

ROCK Í REYKJAVÍK

REVISITED

Where are the punks now?

BUBBI GOES FISHING
and unloads his mind

SIGURRÓS:
*Mad, bad
and hard to interview*

MÍNUS:
*Outclassing Metallica
on their biggest ever gig?*

MAUS:
*On playing
to the same crowd for 11 years*



the **REYKJAVÍK GRAPEVINE**
ISSUE FOUR : JULY 9 - JULY 22 , 2004

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LETTERS

Complaints, criticism, suggestions, praise, money in new, unmarked bills, anything at all: Contact letters@grapevine.is or send your mail to: The Reykjavík Grapevine, Hafnarstræti 15, 101 Reykjavík

Received sms:

The regulars at Kaffi Vín support you wholeheartedly 100%. It's about time Icelanders accept the fact that the world reaches farther out than 200 nautical miles and includes things that can even be more interesting than sour food, brennivín and Americanized Vikings.

Finally, someone who's not acting out of self-interest.

PS. Moli demands a party and we all want to see Vín on your map.
Oh, well.

Received phone call:

Góða kvöldið. Pétur Pétursson heiti ég og mér langaði til að benda á málfarsvillu í sambandi við bréf eftir þig sem var birt í Fréttablaðinu. Þú talar þar um magn af fólki, en í íslensku talar maður um fjölda fólks og magn af kjöti. Takk fyrir og gangi ykkur vel.

This would lose the point in English. But at least you know people are listening to what you're saying when they call you up in the evening to correct your grammar.

jxmakela@mappi.helsinki.fi wrote:

The white power community all over the Nordic countries seems to be mad at you because of some prank you pulled, involving a black model and a national costume. What gives?

If nothing else, at least I've managed to unite Scandinavian Nazidom. Now, if only our side would stop bickering among themselves.

From the stormfront.org website:

Scandinavia nationalist: A liberal commie photographer got the splendid idea to take a picture of a negress in the national uniform with some beautiful Icelandic nature behind to prettify the front page of some business magazine...

White Iceland: As you can imagine, being an English paper, many of the writers and readers are immigrants and the editorial policy is libertarian to leftist...

They then go on to say they smell blood and print my number and address as well as that of Sheba for any of its members interested. But I'm glad to hear that we're libertarian commie leftists who run a business magazine. I think that covers pretty much the whole spectrum. Except, of course, for Nazism. But apparently Nazis are not the only ones who are confused:

Heard at a party at the American embassy:

Óli Tynes: You're all communists!

Grapevine: Why?

Óli Tynes: YOU put a black woman in the national costume.

Grapevine: And that makes me a communist. Define the word communist.

Óli Tynes: I don't have to, you are all communists etc..

Hi.

Thank you for the 3rd issue of Grapevine that I received today, I have in fact read the others with pleasure. Well written and edited material. It is useful to have a look at the country and the people from the outside. But you should look at one thing: In the Top 8 movies, by Þráin Bertelsson on page 30 it says: "3. When the Raven Flies" (Í skugga hrafnins).

This is confusing. It is the film Hrafninn flýgur (1984) which in English is called When the Raven Flies (also Revenge of the Barbarians). Í skugga hrafnins (1988) is called in English In the Shadow of the Raven. Best wishes, Ólafur H. Torfason

You're a perceptive man, Ólafur. Not only did you notice the fine quality of the editing, but you also managed to find a mistake. The film Þráinn mentions is indeed Hrafninn

flýgur (When the Raven Flies), the very film that taught a generation of Swedes to say "Tungur Knívur." The mistake was not Þráins, as we translated his comments ourselves. The translator would be summarily punished, were it not for the fact that he is also the editor. Hence, a gentle "better luck next time" will do.

Dear editor,

All the anchor people at Channel 2 got the latest issue of Grapevine sent, apart from me. Is this because all my female colleagues at the channel are blonde and blue-eyed, but not me?

Regards,

Sólveig Kr. Bergmann

Grapeviners prefer blondes.

Dear grapevine read your paper all three of them excellent. Apart from the ask the American. This is a country that thinks it's ok to carpet bomb a whole country to get one person. And to invade another to find another. It's also the only country that has two national sports contests and calls them world contests wwf and world series. i think you would have been better asking the teletubbies .

3546984354 [3546984354@mmsc.ogvodafone.is]

But surely you can't hold the entire population responsible for the World Wrestling Federation and the war in Iraq. A lot of Americans are actually quite sensible despite the actions of a government the majority of them didn't vote for. Some Icelanders, even, have been found to be sensible despite the actions of a government that the majority of them did vote for.

Dear Sir

After visiting the Víkingahátíð (Viking festival) in Hafnarfjörður I came away an enlightened man. I had no idea the Vikings had discovered electricity and were able to use computers, more glasses, watches and smoked cigarettes!!

I did however know of their tradition for plundering and stealing, a tradition reflected in the price they charged for a drink. They robbed me of 950kr for a single rum and coke. Yours sincerely,
Colin Porter, 101 Reykjavík

We like the Viking festival. But we don't like the price of alcohol in Iceland. Vikings should band together and do something about this.

Dear Grapevine- Crew,

As a foreigner living in Iceland I find it really refreshing and amusing to read in a magazine how Iceland really is. In fact you are the only magazine I've seen which covers even negative experiences and reveals that not everything is quite that "best í heimi" like the Icelanders would like it to be. It really seems that the Icelanders have a big problem with being such a small nation and compensate for this by telling themselves (and no one else would believe them) that everything Icelandic is "best í heimi". Sincerely Yours, becko!
Grapevine -Best í heimi

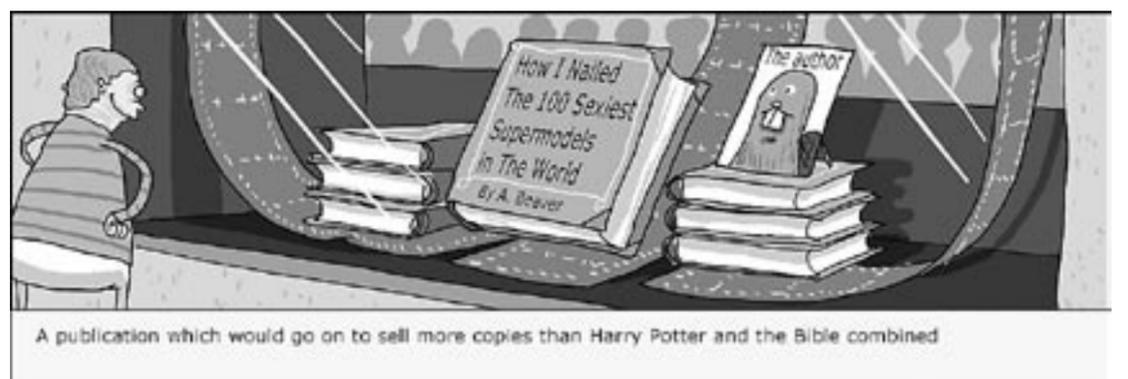
Dear Jondi, Hilmar and Valur,

If you are able to rise to the occasion, you may very well create one of those magical whirlwinds about which art historians write and upon which future writers reflect for inspiration and validation! If you do not challenge one another - everyone involved with the paper, writers, editors, etc. - and hold one another accountable, then you will create nothing special and simply add to the sewer we, the public, consume on a daily basis. Please don't do that to us.
So here's my rant...

#1. Editor, you're not doing your job! You continue to...

The rest of this letter has been edited out.

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AFTER THE DECLINE OF WESTERN CIVILISATION

by Valur Gunnarsson

When I moved back to Iceland in 1990, it seemed the scene was still living in the shadow of Rokk í Reykjavík. In fact, there was something of a punk revival going on.

Except now it was called Death Metal, and the disaffected wore long hair and trainers rather than Mohawks and steel tipped boots. Metal heads and diehard punks coexisted peacefully, if occasionally attacked by the better groomed but probably worse disposed guys from the pool halls.

The left wing politics of Utangarðsmenn and the Clash had long since disappeared. Instead we had a lot of songs about autopsies and other forms of corpse mutilation. In the absence of anything to say which might have challenged convention, the disgruntled went for shock effect for its own sake. Communism had collapsed, punk had finally killed off the hippies who managed to hang on longer here than anywhere else. But what did we have instead?

The punks, just as the hippies, grew up and got jobs in advertising agencies and at phone companies. The hippies tried to build a better society, and failed. The punks then attempted to tear down that society, but their fire was short lived. The hippies did to some extent achieve equality between genders and races, although problems related to these have refused to go away entirely. But what did the punks leave behind?

Punk may have been the final generational attempt to rebel against capitalism wholesale. Since then, despite periodic complaining, everyone

has come to take it for granted. Since punk, there hasn't been any movement to belong to.

In the wake of punk, we've seen the triumph of greed not just as a social system but as an ideology. Were the punks in some way to blame for the decline of western civilisation that came in their wake?

Since punk, caring has been decidedly uncool. "I don't give a fuck" became the slogan of young rebels. We've had postmodernism, artists complaining that everything has been done, philosophers analysing nothing but philosophy and comedians who made fun of the downtrodden rather than the rich and powerful.

Perhaps when punk tore everything down ideologically, there was nothing left to build on. For someone who grew up on anarchism, making the jump to libertarian wasn't that hard. It was all too easy to be against all rules, even the ones that were set in the poor's favour. You could pretend to be an anarchist and still make money, as long as you opposed government intervention. Which, if you're rich, you'd do anyway. As the film Bob Roberts said: "The times they are a-changing back." The 60s revolution had finally been undone.

Four years into the new century, and things may be changing back again. After September the 11th 2001, ideology has returned with a vengeance. Our leaders are back to using words like good and evil,



which in the 90s seemed outdated, in their speeches. We again need to deal with fundamental questions that not long ago seemed to belong to an earlier age. We again need to take to the streets. A new breed of punk swears against drugs and alcohol, is vegetarian and very concerned about

the state of the world. Perhaps the time is ripe for a new revolution. But this time, we need to be more clear on exactly what it is we want to achieve.

Passing through



Names?
Tim and Nicky

Where are you from?
We're from Norwich, England.

What are you doing in Iceland?
We're here on a Honeymoon. And may we add that most our friends and relatives back home thought it

was a very strange idea to come here for a Honeymoon. They thought a warm Mediterranean country was a much more normal place to go to.

Have you been here long?
We just arrived yesterday.

How do you like Iceland?
We haven't seen much of it yet, only Reykjavík and Reykjavík feels much more like a small town in England than a nations capital.

How don't you like Iceland?
Everything is sooo expensive.

How many people live in Iceland?
Well, our Lonely Planet guidebook

tells us that 278.000 people live here, they must be right about that.

What's your favourite spot in Reykjavík?

Nicky: The pond with the ducks down by the City hall.
Tim: I like the view from the harbour, the surrounding mountains and especially Snæfellsjökull glacier are beautiful.

Do you know who Björk is?

Yes! We also know Sigurrós, they won the MTV awards for best video this year.

Do you know who Ólafur Ragnar Grímsson is?

No. Tim: Is he a hockey player?

Nicky: I thought he was your king.

Have you heard about the current debate in Iceland?

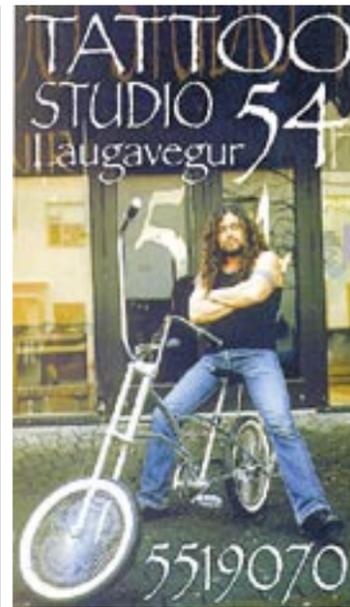
Err... is it about joining the EU perhaps?

Have you tried any Icelandic delicacies?

We had fish, but nothing really Icelandic. Yesterday we went to Sjávarkjallarinn restaurant and today we ate out at Café Sólón.

Any famous last words?

Iceland; Weird, friendly, save and the water smells funny.



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GREENPEACE AND ICELAND: PARTNERS?

by Paul Fontaine-Nikolov

To many in Iceland, the name "Greenpeace" is synonymous with the term "bleeding heart whale-buggers", a group of angry young people shouting slogans who sailed into port last summer and have now returned. To many, they fail to understand the cultural significance of whale hunting to the average Icelander and make mountains out of molehills by protesting the killing of a mere 25 minke whales (down from 36 last summer). Some have even gone so far as to say that they've fabricated some of their evidence. A couple of whaling ships were sunk in Reykjavík harbour in 1986, for which some have blamed Greenpeace.

Why then does Frode Pleym, campaign director for Greenpeace in Iceland, say: "This year our response has been so positive and receptive, it's been almost boring."

I was taken on board the Esperanza, the Greenpeace ship sitting in Reykjavík harbour, by Irene Berg, the web editor for Greenpeace. I was introduced to Marcee Benson, one of Greenpeace's "cyber-activists".

Marcee's approach to encouraging the end of whaling is more diplomatic than confrontational. She has collected the testimonies of over 57,000 people who said they would seriously consider vacationing in Iceland rather than somewhere else if Iceland halts whaling. Greenpeace intends to hand over the e-mails of all of these people to various tourist industries in Iceland when the whaling stops. According to their website, what this could mean for Iceland in terms of real money would be over \$10 million dollars per year in tourist revenue, even if only 15% of these pledges actually visited Iceland - a percentage which most travel agencies confirm is a realistic expectation. As most Greenpeace members are consummate travellers by nature, this percentage would probably be much higher. Iceland's annual commercial whaling, at its peak, brought in only \$4 million.

A cook happily chopped the legs off of a whole lamb

We went below deck, to the galley, where a cook happily chopped the legs off of a whole lamb, in preparation for the evening meal. Soon Frode Pleym joined us and when

questioned about some of the accusations made against Greenpeace in the past, his response was, "Greenpeace has a long history. Any organisation which has been around as long as we have is bound to make mistakes and do stupid things. But two things need clarifying. Firstly, a documentary claiming that the clubbing of baby seals was a hoax by a Mr. Guðmundsson was rejected by the Oslo City Court as being unsubstantiated. Second, it was not Greenpeace that sunk a whaling ship but Sea Shepherd. That group was run by a former member of Greenpeace who was thrown out for having ideas which run counter to our agenda of peaceful action."

Pleym discussed the "scientific purposes" given by the Icelandic government for whaling: "The main reason given has been to find out what whales eat. This can be done without killing them, first of all. Second, if they see the minke whales as a threat to the fish stocks, they would need to kill at least 25% of them before it would have any effect on the fish population, which most Icelanders agree is an unsustainable number of whales to kill. In addition, it doesn't address the real threats to the fish stock, such as climate change and sea pollution - two things which both Iceland and Greenpeace are acting in cooperation with each other to end."

Why are some Icelanders trying so hard to continue whaling?

If all this is true, why are some Icelanders trying so hard to continue whaling? "Apart from Kristján Loftsson, head of a whaling company Hvalur hf. having a lot of political power, there is also a conflict of interest," says Pleym, "Hafró



[Hafrannsóknarstofnun, a marine research group] also happens to be a part of the Ministry of Fisheries. Hardly an independent source of information on the whale's effect on fish stocks."

Greenpeace is doing a lot to live down their "angry protestor" image. Pleym says: "We don't want our message to be, 'You must stop whaling now!' but rather, 'It would be wise for you to stop'. To this end, the tourist industry in Iceland has actually been the strongest voice of protest against whaling. By the Ministry of Fisheries own figures, the average Icelander

eats only about 0.05 kilos of whale meat each year. By contrast, whale watching in Húsavík is booming. Hundreds of people all over Iceland enjoy whale watching every day. We want to act more as a partner with Iceland, rather than an opponent."

The Greenpeace office in Iceland will be open until mid-July. Those wishing to learn more can visit their website at www.greenpeace.org

territorial waters that stretch 200 miles around its coastline provide Europe and particularly the UK with its cod. What the environmentalists seem to overlook is that the Icelanders have managed their fisheries and seen them increase over the last decade, while others have presided over the virtual annihilation of their territorial fish-stocks.

It is just not realistic to assume that this scientific cull is the Icelandic way of finding a backdoor into commercial whaling. In years to come, if on the balance of scientific evidence they see their fishery is being affected by the presence of minke whales, then it is probable that they'll wish a more extensive cull. But, so it is with elephant herds in Zimbabwe, where protection has been such a success that they are now destroying food stocks for other less voracious species.

They come here to eat

It is estimated, and estimates will vary up to 50 per cent plus or minus when it comes to counting whales,

that there are in the order of 43,000 minke whales in Icelandic territorial waters. Minke whales are an odd mixture, for although they are filter-feeding, baleen, they will eat fish and squid, and, although they are migratory, they will also establish home ranges. So, they not only eat fish, but also the food that fish eat. They dine off the entire length of the food chain if you like, and monitoring the food chain is an essential part of fishery management, and you can't find out with certainty what a minke is eating without looking into its stomach. A cull of 27 minkes represents less than 0.01 per cent of the total Icelandic minke population. The cull falls into insignificance when measured against the global population of minke whales.

The Icelandic economy relies on its fish exports. Their fisheries cover an area of over 500,000 square miles and, as far as it is possible to manage an area of open sea that size, are meticulously monitored and managed. Whales come to Iceland to feed, some consuming over three-

quarters of their annual food intake while they are here. Iceland has a legitimate right to run its fisheries as it thinks best, and if that involves the cull of minke whales, then so be it.

What about the tourists

Where Iceland has got it wrong is how they are going about it. Their second most important source of revenue is tourism. Not only does Iceland export most of its fish to the UK but it also imports the bulk of its tourists from here, too. The cull started at the beginning of the tourist season when whale watching is at its peak and as minke whales overwinter in territorial waters, there is no reason for the cull to coincide with the tourist migration. Yes, there will be 27 less whales to watch in Iceland at the end of the summer but that is hardly the point. There will also be Icelandic cod well into the foreseeable future, there will be minke whales in abundance and, hopefully next year, Greenpeace will find a more worthwhile venue for its fundraising and promotional activities.

News in brief

Referendum in doubt



Parliament was called to a special summer session and have proposed a revised media bill. There are no clear rules for a referendum and the rules are even less clear about what happens when a bill is revised after one has been called.

Teenagers think it "uncool" to call parents

Research among Reykjavík teenagers has now conclusively proven that



they think it "uncool" to call their parents. Among other findings are that it is considered "cool" to be able to write text messages quickly and talk a lot on the phone. The science world is still waiting to see how this will affect previously held opinions of the species.

No fatalities at Metallica concert



Four people were transported to emergency care at the

hospital and roughly a hundred were given aid by emergency workers on the spot at a presentation by American corporation Metallica at Egilshöll. The arena was opened to let more air in as it got stifling hot, which may have contributed to the absence of fatalities.

Here comes Esperanza

by Robert Jackson

The thought of an explosive charge in a whale's brain unsettles me as it does most others. There are few more emotive sights than a harpooned whale; it's up there along with the clubbed seal and the tusk-less elephant in the top ten images of inhuman cruelty. They are powerful tools and should be used sagely. In the wrong hands their pornographic effect can be used to manipulate and deceive. The prospect of a few whales being culled is good news for Greenpeace and the IWF for they provide an opportunity to raise awareness and fundraise, hence the arrival of Esperanza.

Good and evil, Walt Disney style

Greenpeace are no strangers to specious science and emotive argument; the sort that lumps all whales into one category and all whalers the other. Good and evil as Walt Disney would tell it. Whales are not all the same; there are many different species. Some eat fish, some don't, some are big, some are small, some live

in the Northern hemisphere, some the Southern, some are endangered, some are not. For the avoidance of doubt the minke whale is not endangered. There has been a worldwide ban on whale hunting of all species since 1989, however, scientific culling is permitted.

Iceland has one of the world's last productive fishing grounds. Its ter-

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THE MIDGARD SERPENT LIVES

by Erna Kaaber

For thousands of years the giant serpent has surfaced in mythology. Past cultures have described him as, among other things, the swirling protector of the earth and the destroyer of the gods. The creature is thought to dwell in the oceans, swimming his course in the period of a thousand years and girdles the world holding his tail in his mouth. Recently, our new myth-makers, the scientists, have rediscovered the beast, giving him a brand new name - the Conveyor belt.

