

GRAPEVINE

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CAN BOBBY FISCHER BE HELPED

HUNTER S. THOMPSON
Death of a Journalist

NOT OUR FAULT
A Dane deals with her guilt complex

THE RETURN OF BEERMAN
Beerman Meets Colossal Girl

CAPITALISM IS DEAD
It just doesn't know it yet

the REYKJAVÍK GRAPEVINE

ISSUE THREE: MARCH 11 - APRIL 7, 2005

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The Reykjavík Grapevine crew

The Reykjavík Grapevine
Hafnarstræti 15, 2nd floor
www.grapevine.is
grapevine@grapevine.is
Published by: Bazar ehf.

Editors: 561-2323 / 845-2152 / editor@grapevine.is
Advertising: 561-2329 / 869-7796 / ads@grapevine.is
Distribution: 562-1213 / 898-9249 / dist@grapevine.is
Production: 561-2329 / 849-5611 / production@grapevine.is
Listings: 562-1213 / 869-7796 / listings@grapevine.is
Subscription: 561-2329 / 849-5611 / subscribe@grapevine.is

Publisher: Hilmar Steinn Grétarsson / publisher@grapevine.is
Editor: Valur Gunnarsson / editor@grapevine.is

Marketing director: Jón Trausti Sigurðarson /
jontrausti@grapevine.is

Production manager: Oddur Óskar Kjartansson /
production@grapevine.is

Art director: Hörður Kristbjörnsson / design@grapevine.is
Second unit assistant art director: Jóhannes Kjartansson /
joi@grapevine.is

Staff Journalist: Paul Fontaine-Nikolov / paul@grapevine.is

Advertising sales: Aðalsteinn Jörundsson /
adalsteinn@grapevine.is
Jón Trausti Sigurðarson /
jontrausti@grapevine.is

Photographs: Hörður Sveinsson / photo@grapevine.is
Guðmundur Freyr Vigfússon / gundi@grapevine.is

Art correspondent: Birgitta Jónsdóttir / art@grapevine.is

Proofreader: Erika Wolfe

Copy Editor: Erika Wolfe

Distribution: Jóhann Páll Hreinsson

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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 Reykjavik Grapevine, Hafnarstræti 15, 101 Reykjavik

Hello everyone at Grapevine,
I am a native, but I always wait with trembling anticipation for the paper. For immigrants Grapevine must be one of the major benefits of living here. Thanks a lot for a great paper. It seems to be constantly on the way up.
Hjörtur

Grapevine –The one good thing about Iceland

Dear Valur,
Horror of horrors. You are leaving Grapevine ? My favourite bloody communist? I disagree with, and loath, everything Grapevine stands for, but I never miss an issue. (Well, OK it IS free!) I love sipping coffee at Café Paris, and reading the latest issue of Grapevine. It never ceases to amaze me how naive, silly and self important you lot are. Pretending to be able to solve all the world's problems, when every right thinking person knows I am the one for that particular job. But you write so deliciously well that I forgive you. Grapevine is, without a doubt, the best written English publication in this country. If only you could be made to see the error of your ways.
Come back soon, you commie horror.

Best regards,
Óli Tynes
(Your favourite Nazi?)

Come here, you Nazi, and give me a hug. We might not be able to solve all the world's problems, but at least we can try. You do your bit and I'll do mine.

...I just want to thank you and the others for publishing a great paper –the Reykjavik Grapevine— that's doing good and very important things!!

-Ragnar

Good and important. Cheap too.

I'm always reading that Reykjavik is a multicultural society and a 'world city'. I've never been able to see it myself, but now I understand that it must be because Reykjavik now has its very own reggae band in the form of Hjálmar. It's just a shame that they're all white, live in a city with one of the world's highest standards of living and I would guess that the closest that they've ever been to Jamaica is standing next to the painted palm trees outside of Sirkús. Maybe for a more authentic Jamaican-look they could blacken their faces à la Al Jolson, that so many Icelanders still seem to think is hilarious, acceptable and not in the least bit offensive or racist.

Hassan Harazi

For the last time, Icelanders, would you please stop blackening your faces? It is neither hilarious and not acceptable.

Hi,
Got a telephone call this morning from an embassy in Oslo, not sure which one, but a woman's voice with a strange accent asked me the following in English, "Can you tell me more about this quote by Kim Il Jong on the cover of your latest issue? Is that a real statement and can you back it up?"
I told her it was all a practical joke, but the rest of the paper was dead serious. She thanked me and hung up.

Jón Trausti, marketing director

Usually when we say things we can back them up, but this

was in fact a joke. Kim Il Jong is probably still at home watching videos and wanting to expand his army (just like Björn), knowing that now he has weapons of mass destruction the US won't dare attack him.

Thanks a lot for the article about the album in last issue. I thought it was really good to print the New York Times ad and stir things up a bit. It's been a long time since I've seen journalism this sharp. I'm not a very political person, but I think this is important. Respect!

curver

All good writers need to be starved. Keep them sharp. At least that's what I keep telling them.

Overheard in barber shop:
"Why did they take out an ad in the New York Times? Shouldn't we be apologizing to the Iraqi people? Shouldn't they have taken out an ad in the largest paper in Baghdad instead?"

I don't know what our Baghdad circulation is like but I, for one, want to apologize for the position that the government of Iceland has taken with regard to Iraq, and point out that it was not in my name. I didn't even vote for them.

Hello Valur...you never cease to amaze :) I just read the article in Fréttablaðið about yr Bubbi cd funeral by former Ísbjörninn. Your comments on R & R and what it means to you & should mean are heartfelt. I have long ago buried the hatchet & all bugs/grudges concerning Bubbi. I have nothing personal against him, I don't hang out with him, haven't for 20 years & really don't care what he does. I have my own fish to fry. I learned very early in the game that Bubbi plays it safe & very early in the game that he puts a price tag on his R & R principles (He never claimed to be a punk)...I never have, I am a outlaw/outsider thru & thru & in debt with nary a patch to cover my ass. This is a new world. We've come a long way baby from the innocence of the 50's to the billion dollar music industry we live with today. The Media Mafia Industry Mongrels rule the western world but thank whatever gods you like we have great music going. I have always found it darkly humorous that whenever I have gone to radio stations in various locations in the so-called western civilized world I have often been confronted with, "gee I'd like to play this but my orders/playlists come from the managers/owners of the station & their sponsors!" I've also heard "people don't want to hear this kind of music." How do you know unless you play it? You seem to have already decided people's taste in music instead letting them hear a variety & letting them decide for themselves! AHA! The Music Business Media Mafia.

I never did see a Colgate toothpaste commercial with Jimi Hendrix or a Dove soap commercial with Keith Richards, not even a Southern Comfort commercial with Janis Joplin but today it's another landscape. Bubba & the cattle are branded, fenced in & ready for the kill/grill. The biz is rotten to the core & many have drowned or been consumed by sharks & demons on that precarious road...BUT Rock n Roll is alive & well & has a HEART OF GOLD but yr gonna have to dig deep to find it.

Infinite Rockin Blessings, Michael Pollock

Thanks Mike, stay black.

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by Valur Gunnarsson

This publishing date marks the 20th and last Grapevine I'm editing, at least for the time being. It also marks the 203rd anniversary of the first regular English language paper, The Daily Courant.

This past month has seen the death of two masters of the English language; writer and journalist Hunter S. Thompson and playwright Arthur Miller. One of them slept with Marilyn Monroe, the other did a lot of drugs. Who said this job didn't have perks? But what matters to us is that during their working hours they both, in their own way, helped define the English language in the 20th Century.

The people most likely to be defining the English language in this century are not British or American or even native English speakers at all, but the billions of native speakers of other languages who are using English on a regular basis. According to the British Council, by the end of the decade some three billion people will be able to speak English and another 2 billion will be learning to. What this means for the language is anyone's guess. Perhaps the greatest writers of the 21st Century will write in English as a 2nd language. There are precedents. Master novelists such as Russian-born Vladimir Nabokov, Polish-born Joseph Conrad and Indian-born Salman Rushdie all wrote their best known works in English.

Perhaps it would have been preferable if the world language were Latin, or French, or Esperanto. But it happens to be English. And the fact that there is a world language at all is something to be grateful for. While it is only natural to have an attachment to your native language, the fact that we will all one day be able to converse in one another in a mutually comprehensible language should make things easier. One would also hope that one day it will also make things more peaceful.

Meanwhile, another writer died this past month. Elmar Huseynov, editor of Azerbaijan's The Monitor, known for his opposition to the government, was murdered on March 2nd.

Without brave journalists like Huseynov, there would be no such thing as democracy. If people are to be able to exercise their right to vote according to their beliefs and needs, they also need to be able to know what it is they are voting for. And, in today's market society, they need know what their financial leaders, no less powerful than elected political figures, are doing. Because it affects all of us in the prices we have to pay for our food and hence our standard of living.

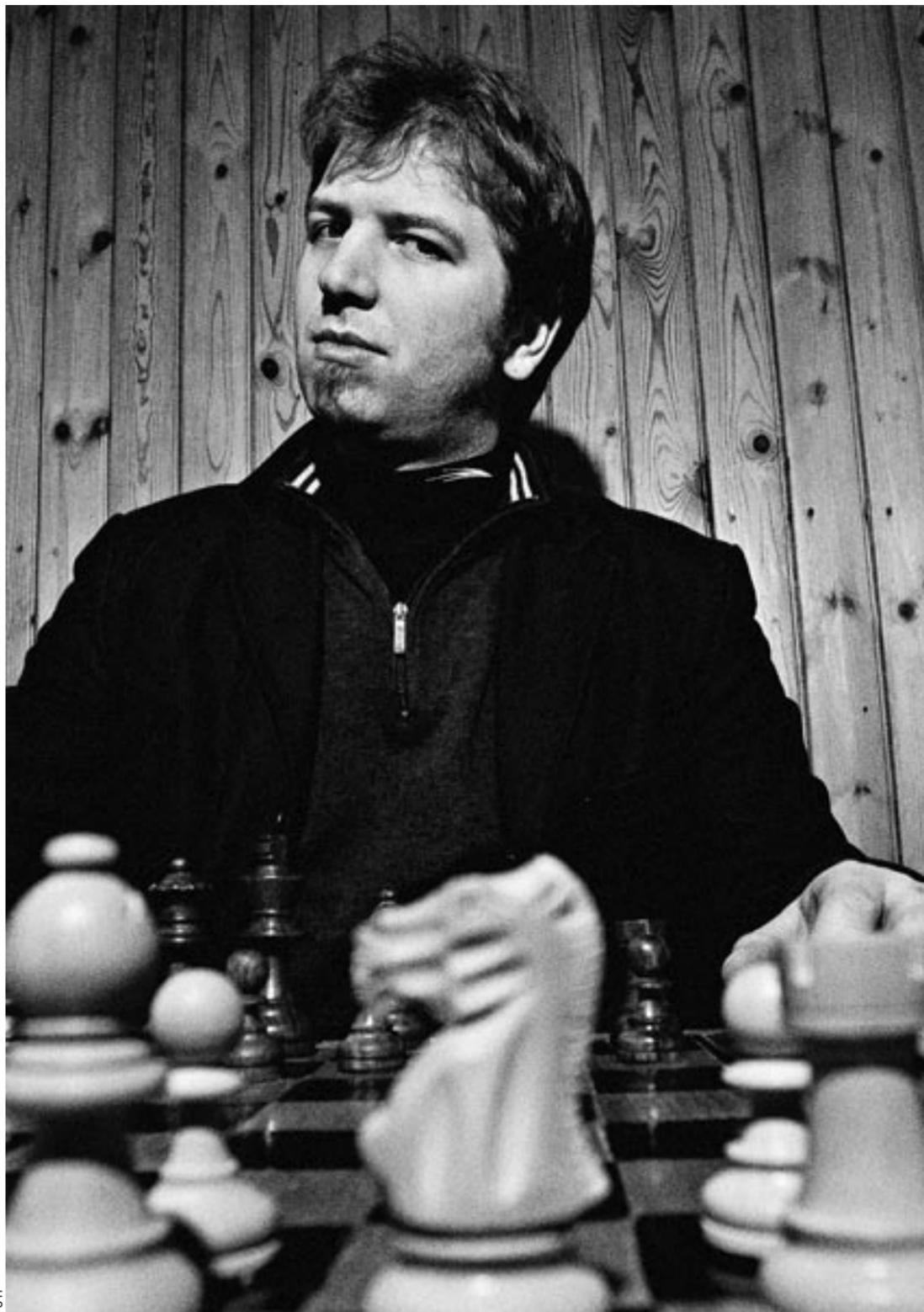
Journalists will always be under pressure by those who hold power to only tell us the part of the truth that suits them. But journalism is not just a job, it is a calling. Elmar Huseynov laid his life on the line, and lost it. For those of us living under democratic capitalism, the possibility of getting killed for what we write is remote. But if we displease those who hold power, particularly in a small country such as ours, it can seriously affect our careers. It may take away that which we hold most dear, our ability to write for a living. Awareness of this may sometimes lead some people to keep quiet those parts of the truth that may harm their careers.

But, if journalists' loyalty is not first and foremost to the truth, if they wind up serving the interests of political or corporate bosses, if all they give us is gossip and veiled product placement, then the words of Hunter S. Thompson will ring true when nothing else does:

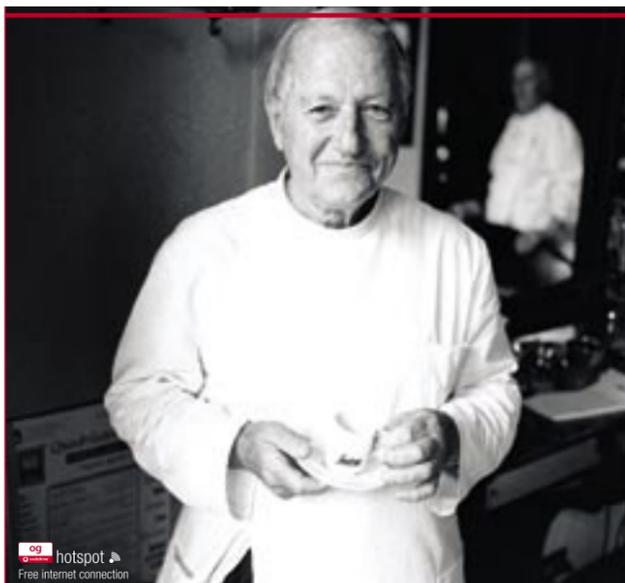
"...Why bother with newspapers, if this is all they offer? Agnew was right. The press is a gang of cruel faggots. Journalism is not a profession or a trade. It is a cheap catch-all for fuck-offs and misfits—a false doorway to the backside of life, a filthy piss-ridden little hole nailed off by the building inspector, but just deep enough for a wino to curl up from the side-walk and masturbate like a chimp in a zoo-cage."

But for now, it is time to hand English back to the Americans. I leave you in the capable hands of Bart Cameron. So long. I'll be seeing you soon.

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Random Poem

Notes of the Previous Users

By Ethan Gilsdorf

You see, it was no one who told us how we should live—from flint to sub-machine gun we figured it out for ourselves, trial and error, mostly shadowing into error, crowding the beaches and erecting our palaces, diverting rivers of shimmering jewels, drawing up laws on parchment designed to drive us from one century to the next. Scuffing the push broom up the aisles of the ruined bookstore, sweeping the rubble and blasted pages into manageable piles we founded heartbreak the hard way—one dead lover at a time. Through the heavy reference books our remaining fingers fluttered like swallows or was it swifts? We never discovered directions, only the notes of the previous users scrawled with dark chalk or possibly stubs of charred bone on the blown-apart door. We even had to invent how to bow our ache-laden heads, how to place our hands in our laps, palms facing heaven, or that direction we once believed it might be.

YOU CAN ALWAYS GO DOWNTOWN

But Will You Still Recognize Laugavegur?



The Downtown Development Society wants to replace Laugavegur's older houses with larger, more modern buildings with the aim of attracting larger, hopefully more profitable businesses to make the street more competitive with the Kringlan and Smáralind malls, but many are worried about what effects renovations will have on their businesses.

A Middle Way?

Bryndís, who works at the confectionary Vínberíð (Laugavegur 43), says, "We'll probably have to renovate this building. I think it'll be good to see some houses go, but I wish they would find a middle way. This is a decision that should be made by many people; not a few." Einar Örn Stefánsson, managing

director of the Downtown Development Society, says he understands the concerns of the merchants on Laugavegur: "It took many years to make this decision because there are so many emotions involved. Some people want no changes and some want to change everything. Those who want to take part can get involved through us,

as we're looking for representatives from the merchants." (All interested merchants should contact Einar at einar@midborgin.is.)

Not Just a Matter of Appearance Einar was also quick to add that the renovation plans do have a flexibility about them, saying, "If the owner doesn't want to sell, that's OK. A lot of these old houses are well made and just need some repairs. Some could also expand their space with a modern building attached to the rear of the older house. But in any case, strict regulations will be put in place as to how the buildings can look." The question of Laugavegur's profitability doesn't only concern

changing the street's appearance. As Rannveig, the owner of handmade fleece clothing store Blanco y Negro (Laugavegur 12b), put it, "I find it ironic that people will drive to Kringlan and walk around inside it for two kilometres but won't park their car downtown and walk ten metres to a shop." Bryndís expressed much the same sentiment, adding, "It's not easy to compete with the malls. At the same time, business owners could be doing more, such as having the same opening hours as the malls."

Everyone Needs a Roof over their Head

Some merchants had more radical suggestions, such as Carmen, who runs the boutique Ígulker (Laugavegur 60). "I think there are many more important changes they could make to Laugavegur," she said. "For example, they could make it a strictly pedestrian street, set a canopy over it for bad weather, and create a place for free parking nearby." Free parking was the one change nearly every Laugavegur merchant who spoke to Grapevine said was just as important as renovating Laugavegur, if not more so. On this point, Einar admitted, "Free parking is a beautiful thought, but everywhere in the world there are parking metres to keep people from taking a space all day." Regarding traffic, he added, "We're going to try to keep traffic on Laugavegur open during these renovations. The area known as "stjörnuþíósveit" (where the former Stjörnuþíós cinema was located) will, however, be closed this spring. No one likes it, but it has to be done and when closings are necessary we'll be doing them in portions."

"The Living Room of the City" Einar concluded diplomatically, "The impact of these changes will not be immediate and we can't make miracles happen. I can't answer whether Laugavegur will continue to be a merchant street or if it will go the way of Skólavörðustígur and become a street of smaller shops." Other merchants, such as watch and clock dealer Rúnar of Úr að ofan (Laugavegur 30a), remain optimistic. "Personally I like the idea behind the renovations," he said. "But the houses have to fit the environment and when the streets are blocked, we can feel it. But there needs to be more companies, more stable businesses here. This city centre is a place of pride. It's the living room of the city."



Rannveig, Blanco y Negro, Laugavegur 12b



Bryndís, Vínberíð, Laugavegur 43



Rúnar, Úr að ofan, Laugavegur 30a



Carmen, Ígulker, Laugavegur 60



Einar Örn Stefánsson, managing director of the Downtown Development Society



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by Paul F Nikolov

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THE MAN WHO MURDERED ITALY'S CULTURE

The first thing you notice about Italy is its beauty. The beauty of its landscape, its art, its architecture, its well dressed and immaculately groomed people. The second thing you notice, as you step off a beautiful street into a beautiful room in a beautiful hotel and turn on the TV is that Italian television is, by and large, terrible.

Italy has some 640 channels, a full quarter of the world's 2500 television channels. You would think that they wouldn't want for variety. And yet, as you flick through the infinite number of channels, they all seem to be showing the same program. What is this that so absorbs the Italians? Nostalgic reminiscences about the Roman Empire? The finer points of Renaissance Art? The infinite variety of Mediterranean cooking? No, it seems that almost every program on offer is some sort of semi-pornographic version of the Eurovision song contest. While the rest of the continent seems to think one night of the year of this is more than enough to suit most people's needs (at least in the Golden Age before *Idol*), Italians seem to make do with this year round. And in 640 different versions, no less. What gives?

Heaving Cleavages and the Public Eye

The average Italian spends around four hours a day in front of a television set.

Almost all presenters intertwine promotional messages into their programming. This is in addition to regular advertising, which comes on every few minutes. Adding insult to injury, the ads are actually broadcast at a higher volume than regular programming. So what's the attraction of watching television where this is what's on offer? British journalist Tobias Jones, author of *The Dark Heart of Italy*, writes, "Breasts are ubiquitous, even boringly so... Italy is the land that feminism forgot. It's not that there aren't many successful women in Italy, it's that they're never in the public eye. Unless they come with heaving cleavages." 640 channels of lotteries, horoscopes, TV markets, and heaving breasts everywhere. How did it come to this?

The Best Films in the World

In the 50s and 60s, directors like Fellini, Pasolini and Visconti made

some of the most interesting films being made anywhere. At the time, state company RAI ran Italian TV wholesale. When, in 1976, broadcasting was opened up to the private sector, one might have been forgiven for thinking that a country with such directorial talent and such a long history of visual artistry would produce first rate television, once the restraints had been lifted. The new media law, introduced that year, stated that RAI would still retain the rights to nationwide broadcasting, but private stations could broadcast locally.



"Italy is the land that feminism forgot."

In 1978, the first private television station, Telemilano, started broadcasting in the outskirts of Milan. Its owner was a man called Silvio Berlusconi, best known as owner of the popular local football club AC Milan. He was soon to become a household name.

Sesame Street for Beginners

By 1980, there were 1300 local television stations. But Telemilano circumvented the law that said private channels could only broadcast locally by having its local channels broadcast the same programs at the same time, and had the most popular fare such as *Dynasty* and *Dallas*. Italy was moving from culture exporter to culture importer. The government

had no choice but to legalize private national broadcasting as well.

Telemilano, renamed Canale 5, bought out their major competitors Italia Uno and Rete 4, which then formed the Mediaset group, owned by Berlusconi. Mediaset then bought most of the remaining independent channels. Mediaset's advertising was handled by the advertising company Publitalia, also owned by Berlusconi, which today handles about 60% of Italy's television advertising

market. Tobias Jones concludes of Berlusconi's broadcasting empire, "Watching Mediaset is like watching *Sesame Street* without the clever bits." If this makes you want to go out and rent a video instead you can at the local Blockbuster, also owned by Berlusconi. Small wonder he's not only Italy's richest individual, but ranks at 45th richest in the world.

Who Wouldn't Want to Be Rich?

But too much is of course never enough. Berlusconi entered politics, and currently holds the post of Italy's prime minister. This gives him a huge influence over the still existent state television channels, previously the only televised media out of his reach.

Upon running for office, he claimed he intended to sell his Mediaset channels to avoid any conflict of interest. Once elected, he instead passed a law making the prime minister immune from any corruption charges. Berlusconi's popularity, at least among a large part of the population, comes from two sources. Partly because he's rich. And who wouldn't want to be rich? This has made him a hero to many. The other reason is his uncanny ability to present himself as man of the people fighting against government legislation. Until, of course, he and the government became one and the same.

Why TV Matters

And who'd have thunk it, but culture actually matters. Spanish cinema was for a long time living in Italy's shadow, the Spaniards having no equivalent to Fellini, Visconti and Pasolini. Two decades ago, Italians were buying twice as many cinema tickets as the Spaniards. Now, the Spanish are going more often to the cinema, and Italy has no equivalent to Almodóvar or bright young thing Alejandro Amenábar (director of *The Sea Inside*). Of course, Spanish language films have a built-in market in South America and even in the US, whereas Italy previously succeeded in spite of language, this no longer seems to be the case. The decline of Italian cinema versus Spanish cinema is symptomatic of a bigger trend. Spain, with a population of 40 million, has created 4.5 million new jobs in the past decade; Italy, with a population of 58 million, has created half that number. In Spain, poverty is declining; in Italy, it is rising. Perhaps the decline in culture has led to the economic decline; perhaps it is the other way around. But the decline of Italian cinema has probably not been taking place in a void away from the decline of Italian television.

As the Italian screenwriter Alberto Marini, currently working in Spain, says in a recent edition of *Newsweek*, "Italian cinema keeps making comedies with the same actors, reproducing the same things and pretending they are new." When people spend half of their non-working, non-sleeping hours watching TV, is it too fanciful to suppose that it matters what they watch?

by Valur Gunnarsson

News in brief

Architecture Student Arrested
An Italian architecture student was arrested on Saturday night. The student was reported to police by employees at parliament who had seen the student sketching the Alpingi building from a variety of angles. The student was held in custody for over 15 hours before being released. The call to the police also mentioned that the student had a scarf wrapped around his face.

Clubs and Restaurants Part of Tax Raid

Over the past week police, in conjunction with the Icelandic Tax Office, have raided about 20 clubs and restaurants for suspicion of tax fraud, dealing in controlled substances and solicitation of prostitution. No arrests have so far been made, but the investigation is ongoing.

Smoking Ban in 2006?

MP Siv Friðleifsdóttir, along with other members of parliament, recently introduced a bill that would ban smoking in restaurants, bars, cafés and clubs. If passed, the ban could go into effect as early as the spring of 2006. While many welcome the new law, the owner of Prikið has said that he would rather let his employees wear oxygen masks than ban smoking in his bar.

Church and State to Separate?

Magnús Axelsson and Rev. Hjörtur Magni Jóhannsson were elected into the leadership of SARK, an organisation working towards the separation of church and state. Rev. Jóhannsson was quoted as saying, "It's a fact that there isn't religious freedom in this country when billions of krónur stream out into one faith."

