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SPORTS

Still waiting for Bobby Fischer...

Erró enjoys some coffee on top of Iceland's Nobel laureate...

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Repeat x 80

At age 80, Erró stands as perhaps the most renowned living visual artist Iceland has produced. His work is proudly on display the world over, from New York to the Far East; he counts as his friends some of the most famous artistic names from across Europe and America. We met the man for a cup and some conversation... Page 20

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Photography by: Baldur Kristjánsson
www.baldurkristjans.is

The Situation Anna's 14th Editorial

After an incredible summer with record hours of sunshine, autumn arrived quite abruptly last week with markedly colder temperatures and rain—lots and lots of rain.



While I typically find this kind of weather cosy, I was grateful for the let-up in the downpour on Sunday. A friend was in town for the weekend and after spending a rather lazy Saturday mostly indoors, we had decided to go Landmannalaugar.

We got into the car and plugged our destination into the navigation system. "Turn left on Ring Brot," it said, as we pulled out of the parking spot. Yikes, I thought. This was almost worse than listening to the person sitting next to me read Icelandic. My mind drifted to Hooked on Phonics and I wondered how many tourists returned home indoctrinated by Garmin's with crazy notions of how to pronounce words like "Hringbraut."

Before turning off for Land Man Of Logger, we passed a sign for Eldgjá where a tourist reported lost last week took part in the search for herself. It turns out that getting lost in Iceland is sometimes

as simple as changing clothes, which led a busload of tourists to believe that this woman, described as "Asian, about 160cm, in dark clothing," was no longer with the group, even though she had been with them the whole time. All the while, she of course had no idea that she was

lost.

But it's also very possible to find yourself in Iceland, as variations of the headline "Tourist Takes Part In Search For Self," cunningly suggest. And not far from where this incident took place, I managed to find some peace of mind last Sunday in the mountains of Landmannalaugar before returning to Reykjavík and buckling down to bring you another issue chock full of material to read.

Now, if you're reading this at a café on a typical rainy day in Reykjavík, turn to page 20 to read the feature story, "Erró At 80: Still Not Wearing A Tie," and then skip over to Reykjavík Art Museum's Hafnarhúsi to see the newly opened retrospective of his work.

At least to me that doesn't sound like a horrible way to spend a rainy day.

What's The Deal With Those Crazy Icelandic Letters Yo?

Þ þ Æ æ Ö ö

Here Is Your Kreisí Æcelandic Frase For Dis Issue!

"Sæl frú mín góð! Hvar er eiginlega þetta Bláa lón sem allir eru að tala um?"

(Saah-iihl froo meen goeth! Quarh ehr ay-yin-lehgha thett-tah Bl-ow-ah lone sehm ah-dliir eh-ruh aeth tahwla uuhm?)

Music | Free



Ghostigital & David Byrne

Dreamland

Download the FREE track at www.grapevine.is

If there's one thing that can be equally said about Einar Örn and Curver's band and Mr. Byrne is that they defy all realms of convention and normality. Almost pathologically. This new collaboration song takes their individual uniqueness and multiplies it by 12, resulting in something unlike anything else, just like everything else they do. The closest we can even attempt to put a genre tag to this would be some sort of countrified dubstep and that doesn't even do it justice. Like a Zen koan, this song is an unsolvable riddle, a rhetorical question that requires thought rather than solution.

æ (often written as ae) is pronounced like the i in tide.

ð (often written as d) is pronounced like the th in there

þ (often written as th) is pronounced like the th in think"



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Sour grapes & stuff

Most Awesome Letter of the Issue

Dear Grapevine

I would like to respond to a complaint letter in your 12th edition regarding our Icelandic Puffin Eggs - Milk chocolate treats with a soft chewy liquorice centre. I am so sorry that Gina, from Wales had a bad experience with our packaging. Unfortunately we were the victim of product tampering in one of the main tourist shops in Reykjavik. We are a fairly new company established in March of this year and we were naive enough to believe that the clear stickers closing the boxes would be enough to secure the boxes of candies as product tampering is almost unheard of in Iceland. As soon as we discovered that someone had peeled off the securing sticker on all the boxes of Icelandic Puffin Eggs in that one store, we immediately recalled all the boxes and replaced them with boxes shrink wrapped in cellophane. From now on all our candy boxes will be sealed this way to prevent tampering. Unfortunately it seems that Gina's boyfriend was unlucky enough to buy one of the tampered boxes before it was discovered that they had been tampered with. I think perhaps someone was looking for the box with the biggest eggs in it as our Icelandic Puffin Eggs come in various sizes. I must point out that only the box was tampered with and not the candy itself which was in a sealed bag.

On hearing of Gina's complaint I immediately visited the offices of Grapevine to obtain Gina's contact info so that I could apologise and recompense her boyfriend the full price of the box of candies and offer some free samples of our other products as she did not seem to like the Icelandic traditional liquorice and chocolate combination of the Icelandic Puffin

YOUR PRIZE FOR THAT MOST AWESOME LETTER OF YOURS IS: TWO FREE MEALS AT THE ICELANDIC HAMBURGER FACTORY

Dear reader. We love you very much, especially those of you that write us letters all the time. In fact we love you so much that we keep trying to reward you somehow for writing us those letters. They entertain us, and they keep us informed of what our readers think. That is a pretty great deal.

Now. Whoever wrote this issue's **MOST AWESOME LETTER** gets a prize. And it's a pretty great one. Yes, not one but TWO delicious hamburger-style meals at the wondrous **ICELANDIC HAMBURGER FACTORY**, which is an Icelandic themed restaurant that specializes in huuuuuge and mouth-watering burgers to fit every occasion (we recommend the lamburger, unless you are a vegetarian. Lamb is not a vegetable). And if you for some reason didn't write this issue's **MOST AWESOME LETTER** don't panic. Their tasty burgers aren't that expensive, and you can always try for a **MOST AWESOME** letter later. Just write us at letters@grapevine.is



Eggs. We offered samples of our Icelandic Northern Lights - all natural, hand made, peppermint flavoured candies in the colours of the Northern Lights, Reykjavik Rainbows - all natural, hand made, strawberry flavoured candies in the colours of the rainbow and our Icelandic Lava Sparks - traditional Icelandic toffee covered in a red crispy shell. Both Grapevine and myself have written to her but as yet we have not heard back from her, so if she gets the chance to read this, please get in contact with me at: islandtreasures@gmx.com and your free candies and a full refund will soon be on its way to you.

LoVe
Pauline McCarthy
Manager
island Treasures ehf.
Akranes, Iceland

Dear Pauline,

First of all, thank you for all the tasty candy you brought us when you came by the office to correct this error. It lasted us for weeks! We like candy.

Second, thanks again for being a truly upstanding business person by explaining the error, taking action to correct it and trying to compensate the client. That is incredibly classy and gives us faith that you're trying to run a solid operation.

So kudos to you! And here are two meals at Hamborgarafabrikkan, to show our gratitude and appreciation! Kudos again!

Dear Grapevine,

Just so you know, your latest print issue is among the essentials that are helping me overcome the pain of the Iceland withdrawal syndrome, now that I'm back here in Brussels.

I'm not sure who else to complain to about my massive problem, thus it goes to you: after spending three weeks in Iceland this summer, two of them volunteering in the Westfjords, I feel like I should quit my job, escape the EU bubble and move to your magical island, starting a new life. Surely not the most rational thing to do in these times, is it? But it's all the fault of lovely, charming, funny Icelanders; of the inspiring curves, colours and emotions of Ísafjarðardjúp and one particular place along its shores; of the enchanting Reykjavík; and of the pure pleasure of incredibly tasty coffee. Not to mention the music. What a(n over)dose of it all!

The attraction seems irresistible. Help! Please convince me I'm wrong before I hand in my resignation letter and book a one-way ticket to Keflavik.

Sincerely,
Klavdija ernilogar

Dear Klavdija,

Oh man, this is a tough one. The fact is, the Grapevine cannot in good faith encourage or discourage you from doing this. There are so many pros and cons either way! A lot of our writers have been like you at some point - taken by Iceland's magical spell and desperately clamoring to move here permanently, one way or another. You have the advantage of having European citizenship, which should not make the process too difficult, bureaucratically speaking at least. But that's small potatoes. We suggest you go to our website and read 'The Grapevine Helps You Immigrate To Iceland!' by Catharine Fulton. This super comprehensive and straight-talking article should prepare you to make the most informed decision before you click 'purchase' on that plane ticket!

Dear Ladies and Gentlemen,

Being a long-time collector of modern (real) postcards in color I would like to ask if you could be as kind as to help my passion with a postcard or twoshowing views of less-known landscapes of Iceland or local wildlife at your discretion.

Thank you very much for your time and consideration.

Please accept my best wishes for high professional achievements, stable health and much happiness.

Sincerely yours,

Christo Dimitrov (Mr.), P. O. Box 824,
Sofia 1000, Bulgaria.

P.S.: A General Note: If at your office or home there are postcards, used or not, intended to be thrown away during next tidying-up or moving, please put them into an envelope and send the latter to the address indicated above by the slowest mail possible. Huge thanks. Chr. D.

Dear Christo,

We looked around the office and couldn't find any landmarks-of-Iceland postcards to send your way. The only postcards we have are on our walls from friends and staffers; medieval German art, a ferris wheel at a music festival, a funny sparkly Santa Claus and a whole boiled lobster, to name a few. However we have printed this here with the hopes that our readers will send some of theirs your way. Happy collecting!

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Nowhere Else To Turn *Reykjavík's shelter for abused women in desperate need for a bigger space*

Words by Mark O'Brien  @MarkOBrien01 Photo by Alisa Kalyanova

The half-dozen empty prams lined up by the front door at Kvennaathvarf, Iceland's only shelter for abused women, paint a bleak picture.

"We have fifteen here right now," says Sigbrúður Guðmundsdóttir, the long-serving director of the shelter, counting up the names silently in her head. She takes me into the consultation room, a cosy space with a coffee table and a settee, usually reserved for the professional staff to talk privately with the many women that arrive there throughout the year. "Normally we would go to the meeting room downstairs, but we have a family living in there now. The house is too small."

Kvennaathvarf has been supporting and sheltering women in need for thirty years. As well as providing a place to stay for victims of violence, the organisation Samtök um kvennaathvarf serves as a support centre, sometimes offering consultation to women who come but may not wish to stay, providing support groups for victims of violence and running a 24-hour hotline.

The shelter is a warm and safe environment, with four dormitory rooms and a communal dining and living area, but it could never be home. "We have a ground rule that women shouldn't be here more than four weeks. It's an emergency shelter and we want it to be available for that, but it doesn't always work out like that," Sigbrúður says. "The average stay here is about fifteen days, but it can be anything from a few hours or a day up to half a year if necessary."

Best place to be a woman?

The experience of the women who arrive here is at odds with the familiar impression of Iceland as a bastion for gender equality and women's rights. The country repeatedly tops World Economic Forum rankings on equality between the sexes. Last year, Newsweek named it the best place in the world to be a woman. This, after all, is the nation where a generation of women have grown up watching the world's first democratically elected female president and where young mothers enjoy high standards of childcare and maternity leave, which allows them to raise a family and build a career without sacrificing one or the other.

When Sigbrúður meets representatives of women's organisations abroad, they ask her with incredulity: "Is there a reason to have a shelter like this in Iceland? Who would dare beat up an Icelandic woman?"

They would be surprised: 42% of Icelandic women have been subjected to violence at some point since they were sixteen, according to a 2008 survey by the Centre for Children and Family Research. Almost a quarter—or 29,000 Icelandic women—between the ages of 18 and 80—claimed to have been victims of sexual abuse.

"I think Iceland is rather a good place for women," Sigbrúður says. "In general!" she is quick to add. "Icelandic women have gained a strong position in



“
The aim is to raise enough for a larger house in which to host the shelter. For the women that return here and the ones that are about to walk through these doors for the first time, it could be the difference between a new way of life and the abusive past they are trying to escape
”

society, but somehow we have not been able to fight this problem of domestic or sexual violence.”

Aiding without taking over

The women who come to Kvennaathvarf often don't have family or community to rely on for support. "They mainly need peace and quiet and safety for the first days: a bed, a bath, a little food, maybe medical assistance," Sigbrúður says. "Later, when they regain their strength, they can begin thinking about taking future steps."

Aiding without taking over is at the heart of what Kvennaathvarf does: "We try to give the women the help they need without taking away their responsibility or their independence."

When the women arrive, Sigbrúður says they are encouraged to get on with their lives if that's possible. That said, there are some rules they must obey: there are no drugs or alcohol and they

must let the staff know when they leave the house. And the women meet with one of the shelter's professionals at least once a week and can make appointments with social services or the police as needed.

The shelter has its own contact with the Reykjavík Metropolitan Police, an officer who often comes in to have a chat with the women who arrive if they want to talk. "But most don't want to press charges," Sigbrúður concedes. "Usually women just want the violence to end, not for the perpetrator to be punished. Sometimes it will make the situation even worse: if they press charges and have no evidence, no witnesses, there won't be a conviction—and it puts them in more danger."

When they leave the shelter, most go on to build a new life. "But it's often very difficult: it takes a long time to get divorced for example, especially when men are not willing to let their wives go. They may have a year as officially mar-



Women's Shelter Button Sale Fundraiser
September 10-23

As part of the shelter's fundraising mission, Samtök um Kvennaathvarf will be selling buttons through their website www.ollmedtolu.is and around the country in shops including Krónan, Nótún, Samkaup and Nettó and in Reykjavík at cafés Kaffitár and Babalú and the post offices. Donations can also be made to the following account: 101-26-43227, kennitala: 410782-0229. They hope to raise 25 million ISK.

ried women but actually being single and not receiving the benefits they are due." Some also inevitably wind up returning to a violent husband or partner.

Every button counts

Hearing the story of every woman who walks through the front door at Kvennaathvarf, doesn't Sigbrúður want the people responsible to be punished? "I would like more women to press charges against the perpetrators and I would like that to lead to punishment," she says, "but I also agree that ending the violence is the most important thing."

"I want men to be nice to their wives," she concludes simply, "not because they're afraid to be put in prison if they're not, but because they want to be nice and to treat their partners as equals. We have to raise the young generation in a way that promotes this."

Kvennaathvarf can only do so much with its current funding, two thirds of which comes from the Icelandic government and the rest from the City of Reykjavík and private backers. But this month, Sigbrúður and the team are launching a campaign to raise more, selling distinctive pin badges as part of their "Öll með tölu" campaign: "We all make a difference—every button counts."

The aim is to raise enough for a larger house in which to host the shelter. For the women that return here and the ones that are about to walk through these doors for the first time, it could be the difference between a new way of life and the abusive past they are trying to escape.



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So What's This Earthquake I Keep Hearing About?

Words

Kári Tulinius

Illustration

Lóa Hjálmtýsdóttir

An earthquake of the magnitude 4.6 on the Richter scale struck on Thursday August 30th. Its epicentre was near Reykjavík and it was felt all over the city. It was especially noticeable given that it happened at lunchtime, so people were awake and mingling, resulting in a lot of "did you feel the Earth move?" conversations, which would be funny if that bit of innuendo worked in Icelandic.

Are earthquakes frequent near Reykjavík?

Not frequent, but they do happen from time to time. That is not to say that Reykjavíkings are blasé about the ground rippling beneath them. As a rule, not much ever happens in Iceland, so any kind of geological occurrence will set the heart racing. In fact, with geology being so regularly in the news, Icelanders incline towards geology nerdery. Since Iceland's historical record is mostly made up of farmers whining about the weather, each other, and unusually stubborn sheep, the countryside is not exactly chock-full of sites of historic import. But it does have craters, rifts, and lava fields. Lots and lots of lava fields.

Iceland is North-Dakota with volcanoes?

Shush now, I hear Fargo is lovely this time of year. But yes, places of geological significance far outnumber historic ones. However, while Iceland lacks for attractions in the vein of, say, the birthplace of General Mortimer "Skull-stacker" Cuddlesworth, we make up in having a wide selection of volcanoes that at one time or another killed every living thing within a few hundred kilometres, and could do so again any minute now. Any second now, really. The view from the top will take your breath away. You really should hike up there.



That's okay, I'll just take a look on Google Maps.

