's not like the summer is long here. As for the Icelandic national team, did I mention we managed a draw against the world champions once? Just don't mention Scotland ...

Ásgeir H Ingólfsson

LISTINGS

Brimkló
Nasa Nightclub
Friday August 15th



Reunions are a common event in the music industry, and that also goes for Iceland. One of the bands currently going down that path is Brimkló, the most popular pop band in Iceland in the late 70's. For middle aged alcohol thirsty Icelanders this is great news, but the younger or the more sober may not share their enthusiasm. Anyway, the members of Brimkló know a trick or two about how to entertain a crowd and their infamous singer Björgvin Halldórsson has even performed on one occasion with Rod Stewart. This was back in the 80's and the singers sung a few of Rod's numbers together, an event famous in Iceland at least.

Hey everybody, where did painting go?

Several galleries in Reykjavík currently display what can be understood as a response to the crisis in painting, as it was formulated by conceptual artists in 1970s. These exhibitions present contemporary art in search of alternatives to the traditional notion of visual arts, thereby stretching and testing the limits of the term.

Annual Fair
Reykjavik's harbour
August 2003



After several bankruptcies and major financial disasters the overwhelmingly optimistic habitants of town Hveragerði realised that having a fair all year was not a profitable business to run, especially not in a small town with more greenhouses than real houses. When discovering this all the fair equipment was sold abroad except for the candyfloss machine, which still serves it's purpose once a year on the 17th of June, making children sticky and smiley. To fill the gap during the sunny summer days created by the absence of the Hveragerði fair someone (who probably visited Hveragerði at least once in the past) started to import a small scale fair during the summer months with great success and now for the 11th summer in a row the fair is open for all willing to pay for the ride.

Hafnarhúsið, 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.
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
Café Culture, Jazz night
Dubliners, Troubadour Ingi pabbi

Tuesday, August 12

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

Day
Reðursafnið, Phallological 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.
Sigurjón Ólafsson Sculpture Museum, Concerts: Hlíf Sigurjónsdóttir violin, Robert la Rue cello and Adrienne Kim piano.
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.
City Harbour, Summer long Fair
Norræna húsið, 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.
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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
Undisclosed location, Laufey Jónsdóttir, mother of Grapevines Co-editor is 38 years old today.

Night
Prikið, Guest DJ
Dubliners, Troubadour Ingi pabbi

Wednesday, August 13

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

Day
Reðursafnið, Phallological 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.
Nýlistasafn, The Living Art Museum, Behind the ice : Heimir Björgúlfsson - Pétur Örn Friðriksson - The Icelandic Love Corporation
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Safn, -14 to 18 -Collection includes both international and Icelandic contemporary art. Admission 200 krónur
Undisclosed location, The Sister of Grapevines Production director turns 29. Happy Birthday Berglind
Night
Prikið, DJ Jón Mýrdal
Sirkus, Jazz DJ's (Kári and KGB)
Kaffibarinn, Red wine night, surprise DJ
Dubliners, Troubadour Bjarni Tryggva

EVENTS

Thursday, August 14

Both Day and Night
Austurvöllur out door exhibition, Earth from Above. Aerial Photographs by Yann Arthus-Bertrand.
Day
Hallgrímskirkja Church, 12:00 Concert, Natalie Chow & Katalin Lörincz
Reðursafnið, Phallological 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.
Nýlistasafíð, The Living Art Museum, Behind the ice : Heimir Björgúlfsson - Pétur Örn Friðriksson - The Icelandic Love Corporation
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Safn, -14 to 18 -Collection includes both international and Icelandic contemporary art. Admission 200 krónur
Night
Amsterdam, Band Buff
Gaukur á Stöng, Band TUBE (celebrating a record release)
De Boomkikker, Bands Dys and Ríkið
Hverfisbar, Coverband Bitlámir
Glaumbar, DJ Atli
Prikið, DJ Gisli Galdur
Café Sólun, DJ Tommi White
Sirkus, DJ Yamaho
Little Central, Jazz band Steipa
Dubliners, Troubadour Bjarni Tryggva
Kráin 73, Troubadour Ingvar Valgeirs
Café Culture, P.E.L. English traditional music played by a band of 6.

Friday, August 15

Both Day and Night
Austurvöllur out door exhibition, Earth from Above. Aerial Photographs by Yann Arthus-Bertrand.
Day
Reðursafnið, Phallological 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.
Nýlistasafíð, The Living Art Museum, Behind the ice : Heimir Björgúlfsson - Pétur Örn Friðriksson - The Icelandic Love Corporation
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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
Nasa, Band Brimkló with a comeback
Gaukur á Stöng, Band Sixties, admission 1000kr.
Dubliners, Band Tvö dónalega haust
Celtic Cross, Coverband Spilafíklar downstairs and troubadour Garðar Garðars upstairs
Amsterdam, Coverband Stóri Björn
Hverfisbar, DJ Benni
Thorvaldsen bar, DJ Daddi Disco

Árbæjarsafn Folk Museum.

June 1st to August 31st.



A Day in the Life of Reykvikians. The 50's.
The exhibition follows a day in the life of 6 Reykvikians of different ages in the years between 1950 and 1960. Visitors get to follow them from morning to evening, and also to visit the home of a six person family in 1958, where the atmosphere has been authentically reproduced. There is also an exhibition about Lárus Sigurbjörnsson, the man who built the museum.
Museum opening hours:
In June, July and August the museum is open Tuesday to Friday 10:00 to 17:00, and 10:00 to 18:00 at weekends. On Mondays the farm and church of Árbær on the museum site are open 11:00 to 16:00. At other times of year the museum is open by arrangement. Outside the summer season, guided tours of the museum are scheduled on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 13:00. Guided tours for groups by arrangement.

Insight - International Contemporary Art in Iceland. Hafnarhús Until September 7th

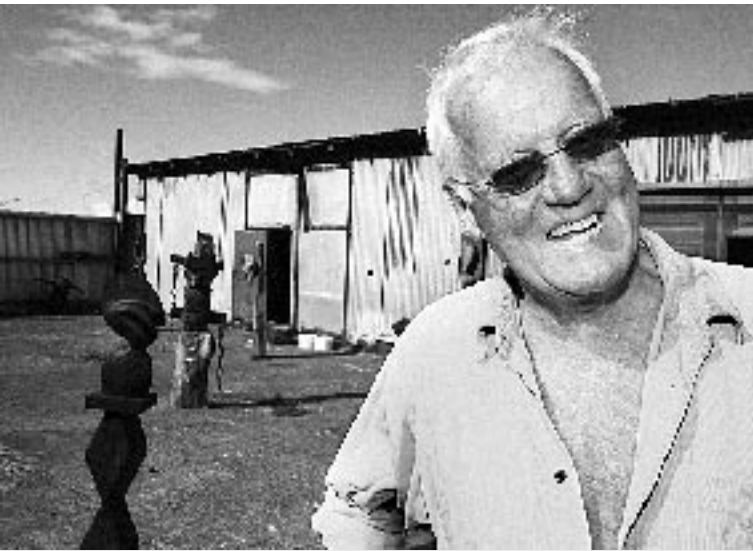
There are gems of contemporary art scattered all over Iceland, hiding in households the way Saga manuscripts were until a certain Árni Magnússon dragged them out of the farmers' straw beds and took them to Copenhagen for better heating - or at least in some of them.

Reykjavik City Gallery draws together the best bits from the private collections of the Icelandic artists Ragna Róbertsdóttir, Ingólfur Arnarsson and Helgi Þorgils Friðjónsson as well as works from its own collection and those owned by the National Gallery of Iceland. Most of the artists featured are in some way connected to Iceland and its art scene, as some of the works actually show. One such work is the drawing by Hamish Fulton; one of his 'outlines' series; this time the outlines are of stones the artist had gathered during his seven-day camping trip in the Icelandic wilderness. Donald Judd presents his geometrical composition woodcuts, while Dieter Roth is represented by intaglio graphics, all of which are artist's proof - the kind of product that is most of the time found in the private collections of friends and family only. The exhibition also displays copies of the Icelandic newspapers from 1963 and 1964, which Roth illustrated. A direct reference to the Icelandic landscape are the works by American Roni Horn and, in particular, Douwe Jan Bakker's visual dictionary of Icelandic mountains, cliffs and plateaus - a set of priceless black and white photographs, both as a work of art and a guide for the bewildered non-Icelandic outdoors tourist. Although it may seem strange to have to travel all the way to Iceland to see contemporary international art, in this case it is simply necessary - and definitely worth the journey. Open Mon - Sun 11 am - 5 pm

Teddi is a hearty looking 60 something, a former firefighter and sailor, He is also a woodcarver, and says the reason he originally took up woodcarving was all the dead time between shifts at the fire station. He has long since retired from that profession, and after he gave up drinking around 15 years ago, he has still more time on his hands to concentrate on his work. He has met with considerable success, and has had exhibitions in Germany, Spain and the Faeroes. He greets us with a firm handshake and motions us inside. I am in the company of our art correspondent, the Czech Beata, and I ask Teddi whether he can explain things to us in English. "Yes," he says, and rambles on in Icelandic. I ask him whether we can touch the items on display. "Of course," he says. "Art is like a beautiful woman, you should be allowed to touch." Ah, if only it were so, Teddi, if only it were so. Teddi shows us his works (discussed below), including a piece crafted from a bit of the old harbour, built with Marshall plan Aid money after the war. Finally, he shows us a piece that is four blocks of marble with teeth attached on one end, the one work that is not made out of wood. He tells me it is built in honour of insurance salesmen, cold on the outside, hollow within. Every once in a while, he makes a piece with a message in that vein, although neither his wife nor friends understand why he would want to cause trouble. The path of the rebel is a lonely one. "Go get them, boy," he shouts after me as I leave. I will, Teddi, I will. Meanwhile, art is too important to be left to the critics, and will presently be turned over to the artists:

The editor

Exploring the potential of wood
Wood and timber is for obvious reasons not the most common sight in Iceland. Teddi's workshop and exhibition gallery comes therefore as a shock to the barren-land accustomed eye, reminding the visitor of the many faces the material can adopt.
Although the artist also works with metal cast, the majority of sculptures are from wood in all its variety of type and origin. There is Icelandic birch



Thinking about getting his hands on some sculpture, perhaps?