Prisoner Suicide Taken to Court

The mother of Jóna Sigurveig Guðmundsdóttir, a mother of three and an inmate at the women's prison in Kópavogur who committed suicide last November, says she will let the system decide who bears responsibility for her daughter's death. The mother contends that her daughter had shown many calls for help and that they were all ignored. The mental health group Geðhjálp will assist her in the investigation.

Bubbi Morthens Sells Out Completely

Musician Bubbi Morthens, director of Íslandsbanki Bjarni Ármannsson and director of insurance company Sjóvá Porgils Óttar Mathiesen signed a deal yesterday whereby 530 of Morthens's songs were sold to Sjóvá. Morthens can expect to make tens of millions from the deal. Said Morthens, "This is a great recognition, one who's time has come, that Icelandic musicians make money here in Iceland." Sjóvá was ordered last week to pay 27 million krónur in damages for their part in a price-fixing scandal between them and two other insurance companies.

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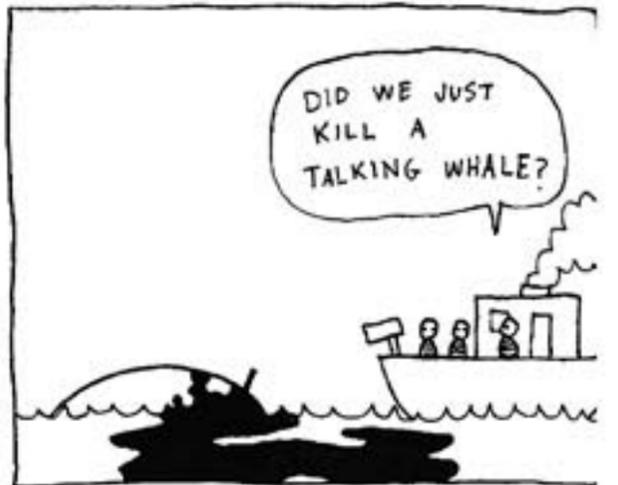
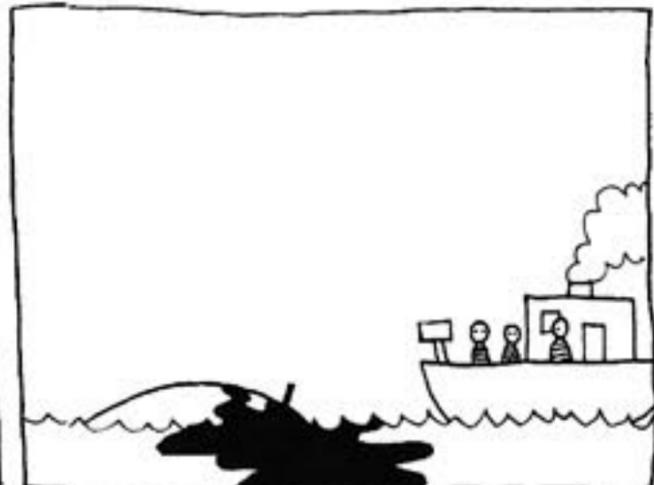
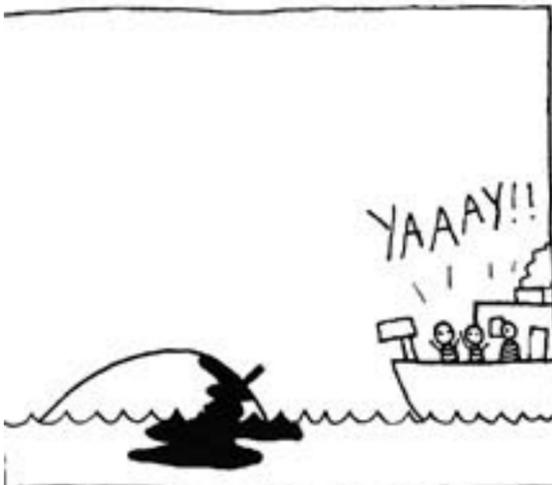
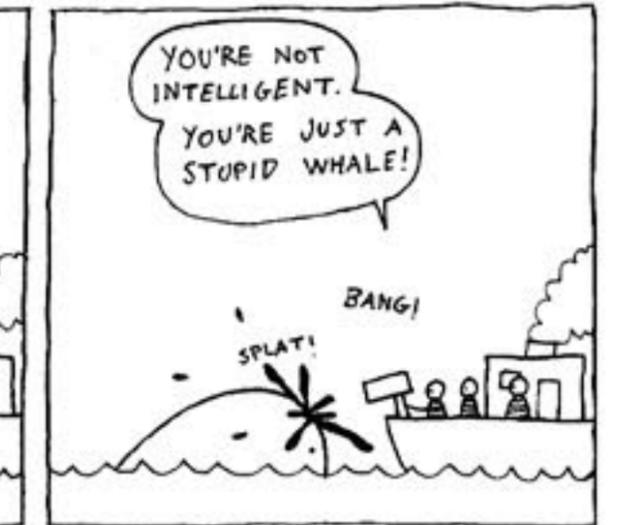
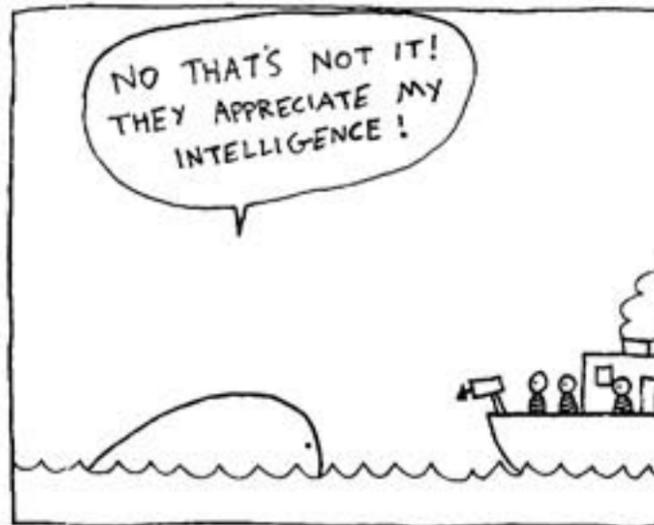
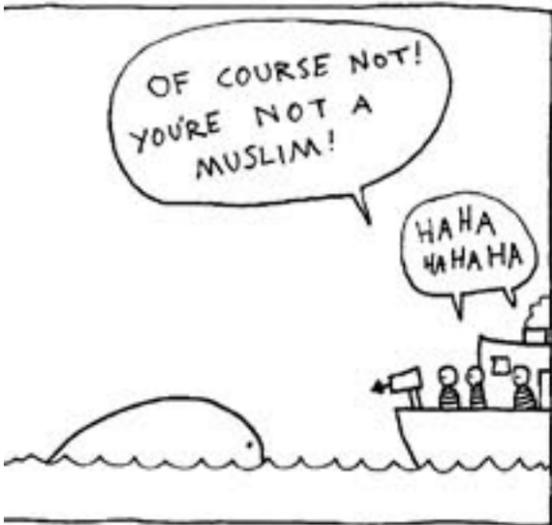
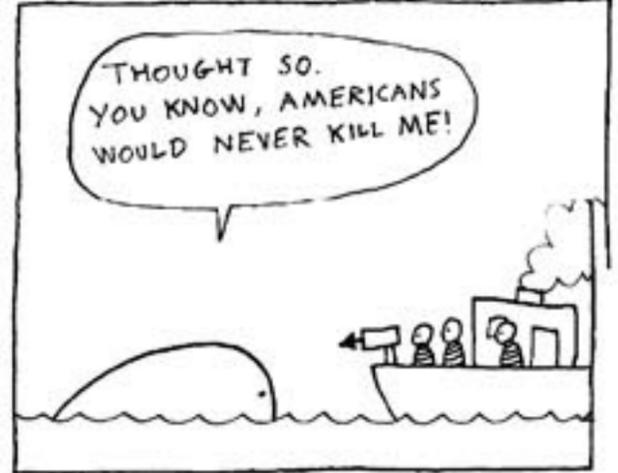
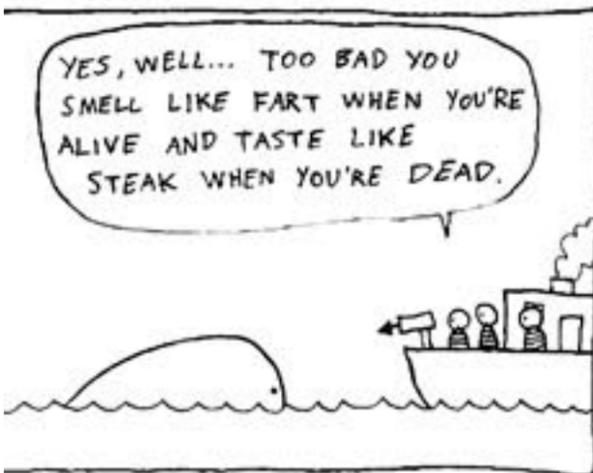
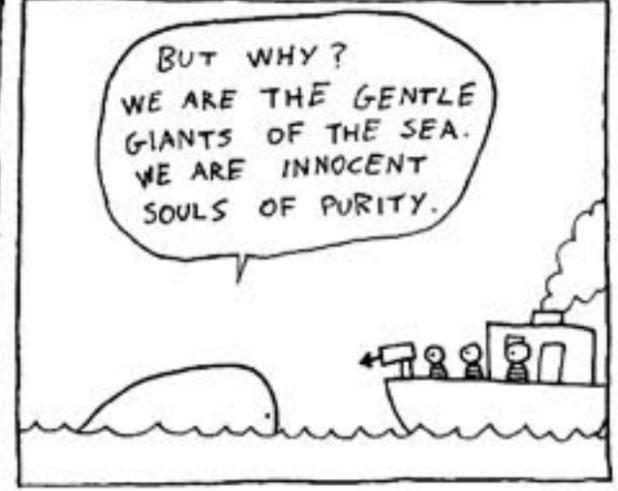
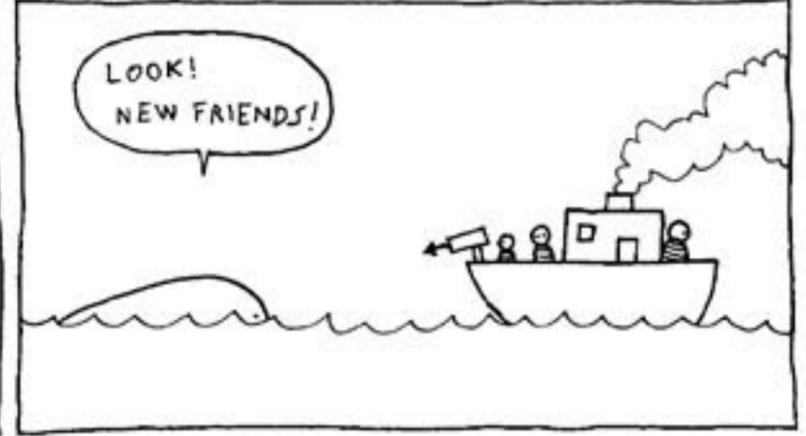
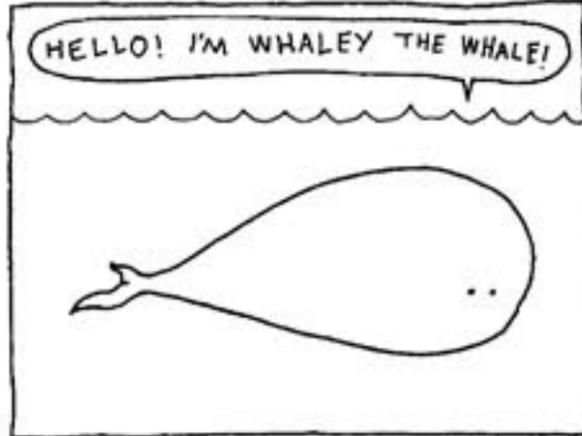
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THE WHALE
AND
THE WHALERS

BY HUGLEIKUR DAGSSON



Happy Easter

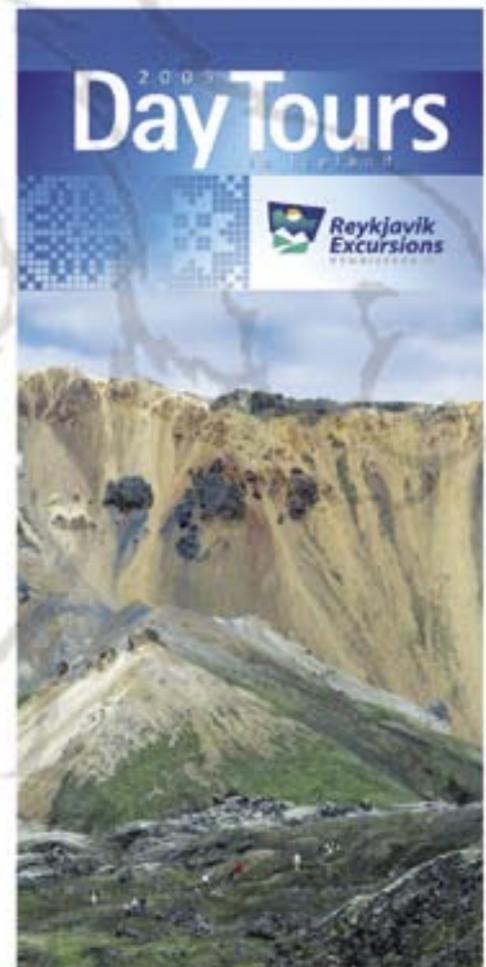
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As an Easter treat for inquisitive travellers, Reykjavik Excursions has designed a special tour. The tour begins with a short orientation of Reykjavik with stories of interest being told en route. The main emphasis will however be on the Icelandic elves, their whereabouts, customs and characteristics. The piece de resistance is an Easter egg hunt in the lava garden of Hellisgerði in Hafnarfjörður, where the delicious chocolate Easter egg might be found, along with prizes for lucky travellers.

Operated: Saturday, March 26th
Departure: at 13:00
Pick-up: at 12:30 from hotels and guesthouses in Reykjavik
Duration: 3 hours.
Price: ISK 4.500
Included: English speaking guide.
Tour code: RE-202

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IT WAS NOT ALL OUR FAULT

It is a Danish tradition to be suspicious about people who do well – especially when you used to be in a higher position and are now overtaken by your former subordinate. The old colonial power can have a hard time accepting Icelanders' progress—especially when it moves into our own territory.

It started before I even came here. When I told the family I was going to Iceland, it made my slightly choleric grandfather burst out, "Damn Icelanders – running away during the war." (Iceland proclaimed their independence while Denmark was occupied by the Germans during the Second World War.) Ok, my grandfather has nationalistic tendencies and would also like the West Indies back, so I just let that pass.

During the introductory meeting at the University of Iceland, we are asked to tell the group our names, nationality and what we are studying here. Another Danish student provides the necessary information, which makes our teacher break in to a sadistic smile, "Ahhh! One from the old colonial power."

Evil to Iceland,
Buns to Everyone Else
And indeed we are. We were
evil to the Icelanders; we made

you learn our silly language and introduced pork and pylsa to the Icelandic cuisine. And during the trade monopoly, we practically stole the fish. But recent research from the economics department at Háskóli Íslands has shown that it was not entirely the colonial power's fault that Icelanders remained underdeveloped despite having some of the world's richest fishing grounds right at the front door. The strong and conservative farming culture (farming was considered a more honourable and reliable profession) and reluctance to let people settle on the coast held the Icelandic fisheries back for a long time. So we Danes can warm ourselves to the thought that it was not all our fault. We now sit back in Denmark and watch Iceland pass us by in living standards, life expectancy, economic growth and low unemployment rates. And buy Danish companies – most prominently the department store Magasin du Nord at one of the best



addresses in Copenhagen.

A War of Words
The deal involved the Danish conservative newspaper Berlingske Tidende in a war of words with Fréttablaðið. Berlingske compared the Icelandic economy to the dot.com phenomenon and warned that it could burst any minute, pointing out all the cross-ownerships in the Icelandic financial world. Fréttablaðið ended up calling Berlingske nostalgic about the colonial times, and I can't recall Berlingske actually denying it. Nostalgia about Denmark's past as a

colonial power is all we have left of that nowadays.

Meanwhile I can enjoy the fact that being Danish really helps me when I do my shopping and need to know what I'm buying. 8.4 percent of Iceland's imports – a lot of it food – still comes from the old colonial power. And enjoy the fact that Icelanders did not let the Danes teach them the tradition of thinking ill of people who do well (no, here we quite happily hand them our money –ed).

by Hanne Krage Carlsen

Random Poem

Zero Hour

By Christopher Shillock

Careening amphetamine dawn -
telephone stalkers
mobbing the streets
and there's shelter in your temple
where the air is light and the light
writhes in clenched glass teeth,
and the choir's singing
a hymn by Leonard Cohen.
There's sanctuary in your body;
the rising light's a sacrifice
to your long golden hair.
Are you surprised that I wrote you this poem?
Now the clock has stopped,
the pale mob transfixed.
The future isn't born yet;
the past will not die.
Is any of this real,
or just that song by Leonard Cohen?
Your knife blade is nervous now;
mercy gleams metallic
when I kneel for the host.
Your trigger finger's twitches
when I'm kissing the old scars
your lovers left behind.
Are you a little frightened
that I raised you this altar now?
Are you surprised
that I made it of gold?



Illustration by Þorstein Davíðsson

BEERMAN Meets Colossal Girl

It was only when I came that I realized I had made a colossal mistake. Colossal in every way.

Her breasts were colossal. Which, in itself would not have been such a bad thing, except they were in direct proportion to everything else. A colossal head resting on a colossal neck leading down to a colossal body. She was a guilty pleasure in which I sometimes indulged. She was the kinda girl that if you had to take to a movie in order to get a blow job, you'd take her to a documentary or an Icelandic film or something; something you'd be sure no one you knew would ever go see.

She got more colossal every time I saw her. It had been three years, but she got down on her knees immediately and pulled it out. That reminded me of what I liked about her. As soon as it was over she expected me to return the favour. She lay down and undid her large girl jogging pants. Being a gentleman, I moved downwards, attempting to do what was expected of me.

It was then I learnt she was shaven. I don't know why it is girls do that. It takes away all the mystery. As I saw that gaping, hungry mouth lying wide open, I lost my nerve. I tried to get off easy. I put my arms around her and hoped she would settle for a hug instead of an orgasm. She grabbed my crotch, then let go and reached for my hand. Getting no response from either, she gave up and fell asleep in my arms. It was now I remembered she was a snorer.

I always felt some kind of closeness to her. Perhaps because she was the first girl I ever had anal sex with. In an age where no one is a virgin anymore, it remains the final frontier. The one thing still saved for someone special. Except even that was quickly losing its value, thanks to Internet porn and men making demands for things they previously wouldn't even have thought of, much less dared ask for.

It had started out as just another Sunday morning. I woke up, alone in bed as usual, and

reached for my mobile phone. The dialled calls on the screen told me I had phoned every ex-girlfriend I had ever had they night before. They usually hung up or didn't bother to pick up or sent me messages asking me to never call again. But even then I wasn't in the habit of calling up Colossal Girl. I must have been even more desperate than usual. So, apparently, was she.

She called me back the day after. And as the poet said, there's something 'bout a Sunday that makes a body feel alone. So I asked her to come over. As I was waiting, I really wanted to be attracted to her. I really did. Even when she arrived and I remembered what she actually looked like, desperation got the better of aesthetics.

But as soon as I had come, desperation faded and so did whatever charms she had previously possessed.

Freud said that it is only at the moment of climax that you don't care about the injustices or the misery of the world, or something to that effect. For a second or so, I felt like a true Freudian. But as she lay snoring in my arms, it all came back, the disgust, the regret, and Schopenhauer. Schopenhauer contended that we can only be attracted to people with whom we have nothing in common, our opposites, people who even out our faults. That way, we would have the perfect children. Of course, people who have nothing in common rarely work out, which is why children tend to be less than perfect. If Colossal Girl and I were to have kids, they wouldn't be able to run very fast. And they'd snore at night. Sitting ducks for sabretooth tigers. Which is why nature didn't allow me to be attracted to her. I wanted outgoing girls with perfect bodies. To whom, of course, I had nothing to say. Schopenhauer didn't get laid much. But he thought a lot. And died as he lived, lonely and miserable.

RUR: Robots Upgrade Reykjavík

Recently the UN published some quite amazing predictions for the next two years: that the robotics industry would increase sevenfold in the next two years, and that there would likely be about 4.1 million household robots spread all over the world, mowing our lawns, cleaning our windows and guarding our homes by the year 2007. During the short period of time home computers have taken to conquer the world, Iceland has followed closely, bringing innovative ways of teaching into the classroom, and numerous Icelandic schools have titled themselves "technologically aligned". In fact, Icelanders, to my knowledge, have always been quick in accommodating technological innovations. So how fast will this little island adapt to the coming wave of robotics?

To answer that question, we must look to the future. The younger generations have dedicated themselves to the technology of the Internet, learning web-interface programming such as HTML to create their own web pages, not to mention the immense popularity of blogging. Given the predicted increase of household robots, we should expect the same kind of enthusiasm from kids when it comes to modifying or creating their own personal robots. The world of intellect-mechanics is moving from scientists and dark laboratories of multi-billion dollar corporations into the homes of amateur computer savvy adolescents. On the World Wide Web, pages are popping up everywhere containing A.I. tutorials and providing free software to those who might be interested in 'making a mind'. SONY corporation's still overpriced robo-dog AIBO, along with hundreds of do-it-yourself robot kits, have led to people changing their robot's programming to suit their own taste. While some aspects of Artificial Intelligence might still belong to a world of tomorrow, the hour is getting closer to midnight.

by Hrafn Þorri Þórisson





COFFIE

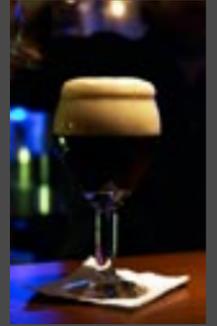


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PADDY'S PATRICK'S DAY PARADE



The thing about America is it's good at improving things. Whether it's pizza, porno, war or religious holidays, Yankee ingenuity can take a good idea and make it a grand spectacle. The first proper St. Patrick's Day parade was held in New York, March 17th, 1848. On this date an obscure Catholic holy day was transformed into social statement. The march of tens of thousands of Irish-Americans down the streets of Manhattan was nothing less than a demonstration of force, both political and physical, to the city fathers. It said, in effect, this is how many we are, take warning.

Enter the Aggravated Assault Club
 Today the Irish in America are firmly ensconced in the middle class and getting quietly fat about the face like Ted Kennedy. Such political posturing is unnecessary. The St. Patrick's Day parade now is a lot like Carnivale...only uglier. Every year, in Jersey City, in Boston, in Chicago and in New York, this is how it goes: First the mayor walks past, smiling emptily. Some people clap politely. Then come the police. Behind them march The Ancient Order of Hibernian Pipers and Aggravated Assault Club. Everybody cheers, the bagpipe-wail making everybody deaf. Then, the police. Following them come the students from "Diamond" Jack Kelly's Irish Dance School. They do a Siege of Ennis every few blocks to wild shouts of appreciation from the crowd. And Finally, the Pregnant Teenagers
 Next come the cheerleaders from Our Lady of Immaculate Teenage Pregnancies, clapping and doing handstands. Then more police. Then come the League of Gaelic Speakers, looking astute and pious. They ain't clapping, or piping or waving or nothing. They are ignored. Then comes Miss Irish-America, newly crowned on her float. Her name's Mary Eileen Sharkey, 25. She works in Human Resources for Solomon Smith-Barney in midtown, lives in the suburbs, takes the train in. She likes casual Fridays, summers down the shore, and men who come when they're called. As she smiles and waves prettily, the drunks whistle. From her float, she curses them off. And then the police. Row by row after row marching. They wave and smile and the drunks don't wave back. They'll be seeing them later anyway.