Not long ago men discovered how the ocean currents flow in counter directions, on the surface and beneath. All the world's oceans are connected by this mechanism of nature. The weather and our well-being are derived from this 'great serpent'. The warm water flows to the North Atlantic, ensuring a mild climate which cools and sinks north of Iceland. In currents in the sea depths the water travels and will not surface again until it reaches the Indian Ocean or the Pacific. From there it travels back in a seemingly endless circle. Or is it indeed endless?

The end of our civilisation

"Conveyor belt" is not a fancy name, at least not as fancy as earlier cultures gave this luring serpent that encircles the earth. It had elegant names as Nü-Kua, Tiamat and Aido-Hwedo but here in Iceland those phenomena were called Jörmungandur or the Midgard-serpent. The old myths tell his tale. He was a tiny little creature in the beginning, born of a giant called Angur-boða, fathered by the trickster Loki. He was thrown into the oceans by Odin, the high god of the old Scandinavian religion, where it seems as though the mighty one sealed his own fate.

Nobody knows for sure how fragile the Conveyor belt is or how any change in the flow of these magnificent ocean rivers will reflect upon the stability of tomorrow's climate. Those who fear the worst see a new Ice Age and the end of our civilisation as a result of any disturbance of the Midgard serpent.

The disturbances of Jörmungandur, the Midgard Serpent, is a part of the doomsday scenario described in the old sayings of the "völvas". Edda, the collected sayings of the Scandinavian myths, informs us that a giant winter, Fimbulvetur, will come at the end of times. It is supposed to last for three years causing devastation to the inhabitants of the world, changing the climate dramatically. As the old Prophecy has it:

It gorges upon the flesh of death-promised men,
It bloodies the Gods seat;
Black will shine the sun
During next summers,
Awful all the storms.
Do you still need more?

Thor battles the Serpent

More is Ragnarök, the end of the world as we know it (and I feel fine -ed.). Men will be at each others throats, the innocent will suffer and dreadful giants will roam the earth fighting the old Æsir-gods (I wonder how REM feel about that -ed.).

From the East drives Hrymur, lifts up his shield;
Jörmungandur squirms with rage
Taken by the giants' frenzy.
The great worm whips the waves
The pale-beaked eagle Niðfölnr pecks at the dead,
The ship of death Naglfari is free.

Odin himself is swallowed by the Fenris-wolf and other gods drop dead in as different ways as they are many. The world-serpent, Jörmungandur, twists and turns in the ocean, causing a tidal wave and



engages in the final battle with Thor, the great warrior-son of the earth, Fjörgyn. That great warrior gives Jörmungandur his final blow, but Thor only manages to take nine steps away from the grand serpent corpse and there he drops dead himself, unable to bear the venom from the serpents mouth.

The next Ice Age

The weak spot in the ocean's conveyor belt is north of Iceland. Scientists worry that rapidly melting arctic ice will result in a huge increase in the flow of fresh and cold currents from the north. This in turn could disrupt the conveyor belt or possibly push south the northern sink. That could again lead to the next Ice Age, with permafrost in most parts of Northern America and Europe. The worst thing is that scientists have a hard time settling their differences on whether this will be a gradual change, taking decades, or whether this will not materialise in hundreds or thousands of years. Then again, there is evidence, for example from the core drilling to the bottom of Greenland Glacier, that climate changes can be sudden.

If there is any consolation, the Old Norse mythologies promised a fair afterlife, although very few made it as almost the entire population was wiped out of existence.

It is only a little more than a decade ago that wise men of our time discovered the interconnectedness of the world oceans and how life on earth draws its life from this magnificent mechanism. Honest scientists will admit that the elements of this ocean serpent are still hidden from them. Most will admit as well that even a slight disturbance of Jörmungand could have a tremendous impact on our lives. If man by his actions is disturbing the peace of the serpent, he might have sacrificed too much.

Odin, possibly thinking as a true environmentalist might have, had this in mind when he says in his poem: "Better not to pray at all, than to sacrifice too much. A gift requires a gift in return".

Or do we still need more?

Happy Birthday to Freedom

by Paul Fontaine-Nikolov

Iceland is no longer the isolated nation it once was and as the world gets smaller, some of the harder facts of life for many in this world have made it to our fair shores. In response to this, many Icelanders have been active in charities, volunteer work, and human rights issues. It was this growing spirit of "we have to do something" which led to the formation of the Icelandic division of Amnesty International thirty years ago.

While the history of Amnesty International in Iceland is a modest one, what they've been able to accomplish in this short time is nothing short of remarkable. Formally established on September 15, 1974 at the Nordic House, the initial membership - brought together through the efforts of Sigrún Sigurjónsdóttir - numbered a scant ninety-five. Since then, membership has multiplied and they've employed their tried-and-true methods to free many political prisoners, including a man held in Syria for fifteen years before the government finally agreed to release him.

Since 9/11, Amnesty International has been very busy trying to ensure that human rights are not sacrificed in the name of security, putting

particular focus on the prisoners being held in Guantánamo Bay, in Iraq, and in Afghanistan. Their tactics are simple: the release of one major report every year, several smaller reports throughout the year, and the well known letter-writing campaign. By sending personal and diplomatically-worded letters from all over the world to authorities detaining prisoners of conscience, they convey the clear message, "We know what you're doing and we want you to stop." Surprisingly, even ruthless dictators are concerned about public relations, and Amnesty International's efforts have generally been successful.

Amnesty International also employs what's known as an "own country rule"; for reasons of safety and objectivity, a division of Amnesty



International cannot act in the country to which it belongs. Although there are exceptions to this rule - such as in the United States, where members there can urge their own government to end capital punishment - Iceland has never appeared in an Amnesty International report, so it remains solidly focused on the world around it and its numbers are growing. There is no typical Amnesty International volunteer; they represent many different races, religions and political points of view - but they all share a deep concern for human rights.

This summer, you might notice young people walking the streets

in Amnesty International t-shirts. These are members of Amnesty International who are part of a new "fact-to-face" method, wherein they will personally encourage people to take part in Amnesty International. For you musicians out there who are concerned about human rights, Amnesty International is planning on holding a 30th anniversary concert in mid-September. All interested bands should get in touch with them now, as bookings are filling up quickly.

Anyone interested in learning more about Amnesty International can visit either www.amnesty.org or www.amnesty.is

News in brief

Elderly American mobbed by Icelandic women



62 year old Harrison Ford went out for a drink at Thorvaldsen one Friday night. He was there mobbed by a group of elderly women who tried to kiss and touch him and had to be escorted out by doormen. He then fled to Dillon, where the younger patrons allowed him to drink in peace.

Oddsson and Bush discuss future of the NATO base

In a meeting on July 6th in Washington, D.C. Prime Minister Davíð Oddsson and President George W. Bush discussed the as-yet undetermined future of the NATO base in Iceland. Bush said that his administration still needs to gather more information before making any formal decisions, but that Iceland will continue to play in active role in US foreign policy.



Hringbraut re-construction quakes neighborhood



Hringbraut, which will be moved off its current location to join Miklabraut, has involved the use of explosives, much to the dismay of residents in the area where the blasting is being done, who have compared the tremours to earthquakes. The blasting, according to planners, is supposed to end in a few days, although no date has been set.

Pingvellir becomes part of UNESCO world heritage list

Pingvellir, the site of the world's first parliament in the year 930, was formally added to UNESCO's list of world heritage sites on 3 July at an international meeting held in Suzhou, China. Minister of Justice Björn Bjarnarson, who was in attendance, described the meeting as "more dramatic" than he'd expected.



Whither the F-15s?



While Prime Minister Davíð Oddsson was able last May to persuade the US to keep F-15 fighter planes that they planned to withdraw from the NATO base, he added that if air force personnel were to leave, navy personnel would have to leave, too, citing the need for a clear commitment from the United States regarding their presence in Iceland. The Bush administration has maintained that the F-15s are needed elsewhere.

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PUNK IS DEAD

BUT THE PUNKS LIVE ON

WELL



PHOTOS

HÖRÐUR SVEINSSON

INTERVIEWS

PADRAIG MARA

by Valur Gunnarsson

For the true punk, self destruction often seems to be the ultimate form of self expression. True punks, it seems, rarely live long. Punk bands that live long are even rarer.

Of course, the debate still rages as to what constitutes a true punk. The bands that have subsequently been called punk appeared in the US in the late 60's, bands such as the Stooges, The Velvet Underground and the MC5 being a very dark undercurrent to the peace and love generation. Punk first became a movement in New York's CBGB's music venue, just at the time the old 60's supergroups were stagnating in a world of cocaine, lightshows and stadiums. Transported to the UK around 1976, punk became a mass movement. Whereas in New York it had been a small group of artists who espoused punk, in Britain it was picked up on by working class kids who through it voiced their anger at an unjust class system. But politics and punk have never made easy bedfellows. The Clash were one of the most political of groups, whereas the Sex Pistols seemed to stand for more general nihilism.

The first Icelandic punks

It took punk a while to come to Iceland. It wasn't until 1979 that Fræbbblarnir, probably the first Icelandic punk band, began appearing. Hótel Borg, which for a previous generation had been an entertainment hall for the US army, among other things, now became the most exciting live venue in the country. At one of these concerts, a band called Utangarðsmenn opened

MOST OF THEM ANYWAY

up for Fræbbblarnir, and immediately became a sensation. Headed by Bubbi Morthens and the Pollock brothers, they were a raw blues rock outfit that, almost by accident, landed at the forefront of the rising movement. In their mid twenties, they were almost a decade older than the punks. Although they became by far the most popular of the new groups, something of a rift developed between their left wing politics and the punks' nihilism.

By 1982, they had split up into two bands, Ego, fronted by Bubbi, and Bodies, of whom the Pollock brothers were members. Bubbi was the obvious star, and a young director, Friðrik Þór Friðriksson, set about making a documentary about him. But as he got involved in the punk movement, the film expanded to take in all the leading bands.

One of these was Purkkur Pillnik, fronted by Einar Örn Benediktsson, who had been the Utangarðsmenn manager even though only 17 at the time. Another was Tappi Tíkarass, whose singer was a certain Björk Guðmundsdóttir. Probably the most musically accomplished of the groups was Þeyr, who appear in the film in full Nazi regalia, marching outside the president's home at Bessastaðir. They were close to making it in Britain, but apparently most people didn't get the joke of their outfits.

On the other end of the scale is Sjálfsfróun, the punk band most true to the spirit of punk, right down to being barely able

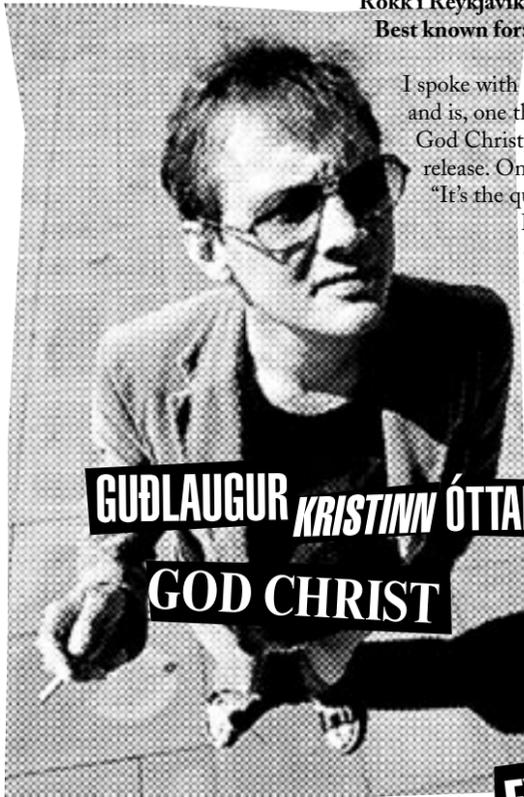
to play their instruments. Being barely 14 at the time, they sport Mohawks and smash their instruments. Their song Lollipop, as catchy as it is simple, was the first (and in some cases only) song many succeeding punks ever learnt to play.

The punks conquer the world

It is interesting to note that none of the bands in Rokk í Reykjavík, barring reunions, lasted very long. Within two years all of them had disappeared from the scene, many into a haze of drugs. It is interesting to note that here, initially, the punks drug of choice was hash, probably because it was the most easily accessible. Punk in Iceland reeked of hash and fish, giving it a very Icelandic quality. It was perhaps the highpoint of Icelandic music. Whereas the hippies here copied foreign bands and at times made embarrassing attempts to conquer the world, the punk generation eventually succeeded in doing just that. The leading members of the punk scene eventually formed the band The Sugarcubes together, the first Icelandic band to make an impact abroad. Björk then became an international superstar in her own right. The director, Friðrik Þór Friðriksson, went on to win an Oscar nomination and has become probably Iceland's most esteemed director both here and abroad. Bubbi, the star of the film, failed to become an export product, but he's certainly made his mark here, being Iceland's most consistently best selling artist. He's also a boxing commentator, Idol judge and children's book author. As for how he's doing, turn to page 28. But how is everyone else?

Rokk í Reykjavík band: Peyr

Best known for: Playing the guitar on Killer Boogie until his fingertips bled



GUÐLAUGUR KRISTINN ÓTTARSSON

GOD CHRIST

I spoke with God Christ in an art museum in the center of town. He was, and is, one the most groundbreaking guitarists that Iceland has produced. God Christ produced a fold-out pamphlet that accompanied Peyr's first 7" release. On the second page is an incredibly intricate electronic schematic. "It's the quantum mechanics of music," he says, "I had Einstein and Jimi Hendrix for my heroes. We were basically fed up with the crap on the radio, all of it with at most 3 chords, with only slightly different lyrics, it was brainwashing people. If you always hear the same sounds, the brain can not form new thoughts. We wanted to revolutionize people. Every society needs a hippie and a punk revolution. It may do other parts of the world good to have theirs."

Guðlaugur was a founding member of Sugarcubes predecessor Kukl. After its demise, he turned his attention to quantum mechanics relating to thermal electric discoveries, and has been a sessionist on many albums by other artists, notably Megas.

Current profession: Punk rock scientist, musician

Rokk í Reykjavík band: Tappi Tíkarrass

Best known for: Playing the cello bare chested

Part performance art group, part punk band, Tappi Tíkarrass's performance in Rokk í Reykjavík shows a very young Björk dressed and painted as a living doll banging on a drum. The man who sang duet with her in the film is Eyþór.

"Icelandic punk was not a copy, it was a very authentic scene. Tappi Tíkarrass was a good example of this. We had all the energy England had but the art was purely Icelandic. Icelandic history also I think affected the sound. We were a colony of Denmark, then for a long time even after independence, things were very strict, like Eastern Europe almost. There was a special tension building, the punk scene here was a release of that tension."

Björk, of course, ascended to the heavens after the film. Jakob the bassist has been playing with Bubbi for many years and has joined Ego's reunion. Eyjólfur the guitarist, imports hi-fi equipment for television and radio.

Eyþór soon quit TT and went to study cello and classical composing. Upon graduating he forms the band Todmobile, which becomes one of the biggest bands in Iceland. When the band quits he becomes director of the phone company Íslandssími and runs for the town council for the independence party. He is still a businessman, but Todmobile had a reunion and made an album with the Icelandic Symphony orchestra.

Current profession: Businessman

EYÞÓR ARNALDS



Rokk í Reykjavík band: Sjálfsfróun

Best known for: Trying to keep the beat while string instruments are being trashed at the front of the stage

Sjálfsfróun, meaning masturbation in English, were the lost boys of the early 80's punk scene in Reykjavík. With an average age of 14 years of age, the leather jacketed mohican crew played the role to the glue-sniffing trouble-making hilt. If many of the other bands had artistic tendencies, Sjálfsfróun adopted the image and attitude of British bands like the U.K. Subs and the Exploited. Street Punk was their medium and their message.

"What can I say? That was how it was. It's not as if this was an act. We were being ourselves completely. Either you were punk or you were disco. Bubbi, the Pollocks, Einar Örn, they started everything, we were the little brothers...no one wanted to talk to us."

Of the band members, Bjarni móhíkani became a sailor. He could often be seen playing around Reykjavík, but is currently living in Denmark. Siggi resides at the Reykjavík mental asylum. Pési the bass player, who was fired from the band shortly before the film was made, od'd in Amsterdam. Jónbi works in construction these days.

Current profession: Rock and Roller

JÓNBJÖRN ÓTTARSSON



SIGTRYGGUR BALDURSSON

Rokk í Reykjavík band: Peyr

Best known for: Bringing Icelandic punk to the world

Peyr's music was frenetic and dramatic in a distinct way. The band boasted some of the best musicians in the land.

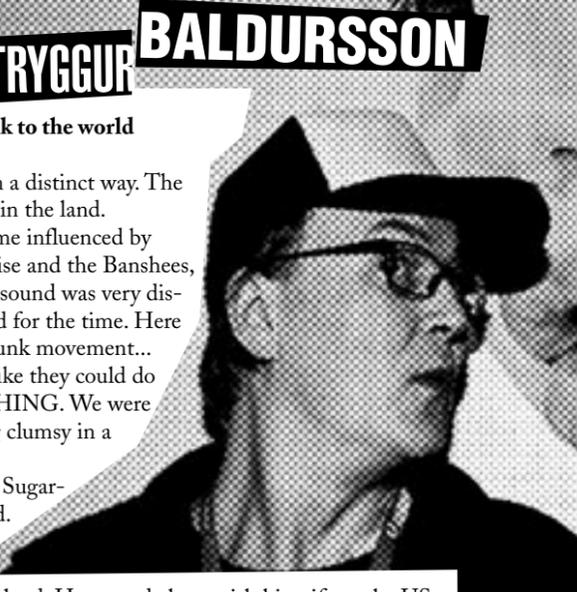
"We started as a bar band, then we became influenced by post-punk bands like Joy Division, Siouxsie and the Banshees, of course the Sex pistols as well...but our sound was very distinct, we were thought to be very left field for the time. Here it was more of an art movement than a punk movement... it was more about energy. Everyone felt like they could do SOMETHING... be a part of SOMETHING. We were all very inexperienced, but we were being clumsy in a special way."

Sigtryggur played in the bands Kukl and Sugarcubes after Peyr and conquered the world.

After the Sugarcubes came to an end he formed the crooner persona Bogomil

Font, which became a huge success in Iceland. He moved along with his wife to the US and then Holland, but has recently returned to Iceland. His current projects include the world music band Steintryggur and producing a Kurt Weill opera this summer.

Current profession: Musician, producer, (as Bogomil Font) crooner



Rokk í Reykjavík band: Purrkur Pillnikk

Best known for: Standing immobile on stage while Einar Örn rolled around on the floor



FRÍÐRIK ERLINGSSON

Purrkur Pillnikk was one of the most popular and influential bands from this period. Three members of Purrkur, Einar Örn, Friðrik and Bragi would later go on to join the Sugarcubes.

"Einar came back from London with God Save the Queen and played it for us. This changed everything. We formed Purrkur Pillnikk to play a concert at a local high school, we slapped together nine songs the night before and just did it. This was in March of '81. On April 1st we went into a studio and recorded an entire album in one day. That was the feeling of the time. Like Einar was known to say "It's not what your able to, but what you actually do that matters." It was music for the moment, music for now." Einar Örn, Purrkur's singer continues to blow minds and speakers with his creation Ghostigital. Bragi, the groups archivist went on to be a writer and poet.

Ásgeir the bands drummer was last heard of training dogs in Norway. Friðrik went on to work for an advertising agency and write books. His best known book is the children's book Benjamín Dúfa, which has also been made into a film. He's also written the script for Iceland's first CGI cartoon, Litla ljóta lírfan.

Current profession: Writer

VALGARDUR GUÐJÓNSSON



Rokk í Reykjavík band: Fræbbblarnir

Best known for: Bringing punk rock to Iceland

Fræbbblarnir had two songs featured on RiR, both blistering. They reformed and have continued to record and perform to this day in slightly modified form. They attached little value to social commentary in their music. Was the scene in Iceland divided along class lines?

"We were from the wrong class for Punk, people felt...we weren't poor enough. Many people were into Punk for political reasons...this was not appealing to us. We felt it was much more fun to say something out of line than make a social statement."

Do you think that Punk changed anything in your eyes?