Photos: Aldis

and oak, driftwood from Russia and African mahogany, each piece having its individual background and history. Some come from an old dismantled pier, others were found on the shore, presented to the artist by friends and acquaintances or transported from remote places all over the world. The past often shows itself in the altered quality of the material, which becomes incorporated into the finished work.

“Art is like a beautiful woman, you should be allowed to touch it.”

With all due respect to a piece of timber laden with history, the artist far from handles the raw material with kid gloves - he mercilessly cuts it to pieces, glues it back together, attacks it with a chisel, sandblasts it, often working on several pieces at the same time just to get a relief from the uniform physical strain. Yet he actually manages to uncover the hidden qualities of the material and expose its full potential. He combines the different structures and the wood's natural colours to achieve the desired expression, and the result is often a surprising discovery of a quality that had been lying unnoticed.
Occasionally the material refuses to give in to the artist's intentions making its own contribution to the work instead. A huge nail, originally meant as a mere tool to split a large piece of wood, gets stuck in the plank and becomes a part of the sculpture - and, frankly, the nail is the very finishing touch the work needed. In another sculpture a metal component dissolves its acids into the wood, staining it in patterns that add further emphasis to the shape of the sculpture. Thus the creative process seems to be a collaboration between the artist and the material, with the artist having a major say, yet not a veto right.
The making of a sculpture is, of course, physically demanding and requires extensive sawing, lifting and

rings and the wood's natural structure, although they are the result of a laid-out plan and meticulous work. These shapes evoke the images of embryos, amoebae, underwater life of the driftwood's past and processes concealed from the human eye and rational mind in general. A work of a different kind is a piece the artist is especially fond of, a wall sculpture consisting of three corroded planks of timber that suddenly seem to have spread like the wings of an altarpiece. Other sculptures are vertical, clearly reminiscent of totems or worship monuments. One of them is indeed named 'Adoption of Christianity' and on closer inspection the upper part of the sculpture takes on the shape of a Viking helmet, a cardinal's hat or even a Ku Klux Klan hood, in this way comprising all the different aspects of the notion. These sculptures combine wood, metal and brick and the artist mentions the influence of the French sculptor Constantin Brancusi and his approach to form and material.

Teddi's workshop seems to be a place so typical for the Icelandic art scene - a place where the artist's passion for his work totally outweighs any fame hunting urges. Let us just hope that the artist's fiery enthusiasm will not set the whole place ablaze on 16th August.

Beata Rödlingova

RESTAURANT • CAFÉ



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Sun 5 pm-10 pm

NIGHTLIFE

BOOKS VS. BEER

Our story begins in a dusty library in a small town in the Icelandic lowlands. A young lass with brown pigtails sits amidst a pile of books so high the top of her head is barely visible as she cuddles around a thick tome with yellowing pages. However, her face is turning blue as she made the crucial mistake of sitting down in front of the shelf where the books about the Ice People and the Red Series are kept (editorial note: these are long series of romantic novels sold in every kiosk and read by every woman in the country at some point.) As the day wears on red faced farm ladies have been gathering around her in increasing numbers and have now nearly succeeded in smothering her to death. But still the girl barely notices her lack of oxygen or the surprised stares of other patrons as they bump into the child. Because she isn't in the library, but in another country, in another century. Where others believe themselves to be treading on a moss green carpet she finds herself among violent waves beating her to and fro in a rugged wooden boat desperately searching for land. She is not little any more, or even a girl, but a large and muscular fully grown man by the name of Odysseus, ready for battle as the behinds of farmer's ladies surround her menacingly like Cyclopes.

Ten years later a somewhat older girl finds herself in a sweaty bar in the centre of Reykjavik as the room hobbles back and forth. The cause of the floors unsteadiness can be traced to a considerable number of bottles and glasses with half melted ice cubes occupying a nearby table. She looks around, but instead of seeing a sweat drenched, bleary eyed mob shouting and wriggling without any sense of tone or rhythm, she sees wondrous creatures keeping pace in an enchanted dance in between fierce warriors who have no weapons but their bare hands, and she, just like the other princesses present, must defend herself as best she can. On the verge of losing her battle with the floor, she goes into the bathroom and holds her breath as she looks in the mirror. Through the fog of her red eyes she sees in the mirror a princess, a beauty queen, a sex bomb. All her previous thoughts of nose jobs or breast implants are thrown to the wind, she has no need for such things. She



And on the search went for the land of the blind...

is perfect. Full of fire she tears herself away from her reflection and heads back into the uncertainty of the night. Searching for another island. When the girl comes to the day after, life doesn't seem quite as magical as the night before. Her heart struggles in her chest as she sits up and looks around. At first she doesn't recognize her surroundings, but despair turns into joy as she realises she's in her own room, alone. This time she got lucky.

At that same moment, ten years ago, the little girl is dragged back into her surroundings as someone closes her book and in front of her stands her mother, hands on her hips, having just delivered her from seeming certain death at the hands of the Cyclops. That time, she got lucky too.

It's strange how little a life can change in ten years. At first glance there seems to be a world of difference between holding a library card and a VIP card for a nightclub, but is the difference really that great?

The average modern individual uses every opportunity to escape reality with entertainment and as long as he's not bored he thinks he's happy. There are two very different means to achieve such "happiness." One is the reading of good books, which beauty queens keep telling us that, along with travelling and looking after children, is the road to earthly bliss. The other one is alcohol. The latter seems to be preferred, and in fact to be the major pastime of young Icelanders today.

When you read a book you become the main character, be it Julius Caesar or Minnie Mouse, and the characters' doings become yours. Sometimes you might not condone the actions, or even like the character, but still you keep on reading.

When you go out and consume alcohol a process begins that you have little control over. Yet you participate, and even become a person that you don't necessarily like, nor do those around you. This character is usually loud, arrogant, grovelling or disagreeable in some other way. Nonetheless it's bottoms up and the game continued the day after or the following weekend. Both the book and the night out have a beginning, a middle and an end, but these tend to vary.



The predators of the night take a break from their duties.

Photo: Aldis

The beginning: Here characters are introduced and the tone is set, in literature as well as (night) life. It soon becomes apparent whether the stage is set for comedy or tragedy, whether dramatis personae become severely inebriated as the night wears on or order a taxi home within half an hour.

The middle: The plot is well underway and the party has begun. Twists develop, excitement too if the setting is good, and sometimes even romance.

The end: In most books things turn out well and everyone deserving leaves the stage happily, whether they have finally found the love of their life or have been saved from certain death. The same cannot be guaranteed at the wrong end of a night of boozing. Death

She is not little any more, or even a girl, but a large, muscular fully grown man.

(by inebriation) will most likely have conquered love as the leading man lies passed out on the couch drooling in the damsels lap, or the leading lady stands bent over a toilet bowl as a rather unimpressed prince charming looks on.

The event of the weekend can follow a person like a bad dream for many weeks afterwards, and most people know all too well the determination to never again drink anything stronger than herbal tea the morning after. It is rarely the case among readers that they resolve never to go past Donald Duck again after a hard nights Dostoevski, nor is there a suggested cure for them as there is for alcoholics.

Our conclusion must be that reading is a far more convenient, cheaper and safer way to escape this world that we dare not look in the eye. The same can be said of TV, computer games and other methods we use to enter the virtual world we desire. Why then, is alcohol consumption so much more popular? Is it really that much more fun? (Editorial note: No, but it does involve the slight possibility of having sex, which a night of Grand Theft Auto: Vice City sadly does not often lead to.)

Beggó

LISTINGS

Bands Botnleðja & Singapore Sling Sirkus

Saturday August 16th



The band Botnleðja is well established on the music scene and has released 5 albums over their eight year career. The three members have experienced a lot in their days as musicians and have toured with both Blur and Sparta. Botnleðja even had an English name for a while, but you can now refer to them as the Band Botnleðja Formerly Known as Silt Formerly Known as Botnleðja. Their latest album "Icelandic National Park" was out this spring and has received good reviews and the cover even features a naked guy, perhaps their contribution to gender equality.

Also on tonight is Singapore Sling who just came back home from their US tour and are ready to rock. The band was formed in the last year of the millennium and is a reminder of what true Rock n' Roll is and should be, attitude and overdrive mixed with a few bottles of Jack Daniels, no complications, just Rock 'n Roll.