Your call. You will miss a killer view. But yes, the earthquake was a godsend for a news-starved island. Like with most everything else, Iceland has to import its news. It is not feasible to grow enough to support over three hundred thousand people. Some people optimistically tried to launch a twenty-four hour Icelandic news network, but it went under fairly quickly.

Was it any good?

I never watched it, because "oh dear lord kill me now" would have been the only reasonable response. But I like to imagine that most of the station's airtime would have been filled with depressed, tanned blond people saying: "There is nothing to report except that my life is without meaning. Go outside. Unless the weather's bad. I haven't seen the

Icelanders keep waiting for 'THE BIG ONE', the apparently impending "Suðurlandsskjálfti" ("south coast quake") which will, according to a book on Nostradamus we read and various other sources, devastate the entire Reykjanes peninsula and leave Reykjavík uninhabitable.

Official explanation? I take it there are unofficial ones.

Not really, but the term is old enough, going back at least to the fifties, that the origin has been lost. I like to think that some ill-tempered mid-century newspaper editor used to fling cucumber slices at reporters who could not find anything to write about. Or perhaps the term cucumber season was, like fascism, a dick joke too many people took way too seriously.

I still don't know what this has to do with the earthquake.

The earthquake was a piffle. It happened in a known geologically active area, it came, it went, and in any country where newsworthy things happened with any regularity, no one would have given it more than a moment's thought. It was caused by a violent rupture in the ground, which was the result of friction between two tectonic plates. It was just another event in the billion-year dance of continents. I know that sounds impressive and all, but when things like that happen all the time, you want something a little more special.

Oh no, so Icelanders are geology hipsters?

Yes. You have not even heard of the best earthquakes. Actually, you probably have, because they get mentioned in tourist brochures. And really, when you get right down to it, earthquakes are inherently populist. Like a classic disco song at a wedding, Blame It on the Boogie, YMCA, or Staying Alive, an earthquake always gets everyone's ass shaking.

outside world for ages. They have me chained. They gave me the key but the will to free myself has been ground out of my soul." Though come to think of it, that is basically the same experience as watching Fox News.

And that relates to the earthquake... how?

Oh yeah, that. The topic under discussion. Well, you see, even though it was a mediocre earthquake, it was an event. It was a thing that had happened. In the depths of late summer, any kind of occurrence that can easily be reported on is at a premium. The Icelandic term for a news-drought is "cucumber season." The official explanation is that during late summer the Icelandic media will become so starved for news that they will start interviewing farmers who grow that most unglamorous of all the vegetables, the humble cucumber.



Good news

for those who are bound to the bus when it comes to travel:



municipal bus service now extends across the country. If you live in the capital area, you can now take the bus as far afield as Akureyri, and if you already live in the country, Strætó hf. will also be providing smaller buses or even cars to those wishing to travel between towns and villages. Hitchhiking is now rendered something to be done solely for fun and adventure, as opposed to out of sheer necessity, for the car-less who want to travel outside of the capital area.

In other news, farmers are now actively targeting tourists to take part in the annual sheep round-up, also known as "réttir," which occur all over Iceland every autumn. Réttir entails heading



out into the hills on horseback, four-wheeler and on foot to gather sheep (which have spent the summer grazing in the mountains) and bring them back to their respective farms, as part of their journey onto our dinner tables. The round-up usually ends in an alcohol-fuelled celebration, too, so there's that to look forward to at the end of all your hard work.

One of Grapevine's more popular news stories in a long time was the unusual tale of a woman who unknowingly took part in search for herself, after she was erroneously reported missing during a tour of south Iceland. The confusion arose from the fact that when stepping off the bus at Eldgjá, she reportedly changed clothes before getting back on the bus. Apparently no one recognised her after the wardrobe change, and she was reported missing, sparking a manhunt that continued into the early morning. Even more bizarrely, the woman took part in the search herself without realising that she fit the description of the missing person. The search was called off around 3AM off when she announced her existence to the police.

Continues over

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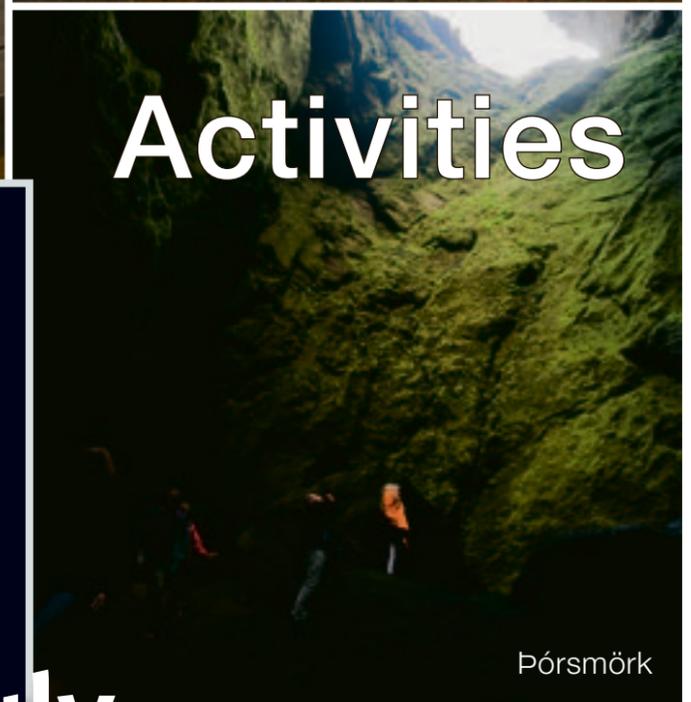
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Activities



Pórsmörk

AH30 South Coast & Pórsmörk - Priest wrote: Monday, June 15, 2012:



"This tour was amazing. All of the sights of the tour were absolutely spectacular to visit and to learn about. The mountains, glaciers, waterfalls and gorge were so breathtakingly beautiful it's hard to even describe in words. Our stop at Thor's Woodland for lunch and our hike was wonderful. (...) This tour was so well-planned, organized and executed. (...) We can't wait to return to Iceland!"

AH33 Northern Lights Mystery - Semmens wrote: Sunday, March 18, 2012:



"Great tour. I was unable to see them the first time but by being able to go a second time really made the difference. The tour guide was lovely and made both times a brilliant experience."



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Family Write-offs



Íris Erlingsdóttir
Íris Erlingsdóttir is an Icelandic journalist and writer.

Icelandic legislators have been particularly kind to a certain social class of Icelanders. Its members, often associated with year 2007, don't have to pay their debts, are able to practice bankruptcy and tax fraud without adverse consequences or, indeed, interference. They drive their luxury vehicles to and from their luxury mansions, the cost of their luxury lifestyle borne by their private "corporations," which quietly roll into bankruptcy after they've been milked of funds supplied by the Icelandic private-friend-ised banks.

Most members of this privileged class are males, 25–50 years of age. It need surprise no one that the laws enabling their lifestyle have largely been produced by members of the same demographic group in Iceland's Parliament.

Writing off families is even easier

Since the 2008 bank collapse, debts worth billions of ISK have been written off, overtly and shamelessly, for the privileged classes. Rarely mentioned, however, is the ease with which they are able to write off their families.

A "single" child support payment, as

determined by the Icelandic Social Insurance Administration is now 24,230 ISK, or about 200 USD. Meanwhile, the average monthly cost of living for a family of four in the Reykjavík area is 617,611 ISK or 5,370 USD, according to a recent Ministry of Welfare report.

Local District Commissioners rule on child support payments if parents cannot agree on the amount. To "ensure consistency and equality in child support rulings," the Ministry of the Interior provides a tablet based on a few monthly income categories, from about 395,000 ISK to 700,000 ISK. Support payments then vary from a 'single' support payment (i.e. 24,230 ISK) up to one and a quarter, half, double etc., according to the various income categories.

Common sense dictates that in cases of monthly incomes higher than the tablet lists (higher than ISK 700,000) commissioners should calculate what percentage of the monthly income the child support payments amount to, and such math reveals the tablet's percentages range from 12%–15%.

Highest earners pay lowest support

In practice, however, the calculations are quite different. According to an assistant district commissioner in the Reykjavík

area, commissioners don't determine support amounts "proportionally to the payer's income" and it is "very rare that [commissioners] award a triple support payment" (i.e. award an amount equal to three times the base child support payment).

Your name doesn't have to be Einstein to discover what this formula means. Yes, those with the highest incomes—the privileged classes—pay, proportionally, the lowest support payments. Thus a parent of two, for example, whose monthly income is two million ISK, pays about 4% of their salary in child support, while the average Joe/Jane pay pays 12–15%.

Whatever happened to ensuring "consistency and equality in child support rulings?"

Is it because the support payment sums in the calculation tablet are never higher than amounts to a double base child support payment? Could commissioners possibly believe that even if the tablet's authors had listed twenty different income categories up to ten or twenty million per month, that the monthly support amounts would still never have been higher than what amounts to a double base support payment?

Perhaps the commissioners believe that the privileged classes need all the money they can get. After all, being rich is expensive. One must pay the cleaning lady, the gardener, maintenance for the swimming pool, the summer house, ski chalet etc. etc. Enough already!

How a civilized society can consider it just that the monthly financial obliga-

tions of its richest members toward their children not exceed 48,000 ISK per child is incomprehensible. But an Icelandic family lawyer had a ready reply to that speculation: "...of course there is much more public assistance for single mothers* here than where you are [the USA]."

Ahh. That fits the Icelandic modus operandi. It is considered completely logical that the taxpayers pay the cost of supporting the families of the country's richest individuals—just like their debts.

The System rewards the family write-offs

This area of Icelandic family law is shameful. For a certain class of fathers* walking away from spouse and children is literally to their financial benefit. The financial consequences for them of breaking up their families are that they have more money than ever before to spend on their new family-free lifestyle. Poverty, on the other hand, awaits the family left behind if the mother is left without good job prospects.

A spouse should have the right to leave marriage and children, but he should have to pay for it, and he—not the taxpayers—should bear the responsibility for his family's financial welfare.

Dissolution of families comes at a great cost to society. People should not be better off financially if they decide to leave spouse and children and begin a new life somewhere else. The law should not reward people for writing off their families.

*Statistics Iceland 2008 study of children's legal residences: 90.7% of single Icelandic mothers all had their own children living with them, compared to 11.8% of single Icelandic fathers.



– Continued –

▶ An Icelandic yacht builder in Dubai is currently embroiled in accusations of forgery, following a civil case he launched against an Emirati who refused to pay for a yacht the Ic-lander had built for him. While winning that case, the court shortly thereafter claimed the Ic-lander had forged government documents related to it. The Foreign Ministry has since gotten involved, although there is as yet no word on what progress is being made.



▶ With the referendum on the draft of the new constitution coming up next month, the national church is fighting for its continued government support. With current poll numbers showing that most Icelanders still do not trust the institution, the church is hoping public opinion will be on their side when it comes to the question of whether or not to have the concept of a national church present in the new constitution.

▶ A ready, public support to remove the clause from the constitution, which would effectively de-nationalise the church, is growing and the church is preparing an "information website" that Bishop of Iceland Agnes M. Sigurðardóttir told reporters will be purely informative, not taking an official stand itself, so that voters can decide for themselves whether or not they want the new constitution to have an article on the church. Will the church survive the referendum? Well, it's in God's hands now.



▶ Iceland's renowned distinction for glaciers may become a thing of the past in a couple of centuries. It has been reported that, for the first time in human memory, the peak of Snæfellsnes is bare of ice. Even more unsettling, scientists measuring glacial melting trends now estimate that if the melting

Continues over

Well It Seemed A Good Idea At The Time...



Ian Bain Ian is a former foreign correspondent and media consultant who has visited 70 countries and lived in six of them.

It can weigh a little heavily when you know you're responsible for corrupting a whole nation.

To be honest, it was so long ago that I don't lose much sleep over it these days. But there's a twinge of sadness and regret when I encounter ever-increasing examples of it while travelling around Iceland. Yet there was no ill intention. It was simply an error of judgment, a mere foolishness that was born out of ignorance and a

distorted sense of generosity.

You see, I am the person who introduced tipping to Iceland. Until I came along, it didn't exist.

It happened back in the early seventies in a burger-and-fries cafeteria beside a gas station on the edge of Akureyri. It was my first time in the country, and I was young and easygoing and had money back then.

When I got up from my meal I left a few coins on the table. "Excuse me," said the young waitress as she cleared the plates, "you've forgotten your change." I smiled at her in the way that seasoned travellers do. "Oh, that's just a small tip," I said a little smugly.

Of course, I didn't realise at the time that she'd never heard of a tip before. She frowned. "I don't understand."

Writers are allowed some journalistic licence, but I swear this is a pretty accurate account of the conversation, etched in my mind as it was then.

"A gratuity..." I said with a measure of patronising pomposity, "...a small token of my appreciation of a meal well served."

She still didn't understand and cer-

tainly didn't appear to enjoy my attempt at humour. "You want to pay more than the meal cost?" she asked.

"No, no. It's for you." I was growing uncomfortable.

"You want to give me money?" She pointed somewhat disdainfully at the meagre collection of coins. "Why? What do you want from me?"

She was no more than seventeen, blonde and attractive. Quite late at night, we were the only people left in the place. She looked anxious. Clearly, she thought I was up to no good and began to back away towards the kitchen door. "I don't want your money. I already get paid," she said.

I thought it best I depart, which I did, quite rapidly, blustering my way onto the street.

I guess she must have spoken to her waitress friends about her weird encounter and at some point they would have come to the conclusion that although this was a strange thing for people to do, it didn't require anything on their part—not even a smile, thank God—and was therefore pretty neat since there was

money in it. And these folk were foreigners after all.

Somehow, but not unexpectedly, the idea spread from that small café across the country and in the years that followed I began to notice little white bowls partly filled with coins appear beside cash registers in cafés and bars. And now it's endemic. You couldn't stamp it out if you tried.

Oh, there are rear-guard actions against it—fought mainly and bravely by Icelanders themselves who believe it to be a dreadful practice.

Many of my Icelandic friends would never dream of tipping after a meal, no matter how good it was or how convivial the atmosphere or how friendly and accommodating the restaurant staff. "I'm totally against it," said one who happens to be a fishing guide and who would be mightily pissed off if his client didn't slip him a decent fold of notes at the end of the week.

"Ah, that's different," he said. "I'm totally against giving tips."

See what I mean about corrupting a nation?