How to Make Your Own St. Patrick's Day Parade:
 Unfortunately, there are no St. Patrick's festivities on this god-forsaken rock. Don't worry though, Bucky, I got some tips here so you can celebrate this glorious day in finest NYC style:
 STEP I- Gather your forces.
 Now, you're probably wondering, who should you call to celebrate with you? Well, that's easy to decide. Whoever you know who's willing to blow off work to get shamefully drunk on a weekday. They'll do.
 STEP II- Obligation fulfillment.
 Go to Mass. Nah, I'm just joking.
 STEP III- Eat.
 In New York and areas surrounding, lotsa bars offer corned beef sandwiches on rye to commemorate all the Jewish delicatessens in ancient Ireland. In Iceland you can approximate this with saltkjöt on rúgbrau.
 MmmmmBLEARGH!
 STEP IV- Start drinking.
 Pick your starting-point bar and get down to it. In the States, of course, you can get green beer on March 17th. Not so here. However, if you invest in some food coloring, you can do it yourself in the bar. The bartenders won't mind. They'll just think you're an idiot.
 STEP V- Keep drinking.
 STEP VI- Go to the parade.
 There is no parade.
 STEP VII- Keep Drinking.
 STEP VIII- Parade?
 No. Skip to step IX, idiot.
 STEP IX- Pick a fight.
 Start a stupid, useless fight. There's probably not gonna be many other people around, so you can uphold the Irish tradition of fighting with your friends for no reason by fighting with your friends for no reason.
 STEP X- GO HOME.
 After a long day of strenuous drinking, start your walk home. As you go, you can try out the charming line of "Kiss me, I'm Irish", it's even funnier if you say it in Icelandic. I don't know what you'll get, but it won't be a kiss.

by Padraig Mara

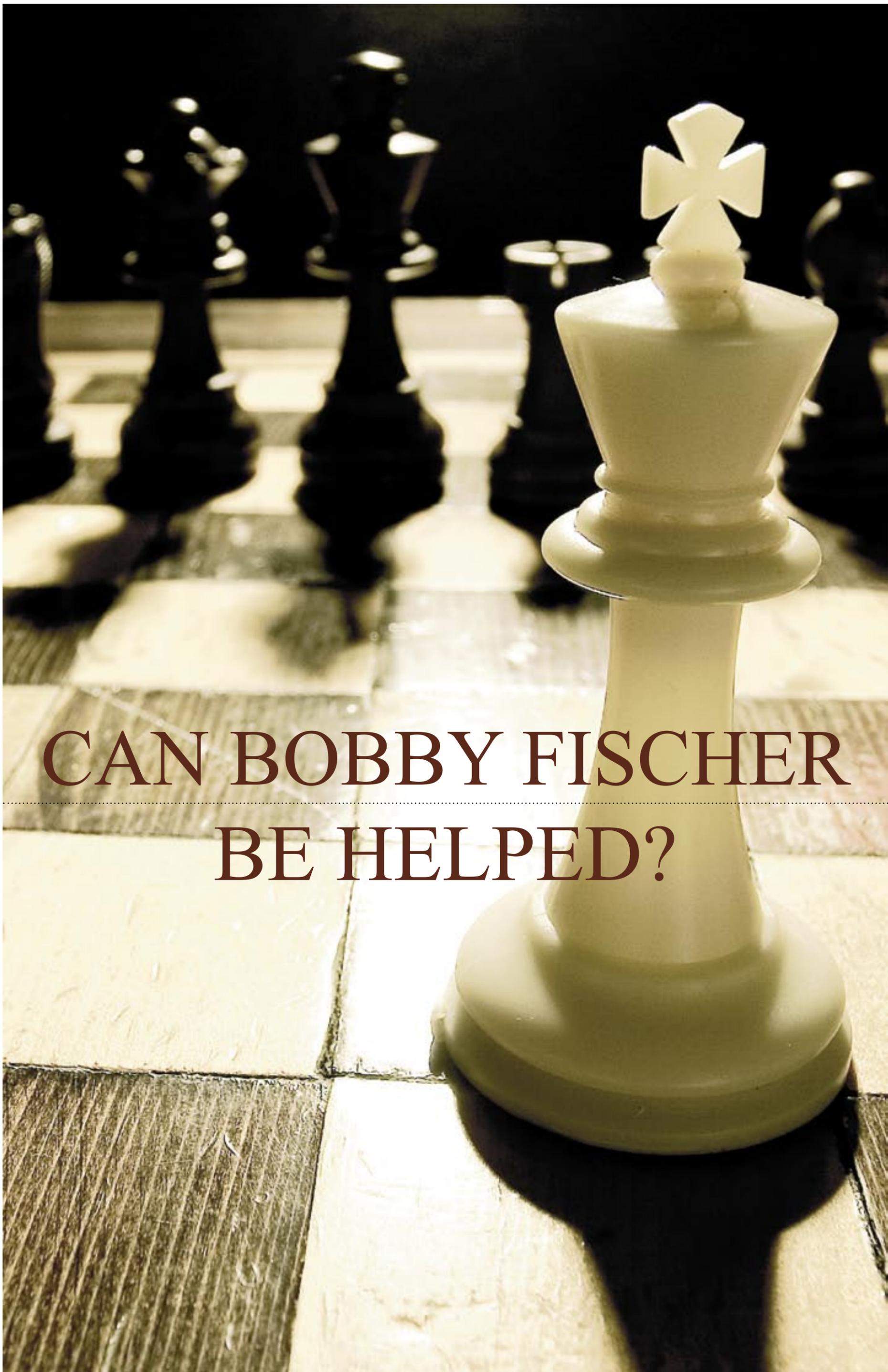
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CAN BOBBY FISCHER
BE HELPED?

How Fischer Played his Part in Political Disputes

But not between the countries you think

Getting Bobby Fischer to Iceland has never been easy. Upon arriving in 1972, one of the first things Bobby Fischer said was that the country was inadequate because there was no bowling hall here. He also complained that the view from the hotel was distracting because it was too beautiful.

If he ever makes it back here, then at least the first problem will have been solved. The first bowling hall was opened in Öskjuhlíð in 1984. I'm sure some city planners somewhere are working on having a nice shopping mall erected to take care of the second part of the problem. A committee of Icelandic chess players and media people recently went to Japan to try to bring Fischer back to Iceland. So far, they have not succeeded. But bringing Bobby here for the first also seemed, for a while, bordering on the impossible.

Why Iceland?

The match was the first since World War II to have non-Soviet Citizen as contender for the world title. Until then, the Soviets were able to pick and choose from host cities as they wished. The 1969 match (world championship matches are held roughly every three years) between Petrosian and Spassky had been held in Moscow.

Now, a gruelling negotiation process commenced between representatives of the rival superpowers. How did they reach the conclusion that Iceland was the best place to be? In fact, Reykjavik was no one's first choice.

Fischer initially wanted the match to be held in the US and flatly refused to go to the USSR. Spassky, on the other hand, did not want to go to the US, but neither did he insist that it be held in the Soviet Union.

A question of money?

The prize money for the Spassky-Petrosian match totalled 1,400 US dollars. This time, 15 cities were bidding for the match. The city that bid the highest was Belgrade, Yugoslavia, with 152,000 US dollars as prize. Reykjavik was 2nd with 125,000, roughly a dollar per inhabitant. The Icelandic government was responsible for the sum, but the organizers were hoping to recoup the money through television rights and tickets sold. Among other cities bidding were Chicago, Buenos Aires, Amsterdam, Athens and Zurich.

Spassky wanted to hold the entire match in one city, and was also worried about the climate. His first choice was Amsterdam. Friðrik Ólafsson, a leading member of the Iceland Chess Association, went to Moscow to meet him. In an interview with Grapevine, he said, "I told him about the great interest



there was in chess here, and that the climate was similar to Leningrad." Whether it was due to Ólafsson's visit or not, Reykjavik now became Spassky's city of choice. Fischer had other concerns. Ólafsson continues, "Fischer thought conditions here were too primitive. He thought it would be hard to broadcast live from Reykjavik, and that we did not have the technology. A long dispute with his lawyers ensued."

Bound for Belgrade

Fischer's first choice was Yugoslavia, partly because of the money, but he also had an affinity for the country, having played there when he was 15. He now insisted that the match be either held in Yugoslavia or the US. Ólafsson says, "Fischer wanted to play in Belgrade. He finally got his wish, which is why he's in prison now."

A compromise solution was found, where the first half of the match was to be held in Belgrade, the second half in Reykjavik. The conditions were drawn up by representatives from both countries and everything seemed in order. That is, until Fischer refused to show up unless all proceeds, minus expenses, would go to the players. Guðmundur G. Þórarinnsson, the Icelandic organizer, wrote him a letter which simply said: "out of the question." Upon hearing of the problems surrounding the match, the Yugoslavs demanded a deposit of 35,000 dollars. When turned down, they dropped out. Þórarinnsson seized the day and

offered to host the entire match. FIDE, the international chess union, agreed. So did Bobby Fischer, but, as he phrased it, "under protest." The financial issues remained unresolved.

Killing the hen that lays the golden eggs

But Þórarinnsson's troubles were just beginning. The competition was to open on July 1st, with the first match taking place the next day. Spassky and the Soviets arrived, as scheduled, on June 21st, and the Russian chess player settled in at the presidential suite at Hótel Saga. The current financial arrangements were that the two players would split the prize, the winner taking home 78,125 dollars and the loser 46,875 dollars. In addition, they would also share 30% of film and TV rights. Now, just a few days before the scheduled start, Fischer insisted that the players also get 30% of the entrance fee, the estimated total amount of which being 250,000 dollars. This is the money the Icelandic organizers had been counting on to cover their costs.

Ólafsson says, "He was very paranoid about money, and he didn't want anyone to profit at his expense. He almost killed the hen laying the golden eggs that this match was for him."

An empty seat

On June 27th, Fischer was still in New York, even though he had been scheduled to arrive on the 25th. He was rebooked on a flight on June 28th, but when he saw the swarm of media people gathered at JFK, he ran away from his handlers and fled to the house of a friend in Queens. Some claimed that he was deliberately trying to unnerve Spassky with his failure to show up, to which he uttered the famous line, "I don't believe in psychology, I believe in good moves."

Fischer's absence from the championship made its way to the cover of the New York Times. Meanwhile in Reykjavik, Þórarinnsson felt he had no choice but to set the match on the first of July as scheduled, even if only one of the two players had arrived.

Prime Minister Ólafur Jóhannesson, President Kristján Eldjárn, the US and Soviet ambassadors, the head of FIDE and Boris Spassky all arrived at the National Theatre. "Things were not looking good," recalls Ólafsson. "Finally, we had to resort to keeping his seat empty."

"I'm not a child"

On the following day, when the first game was set to take place, Fischer's seat was still empty. At this point, Spassky and the Russians could have declared forfeiture and returned home. Spassky would then have faced Petrosian again, the last man Fischer had beaten on his way to become challenger for the title, and whom Spassky had won in 1969. Had he done this, he would most probably have won and kept his title as world champion. So why did he decide to play Fischer anyway? Ólafsson, again, was there. "Spassky thought he had the psychological advantage. He thought that if he returned home he would be missing his chance to be the greatest chess player in the world. I asked him whether the waiting was affecting him and he said, "Friðrik, I'm not a child." But it seemed to me that it did affect him more than Fischer, who didn't seem moved by anything."

One last chance

However, Fischer was given one last chance. Þórðarson was a member of the Progressive Party, as was Prime Minister Ólafur Jóhannesson. "Guðmundur Þórðarson has said he had to push the Americans," says Ólafsson. Perhaps the Prime Minister of Iceland now turned to the White House. Guðmundur Þórðarson is at the time of writing in Japan and unavailable for comment, but in the event, Henry Kissinger, Nixon's national security adviser called Fischer and asked him to "go over there and beat the Russians." At the same time British millionaire James Slater put up an additional 125,000 dollars for prize money and said to Fischer publicly, "Come out, you chicken." Perhaps it was this that persuaded Fischer, perhaps it was Kissinger call, but at this point,

Fischer yet again surprised everyone by suggesting that they get rid of all the prize money, and simply play for the love of the game. Although his lawyers talked him out of this, he finally arrived in Reykjavik on July 4th.

First draw

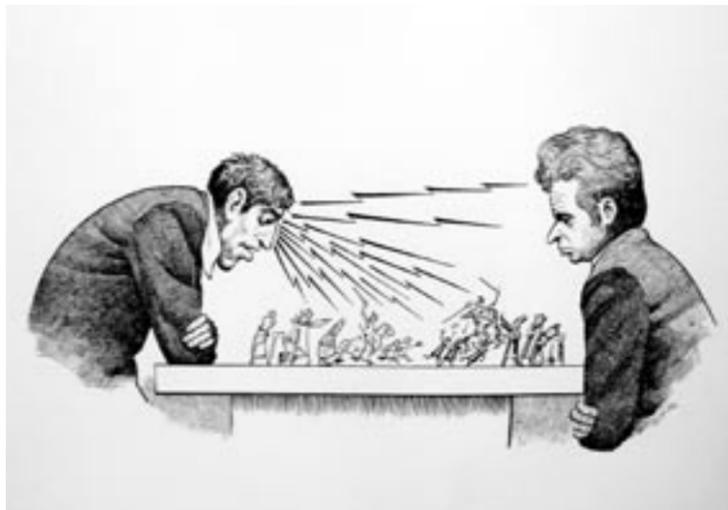
Three days later, Fischer and Spassky finally faced each other in Iceland. Spassky took a black pawn in one hand, a white in the other and held out his closed knuckles. Fischer pointed to one, and drew black. It was Spassky who would start the first game of this most famous chess match in history on July 11th, 1972, nine days behind schedule. Perhaps he would regret not having walked away when he could. Nevertheless, he must take credit not only for the match being held in Reykjavik, but for it being held at all.

"There is no doubt that the match put Iceland on the map more than anything had before," says Friðrik Ólafsson. But why was the Icelandic government willing to go to all this trouble? Was it national prestige, or the hope of attracting tourists, or was there something else, as the Icelandic phrase goes, hanging on the stick? Was there more to this than met the eye?

Iceland wins

Iceland had announced that it would extend the country's fishing limits from 12 to 50 miles on September 1st, 1972. This was in violation of previous treaties with Great Britain and would no doubt lead to a dispute with Her Majesty's Government, as indeed it did in the resulting "Cod War."

Friðrik Ólafsson says, "With all these journalists here, the government certainly used the opportunity to present their views in the fishing limits. In fact, Foreign Minister Einar Ágústson held a press conference just before the extension, and he called me to ask me what a good English phrase for "Endatafl" was. I told him it was "Endgame", and that's one end game that Iceland won."



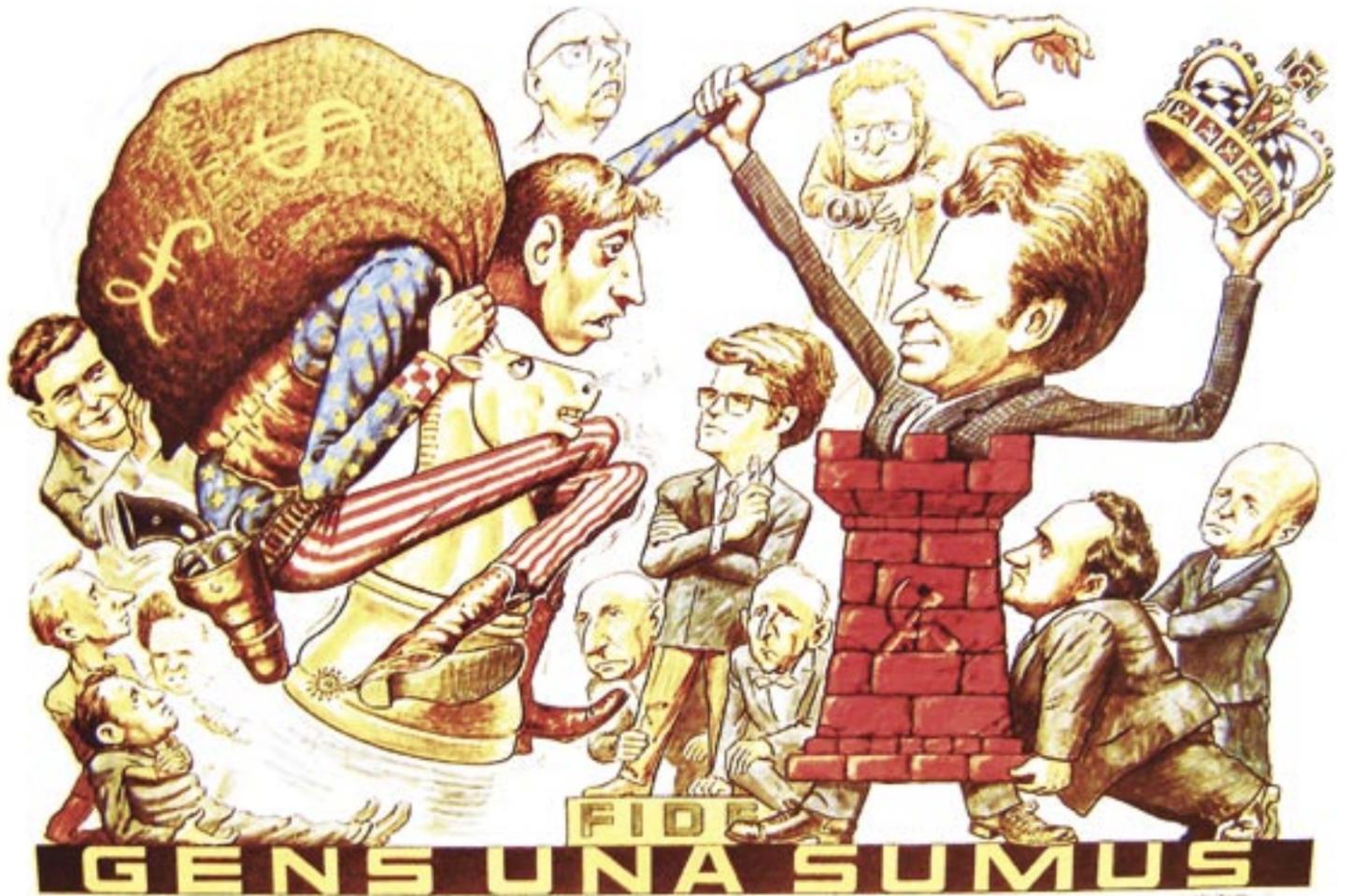
What Are Friends For?

The facts: Fischer is wanted by the US for breaking the trade embargo with the former Yugoslavia in 1992 (and more recently, for tax evasion), is currently in custody in Japan, and a few chess players in Iceland want to bring him here. What's puzzling about Fischer's case is that he remains a very unlikely candidate both as a potential immigrant to Iceland and for the help Minister of Foreign Affairs Davíð Oddsson has given him – especially in comparison with Iceland's current immigrants. Consider Said Hasan, a Jordanian man married to Ásthildur Albertsdóttir, who was expelled from the country last January. The reason for his expulsion? There was no one at the Immigration Office who spoke Jordanian Arabic to help him fill out his residence permit application and, as a result, he filled out the wrong form. Instead of catching the mistake or even informing Mr. Hasan of the error, his permit was denied and he was told to leave Iceland and not return for at least three years.

Bring Fischer Home, Keep Immigrants Out

Hasan's story is not unique - immigration laws in Iceland have become increasingly stricter, and the thousands who want to stay in Iceland will have to follow these laws to the letter. Why should it be any different for Bobby Fischer? Maybe because of how it benefits Oddsson. While Sæmundur Pálsson flew to Japan to rescue Fischer (albeit with little result), he would never have done so without the documents from the foreign minister. It was Oddsson who had Fischer's residence permit approved on December 15 and, when Fischer's supporters said last February that his permit wasn't ready, it was Oddsson again who spoke up in parliament, demanded to know why the Immigration Office was taking so long and added, "If people could forgive Muammar Qaddafi, who's done some things in his past, then they could certainly forgive Bobby Fischer."

A Pawn in Local Politics? Why would Oddsson go to such lengths to help Bobby Fischer so



long after the fact? He's been in custody since July, after all, and received little attention to his pleas initially. As Fischer's own website complained last October, "In 1972 Bobby put Iceland on the map. Now apparently Iceland won't lift a finger to save Bobby's life from the vicious US-Japan murder plot against him." Oddsson's change of heart last December coincided with heated attacks against him in parliament regarding Iceland's support of the war in Iraq. Suddenly crusading to defy the US and help Bobby Fischer get political asylum in Iceland could certainly have a lot to do with the attention shifting off of Oddsson regarding Iraq, as this small act of defiance does give him the appearance of one who doesn't necessarily do whatever the US tells him.

And Who Benefits? All of the efforts to bring Fischer to Iceland might be futile. Even his own lawyer, Masako Suzuki, said

last January after a meeting with officials from the Japanese Foreign Ministry that none of Iceland's legal actions would have any effect on their decision over whether or not to deport him to the US. The Mainichi Daily News reported in early March that the Japanese Foreign Ministry "refuses to let him [Fischer] leave Japan unless he is to return to the US"

Of course, whether Fischer comes to Iceland or is deported to the US, the political benefits of Oddsson's defiance remain. Iceland's immigrants would be advised not to hold their collective breath waiting for the same preferential treatment that was shown Fischer. One positive result that they could get from this debacle might be drawing attention to the double standard and calling for reforms in immigration law. In that sense, at least, someone other than Oddsson could benefit from the attention shown Fischer.

By Paul F Nikolov

Will Fischer sue the Japanese?

Interview with Helgi Ólafsson, Grand Master of Chess and director of the Icelandic Chess School

"I believe that [Fischer attorney John] Bosnitch plans on suing the Japanese authorities over their handling of this matter. I hope Bosnitch will be successful, especially as interest in this case has been widening. I think that when it comes to human rights maybe the Japanese have to adjust to Western societies. I do know that the US asked Iceland to take back their offer to Fischer around last Christmas, and it wouldn't surprise me if there were some collusion going on between the US and Japanese authorities.

A friend in need? "There's no question that Fischer is getting special treatment. Oddsson himself said that there's nothing else we can call this but special treatment. But Fischer has received this treatment because of his historical background with Iceland, for the very important match he played here in 1972. And I think that if you look at Iceland's humanitarian record, you'll see that we always help out people who are in trouble.

A scapegoat? "Oddsson tried in 2000 to get the US to drop their case against Fischer. There have been many violations of the [UN led trade] embargo on Yugoslavia. I think Fischer is just a scapegoat.

But what will he do here? "I don't exactly know what Fischer will be doing in Iceland. I thought it was a tragedy that he left chess, and I know that he's working on something else now. Fischer might not even be staying in Iceland for very long, even though he has a lot of friends here. What a lot of people don't know about him is that he's actually a solitary guy. What made him suddenly angry and outspoken was his property being seized in Pasadena, which was basically an act of robbery.

Is there a Jewish problem in Iceland? "I've been dismayed by the remarks he's made in the past, but I look at them more as a cry for help. He's just very angry. It's been explained to Fischer that in Iceland there isn't a Jewish problem – we judge people more or less on their own merit here. I know that Sæmi [Sæmundur Pálsson, one of Fischer's most ardent supporters] has tried to calm him down. Most of all we're concerned about his mental state, which has been declining over the past few years. I think that once he moves to a friendly environment like Iceland that he'll get better.

Will they bring the boy back home? "I sense strong forces pulling Bobby to the US. I'm very afraid that this group of Icelanders who've travelled to Japan won't get him back. Most of the time the US gets its way, so I wouldn't be surprised if Bobby ended up in jail for a long time."

By Paul F Nikolov

The Tragedy of Bobby Fischer

"Nobody has single-handedly done more for the US than me. When I won the world championship, in 1972, the United States had an image of, you know, a football country, a baseball country, but nobody thought of it as an intellectual country. I turned all that around," said Chess player Robert James Fischer in a radio interview on September 11th, 1972. Thanks to him, we now view the United States as an intellectual country. Having won the World Championship against Spassky in Reykjavik in 1972, Bobby Fischer never defended the title, and defaulted against Anatoly Karpov in 1975. Instead, he joined the Worldwide Church of God and went on the first dates of his life with attractive female members, before falling out with the church in 1977. The church having disposed of most of his money, the previously sharply dressed Fischer now lived in seedy hotels and dressed like a bum, constantly worried that the Soviets would poison him.

Ferdinand Marcos and the Shah of Iran In 1981, he was arrested on suspicion of being a bank robber. Not willing to tell the police who he was, he was held for 48 hours before let go. Out of money, he still turned down million dollar offers from Philippine Dictator Ferdinand Marcos, the Shah of Iran and Las Vegas to play chess, claiming that the figures were too low. Instead, he sold phone conversations with himself for 2.500 dollars an hour. Bob Dylan's manager gave his client one for his birthday. Still, his chess skills remained undiminished, and in 1981 he beat grandmaster Peter Biyiasas in 17 consecutive games of speed chess. Still broke, Fischer agreed to play Spasski again in Yugoslavia in 1992 for 5 million dollars worth of prize money, despite UN sanctions. Ironically, the real reason he may have decided to play was because of love. He had been conducting a pen pal relationship with Zita Rajcsanyi, an 18-year-old Hungarian chess prodigy, and it was she who inspired him back to the board. Once in Yugoslavia. Spassky felt that Fischer "looked marvellously normal" at the time. This image was soon dispelled, however, when he demanded the

toilet in his room rise higher in the air than anyone elses.

Random hearts Fischer beat Spasski again and remained in Yugoslavia, defying the elder Bush, but Zita left him and wrote a book about their relationship. Inevitably, Fischer accused her of being a spy hired by the Jews. He was now invited to move to Hungary and stay with the Polgar sisters, two young Hungarian chess players, who happened to be Jewish. It was at this time that he developed his own Fischer Random Chess, and played with the sisters. The elder, Judith Polgar, became the best female chess player in the world, and a match was planned between them. However, Fischer cancelled it on grounds the opposition was Jewish. He then moved to Japan, some say because he liked the culture, others because there were fewer Jews there, where he remains to this day, even if he's doing his best to leave. He now has a Japanese girlfriend, despite having fathered a child with the Filipino Justine in 2000. He still pays taxes on a house he owns in Florida, perhaps indication that he would like to return home one day. Home being the United States.

By Valur Gunnarsson





MEDIEVAL MANUSCRIPTS EDDAS AND SAGAS

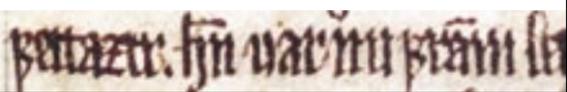
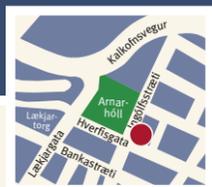
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LOW WATER MARK

“There was a fantastic sense that whatever we were doing was right, that we were winning... And that, I think, was the handle—that sense of inevitable victory over the forces of Old and Evil. [...] less than five years later, you can go up on a steep hill in Las Vegas and look West, and with the right kind of eyes you can almost see the high-water mark—that place where the wave finally broke and rolled back.”

Hunter S. Thompson, the man who wrote these lines, died February 21 of a self-inflicted gunshot wound. He was 67. It is this observation, coupled with the quip “Joe Frazier, like Nixon, had finally prevailed for reasons that people like me refused to understand—at least out loud” that I wish he might be remembered for.

Instead, he is more likely to be remembered for his myriad comic-strip lines like “I hate to advocate drugs, alcohol, violence or insanity to anyone, but they’ve always worked for me,” as quoted in the obit from his employer, Rolling Stone magazine.