It's arguable who's backing whom tonight and the only way to settle that argument is to show up. Starts at 21:30

Summer Exhibition National Gallery of Iceland

May 24th - August 31st



Walking through the National Gallery of Iceland this summer is like leafing through a book on 20th century Icelandic art. The summer exhibition maps the development of modern Icelandic art, presenting the works by more than fifty artists. Each name is a dictionary entry that opens up a different chapter in the history of Icelandic art. The emphasis is on painting. Chronologically arranged, the exhibition leads us from the first modern landscapes by Thorlákur B. Thorláksson and paintings by Kjarval, Schevig and Ásgrímur Jónsson to expressionism and abstract art at the middle of the century. By the 1960s this style of painting gave way to new movements such as return to realism or op art inspired geometrical abstraction. The last part of the exhibition focuses on the varied tendencies of today and works by contemporary young artists.

Open Tues-Sun 11-17, admission ISK 400, free admission on Wednesdays

Mojito Club, DJ Hlynur
Sirkus, DJ Kári
Café Metz, DJ Palli Steinars
Kofi Tómasar frænda, DJ Sidekick
Kaffibarinn, DJ Svali
Kaffibarinn, DJ Yamaho
Glaumbar, DJ Þór Bæring
Prikið, DJ's Snake 'n Tiger
Café Culture, DJ's of the house take on various multicultural music themes
Little Central, Jazz band Steipa
Grand Rokk, Series of Rock/Hardcore Concerts starting at 22:00, bands: Total fucking Destruction (USA), Forgáður Helvítis(ICE), The Motherfucking Clash (USA), KIMONO (ICE) and Angermeans (ICE). Admission 200kr
Kráin 73, The Blues Express, a well known 5 piece band finally playing live again
Leikhúskjallarinn, The ultimate party all night with one of Iceland's top disco party DJ's "Johnny Dee," or so they say
De Boomkikker, Troubadour Óskar Einarsson
Café Victor, Various DJ's, 80's 'n 90's music

Saturday, August 16

Both Day and Night

Kráin 73, Art exhibition a grand opening in the garden
Austurvöllur out door exhibition, Earth from Above. Aerial Photographs by Yann Arthus-Bertrand.

Day

Hallgrímskirkja Church, 12:00 Steingrímur Þórhallsson plays organ
Reðursafnið, Phallological 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.
Nýlistasafn, The Living Art Museum, Behind the ice : Heimir Björgúlfsson - Pétur Örn Friðriksson - The Icelandic Love Corporation

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.

City Harbour, Summer long Fair
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.

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

Skólavörðustigur 14, -14 - 22 -Nordic Architecture as Resource. Examples from all the Nordic Countries.

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

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

Night

Leikhúskjallarinn, Band Jagúar, jazz, funk & groove

Gaukur á Stöng, Band SSól, admission 1000kr

Dubliners, Band Tvö dónalega haust

Grand Rokk, Bands Brain Police, Dark Harvest and Dr. Spock

Celtic Cross, Coverband Spílafíklar downstairs and troubadour Garðar Garðars upstairs

Amsterdam, Coverband Stóri Björn

Hverfisbar, DJ Atli partycop

Thorvaldsen bar, DJ Daddi Disco

Mojito Club, DJ Hlynur

Café Metz, DJ Margeir and Jóel Pálsson plays the sax

Kofi Tómasar frænda, DJ Sidekick

Café Sólun, DJ Svali

Glaumbar, DJ Þór Bæring

Prikið, DJ's Daði and Jóni

Sirkus, DJ's KGB and Kári inside and the bands Botnleðja and Singapore Sling in the yard

Café Culture, DJ's of the house take on various multicultural music themes

Ari i Ögri, Southern Breeze. Purse band

Kráin 73, The Blues Express, a well known 5 piece band finally playing live again

De Boomkikker, Troubadour Óskar Einarsson

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

Kaffibarinn, -starts 22:00 -New icon records

Sunday, August 17

Both Day and Night

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

Day

Reðursafnið, Phallological 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.

Nýlistasafn, The Living Art Museum, Behind the ice : Heimir Björgúlfsson - Pétur Örn Friðriksson - The Icelandic Love Corporation

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

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City Harbour, Summer long Fair
Norræna húsið, Nordic House, The Big Nordic Elephant Show

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Reykjavik Museum of Photography, The Five Elements. Photographs and etchings from French-Vietnamese artist Claire Xuan.
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Safn, -14 to 18 -Collection includes both international and Icelandic contemporary art. Admission 200 krónur
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
Hallgrímskirkja Church, 20:00 Concert, Steingrímur Þórhallsson and a Symphony
Café Culture, Kári Arnason's Jazz quartet
Dubliners, Troubadour Ingvar Valgeirs

Monday, August 18

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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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, August 19

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.
Nýlistasafnið, The Living Art Museum, Behind the ice : Heimir Björgulfsen - Pétur Örn Fríðriksson - The Icelandic Love Corporation
Sigurjón Ólafsson Sculpture Museum, Concerts: Guðrún Birgisdóttir flute, Sigurður Snorrason clarinet and Anna Guðný Guðmundsdóttir piano.
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.

Dys and Ríkið, De Boomkikker

August 14th and 21st



For those who have been searching for the legendary Icelandic music scene and so far failed to find it, the Boomkikker might be a place to start. The location previously housed a strip bar, but is now run by some flying Dutchmen who are resolved to turn it into one of the cities premier rock venues and a refuge for those tired of the monotonous coverbands who seem to dominate the scene. Concerts are to be held every Thursday, beginning at 21.30 under the heading of "The Gig," and admission is to be free. It all begins on the 14th of August, when the bands Dys and Ríkið perform.

Dys was formed more than a year ago by punk and rock veterans who wanted to inject some anger into the underground rock scene. Among members are Forgarður Helvítis vocalist Síggi Pönk, agitator, anarchist, vegetarian and nurse, who also edits his own radical webpage and is a tireless leaflet distributor. The band also includes Heiða from the bands Unun and Heiðingjarnir, and members of Hljómsveit Íslands (band of Iceland) and Fimmta herdeildin (fifth division). The bands style has been described as fast, loud and wild punk rock.

Grapevine houseband Ríkið make their international debut that evening as well, playing material considered too radical for the paper put to music. Lyrics are in Icelandic, so bring a dictionary. The bands music has been described as "not bad" and "way better than that other band you were in" by listeners. The Gig series will continue the following Thursday, with acts to be announced. Contact Eric van Munsteren at the Boomkikker (see: Venue Finder) for further details. Starts at 21.30. Admission free.

Jagúar Leikhúskjallarinn

Saturday August 16th



Five years have passed by at the speed of sound and the band Jaguar is celebrating every single one of them tonight as it is their 5 year birthday. Jaguar was formed in the summer of 1998, by six persons with a mutual interest in groove-oriented music, be it funk, Latin, soul or rock. Jaguar is a very impressive live band & and have been playing constantly in every other club in Reykjavik, including a concert with Wayne Horwitz and Zony Mash. Jaguar has released two albums in their time, the first album was self-titled and released in December of 1999 and their second album, titled "Get The Funk Out" was released in June 2001. "Jaguar the Movie" was also released along with their last album offering. Band members are: Börkur Hrafn Birgisson, guitar / wah wah. Daði Birgisson, keyboard, Rhodes. Eyjólfur Þorleifsson, saxophone. Ingi S. Skúlason, electric bass. Kjartan Hákonarson, trumpet. Samúel Jón Samúelsson, trombone. Sigfús Örn Óttarsson, drums.

FROM THE UNDERGROUND

FREE THINKERS



The thinkers make yet another attempt at solving the existential dilemma.

Photos: Aldis

When I first heard about this new society of young artists renting a warehouse by the harbour, it was from my flatmate's friend, who was drunk out of his mind. I didn't put much stock in what he was saying, but a couple of weeks later we got invited to their opening party. Everyone, including Grapevine, were very drunk that night, so nothing really came out of it but I remember the house was really cool. A huge warehouse with long corridors which with candles were

placed to lead the way. They have access to the roof which overlooks the whole downtown area, the harbour and Mount Esja. "Perfect for concerts" said Hinni, the founder of the group, when he showed it to me.

What they were on about I couldn't be sure of and I think that they weren't either at first (given they state they were in) so I decided to talk to them again later. So on a sunny Sunday afternoon I managed to find them again, meet with

can do all the art they are into, anything between photography to music. At least that is there main agenda. All the artists are working individually but they plan to release some artwork quite regularly starting with a CD which documents their contribution to the Culture Night. This CD will be free of charge and attainable in 12 Tónar on Skólavörðustigur.

"It's a jam session CD" said Hinni when asked about the project. During Culture Night, starting around 20:00, there are

The strength of the free thinkers lies in their numbers. A monthly fee helps keep them active.

them and pump them for some information. I arrived at their facility this time sober and more aware of my surroundings and saw that they had been efficient in covering the walls with their art but I was quite shocked to find out that smoking was banned in the house so we had to go on the roof to talk.

Free thinkers is a group of about twenty artists who want to create a facility for other artists. The house comes with twenty keys which people can rent for a fee of 3000 krónur per month. In there they

going to be some musicians here playing what comes to mind preferably non stop. The idea is to have an open mike (or an amplifier) for visitors in their facility. The result will be recorded and burnt on a CD for everyone to have.

Every now and then a society like that surfaces in our community (every community actually). They all have big plans but not all of them manage to go on after one project. The strength of the Free Thinkers would be their number. The fact that there are twenty active members (the monthly fee helps keeping them active) see to it that there's is always someone there so everybody can use their house for creativity of some sort. That way they can always stay fresh since the gaps of fall outs can constantly be refilled. What they have is quite impressive now and I hope that they will come through... We'll see what happens.