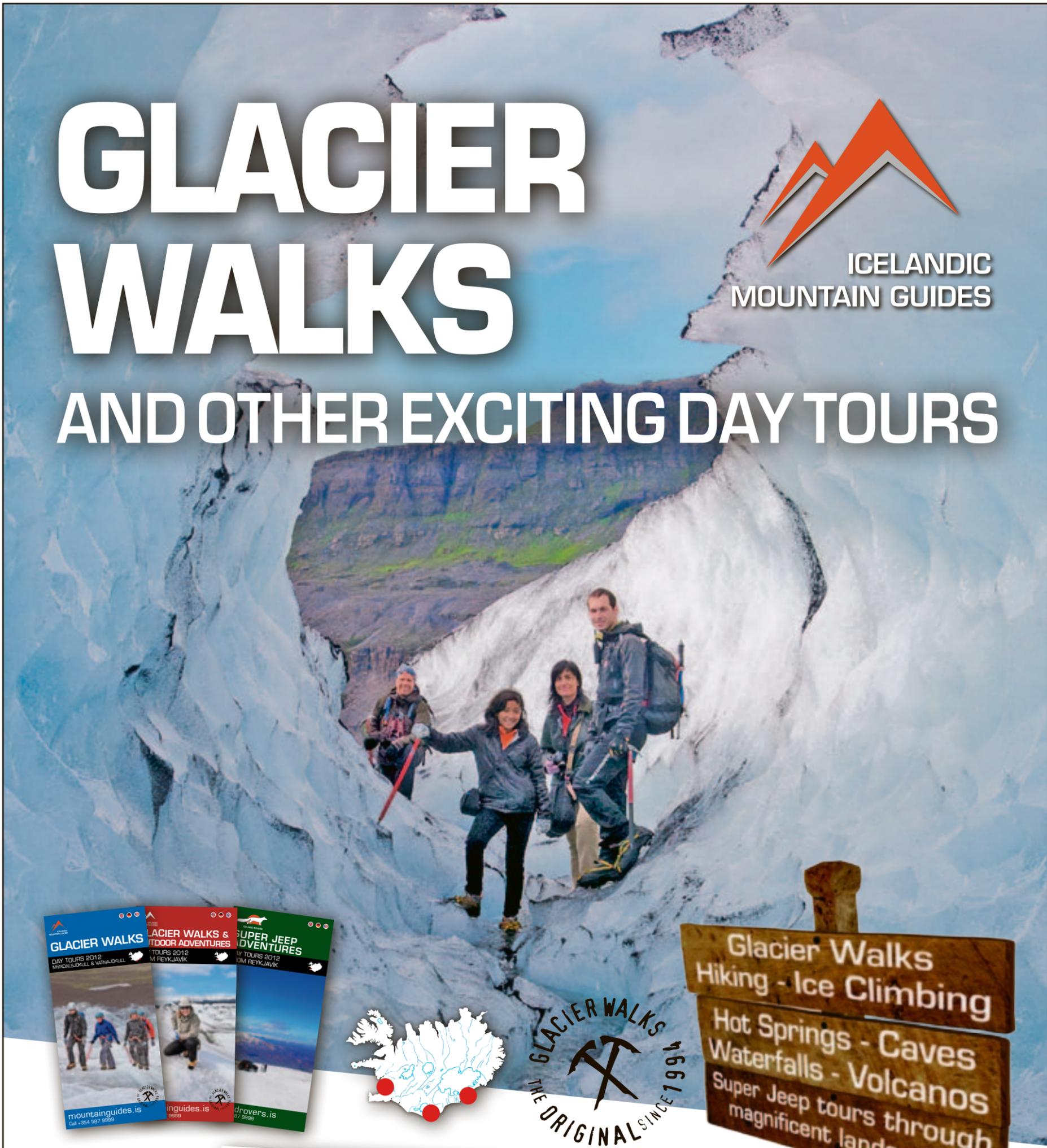
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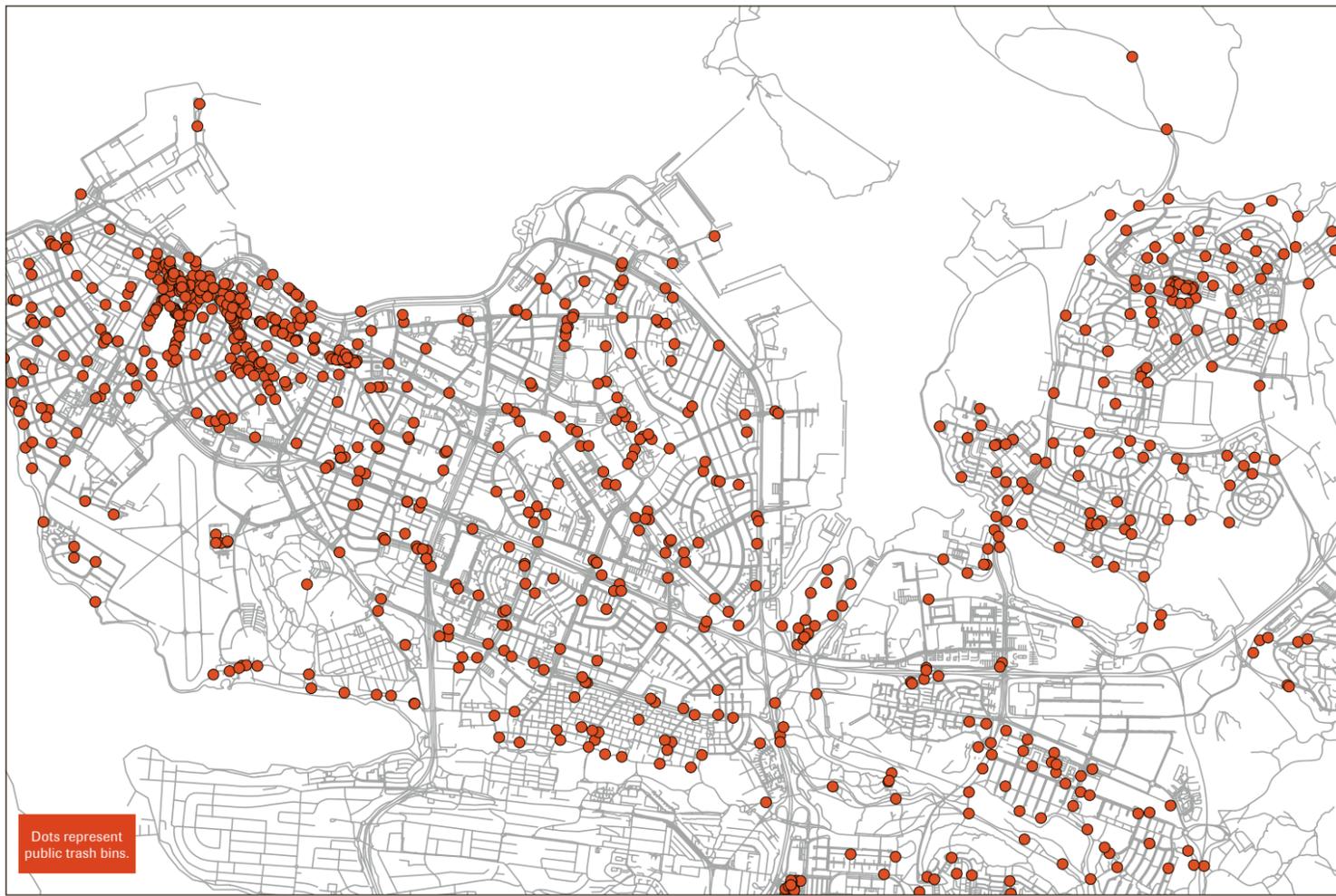
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What A Load Of Old Rubbish!



While some consider Reykjavik to be one of the greenest cities in the world, generating electricity and heating houses with geothermal energy, it appears that locals have forgotten how to use the dustbin.

"We in Iceland are in many respects quite far behind our neighboring countries when it comes to environmental awareness," said Valgerður Matthíasdóttir, a member of the Green April group, when the initiative was launched in 2011. "We are so used to being close to clean and wild nature and our water is so good. But we are very bad in all areas concerning waste and refuse which are a part of all modern societies."

The National State Broadcasting Service RÚV reported earlier this year that the problem with trash was getting out of hand, and that people have been complaining about the lack of public rubbish bins in the city. But is there really a scarcity of bins?

Well, there are 1,069 bins in the city, according to Reykjavik City's website. This means that there is in fact one bin to every 111 people in the capital. That's almost five times as many as in Vancouver and loads more than in London, where bins have all but disappeared with IRA bomb scares in the '90s.

So, if the lack of bins isn't the problem, why is there trash all over the place? Reykjavik City employee Guðný A. Olgeirsdóttir told RÚV this April that while rubbish blows out of dumpsters, people are also simply littering on the streets and throwing trash out of car windows. It's as if people don't notice the mess, she said. Unfortunately, the rest of us do.

✉ - ALFRÚN GÍSLADÓTTIR



- Continued -

rate continues as it has, Iceland's glaciers will be no more in about 200 years. Climate change denialists will no doubt contend that this is due to volcanoes getting hotter or some such nonsense. In the meantime, keep in mind that your grandchildren might never know Iceland to be very icy at all.

In more encouraging news, Google Voice Search now recognises Icelandic. Trausti Kristjánsson, who conducted the project, used about 123,000 voice samples from 563 different people to complete the effort. Apart from giving native speakers all the advantages that Google Voice Search gives speakers of other languages, foreigners can now test their Icelandic pronunciation by seeing, for example, if saying "Eyjafjallajökull" to Google Voice Search will return results for the famed volcano, or show random results for Abraham Lincoln.

Perennial favourites Of Monsters And Men, who have been enjoying a smashing success across North American and Europe, have now attained an achievement closer to home.

According to British music chart positions, they have now matched a record previously held only by Björk. While Björk's appropriately named first solo effort, Debut, was released, it went straight to the third position on the British music charts, and the first single from the album—"Violently Happy"—went to the 36th position. "My Head Is An Animal"—Of Monsters And Men's first album—has made it to the third position as well, but notably the first single from that album—"Little Talks"—is now at the 12th position only a week ago. Not too shabby!

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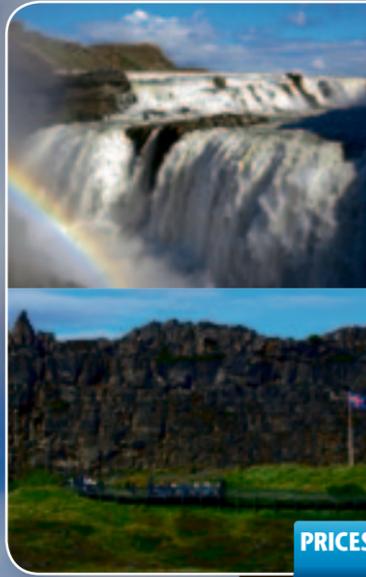
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Stray Teeth

Digging Viking Age burials in Skagafjörður

Words

Eli Petzold

Photos

Eli Petzold

John Steinberg greets me at the Varmahlíð bus stop with a firm handshake. “Welcome to Varmuhlíð, welcome to Skagafjörður,” he says, noting the vast open fjord valley. He’s been coming to Iceland every summer for more than twelve years, digging into Icelandic soil in Skagafjörður, but at some point he stopped trying to penetrate the firm, formidable surface of Icelandic pronunciation. He tells me it’s a running gag with his team. Even the local farmers of Skagafjörður with whom he has worked for the last twelve years have played along. “Some of them pronounce things the way I do when I’m talking to them,” he jokes.

We drive north from Varmahlíð, past the scores of farms that line Langholt ridge, which make up the survey region. John skips the pleasantries and goes straight into lecture mode. He names and dates each farm, pointing out the grass-covered mounds, visible remnants of their ancient occupants. As context and landscape fuse, the whole region transforms and takes on a new dimension. I begin to get a vague image of the area as it was a thousand years ago. This is, after all, the goal of John’s project, the Skagafjörður Archaeological Settlement Survey (SASS). Rather than focus on one site, John and a team of archaeologists and geophysicists have been conducting a broad survey of the Langholt region to see how Viking Age settlement varied across a relatively homogenous area.

Let’s talk about turf

Mid-lecture, John sees a more hands-on method to communicate exactly what his team have been doing and working with over the last twelve years. We arrive at Glaumbær, a complex of turf-covered buildings surrounded by a turf wall. Though the buildings presently at Glaumbær were constructed relatively recently, John tells me that similar buildings have existed more or less in the same place since about AD 1000. “I’m just gonna pull in here and talk about turf,” John says.

Turf is an ideal insulator—it’s light and it keeps heat in very well. The builders of these structures, just like the ancient settlers, start by using driftwood frames and panelling. They then cut turf from peat bogs, let them dry and then lay them in a specific pattern—the pattern used at Glaumbær, called ‘klömbruhnaus,’ makes a herringbone look.

We walk to the top of a mound next to the kitchen building. John explains that the actual level of the ground is more than a few metres down, at the level of the parking lot. This hill is a midden, an artificial mound made up entirely of garbage and ash. “Everything that these guys did is in here,” John explains. “What they throw out is who they are.”

But while loads of narrative lays hidden beneath the middens, SASS is fo-



cused on the broader parts of the settlement narrative—dates and locations, rather than the specific material record. John and his team have taken core samples from farms’ middens to figure out the date of settlement. Using a method known as tephra chronology, they examine the thin layers of ash from specific volcanic eruptions to figure out

“*They’ve only found one complete body in the churchyard at Stóra-Seyla this year. Otherwise, the burials are mostly empty. When I get to the excavation site, I learn the story behind this anomaly.*”

the year each farm was settled. After taking core samples from every farm in the region, John and his team created a comprehensive map of the patterns and timelines of settlement in this part of Skagafjörður.

The team

We arrive in Sauðárkrókur and pull into SASS’s laboratory, set up in the local schoolhouse. Although it’s well past eleven, the entire team is awake, milling about. John tells me this year’s group is smaller than usual: five PhDs and two students. Doug Bolender, like John, works with excavation, the shovel and trowel work. This is the work that people might typically associate with archaeology. But SASS takes several other

approaches to archaeology. There’s John Schoenfelder, who is in charge of mapping. “I look at the ground, not beneath it,” he explains. As I arrive, he’s tending to his broken kite and model helicopter—both of which he uses for aerial photography. Kimmarie Murphy focuses on bodies; she’s reading studies and tossing around words like “cryogenic” on the other side of the room.

Brian Damiata is in charge of geophysics. He’s sitting by the most impressive piece of equipment in the room: a 2.4-metre metal case, housing a bright yellow tube. This is the Dualem 421, a device that sends electromagnetic pulses through soil. Turf, when buried, is a worse conductor of electricity than the surrounding soil, so when the Dualem shows a weaker signal, it may reveal something of interest. The instrument’s size has been a constant nuisance since they arrived with it at the Boston Logan Airport on their way to Iceland. Convincing Icelandair to take it was quite an episode. They’re packing it up now because half of the team is leaving the next day, bringing most of the heavy equipment back to the States.

As John, John and Brian finish their packing, Doug briefs me about this season’s work. This year, they’re collaborating with Icelandic archaeologist Guðný Zoëga on the excavation of a Viking Age church and graveyard at the farm Stóra-Seyla. Guðný studies conversion era Iceland and has done extensive work excavating early churches. This season is quite different from their previous projects, as it deals with the later time period around conversion—circa AD 1000 and after. But the progression seems logical to Doug. They’ve seen how early Icelanders settled, now they’re seeing how they congregated and buried their dead.

With the equipment packed up, the archaeologists call it a night around 1 AM. We leave Brian who prefers to

sleep on a mat on the floor of the lab, and head to the team’s quarters, on the other side of town. The place has a bizarre, haunted feeling. Apparently travelling Polish and Maori butchers stay here during the slaughter season. I ponder the implications of slaughterhouse-tourism as I drift to sleep in a room filled with dusty trowels.

Pastries and performativity

We start the next day with kleina and danishes from the nearby Sauðárkróksbakarí. While some debate the pronunciation of the former, others discuss the variable nomenclature of the latter. (What’s a Danish called in Denmark? Vienna-bread. What’s it called in Vienna?) After breakfast, the Johns and Brian squeeze into their rental car. They have to lay the Dualem down the centre of the car, running from windshield to windshield. They set off for Reykjavik in what looks like the most uncomfortable seating arrangement possible.

The rest of the team gears up for another day of digging. Doug takes me to Skagafjörður’s Archaeological Department, upstairs of the Skagafjörður Heritage Museum. Kimmarie is listening to NPR, analysing a human skull and arm bones. These particular remains belong to a woman. Kimmarie shows me where muscle actually altered the shape of the woman’s arm bones from frequent strain. She was clearly engaged in some sort of demanding, repeated physical labour. These bones are from an earlier dig, directed by Guðný. They’ve only found one complete body in the churchyard at Stóra-Seyla this year. Otherwise, the burials are mostly empty. When I get to the excavation site, I learn the story behind this anomaly.