"It made Rock fun again, it brought back the aggression and intensity, like the early days of Rock and Roll twenty years before. But, as for society, I don't see that it changed anything." Out of the original members shown in RiR the drummer Stefán is the only one who remains in the band. Steinþór died, Tryggvi went back to school and Kristinn opened up a restaurant. **Current profession: Software engineer**

DANNY POLLOCK

Reykjavík band: Bodies
Best known for: Having fistfights with his brother on stage when the latter tried to trash guitars

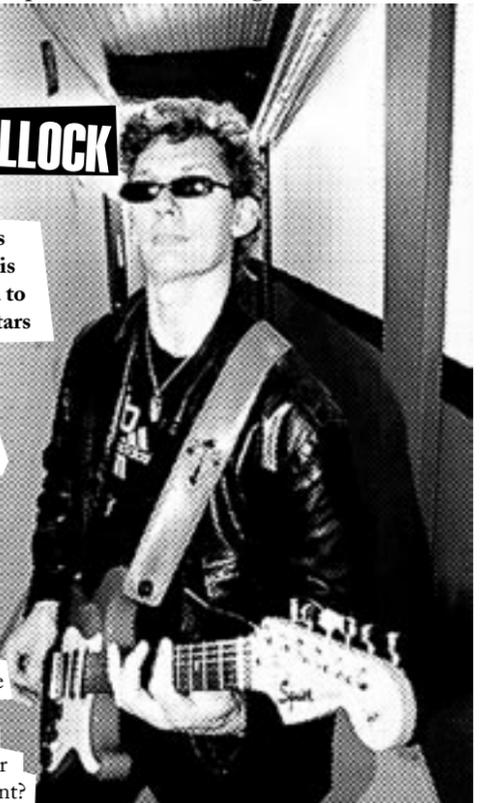
Danny Pollock was around from the beginning of Icelandic Punk, guitarist for Utangarðsmenn, the biggest band on the scene, and then Bodies, the band that appeared in Rokk í Reykjavík.

"When we were in Utangarðsmenn we went to the manager of Hótel Borg and asked if we could play on Thursday nights as there was nothing happening then. We advertised and 800 people showed up... that got the ball rolling right there. Me and Einar Örn went out and found all these garage bands to play with us."

How would you explain the popularity the movement here had, whereas in America for instance punk was a very marginal movement?

"Mostly because of it's size. I mean if you fart in this corner over here they're gonna smell it over there. It had a tremendous impact on the society. What we sang about began to be discussed in the newspapers and analyzed in the University." Mike Pollock, Danny's brother and fellow guitarist, is still a working musician. Maggi, Bodies drummer has recently joined up with a newly formed Ego and has also found God and has been working with the church. Danny has dedicated his life to rock and roll and is currently running a rehearsal space for bands located in an old fish factory.

Current profession: Rehearsal space manager



WHERE IS THE MULTICULTURAL SOCIETY

by Hassan Harazi



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A man named Hassan has been sending us letters, his output putting most of our (barely) paid writers to shame. We like him so much we're giving him a column. But we're not paying him. At least not yet.

If G. Pomrenke travelled from Virginia, USA expecting to engage in the social and cultural activities and expected to find them Icelandic/Nordic and not African, and presumably disappointed, it would be very easy just to infer that he/she was some sort of racist/bigot/white supremacist or whatever, and dismiss his/her opinions as such. What might be more useful would be to seek to understand why he/she was obviously under the impression that Iceland was not a multicultural society, if indeed it is. It may have something to do with how Iceland is marketed to potential tourists in other countries by the Icelandic Tourist Board and Icelandair. If tourists are sold holidays which promise to take them to the Land of the Vikings/Sagas/Fire and Ice/most beautiful women in the world who all have long blonde hair/a place where the language has remained unchanged for centuries, then why should they not be confused when they find a black woman wearing the national costume, kids wearing American sportswear and rapping and everyone else traipsing around shopping malls while talking on mobile telephones? As for Reykjavik being a multicultural city, where is it? It seems to me that the City council and a fair number of its inhabitants would like Reykjavik to be thought of as a multicultural city simply

because of a desire to be 'more like other European cities'. It takes more than a handful of 'ethnic' restaurants, shops selling Moroccan slippers and Tai Chi classes. Where are the mosques, synagogues, halal and kosher butchers, Diwali celebrations, and the acceptance of these things that a true multicultural society has? It appears more like, "We like your food, nice fabrics and music, but not your traditions, customs and you". And at the heart of it all, an immigration policy that discriminates on race. Reykjavik and Iceland have a lot to offer tourists - it does actually have a history from 1700 to the present day - but it seems not many people want to make a feature of it. Could it be because a lot of it is not very glamorous or fits in very well with the romantic ideals that they assume tourists are seeking? In my opinion the history of Iceland of the past 300 years is far more interesting and has done more to shape the modern Iceland than anything the Vikings did.

I found the article about protesting very interesting, but surely Reykjavikians are amongst the world leaders in non-violent civil disobedience. I was under the impression that all protests took the form of wearing a t-shirt, for one day only, emblazoned with a slogan such as "Men say no to rape", or "I am a feminist". Or maybe, if it's not

raining, even a gathering outside the Parliament when it's empty. And surely the police never have to worry about dragging away protestors as come 7pm they all go home for dinner anyway. The photograph with the article shows a poster (a reference to the dam construction at Kárahnjúkar), which reads; "It is the duty of all countrymen to protect the country from their government." Following Birgir Örn Thoroddsen's comment in issue #3 complaining of 'the population's inability to protest against anything', and Guðbergur Bergsson's interview in The Guardian Weekend Magazine of November 29, 2003 in which he states: "If the international community can show them [Icelanders] how truly ridiculous it is to destroy nature, the very thing they love most, for one aluminum smelter, they may start to think for themselves. They might finally have the guts to speak up and tell their dictatorial government how absolutely they have got this wrong. You have to shame us into change." Then surely a more appropriate poster would read, "It is the duty of all non-Icelanders to protect Iceland from the Icelanders." For any tourists that would like to see this part of the country, there is now a range of postcards available.



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Reykjavik City Shot



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Mother tongue licks t-shirts into shape

by Anna Koskinen

Armed with a dictionary, you can go shopping for the perfect little tee to say the thing that's right on the tip of your tongue.

First came the badges. Slapped on caps and bags, they made their first appearance with simple slogans and names of bands, then turned into political opinions in the seventies and obscenities in the eighties. Slogans were born to express the unexpressable: "make love not war," "say yes to jesus," "handle with care." You would rarely tell a stranger that you are with stupid, but you might very well have a badge saying it for you on the lapel of your jacket.



Then the slogans moved on. They took over t-shirts and scarves, shoes and shoestrings, bangles and backpockets of jeans. The t-shirt, which was considered underwear until liberated by James Dean and Marlon Brando, finally had something to say. Since those days of simple coolness, the t-shirt has had a bit of a downfall, having become a target for advertisements and logos. People have been there, done that, and bought the t-shirt, then kept

on wearing the t-shirt for the whole world to know of their Las Palmas experience of 1994. But now t-shirts are making a comeback. In the last year, the amount of t-shirts with slogans in Icelandic have doubled, if not tripled. There is a huge selection for anyone willing to take their pick and say what they want without actually having to utter a word - simply by displaying their opinions on their chests, printed on their t-shirts. The messages range

from downright political opinions to simple but accurate and matter-of-factly (or in some cases deceiving) statements such as "ég er fullur" - I am drunk. Icelanders have always had pride in their language, guarded it and looked after it by trying to avoid foreign influences and come up with their own words instead of simply borrowing others'. The power is in the words, in the language, as it is inheritance from the past generations, the forefathers who first inhabited the country. Words contain history, and now they are making their appearance in t-shirts, ties and tops across the country. The major players of this new wave of slogan-embellished clothing are Jón Sæmundsson with his label Dead (available at Non-nabúð) and the Laugavegur-based shop Ósóma, both proudly displaying their philosophical and more down-to-earth wordplay for the whole world to see. The trick of these clothes is that they work in many different levels, thus making them wearable for a wide range of people. Rock stars as well as teenagers wear them, and the tourists buy them for the hipness of sporting a secret slogan that nobody back home can understand. This, of course, makes it easier to wear indecent or shocking words on your chest without anybody actually knowing about it or being offended by it. For all those who get their kicks out of being bad without getting caught.



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mugison

Plays a type of music that's very hard to define but apparently goes well down in Japan and recently played at the Sonar festival in Spain.

He's an actual one man band, which must cut down on touring costs. He currently resides in Ísafjörður, where he's working on further masterpieces. His wrote the soundtrack to upcoming movie Niceland.



minus

More blatantly rock than anyone has dared to be since Guns n' Roses, and probably sports more tattoos than all other Icelandic bands put together. Which probably says a lot about their music. They're often away touring in Europe these days, perhaps because they've exceeded their credit limit in Bar 11. They may or may not be working on another album.

Bang Gang



Actually a one man band by Barði Jóhannsson who plays with various combinations of sidemen. His cover of Stop in the Name of Love by the Supremes was played

a lot on MTV in France, and he's been spending a lot of time there lately. He says his version is much better than the Supremes. Apparently the French seem to agree.



Have a sideband called the God Damn Skunks, of which one review began: "The evening began with forty minutes of feedback, interrupted briefly when the drummer stood up and beat a drum a couple times, then wandered off saying he needed his drugs." Big in New York, apparently. Their next album, My Life is Killing my Rock and Roll, comes out at the end of July.

SINGAPORE SLING

The President likes them. So do Central European duchess. If they can get their own brand of stripping down and throwing smokebombs to appeal to the handclapping, as opposed to the jewelrattling classes as well, they've got it made. Their latest album, Trabant at Bessastaðir, is available in 12 Tónar at Skólavörðustígur 15.



TRABANT

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I met with Birgir, Palli and Eggert of Maus the day before they opened for Placebo. Since winning a battle of Icelandic bands in 1994, Maus has been a staple of the music scene in this country. They have been so consistent for so long that they are the band that is invisible because they're right in front of you. After 11 years of playing one of the world's smallest countries, the band had some interesting observations.

by Bart Cameron

...continued on pg. 18

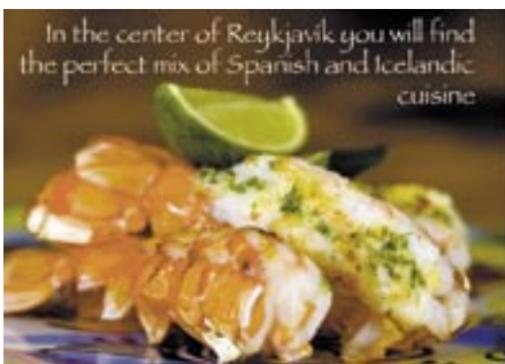
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GUIDE TO THE CITY CENTER

This pullout has all the information one might need, so for a safer journey, pull it out and put it in your pocket.

CAFE'S

1. Segafredo

By Lækjartorg
McDonalds has departed from the centre of Reykjavik and instead Italian chain Segafredo has arrived, which isn't a bad trade-off. You can smoke indoors, which gives you a nice continental feel, the staff is Italian and the prices are in Euros as well as krónur. Although Segafredo isn't one of the more expensive places, you wonder whether knowing how much things cost might ruin your vacation.

2. Ráðhúskaffi

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

3. Grái Kötturinn

Hverfisgata 16a
Grái Kötturinn is across the street from the National Theater and is 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, but somewhat pricey.

4. Café Roma

Laugavegur 118
Is the closest thing you'll find to a New York deli in town. A lively cross-section of artists, students and office workers enjoy home baked pannini and great coffee all at low prices.

5. 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. The walls are covered with art for sale and, though seats are usually filled by loyal customers, every now and then you'll catch a glimpse of the owners, a really nice and friendly couple in their seventies who have owned the café since its inception.

6. Kaffivagninn

Grandagarður 10
By the harbor where fishermen and sailors along with bus drivers and aging tough guys gather for lunch and a cup of coffee. If you want to try out traditional Icelandic food, pancakes, or bread with smoked lamb, this is the right place to see another side of Reykjavik.

7. Café Paris

Austurstræti 14
Situated in the heart of the city with a view over Austurvöllur, spacious, popular and usually full in the afternoon, Café Paris is international like

the city it's named after. In the mornings it is more quiet and a hangout for philosophers and artists. Offers you light meals and the opportunity to sit outside when the weather is nice.

8. Tíu Dropar

Laugavegur 27
With the exception of Mokka, 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.

9. Café Árnes

By the harbour
Once a ferry, Café Árnes has recently been turned into a coffeshop by day and seafood restaurant by night. The cardeck in the basement now functions as a bar. Situated by the harbour (obviously), have a traditional waffle with lots of jam and cream and watch the whale watchers come in.

10. Bleika Dúfan

Laugavegi 21
The name means the Pink Pigeon. A bookstore that specialises in books in English, so there are a lot of foreigners there as well as people who work in the surrounding area. A mostly veggie menu (apart from the ham and cheese sandwich) and internet.

BARS & BISTRO

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 in fact 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. Café 22

Laugavegur 22
Has recently undergone a major facelift. The top floor is now dedicated to artist Jón Sæmundur, aka Dead, whose Dead label can be seen on quite a few people these days. Downstairs is a decent bistro (try the Gringo), whereas the middle floor houses a dancefloor. Open until the wee small hours, and a great place for a late night drink for those who want drink along with a less trendy (and perhaps more cool) crowd. Be warned, though, they do charge 500 krónur entrance after midnight.

13. 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 ranging from the hopefuls to the world famous. Blur's Damon Albarn owns a share of the bar, probably figuring

it was cheaper than buying drinks. Director of the film 101 Reykjavik is also a regular at the film.

14. Sirkus

Klappartígur 30
"Welcome to the Jungle/ We go with tropical palm trees on the wall. With tropical palm trees on the wall, welcome to the party that never ends any time soon. Usually or want to be students of the Icelandic musicians and other members of the floor, for whatever reason, look

15. Nelly's

Dingholtstræti 2
The cheapest beer in Reykjavik, drinkers as well as expats. Troubadours cover though. In the weekend large dancefloor on the upper floor, for whatever reason, look

16. Vegamót

Vegamótastígur 4
Wants to be the in-spot to be seen up, flaunt it and enjoy the view there, and the fittest, or at least Kitchen open every day until 2am brunch. Try the lobster pizza.

17. Kaffibrennsla

Póstbústaðstræti 9
One of the largest selection of few bars in Reykjavik where you after midnight on weekends. They are generous with the refill.

18. Celtic Cross

Hverfisgata 26
Arguably the bar in town that is Irish, even though the Dublin back, it's very much alive. Live on the upper floor and a band make a living as human jukebox.

19. Grand Rokk

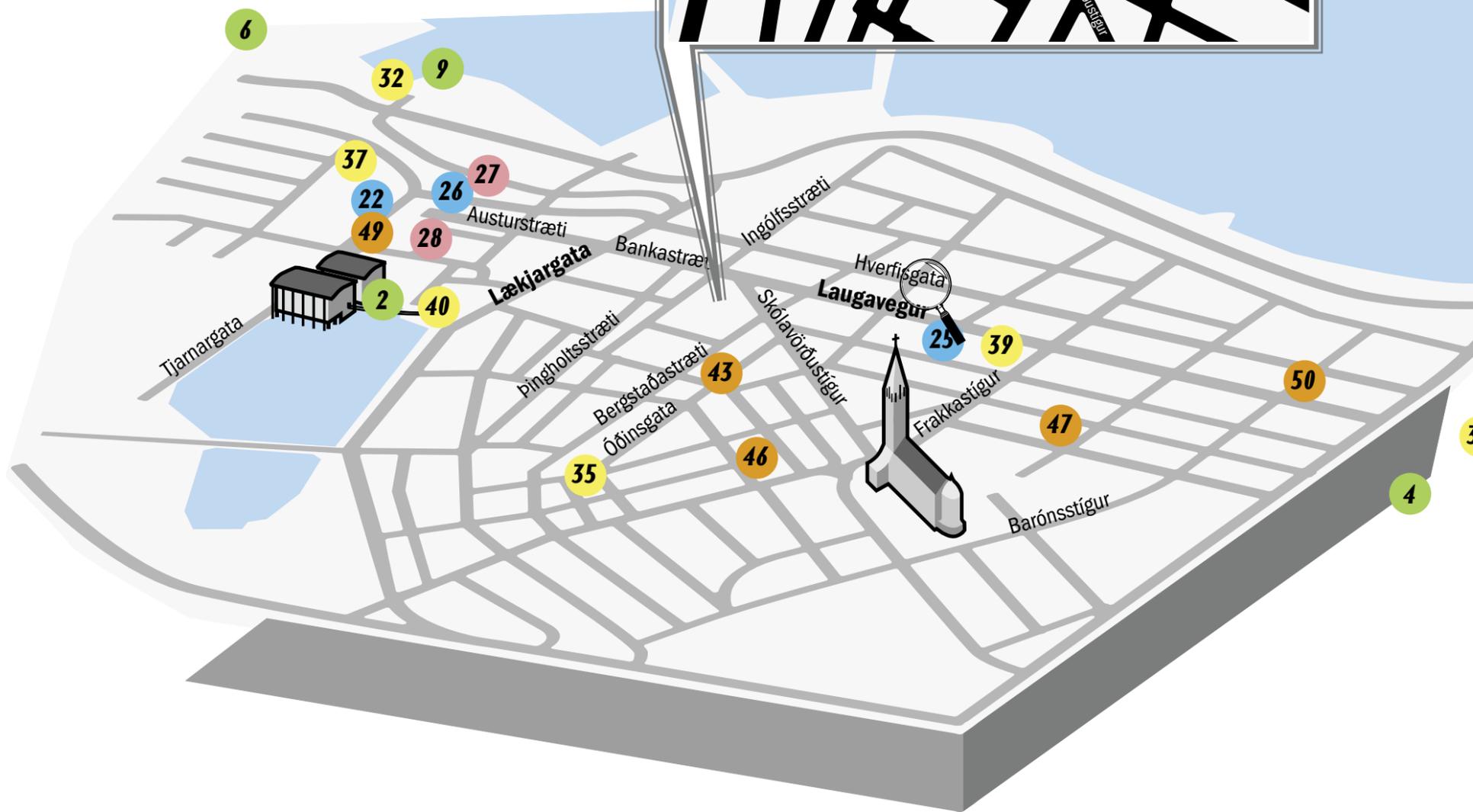
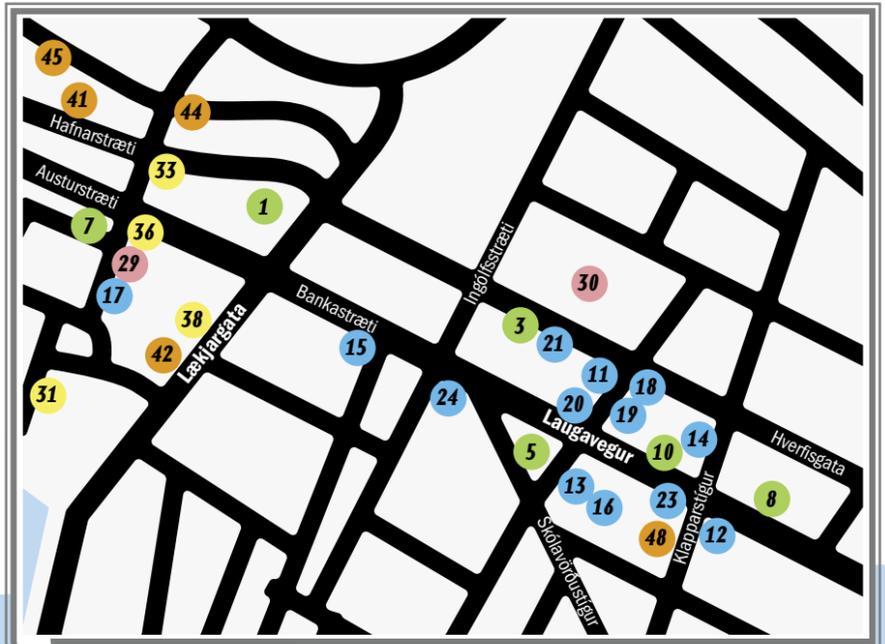
Smíðjústígur 6
A place true to the spirit of Rock. Better and lesser known Icelandic three bands a night, four night or not is up to the bands, but it's artists. Grab a beer and rock on.



SPOT THIS

Sirkus Flea Market

In the garden behind Bar Sirkus is now an Amsterdam style mini-version of a street flea market open on Saturdays where anyone can sell their used stuff, clothes, LP's, CD's or whatever, and of course buy some themselves. The prices are rather reasonable and you can haggle all you like. It may even work. Open Saturdays, 14:00-19:00.



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...s all the time. Another owner is the...
...vík, and the bar figures prominently in

chess players, challenging each other and anyone that might wander in here for a game, as every table doubles as a chess board. One of the best places to meet locals for a chat, every night of the week.