Tom Wolfe, the New Journalist and fellow counter-culture scribe, who went on to become President Bush’s favourite novelist, described Thompson’s accomplishment in *Fear and Loathing*: “There are only two adjectives writers care about anymore... brilliant and outrageous... and Hunter Thompson has a freehold on them both.”

“Brilliant” and “outrageous” are adjectives Wolfe aspires to, but they were starting points for Thompson. What Thompson so remarkably accomplished in his writings, at its best, were “humility” and “honesty.”

Read *Fear and Loathing*, and for every attack he throws at the police from Muskego, Oklahoma, there is the reminder that he understands the police as people. (His lawyer presents the more common view on first encountering middle America law enforcement “I saw these bastards in *Easy Rider*, but I didn’t believe they were real.”)

From this shock, Thompson, in his anything goes manner, brings the reader from repulsion to somewhat identifying with the officers—note how many pages are devoted to apologizing to himself, how many officers simply want to leave Thompson alone. For even the most virulent Nixon-hater, the moment Thompson’s lawyer is attacking him with a hunting knife for not properly dropping a radio into a bathtub, we understand the charm of the silent majority. (To guarantee we get the point, Thompson positioned a hideous news account about a young man ripping his own eyes from his head while on PCP very close to this passage.)

All this has been overlooked in the weeks after Thompson’s death. He is the drug writer that was caricatured, by cartoonists, by directors, and by the author himself. And as the public wakes up to his work, Thompson’s

recent writings are thrown at us.

In reading over works like “Hey Rube,” or the Rolling Stone contribution “Fear and Loathing on the Campaign Trail, 2004,” Thompson’s tongue is still sharp, and he has still done his research on the candidates—mid-invective he points out that Bush actually did brand his fellow fraternity members, and it was reported in the *Yale Daily News*. (November, 1967 if you want to look it up.)

But one key quality was gone in Thompson’s last works: he couldn’t humanize GW. Things have truly gotten so bad that America has elected someone, twice, that one of our greatest writers, a man who could show the guy-next-door qualities to everybody from Hells Angels riders to Richard Nixon, can’t even begin to find a human face for.

As Thompson put it in one of his last pieces, “Nixon was a professional politician, and I despised everything he stood for – but if he were running for president this year against the evil Bush-Cheney gang, I would happily vote for him.” That Thompson is dead is extremely sad. That he had to spend the years before he died contemplating GW is truly tragic.

Bart Cameron

TRANSMETROPOLITAN: Punching Out Fascists

If you can’t stand the idea of a future without Hunter S. do not despair. In 1997, Warren Ellis, a British graphic novelist, came upon the idea of depicting the great Gonzo in the ultimate Dystopian future. What he pulled off with his series *Transmetropolitan* was outlandishly good and prescient. In the future, household appliances will be capable of drug-addiction, vice presidential candidates will be hapless clones, the public will be completely and totally without attention-span or memory, and investigative journalism will be non-existent. Also, New Yorkers will order baby seal eyes at their local hot dog stand. As I said, prescient.

The kick out of *Transmet* doesn’t come from the predictions or the commentary on society, though these are amusing and well drawn, it comes from the riff on the central character, Spider Jerusalem, a character Ellis says “was somewhat influenced by Thompson’s writing, persona and life”—or close enough that the author pointed out on his website that CBS news called him within two minutes of the story of Thompson’s suicide hitting the wire. In a comic, a journalist could presumably carry a weapon that causes politicians to soil themselves uncontrollably, or he could lob grenades off skyscrapers in protest over red states. (Yes, Spider has

Thompson’s love for guns and drugs.) But even in a comic, he can’t stop the red states from going red. And what makes the comics so great is that if Spider—acting out an educated reader’s fantasies—say, punches out a fascist at a political rally, he is immediately applauded by the other fascists for being strong and picking on the weak, and thus going from fantasy to nightmare. Sadly, *Transmet* has finished its run. There is a bright side: you can get the comics collected into six graphic novels and rumors abound that a movie is on its way.

by Bart Cameron

GRAPEVINE **IN** your pocket

Lights within the Bog of Cats

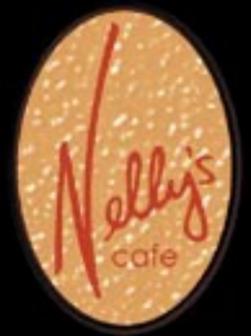
By Birgitta Jónsdóttir

"Mýrarljós - By the Bog of Cats" by Marina Carr has it all: drama, dark humour and flawless acting. The entire frame around it simply fits the content perfectly. The dialogue is very well written and the characters so powerful that at times it reaches levels of discomfiture as they act out the basic elements of human nature, elements we sometimes would rather like to forget. The director Edda Heiðrún Backman certainly knows her craft. Every little detail has been forged with care and skill, be it movement, lights, costumes, make up or music.

continued on page 23



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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.

CAFÉS

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 a 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 customers 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 quite 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 Paris

Austurstræti 14
Situating 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 light meals and the opportunity to sit outside when the weather is nice.

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. Feng Shui

Laugavegur 42b, by Frakkastígur
Inside the Feng Shui house is a café called "Teahouse of the August moon". The café just recently opened and they serve organic cakes, biscuits and the largest selection of tea in town. Try the waffle biscuits and have a Kashmir tea latte.

7. Svartakaffi

Laugavegur 54
Read the newspaper, have a cup of coffee, have a philosophical conversation with your cigarette and enjoy the specialty of the house, soup in a bread. Aim high, it's not on the ground floor.

8. Tíu Dropar

Laugavegur 27
A very nice "grandma" style café. It's not that apparent from the street, being in on the bottom floor, but is actually bigger than it looks. They serve traditional treats such as hot chocolate and waffles, but grandma is also known to come up with new delicacies, such as the Snickers cake, and you can even try her latest work in progress.

9. Kaffitár

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

10. Te og Kaffi

Laugavegur 24
Te og Kaffi actually manufacture the coffee for quite a few of the cafés in Reykjavik apart from running their own cafés. Perhaps the most noteworthy aspect of the place is its staff. Most of them have actually served on the Icelandic coffee-making team. Njáll came in 4th in the

international championship in Trieste this year. Jónína made freestyle champion, with her "Cup of Culture" mix, which includes orange and white chocolate among other things. Have one.

BARS & BISTRO

11. Sólon

Bankastræti 7a
Named after (in his own opinion, at least), Iceland's greatest man, Sólon is a pretty crowded nightclub on Friday and Saturday nights. It seems to have more lives than one, however, since in the day it's a fairly artsy coffeehouse and in the evening (weeknights) they have a decent menu. You can get a three course fish of the day meal for under 2000 krónur, or try the delicious fish and meat mixed sticks.

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 01:30.

13. Kaffibarinn

Bergstaðastræti 1
Kaffibarinn is Cool Reykjavik, itself on having more artists per world, and the crowd here seem musicians, actors and writers r famous. Blur's Damon Albarn ing it was cheaper than buying the director of the film 101 Re in the film.

14. Sirkus

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

15. Nelly's

Þingholtsstræti 2
The cheapest beer in Reykjavik drinkers as well as expats. Trot covers though. In the weekend large dancefloor on the upper midnight on weekends.

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 2 brunch. Try the lobster pizza.

17. Póstbarinn

Pósthússtræti 13
Situating by Austurvöllur, Póstbarinn is also one of few restaurants. Live Jazz once a week menu they have, only 1490ISK

18. Rósenberg

Lækjargötu 2
Perhaps the closest we have to walls. People go there for conversation than dancing. The place tends to players include Outsider legend band Misery Loves Company.

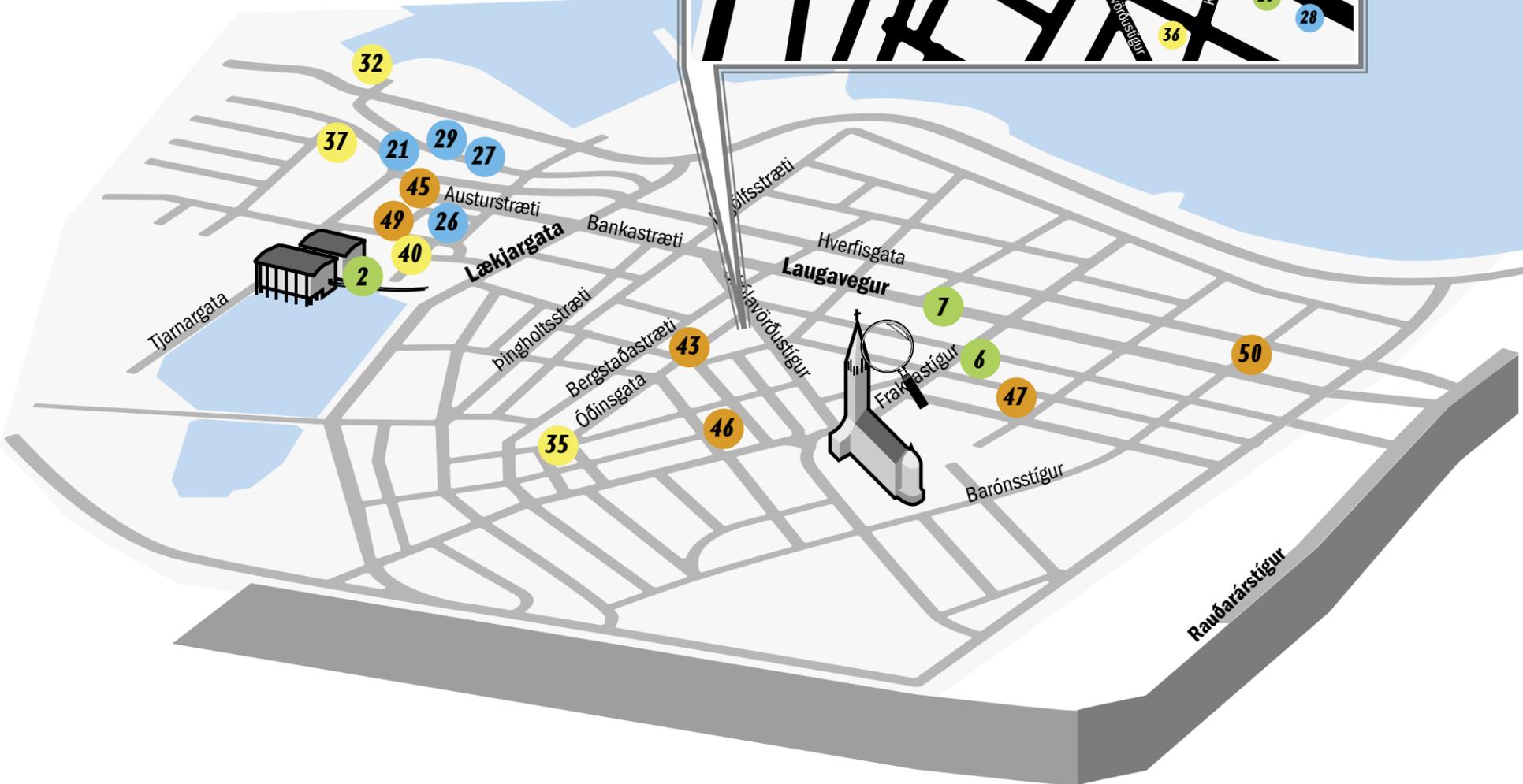
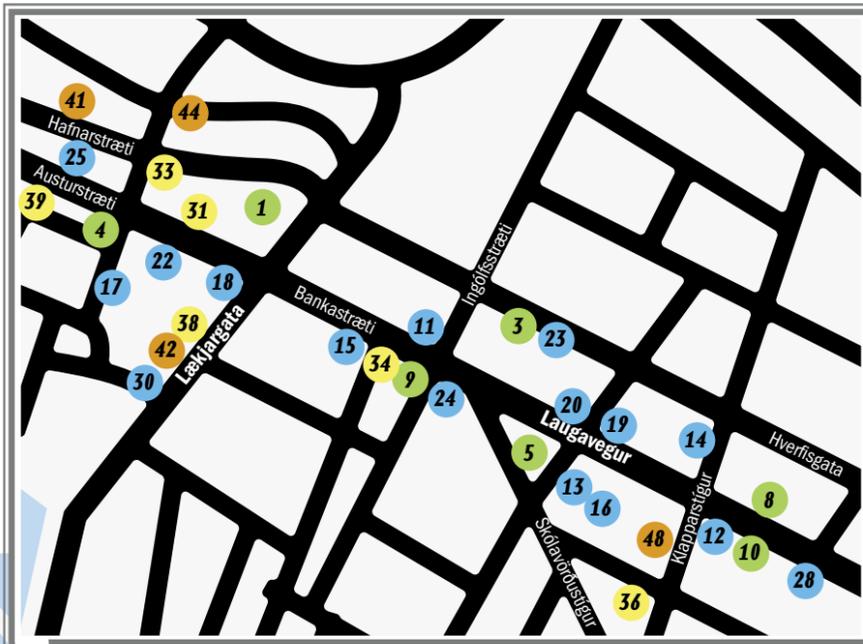


SPOT THIS

Kaffi Hjómaland

Laugavegur 21.
Open Monday thru Friday, 09:00 – 23:00, Weekends, 11:00-23:00

One of the nobler ideas ideas for a business to come around in a long time, Kaffi Hjómaland is a cooperative café that donates all their overhead to charities. This non-smoking establishment [well, you can't get everything -ed] also offers a nice variety of organic meals, and regularly features art exhibitions and music performances. Stop by and feel good about spending your hard-earned money.



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19. Grand Rokk
Smíðjustigur 6

A place true to the spirit of Rock 'n' Roll and bands that don't do covers. Better and lesser known Icelandic bands play there, usually no less than three bands a night, four nights a week. Whether they charge admission or not is up to the bands, but if they do, all proceeds go to starving artists. Grab a beer and rock on! During the day this is a hangout for chess players, challenging each other and anyone that might wander in here for a game, 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. Café Victor

Hafnarstræti 1-3

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

22. Pravda

Austurstræti 22

Not, sadly, a meeting place for the communist party but somewhere quite far from it. This location, which formerly housed Astró, has long been home to bleached blonde babes and hnakki's. It is perhaps the bar in Reykjavík that comes closest to a Nightclub type atmosphere.

23. 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.

24. Prikíð

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. Rex

Austurstræti 9

A favourite hangout for Kate Winslet look-alikes. Rex is one of the posher hangouts, dress code is not insisted upon, but you'll find yourself out of place if you're too casual. Also rumoured to be a haunt for generous middle aged ladies.

26. Thorvaldsen

Austurstræti 8

Posh as the fifth circle of hell. That said, they make a mean Mojito. DJ's on Thursdays, Fridays and Saturdays. Arrive before 12 if you want to avoid the queue. Theme nights during the week, wine and cheese on Wednesdays, Finlandia nights on Fridays and Sunday roast on, well, Sundays. Civilian attire is looked down upon.

27. Gaukur á Stöng

Tryggvagata 22

Iceland's oldest bar is now in its early twenties. During the day it's a pool pub and on weekday evenings there are live rock concerts by a mix of mainstream and underground bands. On weekends there is usually a lot of action with cover bands playing everything from Britney to the Beatles. Admission is sometimes between 500-1000 weekends, but usually its free.

28. Dillon

Laugavegur 30

This far up Laugavegur, Dillon is definitely the place to be. With reinforcements from bass brute Próstur (Johnny for short) from the Rock band Minus, now doing his time on the other side of the bar tending it, an air of something about to go down permeates. The DJ is the grandmother of Icelandic rock Andrea Gylfadóttir, in residence on Saturdays. It used to be a nice, horse themed place for a quiet drink, but no more.

29. Glaumbar

Tryggvagötu 20

One of the few proper sport bars in Reykjavík, so you can go and watch whatever game happens to be on the TV screens. The establishment is basically based around the bar, so you won't have to go a long way for a drink. Open until five, and has a reputation for late night partying

30. Litli ljóti andarunginn

Lækjargata 6B

Named after the HC Andersen fairy tale, The Ugly Duckling. The Duckling is one of the very best places for a quiet night, when even on Saturday nights you can hear what your partner is saying. They have recently expanded the place with additional room for seating, and have food at lunchtime.

RESTAURANTS

31. La Primavera

Austurstræti 9

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

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. Caruso

Pinghóltsstræti 1

Pizza and pasta are the specialties, although they also have a fish of the day. The seafood pasta has exceptionally fresh fish, as is to be expected. The decor is nice for the mid-level price range, and they have a retro smoking lounge upstairs.

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 Eysteinnsson, 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. Pasta Basta

Klapparstíg 38

An affordable Italian place, the pasta is in generous portions and the salad with grilled chicken is a good light option. The garden is nice, with a glass ceiling protecting punters from the wind and the rain at all times of year. Upstairs, the Blue Bar offers a more bar type atmosphere.

37. Tapas

Vesturgata 3b

For those with a bit of money and time on their hands, the evening is well spent at Tapas, where you can vile away the evening having course after course of wonderful miniature dishes served. Recommended is the garlic fried lobster and lamb in apricot sauce. If you don't feel like getting up right away afterwards, there's also a lounge to lounge in, and the paintings there 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. Shalimar

Austurstræti 4

Prides itself on being the northernmost Indian restaurant in the world. How this affects the food, we don't know as there are no comparisons in town. The daily special, comprised of two dishes on your plate, goes for roughly 1000kr. But we recommend the Chicken Tikka Masala, known to be highly addictive. And if the curry gets to you, they have a self service ice cone machine.

40. Við Tjörnina

Templararundi 3

One of the best known fish restaurants in Iceland. The cook is Sökkat member and Megas sidekick Gunni. It's known for innovative fish dishes made from a variety of rare fish and shellfish and related raw materials. Their respect for the raw materials is a tribute to fish and shellfish, showing off their natural goodness without artificiality.

FAST FOOD

41. Nonnabiti

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. Mama's Tacos

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. Bernhöftsbakari

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. Bæjarins bestu

Tryggvagata

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

45. Hlöll

By Ingólfstorg

Where Nonni used to work before he went solo, due to creative differences no doubt. They have a somewhat larger selection of subs than Nonni, and they also have smaller sizes for kids and weight watchers. Brave souls might want to try the Gúmmi-Bátur (rubber boat), which might seem like an oversized relative of the ever-present púlsa.

46. Eldsmiðjan

Bragagata 38a

Oven-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. Vítabar

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 næstu grösum)

Laugavegur 20b

Used to be called One Woman Restaurant, as there was always the same woman working there. Has new owners and a larger staff, but the theme is still vegetarian, with one vegan and one wheat-free dish always on offer. 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 Ingólfstorg, 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.

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.

THEY DO GIVE EXCHANGE TICKETS

Reykjavík has no trams, trains or subways, only buses. These yellow things can take you pretty much anywhere in the Reykjavík area. 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, the nine ticket package for 1500kr would be a better deal. 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 exact amount, unless you want to pay more for your ride. The driver cannot give you change. You can ask the driver for a free, time-limited transfer ticket if you need two buses to complete your journey.

The bus system is closed at 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, where you'll be able to get all the information you need.



THE EINAR JÓNSSON MUSEUM

by Eiríksgrata, opposite the Hallgrímsur Pétursson Memorial Church

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Museums

ASÍ Art Museum, Freyjugata 41, 511-5353
 Ateliar and Icelandic art, Fálkagata 3, 552-3789
 Árbæjarsafn Folk Museum, Kistuhylur 4, p: 557-1111
 Ásmundarsafn, Sculpture museum, Sígtún, p: 553-2155
 Culture House, Hverfisgata 15, p: 545-1400
 Einar Jónsson, Sculpture museum, Einarsgata, p: 551-3797
 FUGL - Reykjavík Project Space, Njarðargata, p: 695-4202
 Gerðarsafn, Kóparvogur Art Gallery, Hamraborg 4, p: 551-3797
 Gljúfrasteinn, Mosfellsdalur, p: 586-8066
 Hafnarborg Art Gallery, Srandgata 34 Hafnarfj, 555-0080
 Harbour House, Reykjavík Art museum, Tryggvagata 17, p: 590-1200
 Hafnarfjörður Folk Museum, Vesturgata 5, p: 565-5420
 Icelandic Institute of Natural History, Hlemmur 5, p: 590-0500
 Kjarvalsstaðir Art Museum, Flókagata, p: 517-1290
 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 Electricity Museum, Rafstöðvarvegur, p: 567-9009
 Reykjavík Museum of Photography, Tryggvagata 15, p: 563-1790
 Reykjavík Zoo & Family Park, Engjavegur, p: 575-7800
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 Sigurjón Ólafsson Sculpture Museum, Lauganestangi 70, p: 553-2906
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 Gallery Kling og Bang, Laugavegi 23, p: 822-0402
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 Gallery Listvinahús, Skólavörðustígur 41-43, p: 551-2850
 Gallery Handverk og Hönnun, Aðalstræti 12 2nd floor, p: 551-7595
 Gallery Hnoss, Skólavörðustígur 16, p: 561-8485
 Gallery i8, Klapparstígur 33, p: 551-3666
 Gallery Meistari Jakob, Skólavörðustígur 5, p: 552-7161
 Gallery Skuggi, Hverfistaga 39, p: 511-1139
 Gallery Smíðar og skart, Skólavörðustígur 16a, p: 561-4090
 Gallery Sævar Karl, Bankastræti 7, p: 551-3470
 Gallery Tukt, Pósthússtræti 3-5, p: 520-4600
 Kirsuberjatréð, Vesturgötu 4, p: 562-8990
 Safn, Laugavegur 37, p: 561-8777
 The Icelandic Printmakers Association, Tryggvagata 17, p: 588-7576

Other

Klink og Bank, Brautarholt, p: 822-0402
 National Film Archives of Iceland, Suðurgata 41, p: 530-2200
 Salurinn Concert Hall, Hamraborg 6, p: 570-0400

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 Café Roma, Laugavegi 118, p: 562-0020
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 Kaffitár, Bankastræti 8, p: 588-0440
 Mokka, Skólavörðustígur 3a, p: 552-1174
 Ráðhúskaffi, City Hall, p: 563-2169
 Segafredo by Lækjartorg main square.
 Te og Kaffi, Laugavegur 27, p: 533-6262

Café, Bar and Bistro

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 Bar 11, Laugavegur 11, p: 511-1180
 Café 22, Laugavegur 22, p: 511-5522
 Café Victor, Hafnarstræti 1-3, p: 561-9555
 Dubliner, Hafnarstræti 4, 511-3233
 Gaukur á Stöng, Tryggvagata 22, p: 551-1556
 Glaumbar, Tryggvagata 20, p: 552-6868
 Grand Rokk, Bankastræti 8, p: 551-5522
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 Sirkus, Klapparstígur 30
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 Hlöll, Ingólfstorgi, p: 511-3500
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 Pizza Pronto, Vallarstræti 4, p: 517-5445
 Reykjavík Bagel Company, Laugavegur 81, p: 511-4500
 Vitabar, Bergþrúgata 21, p: 551-7200

Continued from page 18.

“Mýrarljós” is loosely based on a play by Euripides called “Medea”; however, you don't really have to know anything about the original tragedy in order to enjoy “Mýrarljós”. The play deals with the travelling people of Ireland, the Tinkers, who often used to live at the edge of the inhabitable world, in swamps, in order to be left alone. Tinkers are still harassed for their lifestyle, a lifestyle coloured with wanderlust. It is a hard life to live in a caravan and not be welcome anywhere.

Enter the Catwoman

“Mýrarljós” deals with the fear we have about the unknown. The Catwoman [no, not her –ed] is an archetype for that fear, who, blind as she is, reveals the hidden world of the future and of ghosts; an oracle and a wild woman. The black swan's destiny seems to be woven into the fabric of Hester Swan's, the Tinker Woman's, destiny. The reasons for her tragic life are mysterious and yet as human as they can get. Her life is out of control, her deep pain only seems to attract more abandonment. She is so blinded by revenge and grief that it makes her unable to avoid the terrible fate about to occur, an obvious fate but it has a twist to it that I will not reveal.

The costumes, makeup and masks by Thanos Vovolis are a fresh wind from Greece, the original cradle of drama, and the same applies to the direction of movement and voices by Giorgos Zamboulakis.

Every Scale of Human Emotion

Haldóra Björnsdóttir in the role of Hester Swan manages to show every scale of human emotion and to awaken compassion for this lost soul. Her performance is brilliant. The live music throughout the play is also worth mentioning, composed by one of our greatest composers for theatre, Atli Heimir Sveinsson.

I liked the multi-dimensions of “Mýrarljós” so much that I was ready to see it again, right away, and that is rare. There were so many interesting things happening on the stage that it might take more than one viewing to experience and fully absorb it.



Brotið is shown at Hafnarfjarðarleikhúsið, it is a dramatic play about a relationship between two individuals. One of them falls ill with insanity and the other falls ill with severe co-dependency. The mirror installation by Gideon Gabriel Kiers, a specialist in this form of theatre installation gives the framework around the play an extra dimension, you can watch the actors from different angles. Gideon is among a handful of artists in the world that uses this form of installation with theatre.

Random Poem

The 2nd in eternity

By Haukur Már Helgason

Perfection! Quietly, peacefully, working on perfection, as I sit on the top of a furniture heap in the living room and quietly, peacefully work at perfection between my fingers. Have in my hands a greenish dough-stuff from japan, sort of self-glowing candy-dough-stuff and quietly, peacefully I work on making it into an idea as I sit on top of the furnitureheap that was left in my living room when the weather went down and the floods ceased. In the heap you can find all sorts of stuff and much of it can probably prove useful but I don't mind about that for the moment as I approach perfection between my fingers I'm gonna stop before I succeed but want to know that I can do this that I could if I wanted to.