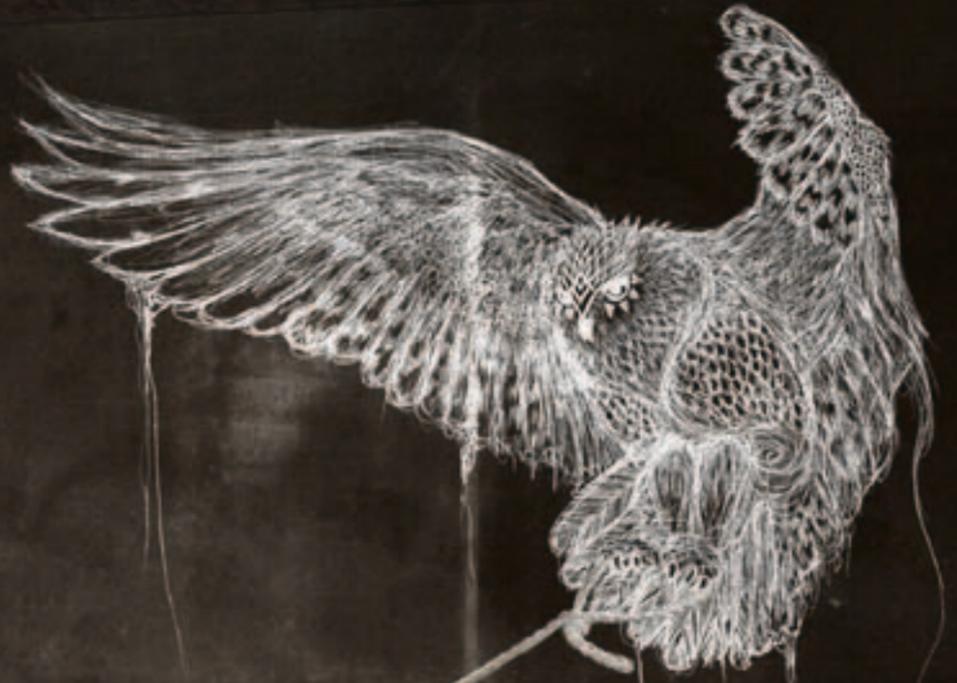
The excavation is at the fjord valley bottom, well below the level of the medieval farm. The grass layer has been removed, exposing a ground layer of dirt and tephra. The remains of the

church and burials are clear enough to a non-archaeologist. Half of the foundation of the retaining wall remains visible—a stone semi-circle. The actual church itself was tiny—about seven and a half square metres. Doug points out the large cavities at the corners where the support beams once stood. He explains that we know very little about the actual function of these small local churches. Who was the preacher? Who was the congregation?

Just outside of the church’s foundation are the excavated burials, clear rectangular compartments. But they haven’t been finding bodies in them. At some point Seyla’s inhabitants moved the settlement and church up the hill. They exhumed the corpses and reburied them in the new churchyard. The team have found some human bones in these burials, stray hand bones and such. At one point Doug dislodges a tooth from the soil. I get a funny image in my mind of the ancient inhabitants carrying the bodies up the hill, their teeth and other assorted bones falling along the way.

Doug talks about the more theoretical implications of the site—beyond questions of everyday use. He’s curious about the actual experience and performativity of it. This conversation takes us to Heidegger, then somehow to animal behaviour. At this point Doug decides that I might learn more by digging rather than talking about baboons. According to an electromagnetic reading of the ground, there’s a chance there are some unexposed burials to be found. So Doug puts a trowel in my hand and I dirty my jeans, scraping a broad swathe of dirt. This isn’t glamorous archaeology, but by now I know that archaeology is much more than tombs and temples. I find it calming, even meditative. Thinking about all the equipment and planning behind SASS, I realise that it takes a real love of the process, not just results, to be an archaeologist.

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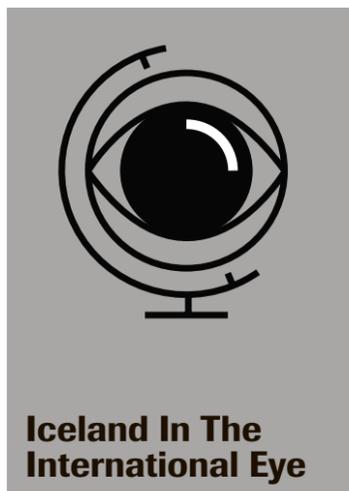
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Steingrímur's Icelandic-Style Model Reform?



Iceland In The International Eye

August

Here we go again.

Yet another Icelandic parliamentarian peacocks his economic acumen. We, the very best, welcome self-styled, Left-Green, economic-Buddha-guru Steingrímur J. Sigfússon, former Minister of Finance and current Minister of Fisheries, Agriculture and Economic Affairs, to our vainglorious club. Here's your badge, mate.

In a *Financial Times* (FT) posted on August 20, Steingrímur spurts forth an amazing theory that leaders in the Eurozone and Britain might fare better in dealing with their respective crises if they were to take a leaf out of his gilded tome (sorry, I mean the Icelandic government's). "Many lessons have been learnt," he says. "The Icelandic government has pursued the politics of social and economic inclusion."

And what the deuces is "social and economic inclusion"?

One definition I came across reads: "To be inclusive of citizens' views and needs in services and programmes, and to support the positive visions and aspirations of the common people."

Steingrímur continues: "Those on higher incomes have contributed more in absolute terms through the adoption of a progressive system of taxation, while those on lower incomes have been sheltered. [...] The outcome has been as intended: a more equitable net

income distribution."

Is Steingrímur really the Robin Hood he claims/intends to be?

In an open letter to FT entitled, "Iceland must not celebrate too soon," Robert Wade, professor of political economy at London School of Economics, and Dr. Silla Sigurgeirsdóttir, lecturer in public policy at the University of Iceland, shed a measure of induced balance on Steingrímur's so-called lessons for the Eurozone.

Where Steingrímur suggests that his "innovative" tax policies have evened out the distribution of Icelandic wealth (and thereby created a stable economic model), Robert and Silla point out that "banks benefited by having more secure flow of repayments and by not having to manage and pay taxes on foreclosed assets."

Additionally, Robert and Silla point out that it was the International Monetary Fund (IMF) and their denizens of experts who put forward the absolute and equally pointed plan to ease the Icelandic economic crisis. Achievements were not, they intimate, due to Steingrímur's brazen genius (or anyone else in the Icelandic government for that matter).

Perhaps Steingrímur's sudden interest in international renown was prompted by Bloomberg's August 13 interview with Daria V. Zakharova, IMF mission chief to Iceland, who praises Iceland's "surprising" recovery: "The fact that Iceland managed to preserve the social welfare system in the face of a very sizeable fiscal consolidation is one of the major achievements under the program and the Icelandic government."

Fisher Investments, one of the world's largest independent investment advisory firms, responds to the interview on iStockAnalyst.com by pointing out that the IMF "ignores a key factor to Iceland's recovery."

It continues: "At the very least, this likely means the IMF overstates the case for eurozone nations' heeding Icelandic lessons. For starters a key driver for Iceland's recovery was the weakening of its currency [...] you can't devalue a currency and expect only positive results. While a weak currency makes

export cheaper, it also makes imports more expensive."

Fisher also notes that "long term, ongoing currency devaluation isn't a sure-fire winner." It goes on to suggest that any lessons on economic recovery are better learned elsewhere than in Iceland.

And by the way, since there's more than \$8 billion in offshore krónur at stake, Iceland's capital controls are not going away any time soon. Iceland's Central Bank has made it common knowledge that they expect to ease at the earliest in 2015. Meanwhile interest rates are continuously being raised (there have been five hikes since this time last year alone). This means, of course, that cost of goods will surely remain on the rise.

Back in FT, Wade and Silla highlight the dangers inherent in Steingrímur's premature "Ob-La-Di, Ob-La-Da" fiesta. A number of promised and crucial institutional reforms have yet to be realised:

- one)** the people's assembly constitution
- two)** civil service reforms
- three)** a revised fishing quota system
- four)** the establishment of an independent national institute of economic affairs

Iceland's next election is to occur in 2013 and there's not a whole hell-of-a-lot of time to get everything in due order. In other words, hold the champagne on ice(land).

Through all of this, I had to ask myself the question, what prompted Steingrímur to put forward his half-baked theories in the FT in the first place? I can really only hypothesise that he is vying for a major consulting position within the Eurozone when his term runs out. Or, perhaps along with his band of merry economic geniuses, he's considering opening his own School of Social and Economic Inclusion right in the heart of debt-laden Reykjavík? I for one would like to see that fancy Magna Carta.

POEM

Reykjavík.

Light streaming from an all day sky,
everywhere about, dreams of wealth,
a heavenly firmament shitting gold bars,
stars showering krónur into the trunks of cars
gone down with the mad Viking raiders,
the Lost Ark stands skeletal, a space invader.

Reykjavík.

You stumbled shocked from smoky bay
footprints in snow, a Kreppa generation
heading for the unemployment bureau.
Friday, Saturday nights
Kaffe Zimsen dance into amnesia,
raising the roof near my bedroom window,
amphetamine, adrenaline, alcohol, skunk,
drunken Adonis of 101
leaves his used condoms in the car park below.
University jivers, Bar 46,
cool and clean cut, fearsomely fit.

Reykjavík.

Tall woman. Big red ladder.

Bright red dress.

Takes us walking,

takes us talking,

heard the shouts

from a NATO demo

Trotskyists, subversives, communists out.

Ban them from the mainstream,

kill the scream,

let them go

but never let them in.

Reykjavík.

I join you in the verses we remembered

from the International,

kissing the Icelandic flag under the bedclothes,

the intellectual homeless drinking happy in the Danish Bar

singing "It's a long way to Akureyri."

You made the pots and pans revolution,

now they say it's about to go down

drowned in political splits, confused ceasefires;

they want to silence the typewriters, kill off Facebook,

turn the map of the world sideways.

Those guys are back in town, waiting in the wings,

the walls of Jericho are yet to come tumbling down.

Reykjavík.

Sudden short blast from a clarinet,

banging on the piano one a.m.

oh what a beautiful morning.

Keep your soul, Reykjavík

Laugh your head off, Reykjavík

Rock and roll, Reykjavík.

Drive my car down Skeggjagata

Don't look left, don't look right

Drive into the great hereafter

Drive into an endless night

On the fjords the swans are leaving

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Reykjavík.

Sylvia Hikins



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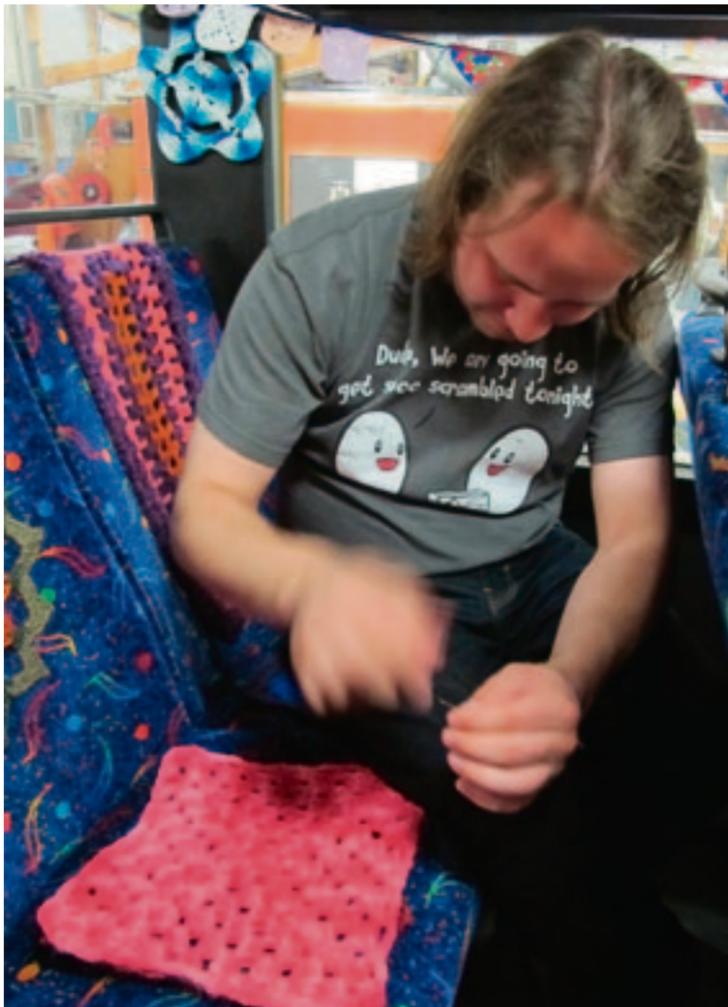
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The Bus That Yarn Built

Catching up with Reykjavík's wool-and-needle wielding hooligans



What Is Yarnstorming?

Also known as yarn graffiti or yarn-bombing, yarnstorming is the act of putting a piece made of yarn into the public space, be it knitted, crocheted, cross-stitched or whichever way one chooses.

the impact of crafts in street art. “Linda Björk Eiríksdóttir led the project, communicating with Strætó, distributing yarn that we got and collecting pieces from people that couldn't make it to the installation. Linda drew up items in the bus, such as seats, handles and benches, but people picked their own tasks,” Berglind says.

“Some pieces were made with seats or the back of the seats in mind. Others were specially made for the larger benches in the bus. Some pieces were made random but fitted perfectly for smaller places in the bus like the handles.” These included things like chevron patterned blankets, large and intricate flower blossoms, wispy, delicate cobwebs, triangle-shaped party banners, a marvellously accurate Reykjavík city logo and, of course, little busses.

Their only real challenge came once they were onboard the great yellow wagon. “The seats are really hard to sew onto so every piece took a good amount of time,” Berglind explains. “We had sore fingers for days after.” However, this small setback was no detraction from the experience itself and the positive feedback they received. “It was great to work with this group of knitters and crocheters,” she says. “It didn't matter if I was meeting many of them in person for the first time, fibre enthusiasts are just so fun to hang around with and people loved it!”

“

They would have succeeded in the latter project if the cops hadn't busted them as they were putting a Batman mask on the statue of Iceland's first Prime Minister Hannes Hafstein, which stands on Lækjargata.

”

The yarn speaks for itself

This is far from the first act of mass woollen decoration the group is responsible for. Over the past few months, the Yarnstormers have been busy with projects such as securing rainbow knit-pieces onto street poles and trees for Reykjavík's annual Gay Pride and undertaking a night-time mission to get some yarn onto every public statue downtown. They would have succeeded in the latter project if the cops hadn't busted them as they were putting a Batman mask on the statue of Iceland's first Prime Minister Hannes Hafstein,

which stands on Lækjargata.

And we certainly have not seen the last of the yarnstormers, as Berglind reveals they already have a couple of ideas brewing. It is in fact a growing artistic movement that varies in its objective depending on the project, the people involved and the specific location. “It can be a political statement, a feminist statement, a sign of gratitude or a decoration,” Berglind says, “and it can be one or more of these things or all of them or none of them.”

Berglind prefers to leave the element of mystery to her own work without making the significance obtuse. “I just want people to make their own opinions about it without me telling them what it means,” she says. “The best part is being able to speak your mind through the craft.”

Words

Rebecca Louder

Photos

Linda Björk Eiríksdóttir

A couple of weeks ago, I got on the bus at Lækjartorg and was greeted by what resembled my grandmother's handiwork. Pieces of knitting and crocheted decorations adorned every seat, every window and every panel of the bus, down to the driver's cash box. I took my place on a seat covered by traditional Afghan pieces and asked myself, “Did someone set off a yarn bomb in here?”

Yes! In fact I found out that many someones did! Six weeks before Culture Night, the public bus company Strætó commissioned a covert guerrilla craft operation known as The Reykjavík Yarnstormers to have their way with one of their vehicles. And this was the fruit of their labour, which involved thirty people knitting and crocheting for six weeks and twenty people installing the pieces for eight hours.

From cattle grids to bus seats

The group planned their pieces methodically according to the basic design of a public bus, says Berglind Inga Guðmundsdóttir, one of the original Reykjavík Yarnstormers, who wrote her Bachelor's thesis on urban yarn graffiti and



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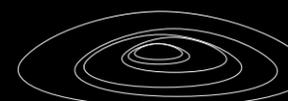
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Erró At 80:

New Reykjavík exhibition celebrates 80th birthday of Iceland's great artistic son

Still Not Wearing A Tie

An entire cast of grotesque, comic figures watches us as we cross the room: exaggerated nudes in mock classical pose; portraits of misshapen Picasso-esque faces; towering, iconic statesmen depicted as cartoon baddies.

It's Friday morning at the Reykjavík Art Museum. A handful of prints are waiting to be framed as the finishing touches are put on the gallery's newest exhibition, 'Erró—Graphic Art 1949-2009.'

By Mark O'Brien

Guðmundur Guðmundsson, who was born in a fishing village on the north-west coast of Iceland but is today world-renowned by his nom de plume Erró, gazes at every picture with nostalgic recollection in his pale, elderly eyes.

There is only one day to go until the Mayor welcomes a host of guests to the museum to fete Iceland's legendary old painter for the official opening of a new retrospective showcase of his graphic art, comprising works from the late 1940s to almost the present day.