20. Bar 11

Laugavegur 11
The rock hangout, be it live music or the riff-heavy jukebox. Many of Iceland's rock bands are regulars. Bands play and/or poetry is recited most Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Thursdays. A good place to come down on Sundays, with a screening of cult films.

21. 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 its 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 as the regulars know their way around a dancefloor.

22. Jón Forseti

Aðalstræti 10
The oldest house in Reykjavík is now, you guessed it, a gay club. Named after founding father and national hero Jón Sigurðsson, who lived there for a while, it now has various events, including concerts, plays and a gay cabaret, performed on a small stage that tries its best to look big with curtains and everything. So how long until they change George Washington's old place into a gay bar? You heard it here first.

23. Café List

Laugavegur 20a
"List" means "art", the art mostly consisting of jazz bands that play there frequently. Looks perhaps more like a hotel bar than a seedy jazz club, but the prices of beer has gone down, so they deserve our support.

24. Prikið

Bankastræti 12
Used to be a traditional coffee house which has been around longer than any but, after a change of clientele, they now cater to a younger crowd. A diner during the day and a nightclub on weekends. You can also borrow games there, such as backgammon or chess.

25. Dillon

Laugavegur 30
A nice place to sit and chat, good folk themed music and no dance floor to worry about. Has interesting horse themed décor, and the balcony is open on the weekends. Finds a nice medium somewhere between the hipsters and the drunks.

26. Dubliner

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

CLUBS

27. 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 live rock concerts by more mainstream bands. 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+

28. Nasa

by Austurvöllur
Used to be a theatre, but is now a club. Great sound system and occasional live bands. The towns biggest club, but the high prices do limit the crowd somewhat. Admission 1000 krónur.

29. Mojito bar

Austurstræti 16
Situated on the 5th floor, and is only accessible by elevator. A place where you can run into MP's and business tycoons living it up. That might be some indication of the price range. The candleholders, for some inexplicable reason, are Turkish hashpipes. It's only open Fridays and Saturdays between 11 and 3.

30. Leikhúskjallarinn

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

RESTAURANTS

31. Við Tjörnina

Templarasund 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!

32. Tveir Fiskar

Geirsgötu 9
Seafood restaurant, although they also do land-based animals. At lunchtime you can have a three course meal for 2300, which isn't too bad, all things considered. The chef has been awarded the Medal of the Order of the White Rose by the President of Finland.

33. Hornið

Hafnarstræti 15
Means "the corner" and the place lives up to its name. This is actually the oldest Italian restaurant in town, celebrating its 25th year, which says something about the scene here before then. Excellent quality pizza, pasta and salads and yet remaining one of the more affordable ones. Try the calzone.

34. Vox

Nordica Hotel
Perhaps a typical off-lobby restaurant, bistro, bar in a four-star hotel, the Vox looks at first glance like a fancy cafeteria spiced up for an official reception. But please do not let that glance throw you off! The restaurant has a modern interior with extremely un-Icelandic décor, however the kitchen saves the situation. Run by a master chef, a recent winner of the super gastro competition "Bocuse d'Or," the Menu is tops.

35. 3 Frakkar

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

36. Apotek

Austurstræti 16
Formerly the central drugstore of Reykjavík, established in the late 1800s, the Apotek is now a modern restaurant with an 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.

37. 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 while away the evening having course after course of wonderful miniature dishes. 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 relax in, and the paintings are worth a look.

38. Jómfrúin

Lækjargata 4
In this global age, it can be hard to find good smörrebröd even in Copenhagen. Never fear: out here in the colonies you can still find first rate smörrebröd at Jómfrúin. They even import their own eel directly from Denmark to make one of Scandinavia's delicacies.

39. Rossopomodoro

Laugavegur 40a
This is a new chain of eateries trying to move away from the American image of pizza joints. Originally a local Napoli venture, now a string of modestly cool restaurants striving to make it in Northern Europe. Iceland is one of the first places for Rossopomodoro outside Italy. A clever beginning in a country absolutely free from Neopolitan traditions. A modest wine list with good prices

40. Tjarnarbakkinn

Vonarstræti 3
Above the lónó theatre, so it's a good place to go before shows, or during if you prefer a more quiet atmosphere. If you sit by the window you get a nice view of the pond. It's not a bad place to try one of Iceland's culinary specialties, the lamb steak, one of those rare traditional treats that does not come as a shock to the uninitiated.

FAST FOOD

41. Nonnabíti

Hafnarstræti 11
The owner is a miser who charges additionally for everything, but this is almost certainly the best junk food in the Greater Reykjavík area. The subs are great, none of that Subway commitment to healthy living, and they probably contribute significantly to the ever-increasing "size" of the nation. They also serve burgers and sandwiches, and have lunchtime offers.

42. Little Mama Taco's

Lækjargata 8
One of those places that seem to be always open, and hence you find yourself going to late on Saturday nights as consolation when it seems inevitable you'll be going home alone. And as consolations go, it's not bad. Rather reasonable by local standards, and they have all the tortillaish Mexican standards.

43. Bernhöftsbakáí

Bergstaðastæti 13
A bakery with traditions going back some 150 years, although it has changed locations. Apart from a supermarket, a bakery is still the best way to fill your belly. Try the staple of Icelandic childhood and beyond: a snúður roll with chocolate milk.

44. Baejarins bestu

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

45. Pizza 67

Tryggvagata 26
The local pizza chain that's trying to take on the world, and who currently operate a place in the Faeroes and China, as well as all over Iceland. The have a Summer of Love theme, which doesn't really extend beyond the names of the pizzas, a few slogans and a few posters, but the pizzas are nice. They also do deliveries. They have a lunchtime buffet for 990, for those in search of quantity for the króna.

46. Eldsmiðjan

Bragagata 38a
Over-baked pizzas simply don't get much better than this. It is slightly more expensive than other pizzerias, but well worth it. A wide selection of toppings, including that sorely missed pizza delight, snails. You can also turn the chef loose and let him decide what goes on it - you'll rarely be disappointed. Take away, order delivery, or eat in at the cosy restaurant upstairs. The paintings are worth a peek as well.

47. Vitabar

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

48. First Vegetarian (Á naestu grösun)

Laugavegur 20b
Used to be called One Woman Restaurant, as there was always the same woman working there. Has new owners and a larger staff, but the theme is still vegetarian, with one vegan and one wheat-free dish always on offer. The only vegetarian restaurant licensed to carry beer and wine. Remains on the right side of the 1000 krónur bill at lunchtime, slips slightly over in the evening.

49. Pizza Pronto

Vallarstræti 4
Conveniently located by Ingólfrstorg, and serves slices until late at night. A good place to have a snack in between bars, particularly if you don't want a whole Hlöll. They also have a menu (in 9 languages, no less) of three sizes of pizzas with a good selection of toppings. Nice, but seems a bit pricey for the surroundings.

50. Reykjavík Bagel Company

Laugavegur 81
Situated a bit from the immediate centre but close to Hlemmur bus-stop. Bagels, wraps and coffee that might make you feel better in the morning than the more hardcore fast foods farther down the street.

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BSI, Vatnsmýrargvegur 10, 101 Rvk. 591-1000
Netkaffi, Kringlan mall, 103 Rvk. 533-2424
Reykjavík Travel Service, Lækjargata 2, 101 Rvk. 511-2442
Ground Zero, Vallarstræti 4, 101 Rvk. 562-7776

Useful Websites

www.icetourist.is
www.visitreykjavik.is
www.grapevine.is

Car rentals

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Avis 591-4000
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Budget 567-8300
Europcar 591-4050
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Other useful numbers

City bus info, 551-2700
BSÍ bus info, 591-1000

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Central Post office, Pósthússtræti 5, 101 Rvk. 580-1000.
Post offices are easily found around Iceland

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34

THEY DON'T GIVE CHANGE

Reykjavík has no trams, trains or subways, only buses. These yellow things can take you pretty much anywhere in Reykjavík's suburb areas. It's a slow system and you might have to change buses a couple of times to get where you want to though usually things run smoothly, and on time. The price of a single fare is 220kr, for an adult, (60kr for children under 12). If you are in town for more than a few days then the 9 ticket package for 1500kr would be a better bet. Bus cards valid for two weeks a month or three months are also available. You have to pay as you step on board and it has to be the accurate amount, unless you want to pay more for your ride. The driver can not change your money. For those of you used to the honesty system, this system is as honest, because if you don't pay, you don't ride. You can ask the driver for a free time-limited exchange ticket, if you need two buses to complete your journey.

The bus system is closed during the night, you can catch your first bus between 6:40 and 7:00 in the morning, and last call is around 24:00. The main bus stops in Reykjavík are Hlemmur and Lækjartorg, there you'll be able to get all the information you need.



Don't compromise We don't

★★★★★

"...the meals were simply the best I have enjoyed in an Icelandic restaurant this year."

Food and wine critic – Morgunblaðið Daily Newspaper September 7th 2003



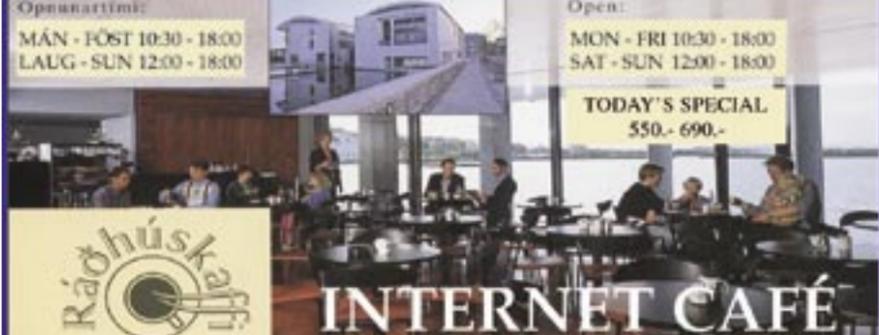
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 Culture House, Hverfisgata 15, p: 545-1400
 Einar Jónsson, Sculpture museum, Einarsgata, p: 551-3797
 Gerðarsafn, Kópavogur Art Gallery, Hamraborg 4, p:551-3797
 Hafnarborg Art Gallery, Srandgata 34 Hafnarfj, 555-0080
 Hafnarhúsið, Reykjavík Art museum, Tryggvagata 17, p: 590-1200
 Icelandic Institute of Natural History, Hlemmur 5, p:590-0500
 Kjarvalsstaðir Art Museum, Flókagata, p: 517-1290
 Museum of Medical History, Neströð 170, p: 561-1016
 National Gallery of Iceland, Frikirkjuvegur 7, p: 515-9600
 Nordic House, Sturlugata 5, p: 551-7030
 Reykjavík City Library, Tryggvagata 15, p: 563-1750
 Reykjavík Elestrivity Museum, Rafstöðvarvegur, p: 567-9009
 Reykjavík Museum of Photography, Tryggvagata 15, p: 563-1790
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 Gallery Hnoss, Skólavörðustígur 16, p: 561-8485
 Gallery i8, Klapparstígur 33, p: 551-3666
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 Gallery Skuggi, Hverfistaga 39, p: 511-1139
 Gallery Tukt, Pósthússtræti 3-5, p: 520-4600
 Handverk og Hönnun, Aðalstræti 12, p: 551-7595
 Safn, Laugavegur 37, p: 561-8777
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Other

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 Perlan, Óskjuhlíð
 Kringlan shopping mall, Kringlan 8-12, p: 568-9200
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 Salurinn Concert Hall, Hamraborg 6, p: 570-0400

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 3 Frakkar, Baldurgsgata 14, p: 552-3939
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 Café Victor, Hafnarstræti 1-3, p: 561-9555
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 Kapital, Hafnarstræti 17, p: 511-7007
 Leikhúskjallarinn, Hverfisgata 19, p: 551-6010
 Mojito, Austurstræti 16, p: 575-7905
 Nasa, by Austurvöllur, p: 511-1313
 Pravda, Austurstræti 22, p: 552-9222

Fastfood

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 Bernhöfðsbakari, Bergstaðastræti 13, p: 551-3083
 Eldsmiðjan, Bragagata 38a, p: 562-3838
 First Vegetarian (Á næstu grösum), Laugavegur 20b, p: 552-8410
 Nonnabiti, Hafnarstræti 11, p: 551-2312
 Pizza 67, Tryggvagata 26, p: 561-9900
 Pizza Pronto, Vallarstræti 4, p: 517-5445
 Reykjavík Bagel Company, Laugavegur 81, p: 511-4500
 Vitabar, Bergþórugata 21, p: 551-7200

ON FREE BEER

Grapevine: Are you discussing special riders. Need like special M&M's for your show tomorrow?
 Palli: Nobody asks Icelandic bands if they want anything... Maybe Nylon. They got separate dressing rooms for their June 17th show. But usually, Icelandic bands don't get anything. We do put celebrities on our guest list though.
 Eggert: This is Iceland, you never know.
 Palli: Michael Douglas.
 Eggert: The father. You know the father.
 Palli: Yeah, Tony Danza. We always put him down first.
 (Birgir finishes his phone call and sits down.)



Birgir: Once we asked for 5 cases of beer. And a few sandwiches. In Denmark.
 Palli: Never in Iceland.
 Birgir: You never get free beer here.
 Palli: Not unless you have a foreign band.
 Birgir: We'll have to import small foreign bands from now on.

ON ICELANDIC CROWDS

Grapevine: You don't seem to live a rock n' roll lifestyle. You all look young and healthy.
 Birgir: We used to be a party band.
 Palli and Eggert: No. Not at all.
 Birgir: Well, we like to party, we just do it the right way. We party in the right way the way we put an album out the right way.
 GV: How is it, then, playing shows where everyone else is drunk? Last time I saw you play, at Grand Rokk, I was sure there was going to be a brawl.

Birgir: No. It's fine. No, I don't think we've ever been afraid of a crowd.
 Palli: There was that one time.
 Birgir: But we weren't afraid. We made fun of him from the stage.
 Palli: Yeah, but...
 Birgir: Well, then we ran like hell. But we made fun of him.
 Palli: We had to stop a gig once because we had security, but the guys up front were bigger and started beating up our security. Then our drummer jumped into the crowd and started hitting him. But I talked to the guy who got hit, and he said it was fine.

Birgir: That guy was pushing the mic constantly into my teeth.
 GV: And your response?
 Birgir: Nothing, I'm a pacifist.

ON BIG SHOWS

Grapevine: What are your next big shows?
 Birgir: We have a big show in Seyðisfjörður coming up. Two shows there. And then we're playing New York.
 Grapevine: Where in New York?
 Birgir: Central Park. At Summerstage in Central Park.
 GV: Well, that's important, right?
 Birgir: (Shrugs.) Yeah, we got a phone call. This woman said she wanted us to play Central Park. She said she had been trying to get in contact with us for a month.
 Palli: I mean we have a website.

(Band all joins in to say how easy it would have been to contact them.)
 Eggert: We're going to stay in New York for a week with our girlfriends, though.
 Birgir: Ugh. Girlfriends.

ON PLAYING IN THE SAME BAND FOR 11 YEARS

GV: Why aren't you more jaded after 11 years?
 Birgir: We started young. We thought of this like a club. It's still like that. Sometimes we talk for 40 minutes and play for 20.
 Palli: We just get along.
 Birgir: I haven't slept with any of their girlfriends yet.
 Palli: And we haven't slept with any of his ex-girlfriends.

ON DEALING WITH THE FOREIGN PRESS

GV: This woman tracked you down for the Central Park show. Is it nice having foreign fans who are so interested?
 Eggert: (Eyes wide open like a child in a Christmas card.) Doing this for eleven years, we don't think we're going to be huge if someone from a foreign country thinks we're good. (He looks at me a few seconds.) Shit shit shit. (Launches into Icelandic, asking band mates to explain the same idea he just expressed well in English.)
 Birgir: Normally, the foreign press isn't interested in us. We're an established band. People forget to mention us. It's only if they hear us on a cd or something—then we end up with people writing about us who are fans. We've never had hype. We've never had a spotlight on us.

ON 11 YEARS AS A POPULAR ICELANDIC ROCK BAND

Birgir: We sell albums like a mainstream pop band, but we get airplay with the rock bands. We probably sell more than the pop bands.
 Palli: It's brilliant playing around the country.
 Eggert: We get to play our own songs for one and a half hours and hear people singing along.
 Palli: Some Icelandic bands want to go straight from Iceland to New York.
 Birgir: But that's impossible.
 GV: How many shows have you played in Iceland, do you think?
 Eggert: Exactly 270, I think.
 Birgir: It helps that we're self-sufficient.
 GV: What does that mean?
 Eggert: We don't have an agent or anything.
 GV: Isn't that why it took the woman from New York City a whole month to track you down?
 All of Maus: Yeah.
 Birgir: Fuck. We've wasted 11 years.
 Palli: Hey, sorry we didn't have the drummer here.
 Eggert: Yeah, he usually says the funny things.

Maus will headline a show at Grand Rokk on Friday, July 9, and they will perform two shows the next week in Seyðisfjörður. For more info, check their website.

Schedule :

9.7	Ronald Reagan Memorial Soundsystem
10.7	Rolling Stones Tribute Night
11.7	Movie Night - Dark City / Omen 21.00
13.7	Dice Night: Test your luck at 11; 1=1 free drink
14.7	Victory or Death (concert)
15.7	Open Foosball Tournament Great rewards sponsored by Egils Show up before 21.00 to get listed
16.7	Dj Lupin
17.7	Dj Paul / Biggi Maus
18.7	Movie Night - David Lynch double bill Eraserhead / Blue Velvet 21.00
20.7	Dice Night
22.7	11 Poetry Night

All concerts begin between 21-22 unless stated otherwise

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UPCOMING EVENTS

Friday July 9th
Radiostation X BBQ night: Bands playing tonight are; Maus, Hudson Wayne and Manhattan

Saturday July 10th
Band Vax

Friday July 16th
The Keflavik Invasion; Bands playing tonight are; Ela, Tokyo Megaplex & the great Heiða & Heiðingjarnir

Thursday July 22nd
Band Tube

Smiðjustígur 6.
p: 551 5522

MOVIES AND THEATRE

AROUND THE WORLD IN 90 MINUTES

by Valur Gunnarsson

It's hard to dislike Jackie Chan. His films are as harmless as you can get. It's almost a relief these days to see movie violence where no one gets hurt and everyone gets up again, having learnt their lesson. But it's also hard to really like Jackie Chan. They all seem the same, no matter who he's being paired with or what time period he's being set in. Here, in place of Owen Wilson or Chris Tucker is Steve Coogan. "Who?" may be the first thought that comes to mind, but you may have seen him in 24 Hour Party People.

Here he plays globe trotter and betting man Phileas Fogg. There's something very romantic about the 19th Century, when there were still places left to be discovered, and of course, in due course colonised, although the hangover of colonisation may be somewhat less romantic. The highlights of the film are the CGI travels between countries, when you get an overview of the next port of call. Cecile de France shines as the love interest and we'll probably be seeing more of her. The cameo's range from the very brief, such as Richard Branson and John Cleese, to the downright bizarre. The governor of California appears as a Rodin collecting

Turkish sultan, and is probably the last person you would expect in such a role. Apparently he tried to have himself cut from the film after entering politics. If he had succeeded this would have been a worse film, but you now wonder whether this may have been his last screen performance. The Wilson brothers are great as the Wright brothers, Owen Wilson currently being a contender for funniest man alive. Despite all this, the movie seems to drag on. You wish they would have gone for a more straightforward rendition of the story, and left out all the mock fights. This is one Jackie Chan movie that may have been better off without him.

NOT ON THE TV

Give football to God

by Robert Jackson

The other day I sat down to watch the news. We were in the middle of the presidential elections and I wanted to hear from the pundits how they viewed the election and what they saw as the likely outcome. So I sat down at 7:00pm only to find that Iceland's favourite news-reader had been usurped by 22 men, a ball and a referee.

Here we were in the middle of a presidential election campaign, a time when the issues relating to the constitution, media laws and the prospect of a referendum are all running to a very public conclusion. At this crucial time, when campaigning is at its most vigorous and when in other countries news coverage would be extended, here it is given up for a football tournament - a tournament where the nation isn't even represented.

"It must be on another channel" I told myself, as I surfed in vain to find Bogi and crew grapple with the candidates.

What I did find was Omega; the 'round-the-clock bible channel, sitting there 'fat, dumb and happy' broadcasting to a handful of viewers, using up one of the country's most valuable resources: a television frequency.