Aðalsteinn Jörundsson

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ART

SIGURJÓN ÓLAFSSON MUSEUM

It seems that once an Icelander gets his hands on a paintbrush or a chisel, there is no stopping him. The same hunger for new discoveries that drove Icelanders to the American shore a thousand years ago forces their 20th century offspring to take untrodden paths in art and inevitably become the enfants terribles of all conservative still waters. In 1944, for example, the municipality of the little town of Vejle in Denmark decided to pay for the sculptures they had commissioned for the city hall but wished they had never set them up, indeed, they would best like to see the sculptures sunk to the bottom of the sea. The expected outcome is, of course, the sculptures standing now where they were meant to stand, being Vejle's main tourist attraction.

The creator of these sculptures is the Icelandic sculptor Sigurjón Ólafsson. He was born on the south coast but soon moved to Reykjavik, where he received artistic training from the best Icelandic artists of the time before proceeding to Denmark for further education. Neither Denmark nor Iceland was a bed of roses for a man of innovative ideas and it took time and effort for the artist to get his art recognized by art critics and the public alike.

Sigurjón Ólafsson's art covers an incredible range of material, technique and style. The artist seems to be searching high and low for the most appropriate means of expression sculpture can offer for each particular work, eagerly and without discrimination. The material and the resulting effect are inseparably interconnected, depending on and influencing each other. The two portraits of the Icelandic painter Ásgrímur Jónsson, one carved in stone and the other a metal cast originally modelled in clay, traces of which are still visible in the surface structure of the sculpture, are textbook examples of how two works of an identical model can differ depending on the different kinds of material used.

Stylistically Sigurjón's work ranges from realism through the simplified forms of cubism to abstract art. Cubism is particularly prominent in Sigurjón's stone carving, while the metal sculptures of sportsmen and the plaster casts from 1930s acquire a rounded shape of melted material. In 1939 Sigurjón presented his first fully abstract work, which was a sign of the artist's discovery of a new media, wood, and one of the many wooden sculptures that followed, some of them abstract, others inspired by primitive art. In mid-1950s the harsh working conditions of the artist's studio took their toll on Sigurjón's health and the artist was diagnosed with major lung problems that eventually resulted in tuberculosis. The event did not, however, dampen the artist's creative energy. On the contrary, it lead to a new chapter in Sigurjón's art as he was introduced to the technique of metal welding at the TBC sanatorium's workshop. The sculptures that follow are abstract works, the shapes of which are a clear reminder of the fact that the



A museum: Conveniently free of maddening crowds.

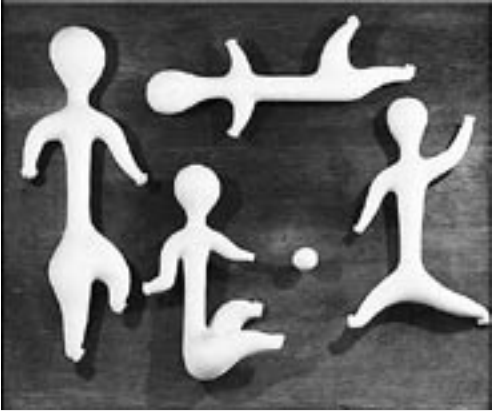
Photos: Aldis

first Nordic emissaries to Iceland were not humans but two high seat pillars washed ashore on the spot that was to become Iceland's first settlement. It has been actually commented on elsewhere that the vertical form of a pillar makes recurrent appearances in Sigurjón's work and the sculpture that is located in front of the famed Reagan-Gorbachov rendezvous building, Höfði, is indeed called High Seat Pillars.

The very first minutes an art-inclined tourist spends in Reykjavik actually provide a nutshell tour through the variety of Sigurjón's work: having been deposited from the airport bus in front of Hotel Saga, the visitors are confronted with another abstract monument of welded metal, Emblem of Iceland, finished in 1973. A ten-minute walk to the other side of the Pond leads to the National Gallery of Iceland, where two very different works are on display. The bronze cast of The Football Player (1936) is one of the works that explore the liquid-like forms reminiscent of the work of Jean Arp. The colour of the air-exposed metal and the shape of the sculpture bring to mind the image of the antique sculptures scattered on the bottom of the Mediterranean Sea and thus create a curious contrast to the thoroughly modern topic of the sculpture. The armless look was actually not the artist's original intention, as an earlier version of the sculpture shows, but a later alteration the sculpture itself seemed to demand as it was taking shape. The other sculpture in front of the gallery is The Viking (1951), a work of totally different material and technique: a stone carving that was created by subtracting the mass instead of forming it the way a metal cast mould is created. The Viking shows a shape quite typical for Sigurjón's stone carvings, as it suggests a real-like form in its outlines but at the same time remains under the spell of the

rectangular shape of the original block of stone, like an insect trapped in a drop of golden amber.

Several other sculptures by Sigurjón are located at various places in Reykjavik. The largest concentration of the artist's works, however, can be found at Sigurjón Ólafsson Museum, a place quite different from the monstrous classical museums of mainland Europe. The building was originally the artist's studio, located on a patch of wild land simply forgotten by the land administration authorities, and it was converted into a museum at the initiative of the artist's



The children in the Sigurjón household never got to eat the gingerbread men. Instead, they were put into museums.

widow, Birgitta Spur. Conveniently situated far from the maddening crowds, the museum offers a unique combination of pleasure and education. On my last visit to the museum I could enjoy the peace and quiet of a sunny Saturday afternoon, with the sea splashing against the promontory's rugged shore, wild geese waddling among the outdoor do-touch-the-exhibits and Birgitta Spur, the museum's manager, weeding the lawn in front of the building. The amazing view of the open sea can also be admired from the museum's cafeteria, which in addition provides a selection of publications to leaf through, including the comprehensive two-volume artist's biography and, as it is good manners in most Icelandic museums, a large compilation of articles that document the reception of Sigurjón's art by the Danish and Icelandic press over more than fifty years. The current exhibition at the museum focuses on portraits and abstract works and gives visitors the opportunity to see some of the works that brought the artist fame and recognition, such as the portrait of the artist's mother or the primitive art inspired Queen of the Mountains.

The captivating atmosphere at Sigurjón Ólafsson Museum together with the art works on display are sure to make for an enjoyable afternoon outing. And for those who do not feel like going back to the manic downtown Reykjavik in the evening the museum offers a series of classical music concerts, giving the visitors' ear and eye equal enjoyment at the same time.

Beata Rödlingova

LISTINGS

Roni Horn i8

Until September 13th



Gallery i8 has without any doubt been an important strand of the red thread running through contemporary Icelandic art and its interaction with the international art scene. The gallery's curator, Dorothee Kirch, has just recently been in charge of the Icelandic project at Prague Bienalle, a major event in contemporary European art, and among the three artists she chose is Icelandic Love Corporation, a three-woman group that held an exhibition at i8 in 2000 and who on 16 August will present their work at the National Gallery of Iceland as part of the Cultural Night project.

The gallery itself focuses on Icelandic and international art that emerged in the 1970s and has presented artists such as Ragna Róbertsdóttir or Sigurður Guðmundsson, Germany-based Ólafur Eliasson and Douwe Jan Bakker from Holland. The current exhibition presents work by Roni Horn, an American artist who for the past 25 years has been associated with Iceland and has held exhibitions at i8 as well as at the National Gallery of Iceland.

Roni started as a sculptor but turned to photography in the 1990s. 'This is me, this is you' is a set of 96 photographs organized into two sets of juxtapositioned pairs. The setting up on two opposing walls plays an important role as it adds an element of distance and forces the viewer to concentrate fully on the perception of the work. The pictures have been taken over a time period of two years and feature the artist's teenage niece, although to call them portraits can be somewhat misleading. The aim is not to present a passport photo image of the girl but rather to capture the ever-changing facial expressions and the moods they convey. The work has been compared to Roni's landscape photographs and her attempts to capture the constantly changing atmosphere of nature. 11 am - 6 pm Thursdays and Fridays, 1 pm - 5 pm Saturdays or by appointment. Admission free

The Hamburger Tour August 10th - 16th



Musician and avant-garde artist Curver is commencing a tour of hamburger restaurants, which invites people to come and watch the artist eat hamburgers at announced times. The artist's previous works include "The Room," when people were invited to his workshop to watch him clean it, and "The Diet," which was documented with post cards and photographs. This piece will be documented by the artist himself on the radio program Zombie and a feature in the TV series Hjartsláttur, as well as in other media.