Destruction, destruction, destruction! I'm quietly, peacefully working on destruction as I sit on top of a pile of mattresses and suspect that underneath it there may be a pea teasing me I quietly, peacefully work at destruction between my lips. I spread saliva between the lips that I then carefully separate, meanwhile squeezing air between them making a bubble that explodes. That's how the world is between the lips of Brahma but this is not merely a metaphor but a weapon of mass destruction where I shall not give up until I manage this way to split an atom. And no one shall know what he has had, no one shall know what he has lost. Except I hope that I manage myself to realize the awesome consequences of my acts a split-moment before this fantastic destruction that will begin between my lips.

There are more things I work on as well, peacefully, quietly, sitting on top of all sorts of heaps of things and concepts, peacefully, quietly work on you, my dear, like to say Brahma, like to eat, kill and eat, wait for nothing but bankruptcy, do



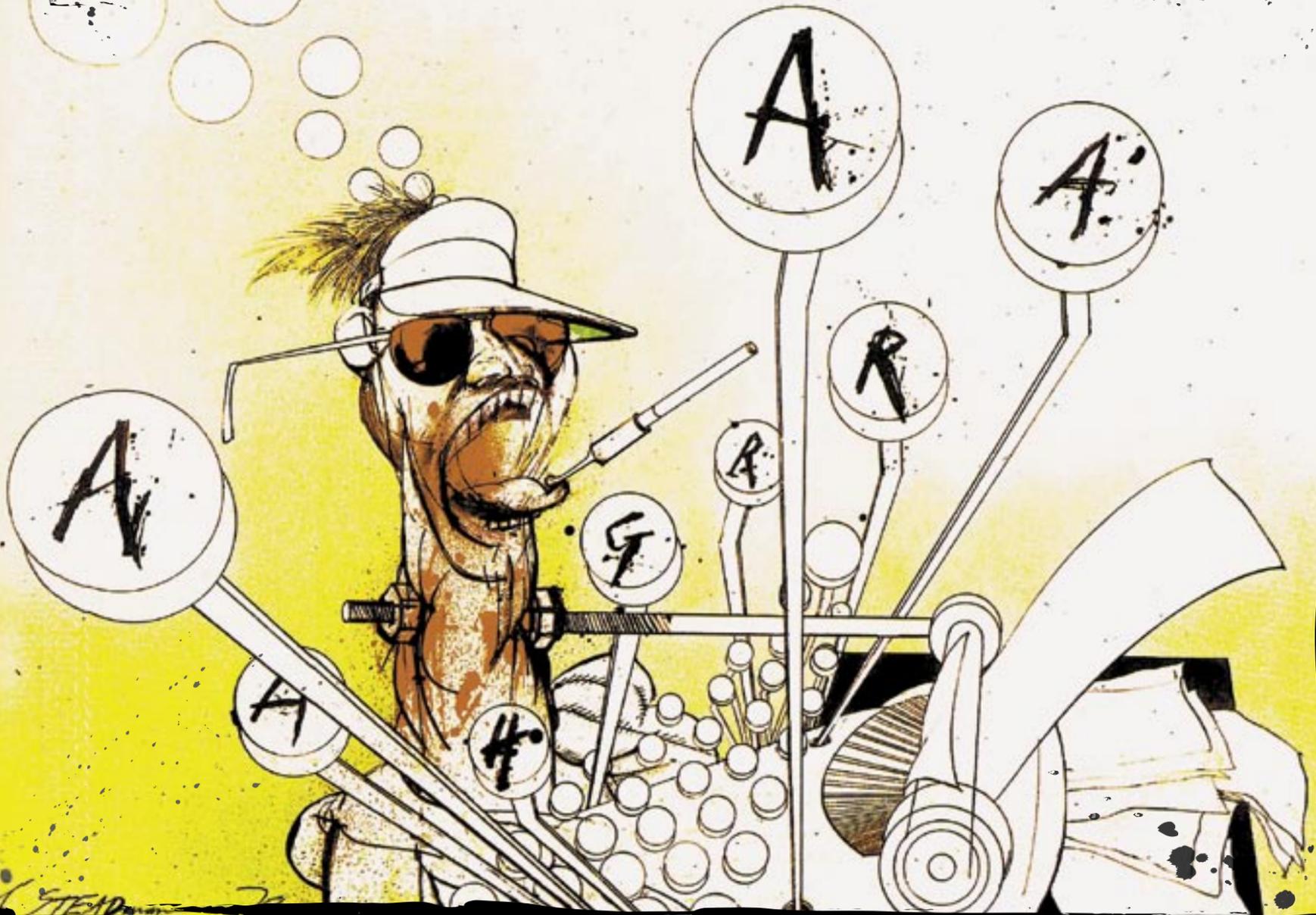
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Hunter S. Thompson

1937-2005

ORBITER

Our Shaman has Gone Away
By Jeremy Hogan

Somewhere between the Barstow and hell, three universes past the back of the darkest recess of my imagination, I turned on the computer and read today that the doctor is dead. The shock began to take effect...and I turned on the TV as some Jesus freak hell bent on bombing people into freedom declared and declared on CNN.

I don't agree with suicide, but I understand what might have led him to take his final trip.

It doesn't take much to figure out that on the other side of his brilliant, to the point political and sociological analysis and off the wall funny writing was of a deeply self-destructive subconscious. But, any human with the insight of Hunter is going to feel the pain of half the world living on two dollars per day, slave child labor used to make our products, 30,000 children under the age of five dying each day from conditions that could be avoided with just a fraction of the money being spent on bombing Iraq – anyone who would think this is OK would be a smug bastard and smug bastards are who Hunter clearly disliked – just read his writing.

What is evident, however, is that truth and freedom and dissent are what our country was founded on and what has made the great aspects of it truly great. And there seem to be precious few contemporary voices outspoken enough to tell the truth as they see it no matter who it pisses off. Hunter used the beauty of the poetic form of literature with the techniques of a journalist to tell his version of the truth as he saw it and we are all the better for it.

In the Spirit of Bukowski,
Burroughs, Megas, Dylan
By Michael Dean Odin Pollock

Draggin' my watermelon head off the couch on a Monday in Smokey Bay. Gawd I was born on a Monday, the telephones ringin' I pick it up. Hunter Thompson is dead, blew himself away last night. Damn, wait a minute, I feel like I been bitch slapped, what the hell is this? I was thinkin' about it, but he did it. Feck. Hunter take the bullet on the battlefield but by yr own hand. Did he or didn't he? I don't know. I was thinkin' about it, surprised. I would feel this way like a brother gone down.

Tempted as I am, Hunter, I cannot, will not play into THEIR hands & blow myself away I will gladly be chopped down on the battlefield or taken by nature's hand but damn Hunter, coming down pistol at hand. Who knows? We don't know anything.

Hunter S. Thompson, Kentucky
Colonel
By Ron Whitehead

My friend Gene Williams and I sold Hunter's books, we sold the first Rolling Stone magazines in the underground bookstore, For Madmen Only, and in the head shop, The Store, we operated on South Limestone in Lexington, Kentucky. I never dreamed I'd eventually work with Hunter and with members of The Beat Generation: Allen Ginsberg, William S. Burroughs, Herbert Huncke and others. Their works changed my life.

Hunter shot himself. He died in his kitchen in his cabin at Owl Farm Woody Creek Colorado. I took my children to visit him. He loved young

people. He loved his family. I drank and did drugs with him. We watched basketball. One night, years ago, in early May my son Nathaniel and I arrived, driving 24 hours non-stop from Kentucky, just in time to watch the NBA playoffs with Hunter. Don Johnson called several times wanting us to come over. Kentuckian Rex Chapman was playing for the Phoenix Suns. The Suns were down by nine points with one minute to go in the game. I looked at Hunter and said I'll bet you that Rex will hit three threes and tie the game, that the Suns will win by one point in three overtimes. Hunter looked at me and laughed. Rex hit three threes and tied the game. But Phoenix lost in three overtimes, by one point. I got damn close. Hunter paid closer attention to me after that.

I had the honor of producing The Hunter S. Thompson Tribute in Louisville, Kentucky, in December 1996. We had a sold-out, standing room audience of over 2,000. I brought in Hunter, his mom Virginia, his son Juan, the sheriff of Pitkin County, Johnny Depp, Warren Zevon, and many more. The mayor gave Hunter the keys to the city. The governor named Hunter, Johnny, Warren and me Kentucky Colonels.

Hunter is one of America's and one of the world's greatest writers. He stands shoulder to shoulder with Mark Twain, John Steinbeck, Jack Kerouac, William S. Burroughs, all five America's best prose writers, bar none.

ARTS AND CULTURE

A UNIQUE LIFE – A UNIQUE MUSEUM

It was raining heavily and the rain turning into sleet when I arrived at Glúfrasteinn, the home of the late Halldór Laxness and his family, recently turned into a museum. I pushed the doorbell and a got a warm welcome from the guide. It was a strange feeling to walk into this world I had heard so much about and which is woven thoroughly into the history of Iceland's culture during the last century. The walls were covered with art by some of the greatest Icelandic artists of Halldór's generation.

Drawing Moustaches on Works of Art

The first item that caught my attention was a painting by Kjarval. I could see that someone had tried to paint a moustache on the male figure. The sound guide on the Walkman explained that it was Kjarval himself who wanted to make this addition to the painting when he was visiting Halldór. The thing that impressed me the most was its surroundings, how it merges with the ambience of the home. There are so many windows and through each of them, the unique nature of Iceland is on display in all its glory. It is as if the windows are frames around an ever-changing work of art.

Hearing the River Sing

In Auður's bedroom one can hear the clear blue river sing its songs and the strong smell of books is everywhere. It is a house of books, faith, creativity and hospitality.

The life of Halldór was unique to our history and culture. Like many good artists he was eccentric and did things his way. For example, he would always write by hand, standing at his high desk, his wife sitting next to him typing everything he wrote. The home is full of interesting things for the eye, relics, interior design, furniture, books or art that used to be very exotic and bold for our fellow islanders at the time.

If you go, you have to give yourself time to walk down to the river and explore the surrounding nature of Gljúfrasteinn. And when you leave make sure to give yourself time to read at least one of Halldór Laxness many brilliant books, for example Independent People, a book that has influenced generations of artists on the island.

The museum is open Tuesdays to Sundays 10.00-17.00. More information to be found at <http://www.gljufasteinn.is>

by Birgitta Jónsdóttir






Landsvirkjun
- er hákjaft Eyjafjallsháttur Íslands

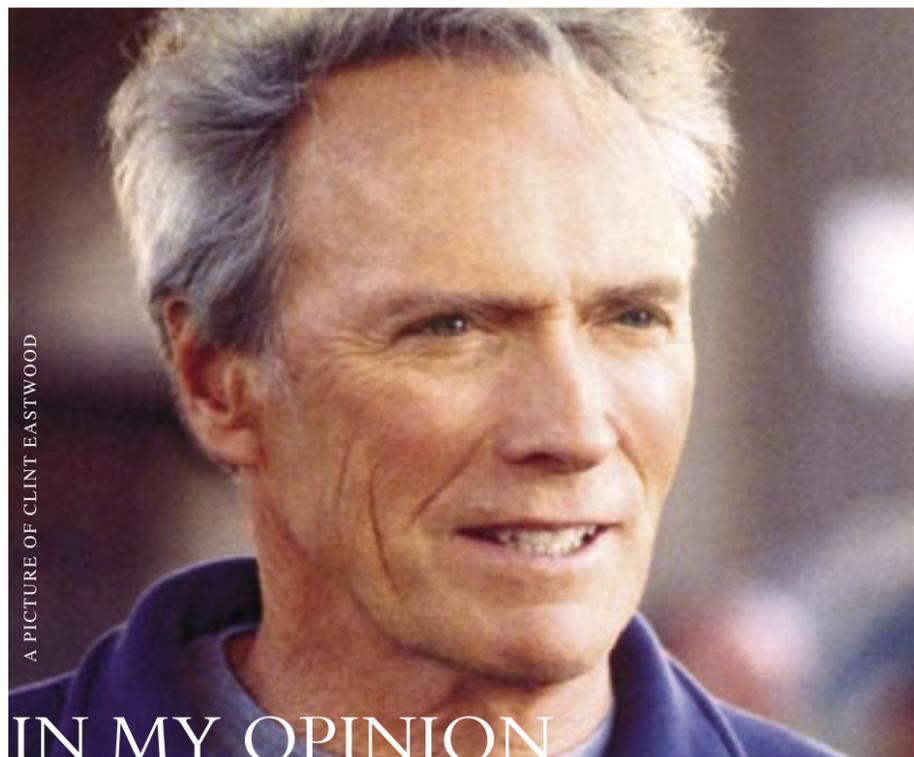
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The National Museum of Iceland has reopened its galleries. Come and see our new and dynamic exhibition "Making of a Nation – Heritage and History in Iceland". The exhibition reflects the nation's valuable and vigorous history and culture in an informative and inspiring way. After feeding on culture, try our fabulous coffee shop and pick up something unusual from our Museum Store.



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A PICTURE OF CLINT EASTWOOD

IN MY OPINION THE VERY BEST VEGETARIAN RESTAURANT IN THE WORLD

Sergio Aragones jr.

OK, Mr. Clint Eastwood did not eat at our place when he came to Iceland, but we are pretty sure that his mother has been here often. Join the many famous actors and rock stars who like Lou Reed and Leonardo DiCaprio and become one of our regular customers. Where the stars eat you are safe!



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ARTS AND CULTURE

LISTINGS

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

Art Gallery S Har
Mon-Fri 13:00-18:00 Sat. 12:00-16:00
The Gallery has a great selection of fine Icelandic art; paintings, photos, postcards and printed t-shirts.

ASÍ museum
Earthskin & Contact
Daily except Mondays 13:00 - 17:00
www.asi.is

Two individual exhibitions, Earthskin displaying the frottage imprints of Sigrid Valtinger and Kristín Sigfríður Garðarsdóttir exhibition Contact, she works with Ceramic.
March 12 - April 3

Atelier and Icelandic Art
Tue & Thu 15:00 - 18:00
www.icelandicart.is

The workshop of Dröfn Guðmundsdóttir's Sculptress

Árbæjarsafn, Folk Museum
Winter: Guided tours scheduled on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 13:00.
www.arbaejarsafn.is
Old buildings and artefacts depicting life in Reykjavík through the centuries.
March 8 - June 1

Ásmundarsafn, Sculpture museum
The Man and Material
13:00-16:00 every day
www listasafnreykjavikur.is/Asmundarsafn/
The Sculpture Museum holds a collection of original sculptures by Ásmundur Sveinsson (1893-1982). The Museum is housed in a unique building that was designed and built mostly by the artist himself from 1942-1950. The building housed both the studio of the artist and his home. The artist donated the house and his collection to the City of Reykjavík after his day.

Bad Taste Gallery
Lobster or Fame
Bad Taste is the record label that launched The Sugercubes, Reptile, Ham, Maus, Björk, Sigurrós, Mínus and many more. The label has opened a record store and a gallery in the city centre. In the gallery you can see the famous Lobster or Fame.

Culture House
Daily 11:00-17:00
www.thjodmenning.is/index_english.htm
The Culture House is a unique venue for promoting Icelandic history and cultural heritage. Exhibitions in the Culture House emphasize in particular the history and culture of Iceland, the country's independence and governance, as well as its ancient and modern literature.

Einar Jónsson Sculpture Museum
Daily 14:00 - 17:00
www.skulptur.is/index_e.html
Indoor and outdoor exhibitions. Dedicated to the works of Iceland's first modern sculptor, Einar Jónsson (1874-1954).

FUGL – Reykjavík Project Space
Innlit – Útlit
Mon – Fri, 10:00 – 18:00, Sat, 11:00 – 16:00
www.fugl.is
Exhibition by the artist Eygló Harðardóttir
February 26 - March 26

Galleri Lana Matusa Art Ceramic Studio
Unique souvenirs, lava ceramic, oil paintings

Gallery Fold
Mon-Fri 10:0-18:30, Thu. 10:00-21:00, Sat 10:00-18:00 Sun 13:00-17:00
www.myndlist.is
Art Gallery Fold offers the country's largest selection of contemporary Icelandic art

Gallery Hnoss
Mon-Fri 12:00-18:00 Sat 11:00-16:00
www.hnoss.net
Works by artists Auður Eysteinsdóttir and Hildur Margrétardóttir.

Gallery Hulduhólar
Sat 11:00-14:00
www.hulduholar.com
Hulduhólarin Mosfellsbær is situated just below Vesturlandsvegur (Highway 1) approximately 15 km distance from the center of Reykjavík. What used to be a farm, cowshed and barn are now Steinunn Marteinsdóttir artist's ceramic and gallery.

Gallery i8
Hrafnkell Sigurðsson
Wed-Fri 11:00-17:00, 13:00-17:00 Sat.
www.i8.is
Exhibition by Hrafnkell Sigurðsson, he is considered to be in the forefront of artists that use photographs as an artistic medium
March 10 - April 30

Gallery Kogga Ceramic-Studio
Mon. - Fri. 09:00 - 18:00 & Sat. 10:00-14:00.
Unique ceramic design by the well known ceramic-artist Kogga and painter Magnús Kjartansson.

Gallery Kolbrún S. Kjartalv
Open shopping hours
Uniquely designed, hand-crafted ceramics

Gallery of the Icelandic Printmakers Association
Tue-Sun 14:00-18:00
www.islenskgrafik.is
Karlína is the artist of the year 2005

Gallery Skuggi
Mæramerking II
Thu-Sun 13:00-17:00
www.galleriskuggi.is
The art exhibition Mæramerking II by Anna Jóa and Ólöf Oddgeirsdóttir opens. The Canadian Ambassador to Iceland, Mr. Richard Tétu, will address the guests. The exhibition is based on material collected during Anna's and Ólöf's visit in 2002 to the

19th Century Icelandic immigrant settlements in N-America. It aims at reflecting the way people of Icelandic descent choose to manifest and present their Icelandic heritage in their homes and daily environment.
March 12 - April 3

Gallery smíðar og skart
Sun-Fri 10:00-18:00, Sat: 10:00-16:00
Selection of fine art, both functional and sculptural. Ceramics, paintings and graphics.

Gallery Sævar Karl
Augnablik
Mon-Fri 10:00-17:00
www.saevarkarl.is
Exhibition by Magnæa Ásmundsdóttir
March 12 - March 31

Gerðarsafn, Kópavogur Art Museum
Two exhibition; Master of Glass and Metal & Dialogues
Tue-Sun 11:00-17:00.
www.gerdarsafn.is
Works by Gerður Helgadóttir. Although she regarded herself primarily as a sculptor, she also worked in glass. Her stained glass windows adorn several churches in Iceland, the best known being Skálholt Cathedral and Kópavogur Church. Dialogues: Drawings and stained glass inspired by Icelandic artefacts in London Museums. Also paintings, photographs and designs for recent architectural glass in the UK. As a part of this exhibition Spirit of Man at Kópavogur Concert Hall. The use of the head as a symbol for the spirit of man is the main theme for the exhibition of Eilífur Breiðfjörð in the foyer of the Concert Hall. Flying glass kites of different sizes and technique are also exhibited.
April 2 - May 1

Gerðuberg Culture Center
Mon-Fri 11:00-19:00, Sat-Sun 13:00-17:00.
www.gerduberg.is
María Jónsdóttir exhibits collage, watercolours, pottery and pictures painted on crushed rock.
March 11 - April 17

Gljúfrasteinn - Laxness museum
Thu-Sun, 10:00-17:00
www.gljufasteinn.is
Gljúfrasteinn was the home and workplace of Hallgrímur Laxness (winner of the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1955). In the beautiful countryside right next to Gljúfrasteinn, visitors can take walks as part of their visit, to see where Laxness spent his childhood and, in later life, sought his inspiration.

Hafnarborg - Institute of Culture and Fine Art
Wed-Sun 11:00-17:00
www.hafnarborg.is
Jónína Guðnadóttir exhibits sculpture in the main gallery. Barbara Westman from USA exhibits paintings in mixed media and collage in The Sværissalur and The Apotek. Hallsteinn Sigurðsson is the "Sculptor of the month"
March 4 - April 4

Hafnarfjörður Folk Museum
Pakkhúsið, open: May – Sept, Weekends 13:00 – 17:00, Sívertsens-House, May – Sept, Weekends 13:00 – 17:00
www.hafnarfjordur.is/byggdasafn/
At Smíðjan, Strandgata 50 you will find the headquarters of the Folk Museum. In the main exhibitions room you can see the ongoing exhibition "Thus it was..." where the history of Hafnarfjörður and its neighbourhood is shown from the settlement of the Vikings until modern times through historical texts and photos.

Handverk og Hönnun
Crafts and Design
Daily 13:00-17:00
www.handverkoghonnun.is
Pétur B. Luthersson furniture architect and Geir Oddgeirsson cabinetmaker exhibit their design of chairs and tables made out of specially chosen oak. Kristín Sigfríður Garðarsdóttir ceramic artist will exhibit minimalist tableware.
March 11 - March 20

Harbour House
NINE – Comics Festival; see Pick & Visual World
Daily 10:00 - 17:00
www listasafnreykjavikur.is
Visual World is a private exhibition of the works of the artist Brynhildur Þorgeirsdóttir. An enormous landscape installation which expands from the large hall into the museum's courtyard.
March 12 - April 24

Icelandic Institute of Natural History
Tue, Thu, Sat, Sun 13:30-16:00
www.ni.is/english/
The Natural History Museum offers a comprehensive overview of the dynamic natural heritage of Iceland. Animals, plants, minerals, stones and fossils. In the small museum you'll also find one of the few mounted specimens of the Great Auk still left in the world, a species that became extinct in 1844.

Kirsuberjatréð
Mon. - Fri. 10:00 – 18:00, Sat. 11:00 – 15:00
www.kirs.is
A gallery with Icelandic design run by ten female artists. In the gallery you can find various unusual gift items such as handbags from fishskin, felt, pig's bladders, copper weaving, baskets.

Kjarvalsstaðir Art Museum
Aim XI & Retrospective
10:00-17:00 every day
Aim XI - A joint project by the artists Helgi Hjaltalin, Eyjólfsson and Pétur Örn Friðriksson. The Aim activities have been called "Male Art" where the main focus is man's Game and meaning. This is the eleventh in this series of exhibitions that the artists have created.
Retrospective - Hörður Ágústsson, born 1922, is one of Iceland's most respected and versatile artists, a "renaissance man" in the true sense of the word.
Works from the Kjarval Collection. - Permanent exhibition
February 4 - April 24

Klink&Bank
14:00-18:00
Artists studios, concerts, exhibitions, lectures, happenings and concerts.

National Film Archive of Iceland
Three films by Peter Weir
www.kvikmyndasafn.is
Three films by the Australian filmmaker Peter Weir in March. 8th and 12th of March, Picnic at Hanging Rock, by Peter Weir
15th and 19th of March, The Last Wave by Peter Weir
22nd and 26th of March, The Witness by Peter Weir
Films shown on Tuesdays are at 20:00 and at 16:00 on Saturdays
Note that the film are only shown once or twice, so if you want to see them, now is the time.
Icelandic subtitles, ticket prize: ISK 500. Show at Bæjarbíói, Strandgötu 6, Hafnarfjörð

March 12 - March 26

National Gallery of Iceland
Archive – endangered waters
11:00-17:00 every day
www listasafn.is
Exhibition Archive – endangered waters by RÚRI. Comprising 52 large photographs on film, it is also an archived documenting the waterfalls of Iceland's highlands.
Exhibition of Icelandic artworks from 1930-1945. A retrospective of Icelandic art from the period when the landscape, narrative expressionism and abstract were in the spotlight. Guided tours every Sunday at 15:00 and Tuesday's at 12:10
March 11 - April 27

National Museum of Iceland
Daily except Mondays from 11:00-17:00 during winter
www.natmus.is/english
New permanent exhibitions, giving a comprehensive picture of Iceland's cultural history through the ages to the present day. The exhibitions will cover 2000 m² and be an exciting journey through time.

The exhibition comprises 23 sculptures by Sigurjón Ólafsson from different periods of his life, representing a broad scale of styles and materials.
March 1 - June 1

Teddi - Workshop
10:00-18:00 every day
www.teddi.net
Open workshop of free sculptures by the artist Teddi

Telecommunications Museum
Tue, Thu & Sun 13:00-17:00
The Museum displays old telephones and telegraph equipment and the history of telephony in Iceland. The house was built as a coast radio station.
March 1 - February 15

Volcano show: Red rock cinema
In March the Volcano Show is shown in English once a day. Part One starts at 8 p.m. and Part Two starts at 9 p.m.
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.



Gel Gallery, Until 29th of March DON'T THINK - JUST SHOOT Lomography in

action

I went to the first "LOMOGRAPHY" exhibition in Iceland. According to Konni one of the photographers that took part in it, the concept behind lomography is simple, don't think just shoot, and the photos had that air about them. Action photos. It only took them four days to plan this show and set it in motion.

The LOMO camera itself is the pioneering artefact that makes the lomography society so popular, its lens is made of plastic and that is why it is easy to see what photos are shot with Lomo, they have unique texture and feel to them.

I became curious about the Lomo concept and the camera itself and went online to explore. Found some pretty inventive and fun looking Lomo cameras, such as Horizon, Holga, Coloursplash, Frogeye and many more, these cameras are the foundation of the lomography concept and this first exhibition in Iceland. Aron the owner of Gel Gallery, Gúndi, Konni and Chris are the photographers behind this Lomography exhibition. The four are already developing ideas about future lomography exhibitions and to start a lomographic society in Iceland.