Divine intervention is certainly at play here. How a country that has limited analog frequencies can devote 24 hours a day, 365 days a year to a religious network is a mystery of biblical proportions and one that is worthy of review.

RÚV has a mandate to entertain as well as inform, and doubtless the decision to broadcast the football was made in response to that duty. But is it not possible to put it on another channel? Is it too much to ask the good people at Omega to risk the wrath of God and move aside when events, such as presidential elections and football matches, coincide?

Everyone would win. The news and current affairs programmes could run at their usual times, football fans would be able to watch all of their games, and Omega would receive more viewers, as some would forget to change channels at the end of the broadcast and, who knows, some may even want to tune in again?



Screenings start roughly every two hours, at 18, 20 and 22. However, with films getting ever longer starting times may vary. There are usually ads and trailers for roughly 15 minutes from announced starting time. Almost all films have a short interval in the middle.

MOVIES : LISTINGS : july 9 - july 22

REGNBOGINN

Hverfisgata 54
Phone: 551-9000
www.regnboginn.is

PREMIERS:

9. july Spider-Man 2
16. july My Babys Daddy

Still running:

Walking Tall
Suddenly 30
Day after Tomorrow
Eternal Sunshine of the Spotless Mind, The Punisher

LAUGARÁS BÍÓ 553 2075

Laugarás
Phone: 553-2075
www.laugarasbio.is

PREMIERS:

9. july Spiderman 2
16. july Shrek 2

Still running:

Godsend

SAMBÍÓINN

Álfabakka 8
Phone: 587-8900
www.sambio.is

PREMIERS:

9. july Raising Helen
16. july Shrek 2

Still running:

The Chronicles of Riddick
Raising Helen
Around the World in 80 Days
Harry Potter 3
Eurotrip,
Troy

SMÁRALIND BÍÓ

Smáralind
Phone: 564-0000
www.smarabio.is

PREMIERS:

9. july Spiderman 2
16. july My Babys Daddy

Still running:

Walking Tall
Suddenly 30
Day after Tomorrow
Eternal Sunshine of the Spotless Mind
The Punisher

SAMBÍÓINN

Kringlan 4-6
Phone: 588-0800
www.sambio.is

PREMIERS:

16. july Raising Helen
16. july Shrek 2

Still running:

The Chronicles of Riddick
Around the World in 80 Days
Mean Girls
Conf. of a Teenage Drama Queen
Chasing Liberty

HÁSKÓLABÍÓ

Hagatorg
Phone: 530-1919
www.haskolabio.is

PREMIERS:

16. july Shrek 2

Still running:

The Chronicles of Riddick
Around the World in 80 Days
Divine Intervention
Metallica : Some Kind of Monster, The Ladykillers, Harry Potter 3, Mors Elling (Elling 2)

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ARTS AND CULTURE

MAN BITES SHARK

by Marcie Hume

Walking through the doors of Kolaportið, you can't help but notice that it smells very Icelandic inside. If the DVDs, clothes, books and other classic Kolaportið scraps seem too overwhelming to sort through, follow your nose to the dried fish, sitting in piles in the room which features some of the finest and smelliest uber-Icelandic cuisine from the sea. Here you can find food items all the way from the foreigner-friendly salmon to kotareyktur rauðmagi, a thick black wedge of fish which looks something like an individually packaged shoe.

And then there are the huge green eggs spotted with black dots: seagull and blackbird eggs. I've seen them eaten raw before, right in front of the counter. Who buys these things? I felt compelled to ask. "Mostly old people," says Hjalti Ásgeirsson, the young man behind the counter. "They're used to it," he says, "but I like them also."

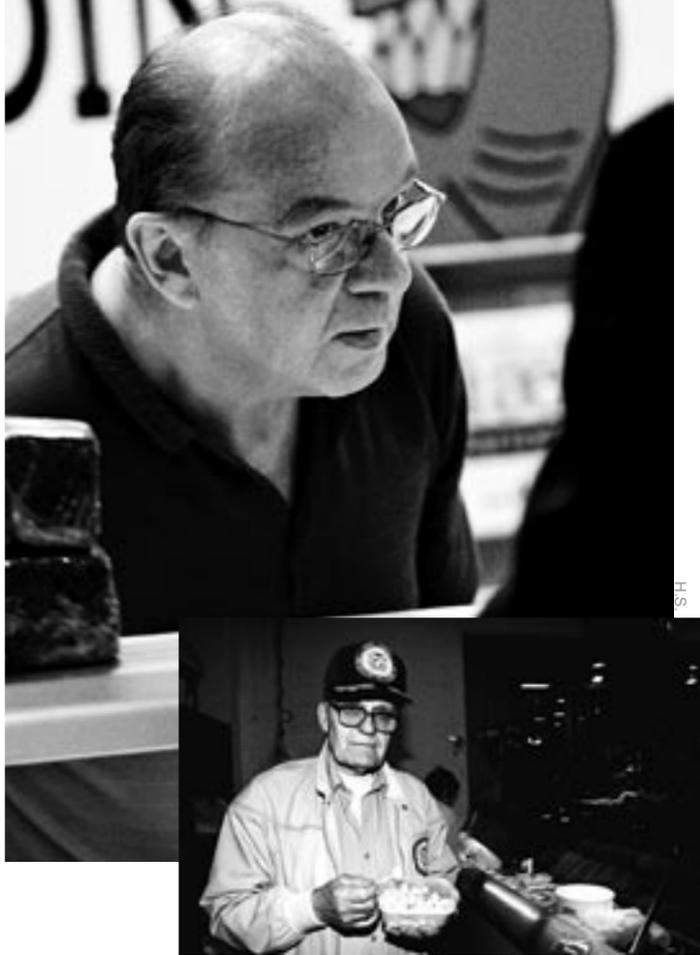
There are crowds around the stalls and transactions are surging faster than at a McDonald's in Texas. This must be one of the busiest places in the city. Generally, each stall is run by one family who sells potatoes, breads or seafood that they produce or acquire themselves. Gunnar Eyjólfsson tells me that all the fish at his extensive counter comes from the work of just his family and their two boats. They have been selling fish in Kolaportið for ten years and most everyone in the family is a fisherman. "It's always this busy," he tells me. I approach a gentleman standing

behind a big plastic fish which hangs over his counter. His name is Hilmar Friðsteinsson. "The freshness here is unrivalled," he tells me. "There's not chance of getting something spoiled here. And you can't get most of these things at the shops." He's been working at Kolaportið in one capacity or another for the entire fifteen years of its existence. Hilmar hands me a little beige blob on a toothpick and I can't refuse. Initially it's tolerable, almost tasteless, although I detain it in my cheek like a squirrel...I'm not sure why, I chalk it up to instinct. As I begin to chew, I am certain that this isn't going to work out for me.

I decide to spit. This is obviously beyond rude, standing right in front of Hilmar, but there was no chance of coercing the blob down my throat. At this point Hilmar decides to tell me that what I am trying not to swallow is shark meat. I lean over the rubbish bin and attempt to let

the shark go gracefully, to spit like a dancer would spit, if dancers were in the habit of spitting shark. Unfortunately, there are strings hanging from my teeth, mostly in one hefty glob lodged between two molars. I try to pull it out with the toothpick, and when this fails, with my fingers. And in this moment, with the monster hanging off my face, time starts to slow down. It's like taking a great fall and knowing mid-air that you are going down, everything in slow motion. I realize all of my friends have walked away, except for one who is whispering "Okay, pull it together."

And then Hilmar tries to pass me a dried fish chaser. But my gag reflex is kicking in. Eventually I get most of the shark out of my teeth. It lands limply on the back of my hand, and then, with a can of Coke as my shepherd, I swallow the rest. A few people laugh and point at the girl grimacing and gulping a Coke, and meanwhile the shark burns my stomach, a good, honest burn like I have swallowed something really inappropriate, and the burn continues all the way home. It's an experience I needed to have, if only to prove how hearty and durable Icelanders are, and how cowardly my digestive system is. While I was cringing in discomfort there were lines of elderly women handing over cash for this stuff. As Hilmar told me, "Foreigners usually just buy salmon."



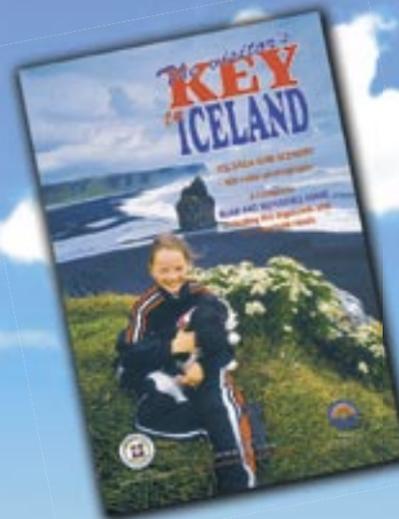
Guerilla Theatre of the Absurd

by Jonas Moody

"So there's this chef and this hotel reception clerk. And they're just standing in the middle of Kringlan. One is standing on top of a planter and the other one is on the ground. And their poses look like something out of Romeo and Juliet." It didn't stop there. My friend described to me scene after scene of mid-mall dioramas featuring frozen passion between butchers and bakers and candlestick makers. Once I saw a junior ballroom dancing competition in the middle of Kringlan. The sight of 8-year-olds gyrating to the cha-cha is, yes, unsettling, but these vignettes sounded downright absurd! Indeed, it is this seemingly absurd sense of engagement with the public that marks this young group of performers. Götuleikhús (Street Theater) is a group of 15 young people (from 16 to 25) selected from numerous applications to work as a troop of street actors, enacting invisible theatre throughout Reykjavík. Under the direction of Steinunn Knútsdóttir and Oddvar Hjartarson, the group is first put through a training period including rigorous physical conditioning, exercises to hone their minds, and a number of brainstorming



sessions to pick a theme. This year's theme is "love" in all of its various manifestations. Götuleikhús has explored, among other avenues, passion without touching culminating in these live installations at Kringlan. They have also taken up familial love by assembling a family with parents on stilts, Tokyo punk children, and gargoyles for pets. The group's next installment will appear this Friday downtown as a series of mobile, private spaces, an entire apartment recreated outdoors for all of Reykjavík to see.



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PICKS ARTS and CULTURE

Kjarvalsstaðir

HER, HER, HER AND HER

Photographer Roni Horn first came to Iceland 30 years ago and quickly became entranced. Her work encompasses many aspects of the country's geology, and even the indoor swimming pool Sundhöllin, which is featured in this show. She keeps a low profile here but her body of work holds Iceland as its focal point. Also at this location are new works by the Italian artist Francesco Clemente.



Hallgrímskirkja church, 11th July, 8pm SUMMER EVENING CONCERT

Christian Schmitt, a 28-year-old German organist, is one of the best of the younger generation. He will play music by the Icelandic composer Jón Ásgeirsson, as well as works by Guy Bovet, Liszt, and Bach's Prelude and Fugue in D. A good way to spend some time inside the Church many of us use as a compass. If you don't like organ music, you can close your eyes and pretend you're in a David Lynch movie.



Ásmundarsafn

THE MAN AND MATERIAL

A retrospective exhibit of the sculptor's work. The exhibit aims to create a memorable time for visitors of all ages, and children are encouraged to explore and play while learning about the artist and his history. Plus, with an admission ticket to the Roni Horn exhibit, your ticket is good for this show as well if you visit on the same day.



Fjölskyldu og húsdýragarðurinn

SKINNY LEGS AND ALL

Sure it's just a zoo. But if you're one of the few people in Reykjavík who didn't grow up near any sheep, or if you really want to impress a seven year old, head on down to Laugardal. Here you can talk to the seals or make fun of the reindeers' skinny legs. It's the only place where nervous animals like goats actually let you feed them (and talk to them, if you're so inclined). The science tent and family park are great aspects as well.



Próttheimar, 11th July, 14:00-18:00

LYKKJUFALL - HITT HÚSIÐ

A clothes line for the summer which the designer claims to be "challenging but still with a romantic feel." The line, created by two students at the Art School, will be sold at Próttheimar youth centre.



On the Internet

VISITREYKJAVIK.IS

Despite a few typos and the classic foreign-sounding English, this website is a good place to find all types of events in the city. It's a great reference guide for finding opening times, phone numbers and locations. More or less all galleries, theaters, opera, symphony events, etc. are listed here. If you've lost your "Grapevine in Your Pocket", this is where to go.



Shopping in Front of Suffering

by Marcie Hume

The art world could not dream up a louder, more ideal juxtaposition than this one. In the midst of the shopping haven of Kringlan are photographs of foreign faces peeking in, from places most of us will never see. And on the bottom floor, the faces are almost exclusively those of people whose entire lives have been summarized and displayed here in a stilled moment of suffering



It is, of course, to say the least, disconcerting; the sorrow and scars hit us brutally under the bright mall light. But the photos serve to remind us that not only is there suffering while we are shopping, but it is in more places than our minds can hold at once. There are images from the wars in Iraq and Libya which show burns and mutilations, and some from domestic circumstances that are confusing and horrific all the

same: one large print shows a 15-year-old girl in Afghanistan, a pink bow in her hair, who set herself on fire because she feared her husband's rage after she had damaged his television set. This section of the exhibit does not just focus on the third world. There are photographs of a girl in America who, after battling leukemia for three years, was preparing to die in her own home at the age of

twenty-three. There are photos from a Berlin hospice showing individuals' faces first alive and then unmistakably dead, the life so apparently fallen from them. Seeing these photos is like being unwillingly exposed, standing in front of the image of death, surrounded by shop windows which display soaps and skirts on sale.

"People are confronted," Sigríður tells me from her shop which faces some of the most graphic photos. "If you put these pictures in another place, in a museum, no one is confronted. People have just come here to go shopping, so they are surprised... the photos take your breath away. It's good to be confronted once in a while." The images are set against an orderly, spotless foreground where prams and strollers are being wheeled casually by, some more quickly than others. Outside a somewhat enclosed area, there is a warning that the images inside may be too strong for children. But the photos facing the outside are nearly as shocking and they are in plain sight. Small children walk by with their parents, and I see one small boy reach up to touch the image of a Chinese man's back that is all bones and redness due to AIDS, which he

acquired from donating blood. One could argue that children have already been desensitized to images like these from television and movies, but it's more likely that they just don't register exactly what they are seeing. As one viewer tells me, "They just don't get it. When you're that small, you think everyone's life is just like yours. When I was little, if it was raining in Akureyri, I thought it was raining everywhere else." Reality, however, is not a term that everyone agrees upon for this exhibit. "It's supposed to portray life as it is, but everyone in the photos is dying or in a war," a man walking by the display tells me. "These photographers were trying to seek out filth. Then people think there are only dismembered heads in Africa, that that's all life is there." Of course the essence of this type

of photography is proof, albeit selective, of what life can be like. When you're wandering through the mall, it is inconsequential whether these photos represent a tiny corner of reality or the whole of it. Places of deep suffering exist alongside our daily lives, and they are linked. The world these photos present is not different from ours and, in looking, we are more a part of it.

It seems that every parent is guarding their child to the degree they see fit, but there is no shock or outrage at the exhibition's prominent location. After all, you can't change reality, but you can choose to walk by it faster.

The World Press Photo exhibition is on display at Kringlan through 18 July.



ARTS and CULTURE LISTINGS : june 9 - july 22

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

ONGOING

ASÍ museum
Tue-Sun 14:00-18:00
Exhibition by the artist Hafstein Austmann, the name of the show is Colours of the water

National Gallery of Iceland
11:00-17:00 every day
This year's summer exhibition will address the theme Environment and nature in Icelandic 20th-century art.

Hafnarborg Art Gallery
Wed-Sun 11:00-17:00
Waiting: Sculptures donated to the museum by the artist Einar Már Guðvarðarson. Also Contemporary Japanese art: Japanese art made by 40 artists. The works include paintings, sculpture and installations.

Klink og bank artist workplace
Workplace for artist, open when something special is going on.

Culture House
11:00-17:00 every day
A summer exhibition entitled The Poetic Edda. The exhibition is intended to provide visitors with some insights into these ancient poems. Many of Iceland's national treasures are on display. Featured exhibitions Medieval Manuscripts - Eddas and Sagas. Exhibition Home Rule 1904.

Gerðarsafn, Kópavogur Art Gallery
Tue-Sun 11:00-17:00.
RECENT ACQUISITIONS: Works by Icelandic artists having exhibited at the museum in recent years.

Nordic House
Mon-Fri 8:00-17:00, Sat&Sun 12:00-17:00
7-A View from the North: Travelling exhibition - 7 artists from the Nordic Countries. ISK 300,-

Gallery Skuggi
Thu-Sun 13:00-17:00
Gallery Skuggi is a new exhibition gallery for contemporary art, located in central Reykjavík.

Kling og Bang Gallery
Exhibition by world famous american artists Paul McCarthy and Jason Rhoades

Árbæjarsafn, Folk Museum
Tue-Fri 10:00-17:00, Sat&Sun 10:00-18:00
Árbæjarsafn, Folk Museum is Reykjavík City's folk museum and the largest open air museum in Iceland. It is composed of around 30 buildings from different periods, most of which have been moved from downtown Reykjavík.

Austurvöllur out door exhibition
Icelanders: Photography Exhibition in Austurvöllur, A Meeting with the Icelanders over a period of two years, photographer Sigurgeir Sigurjónsson and author Unnur Jökulsdóttir travelled around Iceland.

101 Gallery
Exhibition by various artists.

Gallery i8
Thu&Fri 11:00-18:00
Exhibition by Jeanine Cohen

Handverk og Hönnun
Mon-Fri 09:00-16:00
Summer Exhibition of contemporary and traditional Icelandic art and crafts.

Pearl
The sculptor Teddi displays his artwork of wood and metal at the Pearl in July.

Kringlan mall
World Press Photo exhibition: Press photos from all over the world will be exhibited in Kringlan shopping mall. Ends July 18

Iðón - Theatre
Summer Season of Light nights July 5th - August 27th. Every Monday and Friday at 8.30 p.m. (duration 2 hours). Light Nights is presented in English.

Volcano show: Red rock cinema
If you don't want to wait for the next volcanic eruption, then just go watch a video of the last, it's less dangerous and much more reliable than nature. Admission 750ISK

Ásmundarsafn, Sculpture museum
10:00-16:00 every day
The Man and Material. A retrospective exhibition of works by Asmundur Sveinsson.

Reykjavík Zoo and Family Park
10:00-18:00 every day
Icelandic horse and sheep, along with local varieties other animals in the zoo. Right beside it is the Park, which has various activities for the whole family.

Kjarvalsstaðir Art Museum
10:00-17:00 every day
Roni Horn: Her, her, her and her: Photographs taken in the Reykjavík Swimming Hall. Francesco Clemente: New Works. Exhibition of new works by the famous Italian artist. Works from the Kjarval Collection.

Einar Jónsson Sculpture Museum
Tue-Sun 14:00-17:00
Works of Einar Jónsson, Iceland's first sculptor.

Hafnarhúsið, Reykjavík Art Museum
10:00-17:00 every day
I Didn't Do It. Private exhibition of Thorvaldur Thorsteinsson - the museum's summer exhibition. Also part of the Erró Collection on show.

Sigurjón Ólafsson Sculpture Museum
Tue-Sun 14:00-17:00
Sigurjón Ólafsson's Works in public Space: Poster exhibition and sculptures related to Ólafsson's monuments and public sculptures.

Reykjavík Museum of Photography
Mon-Fri 12:00-19:00, Sat&Sun 13:00-17:00.
A collection of Finnish contemporary photographs.

Icelandic Institute of Natural History
Tue, Thu, Sat, Sun 13:00-17:00
Geological, botanical and zoological exhibits, displaying the nature of Iceland.

Saga Museum
10:00-16:00 every day.
The Saga museum intimately recreates key moments in Icelandic history and gives a compelling view into how Icelanders have lived and thought for more than a millenium through the use of life size likenesses

Museum of Medical History
Sun, Tue, Thu, Sat 13:00-17:00
Artefacts, tools, instruments and pictures on the subject.

Reykjavík Electricity Museum
Tue-Sun 13:00-17:00
A historical survey of the uses of electricity in the city of Reykjavík, from the time of the first hydroelectric station at Elliðaár, in operation from 1921 onwards.

Reykjavík City Library
Mon-Fri 10:00-16:00
Books and periodicals in Icelandic as well as English, Scandinavian and other languages. Also has a childrens and a comic book section.

Gallery Fold
Mon-Fri 10:00-18:00 Sat 11:00-17:00 Sun 14:00-17:00
One of the largest Galleries in Iceland, works by many know artists.