Skólavörðustigur 14, -14 - 22 -Nordic Architecture as Resource. Examples from all the Nordic Countries.
Sigurjón Ólafsson Sculpture Museum, -14 to 17 -Portraits and Abstractions
Night Prikið, Guest DJ
Dubliners, Troubadour Ingi Valur

Wednesday, August 20 Both Day and Night

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

Day Reðursafnið, Phallological 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.
Nýlistasafnð, The Living Art Museum, Behind the ice : Heimir Björgúlfsson - Pétur Örn Friðriksson - The Icelandic Love Corporation
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.
City Harbour, Summer long Fair
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 Ásmundar 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.
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.
Skólavörðustigur 14, -14 - 22 -Nordic Architecture as Resource. Examples from all the Nordic Countries.
Sigurjón Ólafsson Sculpture Museum, -14 to 17 -Portraits and Abstractions
Safn, -14 to 18 -Collection includes both international and Icelandic contemporary art. Admission 200 krónur
Night Gaukur á Stöng, Deep Purple tribute concert with Eiki Hauks in leading role
Prikið, DJ Jón Myrdal
Sirkus, Jazz DJ's
Kaffibarinn, Red wine night, surprise DJ
Dubliners, Troubadour Bjarni Tryggva

Thursday, August 21

Both Day and Night

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

Day Hallgrímskirkja Church, 12:00 Concert, Veronica Ostenhammer & Friðrik Stefánsson
Reðursafnið, Phallological 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.
Nýlistasafnð, The Living Art Museum, Behind the ice : Heimir Björgúlfsson - Pétur Örn Friðriksson - The Icelandic Love Corporation
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. Admission 200 krónur
Night Hverfisbar, Coverband Bitlarnir
Gaukur á Stöng, Deep Purple tribute concert with Eiki Hauks in leading role
Sirkus, DJ Anna
Dubliners, Troubadour Bjarni Tryggva

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JUSTICE

ICELAND AT WAR

The participation of Iceland's leaders in war crimes and crimes against humanity

As an Icelandic citizen concerned with the respect owed by Iceland and its leaders for human rights, I have felt compelled to formally request the initiation of criminal action against three Icelandic leaders. I have charged them with participation in crimes against humanity against Iraqi civilians (mostly children) and in war crimes against civilian employees of the Belgrade TV station.

article BY

ELÍAS DAVIDSSON

The facts
In August 1990, the Security Council of the United Nations imposed on Iraq - as a response to Iraq's military invasion and occupation of Kuwait - the most stringent economic sanctions ever imposed by the United Nations on any nation. The sanctions against Iraq and its population were only lifted after the invasion and occupation of Iraq by the United States and the United Kingdom in 2003. As a result of a combination of factors, including the severe shortages

author of these lines brought home to the new minister the devastating effects of the sanctions through a sit-in in the Foreign Ministry and a personal meeting with the Minister.
Early on 23 April 1999, NATO forces perpetrated an air attack on the Belgrade TV station resulting in the death of 16 civilian employees of the station. On the same day, a meeting of NATO leaders was held in Washington D.C. where the decision was taken, by consensus, to permit attacks on

By giving legal force to measures known to cause the deaths of thousands, a leader is guilty of crimes against humanity.

caused by the sanctions, over half a million children in Iraq died, in excess of previous child mortality rates. A detailed review of the sanctions is provided at <http://www.aldeilis.net/jus/econsanc/chronology.pdf>.
Iceland became a formal participant in the sanctions against the people of Iraq through the publication of an official prohibition of trade with Iraq published in Iceland's official journal and signed by former Foreign Minister, Jón Baldvin Hannibalsson. Iceland's participation in the sanctions continued unabated after Mr. Halldór Ásgrímsson took charge of foreign affairs. As he took office, the

media in Serbia, effectively giving legal blessing to the attack committed a few hours earlier. The meeting was attended by Iceland's Prime Minister, David Oddsson, and Iceland's Foreign Minister, Halldór Ásgrímsson. No public announcement was made at the time by these individuals regarding this decision, nor did they in any way object to the attack on a civilian installation in Belgrade. A detailed review of this particular event (in Icelandic) is available on <http://www.aldeilis.net/natofry/warcrimesicelfry.html>.

The applicable legal norms
The sanctions against Iraq were imposed by the UN Security Council under Chapter VII of the UN Charter. They thus created obligations of compliance by UN member states, including Iceland. However, should the Security Council exceed its commission, for example, by deciding to exterminate a national group or impose inhumane conditions of existence on human beings, its decisions would have to be considered as null and void and may not be carried out. States acting in furtherance of invalid Council decisions would do so at their own risk and peril and could not shield themselves behind the authority of the Council. At Nurnberg in 1945, Nazi leaders invoked the Fuehrer Principle as a defence ("we just obeyed orders") but to no avail. By imposing on the people of Iraq inhumane conditions of life that have caused the deaths of over half a million children, the Security Council effectively asked states to commit crimes against humanity, although the measures were, of course, dressed in sanitized terms. It was and remains the responsibility of sovereign states (and individual leaders) to consider the legality, validity and effects of measures they are asked to implement. To the extent that individual leaders are put at notice regarding the adverse effects of measures they impose or support, they are deemed to have intended the consequences of their acts. By giving legal force to measures known to cause the deaths of thousands of children every month, a public leader would be guilty of participation in crimes against humanity under customary international law. This guilt attaches both to principals and accessories of crime.

The author of these lines has formally asked Iceland's Public Prosecutor to initiate legal action against both Jón Baldvin Hannibalsson and Halldór Ásgrímsson for their participation in the above crime. The Public Prosecutor chose to dismiss the case on the ground that complying with Security Council decisions was a legal obligation.



Inhabitants of the Westman Islands prepare for the first weekend of August.
Photo: Bjarki Þór Kjartansson

Iceland's Public Prosecutor chose to disregard entirely the reported fact of massive deaths resulting from the sanctions. By doing so, he implicitly endorsed the rule according to which Icelandic individuals can with impunity participate in mass killing of children as long as killings are dressed in the appropriate sanitized language, are committed indirectly and are imposed by the Security Council. A detailed review of the legal aspects of the Iraq sanctions is found on <http://www.aldeilis.net/jus/econsanc/sanciraqlegal.pdf>.
The attack by NATO forces on the Belgrade TV station in 1999 was made in the knowledge that this station was not a legitimate military target. Attacks on civilian targets are prohibited under international humanitarian law, including the Geneva Conventions of 12 August 1949 and their Additional Protocols, to which Iceland is a party. Wilfully attacking a civilian installation with the knowledge of causing civilian deaths amounts to a war crime. NATO leaders who attended a meeting which gave the authorization for the commission of war crimes are personally liable under international criminal law for having endorsed the commission of such a crime. The two Icelandic leaders, David

Oddsson and Halldór Ásgrímsson, are thus personally charged with complicity in the commission of a war crime against sixteen civilian persons in Belgrade, causing their death. No legal action has yet been taken against these Icelandic leaders, in spite of attempts by groups of international legal experts and families of the victims to obtain the indictment of all NATO leaders responsible for this war crime and other war crimes allegedly committed in the NATO air campaign against former Yugoslavia. While the author of these lines has spearheaded the efforts to secure the indictment of Icelandic political leaders, numerous Icelandic citizens have endorsed such efforts, inter alia, by signing a public appeal. In doing so, those who press for an indictment are merely upholding recognized norms of international law and the rule of law within Iceland. Grave breaches of international humanitarian law, let alone for participating in the killing of thousands of children, cannot be condoned. We all owe it to the victims and their surviving families to seek justice, including the disclosure of the full truth on the circumstances that led to their deaths.

NO ONE EXPECTS THE SPANISH INQUISITION



When the Roman Church had consolidated its power, shortly after the second to last millennia, the Pope and some of his cronies got together and decided that something had to be done about all them heretics that were raining on their parade all over Europe - they figured that you couldn't have people running amok, trying to make gold out of thin air, bewitching each other and worshipping self proclaimed gods like Allah and whatnot. So, they set up the Papal Inquisition for the apprehension and trial of heretics, the most notorious of these of course being the Spanish Inquisition.

Although the inquisitorial procedure was perhaps quite complex, its essence was simple enough: Those suspected of heresy were given time to repent, confess and absolve themselves. If the accused confessed, his punishment could range from a couple of hail Mary's to life imprisonment. If, on the other

hand, they refused to fess up they were turned over to the secular arm of the Inquisition, which alone could impose the death penalty.
The Inquisitions pretty much made up their own rules and accountability was close to zero, so predictably - in the excitement of the mass killings and all - the priests got a bit carried away. In the beginning torture wasn't allowed to extract admissions of guilt but some smart pastor apparently realised that this wasn't a really effective rule so it got struck out somewhere along the way. And as a general rule you could say that the heretics had two choices: they could confess or die - sometimes both.
Now, the Vatican has never actually issued a press release with the number of heretics executed by the Inquisitions, but the impressive nine million figure has been mentioned a few times - you know, a million here, a million there and pretty soon you've got yourself a mass genocide.
Considering their bloody history, most people would probably think that the Spanish Inquisition and its counterparts weren't a really good idea. Ok, you could argue that they were a pretty efficient bunch (you'd be hard pressed to find a decent alchemist nowadays, eh?) but all in all it wouldn't be

unfair to say that the reign of terror for over half a millennia probably outweighs most of the good stuff they may have accomplished along the way. On the list of cruel and never-ever-to-be-repeated human inventions, the Spanish Inquisition would probably rank fairly high on most peoples lists - perhaps somewhere between the Holocaust and disco music - so, you would think that the days of the Spanish Inquisition were numbered, wouldn't you? I mean, you wouldn't really expect the Spanish Inquisition to pop up again in your neighbourhood, would you? Well, as it turns out, some things have a nasty habit of sneaking up on you.
The American government has about seven hundred prisoners tucked away in Guantanamo Bay, Cuba and some of these men have been in this legal black hole for over a year and a half. The plight of these prisoners has been widely reported so I won't go into any details about their situation, but let's just say that the prison is the envy of your common variety, bloodthirsty dictator.
Until now, the powers that be in Washington haven't charged the growing number of inmates with any offence, military or otherwise, but last week they announced that six of the men will soon get their day in court. Two Britons are in the group and they have now been given two options: Confess and get locked up for twenty years or face the closed tribunal, where - if they are found guilty - they will be executed.