Dikta at Laugavegur 178 is the distributor of lomography products in Iceland and the

Nesstofa Medical Museum
Open by arrangement
The Medical Museum is a specialist museum on the history of medicine. The museum is located in Nesstofa, one of Iceland's oldest stone buildings, which was built in 1761-1763 for Iceland's first Surgeon General. Iceland's oldest pharmacy may also be seen at Nesstofa.
March 15 - May 14

Numismatic Collection of the Central Bank
Mon-Fri 9:00-17:00, Closed 12:00-13:00.
www.sedlabanki.is
Icelandic coin & banknote exhibition

Reykjavík City Library
Mon-Thur 10:00-20:00, Fri. 11 – 19.
Weekends 13 - 17
borgarbokasafn.is
Books and periodicals in Icelandic as well as English, Scandinavian and other languages. It has a children books and a great comic book section in English, CD's and video's.

Reykjavík Electricity Museum
Sun 13:00-17:00
www.rafheimar.is
Museum on the history and development of hydroelectric power production in Iceland and the electrification of Reykjavík.

Reykjavík Museum of Photography
Hot Spots
Mon-Fri 12:00-19:00, Sat & Sun 13:00-17:00.
Bára K. Kristinsdóttir is well known in Iceland for her commercial and industrial photography. Alongside this work she has also been doing her own creative photography, held solo exhibitions, and participated in many group exhibitions, throughout her career.
February 12 - May 22

Safn
Wed-Fri 14:00-18:00, Sat & Sun 14:00-17:00
www.safn.is
Pierogi in Safn
Ingólfur Amarsson: exhibition
Safn's collection includes both international and Icelandic contemporary art.
March 15 - April 17

Saga Museum
12:00-17:00 every day.
www.sagamuseum.is/en/ska/english.html
The Saga Museum transports you to the Viking Age and brings back to life renowned figures and major events in Icelandic history.

Sigurjón Ólafsson Museum
Acquisitions and Donations
Sat and Sun 14:00-17:00
www.iso.is/iso-e.htm

YZT
"Nánd" & "Svipir"
Two exhibitions, Kristín Þorkeldsdóttir's shows "Nánd", watercolours from Icelandic nature and the talented Elísabet Olka exhibits her show "Svipir"
March 10 - April 2

FRIDAY
MARCH 11
Gerðuberg Culture Center
María Jónsdóttir opens her exhibition with collage, watercolours, pottery and pictures painted on crushed rock.

Kling and Bang Gallery
Inside a Coneshell One Pixel: Exhibition by Ráðhildur Ingadóttir

SATURDAY
MARCH 12
Harbour House
NINE – Comics Festival - See pick

Harbour House
Opening of the private exhibition Visual World of the artist Brynhildur Þorgeirsdóttir. An enormous landscape installation which expands from the large hall into the museum's courtyard.

Nordic House
Opening of Migrating Birds – Nordic group exhibition.

ASÍ museum
Opening of two individual exhibitions, Earthskin displaying the frottage imprints of Sigrid Valtinger and Kristín Sigfríður Garðarsdóttir exhibition Contact, she works with Ceramic.

YZT
Opening of two exhibitions, Kristín Þorkeldsdóttir's shows "Nánd", watercolours from Icelandic nature and the talented Elísabet Olka exhibits "Svipir"

Gallery Sævar Karl
Magnæa Ásmundsdóttir opens her exhibition „Augnablik“

Nasa
Von Magnet performs for free at Nasa. Von Magnet is not precisely a band but rather a troop, composed of musicians, dancers and painters. Their live shows are spectacular performances: an original scene with special video, light and sound effects.

Kling and Bang Gallery
Inside a Coneshell One Pixel: Exhibition by Ráðhildur Ingadóttir

dur Ingadóttir

SUNDAY
MARCH 13
The Living Art Museum
Two exhibition; Skitsófrénía by Magnús Sigurðarson og Egill Sæbjörnsson and LIMBO by Leen VoetWed.

THURSDAY
MARCH 17
Kling and Bang Gallery
Inside a Coneshell One Pixel: Exhibition by Ráðhildur Ingadóttir

FRIDAY
MARCH 18
Culture House
The Poet of the Month – Hallgrímur Pétursson, opening ceremony
Iceland's foremost poet is without doubt the reverend Hallgrímur Pétursson (1614-1674). An exhibition exploring his life and work will be open at the Culture House. Margrét Eggertsdóttir, research scholar at the Árni Magnússon Institute in Iceland, will summarize the major themes in Pétursson's life's work. The singer Magnæa Tómasdóttir and accompanist Guðmundur Sigurðsson perform some of Pétursson's hymns of the Passion to arrangements made in the ancient tonality of medieval music by Smári Ólason. (In Icelandic).

Kling and Bang Gallery
Inside a Coneshell One Pixel: Exhibition by Ráðhildur Ingadóttir

SATURDAY
MARCH 19
Klink&Bank
Open house in Klink&Bank as we celebrate our 1st anniversary of being. Artists will be in their workshops and the house will be bursting with vitality and happenings.

Kling and Bang Gallery
Inside a Coneshell One Pixel: Exhibition by Ráðhildur Ingadóttir

SUNDAY
MARCH 20
Kling and Bang Gallery
Inside a Coneshell One Pixel: Exhibition by Ráðhildur Ingadóttir

The Living Art Museum
Two exhibition; Skitsófrénía by Magnús Sigurðarson og Egill Sæbjörnsson and LIMBO by Leen VoetWed.

THURSDAY
MARCH 24
Culture House

The old melodies to the Hymns of the Passion the musicologist Smári Ólason gives a talk on his studies of the old songs to the Hymns of the Passion by Hallgrímur Pétursson. The songs originated in Europe in the 16th century but changed markedly during their popular transmission in Iceland over the centuries. Old recordings documenting these songs will be played. (In Icelandic).

Kling and Bang Gallery
Inside a Coneshell One Pixel: Exhibition by Ráðhildur Ingadóttir

FRIDAY
MARCH 25
Kling and Bang Gallery
Inside a Coneshell One Pixel: Exhibition by Ráðhildur Ingadóttir

SATURDAY
MARCH 26
Klink&Bank
Fashion show by students from the Icelandic Academy of the Arts.

Kling and Bang Gallery
Inside a Coneshell One Pixel: Exhibition by Ráðhildur Ingadóttir

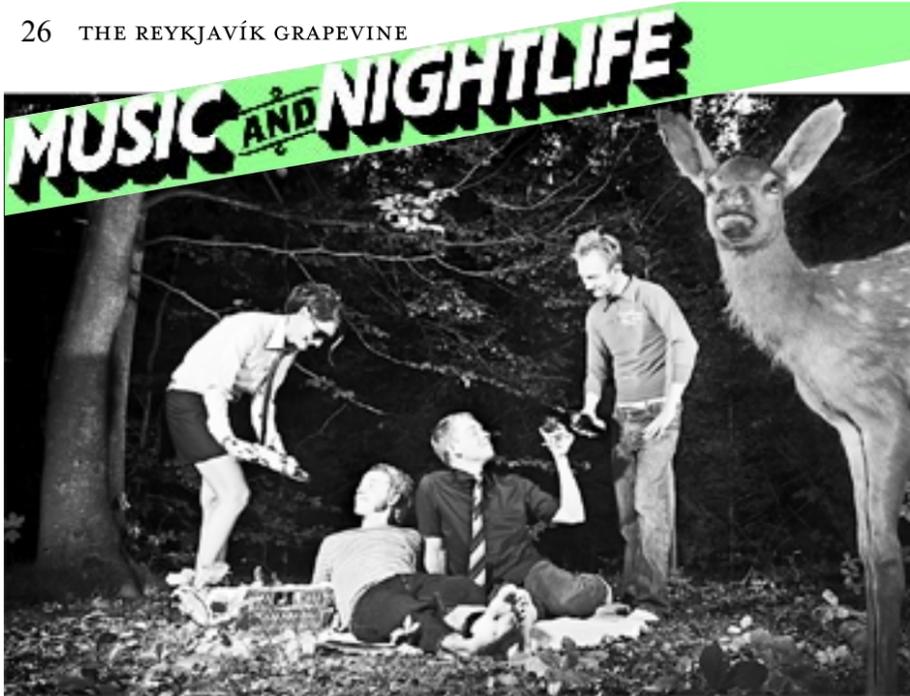
SUNDAY
MARCH 27
Kling and Bang Gallery
Inside a Coneshell One Pixel: Exhibition by Ráðhildur Ingadóttir

The Living Art Museum
Two exhibition; Skitsófrénía by Magnús Sigurðarson og Egill Sæbjörnsson and LIMBO by Leen VoetWed.

TUESDAY
APRIL 5
Gerðarsafn, Kópavogur Art Museum
International Architectural Glass Art Conference in the Kópavogur Concert Hall
The Kópavogur Art Museum Gerðarsafn is renowned for its important collection of work by the sculptor and stained glass artist Gerður Helgadóttir. The conference will consider the period of time during which Gerður's pioneering work was made and explore the ideas that have developed in architectural glass since.

WEDNESDAY
APRIL 6
Gerðarsafn, Kópavogur Art Museum
International Architectural Glass Art Conference in the Kópavogur Concert Hall
The Kópavogur Art Museum Gerðarsafn is renowned for its important collection of work by the sculptor and stained glass artist Gerður Helgadóttir. The conference will consider the period of time during which Gerður's pioneering work was made and explore the ideas that have developed in architectural glass since.

Hafnarborg - Institute of Culture and Fine Art
The Hafnarborg Luncheon Concert is held the first Wednesday of the month at 12:00. The guest of the Concert in April is Elin Ósk Óskarsdóttir soprano. Artistic director and pianoplayer is Antonia Hevesi. Free admission



FROM HANGIKJÖT AND DRY FISH TO COWBOY HATS AND HORSES

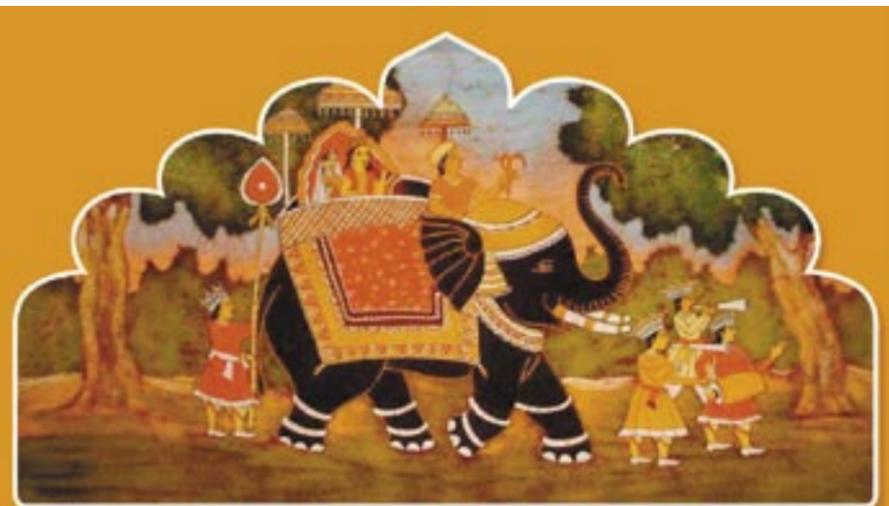
"It's kind of alternative, electro-pop music but with a lot of noise," say the members of Danish band epo-555. "Powersolo, on the other hand, are nothing like us when it comes to music. They're rock and roll all the way." Both bands are playing Reykjavík's Grand Rokk on the 11th of March. They are signed with Danish record label Crunchy Frog. Crunchy Frog is the biggest indie-label in Denmark and has released records by acts like The Raveonettes and Junior Senior.

"We played Grand Rokk in October last year and it was much more fun than I expected," says Mikkel of epo-555. "Of course we'll play in Reykjavík again – why shouldn't we?" When the bands are done in Iceland they head for the US, where they are playing in New York and then again in Texas at the South by Southwest music festival. There they will meet

up with Icelandic colleagues SKE and Vinyl. "We're playing New York and then Texas for the first time so that should be interesting. We will be going straight from the Icelandic hangikjöt and dried fish to Texan cowboy hats and horses," says Mikkel. The joyful Dane has only one concern. "I just hope the weather will be like last time, it was really great, not too cold." Him and Bobby Fischer both.

Epo-555 and Powersolo will play Grand Rokk the 11th of March. The show starts at 21:00.
www.crunchy.dk
www.powersolo.dk
www.epo-555.dk

by Ágúst Bogason



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Take away

albums

MARCH

Heard thru
the Grapevine

...Stoner rock band Brain Police welcomed a new guitarist to the group last month after the departure of Gulli who had been with the band from the beginning. The new guy is Búi Benjensen who has previously played with bands like Fidel and Manhattan. Búi is a talented guitarist, but The Grapevine has heard that the band is also looking for a second guitar player to team up with new boy Búi...

...Sindri Eldon, former bassist for the "Nintendo-hip-rock-band" Dáðadrengrir and son of former Sugarcubes Þór Eldon and Björk Guðmundsdóttir, is now living in the US where he goes to school. Still, Sindri spends most of his time making music and recording it in his room. He now has more than enough to fill a record. Some of the material, loud guitars, poppy drumbeats with cool vocals and some samples can be downloaded (legally, in case you care) from the website www.rokk.is...

...Iceland's very own Eivör Pálsdóttir (although she still claims to be Faroese) is about to release her first album in Denmark. Eivör sings all the songs backed up by Denmark's Radio Big Band (The Danish Broadcasting Service's Big Band). Eivör will probably be doing some shows in Denmark and Scandinavia during the spring and summer to promote the new album but at this moment it's not yet known when she will be performing in Iceland again...



Album of the Month
(not necessarily this month)

The Funkin' Champs

Although Jagúar missed out on Album of the Year at the Icelandic music awards, the band still got the vote for Performer of the year after opening for James Brown and now they receive the most prestigious award of them all: (drumroll...) Grapevine's Album of the Month. This calls for a celebration and what better way to set the mood than by putting on Jagúar's very own peppy party album, titled Hello Somebody!

It's all about having fun and the sextet certainly does that while arguably being the most talented bunch of musicians around. As usual, everyone gets a chance to shine but the real star of the show is Samúel Jón Samúelsson who, in addition to his customary trombone playing, fires up the mic with plenty of swagger. Although hardly a great singer, Samúel possesses a surprisingly wide vocal range and the perfect attitude to go with the music he and his funky friends cook up.

The inclusion of vocals means that Hello Somebody! is easily Jagúar's most accessible effort to date despite the majority of the songs still clocking in over the five minute mark. The opening track "Bodyparty" immediately sets the pace with a mighty groove and lines like "I can't control my feet/All they wanna do is party"...which is exactly what they do throughout the course of the whole affair. Sitting down simply isn't an option if you want to blend in with the rest of the hipsters (all dressed in turtle necks, naturally) so start moving to the beat, boy...

After reaching its peak quite early on with tracks like "What Is Going On?" and "Butterflies", the album starts to repeat itself slightly in the latter stages but never to the point of boredom. The word simply doesn't exist in Jagúar's vocabulary and I suspect that even the dullest cynics would find it difficult spoil this party...not that they were on the guest list to begin with.

TENDERFOOT

Without Gravity

Tender Steps Towards Grace
I must admit that I approached Tenderfoot's debut with some caution even if the word on the street was mostly favourable. The first couple of songs I had heard before and the cover art made me wonder if Tenderfoot were maybe a bit too pretentious for their own good. But as the old saying goes, you can't judge a book (or a CD for that matter) by its cover, so I still gave it the benefit of the doubt before pressing play...

My fears were somewhat confirmed when the overly melodramatic "Beautiful Son" opens the album but thankfully, the band manages to straighten the ship on a more upbeat country number titled...erm, "Country" and then sail effortlessly on course for the remainder of the album. That may not sound like a compliment but in this case it is, with the subtle melodies suiting Tenderfoot's laidback approach. So if you're still unclear, the ethereal and aptly titled Without Gravity actually surpassed my early expectations and certainly gets my recommendation as a nice alternative-country album for beginners.

The main reason for the "for beginners" tag is that it's neither overly groundbreaking nor challenging and accessible enough to win over a few people unfamiliar with the genre. Jeff Buckley's only album, Grace, is a huge reference point as well as the work of other usual suspects such as Nick Drake, Gram Parsons, Neil Young and Elliott Smith. With the backbone of Tenderfoot's music being the influences of such great musicians, the quartet is obviously destined to pale in comparison but as debuts go, Without Gravity is certainly a promising one with its soft and sweet harmonies. The ingredients are certainly there and in Karl Henry, the band has an undeniably gifted vocalist who, much like the band itself, is only a step away from discovering his own unique voice.



By Árni Viðar

DURAN DURAN Rumoured Preparing for Iceland Visit: Wham fans fear for life

The Duran Duran-Wham conflict happened around 20 years ago. But for those who lived through the horror of this conflict, the scars – and the anger – still remain.



Although analysts are still unclear as to when the conflict officially started, most agree that the fighting between fans of Duran Duran and Wham reached a period of escalated tension in the mid-80s. Friends, co-workers and sometimes even members of the same family turned against each other. None of those in the heat of the conflict will ever forget the fire that started at a downtown bar one summer night in 1986, where clashing Duran Duran and Wham

time all I could think about was my best friend standing next to me and his nylon Member's Only jacket. It's a miracle he made it out of there alive."

While the break-up of both bands seemed to have brought a period of stability and peace, unresolved tensions between Duran Duran and Wham fans simply went underground, emerging now and then in small clashes between more radical veterans of the conflict, often fuelled by nostalgia and copious amounts of alcohol.

With rumours circulating that Duran Duran might visit Iceland, both sides are readying for what may prove to be the most intense conflict between the two sides ever.

"My father was a Duran Duran fan," one anonymous source told Grapevine. "Once, he went to the store to buy some mousse, but there wasn't a can on the shelves – those Wham bastards had gotten there first and bought it all. I have an obligation to avenge the suffering and humiliation my father had to endure at the hands of those Wham bastards. This visit is going to bring us all together and give us just the shot in the arm we need to pull on our suede boots, don our double-breasted sports jackets, and take back the streets."

The Wham encampment, now small in numbers and split between the larger Georgist faction and the minority Ridgleyites, appears very worried. The government was quick to respond and issued a statement saying both parties must work it out between themselves.

by Paul F Nikolov

Random Poem

Eiríkur Norðdahl
Metaphysics

Lo and behold!
All these things.

We better name them!

fans were waging a brutal campaign against each other. Somewhere in the confusion, somebody's well-moussed hair caught fire, igniting a chain reaction of dozens of other heads of spray- and gel-soaked hair.

"It was horrible," remembers one survivor, a Wham fan, "but at the

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MUSIC AND NIGHTLIFE



5th Column Takes Moscow

The rock-band “5ta herdeildin” (The 5th Column) has just returned home after marching on Moscow.

Internet sites that deal with Icelandic rock usually describe 5ta herdeildin as a folk band that performs melodies based on Icelandic and foreign folk tunes. But Gísli Magnússon, the band commander and his three fellow musicians would hardly agree with such a description: 5ta herdeildin used to be a folk band, but things have changed. Though a part of the band’s repertoire is light-minded dance tunes, one would not recognize any influences from ethnic music in them. Both the music and the texts are written by the members of the band; the texts are mostly satirical. The members of the band have some experience of participating in other projects: Hermann, the drummer, once played banjo for the rock band “Ríkið” (The State), now dismissed, and Loftur (the bass player) also plays in the well-known punk-hard core band “DYS”, led by Soggi Punk.

Katyusha Takes Off

The first concert took place on the 4th of March at a small club in the centre of Moscow. It’s name is “Kitajskij letchik Jao Da” (The Chinese Pilot Jao Da) is popular among fans of modern rock music. The second concert took place the next day at the movie-house “35 mm”; the house was packed. Though only those of the audience familiar with the Icelandic language could understand the texts, the music told its own tale. 5ta herdeildin performed songs from their latest album “Áður óutgefið efni” (Previously Unreleased Material) and some still unreleased. At their second concert the musicians took the audience by surprise by performing the well-known Russian folk song “Katyusha”.

The Right Place at the Right Time

Actually, it was not the band’s first trip to Russia: in 2003 5ta herdeildin got a chance to take part in the international folk song festival “SKIF-7” in Saint Petersburg. Loftur the bass player says: “Unnur Andrea, the girl in our band had somehow found out that there was no Icelandic band represented at this festival, so we were allowed to participate. All we needed was to be in the right place by the right time.” At present, 5ta herdeildin are working on their new album; it is due to come out in the end of this year or at the beginning of the next.

by Olga Markelova

Random Poem

Hollywood

By Sóley Jónsdóttir

a valley of dark lights rising, unhinged
you’re rummaging through the kitchen
drawers
asking yourself where you put it
and where that music is coming from

night after night
misting its way through the walls, floor
and ceiling
slowly, like coal gas, and your coughs
taste sour

“my aunt, my dad’s oldest sister,
she had so many photo albums they filled
this huge bookcase
each shelf two-album’s deep
but they were covered with dust and if we
went anywhere near them
she’d really let us have it”

your hand resting
on the stack of forks for the second time
you forget what you were even looking for
distracted by the lights in the valley,
wavering
and dying at dawn.

Dillon, Laugavegi 30, p: 511-2400



Easter at Dillon

Friday March 11th
Special Hip-Hop night featuring
2MC and Mystic-one, DJ Andrea

Saturday March 12th
DJ Eiki

Friday March 18th
DJ Andrea Jóns

Saturday March 19th
DJ Andrea Jóns

Easter schedule

Wednesday March 23rd
Brain Police and Krummi

Thursday March 24th
Closed

Friday March 25th
House opens at 24:00. DJ Eiki

Saturday March 26th
A gig with Solid IV then Krummi

Sunday March 27th
Open till 03:00

Thursday March 31st
Dillon and Krummi offer the first
Heavy Metal Night. Show yourself!

Friday April 1st
Andrea Jóns “rocks the night away”

Saturday April 2nd
Party with Hot Damn!! &
DJ Andrea Jóns



Don't miss... Our Easter weekend special Brain Police, Solid iv, Krummi and DJ Eiki will rock your head offfff...



Don't forget... On Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday you will get 3 beers for 1000 kr...

Sunday - Thursday 18-01 Friday 16-03 Saturday 14-03

LISTINGS

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

MARCH 11

Dillon: 2MC's & Mystic and then DJ Andrea Jóns

Ömmukaffi: African theme night: African food menu & Reggae DJ

Nasa: Band: Hot Chip, from London UK

Grand Rokk: Bands: Epo-333 (DK), Powersolo (DK), Lokbrá and Jan Mayen

Café Cultura: Bands: Miri, Nortón and Bacon

Gaukur á Stöng: Coverband Skítamóral

De Palace: DJ Abrasive

Kaffibarinn: DJ Árni Sveins

Hverfisbar: DJ Bigfoot



NASA on March 11th

HOT CHIP

The came, they saw, and ..finally, they returned. Hot Chip has acquired world fame in Iceland after their mind blowing performance at the Iceland Airwaves festival last fall. Grapevine welcomes them back and will be there to sing along and do the robot to rhythm wondering "how the hell Steve Wonder sees things".

Vegamót: DJ Dóri

Sirkus: DJ Maggí Legó

Bar 11: DJ Matti X

Café Victor: DJ Metro

Amsterdam: DJ Steini

Pravda Club: DJ's Áki Pain & Atli Partycop

Thorvaldsen: DJ's Daddi Disco & Hlynur Me-gamix

Nelly's: DJ's Nonni 900 & Gummi Gonzalez

Café 22: DJ's Pink & Floyd

Sólón: DJ's Svalli & Próstur 3000

Prikið: Icelandic Night: Brennivín & Shark, DJ Jói

Glaumbar: Millertime: Live music

De Boomkikker: Rock N' Roll DJ's

Stúdentakjallarinn: Rockband Líkn plays

Café Rósenberg: Troubadour Siffi

Hressó: Troubadour Þór Óskar & DJ Heiðar Austmann

Ari í Ögri: Troubadours Acoustics

SATURDAY

MARCH 12

Grand Rokk: Band: Vinyl

Gaukur á Stöng: Bands: Mínus and Brain Police, the biggest name in Icelandic rock along

with opening bands: Days of our Lives and Future Future. Admission 1200ISK

Amsterdam: Coverband: 101 Rock

Sirkus: DJ Árni Sveins

Hverfisbar: DJ Bigfoot

Dillon: DJ Eiki

Bar 11: DJ Gulli Ozoma

Café Victor: DJ Gunni

Café 22: DJ Gústi Dead

Kaffibarinn: DJ KGB

Prikið: DJ Maggí Legó

De Palace: DJ Sesar

Pravda Club: DJ's Áki Pain & Atli Partycop



NASA on March 12th

VON MAGNET

Von Magnet was founded in London in 1985. The band is heavily influenced by Phil Von and London's post industrial underground scene. They play a blend of electro and Flamenco and while they perform music all sorts of visual arts will be performed by band members.