Gallery Meistari Jakob
Mon-Fri 11:00-18:00, Sat 11:00-14:00
The gallery is run by eleven artists who work in ceramics, textiles, printmaking and paintings and you will always find one of them at the gallery.

Gallery Tukt
Mon-Thu 13:00-18:00, Fri 13:00 - 17:00
Various artists.

Safn
Wed-Fri 14:00-18:00. Sat&Sun 14:00-17:00
The works were the artists' most current works at the time of the museums purchase.

Gallery of the Icelandic printmakers association
Tue-Sun 14:00-18:00
Exhibition by Frank Hammerhöj, danish painter Ends July 18

FRIDAY

JULY 9
Klink og bank artist workplace
Iceland inside - outside, introduction (Russia)

SATURDAY

JULY 10
National Gallery of Iceland
Summer exhibition Environment and nature opens
Hallgrímskirkja Church
Lunch Time Concert - Christian Schmitt, organ
Reykjavík City Library
Womenwalk threw downtown Reykjavík, the walk starts at the city library.

SUNDAY

JULY 11
All around Iceland
Icelandic Museum Day. A great opportunity to gain free entry to the main museums, not only in Reykjavík, but throughout the country. One day only

Árbæjarsafn, Folk Museum
National Museum Day. History of Reykjavík. Guided tour at the museum. Service in museum church 2 pm. Display of old motorcycles. Guided history walk in downtown Reykjavík at 2 pm

Hallgrímskirkja Church
Evening Concerts Sundays - Christian Schmittp

TUESDAY

JULY 13
Sigurjón Ólafsson Sculpture Museum
Ragnheiður Arnadóttir, soprano and Peter Nilsson, piano. Works by H. Purcell, W.A. Mozart, D. Argento and the Swedish composers Stenhammar, and Peterson-Berger.

THURSDAY

JULY 15
Hallgrímskirkja Church
Lunch Time Concert - Sveinn Arnar Sæmundsson, organ

FRIDAY

JULY 16
Árbæjarsafn, Folk Museum
Children's puppet show at 2 pm.

SATURDAY

JULY 17
Hallgrímskirkja Church
Lunch Time Concert - Douglas A. Brotchie, organ
Klink og bank artist workplace
Opening of show in the Greenhall. Junglestation opens in the park of Klink and bank.

SUNDAY

JULY 18
Árbæjarsafn, Folk Museum
Acordian day: Folk music program
Hallgrímskirkja Church
Evening Concerts Sundays - By Douglas A. Brotchie playing on a organ
Salurinn Concert Hall in Kópavogur
An international children's choir festival bringing 400 children from all over the world together for a week of singing. Ends by singing together at these two concert at 18th of July.

TUESDAY

JULY 20
Sigurjón Ólafsson Sculpture Museum
Simon Jermy, guitar, Jól Pálsson and Ólafur Jónsson, tenor-saxophones, Þógrímur Jónsson acoustic bass and Erik Quivk drums. Contemporary jazz by Reid Anderson, Per 'Texas' Johansson and the musicians themselves.

WEDNESDAY

JULY 21
Ömmukaffi
20:30 Poetry night, open mic

THURSDAY

JULY 22
Hallgrímskirkja Church
Nicole Cariglia, cello and Eyþór Ingi Jónsson, organ

Klink og bank artist workplace
Klink and bank Musicseries (Rússland)

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MUSIC AND NIGHTLIFE



THE GRUMPIEST MAN IN DUBLIN

by Valur Gunnarsson

The longhaired man paced back and forth. He had been there when I arrived earlier during the day to pick up the tickets. When I came back six hours later to see the show, he was still there. I could contain myself no longer. Almost automatically the words came out, the same question I had posed to a thousand girls in a hundred bars. "Waiting for someone?" I found myself saying. "Yes," he answered. They all did. This was usually my cue to exit, but pressing my luck I asked: "Who?"

"The band," he answered.

who wanted. He stood on the second step of the stage ramp, but even so I was a head taller. Still I felt small in his presence.

Monica Lewinsky had been at a book signing in Helsinki. Her book was available in Finnish and Swedish, and since my Finnish barely suffices to order a kebab late on a Friday night that seems on its way to leaving me unfulfilled again, I opted for the Swedish version. A bodyguard took my copy of the book and handed it to her, gesturing me away. Perhaps this was a precaution to prevent bookbuyers making some sort of cigar-themed joke. She signed my Swedish language copy, and barely audibly I could hear her saying "Thank you," before another security guard handed it back to me.

Actually, my autograph collection did number more than two. It only had two international celebrities. But I did have quite a few local ones. After my first year of university I

had spent a summer working as a clerk in a Hagkaup supermarket in the posh part of town. To keep my sanity while never-ending legions of groceries and cleaning products marched down the conveyor belt, I took to asking celebs out shopping for their autographs on the back of their receipts. This way I could also study what dietary habits were most likely to lead to stardom. Pop stars, actors and TV presenters all obliged, all but the President, out doing his Sunday shopping, refused, saying I would have to contact his office if I wanted one. Damned if I'll vote for him again.

Lou Reed stepped out of the van. The longhaired man excitedly handed him a copy of The Velvet Underground and Nico. On it was a yellow post-it saying "To Sam," indicating to the Master what to sign. The Master duly obliged. The longhaired man was obviously used

to being in the presence of greatness to come so prepared. I was not fortunate enough to have my Lou Reed collection about my person, so I reached for my ticket and handed it to him. Lou, usually the grumpiest man in New York, at this point the grumpiest man in Dublin, and soon to be the grumpiest man in Reykjavík, looked at me like the pathetic creature that I was. Perhaps concluding that it would waste less time to be done with it, he scribbled something unintelligible on the ticket and vanished inside. And so ended the greatest moment of my life. The longhaired man strode happily off with his copy of The Velvet Underground and Nico, dedicated to someone named Pam, and I held fast to my ticket, hoping the signed bit was not the part they would tear off. I knew then that the longhaired man and I would never see each other again. But we would always have the music.

Two consecutive responses. This was farther than I had gotten with most people. I started feeling an affinity with the man, a sort of friendship even. I couldn't just let him stand there all by himself. I lit up a cigarette and started pacing back and forth alongside him. He pretended not to notice, but I knew that even if he didn't admit it, he enjoyed my company as much as I did his. I had just started on my second cigarette when the longhaired man addressed me again. "There they are," he said as minivan approached and darted on after it. Our friendship, it seemed, had come to an abrupt end. Inside the minivan sat a small group of men. Even though the sky was darkening, they were all wearing shades. There was no doubt that this was the band.

I started my autograph collection at age 14. Now, at age 26, it numbered two specimens; Willie Nelson and Monica Lewinsky. My first attempt at signature hunting had occurred outside the Rica hotel in Oslo, where I patiently waited the best part of an evening for Bob Dylan to emerge. Finally, he did, and I approached him, but a bodyguard waived me away. "Never on a Friday," he said as I stood there, pen and paper in hand, another Friday night unfulfilled.

Willie Nelson had been more accommodating. At the end of the gig he patiently stood around and signed autographs. Perhaps time passes differently in the plain he inhabits, or perhaps it's the weed, but he didn't seem to mind at all as time passed and he signed for everyone

On a mission to rock

by Hrafn Práinsson

A quick review of Jan Mayen

Even though the Icelandic rock scene is full of interesting new things, there is always something that stands out. A band swept through my mind that had stuck there since I saw them play live in Bar 11: Jan Mayen. The band contains four members: Valgeir, guitar and vocals; Ágúst, guitar; Sigursteinn, bass; and last but definitely not least, the drummer, Viðar. All good and hard-to-pronounce Icelandic names. Jan Mayen was formed originally in early June 2002 but with a few minor changes, they now play together rock solid as never before. Asked for how they describe their music, Ágúst answers that they must be "somewhere between pop and punk". In my opinion something of a blend of Pixies and Iron Maiden, which he also says they are influenced by, along with a Swedish band called Bob Hund and the better known Sonic Youth.

Their self-titled EP album, which has sold out, shows that they simply know how to rock. It was recognised as one of the 10 best Icelandic albums in 2003 by Morgunblaðið and they were also named the most promising band of '03. Even though the album is sold out now, you can download it for free (how sweet is that?) on their website www.jan-mayen.com which is in English and Icelandic. One of their songs, called Nonsense, has been played regularly on radio stations such as X-ið. For interested readers, they will be playing Icelandic Airwaves, a music festival held in Reykjavík in August and are almost done with recording an album which will be released sometime next fall. Until then, Ágúst says they will stay on a mission to rock and enjoy themselves and that's probably what they have been doing, most

recently in Roskilde Festival among the 90 thousand other music fiends stuck up to the waist in mud last weekend. This time it was as guests, but they'll probably be elevated from the mud and onto the stage before long.



PICKS MUSIC AND NIGHTLIFE

Hitt Húsið, Tuesday, 13th July, 18:30

VARIOUS BANDS

A gig to support the disabled held by a group called Götuhernaður (Street Fight). Bands playing are Dáðadrengr (Iceland's premier Hip hop band), Lokbrá (rock), Dys (hardcore), Innvortis (punk), I Adapt (hardcore) and Andrúm (floyd). No Admission.

NASA, Saturday 10th July, 23:00

GUSGUS

GusGus are an Electronic band. They've been around forever it seems and are Iceland's premier dance music composers and remix makers. They've remixed artists such as Björk, Purkur Pilnikk, Depeche Mode and Sigurros. Members are; Earth, President Bongo, Buckmaster De La Cruz and Biggi Veira. Dance nasty! Admisson 1.500ISK

Jómfrúin, Saturday, 10th July, 16:00

JAZZBAND BAKLANDIÐ

Brothers Óskar and Ómar will be playing sax and guitar. Backing them up are Jóhann Ásmundsson on double bass and the islands greatest drummer (or any islands greatest drummer); Sigtryggur Baldursson former member of bands Peyr, K.U.K.L and Sugar-cubes and current member of drummer duet/band Steintryggur. No Admission.

Listasafn Sigurjóns, Tuesday, 20th July, 20:30

JAZZBAND B-SHARP

This five piece band is going to play contemporary jazz both by the band and then some standards by other young jazz musicians. The bandmembers are: Jól Pálsson on tenorsax, Ólafur Jónsson also playing tenorsax, Erik Qvick on drums, Þorgrímur Jónsson on Double bass and Simon Jormyn on guitar. Same band will also be playing at Deiglan up in Akureyri on the 22nd of July. No Admission

Café Reykjavík, Thursdays & Sundays

CUCKOOS CABERET

Upstairs at Cafe Reykjavik, you will find a city's a caberet. Songs, sketches and stunts. Abba, The Beatles and Vikings with cellphones are all part of this 3 hour dinner show. 7.30pm - Thursdays and Sundays

Pravda Barinn, Thursday, 15th July

VÍNÝLL

One of towns finer rock bands Vinyl. Frontman Kiddi sings, his twin brother drums, while Snake plays guitar and Addi plays a Rick. Vinyl is off to New York later this month to play in Central Park with another local band, Maus.

UPCOMING EVENTS

Weekends: Upstairs:
Troubadour

Weekends: Downstairs:
Live band playing covers

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Outclassing Metallica

by Bart Cameron

On Sunday, July 4th, Metallica played the biggest rock show in the history of Iceland. Six percent of the country's population attended the show. Minus shared the bill. If the Icelandic media was paying attention to American rockers, the international press was starting to notice Minus. An hour before going on stage in front of 18,000 of his fellow countrymen, Krummi, lead singer of Minus, spoke with me for half an hour about anything I wanted to discuss.

Krummi: Sorry I couldn't get you into the show. I couldn't even get my girlfriend in.

Grapevine: That sucks. If you'd known that, would you have signed on for the show?

Krummi: Well, she was my ex-girlfriend. It doesn't really matter. Of course I would have signed on. Actually, I'm really flattered we were able to play this. It's just sinking in.

GV: (Derisively) Are you a Metallica fan?

Krummi: I really liked them when I was young, dumb and full of cum.

GV: Is it just me, or has the Icelandic press not covered the fact that you're playing here much? It seems like a big story.

Krummi: They haven't. But the foreign press has. I've been doing tons of interviews. Kerrang! magazine is doing a cover story about us right now. And Chris Lopez, this great photographer, has

been shooting us today.

GV: So you're on a roll?

Krummi: We've been on a roll for the last two years. Playing and playing. People sooner or later catch on. We've been working like dogs.

(At this point in the interview, Krummi's voice is cracking and he is shivering. We are standing outside, as I couldn't get inside Egilshöll. He has about forty-five minutes until the biggest show of his life. I ask him if he wants to go in and he laughs. I can interview him as long as I need to.)

GV: You're playing the biggest show of your life, aren't you nervous?

Krummi: I will probably get nervous when I see the people come in.

GV: Uh, Krummi. I don't quite understand this. You've been sober and making sense. I was told you were an incoherent rock star.

Krummi: (Nodding and very sober.)

I've always been very excessive. We



all are. It improves the dynamics of the band.

GV: One more time, why did you name your last album Halldór Laxness?

Krummi: Laxness was a high society writer and we wanted to take him to our level, take him to street level...

and it seemed like a weird title for a rock album.

GV: That's interesting. Isn't that too interesting for a rock interview? Are you telling me you read regularly?

Krummi: Yeah, we're always reading. Everybody but (he catches himself before naming the one Minus

member who doesn't read as much). I'm reading a good Iggy Pop bio right now. But, of course, I love Burroughs and Jack Kerouac. Yeah, we're all intellectuals. We like to be able to back up our opinions. Stand up for ourselves when we have to. It's good to be, you know, literate. (Interviewer can't stop staring at tattoo that reads "Mamma" on Krummi's neck as Krummi discusses literature.)

GV: What are you listening to, right now?

Krummi: I listen to 70s and 80s metal, and country and blues, you know, boogie woogie.

GV: Country?

Krummi: Gram Parsons, Merle Haggard, George Jones. I have a side project, Moody Company. We do country.

GV: Thanks. You should go. Biggest concert in Iceland's history and all. Good luck.

Krummi: Yeah, I need it.

GV: Do you need it? I really didn't get that impression.

Krummi: No. But I don't want to sound overconfident.

I walk away shaking my head.

Metallica are going to play for 6% of Iceland. Their opening band will have them completely outclassed.

MUSIC and NIGHTLIFE LISTINGS : july 9 - july 22

Music and nightlife events usually start around 21:00, unless otherwise stated. Pubs close at 01:00 on weekdays and much, much later on weekends. For those just wanting to party, the pubs and clubs don't get crowded until after midnight on weekends, although Thursday is a semi-official night out.

FRIDAY JULY 9

Nasa: 23:00 concert with Eyjólfur Kristjánsson 01:00 DJ Isi

Dubliners: Band Friends of Adolf play
Grand Rokk: BBQ Night; Bands Maus and Hudson Wayne, see "Grapevine in your pocket" for further details.

Felix: DJ Andri
Hverfisbar: DJ Benni
Café Victor: DJ DeeJay disc jokes

De Palace: DJ Devious
Amsterdam: DJ Fúsi
Pravda Barinn: DJ Gísli Galdur and band Jag-úar's front man Sammi work their magic

Sirkus: DJ Honky Tonk
Café Culture: DJ Luis
Café 22: DJ Maggi from band Úpa

Kaffi List: DJ Müssikant
Kaffibarinn: DJ Natalie
Jón Forseti: DJ Party & Dance

Café Sólón: DJ Svalli
Prikió: DJ's Gullfoss & Geysir

Celtic Cross: Downstairs: Band Spilafiklarnir
Upstairs: Troubadour plays songs by request

Ari í Ögri: Duet Halli & Kalli
Mojito Club: Launch music

Bar 11: Ronald Reagan Memorial Soundsystem
Nelly's: Troubadours and DJ's keep up the good work

SATURDAY JULY 10

Jómfrúin: 16:00 Jazzband Baklandið, see picks for details.

Dubliners: Band Friends of Adolf play
Grand Rokk: Band Vax

Amsterdam: Coverband Oxford
Hverfisbar: DJ Andri

Prikió: DJ Davíð
Café Victor: DJ DeeJay disc jokes

Felix: DJ Doktorinn
De Palace: DJ Extreme

Pravda Barinn: DJ Gyða
Kaffibarinn: DJ Kári

Sirkus: DJ KGB
Café Culture: DJ Luis

Café 22: DJ Matti from Radiostation X
Kaffi List: DJ Müssikant

Jón Forseti: DJ Party & Dance
Café Sólón: DJ Svalli

Celtic Cross: Downstairs: Band Spilafiklarnir
Upstairs: Troubadour plays songs by request

Ari í Ögri: Duet Halli & Kalli
Nasa: Electro Band GUSGUS, see picks for details

Gaukur á Stöng: Icelandic pop band Írafar plays covers, and perhaps a song or two by themselves.

Mojito Club: Launch music
Bar 11: Rolling Stones Tribute Night

Nelly's: Talent competition; mix of talented people and people who think they have talents compete.

SUNDAY JULY 11

Bar 11: 21:00 Movie Night : Dark City / Omen
Kaffi Reykjavík: Cabaret and Lunch night (see

picks for details)

Dubliners: Troubadour Andy
Nelly's: Troubadour night, men with guitars try their best as human jukeboxes

MONDAY JULY 12

Dubliners: Troubadour Andy
Nelly's: Troubadour night, men with guitars try their best as human jukeboxes

TUESDAY JULY 13

Bar 11: DICE NIGHT : Test your luck at bar 11 if you get the 1 on your dice your next drink is FREE

Prikió: DJ Atli
Pravda Barinn: For those tired of computer games, why not play Yahtzee, chess, Trivial Pursuit or Backgammon?

Nelly's: Troubadour night, men with guitars try their best as human jukeboxes

Dubliners: Troubadour Thor Fitzgerald

WEDNESDAY JULY 14

Bar 11: Band Victory or Death plays hard stuff
Kaffibarinn: DJ Natalie

Café Culture: Tango Night
Prikió: Troubadour Einar Örn (not the Icecube from Sugarland)

Dubliners: Troubadour Gunga Din
Nelly's: Troubadour night, men with guitars try their best as human jukeboxes

Sirkus: Ýr & Sævar

THURSDAY JULY 15

Café Victor: 1664 Night
Hverfisbar: Acoustic duet Bítlarnir

Kaffi List: Band Tenderfoot
Pravda Barinn: Band Vinyl play, see picks for details.

Kaffi Reykjavík: Cabaret and Lunch night (see picks for details)

Prikió: DJ Gísli Galdur

Kaffibarinn: DJ Raggi

Bar 11: Foosball anyone can play! once a month a brewery sponsored foosball competition, great rewards, be there before 21.00 to be listed

Café Sólón: Green Room Session; DJ's Andrés and Tommy White

Jón Forseti: Karaoke night
De Palace: THE GIG: Bands; Touch and Nilfisk

Sirkus: Tom Selleck moustache competition, an annual thing, best moustache wins!

Dubliners: Troubadour Gunga Din
Nelly's: Troubadour night, men with guitars try their best as human jukeboxes

FRIDAY JULY 16

Prikió: 20:00 Band Búðarbandið plays fun stuff 23:00 DJ Surprise

Gaukur á Stöng: Band Ísídór plays tracks of their new LP

Felix: DJ Andri
Café Victor: DJ DeeJay disc jokes

De Palace: DJ Devious
Nasa: DJ Disco

Pravda Barinn: DJ Jörundur
Hverfisbar: DJ Kiddi Bigfoot

Bar 11: DJ Lupen
Sirkus: DJ Natalie

Jón Forseti: DJ Party & Dance
Café Sólón: DJ Þróstur 3000

Celtic Cross: Downstairs: Band 3Some
Upstairs: Troubadour plays songs by request

Amsterdam: Drunk 'n' Funny band Buff plays covers mixed with their own songs, who put glass it the...you know what?

Ari í Ögri: Duet Acoustics
Dubliners: I B Band plays

Café Culture: Jamaican Night
Mojito Club: Launch music

Grand Rokk: The Keflavik Invasion: bands playing: Heiða og Heiðingjarnir, Tokyo Megaplex and Æla.

Kaffi List: DJ's Maggi & Bjarni from band Úpa

SATURDAY JULY 17

Jómfrúin: 16:00 Andrea Gyfa sings with her band, it's free and it's enjoyable.

Gaukur á Stöng: Band Á móti Sól play. For those who care, their last gig was at the Cavern Club in Liverpool.