But this won't be like any normal court, with checks and balances that guarantee the prisoners their rights. Among other things, the prisoners won't be able to choose their own attorneys; the attorneys they get, can be removed at any time; the verdict will be given by judges who can also be removed at any time and without any explanation; there will be no appeals; and perhaps most impressively, confessions that were abstracted under torture can be admissible as evidence as well as hearsay evidence from an anonymous witness. Kangaroo court anyone?
It's clear to anyone with half a brain that someone who refuses to confess will have as much chance of an acquittal as a black man has of escaping from any self respecting Klan convention.
The options then are two: The men could confess and accept that they won't be getting much of a tan in the next couple of decades. Or on the other hand, if they for some reason

refuse to do this (innocence maybe?), they could choose to go before the American Inquisition where they will be tried, convicted and executed - not necessarily in that order.
Not much of a choice now is it?
Haraldur Ingi Þorleifsson



Left; the Spanish inquisition. Above; the Bush administration.

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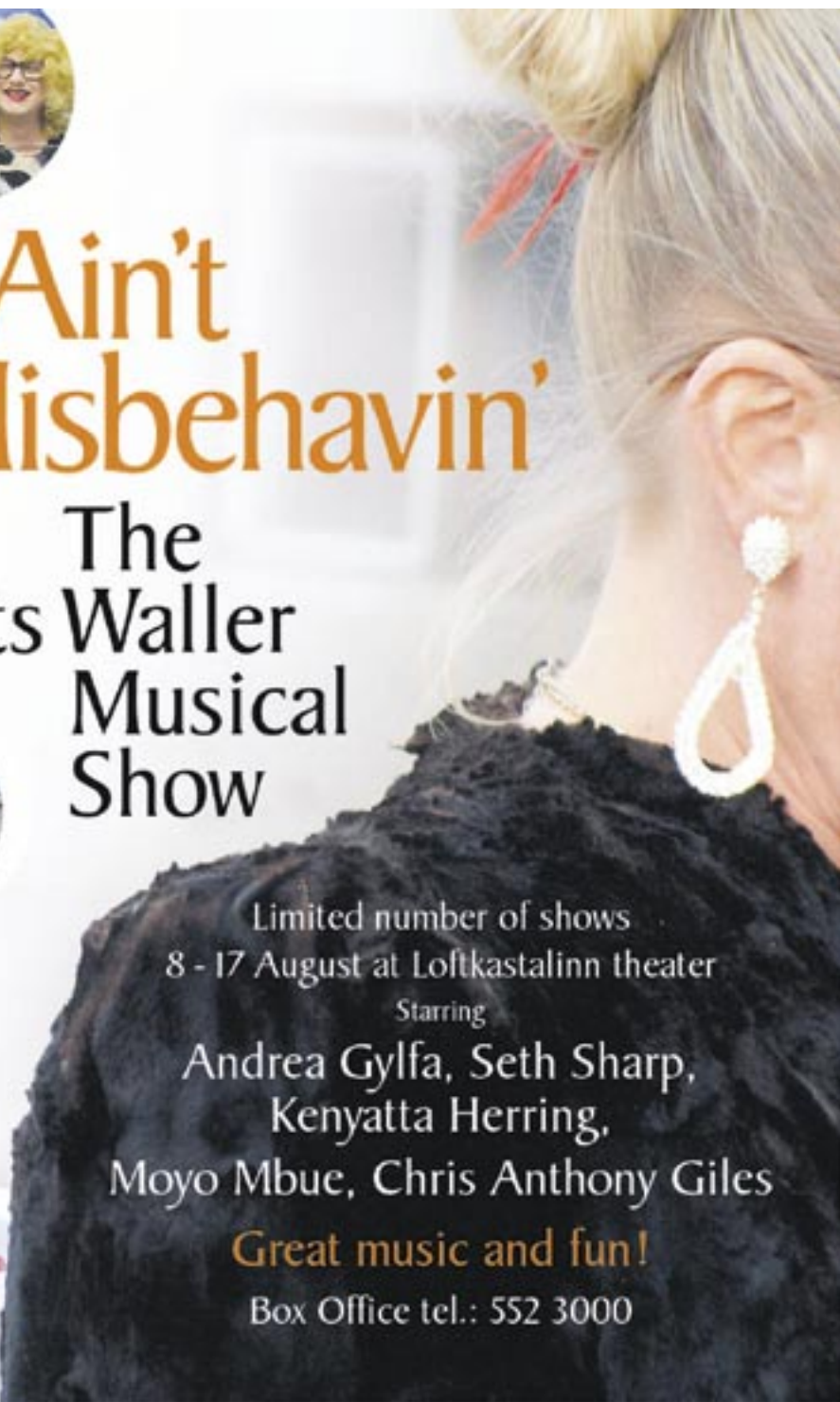
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WANDERINGS

SWIMMING POOLS IN REYKJAVÍK
SOME FUN PLACES TO VISIT AND GET WET IN

Sundhöllin

The city's oldest functioning swimming pool still has a bit of that charming depression era feel. Almost always guaranteed babe-free, as the clientele consists mostly of older men who spend their time debating politics in the hot tubs, and some of them may in fact have been there since it opened. It has some very ancient workout equipment so you can attempt to beef up before venturing out into more babe infested areas. It is the city's only indoor swimming pool, but you can go naked up onto the balcony if you wish, in segregated men's and women's areas. Two moderately warm tubs, one with a permanent Jacuzzi, and a steam bath. Also the only pool to have jumping platforms.



Vesturbæjarlaugin

Its main advantage is that the shelves where you leave your towels are numbered corresponding to your locker numbers, hence ensuring that you most probably leave with the towel that you came with. Its main disadvantage is that it is colder than most other swimming pools, which is tolerable in the summer,

less so in winter. Four hot tubs of different temperatures. One of them has a very powerful water massage machine. The results are somewhere between painful and pleasant, but definitely worth a try. The steam bath is very steamy, but the effects are not quite those of a proper sauna. The only swimming pool which has instructions in Finnish on washing, which may or may not say something about the Finnish clientele.

Neslaug

The bare necessities. 2 tubs and a pool, but the steam bath isn't bad. The pool is divided up into a warm children's section and a colder adult section. The greatest asset of the kid's pool is that you can just tip your head on land and lie there floating. The entrance system is pretty straight forward, you give the man your money and enter, put your clothes in the locker and take out the key. For added excitement, you can even undress in a secluded area outside. The pool's main novelty is that it's the only pool not sterilised with chlorine, instead they use saltwater. In the basement, there is a broken tread machine and some weights. The pool is adequate, but in need of a facelift.



Laugardalslaugin

The biggest one, built in 1966, on a spot where people have bathed at least as far back as 1772, amongst eels both living and dead, and where some people got stuck in the mud and drowned or expired due to overheating. But Reykvikians remained undaunted and swimming has continued in this area. Today you will find a large pool a fine selection of tubs of various temperatures and a water slide. It has one major disadvantage in its locker system. You are issued a coin which you must put in the door of your locker. However, once undressed, it transpires more often than not that you've lost it. This issue is often hotly debated in the papers on slow news days, with quite a few people demanding that something be done.



Photos: Aldís

Árbæjarlaugin

Babe hell, particularly on good weather days. Has many novel features, including the fact that you actually enter the pool before swimming outside, hence skipping those frantic mid-winter runs to get into the water before losing a limb to frostbite. The tubs are also within striking distance. For added amusement, water sprouts out of the bottom at