Gaukur á Stöng on March 12th

BRAIN POLICE & MÍNUS

The two biggest, loudest and most popular bands in Icelandic rock will be performing. Brain Police will be showing of their new guitarist for the first time and Minus are playing their first gig since their return from LA. It'll be interesting to see what GNR's old stomping ground has done to them. Opening for those two are the bands Days of our lives and Future Future
Admission: 1200ISK

Thorvaldsen: DJ's Daddi Disco & Hlynur Me-gamix

Vegamót: DJ's Lazer & Gísli Galdur

Nelly's: DJ's Nonni 900 & Gummi Gonzalez

Sólón: DJ's Svalli & Próstur 3000

Nasa: Icelandic legendary popband Grafik play

Ömmukaffi: Jazz night: Live jazzband Teague

Trio and DJ Ingvar

Café Rósenberg: Jazzband Pól-ís: Violin: Szymon

Kuran, Sax: Zbigniew Jareko, Guitar: Pétur Y. Pé-

tursson and Double bass: Dean Ferell

De Boomkikker: Rock N' Roll DJ's

Glaumbar: Surprise night

Stúdentakjallarinn: Troubadour Þórir and alt-

country band Hanoi Jane

Ari í Ögri: Troubadours Acoustics

Hressó: Troubadours Tube & DJ Kristján

SUNDAY

MARCH 13

Kaffibarinn: DJ's Adda & Edda

De Palace: Screening of cult movies for the very hung over

MONDAY

MARCH 14

Prikið: 20:00 Vala tells you your future

Kaffibarinn: DJ's Steinunn & Silja

TUESDAY

MARCH 15

Kaffibarinn: DJ's Steinunn & Silja

WEDNESDAY

MARCH 16

Kaffibarinn: DJ Benni

De Boomkikker: Game night

Café Rósenberg: Jazz & Blues: Pálmí Sigurh-

jaltason & vocalist Berglind will be playing,

among other things; Billy Holliday standards

Café Cultura: Tango Night

Prikið: The Icelandic Viking show (Live)

THURSDAY

MARCH 17

Gaukur á Stöng: Bands: Dr Spock, Brain Police

and Ask the Slave

Café Rósenberg: Blues: Vocalist Andrea Jóns-

dóttir, gutiarst Gummi P and with them; Eddi Lár

Glaumbar: Corona Night: Live Music & DJ

De Boomkikker: DJ Abrasive

Kaffibarinn: DJ Árni Sveins

Sirkus: DJ Vala Svalla

Thorvaldsen: DJ's Daddi Disco & Hlynur Me-gamix

Prikið: Flowernight with DJ Rósa

Sólón: Heineken Greenroom session: DJ's Tommi

White & Andrés, plus pop troubadours

Ömmukaffi: Jazz & Fund; live band UHU and DJ

Ingvar

Café Victor: Kronenbourg night, DJ's & Live

music

Café Cultura: Live Jazz

Nelly's: Live Music

Grand Rokk: Nyhil: poetry night: Open Mic

Stúdentakjallarinn: St. Patrick Day celebration.

Band Búalfar will keep up the party playing irish

and icelandic folk music. Offers at the bar and

free entrance.

De Palace: The Gig (Live Music)

Hressó: Troubadour Eyjólfur Kristján

Hverfisbar: Troubadours Sjonni & Gunni Óla

FRIDAY

MARCH 18

Stúdentakjallarinn: 16:00. Jazz Academy: Vo-

calist Ragnheiður Gröndal and friends

21:30. Stand up in english. feat. Snorri Hergill,

Taffetta Wood & guests.

Prikið: 80's Night: DJ's Erna & Ellen

Ömmukaffi: African theme night: African food

menu & Reggae DJ

Café Rósenberg: Band Hrafnaspark plays

"Jango"

Hressó: Band Vax & DJ Valdi

Gaukur á Stöng: Coverband Oxford

Nasa: Coverband Spútnik

Dillon: DJ Andrea Jóns

Bar 11: DJ Bjóssi Mínus

Hverfisbar: DJ Brynjar Már

Sirkus: DJ Gísli Galdur

Café Victor: DJ Gunni

Kaffibarinn: DJ Maggí Legó

Amsterdam: DJ Master

De Boomkikker: DJ Úlfar

Café Cultura: DJ's

Pravda Club: DJ's Áki Pain & Atli Partycop

Thorvaldsen: DJ's Daddi Disco & Hlynur Me-gamix

De Palace: DJ's Devius & Tommi

Nelly's: DJ's Nonni 900 & Gummi Gonzalez

Café 22: DJ's Pink & Floyd

Sólón: DJ's Svalli & Próstur 3000

Grand Rokk: Grand old punks: Fræbllarnir

Glaumbar: Millertime: Live music

Ari í Ögri: Troubadours Halli & Kalli

SATURDAY

MARCH 19

Café Rósenberg: Band Hrafnaspark plays

"Jango"

Grand Rokk: Bands: Skakkamanager and Kimono

Gaukur á Stöng: Coverband Á móti Sól

Nasa: Coverband í Svörtum Fötum

Amsterdam: Coverband Oxford

Dillon: DJ Andrea Jóns

Kaffibarinn: DJ Árni E

Hverfisbar: DJ Brynjar Már

Sirkus: DJ KGB

Prikið: DJ Magic

Café Victor: DJ Metro

Café 22: DJ Palli Maus

De Palace: DJ Sesar

Café Cultura: DJ's

Pravda Club: DJ's Áki Pain & Atli Partycop

Thorvaldsen: DJ's Daddi Disco & Hlynur Me-gamix

Nelly's: DJ's Nonni 900 & Gummi Gonzalez

Bar 11: DJ's Pink & Floyd

Sólón: DJ's Svalli & Próstur 3000

Ömmukaffi: Jazz night: Live jazzband Teague

Trio and DJ Ingvar

Stúdentakjallarinn: MEGAS in concert, starting

at 22:00. Free entrance

Glaumbar: Surprise night

Hressó: Troubadours Ari & Gunni, & DJ Kristján

Ari í Ögri: Troubadours Halli & Kalli



Stúdentakjallarinn, March 19th

MEGAS

MEGAS in concert, starting at 22:00. The editor's the guy in front on his knees. Free entrance (Megas don't care about your money).

SUNDAY

MARCH 20

Kaffibarinn: DJ Jón Atli

De Palace: Screening of cult movies for the very hung over

MONDAY

MARCH 21

Prikið: 20:00 Vala tells you your future

Kaffibarinn: DJ Palli maus

TUESDAY

MARCH 22

Grand Rokk: Bands: Sólstafir, Drep, Dark after

school (UK) and Dark Harvest

Kaffibarinn: DJ Palli maus

WEDNESDAY

MARCH 23

Grand Rokk: Band: Good Clean Fun (USA)

Nasa: Coverband Vinir vors og blóma

Kaffibarinn: DJ Árni E

Café 22: DJ Gulli Ozoma

Bar 11: DJ Gústi Dead

Café Victor: DJ Jón Gestur

Sirkus: DJ Laser

De Boomkikker: DJ Starri

Amsterdam: DJ Steini

Café Cultura: DJ's

Pravda Club: DJ's Áki Pain & Atli Partycop

Thorvaldsen: DJ's Daddi Disco & Hlynur Me-gamix

Nelly's: DJ's Nonni 900 & Gummi Gonzalez

De Palace: DJ's Óli Ofur & Jón Free

Sólón: DJ's Svalli & Próstur 3000

Dillon: Heavy rockers Brain Police & DJ Krummi

from band Minus

Ari í Ögri: Live Music

Hressó: Live Music & DJ Kristján

Prikið: Live: Frískó & DJ Kári

Stúdentakjallarinn: PUBQUIZ in english at

20:00

Café Rósenberg: Troubadour Steinþór

THURSDAY

MARCH 24



NASA on April 1st

THE SHOW THAT YOU MUST SEE OR ELSE STAND OUTSIDE THE US BASE CHANTING ALLAH AKBAR

The long awaited 2nd album from band Trabant is finally here and to celebrate its arrival, Trabant will get down 'n dirty tonight, performing the most interesting and entertaining music Iceland has heard for a long time, both with clothes and without.

Prikið: DJ Daði

Kaffibarinn: DJ Ingvar Geir

De Boomkikker: DJ Starri

Café Cultura: DJ's

Café Rósenberg: Jazz night: Þórður Högna and

vocalist Þórunn

Café Victor: Kronenbourg night, DJ's & Live

music

De Palace: The Gig (Live Music)

Hverfisbar: Troubadours Sjonni & Gunni Óla

FRIDAY

MARCH 25

Prikið: Chocolate night: DJ Palli Maus

Café 22: DJ Benni

Hverfisbar: DJ Bigfoot

Dillon: DJ Eiki

Café Victor: DJ Jón Gestur

Kaffibarinn: DJ KGB

Hressó: DJ Kristján

Sirkus: DJ Maggí Legó

Bar 11: DJ Matti X

Amsterdam: DJ Steini

Café Cultura: DJ's

Pravda Club:

EATING ICELAND



Outside Þrír Frakkar, a restaurant on sleepy Baldursgata in Reykjavík's old town, overhead lights illuminate the snow-covered street. The house, built in 1919 as Reykjavík's premier meat market, is off the beaten track. Painted warm sienna, Þrír Frakkar, means either three Frenchmen or three overcoats in Icelandic. In a city where restaurants open and close as quickly as the weather changes, Eysteinnsson's kitsch-filled, family run restaurant is a huge success.

Banned in the USA

Eysteinnsson, who began as a chef at the Hótel Holt, wisely keeps the place open seven days a week. The menu at this intimate, 44-seat eatery won't break the bank. Starters, such as smoked puffin in mustard sauce, are 1590 ISK. The highest-priced main dish, stuffed butter-fried Turbot, is 2960 ISK. The main draw in this service-friendly eatery is fin whale, either steak or sashimi. Reportedly 3 Frakkar serves an average of 14,000 whale dishes each year, mostly to American and German tourists. Whale, long an Icelandic mainstay, was banned from commercial hunting in 1986. Eysteinnsson's cache, tons of it, comes from the last batch of legal hunting, and has been vacuum-packed and frozen.

Clark Gable, Chaplin and Elvis The walls, painted a mellow pink, give 3 Frakkar a friendly feeling. On each table, three fresh pink roses

sprout from bud vases. A tape of Rondo ala Turk by Dave Brubeck purrs pleasantly near the small bar as owner Eysteinnsson, casually dressed in jeans and a sweatshirt, stops at the tables to chat. Maybe it's the display of wacky porcelain mugs in view of a grinning Clark Gable, Elvis and Charlie Chaplin; maybe it's the homey curtains on the windows – whatever, it feels chummy.

A Star Whale

We begin with a starter of black gull pate (svartfugl) arranged beside a compote of warmed baby pearl onions, plump black raisins and bright, red currants in a port wine reduction. We sample more starters: smoked puffin carpaccio with mustard sauce, another Icelandic seabird topped with dots of fresh, green spring onions. Smoked puffin is an acquired taste reminding me of hangikjöt, the smoked lamb associated with the recent festival, Þorrablót. The star is the whale

sashimi, red, raw, bloodless and julienned into a dumpling-like mound. The addition of Japanese dipping condiments of hot green wasabi, delicate slices of fresh ginger root and soy sauce kicks it up nicely.

Whale 'n' Chips

The popular whale steak in pepper sauce is a must, if only to say you've tried it. When cooked, the whale becomes meat with a pungent, liver-like flavor. It arrives with wedges of French fried potatoes. We cannot shirk the responsibility of tasting the evening's special dessert, crème brûlée. It is brought to our table with a generous side of fresh, whipped cream. We tap the thin, crispy caramelized sugar topping; it crackles. Then, we dig our spoon in to the creamy custard. Pure decadence. A classic finish to any meal.

Þrír Frakkar, Baldursgata 14, Telephone 552-3939

by Roberta Ostroff

Finally,
Wine Education

Top American and European chefs vied for approval from an international judge's panel at the Reykjavík Art Museum one Saturday afternoon in February. The overall winner was Denmark's Rene Redzepi. Prize for the best fish course went to American David Deshais, for meat to France's Christophe Moisan and for dessert to Juuse Mikkonen from Finland. Never before have the foreign media been so interested in the event.



Television crews from Denmark, Finland and the Netherlands recorded the event and journalists from the Washington Post, New York Times and specialty food magazines wrote about it. "The chefs were more eager to win this year than ever. This proves the competition is being taken seriously by culinary professionals," says one of the event organizers, restaurant owner and master chef Siggí Hall.

Fried Liquorice and Cooked Lettuce An important spin-off from the Food and Fun Festival is the improvement of culinary standards in Iceland. Students from the Icelandic Hotel and Culinary School in Kópavogur take an active part in the festival and the cooking competition itself. Students host a lunch for the

chefs and judges at the school the day before the competition. The students get to try recipes, cooking techniques and styles they learn from the visiting chefs, such as fried liquorice and cooked lettuce.

Focus on Wine

Nine waiters from the school waited on tables in the competition. Bárður Guðlaugsson, director of the Faculty of Waiters, says the school must stay alert and anticipate new trends. "Increasing use of wine has prompted us to focus more on educating our students about wine as it is imperative for waiters to be able to advise guests what wine suits different kinds of food."

by Stefán Valsson



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Where to go for a good time

with no admission fee...



kaffi **SÓLON** Kaffi Sólon "All in One" from romantic café/bistro to mad club house at night's in weekend's

Schedule

Thursday.
Ground floor: Dj Tommi White and Dj Andrés with Heineken greenroom session. Heineken on special offer, 5 in a bucket isd kr 1.500- or 1 in hand isd kr 390-
Upstairs': Icelandic true party session, live music, with Icelandic most popular rock stars.

Friday.
Red & White wine on special price, in glass or bottle.
Dj tuning there tricks and tracks until late morning.

Saturday.
Long Saturday at Sólon, open from 11 - 06.00
Coffee - cakes - small courses - salad - fish and dinner.
Dj with the best R&B and the hottest dance music until red morning.

Upstairs at Sólon new look in end of February - idea for groups in dinner.
All days - special offer of wine - beer - health menu - tourist menu and fresh fish

Just drop by, you never know when you get lucky!!!




Café VICTOR

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Drop in for a cup of coffee, a light lunch, a full dinner or experience the nightlife Reykjavik is famous for.

On thursdays we offer 5 Kronenbourg's in a bucket for only 1.664.-

All the best soccer action live on the big screen, check our homepage for schedules.

www.cafevictor.is
info@cafevictor.is
Hafnarstræti 1-3
101 Reykjavik
Tel: 561 9555






Thorvaldsen Bar

Schedule
Thursdays. Dj - disco - Finlandia cocktails
Friday & Saturday. Nights from 23 - 04 Thorvaldsen goes clubbing, this are the nights you can't miss in Iceland (And maybe the reason you came to Iceland). Don't show up late, the cue can go long. Free entrance fee
Sunday. Lamb "Old Style"

Special room for groups, seats up to 50 people.
Find out what is going on at www.thorvaldsen.is



MOVIES AND THEATRE



CACTUSMILK – Improvising the Aftermath of War

I was not expecting to see a play performed entirely in English when I went to see Cactusmilk at Klink and Bank. The dialogue of the characters, played by Sólveig Guðmundsdóttir and Marianna Clara Lúthersdóttir, flowed smoothly. This experimental piece, by the female theatre group Garpur, worked even if they only had two weeks of preparations. The text is fused together from works by Beckett, Pinter, Sarah Kane and Matei Visniec, with the assistance of the director Graeme Maley. It is a short piece, takes only 45 minutes and has an air of freshness and boldness, tackling such matters as war and its consequences on the human soul.

Q: Why in English?

Sólveig: We had started to work with the text from an English play, and had begun to translate it, then we decided to work with the text by other authors such as Beckett and Pinter, but the rhythm in their work was so powerful that we felt compelled to use it in its original form. We felt it could possibly work out because Iceland is developing into a multicultural country and it is so rare that there is anything available for those that don't understand Icelandic in the theatres.

Q: Why war as a theme?

Sólveig: We felt that we could use the theatre as a tool to get people to think, to form an opinion about war, because we as a nation are now taking part in a war for the first time. We are all responsible in one way or another. In this particular play we want to move out of time and the consequences of the war we are dealing with could be the aftermath of any war, past, present or future. We in Garpur have been developing this concept through our shows, the first show was about the preparation for war. We like to shift the gender roles in performances, by

having women act the roles of men, to show that the brutality within a war situation is something everyone is capable of being guilty of. It is a part of humanity and needs to be addressed; we tried to do that with a level of abstraction and a good dose of black humor.

Q: Why an English director?

Sólveig: I studied in London and part of the education was to get different directors to teach us, I got to know Graeme Maley through that. He is an artistic director for LLT – Liverpool's New Writing Theatre, who's primary function is to assist new writers to get their work seen, heard and to produce their plays. We think it is important to get people from other countries to Iceland to work with Icelandic theatres, in order to develop new ideas and concepts.

Shown at Klink og Bank 11th & 13th of March at 20:00, it will be shown the following weekend. You can order tickets by calling 661 1492

by Birgitta Jónsdóttir

SONG OF THE DAMNED



Fúria
Shown at Tjarnarbió Theatre
March 13th, 16th and 18th

The British government sent a fleet to colonize Australia. They traveled for eight months before reaching their destination. Of the 736 convicts onboard, not one was convicted of murder or rape, nor were the women being transported convicted of prostitution; the vast majority of the convicts had only been convicted of minor theft. The penalties were severe - generally death by public hanging. Most of the convicts had been found guilty of stealing, been sentenced to hang, and then had their sentence commuted to exile for the rest of their lives. Upon arrival in the prison camp in Australia, which will one day grow into the city of Sydney, the prisoners are ordered to produce a play in order to speed their rehabilitation.

A Matter of Historical Record

This is the basis for Timberlake Wertenbaker's play, "Our Country's Good", based on the novel The Playmaker by Thomas Keneally (author of Schindler's List). The characters in the story, convict and officer alike, did indeed exist, and the sources for both play and book are the letters and journals of Ralph Clark, Watkin Tench and David Collins. The 1789 convict production of Farquhar's The Recruiting Officer, directed by 2nd Lieutenant Ralph Clark, is a matter of historical record. But it is more than that, it is also a remarkable tale of the power that theatre has to transform and humanize - even those convicted of petty theft.

Satire and Ambition

The Fúria theatre group of Kvennaskólinn í Reykjavík secondary school tackles the satire with ambition. "The main reason why this play was chosen is because I saw it on stage in London and was deeply touched by it, and the other reason is that it has dialogue for 20 people and thus we could involve most of the students who were eager to act in it. We actually started before the New Year with a workshop on acting and through that process I could see what roles fitted most of them," says director Margrét Eir.

Coloured with Black Humour

"This is not a typical college production; most of the other schools focus on musicals with very little dialogue. This play is challenging because it contains such wealth of dialogue and some of the actors are on stage almost the entire play. The dialogue is coloured with black humour, however the underlying current is quite political, dealing with the ethical question: should convicts be rehabilitated or just punished?" say Anna Margrét and Kristín Ruth, two of the organizers for Fúria.

by Birgitta Jónsdóttir

Pick of March

Thumbs Up

The Life Aquatic With Steve Zissou
New film from Wes Anderson, about bloody time! Stars Bill Murray, Anjelica Huston, Cate Blanchett and Owen Wilson. Original music by Mark Mothersbaugh (Rugrats theme tune among others) and Iceland's own Sigur Rós. Freaky pirates, submarines, very dry humour and a genuine emotional core.

Kinsey

Sex, sex and more sex. Biology, scandal and conservative Americans. No it's not Fox or CNN, it's Kinsey. A doctor who fought to publish literature and educate the 1940s and 1950s world on male and female sexuality. Great performances from all, not at all sappy.

Be Cool

The sequel to Get Shorty. That was a take on the film industry; this one goes after the music business. John Travolta and Uma Thurman are re-teamed for the first time since Pulp Fiction; Vince Vaughn thinks he is black and The Rock is gay. Russian mobsters and gangster rappers go head to head. It's all good.

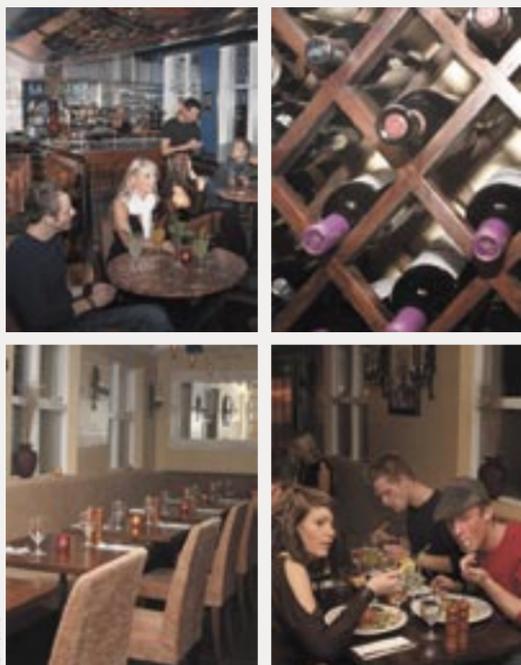
Thumbs Down

Hitch
All the best bits of this film are shown in the trailer and everyone knows the ending before the opening credits. Is it too much to ask for a Hollywood film where the characters actually go on an emotional journey. Charlie Kaufman where are you?

Hide and Seek

Big house in the country surrounded by woods. Creepy things start to happen. Not at all unnerving and very anti-climactic. Dakota Fanning is a standout while Robert De Niro and the rest of cast are going through the motions.

By Cara Harvey



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FOOD



Gunduli

DELIRIUMKLEMENS^{no}1

A Mission from God?

The Editor called me one morning, "Klemens, I trust you more than other men to go out there and drink your pants off, and then write me something about it. And don't embarrass me: you are to thoroughly investigate each and every alcoholic aspect of the bar." The bar was Café Cozy. To actually get paid for drinking is many a man's dream come true and I sure am one of those men. Naturally, I took on the assignment and decided to do my best; drink the bar dry.

Cosy, Yes, En-Urination, No

Yes, it's cosy; with people quietly chatting and the lights not too bright, not too dim. It's a tidy place; nothing you see has the stamp of "en-urination achieved", as I'd feared. (Considering that they serve (3 for 1000 ISK) one of the cheapest beers in Reykjavík, and they're just across the street from Kaffi Austurstræti, a bar infamous for its alcoholic outcasts.)

Second surprise: food on the table. I'd learned the art of consuming food with wine in Europe, but rarely have I seen it practiced in Icelandic bars. You consider yourself lucky finding vending machines with a can of peanuts in most places. Here, at Cozy at nine in the evening, there's cake and panini to be eaten. Simmi, a most courteous bartender claiming

five years' experience as assistant manager of the London Hilton, tells me that during weekends they serve food here until six in the morning.

Dance Me to the End of Love

The panini Simmi serves is fine, as is the beer. On the walls there's an exhibition of mellow (and a bit corny) paintings. The stereo's playing stuff like Billy Joel and passable American AOR hits. As for dancing, the space to move in is very limited and you're bound to get intimately physical with your neighbour as you move around, whether you want to or not.

As the night progressed and I started swallowing cocktails (yes, pun intended), I noticed the café's biggest flaw: the limited variety of beverages. So what if they couldn't make mojitos? (Simmi made me a nice "Pink Simmi" instead!) What's unforgivable is not serving the only decent dark rum available in Iceland (Havana Club) and not having my favourite vodka (Stolichnaya); plus, you can't buy any tobacco. A medium quality 33cl bottled beer costs you an insulting 600 ISK. (Considering the superior Czech beer Budvar, 1/2 litre at 500 ISK being available in some bars in Reykjavík.) Apart from that, Café Cozy is now on my top ten.

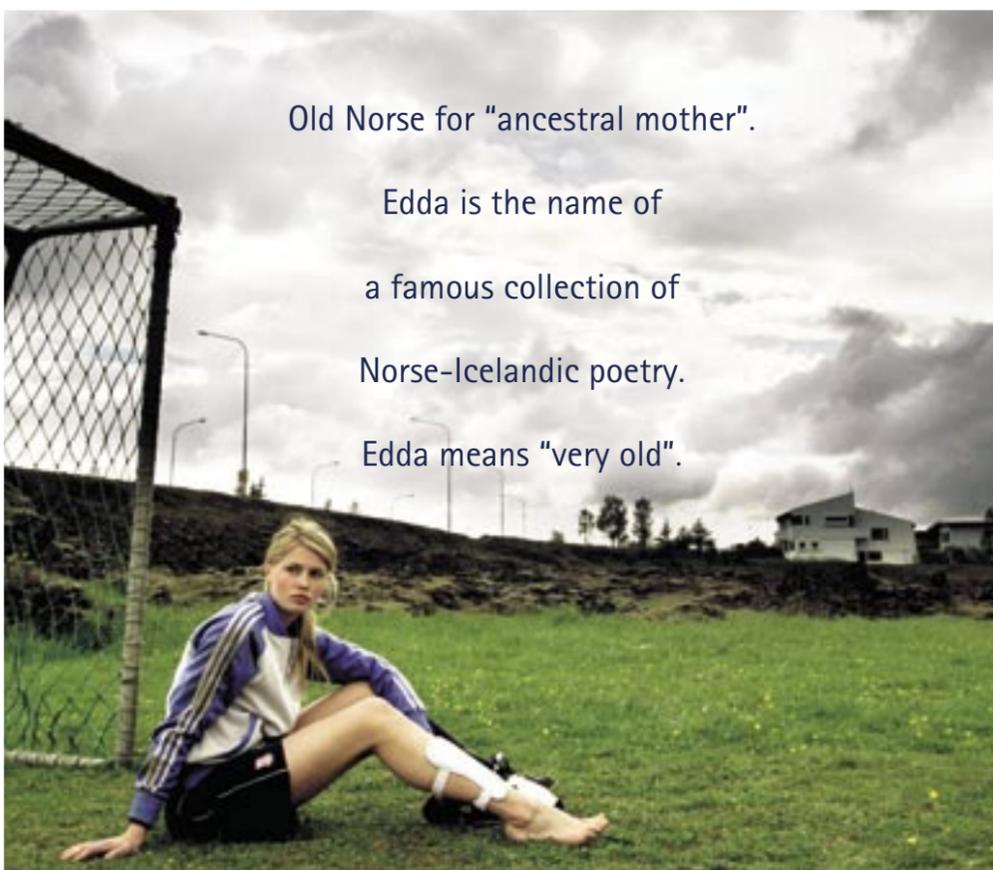
by Klemens Ólafur



Gunduli



My name is very old



Old Norse for "ancestral mother".