Hverfisbar: DJ Andri
Café Culture: DJ Bobby K

Café Victor: DJ DeeJay disc jokes
De Palace: DJ Exos

Kaffibarinn: DJ Gísli Galdur
Prikió: DJ Jói

Sirkus: DJ Kári
Felix: DJ Kiddi Bigfoot

Jón Forseti: DJ Party & Dance
Café Sólón: DJ Þróstur 3000

Bar 11: DJ's Palli & Biggi from band Maus
Celtic Cross: Downstairs: Band 3Some

Upstairs: Troubadour plays songs by request
Amsterdam: Drunk 'n' Funny band Buff plays covers mixed with their own songs, who put glass it the...you know what?

Ari í Ögri: Duet Acoustics
Pravda Barinn: E&E Crew

Dubliners: I B Band plays
Nasa: Iceland's most popular and probably longest lasting band in business, Stuðmenn play tonight

Mojito Club: Launch music

SUNDAY JULY 18

Bar 11: 21:00 Movie Night; DAVID LYNCH - Eraserhead/Blue Velvet

Kaffi Reykjavík: Cabaret and Lunch night (see picks for details)

Dubliners: Troubadour Ingvar Valgeirs
Nelly's: Troubadour night, men with guitars try their best as human jukeboxes

MONDAY JULY 19

Dubliners: Troubadour Ingvar Valgeirs
Nelly's: Troubadour night, men with guitars try their best as human jukeboxes



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BEERMAN IN: "COMFORTS DON'T COME CHEAP."

by Beerman

We've all been there. You spend the night talking to a hot waitress you've been after for months. It's her night off and you're hoping it's your night on. Pre-blackout, everything seems to be going fine. And then you wake up. Next to someone who, as far as you can determine, is most definitely not your waitress. How this happened you can only wonder. Did the waitress ditch you and then you simply went for the next person in the room? Or did you, in a moment of sheer insanity, or perhaps realising that the waitress was way outta your league, settle for what seemed more likely to lead somewhere?

Not knowing whether you scored the previous night, you move towards her. She's not nearly as pretty as your waitress, but she's there and the waitress is not. Whatever happened last night, your current bedfellow has now lost all interest in you. This, of course, turns you on. Somewhat stupidly, you reach for your mobile phone and ask for her number. She gives you seven figures, most probably at random, as you hurriedly press "Add entry." The phone demands a name. At that point you realise you have no idea what her name is, so you fail to record what may or may not be her number. Not knowing what to do, and hoping for relief from your predicament, you decide to head for the bathroom. You stand up in front of her, naked. She gives you an expression which tells you that what may have seemed to her like a good idea at the time no longer is. When

you reemerge from the toilet, she's gone. Whether you managed to score a goal in the endless tournament that is the Reykjavík bar scene, you'll never know.

And on it goes. You wait for night to come and head out again. I had heard rumours of free beer at an election rally, and suddenly found myself developing an interest in politics. The candidate in question was for world peace, so I didn't have a moral crisis drinking his beer. Apart from me, there was barely anyone in the room but the candidate and his gorgeous Russian bride. A couple of guys came in and walked up to me. At least someone cared. "Is it true about the free beer?" they asked. I pointed them in the direction of the empty bar. If you can't even get the people to drink for peace, then what hope is there? The election over, the peace candidate cut off the free booze and went home to the comforting arms

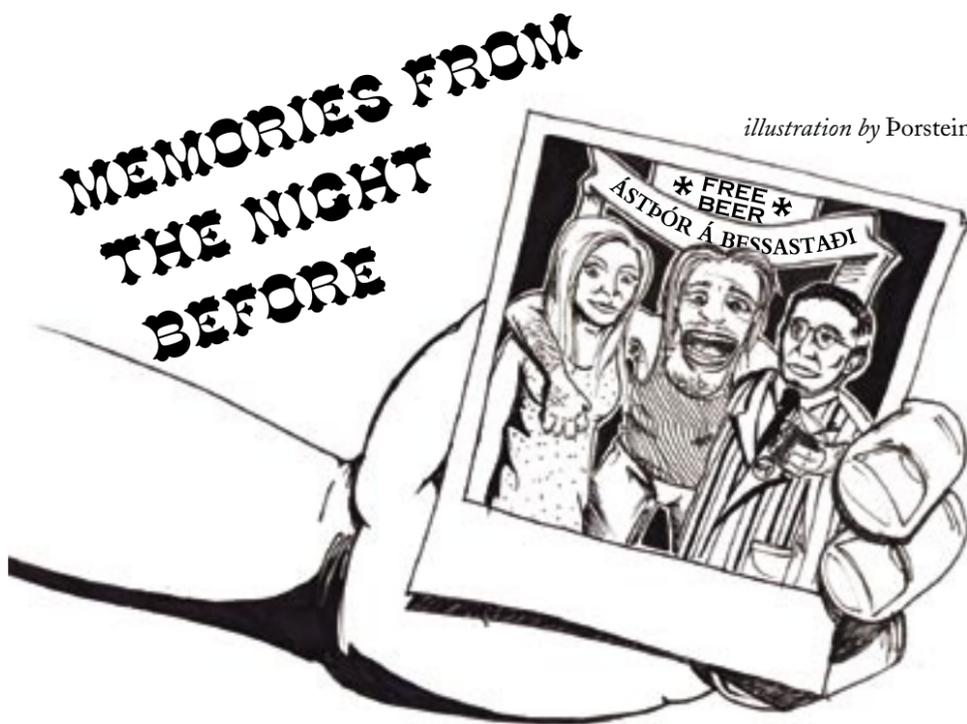


illustration by Þorsteinn Davíðsson

of his loving wife, if nothing else.

The bar went back to charging world record prices for the beer, and the bar suddenly became filled with people. Obviously, you wouldn't want to be seen in a place where everything was free.

A band came on. At the lack of anything better to do I stood in front of the stage and stared at the two people constituting the band, a slightly overweight lead singer charging through yet another rendition of Mustang Sally while the keyboardist

tried to keep pace. A girl put her hand on my shoulder, as if trying to see past me. I turned around. For a minute I thought I was in love. Then I realised it was just her estrogen levels. She was at that point in her monthly cycle where she took to touching strange men for no apparent reason, when even the slightest touch seemed sensual. There was something she emitted into the air. I was not the only one picking up on this. She looked at me, emitted more of whatever it was she was emitting,

and swayed her body more in tune than the music was. Before more than a moment could pass, and I'm not one to count my moments, she was surrounded by men bumping into one another, trying to keep rhythm around her, and they all had a certain look in their eye. She smiled, but not to me anymore. I sat down and ordered a beer. Comforts don't come cheap in this town, but they do have them.

Coffee, Java, Hipsters & Me

by Marc Mettler

Multiplicity is a common trait in Reykjavík. Every week I go to places filled with author/painters, Icelandic/Americans or singer/songwriters in indie/punk bands. Even the Grapevine has a musician/editor.

I meander down to café/bars where I try to fit in among the hipster/musicians born from Iceland's punk/new-wave/alternative music boom of the 1980s. I sit among them in my favourite window seat upstairs in Prikið to people-watch. In Kaffi-barinn, I stare at my iBook and join the pretentious crowd of Macintosh worshipers. I meet friends at Kaffi-brennslan where we ponder the latest album by Erlend Øye. Together we sip a standard-yet-satisfying cup of coffee to an artsy soundtrack.

It's the same thing week-in, week-out and I'm starting to get bored. I realise that when it comes to cafés, sometimes less is more.

And that's exactly what I find as I sit with my richly brewed cup of joe in Grái Kötturinn (The Gray Cat), a special "artist-run café" tucked-in across from the National Theatre on

Hverfisgata.

"We get six people here and it's rush hour," says the guy working the counter. I notice that the place is really that small, but it's filled to the brim with an unpretentious blend of books, from Danielle Steel to George Bernard Shaw.

I am introduced to Hulda Hákon, who runs the place with her husband, Jón Óskar. The walls are covered with art and photography by the couple. Hákon plugs her latest art show at a nearby gallery and explains to me how they were able to pay for the opening of the café with their artwork.

A regular stops in to order pancakes and read the paper. He chats with the workers like old friends. I feel welcome to join in or enjoy my coffee alone. When the conversation

hulls, I notice the absence of progressive-rock tunes in my ears and feel at ease.

The two oldest cafés in town, Kaffi Mokka and Tíu Droppar, also dare to brave the coffee world in the sound of silence. Mokka offers groovy 1950s décor with deep, brown tones and some tasty java to boot. And sitting inside Tíu Droppar, owner Hérdis Kírsten Hupfeldt welcomes me warmly in Icelandic, despite my fast-talking English.

When I start to feel weighted down by all the rich, black coffee served around town, I step into the competitive Kaffi Tár on Bankastræti to peak my caffeine high with a final zinger.

With a wall of trophies from both national and world barista competitions, Kaffi Tár takes pride in the unique iced-coffee drinks created by



H.S.

its smiley staff. I order the recommended "The Naked Lime," which combines espresso, milk, caramel syrup and lime with tongue-twisting talent. I had forgotten that coffee could be light and refreshing.

The downtown location (one of four Kaffi Tár's in Iceland) has a more drink-and-run style, with young and old customers entering and exiting in swift rotation. Manager Sonja Grant explains that the hot-colour scheme of the café was chosen to resemble the tropical

locations where coffee is grown.

Energized and a bit shaky from all the caffeine, I recognise the key behind many of these cafés: they don't serve alcohol or try to double as a bar. And many of them have only daytime hours. The focus, then, stays on what matters: the coffee. And good service, of course.

I ask Grant about her experience before the coffee business. "I was a carpenter," she replies. I guess multiplicity is impossible to avoid.

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PLEASE DON'T INTERRUPT SIGUR RÓS

by Bart Cameron

Here's the important thing: Sigur Rós is recording a brilliant new album at their studio in Mosfellsbær. The band, which recently celebrated their tenth birthday, is working together at a level that will astonish fans and anybody interested in contemporary music. Sigur Rós are critics' darlings and they have a fanatic fan base - next year, they will prove they deserved all the attention and they will get much, much bigger.

As the photographer drove me out of Reykjavík, complaining about Mosfellsbær as a suburb that takes too long on the bus, I could help noticing that, boring as the town may be, most people in the world would be impressed with its beauty - set under mountains and against a bay. Sundlaug, Sigur Rós' studio, is a striking building: an old concrete swimming pool, yes, but an old concrete swimming pool with a river running underneath it, a duck pond on one side, and a terraced hill that has been used as a natural amphitheatre on another.

Everybody can play anything

When we finally opened the door to the studio, after standing outside and just listening for a full song, the band was slightly thrown off. Yes, we were expected. Jónsi, singer and multi-instrumentalist (everybody in the band can play anything), gave us an embarrassed tour of the studio. The band went to put on their shoes and head out to a bakery. In an ideal world, we would have interviewed at the bakery. There were no seats, and nobody was really interested in clearing out. Nobody was interested in the critically acclaimed band at all. The only thing that drew attention was me ordering in English.

So we returned to the studio and ducked into a modest nook. I sat on a stool, took out my notebook and everything got boring.

Then, when they were done with the interview, everyone in the band started smiling and stretching. Their work was done. I stayed on and got out of the way, and the band ran down to the bottom of the old pool and started playing vibraphone and organ.

There were almost no effects. And Jónsi sang without a mic. His voice was still haunting. It still carried perfectly. Jónsi played the groundwork, or the centering chords, on organ, and on top of that the other band members weaved melodic hooks. The closest comparison might be some of the instrumentation in Belle and Sebastian's new album

- it was crystal clear, complex, and hypermelodic. As the song continued, the band, laughing and smiling, ran to different instruments. By the end of song one, there was a solid drum beat and driving bassline, and the song genuinely felt complete.

Powerhouse English tea time dream rock

During the second song, I made the depressing realization that everybody in Sigur Rós can play the vibraphone well. Again, everybody was running around from instrument to instrument, building this time to a denouement in which a toy piano kicked out its slight notes over music that I can only describe as powerhouse English tea time dream rock.

The band was happy. I was happy. The photographer was happy. I said, "That was great. Really great."

Watching them perform their new songs was a highpoint in my life as a music fan, seriously, and the band is made up of very nice people, but interviewing them sucked. Trust me. Fifteen seconds into the interview, Jónsi and Ragnar walked out of the room. Fifteen minutes later, Orri and Goggi and I decided to just give up.

"It's changed"

And that's part of the point of Sigur Rós, by the way. For a band that produced an untitled album with Hopelandic lyrics and ten-minute songs, a pat interview might be unsettling. Here's an excerpt of what I got out of the interview:

Bart: Can you describe the music on the new album?

Goggi: It's changed.

Bart: And how has it changed?

Goggi: Our music evolves naturally.

Bart: Well, were you influenced by any music for this album? Any CDs make a big impression?

Goggi: Hip hop.

Bart: Really?

Goggi: No... Nothing we know is influencing our music.



Orri, who up to this point has been extremely quiet: We're never on the same page.

Okay, it goes on like that. Which is not to say they were mean-spirited. They were just quiet.

"Unbelievably quiet"

Björn Erlingur Flóki Björnsson runs Sigur Rós' official website, www.sigur-ros.co.uk. He laughed uncontrollably when I told him I'd had a bad interview.

"Everybody does. Who'd you get?" I told him Goggi and Orri, the bassist and drummer.

"That's the worst pair. They're so unbelievably quiet."

So what the hell, I said. These are nice guys, they make great music, why intentionally give me a bad interview?

It was nothing personal: "I got a bad interview, too. I got those two... Sigur Rós will do anything to avoid business. To them interviews are business."

"Everybody knows they're not big on interviews," he went on to say. "The worst thing is the way foreign magazines go on and on about how quiet the guys are. They overhype the reserved qualities. They love making Icelandic things more unique than they are. 'Oh they're so Icelandic!'"

No, their lack of interest in interviews is not typically Icelandic. Look, Sigur Rós just isn't a band you interview. Let's leave it at that. If you want a good interview with Sigur Rós, well, ask yourself why.

Sigur Ros' new album should be completed early next year. When it comes out, hopefully people will relax and enjoy it instead of interrupting with questions... or even compliments.



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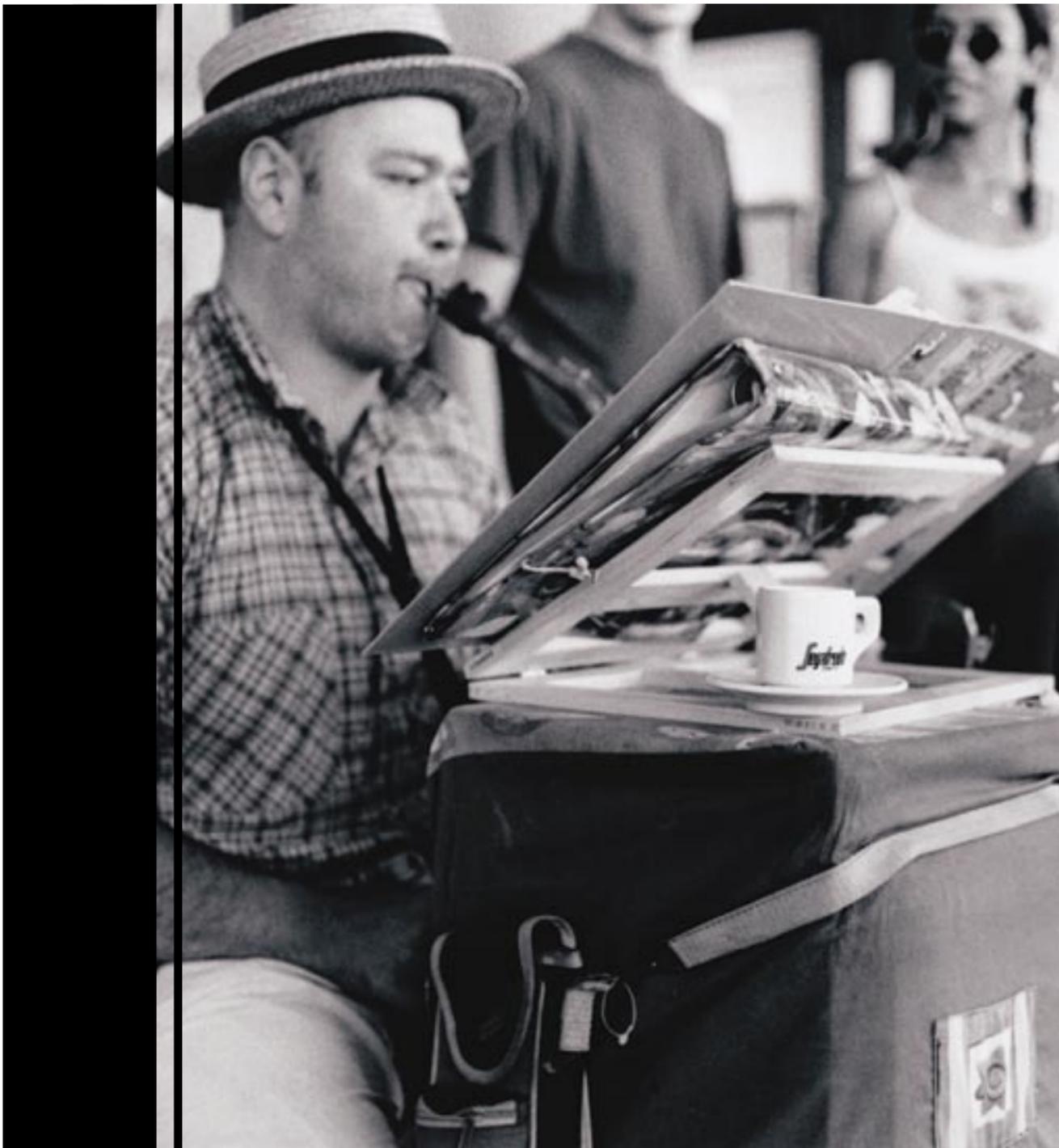
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ON THE RIVERBANK WITH BUBBI

by Robert Jackson

It's the car you notice first. So many millions of kronur's worth of tinted windowed, metallic grey, whispering-wheeled Range Rover. Then out jumps the driver, dressed from top to toe in an equally impressive several hundred thousand kronur's worth of Simm's, metallic grey waders and wrap-around shades. We are on the banks of one of the country's most exclusive salmon rivers with Bubbi Morthens.

The drugs and drink behind him and an early morning regime of workouts in the boxing gym have produced a man who exudes health and energy; a man in his prime. And, as Bubbi celebrates his 25th anniversary as a professional musician, he has never been happier, nor busier. A new album (his sixteenth), the publication of a children's book, the second series of *Idol*, a documentary and a regrouping of *Egó* are all to be packed into the next six months. But now is the summer and summer, for Bubbi, means Iceland and fishing.

"As a kid I spent the days fishing out on Meðalfellsvatn, rowing and hooking trout out of the lake the whole summer long. It was a total freedom. I set off each day on adventures, the lake, the river or the mountains - I'd take my pick. When you are a kid you can step into whatever world you want to step into. I would only come back when I was hungry. It was glorious, it was my life and my joy to be there."

Nicotine gum and fishing instead of drugs

Bubbi's itching to get down the river, but he also seems happy to talk a while longer. He pops a piece of nicotine gum into his mouth; since giving up smoking a few weeks ago he chews it with the determination of a major league baseball player.

"When I got off the drugs I knew that I had to do something that was normal. I started to think, what was the thing that I loved the most, what was it that meant the most to me? Well, it was fishing. So I said to myself, 'I'm back into the fishing.'"

He has studio time booked to finish the new album. For some, fishing is a complete break for work but for Bubbi it can be part of the creative process.

"I get a lot of ideas when I'm on these trips. I find that words or melodies, they come easily out here. I don't have to work for them, and if they come when I'm fishing, they're fresh and they go to 'the bank' and they stay there. It's nice really nice. When I'm fishing I'm in



a good state of mind, I'm in balance with nature." He laughs. "I'm unplugged!"

Communist, traitor and anarchist

We head off down to the river. The northerly wind brings with it a chill and the prospect of bad weather. "I hate rain. Fisherman will always tell you that rain and cloud are good for the fishing but I don't like it. This is not the way I want to see nature. I like sunshine, hot weather. That's my kind of weather.

You know, we finally we have a generation who are growing up to believe that their country is their mother, it's a living creature. It's not just a piece of rock. But we have a government who really aren't that committed to it. They look at our country and say, 'What can we squeeze out of it, what can we get out of it?' So they build dams, aluminium smelters and they ruin the country and they will tell you that they are doing it for the people."