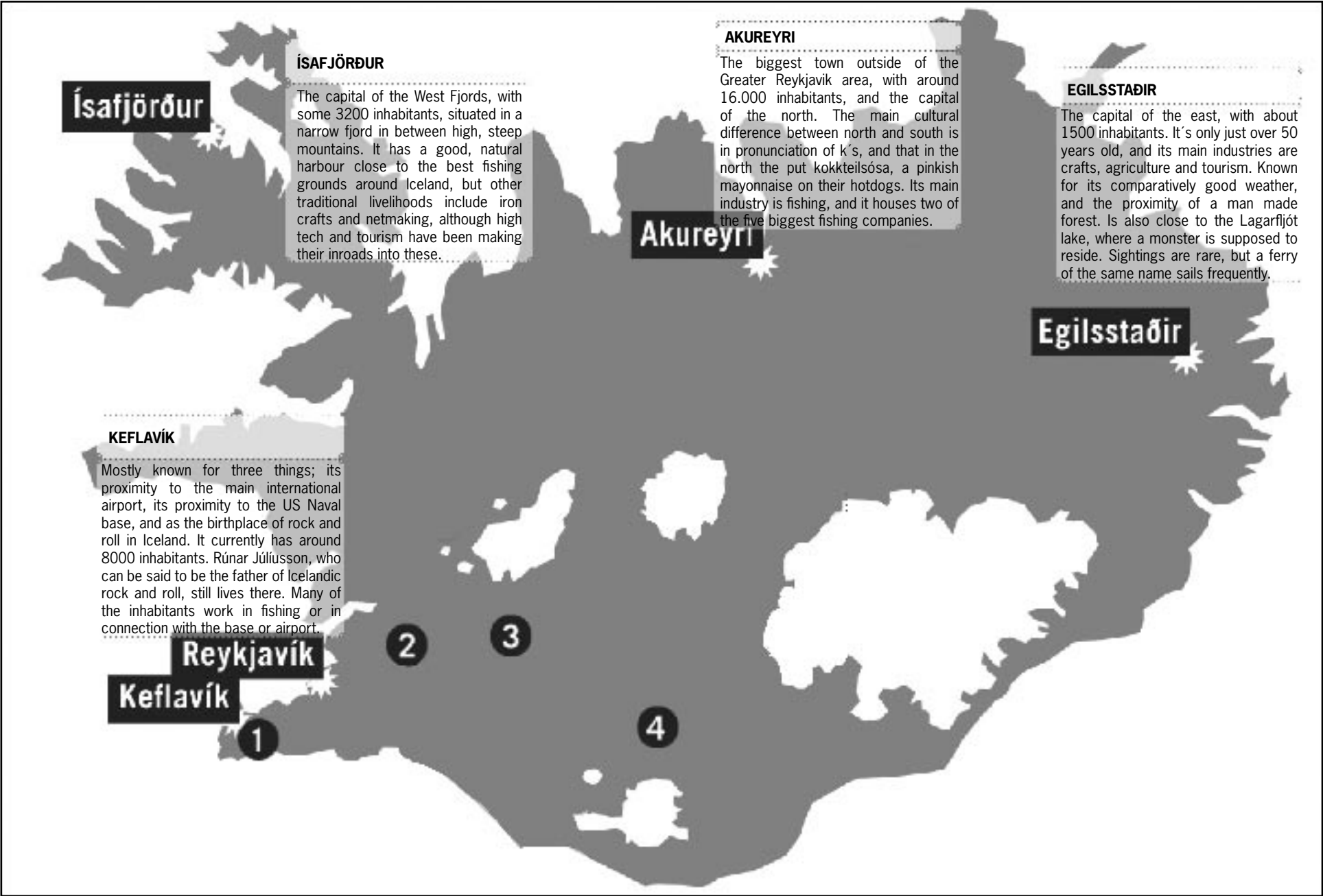
irregular intervals, making sure you keep moving. Its best feature should be the lie down Jacuzzi, but for some reason you can never be sure whether you're lying or sitting, so you never manage to get comfortable. The steam bath, however, is the closest you can get to a proper sauna in the pools. The garden also has some sculptures by Teddi (see p. 19). Probably the best and most varied pool.

Nauthólsvík

A pier for seaplanes during the war, and used for public bathing afterwards, until being closed due to pollution, but has recently reopened and is thoroughly cleaned up. Warm water from the tanks on top of Öskjuhlíð, having previously been used to warm up dwellings in Reykjavik, pours down into the sea, thus making a part of it fit for swimming. It tries its best to maintain a beach feel, and sometimes succeeds, although the sight of Icelanders playing volleyball and barbecuing in temperatures most people would consider unfit for going outdoors in can range from hilarious to tragic. Worth a visit for the novelty. It has swimming pool facilities and you must pay the standard fee in order to use the hot tubs.

OUTSIDE THE CITY


ICELAND: A USERS MANUAL
BIRD WATCHING NEAR BORGARNES



THIS MUST BE FINEST DAY OF MY LIFE...

So starts the entry in a young man's diary in July 1911. The diarist was a student at the time at the agricultural college near Borganes. Not many students would list a day at college as their finest, but the reason this fellow was so pleased with his day is revealed in the words that complete the sentence, '...for today, at Casket Rock I shot and killed an eagle.'

I had been invited to join Kristinn Haukur and his friend Finnur to visit the eagles that had recently returned to the vicinity of Casket Rock to see how their two chicks had fared during the summer. I needed no second asking. Kristinn is one of Iceland's leading 'wildlife ecologists', and although I don't know what his job title really means, it sounds good and doubtless makes the civil servants who pay his salary feel happy. What is beyond doubt is that Kristinn is a countryman to the core, enjoying the embrace of a lifetime's love affair with Icelandic nature. 'Twitchers' as we call them back in England have a reputation of being obsessive and geeky, verging on the furtive. No one could level this accusation at Kristinn. His formative years were spent in Iceland but he studied for several years in the USA before returning to research



and preserve Iceland's native species. He is a full-square chunk of an Icelander with a gentle manner that belies the passion he has for conservation. To be with him visiting a nest of eagles was a privilege.

I assumed that, as we would be viewing eagles this would involve a long uphill walk to some eyrie balanced high up a precipice somewhere. Fortunately the Icelandic Eagle, or white-tailed eagle as it is known, prefers to make its home by the sea where there is a ready supply of fish and fowl. We still had a 2-kilometre walk to get to the estuary and the island where the eagles were nesting. The last stretch would involve a race against the tide as we waded through knee-deep mud to beat the returning sea. There was ample time to talk.

This isn't really the place to go into detail about habitat preservation, the effects of pesticides and poisoning, all of which were part of the reason Kristinn had a syringe in his knapsack in order for us to take a blood sample for DNA analysis. Our walk had a surreal quality to it as I trudged through the mud on a sun-baked afternoon in the great man's footsteps, the holiday traffic rattling down the hill, Route 1 in full August Bank holiday mode. We stopped and stood in the mud and gazed as the two eagles circled overhead. At Kristinn's prompting I pretended to notice the difference in the pitch of their calls and the comparative largeness of the female opposed to the male, when in truth I was just happy to be out there with these birds above.

Icelanders can be misers when it comes dishing out information but

Kristinn is an exception. He welcomes the questions that only the ignorant can pose, and when your speciality is eagles - to be precise the 50 pairs who nest in the whole of Iceland - then he must hear a lot of dumb questions. I had a long list for him. We made it to the island, a rocky isle, crowned with eel-grass. Amongst the bones of a regurgitated meals and guano was the aquiline profile of an eaglet. His flight feathers had not fully developed and he was limited to half hopping half flapping through the grass. Finnur swept him up into his arms avoiding the swirl of talons and beak and finally subduing the bird by cradling it into his arms. Kristinn prepared the syringe to take a sample from the vein in the wing. This is all part of the work, a mix of science and adventure, which ensures that this and other species will be here for future generations.

It is only thirty years ago that these eagles were on the verge of extinction in Iceland and now thanks to the effort of the nature conservatory and their various teams, their tenuous grasp



Another eagle regrets not being a migrating bird.

holds. In the meantime a great deal of diligence and passion goes into maintaining this, the most special of Icelandic birds. Sadly the second eaglet, which had been ringed a few weeks earlier, has not survived. Eider farmers and the odd sheep farmer still see the eagles as enemies and will lay poison for them. We returned across the flats, barely ahead of the tide with the dead carcass in a Noatun bag for an autopsy.

As we walked back to the mainland, I for a moment considered the student who, too had returned with an eagle carcass in 1911. On the face of it an identical outcome but our days and purpose could not have been more different.

Robert Jackson

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 Reykjavik 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 ART OF TRAVEL



by Alain de Botton

“He who sits still in a house all the time may be the greatest vagrant of all,” wrote Henry David Thoreau. Residence as tourism in its most concentrated form? Perhaps not, but staying home and smelling the roses seems like an increasingly attractive alternative to hunting down airfares, enduring the misguided enthusiasms of security staff and venturing abroad at a time when instability corrodes order everywhere from Pakistan to Paris.

How Proust Can Change Your Life author Alain de Botton may not be as fierce an advocate of going nowhere as Thoreau, but to judge by his latest endeavour, *The Art of Travel*, neither is he on the brink of buying an around-the-world ticket and chronicling his adventures for us. And yet, despite his unassailable intentions, one wishes he might. Chiefly because his central premise – that we ought to learn to see the stuff around us before jetting off to foreign parts, the better to appreciate the latter – is as wholesome as it is lacking in novelty. The very title is more prosaic than modest, and a fair indicator of the staid if sweet sentiments expressed in the thin chapters that follow.

Sentiments or strategies? Perhaps it

is a case of the former feeding the latter, as de Botton holds forth on such things as gas stations, airport signage and the nature-worshipping poetry of William Wordsworth – topics presented to advance the author’s cause of making travel a more enriching experience for all. De Botton’s observations are refracted through a curious assortment of artists, writers and explorers, the designated guides through his mannerly riffs on anticipation, travelling places, the exotic and so on. Sometimes the results are rewarding, such as an unlikely pairing of Charles Baudelaire and Edward Hopper to demonstrate the allure of “the liminal travelling place,” or in terms less lyrical, hotel rooms and modes of transport. Other choices, though plucky, seem out of place in a book nominally about travel: Edmund Burke and Job (yes, that Job) as guides to aspects of sublime landscapes as exemplified by the Sinai Peninsula. Here as elsewhere in *The Art of Travel*, one yearns for less scholarly rumination and at least some mention of what it is actually like to wander about this desolate place in the year 2002 - but like water in the Sinai such description proves elusive.

I don’t want to make the book out to be bleaker than it is. One bright spot is de Botton’s evocation of the errant episodes in the life of Gustave Flaubert, whom he selects as his guide to “the Exotic.” Alternating between the ornery Frenchman’s experiences in Egypt and his own impressions of modern Amsterdam, de Botton leaves

us as convinced as Flaubert was that the fewer preconceived ideas travellers have about a place going into it, the less prone they will be to disillusionment when leaving it. We are also treated to a scene of Flaubert in bed with an Egyptian courtesan and snippets of his acidic *Dictionary of Received Ideas*. Sample entries:

A) Hotels – are first-rate only in Switzerland.

B) (under the heading “Faith in Progress/Pride in Technology”) Railways – Enthuse about them, saying, ‘I, my dear sir, who am speaking to you now, was at X this morning. I took the train to Y, transacted my business there, and by Z o’clock was back here.’