Edda is the name of

a famous collection of

Norse-Icelandic poetry.

Edda means "very old".



Our name is

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The National Bank of Iceland

HRÍSEY: Keepin' It Real

Hrísey is a small place, even by Icelandic standards. 200 people live on an island measuring approximately 7.5 km by 2.5 km. If you want to experience “Old Iceland,” this is one of the best places to go. After a six hour drive from Reykjavík, me, our graphic designer, one of our photographers, and our publisher arrived at Árskógssandur and took the ferry to what their website (www.hrisey.is) calls “the pearl of Eyjafjörður.”



Gundl

On the way to the guesthouse we noticed a mural of sorts painted on the side of the village food store: an old woman holding a rake, shaking her fist at the sky as raindrops began to fall on her. Written above her was, “Þú nýtur þess guð, að ég næ ekki til þín,” which roughly means, “You enjoy this, God, that I can’t get my hands on you.” I liked the place more already. Additionally, every person we passed said “Good day” to us and really seemed to mean it. I had forgotten how people in small towns everywhere extend this courtesy, even

to complete strangers, and it was nice to be reminded of this.

Nonni Buys a Snowmobile

The four of us checked into our guesthouse and began drinking beer in the late afternoon while watching Little Britain and The Simpsons on the graphic designer’s laptop, just like Icelanders used to do centuries ago. Sufficiently buzzed, we slid down the hill to the reception hall where the Þorablót feast and dance was to be held.

As we shoveled in the food and



began to do shots of brennivín, the comedy portion of the dinner began. On a stage at the front of the hall, there were a series of skits put on. All of the jokes, and I do mean all of them, were references to people living on the island. Naturally, all the locals – a surprising number of whom were teenagers – were peeing themselves with laughter while the four of us sat there wondering why Nonni buying a snowmobile should be so funny.

Doing the Robot

True to any Þorablót, the feast transformed into a dance. As the band played Stuðmenn covers, we tried our best to dance with dignity and style, which some achieved while

others wound up doing the “the Robot.” Somehow, and the details on this are a little blurry to me still, the group of us ended up at some party in the neighbourhood. As is the case when one follows beer with brennivín, things got a little fuzzy. I somehow ended up going for a walk with a former Scandinavian child star from the band The Boys and his girlfriend, who told me (as a number of young people also said) that they had no intentions of living anywhere else. Hrísey was their home and that’s where they wanted to stay.

That Kind of Place

An elderly couple driving a tractor passed us and waved hello, unfazed

that a grown foreign man and a teenage couple were walking the streets at four in the morning together sharing a bottle of brennivín. I parted ways with them a short time later and walked back to the guesthouse and collapsed into bed. The four of us left the next afternoon and took the ferry back to the mainland. On the drive back home down a nighttime road being pelted with snow, as I nodded off, my mind kept going back to Hrísey. Even in the depths of a torturous hangover, I was looking forward to going back. It’s just that kind of place.

by Paul F. Nikolov



Traditional Icelandic Lunch and a spectacular view over mountains and glacier



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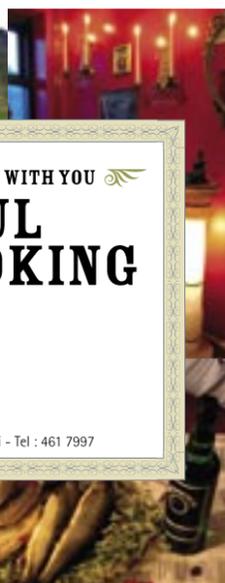


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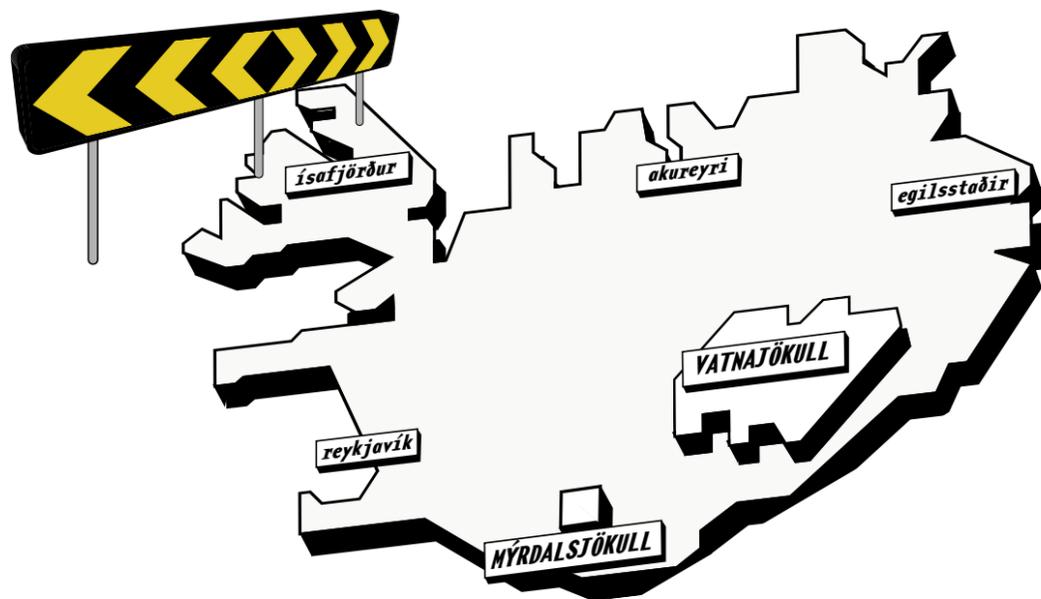
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“We Are Not the Enemies of the Seal”

Seal Hunting in Húsavík

Helgi Héðinsson was born in Húsavík in 1928 and still lives there. His ancestors were farmers, and he's been fishing and hunting just about everything the sea gives, fish, birds, whale and seal, from 14 years of age. He says that the most common method of hunting the seals was by shooting. In the olden times nets were used. Seal was both eaten and used as bait but in recent years it has mostly been used as shark bait.

The people of Húsavík attracted the seals with smoke. They hunted the seal in nets and had a box of old grass (moð) at each end of their camping location. Around noon they lit the old grass, producing smoke. The harp seal soon saw the smoke, swam toward it and got caught in the net. Every possible part of the seal was used for various things and was a great help for many.

A Pound of Fat is Equal to a Pot of Milk

The most common products were the fat, the meat, the head and the skin. Seal fat was eaten and was for a long time as valuable as dried fish. The older and greener it was, the better it tasted. Around 1900 the pound of fat was equal to a pot of milk in Húsavík. The meat was eaten fresh, salted, boiled and smoked and also boiled for soup. The head, flippers and tail were soured.

At the turn of the 20th Century, Helgi's father and grandfathers practiced subsistence hunting and farming. After the hunt the meat was often shared and sometimes given to those who had the biggest household.

Reading the Sky

Helgi talks about changes he has detected in the ecosystem in Skjálfandaflói. He has noticed changes in the weather, seaweeds and ocean currents as well as in the wildlife, and how the disappearance of the krill affects the ecosystem. After the disappearance of what he calls the 'red-krill' the white birds are not much seen.

The changes in weather have affected the way the ocean freezes, for example the bay does not ice up as it used to do in the early days. That, Helgi says, is because the weather is not as still as it used to be and it is not as cold. He then tells of how he reads the sky for changes in weather. He can always see the wind direction by the way the clouds bank

up in the heavens.

Connection Made Sacred

Helgi's stories and observations are a part of The Akureyri Oral History Project at the University of Akureyri. The main objective of the project is to record the traditional, local knowledge of rural Iceland, using the techniques of oral history and applied social science. The aim is to preserve this knowledge and to make it available to researchers, students and the public as a scientific, cultural, educational and practical

resource. More importantly, we are trying to bring knowledge of the landscape, seascape and nature back into daily use. The stories of Helgi and his colleagues who carry the old culture sing in harmony with the Icelandic landscape and the ocean, much like the music of Sigur Rós does. Language and landscape are in connection with one another, which makes them sacred.

Tero Mustonen is a Finnish poet and a fisherman who manages Snowchange, a project to collect local observations of change across the Arctic. He teaches at the University of Akureyri.

by Tero Mustonen



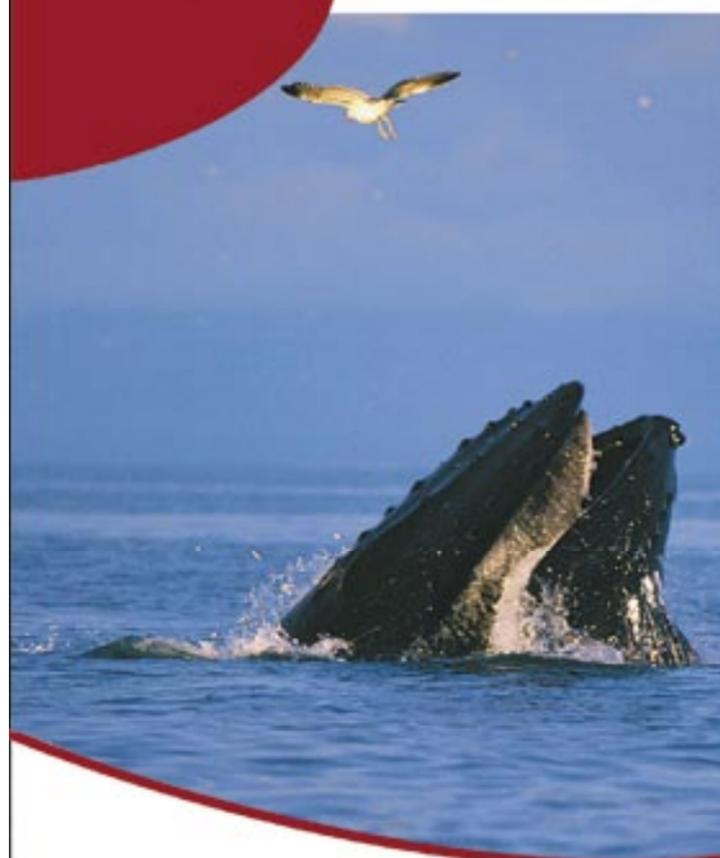
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STOCKHOLM'S GREAT HIGHWAY TO HOPE

Stockholm is, at first glance, just as you expect it to be. Safe, clean and polite, if not going out of its way to be overtly friendly. This might be a nice place to live and bring up children if you're so inclined, I thought to myself, but there's something lacking. Some sense of excitement, of the unknown. And as you walk down the main pedestrian and shopping street, Dronninggatan, it looks safe, clean, polite, and mostly predictable. Or so it seemed, until the street itself started speaking to me.

Man Bites Dog

"Society is madhouse whose wardens are the officials and the police," it said. I stopped, surprised, excited and feeling somewhat less safe. Yes, of course it is, I thought to myself as I reread the phrase in the clear, metallic letters fastened to the asphalt. I continued on, not quite as sure of what to expect next. "People who keep dogs are cowards who haven't got the guts to bite people themselves," the street now said. As a former mailman, I could not help but agree. As I looked up the street, past the pedestrians happily carrying bags or hopefully peering into windows to find the mid-winter sale made just for them, I noticed that the street seemed to be lined with mysterious messages. And all of them seemed to speak directly to me.

A Hell for Children

"Happiness consumes itself like a flame. It cannot burn for ever, it must go out, and the presentiment of its end destroys it at its very peak," "Family... the home of all social evil, a charitable institution for comfortable women, an anchorage for house-fathers, and a hell for children," "A man with a so-called character is often a simple piece of mechanism; he has often only one point of view for the extremely

complicated relationships of life."

It was true, it was all true. My steps grew heavier as I continued up the street. Was there no hope? And then, as I had almost reached the far ends of the busiest pedestrian street in Stockholm, amid the mid-winter sales I found it. The tiny gleam of hope at the bottom of Pandora's box. "Allt tjanar," the street said. Everything helps.

The Genius of the North

Who was this mysterious sage who had taunted me, tried me and in the end, perhaps, offered me salvation? As I reached the end of the street I saw him, sitting on a rock. He was about twice my height, muscular, and made of solid granite. Like Prometheus unbound, there was nothing that could contain his fire. Not chains, not even death itself. His fire burns the hottest of anyone in Sweden still, almost a century after his death. He is Strindberg. Norwegians probably think that Ibsen is the greatest literary genius of the Nordic countries, the Finns Kivi or Runeberg, the Danes might mention a miserabilist philosopher (Kierkegaard) or a children's book author (HC Andersen or indeed Ole Lund). Icelanders, of course, rarely tire of pointing out that Laxness won a Nobel Prize in this very city.

But to many more impartial observers, Strindberg is the greatest writer of the north. Just ask Halldór Laxness, who wrote in his memoir *Úngur ég var*, "I myself wrote, if truth be told, the same story as Strindberg had in *Inferno*, except it was called *Vefarinn mikli*." *Vefarinn mikli frá Kasmír* was Laxness' first novel, and set him out on the career that led him to Stockholm.

The Man who Got Laxness Writing Strindberg himself never won the Nobel Prize, despite having been born in Stockholm, and despite his influence on Laxness and a host of other writers. Einar Már Guðmundsson, whom many have called Iceland's greatest living scribe following the death of Laxness, said that no book had served him as well when writing his award winning *Angels of the Universe* as had Strindberg's *Inferno*. When *Inferno* first came out in 1897, Strindberg had been in the throes of a creative crisis, which almost ended his career. In 1889 he had written the play *Miss Julie*, which remains one of the most frequently performed plays in the world. Three years later, he had divorced his wife, the Finno-Swedish baroness Siri Von Essen and left Stockholm for Berlin. There he hung out with

Norwegian painter Edvard Munch before marrying Austrian journalist Frida Uhl and moving with her to Austria.

Symbolism, Alchemism and the Occult

Once there, he promptly left Frida and their newborn child to hang out with French painter Paul Gauguin in Paris. Strindberg was an accomplished painter himself, and dabbled in symbolism as well as alchemism and the occult. But still he did not write. Then, finally, and no doubt based on his recent experiences, he writes in French the story of Johann Jørgensen, about a writer living in Paris who leaves his family to discover the secrets of alchemy before his final conversion to Catholicism. The book not only inspired Laxness to write his first novel, but also to become a Catholic, and he almost joined a convent. But fortunately for all of us, he decided to do as Strindberg did, not as he said.

The Only Award that Ever Meant Anything

The fire rekindled, Strindberg returned to Stockholm, married his third and final wife Harriet Bosse and invented expressionist theatre. But Strindberg and Bosse remained together for only two years. In 1908, he moved to his final home, The Blue Tower, on Dronninggatan 85, where he died four years later. He never won the Nobel Prize, probably because of his socialism (they should have checked Laxness' political affiliations better), but in the final year of his life, students and workers held torch-lit processions on Dronninggatan outside his house, and awarded him the "Anti-Nobel Prize," a large sum of money organized by donations. Perhaps it is the only award an author ever got that really meant anything. His house on Dronninggatan 85 has been turned into a museum, and, if you ask really nicely, they may even let you into his study, where he wrote his final play, "The Great Highway."

by Valur Gunnarsson

Strindberg's Dreamplay in Reykjavík



For those who prefer their Strindberg closer to home, The City Theatre is premiering Strindberg's *Dreamplay*, translated by Hafliði Arngrímsson, 20.00 on March 11th. The play was one of the first things he wrote after his *Inferno* crisis and was first premiered in 1902.

It follows the adventures of Agnes, daughter of a Hindu God who comes to earth to observe man's grievance and winds up marrying a lawyer. This, not unsurprisingly, leads to a personal crisis. The play stars the graduate class of the Art School Department of Drama and is directed by Benedikt Erlingsson, who follows in the footsteps of such luminaries as Ingmar Bergman, who directed the play for the Royal Dramatic Theatre of Sweden in 1986.



STOCKHOLM Picks

Compiled by Valur Gunnarsson

THE BLUE TOWER, THE STRINDBERG MUSEUM, Dronningatan 85

Strindberg's last home, and where he died in 1912. Apart from his apartment and study, still preserved with original furniture, the museum houses Strindberg-related exhibitions. Its current exhibit, running from February 27th to September 4th, is called "Strindberg's Friends and Enemies". Strindberg made many of both because of his political stance, and particularly for his support of unions. If you prefer a cartoon version of the master, go to <http://www.strindberghelium.com/>

KULTURHUSET, Sergels torg

Hard to miss if you go downtown, the gigantic Culture House is almost like a mall of modern art. Housing a library of both books and comics, a TV room where you can watch TV from all over the world and various exhibitions, the Culture House proves that the words culture and fun can go hand in hand. Instead of a cinema, the house is also home to the Stockholm City Theatre. Its current exhibit, until May 8th, is a collection of photographs from the Helsinki School, and their play is "Lilla fittan paa Prarien," (The Little Pussy on the Prairie). Nuff said.

CENTRALBADET SWIMMING POOL, Drottningatan 88

Built in the Jugend style in 1904, the Central Bath has been renovated and has all the modern comforts you could want. Admission includes entry to the tubs, swimming pool and saunas, and there's also a bar, although they won't let you swim if you've had a drink. If you want to pay more, you can get all sorts of massage, mudbaths and even acupuncture. Now that might sound like a good idea once you've had a few.

BLA DÖRREN, Södermalms Torg 6

Fans of the Swedish chef in The Muppet Show will probably be dying to sample some meatballs. If you happen to be in town on a Sunday, you could do worse than the Blue Door, which has Swedish specialties, such as Elk Meatballs and Swordfish for the not too bad price of 100 Swedish Crowns (roughly 1000 Icelandic). They also have 60 local brands of beer and a wide selection of Schnapps. And, best of all, everything seems to be in either blue or yellow.

THE ROYAL PALACE

Well, you can hardly go to Stockholm and not visit the Royal Palace. It is, after all, where Laxness got his prize. You can walk around inside the palace itself, or visit the museum in the Armoury or the Treasury. And downstairs you can see the remains of the original Tre Kronor Castle from the 13th century, which was the foundation for Stockholm. Don't miss the changing of the guard. The king still conducts business here, but prefers to live on the nearby island of Dronningholm.



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THE TRUE HISTORY OF CAPITALISM

When Soviet Communism collapsed in 1989, it had outlasted its rival, Market Capitalism, by some 60 years. The collapse of state (which has little to do with theoretic) communism was swift. In the early 80s, it had looked as strong as ever, if not quite as vibrant. Few would have predicted its sudden collapse, even when the weaknesses became more apparent after Gorbachev came to power in 1985. By November 1989 the Iron Curtain had collapsed as did the Soviet Union two years later. Capitalism's demise was just as swift.

The Collapse of Capitalism
World Capitalism seemed to be doing well in early 1929, despite the loss of Russia after the revolution of 1917. There had been a brief depression after the war, but by the late 20s industrial production in Europe was 25% higher than it had been before the war and Britain was back on the gold standard. It was only in the spring and autumn of 1929 that industrial production showed signs of trouble, and prices went down. Then, on the 29th of October came the crash. By 1932 production had halved. Britain went off the gold standard in 1931, the US two years later. In 1933, world trade had shrunk by a third. The US, Germany, Latin America and Eastern Europe were particularly hard hit. The still vast British Empire managed to insulate itself to some extent by erecting tariffs along its borders, but by 1939, the capitalist democracies with lesser empires such as the United States and France in particular, were still at a lower production level in 1939 than they had been in 1929.

Capitalism Goes to War
The countries that had managed to deal most successfully with depression were the fascist-run Germany and Japan. Increasing state spending in armaments, they managed to secure employment for virtually everyone, which led to both fear and admiration in the west. The Soviet Union also avoided the depression as it was not part of global finance to begin with, and went through a period of rapid, and often violent, industrialization.

It was only with the outbreak of war that the US, first as "Arsenal of Democracy" and then as combatant, overcame the effects of depression. War rather than commerce was now the driving force of production. Many assumed that as soon as war was over, depression would return. But capitalism was fortunate in that the end of war did not mean the return of peace. The Cold War began almost as soon as the guns fell silent on the battlefields of Europe. But pressure was strong to bring the

boys back home, and demobilization proceeded. It took the Korean War to get rearmament going again.

Blasting Those Yellow Reds to Hell
By the end of World War Two, Soviet troops had advanced to north of the 38th parallel and US troops to south of it. In 1946, a civil war broke out in South Korea, which grew to include border clashes with the north after both US and Soviet troops withdrew in 1948. The fighting died down briefly in early 1950, by which time 100,000 people had been killed. When the North finally launched a full scale invasion in June 1950, the Soviets thought it so unlikely that the United States would intervene that they didn't even order their veto-holding diplomat at the UN back in place, currently away protesting against Taiwan holding China's place in the Security Council. But intervene the US did, to the tune of 30,000 killed in action.

Another Good War
Early in 1950, the US National Security Council at the behest of Secretary of State Dean Acheson had drafted a top secret document known as NSC-68, calling for, among other things, the development of hydrogen bombs, rapid building of conventional forces, an increase in taxes to pay for these and the mobilization of American society to create consensus on the necessity of sacrifice. President Truman read the document in April 1950, but the proposals for higher taxes met opposition in Congress and even Secretary of Defence Louis Johnson said that Acheson's plans would bankrupt the country. And then, as Acheson would later say, "Korea came along and saved us."

The Cold War Flows, Ebbs and Flows Again
Two years after the end of the Korean War and the death of Stalin, a summit was held in Geneva which de-escalated tensions (the so-called "Spirit of Geneva"), and for the rest of the decade the Cold War seemed at risk of subsiding. By this time, a certain Senator Kennedy was warning of a "missile gap" with

the Soviet Union, and upon being elected President increased arms spending significantly. Things were soon close to breaking point with the Cuban missile crisis in 1962. A missile gap did indeed exist, but in the United States' favour, which

never had less than an 8-1 advantage in nuclear missiles. Another de-escalation of the Cold War came with Nixon's detente. This time it lasted somewhat longer. The United States went off the gold standard, and the almost unbroken

boom of the post-war years came to an end. By the early 80s, Ronald Reagan was warning of the Evil Empire, military spending was increased again, and this time plans were made to take the arms race into outer space. The Soviets couldn't keep up, and finally showed their cards and folded.

A Good Day for Gun Runners
Optimistic as people from East Berlin to the Ukraine may have felt at being welcomed into the arms of the market system, this might well have spelled disaster to the armaments industry, the very backbone of modern Capitalism. But again Capitalism got lucky. Saddam Hussein invaded Kuwait. The US brought their latest high-tech weapons to bear on Iraq's Third World army in front of the world's TV cameras. Sale of military hardware abroad picked up nicely. Although failing to get the US involved in any major conflicts, Bill Clinton bombed Serbia, but by now US air power was old news. And then September 11th, one of those dates that happen rather than arrive, happened. And the armaments industry, it seems, will be safe for quite some time to come.

The Bottom Line
Ever since 1939, the capitalist economy has been driven first and foremost by military spending. Military capitalism has replaced market capitalism. Fascism, by any other name. Those who observed Hitler's success in dealing with depression learned their lesson well.

by Yy



Maurizio



Maurizio

The Cuban Revolution in Today's World

Ögmundur Jónsson, volunteer for Pathfinder Publishing at the Havana International Book Fair last February will give a presentation on the Cuban revolution at Snarrót Radical Centre, Garðarstræti 2, on March 15th. Some of the points discussed will be:

- * How does the Cuban revolutionary leadership mobilize working people to take on the challenges posed by the country's integration into the world market?
- * How do the campaigns to expand education and culture to everyone in the "Battle of Ideas" work?
- * How does Cuba defend itself against relentless economic, political and military pressure by the United States?
- * What is the effect of growing ties between Cuba and Venezuela, where millions of workers, farmers and youth are taking part in campaigns to eradicate illiteracy, expand health care to everyone and distribute land to landless peasants?

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Stuffed with stuff

"I learnt very early in the game that Bubbi puts a price tag on his Rock n' Roll principles"

Mike Pollock, Outsider ,
PAGE 4

"Journalists will always be under pressure by those who hold power to only tell the part of the truth that suits them"

Valur Gunnarsson, editor,
PAGE 5

"Damn Icelanders, running away during the war"

Carlsen, elderly Dane,
PAGE 12

"That Thompson is dead is sad. That he had to spend his last years contemplating George W. is truly tragic."

Bart Cameron, editor to be,
PAGE 15

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but they must do so
before March 21st

RSK TAX RETURN 2005

15 No. of the filer (ID no. of spouse) Return to: _____
Municipality, December 1, 2003 _____

Name and address: _____
Fill out by tax commissioner: Family status: _____
Domestic injury insurance: For application mark x here Remarks: _____

Dependant children born 1989 or later: _____
The filer must check and correct the information regarding the dependent children. Single parents: (If the filer is a single parent mark x for verification)

Joint taxation of spouses and cohabitants: A mark from both spouses is required otherwise joint taxation is not granted.
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1 In the case of a joint taxation of spouses it is sufficient for either of them to fill 1.1 and 1.2

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1.2 Notification of property change or other arguments Account for any purchase or sale of real estate on the form RSK 3.02

1.3 Calculation of seaman's credit. Calculation of seaman's credit. According to RSK 3.13.
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Seamen on boats under 20 tons brutto: Seaman's salary: 318 Days at sea: 292

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Date/signature: _____ Telephone number: _____

RSK 1.10 2005 Page 1

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