"I protested against Kárahnjúkar, but the problem is that too many people here are too scared to make a stand. Too scared to say what they truly believe in case down the line they can't get a job or a career. I spoke out and will continue to speak out against Davíð and Halldór selling the East to Alcoa, I tell people that it is only Alcoa who will make any money out of it. I get called a communist, a traitor, an anarchist in return (sounds like a good mix -ed). More people should be prepared to speak out."

Fighting to keep it

Bubbi has always been outspoken and it is hard to find a topic that he is reticent about, but his manner is always lighthearted and the rants, which come in waves, are

interspersed with laughter and humour.

"It almost like this government doesn't see tourism as real project. They see it as a cheap buck, easy money... they don't want to plan for the future. We have guys who used to fish showing tourists the whales, they start to make whale watching good business. But the government says: 'Well we'll just keep killing a few during the tourist season.' What sort of message does that send? It's just like in my grandfather's times. 'I'm my own boss, I don't care what you say.' All that old shit. It's like listening to Einar Benediktsson... It's so short sighted. They don't see into the future, they don't see reality. The future has to be tourism. People come in their thousands to see our country; they don't come to see aluminium factories."

We are down by the river now and the air is thick with the calls of the whimbrels, terns, snipe, plovers, all who have come to lay their eggs before heading south for the winter.

"Listen to that. Isn't it amazing? We need to get more Icelanders out into the country in the summer. This whole valley's alive with birds. It's the same all over the country. To be here, to witness it is part of a much bigger thing. If more could people could experience this they would fight harder to keep it."

Egó strikes again

The sun has decided to break loose from behind the clouds and Bubbi now stretches out on the bank to grab some rays, the young man who sat and stretched his legs, smoking a joint while being interviewed in *Rokk í Reykjavík* seems a long way away. This summer sees him pulling his band of those days, *Egó*, together again.

"This will be the fifth version of *Egó*. Me and Magnus Stefánson, we decided to form the band with new members. We are not just getting together for three gigs; we are planning to write and move *Egó* forward. We will do an album. We've been working really hard, firstly getting the old material together. When I'm there singing some of these old lyrics, I think, 'Wow, Man!' This is an arrogant attitude, this is something. Then there are songs that are so brilliant - I am speechless." He grins as he says it.

"I've always liked working with a band. You are less exposed than when it's just you on stage with your voice and your guitar. It's ten times more difficult; you have to keep everything in the palm of your hand. If you do anything wrong it screams out from the stage. You are so vulnerable up there alone. In a band you are part of it. It's more like

a family relationship.

The only way. Man.

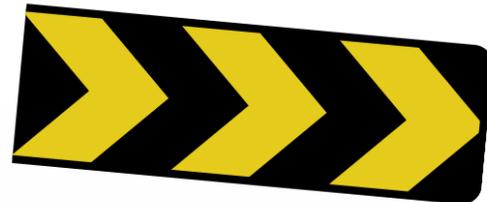
"We are going over for the first gig in the Westman Islands for the holiday festival. We've put together a great set, I can feel it all ready. It's going to be great. They'll hear the new *Egó* play the old songs in a fresh way. We'll play some *Utangarðsmenn* songs, a few from my solo career and we'll put some others in there like 'Guns of Brixton' and maybe some other Clash numbers. But mainly it will be *Egó*. We'll fly in, play 1 1/2 hours and go and then fly out." Times have changed.

He leaps up and strides over to unclip his rod from the roof of the car. "Man, what am I doing? There's fish in this river and I'm sitting here talking..."

Another stick of gum and Bubbi wades into the neck of the pool to catch his first fish from this river this season. If he does he will release it. This too, is a thing that has changed.

"Make sure you tell them that Icelanders should stop killing every salmon they catch. We'll have none left for our children and our rivers will be dead. Catch and Release, Catch and Release - it's the only way, man."

And so I have.



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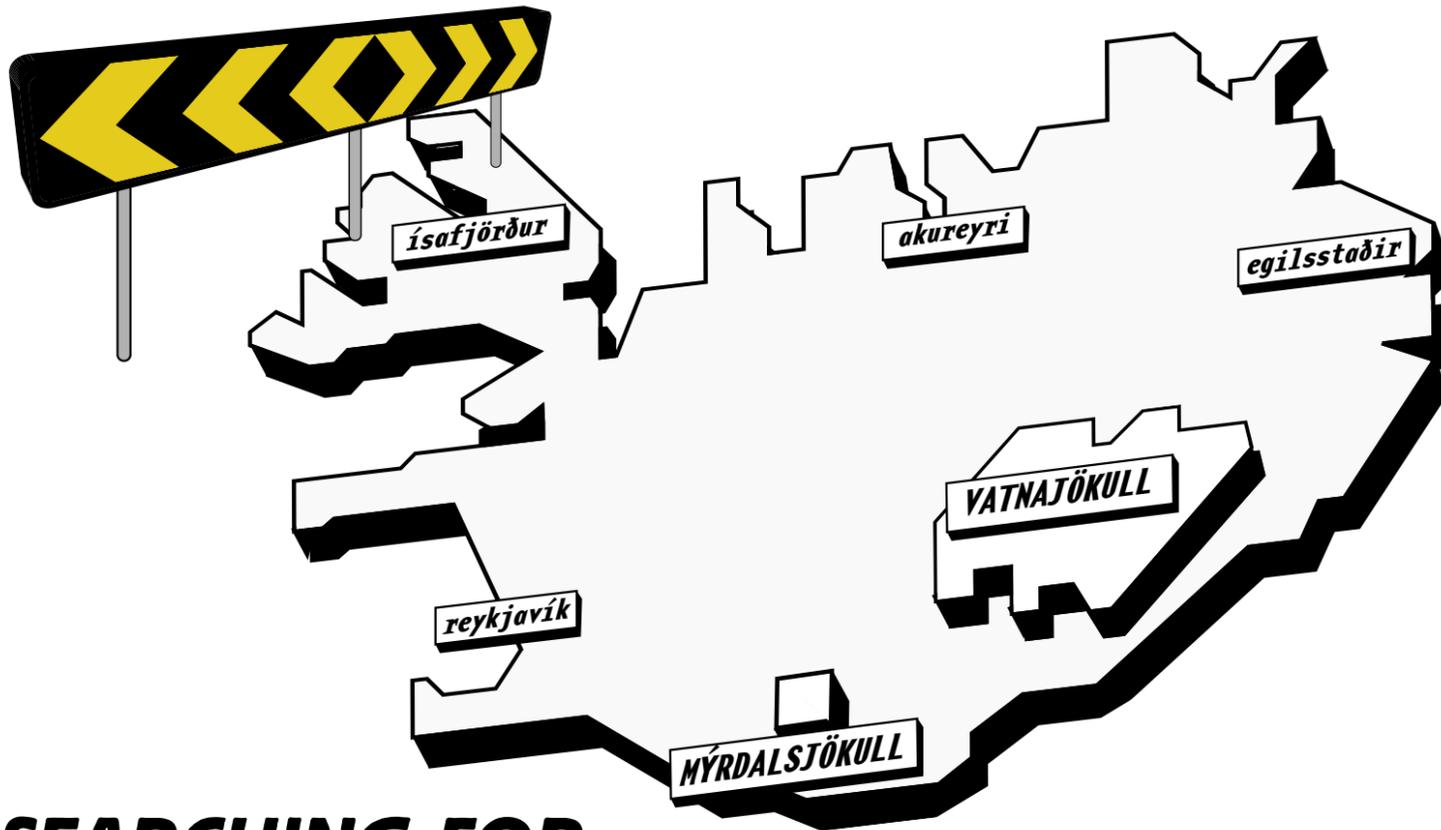
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SEARCHING FOR SHANNON ELIZABETH

by Bart Cameron

You need more Americans here.

It is a sunny but windy and cold day, and Höddi the photographer and I are walking down the center of a fairway in Hafnarfjörður. We've been searching for Shannon Elizabeth - best known for appearing nude in American pie - for an hour. All we've found is a bunch of fat and lethargic American men in their mid-thirties.

Seeing Höddi's camera, some stop us to deliver quotes: "I came to enjoy the culture and the game itself" says John Poppy, a Heineken beer distributor from Phoenix. Never mind that all I asked him was where I can find Shannon Elizabeth. Never mind that he is speaking so slowly and loudly that he must suspect me of being Icelandic, hard of hearing, and possessing sizable learning disorders. His buddies all say "Bullshit, you came for the women." "Yeah you came for the chicks." But he looks at me with a mock sincerity as though his quote was somehow a deep answer. Poppy's fat friend Bubba from New Orleans takes me aside and says "This island's great. You need to get more Americans here."

Höddi and I grab some Heinekens and donuts from a golf cart driven by two teenage Icelandic girls whose job it is to provide refreshment to the American men, but who are doing their best to avoid them.

Who's Tanya Roberts?

We give up talking to the American men and only now talk to the Icelanders working the course. The

problem: they don't know who the celebrities are. Adam, a fourteen-year-old who has been assigned the task of standing on an especially windswept rock and waving flags when the balls go out of bounds, eventually fills us in. The old one, he says, is on hole five. He hasn't seen any young woman.

Finally, we find our celebrity. A celebrity. We find Tanya Roberts, the hot mom from That 70's Show. She is nice, and she is freakishly attractive. She is also very, very small. A golf ball takes up her entire hand. She says the same thing she said on RUV the night before: "I really want to see Gullfoss and the geyser, but we haven't gotten there yet." In the same tone she goes on and says, "I hate getting stuck in lava." She poses for Höddi. She then prepares to drive, Höddi standing directly in her peripheral vision, distracting her by snapping away at his camera. She lobs a drive into the rocks about thirty yards away. "Where is the alcohol?" she says. "We've been waiting for the beer all afternoon."

We don't find Shannon Elizabeth. The tournament, which boasted



that contestants would "Golf at midnight" started at 2pm, and the organizers have all left by 3:30. Instead of midnight golf, the itinerary for the evening includes a ten-bar pub crawl. Included in the Icelandic pub crawl, two Irish pubs and quite a few seedy bars which must have only been chosen because

they served Amstel.

Better than Shannon Elizabeth, we find an American marketing expert.

Iceland is the next Myrtle Beach.

"It doesn't matter that the wind is bad and nobody golfs here. This is the whole Myrtle Beach experience.

Island Life

Hella - Cocaine and horses

Cocaine dealers in Iceland were busy last weekend trying to sell their product to horseback riders on the national equestrian competition. Clearly Icelandic pushers are trying to widen their target group even though they make over 600 million ISK a year just for selling the drug.

Hornarfjardarmanni. World champion

Iceland has a new World Champion of Hornarfjardarmanni which is a card game only known in Höfn í Hornafirði a small town in the south of the country. 135 people tried their best but Björn Arnarson came, saw and conquered. Björn is a bird enthusiast and a member of staff in a local cultural center on daily basis.

Keflavik - Attempted break

Two teenagers were caught trying to break through the fence of the NATO base at Keflavík by the 10 soldiers of the US military police who showed up in two SUV's. The boys claimed that they were just taking a walk along the base fence.

It's a guys trip. Strip clubs, women, beer. It's a location," says the marketing expert when I ask why 160 golfers were deposited in a suburban Icelandic golf course. "There's a guy out there named Bubba," I say.

"Really? Bubba. That's great," she says and writes it down in a notebook. "That's what's great about this kind of event. This is the new face of golf. These are guys who buy clothes off the clearance rack. They won't pay for a nice shirt, but they will come out to Iceland." "Do you have a name for this type of person?" She has been so specific, there must be textbooks about these guys. "Average American golf consumer," she says.

I pointed out to my marketing friend that Iceland is expensive, that there are very few strip clubs, that it is a literary and artistic community. She shrugged off my answer. There were 160 guys here who didn't have a clue about Icelandic culture, and they were extremely content.

If the ugly Americans are coming to Iceland, coming to golf into incredible headwinds in extremely temperamental weather on courses full of rocks, well, it may not do much for American stereotyping, but it will probably be good on Icelanders' egos. And it's possible it won't really hurt anyone.



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TOP 8 MOVIES

by Margrét Örnólfssdóttir



Margrét Örnólfssdóttir was the Sugarcubes keyboardist, having formerly been member of the band Risaedlan (Reptile). She has done various things since, notably writing the screenplay and music for the children's film Regina.

Undoubtedly the most entertaining Icelandic movie ever made and the first movie I paid twice to go to see. It was made by people who were determined to entertain the audience and they were having tremendous fun doing it. It is filled with such *joi de vivre* and fluent sense of humor that even the headstrongest *fýlupúkar* are bound to lighten up.

Með allt á hreinu brought a fresh and powerful feel into the Icelandic film environment, although it wasn't much of an environment at the time. At least we the teenagers thought Icelandic films were quite lame and boring with bad acting and terrible sound. I think few musicals have such a high number of hit songs as this one does. Almost all the songs of the film went straight to that place in your head where songs that will not be forgotten go to. And every single scene of the film is memorable. It is hard not to admire the big thinking. I'm not sure any film producer today would approve of sending two pop bands and Eggert Þorleifsson and no script on a tour around Iceland. Oh, and we mustn't forget to thank this movie for making an actor out of Eggert Þorleifsson.

TOP 8 ALBUMS

by Einar Örn Benediktsson



At the tender age of 17, Einar was manager for Bubbi's band Utangarðsmenn. He then formed his own band, Purkur Pillnikk, one of the most influential bands on the punk scene. When punk supergroup Kukl was formed from the leading members of the punk scene, Einar was one of the founders, despite studying media in Britain at the time. Kukl became the Sugarcubes and went on to world domination

I remember nothing! And I am thankful for that memory or memory loss which could be attributed to excessive exposure to noise and bad radio for decades. It also makes my day when I try to finger what has made my day in the past, made me tick and think, yes this is it! And it usually boils down to songs or tracks rather than whole albums.

My memory remembers nothing really before 1977 in music, if anything then listening to Megas through my friend Bragi whose musical know-how towers over mine. Requested to list eight, I go automatically back, way back, in order to see if something from the past makes me want to join Mínus today. I remember Trió Ólafs Ósýnilega, a duet, of course, who played transistors and liquid fuel at the launch of a Purkur Pillnikk record. Jonee-Jonee made it all the simpler

with only drums, bass and voice, the simplicity is still something which is to be admired. Curver's Haf, a submerged trip into the deep. I later learned that his first vinyl on his Christmas list was Sogblettir. In their 5th gear, they did not mean to take any prisoners but to mow everyone down. In Oxzmá I find that multi layered talent, when art was not a swear word. Stanya brought me Líf, a vinyl EP, which at the time intertwined music as a travelogue. Lojpippos and

TOP 8 BOOKS

by Sjón



Sjón published his first collection of poetry at the tender age of fifteen, three years before reading the Master and the Margarita. He has also published the novels "Night Of Steel", "Angel, Tophat and Strawberries" and "Thine Eyes Saw Me". His other activities include three private art exhibitions, a brief career as the megastar Johnny Triumph, and writing the lyrics to Björk's recent hit-song "Isobel".

Due to a misunderstanding, which may or may not be the fault of your editor, Sjón listed his top 10 books of all time, be they Icelandic or not.

My absolutely favourite book is the novel 'The Master and Margarita' by Mihail Bulgakov. I first read this Russian masterpiece in English when I was at the tender age of eighteen. It blew my mind to see how easily Bulgakov mixed fantasy and reality and stirred it all up with a healthy dose of humor, love/sex, humanism and theology. The book had such a profound influence on me that for a few months I actually became one of the characters in the story; Korofiev the Choirmaster. He is one of Satan's sidekicks; a dangerous and idiotic troublemaker harbouring a slowburning sorrow. (So, now you know!) And, ah, I must confess, ever since those bright and blue summer days of 1981 have I struggled and strived to write something half as good as this marvellous book.

TSp

1. On Top (Með allt á hreinu) by Ágúst Guðmundsson (1982).
2. Regina (Regína) by María Sigurðardóttir (2001). Of course it would have been in my nature to put my own offspring in first place on the list but I decided to show a little bit of modesty. It is, on the other hand, maybe not so illogical to put Regina second after Með allt á hreinu because it is not unlikely that my obsession to bring that song-crazed girl into the world can in some way be traced back to the impact MAÁH had on me back in the old days.
3. Dot Dot Comma Dash (Punktur, punktur, komma strik) by Þorsteinn Jónsson (1980). I was 12 years old when this film was made and because my father was one of the producers I could be around and watch the preparation and shooting. That's probably where it all started, when I became interested in film making.
4. Rainbow's End (Á hjara veraldar) by Kristín Jóhannesdóttir (1983). When Rainbow's End was released I was passionately into European films and this film was in harmony with that. I found it deliciously weird and beautiful and it spoke strongly to me even though I didn't really understand it.
5. Rock in Reykjavík (Rokk í Reykjavík) by Friðrik Þór Friðriksson (1982). It felt like Rock in Reykjavík was sent from heaven to give you the message that you actually had a chance in this world. What a treasure!
6. Pigen Gogo, aka Taxi (79 af stöðinni) by Erik Balling (1962). I don't know what it is with this film. Maybe it is my weakness for black and white movies with creaking sound, but more likely it is the delight of watching Kristbjörg Keld who is so strikingly beautiful that you instantly forget that you have ever set eyes on Ava Gardner.
7. The Icelandic Dream (Íslenski draumurinn) by Róbert I. Douglas (2000). When I saw The Icelandic Dream I remembered how much fun it can be to go to the movies. This is one of the funnier pictures I've seen and it's a relief to finally get this relaxed atmosphere into acting and dialogue, which is one of the major complaints you can have about Icelandic filmmaking, even though it is getting much better.
8. Magnus (Magnús) by Þráinn Bertelsson (1989). Þráinn Bertelsson manages in Magnus to procure a very balanced atmosphere that it is difficult to master. It is both light and funny and bittersweet and human.

TSp

1. Fan Houtens Kóko
2. Lojpippos og Spojsippus
3. Stanya: Líf
4. Oxzmá
5. Sogblettir: 5. gírinn
6. Curver: haf
7. Jonee-Jonee: Svonatorrek
8. Trío Ólafs Ósýnilega

Spojsippus, making strange music on synths some 2 decades ago and bringing smile on my face everytime, and recently given 4 tracks they made brought back the smile.

Fan Houtens Kóko "Það brakar í Herra K", says it all in the title, "Mr. K is creaking" and the certain assertion that "the city can be seen", just makes me want to cry and make sure that the rest will be just as simple as that. Their stuff is still shit hot, if my memory serves me right.

TSp

1. The Master and Margarita by Mihail Bulgakov
- 1 1/2. Gerpla (Happy Warriors) by Halldór Laxness. Laxness' great outcry against the glorification of war is a testament to his masterful command of epic storytelling. Imitating the style of the Sagas, he moves his hapless hero from one hilarious massacre to the next. Yes, you'll laugh your brains out as you slowly realize that there is no such thing as a good cause in war, that all wars are really fought against the interests of us common people. And shame on ye Poets who praise Kings!
2. The Last World by Cristoph Ransmayr. A fascinating rewriting of Ovid's Metamorphoses with the poet himself at the heart of its drama. Go, I dare you, go visit the Iron city and its shape-shifting inhabitants.
3. UBIK by Philip K. Dick. Since the death of sci-fi genius Houselover Fat, it has become obvious that the rest of us are trapped inside his imagination.
4. Edda by Snorri Sturluson. No one turns a phrase like this Icelandic Renaissance man. No one!
5. Not before sundown by Johanna Sinisalo. In this incredibly entertaining and thought-provoking novel, the Finnish writer Sinisalo reinvents our world as a place where the feline-looking Night Trolls of old legends are not only real but a force to be reckoned with.
6. The Quest for Dr. Ü by H. C. Artmann. Who is Dr. Ü? Is he the trapeze artist with the obviously fake nose sitting next to you on the bus? Or is he the Devil himself hunting for your soul?
7. The Golden Ass by Apuleius. A horny man is turned into an ass and goes on a punishing quest to reclaim his human form. Need I say more?
8. The Demon Flower by Jo Imog. This dark fairy tale is about a little girl who gets rid of her family to be able to live with her love, an eccentric woman, living in the next Alpine village.
9. ELEKTRA Assassin by Frank Miller. Frank Miller's story about Elektra and her fight with the apocalyptically inclined and demonically possessed president of the USA is as relevant as ever. Yeah, where are the sexy, twisted, sword-wielding ninja girls when we need them?

Fogrufjoll in the Langisjor lake - Vatnajokull glacier in the distance



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