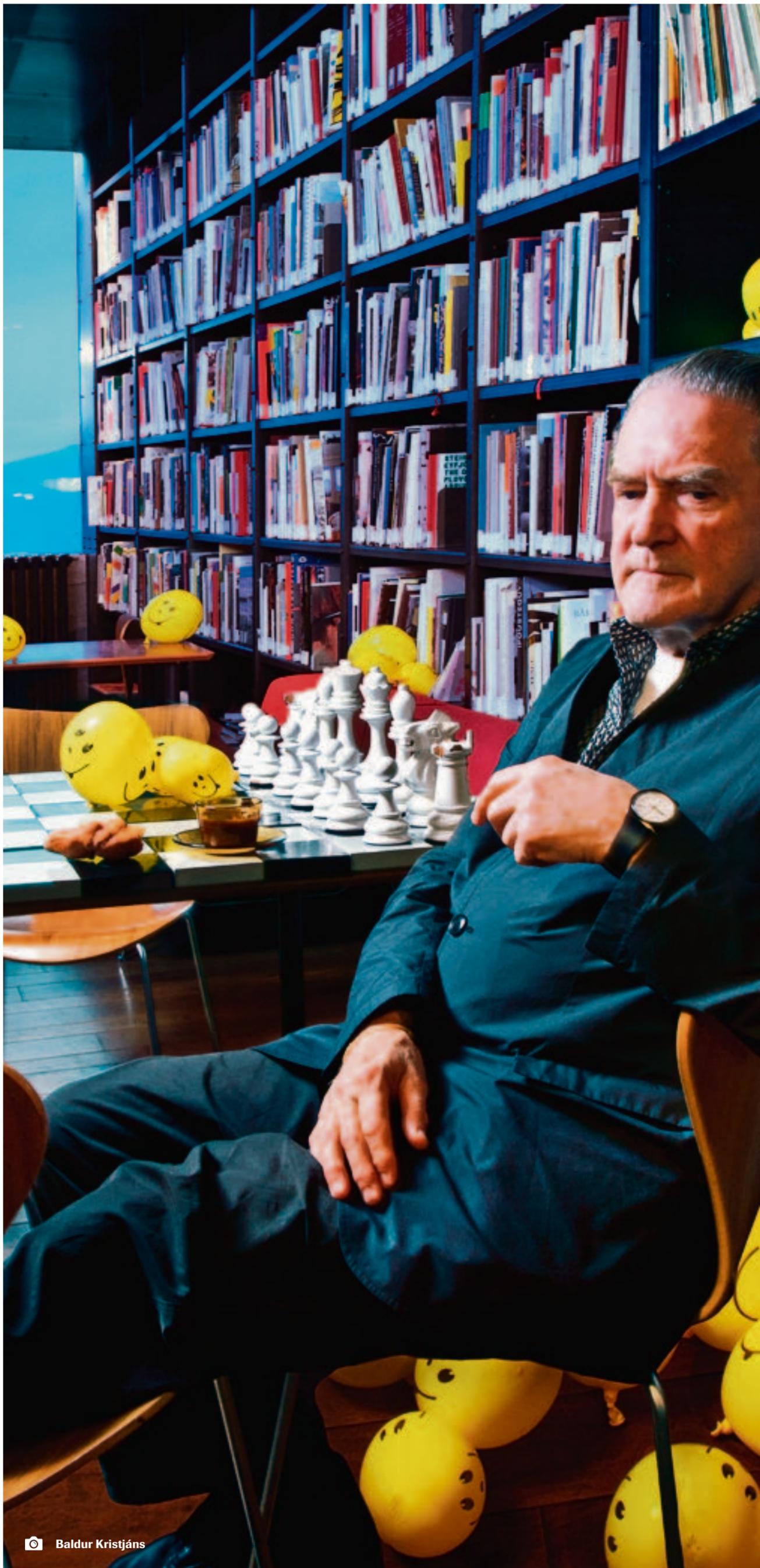
"I've been back in Iceland for three days, and I'm only in Reykjavík until Sunday," he explains with a grandfatherly smile. "Tomorrow this exhibition opens. And then on Sunday I'm going back to Paris for another exhibition. Then later in September I'll be going to Copenhagen."

Any time he returns to Iceland, the red carpet is invariably rolled out. Erró stands today as perhaps the most renowned living artist the country has produced. His work is proudly on display the world over, from New York to the Far East; he counts as his friends some of the most famous artistic names from across Europe and America. I am his first appointment of the morning; the rest of the day, journalists and photographers from the national media will have their allotted time with him too.

This exhibition has been three years in the making, curated by Danielle Kvaran, project manager of the museum's vast Erró Collection who has researched and collated the entire breadth of his graphic work.

The works we pass by all bear witness to his international acclaim. Collages he was asked to produce for the 1984 football World Cup in Spain and again for the 1992 Barcelona Olympics stand tall—mural-like paintings that draw together on the same canvas an array of faces: athletes, crowds and performers in Castilian hues of red and gold.

Further along are some of the collages he was commissioned to



© Baldur Kristjánsson



produce by the City of Lille, telling the story of the northern French town through a series of vast, colourful, comic-book style paintings which weave a narrative from Charlemagne to Napoleon and all the way to the advent of the TGV. To this day the originals hang in Lille's city hall—one of the many venues across the world where Erró's distinctive hues and shapes can be seen.

Still going strong

Only just turned eighty, he walks tall, albeit now rather slowly. He is suited, but tieless—not surprising, even in ripe age, given the irreverent streak that runs through his whole body of work. But though he may have passed the age at which most men draw their pensions, his schedule remains as dauntless as it did when he was a young Nordic radical shocking the sensibilities of the art dealers and critics in fifties Florence and Paris.

He speaks with a voice that has grown gravelly. He is at that stage of his life, that second childhood, when he is all too easily distracted by whatever catches his eye and provokes a memory of a name or a face. As we sit down in the museum's ground floor library, I ask him how he has spent his short time back in Iceland, before suddenly a large coffee-table book about some Asian artist catches his eye. "I know this artist, he's a friend of mine," he murmurs, flicking through the pages, candidly passing choice remarks about the other artist's wife.

But when he speaks of his life story, the places he has seen and the iconic people he has met and befriended, he remembers and can recount it all like a worldly, wizened man sharing his old stories: his youth spent on the farm; his schooling across Europe's cultural capitals; his friends Fernando Botero, Jean-Jacques Lebel, and the New York pop artists.

The Hafnarhús exhibition is a tribute to the Reykjavík Art Museum's old friend in his octogenarian year. It arranges by graphic technique over a hundred works he has donated through the years, offering a broad-brush overview of his oeuvre, comprising stamp prints, linocuts, woodcuts, lithographs, silkscreen prints and digital images.

It begins with some of the earliest prints he made whilst in his schooling, using potato stamps and linocuts of the kind typically now used to teach youngsters about art. Whilst tracing the development of his work through his artistic formative years, the centrepieces of the exhibition remain the collages he created using mass-produced images (adverts, press cuttings, magazine photographs among many). The graphic works in this exhibition were produced by printers who would use photomechanical processes to reproduce his original collages. "The collages are the originals to me, and the paintings are the copies," he explains. Erró's role then was largely to choose or apply the colour mix for the final reproductions. He would nonetheless oversee the printing operation, signing off on every one, authenticating each reproduced work with his signature.

The result is a vivid, garish burst of colour from every wall, telling the story of how his art has progressed from his early student days at Reykjavík's Iceland College of Arts and Crafts (now the Iceland Academy of the Arts), through his studies which took him to Norway and then to Italy, before he settled variously in Paris and New York.

Global influence

He was born in Ólafsvík, a humble village on the Snæfellsnes peninsula, but moved at a young age to Kirkjubæjarklaustur in South Iceland where he lived until he began studies in Reykjavík at age 14. His early days stand in marked contrast to the cosmopolitan, globetrotting life he has long enjoyed. "There is a big farm close to a glacier," he says, gazing out the window. "I worked in the slaughter-



I have one drawer filled with pictures I've collected about the worst things you can imagine: violence, blood, dismembered bodies."

house. They used to knock out 35,000 sheep there every autumn—it was a massacre."

Still he remembers it fondly: indeed on returning to Iceland this week, Kirkjubæjarklaustur was his first port of call, visiting his old home. "My biggest pleasure is always going back to the farm and seeing my half-brothers and sisters." Of course the village of his childhood has seen its own dramatic changes: "The slaughterhouse is now a hotel!" he says, laughing. "We were looking round and one of my brothers was saying, 'Oh! You remember all the blood here? Oh and here they kept all the carcasses!' I don't know what the people staying there now must have thought."

And it was here that his childhood fascination with visual art was galvanized. "Lots of people came to study the geology and the volcanoes, and stayed on the farm. So they'd send back gifts. When I was ten, someone sent a catalogue from the Museum of Modern Art in New York—and I loved it."

He remembers clearly the painting that caught his eye most powerfully: 'Hide And Seek' by Russian-born Pavel Tchelitchew, in which a girl is seen from behind entering what Erró describes as "a kind of dream world," a fantastical and faintly threatening collage of ghoulish faces and dismembered limbs painted in monstrous green and blood-red hues.

Looking at the vast, complex collages that adorn the walls at Hafnarhús, it is clear to see what an impact this moment has had on everything that has come from Erró's hand and his artistic eye ever since. His most iconic works begin with a sketch or a collage, upon which he gathers images that form some kind of narrative. "I start immediately by collecting," he says, describing his work method. "I need a lot of material for big paintings, so I have many drawers in my studio, each one for different subjects. I have one drawer filled with pictures I've collected about the worst things you can imagine: violence, blood, dismembered bodies."

His artistry is curatorial: he has described himself famously as a reporter in a vast bureau that collects every image in the world; his job is to synthesise all these images and tell a story. "We take in so much information every day, so many images" he explains. "We can't escape from that. The world changes very quickly, and things happen fast. I'm interested in nailing down big global events—like Vietnam or Afghanistan. I want to capture those moments, and criticise."

Modest beginnings

Erró's own life story is as globalised as the world his works are inevitably influenced by. "I had a very open-minded family who were happy for me to go to art school in Reykjavík, where my aunt and grandmother lived."

It was not an easy apprenticeship. "I was worried about my profession, so I eventually moved from art school to work in the teachers' department. I thought that if I couldn't make money with my painting, then I would become an art teacher instead."

It was not long though before he would leave Reykjavík. "Artists here were supposed to go to Copenhagen for art school, but I went to Oslo because I wanted to ski and go mountain-climbing," he says playfully.

When he went on to travel to Italy, he quickly acquired a reputation as a rather different figure to the creatives with which the artistic circles were familiar. "I ended up in Florence and got into the academy there quite fast. I couldn't take it in a way because they were all very smart and well-dressed. They painted wearing their ties and fine shoes—like they were working in a bank."

The off-beat young Erró was never going to be fully embraced within the cloistered artistic scenes across Europe in the fifties and sixties. When he moved to Paris, he found that making a name as an artist was extremely difficult: "Every-

thing was closed. If you went into the studios, all the paintings were turned around so you couldn't see them. I went to meet dealers and they would throw me out. I was a joke to them, drawing wild pictures and talking about horrible Nordic artists like Munch!"

He found the United States a much more welcoming place. "I lived in New York through the winters in the sixties. In America everything was open: the artists were friendly, like the American people themselves. That's where I became friends with the pop artists." James Rosenquist in particular he remembers fondly, realising sadly: "He is the only one left. All the rest have died." Erró speaks grandly of him as "the biggest American artist, because he's pure American—had no influence from the rest." Yet he distances himself from the likes of Warhol or Lichtenstein: "Very often I've been squeezed in with them, but I don't know why."

Political art

Critics associate Erró with the narrative figuration movement, often characterised as a European counterpart of the quintessentially American Pop Art. It had its roots in Paris, which goes some way to explaining why he stayed in such a cloistered environment, one which seemed to restrict radical outsiders like him. "When I arrived in Paris I felt things were going to happen there. Slowly the narrative figuration came in, and I became part of the group. There were about six or seven of us making similar work, like Bernard Rancillac and Hervé Télémaque."

Like the pop artists, their work called upon contemporary society, its images and objects. Advertisements, comics, films and photographs were all appropriated as motifs, along with concepts and forms from art history. In his paintings, Erró has never been afraid to display an aggressive political bite: juxtaposing socialist-realist renders of China's Chairman Mao and famous bastions of Western culture like the Paris Opera's Palais Garnier; a news clipping drawing of Nelson Mandela behind bars held up before a still of a smiling Bugs Bunny indulging in his spaghetti bolognese.

The Cold War and the divide between east and west that has marked so much of his productive life infiltrate his work. Some of these paintings, he tells me, are now being used to educate a whole new generation about world history. "A great pleasure for me," he says now, "is that paintings of mine are being used in school books. Partly because I get the royalties! But not just for that of course."

Today, however, he sees money as the root of the world's problems: "Money is dominating the world. Everyone thinks about it and everyone wants to be rich. It's the pain in the arse really," he says brutally. "I thought it would stay in America, but now it dominates the world."

He admits that he too enjoys a privileged life. "If you put everything together then I'm rich. I've been very lucky," he says, telling me about his houses in Thailand and Spain, and the Parisian studios he has worked in—and where he continues to paint new works.

And though his visits home are only fleeting, Iceland continues to celebrate him. As we part, he invites me to the launch of the exhibition the next day—"You don't have to wear a tie," he adds. When the retrospective is at long last declared open May or Jón Gnarr presents Erró with an honorary citizenship of Reykjavík, making the artist only the fourth individual to be bestowed with the honour since 1961.

Whilst he is in town he also takes time to award another artist Ósk Vilhjálmsdóttir with money from the fund he set up in his aunt's name to promote female artists. "There is a lot of talent in Iceland," he concludes, reflecting on the arts scene in Reykjavík. "But I think they may be lacking stimulation. We don't have enough art galleries here, and the ones we do have are having problems surviving. They need much more support."

The Erró Collection in the vaults at Reykjavík Art Museum today comprises more than 4,000 works of art donated over more than two decades: paintings, watercolours, sculptures, as well as the graphic works on display in this year-long exhibition. With his eye-catching, explosive work on the walls at Hafnarhús, Erró continues to play his part in stimulating another generation of Icelandic artists striving to take on the world.

Continues over



A great pleasure for me is that paintings of mine are being used in school books. Partly because I get the royalties! But not just for that of course.

Continued Erró At 80: Still
Not Wearing A Tie

FIVE ERRÓ PICKS by Danielle Kvaran



Foodscape, 1964, glycerophthalic paint on canvas, 300 x 200 cm. Moderna museet, Stockholm.

'Foodscape' (1964)

(Moderna Museet, Stockholm)

This is the first of the 'scape' paintings, where Erró depicts a multitude of similar things. It is a visual meditation on the excessiveness of society's consumption habits, but first and foremost an original composition that has marked Erró a special place within pop art. It is also fun to keep in mind that Erró himself consumed all the food he portrays in the piece.

'New Jersey' (1979)

(Listasafn Reykjavíkur, Reykjavík)

The series of pictures on Mao travelling the world is a product of its time regarding the politics. But the work's artistic value lies in how Erró, using his collage technique, can cut together different times and realities. This series was a "fiction" that invoked hope and warmth in the hearts of many, or induced a great terror. Furthermore, the work well describes the artist's witty humour. As Erró himself remarked: "Mao only once went outside of China's borders, to Moscow. I sent him on a trip around the world. I took him to Venice, Paris, New York. I made him a great traveller."



New Jersey, 1979, oil on canvas, 90 x 99 cm. Reykjavík Art Museum, Reykjavík.



CURRICULUM VITAE: ERRÓ

Age: 80

Early Days: Erró worked in the slaughterhouse in Kirkjubæjarklaustur. He was inspired to pursue his art after seeing the paintings in a MOMA catalogue sent to his family by one of the many foreign guests who stayed with them on visits to Iceland.

Nordic Education: Trained in Reykjavík before moving to Oslo. Enrolled in the Painting Department at the Icelandic College of Arts and Crafts, but was persuaded to train to be an art teacher. Taught by Valgerður Briem, in whose classes he practised sketching, paper-cutting techniques, and created drawings that had a strong influence on his later work. In Oslo he studied engraving at the School of Decorative and Industrial Art and learnt about life-drawings, under the tutelage of influential figurative painters.