A book about travel as opposed to a travel book is a risky undertaking. Here, in a chapter called “On Possessing Beauty,” we are introduced (many of us for the first time, probably) to John Ruskin and his adherence to drawing as a way of seeing things truly. The lesson – for it reads like one – raises a few questions about the merit of travel photography in this era of video cameras and digital picture-taking, but it borders on esoteric. Reading about one of the author’s few actual experiences (as opposed to impressions) in a chapter called “On the Country and the City”, as he encounters a sheep in England’s Lake District and wonders “What makes me me and him him?”, I found myself formulating alternative titles for the chapter, starting with “Mysteries of the Petting Zoo.” The author is reaching, though for what exactly I’m not quite sure.

Oddly enough it is this very act of pinning travel under the microscope that distances de Botton from the cool thrill that, at bottom, is what paying good money to render oneself

temporarily homeless is all about. That, and the inescapable fact that he prefers people (philosophers, mainly) to places, which cannot be said to be among the world’s most compelling to begin with: Barbados, Amsterdam, the Hammersmith neighbourhood of London.

In one chapter we find Mr. de Botton waxing poetical on travel by jet plane. In making such pronouncements as “Food that if sampled in a kitchen would have been banal or even offensive acquires a new taste and interest in the presence of the clouds” he simply articulates what every thinking airplane passenger has thought at one moment or another during a long and boring flight. Perhaps I am being harsh. But as he croons about the beauty and transformative power of mechanized flight, one wonders if he’s ever experienced turbulence.

Or worse. After the initial shock of September 11 wore off and the heart-stopping sound of one of the world’s most emblematic tourist attractions collapsing receded to memory’s horror file, I started like many others to rethink travel. A book like this might have looked more elegiac than instructive long before September 11; after all, the relegation of travel to two-week doses or strings of three-day weekends has been a reality for a long time now. But today, when many destinations as well as the process of getting to them is fraught with once unthinkable perils, to make no mention of how the act of travel has been blackened by circumstances – and the undeniable impact that this has made on the art of it – is nothing less than remiss.

But that complaint is almost peripheral. The main one is that despite an interesting structure and some exceedingly elegant turns of phrase,



The Art of Travel too rarely elicits the exhilaration that is journey-making at its finest. Perhaps if de Botton had simply travelled more, or struck out more often on his own than in the company of his boring girlfriend, we would have a more gripping read. As it is we are presented with a dry treatise on travel by a sensitive and astute observer whose receptivity to new experience is nevertheless in question.

Just as most would-be nomads would sooner sink their teeth into a good meal than look at a painting of one, so they would be advised to dig into Paul Fussell’s *Abroad* or anything from Jan Morris’s geographic arsenal, and savor not just the contours but the flavour of travel. That is a surer way to discover just how deliciously contagious wanderlust can be.

Reviewed by **Anthony Grant**

MOVING PICTURES - STATIONARY

If there is any subject that has been absolutely exhausted then it is the discussion of the health condition of punk rock, in what stages of decomposition it is and exactly when and how it died. Sort of forensic rock journalism. The Geirfinnur of culture styles if you will (editorial note: Geirfinnur is a man who disappeared in the 70’s, prompting a huge manhunt, but was never found. He has since become something of a John Doe for missing persons.) But that won’t stop me from throwing in my two cents. Punk was about the Do It Yourself ethic as everyone should know. The lovely idea of throwing yourself into it and not spending your life thinking about it. It is about fearing neither deep reasoning nor what the future might throw your way. And one can see the benefits of this mode of thinking in the actions of the old punks; they are in general far more open to new ideas and technology than the preceding or subsequent generations. But punk was also a means for an unmitigated outpouring of feeling. Expression without third parties, talent or styles getting in the way. But in the end this lack of style became the style. Just like Sigurrós’s lack of attitude is their attitude and Björks “in-your-face” is her mask.

I would like to think that comics keep the spirit alive. They go mostly unnoticed and disrespected, so by default they can get away with murder. Comics have a long history of individuals taking matters into their own hands after becoming tired of waiting for the bigger corporations to lend them a hand. Finally, the comics can be understood by all. They are our oldest means of expression.

We do not need Esperanto or Occidental, a wordless comic speaking a truth universal to all men that will transcend any and all boundaries.

At the heart of comics the heart lies. And

its heart bleeds just as badly as any other media.

Review of the SURVIVAL MACHINE by Prentiss Rollins

From punk to sci-fi... not a large leap admittedly but we are in nerd territory and you will have to bear with me. Don’t get me wrong – we are not talking about cyberpunk, that hopelessly miserable subgenre that died a decade ago. I don’t think the two necessarily go together. Because when comics are seen as a pure expressive beast under a light of flaming romanticism, it will clash with sci-fi. The best workable way to distinguish sci-fi from other related genres, such as horror and fantasy, is that while fantasy is almost always romantic in some respect, the fiction of science is material and firmly footed in reality, no matter how fantastic the world around it. It doesn’t need to happen in the future or contain space ships or even science for that matter, but a logical and technical approach to the storytelling and characters seems prevalent. Having carved out a niche for it, writers as far removed from warp drives and blackholes as Chuck Palanui, J.G. Ballard and William Burroughs should all fit in snugly.

The scope of the playing field that this definition allows is evident in *The Survival Machine*.

The joining theme is old souls coming to terms with the fruit of science. And the title story depicts that nicely. It tells of an old billionaire who, on his deathbed, comes up with a desperate solution to fight death that might culminate in the destruction of mankind. The will of one specimen of our species versus the whole and the logic of its ongoing existence. It explores the idea of afterlife



and the possibilities of immortality that technology may afford us from an interesting angle and pulls it off with a lovely twist at the end, reminiscent of the old EC horror titles. All with a nod and a wave to HAL from Stanley Kubrick’s 2001.

Next is a straight from the heart piece on race relations and the generation gap. There is nothing particularly sci-fi about it and it gets its simple but important point across well. The third is a comedy about a scientist obsessively seeking out a dimension where lonely socks and quarters and dimes disappear to when they roll behind the bed or are lost in the dryer. Very similar to the Ren & Stimpy episode with the mountain of missing left socks, only more philosophical.

This book closes with an apocalyptic tale about the last man on earth, which ties in neatly with the first one, but fails to deliver the same punch in my opinion. All in all the *Survival Machine* is no show-stopper but a nice affordable introduction to the world of graphic narrative. It is brought out by a small, independent publisher and it is simply great to think that the little guys, the underdogs, can download images into your brain for loose change. Images that would cost tens of millions to bring to the screen. If that isn’t punk I’d like to know what is.

ragnar egilsson

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6.

A friend of mine was called for this survey. He asked the surveyor how many foreigners there were in fact in Iceland. The surveyor said he didn’t know. So much for being able to make an informed opinion, let alone within such a feeble cross-section. Later on, they ran another front-page story about foreigners who marry Icelanders, get citizenship, and then divorce shortly thereafter. It’s a good thing that Stöð 2 news that very night added to the story: Any foreigner who gets citizenship through marriage will lose it if they get divorced. And then there was the outrage Fréttablaðið expressed over 150 foreigners working at the new Alcoa plant in the east, while unemployment is so high. Refreshingly, they printed a quote the next day from an Alcoa official who said that no qualified Icelander could be found for those jobs. Still, would it have killed the fact-checker to call Alcoa before running the initial story? Maybe the delay was deliberate. Who knows?

This kind of sensationalism is made all the more disgusting by the fact that there is nothing constructive to be accomplished by running such stories. Most Icelanders realize how important a role immigrants play in their country. Who else is going to gut the fish?

In case you’re a little in the dark about immigration law in Iceland, here are a few basic rules which seem to be almost international. Anywhere you go in the world, you will find that:

- 1) Any foreigner coming into the country must have a job already waiting for them.
- 2) This job must be one which no national can or will do. (Hence the fish-gutting).
- 3) The employer must prove to the state that he has tried to find a qualified and willing national to do the job, before hiring the foreigner.
- 4) Immigrants work on temporary

work and residence permits. That means, if their permit expires and a national wants their job, the employer is obliged to give the job to the national, even if the employer would rather retain the immigrant.

5) Citizenship takes a long time. In Iceland, it’s seven years of really, really, good behavior.

Hopefully this will give you all; immigrants, tourists and Icelanders alike, a broader and more honest view of what it means to be one of the wretched refuse on the teeming shores. Immigrants are coming to your country because they like your country better than their own. Isn’t that flattering? And until they become fully nationalized, they’ll do all the crummy jobs you wouldn’t touch with a ten-foot pole (metric conversion: three-meter-pole). How convenient is that? So the next time you see a family of foreigners walking down the street, or are about to breeze right past the cleaning woman in your office without a second glance, or are waiting for the orderly to finish cleaning your grandmother’s bedpan so you can make your monthly visit, don’t act like you don’t see them. Smile, wave, and tell them “Welcome to our country, you ready and willing future citizens of this, our great society!” They might not yet understand a word you’re saying, but chances are they’ll smile and wave back.

Paul Fontaine-Nikolov lives in the desolate north of Iceland with his wife and two goldfish. He is the editor of the political online magazine Apsaras Review, works in a group home for disabled people, and is currently campaigning to get the U.S. to pay reparations to Cambodia. When not doing any of these things, he cooks. He can be contacted at www.kremenapublishing.com.

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