On The Continent: Headed to Florence in 1954 where he enrolled at the Academy of Fine Arts. Armed with a sketchbook, he would visit the Palatine and Uffizi Galleries, copying the works of the old masters. He moved on to Ravenna in 1955 after discovering mosaic art being pioneered there.

Global Figure: Opened his first solo exhibition back in Iceland at the Reykjavík Artists' House in '57. Subsequently settling in Paris in 1958, he worked closely with friends Jean-Jacques Lebel and Roberto Matta, themselves renowned for their vast, complex and colourful paintings. Became part of the narrative figuration school, the European counterpart of the largely American Pop Art trend.

Back Home: Now regarded as one of Iceland's greatest artists, he remains vaunted by the city where he first trained. In 1989 he presented the City of Reykjavík with a large collection of works from his entire career back to his childhood. The Erró Collection in permanent residence at Hafnarhús consists of over 4,000 pieces. As well as the fund he sponsors for female artists, he was back home in Kirkjubæjarklaustur last week where locals and family are aiming to raise funds to build a cultural centre in his honour.

'The Background Of Pollock' (1966–1967)

(Centre Pompidou, Musée national d'art moderne, Paris)

This is one of Erró's most important portrait paintings, really a novel and original method of relaying the subject's story. Again Erró cuts together different times and spaces, connecting Pollock's artistic premises—expressionism with Van Gogh and Munch at the helm—furthermore granting us an insight by clashing two portraits of Pollock in two different colours, in Pollock's subconscious. Pollock was very preoccupied with the notion that art should be spontaneous and that it should flow from the subconscious without restraint. In this piece, Erró manages to tell Pollock's artistic story.



The Background of Pollock, 1966-1967, glycerophthalic paint on canvas, 260 x 200 cm. FNAC, Ministère de la culture. Centre Pompidou, Musée national d'art moderne, Paris.

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COPY AND PASTE?

Perhaps unsurprisingly, Erró has been no stranger to controversy. He gained notoriety in 2010 when he was accused of plagiarism by British comic book artist **Brian Bolland**. After attracting the attention of artists of every kind for his shameless appropriation of previously published images to produce his many collages, Bolland visited Paris's Pompidou Centre where Erró's work was on display. In a lengthy open letter to Erró—"or Mr. Gudmundur if you prefer"—Bolland blasts the Icelander for plagiarising his cover of 1995 comic strip **Tank Girl**. Seeing his Tank Girl on a poster in prominent view in the gift shop window where it was on sale for 600 euros, Bolland wrote: "It consisted of a badly copied version of my work and, where the original logo had been, a group of figures presumably taken from Maoist Social Realism." The story did the rounds online until Erró's agent e-mailed Bolland, telling him this edition 'Tank' would no longer be sold: "We have made 20 copies, we sold three copies, we have given 5 copies to Mr. ERRO. We'll give him the 12 remaining copies."



The Queen of speed, 1970, glycerophthalic paint on canvas, 162 x 130 cm. Private collection, Paris.

'The Queen Of Speed' (1970)

(Private collection, Paris)

This has clear origins in the collage technique, which allows Erró to create a very original storytelling method through the medium of painting. This painting isn't one tableaux or linear narrative; Erró spreads images and fragments over the picture plane, in a very dynamic manner in this case, without resorting to a hierarchy of objects or images. The viewer controls and steers the reading process by the meanings she places in every image or fragment. In a certain way, the viewer is floating in a dream-like world as he slides from one field of meaning to another. This narrative method instills in the piece a plethora of interpretative possibilities.

'The World today' from the series "Maybe later" (2011)

(Listasafn Reykjavíkur, Reykjavík)

This is a painting that Erró recently donated to the Reykjavík Art Museum, along with the collage it is based on. By contrasting a few different photos Erró manages, like he often does, to create a strong, visual piece that consists of humour and social critique.

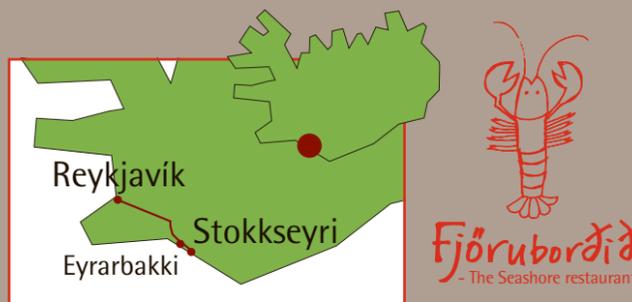


The World today, 2011, glycerophthalic paint on canvas, 99 x 70 cm. Reykjavik Art Museum, Reykjavik.

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Shouting For Poetry The poet on the corner reaches out to English speakers

If you've passed through downtown Reykjavík some time in the last decade there is a good chance that you've heard a big, burly man shout "ljóð" in a rusty, manly voice. "Ljóð" is the Icelandic word for poem and this particular shouter has a lot of them. Bjarni Bernharður is his name and he has been standing on Austurstræti for more than ten years now, selling his volumes of poetry, a collection of short stories and an autobiography to passers-by. And now, to add to this, is something the foreigner can enjoy: a book titled 'The Poet On The Corner,' as most Icelanders know Bjarni, featuring a selection of his poetry translated to English by Phillip Roughton.

Words

Ásgeir H. Ingólfsson

Photo

Alisa Kalyanova



Despite standing on the corner for sometimes four to five hours a day, Bjarni says it doesn't upset him if he doesn't sell a single book. He finds that being there on Austurstræti allows him to feel the changing pulse of society. "I'm in touch with a lot of things there that are of great value," he says. "And then I occasionally sell some books, which is nice. Before the crash people bought more books and talked less, now they buy less but talk more."

Fighting an uphill battle

Bjarni does, however, believe that his voice needs to be heard. "I'm not sure this country or the publishers are interested in me at all, but I won't let that stop me because I'm not writing for the present, or to earn my bread and butter," he explains. "I'm writing for the future. I know, as an artist and as a man, that greater spiritual nourishment is the only thing that can save this world."

He tells me that we have many opportunities to strengthen ourselves spiritually, but that most people aren't taking advantage of this. "I sometimes say that I'm fighting the hopeless fight, but I'm still fighting," he says. "I'm 62 years old and I'm going to spend my last 20 years creating. We can all make our mark on the future, for our children and grandchildren, to steer the

world off its mad course which leaves entire continents to bleed because of some friction between superpowers, and instead guide it towards stability and equality."

On a more personal level, Bjarni himself has faced his own battles, having developed schizophrenia and murdered a man in a state of mental instability 24 years ago. At the start of the interview we discuss whether or not I should mention this, and he's not so sure. "It's been written about often enough," he says. "It's not in any way part of my life anymore. I'm now free from symptoms of schizophrenia and I want my personality as an artist to be free from these events."

We decide to let it be, but after the interview he calls me again and has had a change of heart. "It happened," he reasons. "It's part of me. There's no denying that." While he doesn't think it should be the main focus of the interview, those able to read Icelandic can read about it and other events in Bjarni's past in his autobiographical book 'Kaleikur' ("Chalice").

Leaving his mark on the world

But back to the present and the future, Bjarni is optimistic. "We will find justice and peace though it may take a long time, perhaps several decades," he says. "The capitalist markets have robbed

people of their lives and the knowledge of what it is to be human, but there are still some people like me and others—hobbits that work alone in their hobbit hole—that do their bit to make it happen. While these efforts may go unnoticed by many, I'm certain that the



A lot of poets don't know how to react to society. I think it's rather society that controls them. I do not doubt their integrity and I know many of them realise the nature of their role, but still I feel a lot of writers are under the heel of capitalist society.



world will correct itself. Of course a lot of things will happen before that."

But what about his fellow poets? "A lot of poets don't know how to react to society. I think it's rather society that controls them. I do not doubt their integrity and I know many of them realise the nature of their role, but still I feel a lot of writers are under the heel of capitalist society," he says. "The media plays a role too—the market and the media feed off each other. The media can't function without advertisements

from the market and the market wants something in return. So the media tries to polish things so that they look their best for society, because the market shapes society. And if the media polishes literature, for instance, is there room for truth amidst all of that?"

Artistically speaking, Bjarni says he relates more to an older generation of poets. "We're seeing the old modernists drift away, the last of who are slowly passing away. And I'm among them, though I'm not 100% a modernist," he says. "Today's poetry is so aimless. It has no boundaries so any ridiculous thing goes. I feel people are mourning modernism a bit. It was so structured and disciplined, and had such a big heart."

A need for more rock and roll

One of the Icelandic modernists was poet Dagur Sigurðarson, and he is the only one that Bjarni mentions by name when I ask him about his influences. "I got to know Dagur Sigurðarson in 1971," he tells me. "He was an amazing man. He wasn't trying to motivate people. But the man was a pure force of life in his personal nakedness. That had a profound influence on me, but his art is a long way from mine."

As for other influences, he simply cites the world in which he lives. "You have to learn about the world that you're born into, you can't step into this art world as an innocent newborn. You have to realise what is going on around

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until the work ebbs out at dawn.

Bjarni Bernharður

you, and while it may not influence you directly, it adds depth to your view of society and it's first of all society that influences your art. We live in an urban environment, and I feel artists are its moral guardians, safeguarding justice and honest thinking. If artists become careless about honest thinking, then they are not worth a lot."

And finally, there's music. These days it's rock and roll. "It fills my life; it becomes another rib in my body. Rock, the beat—there is so much expression in it and so much suffering. It doesn't reflect the greed of society, but it tells you about the anguish of Western society and humanity itself. And as the turmoil out there increases, the need for the voice of rock and roll becomes greater.

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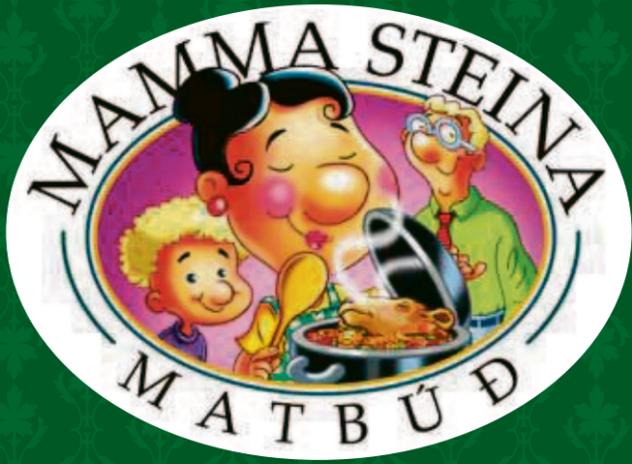


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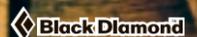
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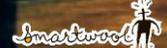
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Appetite For Self-Destruction

Icelandic rock legends Jet Black Joe throw a monumental concert that will be remembered for all the wrong reasons

Jet Black Joe

31
AUGUST

Gamla Bíó
Ingólfrstræti 2a

www.myspace.com/jetblackjoe



© Páll Hilmarrsson

Let's start at the end. "Did you get in here for free?" lead singer Páll Rósinkranz asked two little children jokingly, carrying bouquets of flowers to our heroes as their last song came to a close. "Uncomfortable" is the word I'm looking for. Forced and un-unified, no one on stage seemed ready or able to do justice to what once was a great band.

Twenty years have passed since Iceland's (arguably) most beloved full-on larger-than-life rock band bulldozed its way into Icelandic folklore, but they and everyone involved should have known there was no sense in trying to recreate the past. If you were around during the band's glory years, celebrate the memory and tell the stories. If you weren't there, listen to those stories, delve deep into their albums and let your imagination run wild. What's wrong with recreating the past, you ask? Absolutely nothing. However, when the mighty Jet Black Joe sound like a Jet Black Joe cover band, there's cause for alarm.

"Suck My Thing," and we did.

Íslenska Óperan was sold-out. Not once but twice. Of course! They ruled! They are important to us. The set started with "Take Me Away," a blast of a song from their debut. Quickly

I notice a divide between singer Páll Rósinkranz and guitarist/songwriter Gunnar Bjarni on one hand and the "new guys" on the other. This incarnation famously only includes two original members of the band, which is sadly crystallized in very limited interaction or chemistry between the two camps. Heavy hit "Big Fat Stone" followed, but was played so fast that it lost its grit (Páll's vibrato stylings didn't help). The Beatlesque "I, You, Me" suffered the same fate. "Rain," a smash-hit if there ever was one, was met with a roaring singalong. "Won't Go Back," "Stepping Stone" and a stiff rendition off Trúbrot's "Starlight" proceeded. Luckily "My Time For You" got included but, again, the tempo was hurried.

"Higher And Higher" lit the place up and marked the first ever live appearance of the guy who laid down the famous flute solo in that song. Cool. Next came an acoustic set, handled by the two original members. "Running Out Of Time," "Summer Is Gone" and a new song that sounded too Americanized for my tastes, got the intimate treatment. Coincidentally, this formation was the highlight of the night. Páll and Gunnar got a spark going... a rare treat that night. I'm sorry to say.

With hard rock back on the menu

"You Ain't Here" echoed in the night as a drunk fan who had cramped everyone's style in the first few rows was escorted out of the venue, only to return later for a one-man headbang showdown. My hero.

"Bring The Curtain Down," please

Eccentric music wunderkind and master-songwriter Gunnar Bjarni looked jittery from the onset. I hoped he'd shake it off but Páll made sure that was not to be. Various between-songs moments saw the singer direct—with condescension—the crowd's attention to the rattled guitarist and his equipment predicaments.

Not cool, dude. He introduced "Falling" as one of Gunnar's WEIRD creations. If by "weird" he meant "classically awesome" (which he conceivably didn't), surely Gunnar is The Man. "Freedom" rang like an air raid siren, what with Sigríður Guðnadóttir singing their song live again. Oh the nostalgia. The crowd ate it up.

No they didn't

Then things went awry. They started playing Guns 'N' Roses' rendition of "Knocking On Heaven's Door." Why!? Do you hate your own brilliant songs? "Nothing," "Never Mind," "Suicide Joe" (I could go on forever). Take a pick! This is not a sveitaball, guys. Redemption didn't follow, but the hackneyed "Jamming" did. At this juncture one can only go up. Right? Not these guys. The broke into an insipid take on a Lenny Kravitz classic "Are You Gonna Go My Way." My jaw dropped. There was no coming back from this. And then they played "Higher And Higher" ... Again. Words escaped me. Yes. I know. I'm sorry.

✂ - BIRKIR FJALAR VIÐARSSON

Hare Kría, Hare Rama

Prince Rama

24
AUGUST

Faktorý
Smiðjustigur 5

www.princerama.tumblr.com



© Simon Steel

Trying to recall specific details of Prince Rama's performance at Faktorý is a bit like trying to piece together the sequence of events from a dream—or a shroom trip. It's hard to pinpoint the moments, to string together narrative from the rich, complex, delicious mix of light, colour, sound, video, costume and dance they put on. But I'm pretty sure that was the point. The Brooklyn-based band, composed of sisters Taraka and Nimai Larson, stopped in Reykjavík to perform at Faktorý alongside their label-mate and friend Kría Brekkan before continuing to tour Europe with their Hindu-inspired, mysticism-infused live performance.

The show at Faktorý got off to a bit of a slow start with Kría Brekkan taking the stage an hour and a half after the doors opened. Her long set of experimental, deconstructed folk was fascinating music, challenging and clever. Her sound explored the boundaries between breath and voice—sometimes the words she sung landed on a pitched breath, sometimes they manifested themselves only as wind. Like Gollum, she sat on a stool, engaging in a disjointed conversation between vocals and effects. Between songs, she worked the crowd with absolutely charming banter: "I'm going to start a little folksy tonight. After all, you're all folks." Nevertheless, after waiting for so long for the concert to simply start, the crowd was sleepy and a bit unresponsive to such a mellow act.

Earlier that night, Prince Rama had put on a 20-minute performance piece on the outdoor patio of Hressó. The sisters engaged in a self-consciously tacky '80s yoga-dance-exercise routine

in front of a pre-recorded projection of the same routine. Though most of the trendy crowd preferred to gab away during the performance while waiting in line for burgers and beer, there were three or four spectators absolutely entranced by their sheer commitment to the ludicrous routine. It really is too bad that the crowd wasn't equally confident enough to participate in what was clearly supposed to be an interactive experience.

This time, however, Prince Rama's set tapped into people's energy levels quite a bit more. Taraka manned the keyboards while Nimai tended to the drums, both of them preferring to stand the whole time. Though they mixed in some more performative elements—walking amidst the crowd in veils, for instance—they delivered a pretty solid, straightforward concert. Falsetto Sanskrit mantric vocals rung in my head as Nimai's thundering drumming shook my trunk. The crowd couldn't help but move.

It was quite a treat to hear a few songs from the upcoming album 'Top 10 Hits Of The End Of The World' in which they channel hypothetical pop bands annihilated in the apocalypse. Pop melodies clashed with mystical concepts in what promised to be a wonderful mix of sacred and profane. It's a mature step for the band out of their dark, intense sound into a whole new territory. Let's not mistake this as an attempt to become more accessible. The more innocuous the sound of Prince Rama, the more potent their message of mystical liberation becomes.

✂ - ELI PETZOLD

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Album Reviews

Angist

Circle of Suffering EP
2012
www.facebook.com/angisttheband

Fun Time Death Metal



+ "Fun" isn't a word you hear often when it comes to death metal. But if a death metal record doesn't make you leap for joy, with its head-banging, mosh-pitting, air-guitar fun, it won't be particularly memorable.

Newly signed to Abyss Records, Angist offers a friggin' fun record with 'Circle of Suffering'. This four-piece has a sound that isn't original, but perfected, with expertly paced riffs that show off a great understanding of death metal tropes, while still being able to successfully venture outside of the rhythm-centric posturing to create interesting atmospheres and melodies. This is exemplified on "Silence," where the harsh speed is countered with melancholia and vocalist Edda showcases her incredible range.

The downside to the record however is the drumming. Though there are great moments where the drummer shows off his flair for fills and accenting the music with delicate precision, I don't think there's anything more irritating than a blast beat that's out of time, which occurs all too often on this EP. But this drummer has since been replaced, and the replacement's performance at Eistnaflug this year was nothing short of amazing.

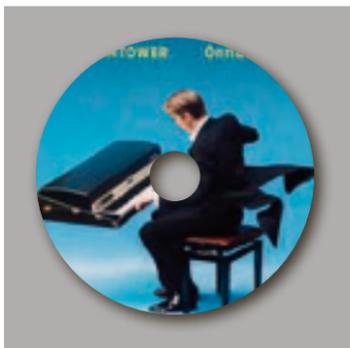
This record is an enjoyable listen that will impress anyone with an interest in death metal. The diehards are particularly going to have a fun time with this one.

✂ - DRU MORRISON

Moses Hightower

Önnur Mósebók
2012
www.moseshightower.com

Wozy, funky, skilled romp through forty years of psychedelia, funk and soul.



+ There's a loose-limbed, off-kilter wozy magic about Moses Hightower that is matched only by the spacey arrangements and awesome production of an album which veers, grooves, sidles and struts in equal measure. Opener "Stutt skref" leans and lives much in the vein of Super Furry Animals, whilst the wonderful Rhodes-y atmosphere of "Tíu dropar" is psychedelic, lush and languid.

This is superior stuff all round. Moses Hightower is an act full of musical talent as the near acid-jazz "Inn um gluggann" shows. The syncopated drumbeat works beautifully off a keyboard loop and throaty pads to frame the sotto-voce vocal which in turn gives way to sweeping, snaking woodwind. There's a hint of Bill Withers vs Prince here, too, particularly in "Góður í," which is simply a funky treasure.

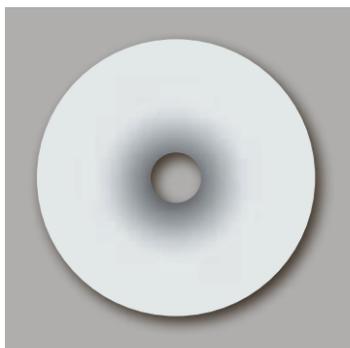
Everything about this smooth, sparkly album sings of a special set of ideas delivered by a gifted bunch of musicians. Go find them, and go fall in love.

✂ - JOE SHOOMAN

Ólafur Arnalds and Nils Frahm

Stare
2012
www.olafurarnalds.com

Cavernous



+ 'Stare' is the latest output from multi-instrumentalist and neo-classical composer/wizard Ólafur Arnalds. The album, a four track EP, is the result of a combined effort by Ólafur and Berlin-based composer and musician Nils Frahm, who have put their creative heads together to forge what is, for the most part, a dreamy journey through some sort of underground cave network. Or that's how it seems anyway. It could probably also be described as ambient or something like that, but as a description that doesn't really nail the progressive, moving quality of the music and leaves it sitting in an awkward huddle with whale songs and other tranquillity inducing frippery.

It therefore goes without saying that it is a good album, well worth the listen. The only problem to be found is with the second track, "a2," a remix by Max Cooper, which somewhat disrupts the flow of the album. The track by itself is a good one, clean and bubbly, but where the rest of the album is scraping, gritty subterranean textures, "a2" is more watery and flowing and this change in 'environment' has the effect of interrupting the continuity of the music. However, a simple change in the order of tracks would fix this and leave 'Stare' an excellent collaboration. ✂ - BERGRÚN ANNA HALLSTEINSDÓTTIR





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			14:00	14:00	14:00		
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A lot of people might know Einar Örn from his stint with The Sugarcubes, one of Iceland's best '80s bands! However, you should also note that Curver contributed to some of the best Icelandic '00s albums, including Mínus' masterpieces 'Jesus Christ Bobby' and 'Halldór Laxness'

INTERVIEW

Premier Division Men

Oh my cod! Ghostigital are back with a new album. Scarily good news indeed!



"I don't really do photo shoots. I let Jón Gnarr do them all," jokes Einar Örn Benediktsson, Icelandic music legend, councilman and one half of mentalist electronic duo Ghostigital, as the photographer takes a few test shots. We're at a downtown coffee house to discuss all things Ghostigital. The band has just released their third studio album, 'Division Of Culture And Tourism,' which features a slew of high-profile collaborators and is already receiving rave reviews.

Ghostigital's other half, Curver Thoroddsen, arrives several minutes later and together they both start laughing and joking like a pair of excitable schoolboys as the photographer continues clicking away. Once the shoot is done, we sit down to talk business...

THE MEAT GRINDER PROCESS

It's been a while since your last LP, and some songs off the new one have been around for a while. Can you tell me how and when the idea for 'Division...' began to take shape.

Curver: This is indeed our third studio album but in the meantime we released other music. There was 'Aero' with Finnbogi Pétursson and Skúli Sverrisson. We also released four hours of music with Erró, and then there was 'Sirkús Requiem,' again with Finnbogi. And there was a 48 channel sound sculpture for an art piece called 'The Morning Line' by Matthew Ritchie.

Einar: That was called 'Cannibals In Tuxedos.'

C: So in the meantime, we've been nibbling at the album while doing these more arty pieces. The studio albums tend to take longer, because there are more nuances.

Describe your creative process...

C: The basic patterns actually come from Einar.

E: What happens is that I sit down in front of a computer and I create a beat pattern, which is sometimes four to eight beats long. I send it to Curver and he starts chopping it up and twisting it. We then throw this idea between us, we do vocals on it, and that determines what kind of shape the story will take.

C: I have a little bit of trouble starting a new idea; I find it easier to manipulate an idea that comes from someone else. So this works perfectly for us. Einar sends an idea, I chop it up, we bounce it back and forth, and then we go into the studio. It all goes through a meat grinder.

THE WORLD IS OUR OYSTER

One of the things that sets Ghostigital apart from other bands is the way you work with collaborators. How important is the element of collaboration to the band, and what do your collaborators bring to the table?

E: They're important in the sense that we're not in an isolated environment. When we send stuff between the two of us, we're in a bit of isolation. But then again the world is our oyster and so it's just important to expand on that. If people think we're dissonant, the fact that we can actually ask other people to comment on our music with their input is confirmation of the opposite.

C: We don't sit down and go: "do something," and then you play. For example, Nick Zinner saw Einar perform in Ethiopia and said, "Wow I want to do something with you!" so we sent him a track and two days later he sent us some guitar parts.

David Byrne sings on the track "Dreamland," and his contribution is different in that instead of laying down an individual component or track, he drives the song's narrative from the start. How did you guys start working together?

C: We actually asked him if he wanted to do something with us. There was no track at the time, but he said all right...

E: We went back and found a track we liked and said: "here you go." We didn't define for him what he could do; we simply said: "you can take it from here." And that is what he did.

CULT TOURISM

The title of your new album is

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Einar Örn
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While Curver was in New York, you helped to set up the Best Party and campaigned in the Reykjavik city elections. How and why did you get involved with it?

I got involved with the Best Party because no one else was going to do it. If I didn't go along, then nobody was going to. There's a famous quote accredited to me from the film 'Rökk í Reykjavík': "Málið er ekki hvað þú getur, heldur hvað þú gerir." It means: "the question isn't what you are able to do, but what you actually do."

After the election, you became a city councillor and are on the chair of Strætó, the company that runs the city's buses. How much of an upheaval has this been for you?

It has been a total upheaval for everybody involved: How do you deal with going from being a shit stirrer to becoming a problem solver.

Even though you were running on an anti-politics platform, people still have expectations and there are competitive pressures involved. What has been the toughest aspect of it all?

Everything is tough about it. You mentioned situationism just then. I think a lot of Ghostigital concerts are a situation, or when we work with Finnboji we're creating a situation. And when you have a situation, you don't try to control it as such, but work with it. And that is about co-operation, about helping out. Because remember, we're coming out of a VERY serious situation, which I feel we won't see the end of for a least another four, five years.

'Division Of Culture & Tourism,' which seems rather pertinent considering the current debate about how tourism and culture in Iceland are affecting one another. Did you have this in mind when coming up with the title?

E: We've been discussing with you the idea of collaborations between us here in Iceland and with people abroad, and we are a division, like you'd describe a league or group. And in one way our songs aren't about love or other things like that. The songs are, in most cases, about travelling or moving somewhere. For example, walking into a room where everything is shut off, such as with "Dark In Here." So it entails a story of travelling and we call it tourism. Tourism should be about exploring, and in a way we're also exploring cultures.

You've been busy with performing in different forms, for example playing a John Cage piece at the Tectonics festival.

C: The piece itself, which consists of two people in different locations not hearing what the other person is doing, is really interesting...

E: The main idea behind it is that Cage is reading a story and his friend was in another room and he could not hear what he was doing. So there is supposed to be no interactivity between us. Siggí Baldursson was behind a door and I tried wearing headphones while Curver was in the kitchen in New York doing things. But the mistake I did was not to have an engineer on Curver's end of the web cam, because it crashed during



Curver Thoroddsen
A Man And His Pizza

Curver, you moved to New York in 2009 to pursue an MFA degree. Why did you decide to go back to school?

I've always studied art. I finished my BA degree in Iceland in 2000. After that I wanted to work a bit in the field of music production. Yet I always wanted to go and do my Master's degree, and I wanted to go and live in New York. So in 2007, I went out to do a two-year course, while my girlfriend was studying out there as well. And then I had a baby boy in New York.

Some of the art you've produced is rather interesting, from shaving your beard, to going on a diet, to selling puffin pizza in the Westfjords. Especially the last one. What was the concept behind that?

It was in a way going back to the tourism and about the rise of fast food in Iceland. When I finished my Master's, I was asked to produce a piece on the westernmost point in Iceland, and in Europe. It takes seven or eight hours to drive there and the road never seems to end, but at the end of it, you have this beautiful lighthouse. And I thought, "Wow, it'd be amazing to go and open a pizza place there!"

How did the clientele feel about eating pizza that had puffin meat on it?

I was actually surprised that most of the tourists, who were going there to see the birds, were also interested in finding out how they tasted. It's like the whales, you go and see the whales, and then you go and taste them afterwards.

the performance.

That wasn't planned at all?

C: No. It was kind of perfect timing though!

E: I think that it was definitely in the spirit of John Cage.

So what else is planned for Ghostigital in 2012? Will there be any promotion of the album?

E: No, we're just pretty happy go lucky with what we're doing. What we have been doing instead is working on collaboration tracks. We worked on a track with Sóley for the TV programme 'Hljómskálinn,' and we did one track for NPR radio in New York.

C: With that one, they were getting a lot of bands to do covers of songs with a colour in the title. So of course we did "Green Eggs And Ham."

E: But with next year, I think that we should take whatever ideas or frames we have and try to work with them quicker.

C: We always end up doing these kinds of things. Like we ended up doing a track with the musician Bob Log III with lyrics by Dieter Roth, as well as some remixes. We're constantly trying out ideas, such as on the "Green Eggs And Ham" track. We're trying out beats that were similar to juke music.

E: We might be doing some more festivals next year, such as Primavera, but that's about it.

✉ - BOB CLUNESS

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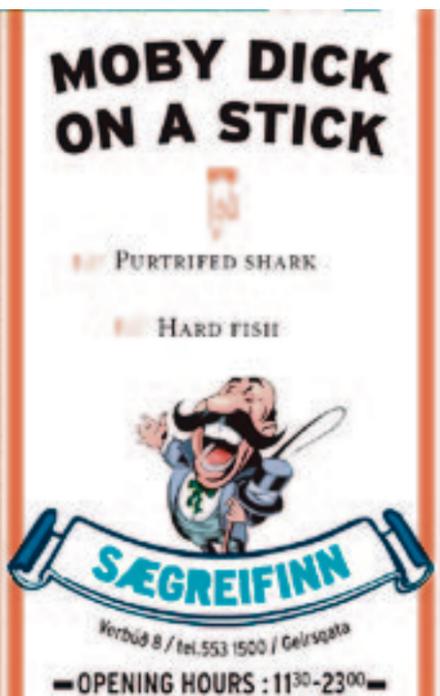
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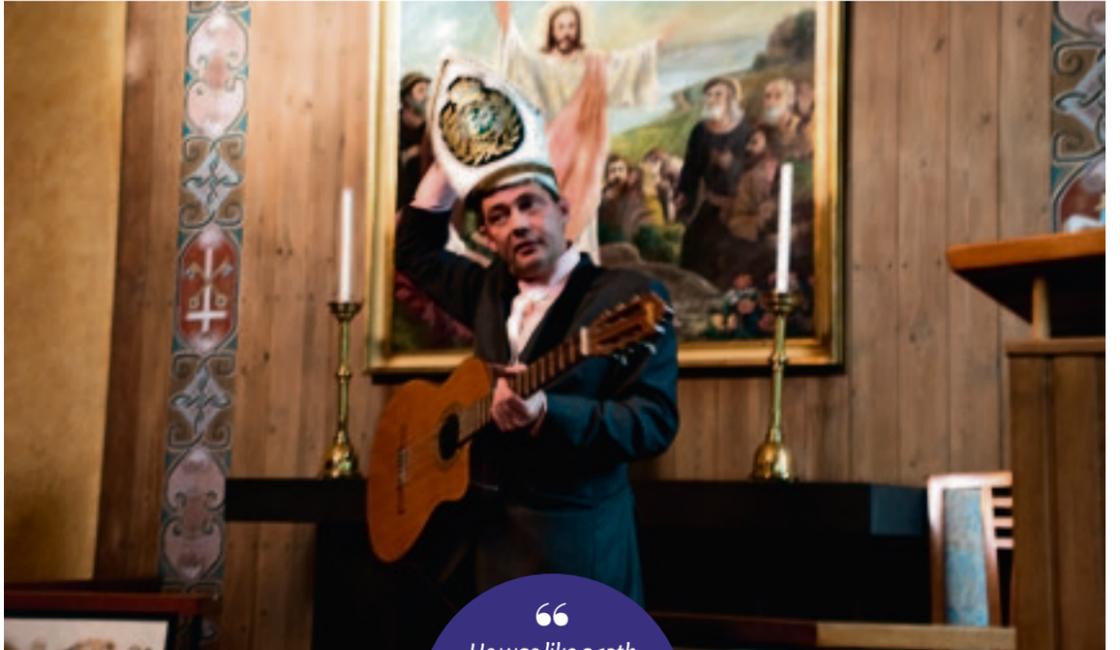
From Chess Board To Sound Board How Guðlaugur Kristinn Óttarsson turned an infamous chess match into music

Words

Rebecca Louder

Photo

Anna Andersen



“
He was like a 13th century eccentric. Very ancient. He couldn't change his views on anything
”

In September 1972, Bobby Fischer and Boris Spassky were in Reykjavík for the World Chess Championship, pitted against each other in what would come to be known as the Match of the Century. Guðlaugur Kristinn Óttarsson, a.k.a. GKO of the notable new-wave bands Peyr and KUKL, was 18-years-old at the time. A long-time chess player and fan of Bobby Fischer, he came to Reykjavík to witness the final games of the historical match. This experience and his appreciation of chess later transcended into his musical body of works. In 2007 he arranged and played the music for the documentary 'Me & Bobby Fischer.' Subsequently, he developed an alphabetical scale for a chessboard upon which a game of could be played musically, namely to the 21 games played between Fischer & Spassky in the Match of the Century. To celebrate the fortieth anniversary, Guðlaugur held a concert at Laugardælakirkja on the outskirts of Selfoss this past Sunday and will be releasing a recording of the pieces before Christmas.

Other worldly music

Tell me about the concept for the show and how you developed the music?

I always wanted to do something chess-related. Back in 2004, I wanted to make an alphabetical music scale [using the notes B & H, which are not on the Icelandic and North American scales, respectively], which would go on through the whole alphabet, A to Z, including Icelandic letters. So when I got the assignment to do the music for the Bobby Fischer movie, I remembered this. I had already done some homework some four years before. I took this scale and applied it to the chessboard; the notes A-H run along the x-axis, and the chords on the y-axis.

Is it essentially using the chess board as you would piano keys?

Yeah, in a way. So when you listen to the pieces, like "Round #3," it's just out-of-this-world because it's never the same. There's always some progression that's going somewhere. You're never going to the same place, unlike contemporary pop or rock music that is based on repeated segments. This is like a story, a novel. Every page you turn is different.

So each piece is named and based on the separate games that were played through the match. Is it my understanding too that each note follows the moves of the chess pieces?

Yes. Back in the day we called them 'games,' but now I call them rounds because it has a more musical quality. I have them all written in international standard chess script, so the opening moves in "Round #3" are Pawn goes to D4 and Knight goes to F6. Those are the pieces associated with the chords they produce on the board. And it goes on through the game for each move. Every time there is a kill or a check, I have to know the square where the move came from, and that produces variation. So when there's a kill there's a special flourish. Then I turned all the games into musical notation.

You had three musicians playing with you at the concert on September 2. Will you have more instruments on the recorded version?

I'm going to add in human voices. The queen will be a soprano, the king will be a deep baritone male and the bishop will be a choir. There will also be a slide trombone for the rook.

Extraterrestrial contact

Have you been a chess fan for a long time?

Yes. I started playing when I was a young boy, maybe seven

or eight. When the match took place in 1972 it was a big event. That summer I was working with my band in the East fjords, so I came rather late but I got to see the last few rounds. Also, since I was a young child, I was into science, space operations and trips to the moon.

Does your interest in space and science have something to do with the title of the concert, 'Extragalactic And Transfinite Experience'?

Well, Bobby Fischer is not among us; he is dead. But where is he? We don't know. He's not hanging on a cloud. He's somewhere very, very far away—extragalactic. And transfinite represents how we're making contact with an extragalactic entity. Transfinite comes from a mathematician [Georg Cantor]. These are numbers that are uncountable, beyond and beyond infinity. It's strange because the weather has been like this for two weeks, the rain and wind and cold, but yesterday [the day of the concert] it was sunny and beautiful! And as soon as the concert was over the clouds came and it rained. It's the active universe.

Medieval eccentricity

So how did the concert go?

It was just unbelievable. It surpassed all my wildest expectations. You get extra energy and confidence from all the people in front of you during the show. At first, we didn't know that the organ was upstairs. We thought it was downstairs where we could have all the musicians together. So I put all the musicians upstairs and I was the only one downstairs with my guitar and I did introductions before each piece to explain the round. Our bass player [Dean Ferrell] also suggested we wear aluminium hats because Bobby Fischer was very paranoid; he thought the KGB were trying to take signals from his brain.

Did you ever meet Bobby when he lived here? Were you friends?

Not really friends, but we met when I was working on this movie. I was going to interview him for it. He was like a 13th century eccentric. Very ancient. He couldn't change his views on anything.

Bobby's Fan, Julian's Bodyguard?

In addition to being self-proclaimed admirer of Bobby Fischer since childhood, Guðlaugur mentioned that he was a bodyguard to WikiLeaks founder Julian Assange. "When I was a young child, I was a big fan of America," he said, "but I'm not anymore. If I went there today, they would put me in jail like that [snaps fingers]. I'm a bodyguard for WikiLeaks' founder Julian Assange and I am a fan of Bobby Fischer, who was an outlaw."

It turns out that the two have something in common. As Guðlaugur says, Assange and Fisher are similar in that they were both jailed and in danger of being transferred to USA to face a penalty from life imprisonment up to the death penalty.

And this is something that strikes a chord with Guðlaugur. "From an early age, I befriended the bullied and the less fortunate as a defender using wits rather than force," Guðlaugur explains. "In the same way, I support Julian Assange as a person rather than supporting WikiLeaks as such and I equally support R. J. Fischer rather than supporting his "views" acquired during his 20-plus years as a hunted outlaw."



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Ten Reasons To Go To Reykjavík International Film Festival 2012

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It's back! The Reykjavík International Film Festival storms into town later this month for its ninth consecutive year, bringing a host of special guests from around the world and a wealth of exciting, compelling brand new films and old favourites for an 10-day feast for movie-lovers. With the programme hot off the presses, here are 10 reasons why we're super excited about this year's edition.

1 Guests include incredible filmmakers from around the world



RIFF 2012 welcomes Iranian-French Director **Marjane Satrapi**, most famous for her 2007 cult hit **'Persepolis'**, as this year's keynote guest. After taking top honours at Cannes, Marjane went on to make her second feature **'Chickens with Plums'** in 2011, narrating the last days of violinist Nasser Ali Khan. Both films will be screened at the festival. Alongside her, Italian cinematic giant

Dario Argento's career will be celebrated with a series of screenings. The man behind surreal horror classic **'Suspiria'** and **'Dawn of the Dead'**, Dario will also be hosting a masterclass before collecting this year's lifetime excellence award.

2 Great German movies



Celebrating the 60th anniversary of diplomatic relations between Iceland and Germany, RIFF makes the German connection one of the key themes this year. Fritz Lang's iconic 1927 **'Metropolis'** will be shown—with music by Damo Suzuki, the singer from legendary German group Can. If that's not enough to get you raising your beer steins and boiling your Bratwürste, you can also look forward to a photo-exhibition by German photographer and filmmaker **Ulrike Ottinger**.

Don your swimming costume (after you've showered thoroughly, of course) and head to the Laugardalslaug swimming pool where they're showing **'Back To The Future'** and recreating Hill Valley High's 'Enchantment Under The Sea' ball.

4 An underwater cinema



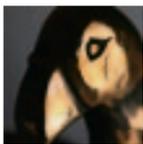
Don your swimming costume (after you've showered thoroughly, of course) and head to the Laugardalslaug swimming pool where they're showing **'Back To The Future'** and recreating Hill Valley High's 'Enchantment Under The Sea' ball.

Forget the Palme d'Or. Yes, filmmakers in Reykjavík want to get their hands on The Golden Puffin, the main prize at the festival awarded to a director's first or second feature in its competitive section called New Visions. Chair of the contest jury this year is Tribeca Film Festival director **Geoffrey Gilmore**.

6 Provocative documentaries

About 40% of the programme consists of documentaries, many of them focusing on human rights and environmental concerns. Dan and Noit Geva's **'Noise'** tells the story of one man with hyper-acoustic sensitivity living in Tel Aviv, one of the noisiest cities in the world. **'Chasing Ice'** meanwhile follows a photographer on his toughest assignment yet, capturing images that chart the story of climate change.

9 Once again, someone will take home the coveted Golden Puffin



Forget the Palme d'Or. Yes, filmmakers in Reykjavík want to get their hands on The Golden Puffin, the main prize at the festival awarded to a director's first or second feature in its competitive section called New Visions. Chair of the contest jury this year is Tribeca Film Festival director **Geoffrey Gilmore**.

10 It's uniquely Icelandic

Above all, RIFF 2012 continues the festival's quintessentially Icelandic tradition. Twenty Icelandic short films will be screened. And as well as the aquatic festivities at Laugardalslaug, you can even go and enjoy a screening at a cave forty-five minutes outside of Reykjavík! Teasingly, organisers won't say what film or where the cave will be, but on October 5 head to City Hall where buses will take you away—and you'll get to find out for yourself! NOTE: The cave screening was cancelled last year due to weather. Be sure to check the RIFF website before you get ready to go.



Reykjavík 871 ±2
Landnámssýningin
The Settlement Exhibition

Step into the Viking Age

Experience Viking-Age Reykjavík at the new Settlement Exhibition. The focus of the exhibition is an excavated longhouse site which dates from the 10th century AD. It includes relics of human habitation from about 871, the oldest such site found in Iceland.

Multimedia techniques bring Reykjavík's past to life, providing visitors with insights into how people lived in the Viking Age, and what the Reykjavík environment looked like to the first settlers.

The exhibition and museum shop are open daily 10–17

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Waiting For Bobby Fischer

Marking the 30th anniversary of Fischer and Spassky's infamous Reykjavík match, journalist Valur Gunnarsson recounts his experiences of waiting around for Fischer when he sought political asylum in Iceland in 2005.

Words

Valur Gunnarsson

Photo

John Lent / AP

Bobby Fischer was late as usual. Apart from playing chess rather well and not liking Jews very much, it was probably the trait he was best known for. He arrived a week late for the 1972 World Championship match in Reykjavík. He was late for almost every game of the match, and didn't even show up for the second game. This time, almost an hour after the scheduled start of the press conference, journalists could be forgiven for wondering whether he would show up at all.

Rumours circulated, as they often do when large numbers of journalists are kept waiting in the same room. He was spotted having breakfast that morning at Reykjavík's Hotel Loftleiðir, the very same hotel where he stayed in '72, eating the local delicacy skyr. He had cut his messianic beard.

As Fischer sightings since his disappearance from the public eye after 1972 are considerably less frequent than Elvis sightings, any appearance gives cause for rumour.

Fischer had spent the last nine months in detention in Japan and claimed to have been hijacked there upon arrival. When he landed in Reykjavík, history seemed to be repeating itself. But this time the hijackers in question were not the authorities. Instead, Fischer was whisked into a Range Rover owned by Channel Two. The channel's owner, supermarket giant Baugur Group, even chartered the private plane that brought him here.

This brief appearance at Reykjavík airport was the culmination of a four-month struggle to bring him back to Iceland, a task that at first seemed to face insurmountable odds.

Senior citizens to the rescue

When Fischer was arrested in Tokyo in July 2004, he seemed to be all out of friends. Having spent much of the Cold War railing against the Soviets, he then changed political allegiance and spent much of the next decade and a half railing against the United States and Israel. He even celebrated the attacks on the USA on September 11 with the words "What goes around comes around."

But a seven man strong group of senior citizens in Iceland, including individuals who organised the chess match in 1972, still remembered Bobby Fischer as "The World Champion Of Chess That Put Iceland On The Map," and decided to do something to help. They petitioned the Icelandic Parliament, and on December 15, 2004 he was given a residence permit in Iceland in absentia. This was not enough to secure his release, but the seven old chess enthusiasts did not give up, and on February 22, 2005, Parliament granted him an Icelandic Foreigner's travel passport. When the Japanese government still failed to let him go, Parliament took the full step on March 21 and gave Fischer Icelandic citizenship. Of the 42 MPs present, 40 voted in favour and two abstained. The entire process took less

than thirteen minutes. Two days later, he was released from detainment in Tokyo and put on a plane headed for Copenhagen. He was scheduled to fly from there to Iceland, but due to fog they had to drive to Kristianstad in Sweden from where he flew "home."

I see a plane!

"I see a plane," screamed one of the roughly 200 spectators gathered at Reykjavík airport. AFP, AP, Reuters, Kyoto news and Russian TV were there among a host others, including a group of high school students waving chessboards and cardboard on which they had written "Welcome Bobby," and more bizarrely, "Bobby, the Builder" and even "We are also people," which no one seemed likely to disagree with.

The welcoming committee of the six pensioners who had secured his release (the seventh, Sæmundur Pálsson, who got acquainted with Fischer in 1972, was on the plane with him), approached the plane after it had landed and come to a standstill, carrying flowers and a certificate verifying Fischer's new citizenship. However, as Fischer disembarked, Channel 2 herded him right past them and into the waiting car. It was the newsmen's money that flew him in and they were not about to share the exclusive story.

Golden days of a taxi driver

Along with a group of journalists, I stepped into a taxi. The taxi driver leaned forward with a glimmer in his eye not often seen in the eyes of local taxi drivers since the Reagan-Gorbachev summit in 1986.

"Are they journalists?" he asked me, all but licking his lips.

"Yes," I conceded.

"Do they need a ride to the airport when they leave?" was the next and perhaps inevitable question. The Reykjavík-Keflavík trip may be one of the most expensive city-to-airport rides in the world. Locals know to avoid it and take the bus, but unsuspecting foreigners are often lured by the seemingly easy comforts of a cab.

Therefore every taxi driver in the city had spent the US-Soviet summit wondering not whether the two leaders would put an end to the Cold War, but how the journalists covering it would get to the airport. Small wonder that they were hoping for a return to those glory days.

The driver gave me all of twenty seconds to contemplate his question before turning his attention to my fellow passengers.

"Do you need a ride to the airport when you leave?" he asked and the road ahead no longer seemed to have any claim on his attention. "Journalists killed in car crash," rang a headline in my head, but I was not sure who would write it. Somehow, we made it back to the hotel alive. No one was allowed to leave without the cab driver's business



card. Other than that, we returned empty handed. Later that evening, Bobby Fischer gave an exclusive interview to Channel Two.

An imbecile without brains

The following day after we gathered again at Hótel Loftleiðir, still waiting for Bobby Fischer. Fifty minutes after schedule, he walked in, wearing the same baseball cap, his beard noticeably shorter than the day before. He was with his friend, former police officer Sæmundur Pálsson.

"So who here is from Russia?" he said after sitting down, noticing a microphone in front of him with Cyrillic inscription. A couple of journalists in the front row admitted to being Russian. Whether this was a good or a bad thing in the mind of Bobby Fischer went unresolved, as he did not pursue his query further. Finally the press conference began. As it turned out, it seemed more like several press conferences being held at the same time.

The Russians wanted to know what he thought of Kasparov's bid for the Russian presidency. "An imbecile without brains," was Fischer's verdict. The Russian reporters attempted to change the conversation by telling him that there's a city in Russia called Chess and whether he had been there.

Bobby Fischer said he hadn't and the conversation came grinding to a halt. A member of the Icelandic media jumped in with the inevitable "How do you like Iceland?" Fischer told us he had had skyr that morning, to the great joy of local media.

A lone British journalist seemed to be interested in chess. Bobby Fischer, however, wasn't. "Their enthusiasm for chess is misplaced," he said about young players today. "My only interest in chess is to expose the prearrangements."

The Americans are most interested

“

I was crazy to leave here in the first place," Fischer said. Crazy he well may have been, but he certainly wasn't crazy about coming to Iceland in the first place

”

"I know my father wrote that," Jeremy replied, "and I don't think anything you've said today proves him wrong," he added, before storming off.

Chess and money

Bobby Fischer sat silently for a while before one of the Icelandic journalists broke the proverbial ice by asking another question about Iceland and how he liked it. "I was crazy to leave here in the first place," Fischer said. Crazy he may well have been, but he certainly wasn't crazy about coming to Iceland in the first place.

He had initially wanted the match to be held in Yugoslavia. When I asked him about this he said a CIA agent discouraged him from accepting the Reykjavík bid. We moved on to his detention in Japan where he got into a scuffle with prison guards a number of times. He said they held him down at one point, telling him they would let him go if he would do as he was told. "They released me, and I punched the guy in the face," Fischer said, punching the air to demonstrate his fighting style. The table in front of him rattled.

Chess and madness

The conference dragged on for an hour, much of the media already packing up before it concluded. Asked whether he was perhaps the greatest chess player of all time, He said, "I'm not sure, but I'm obviously partial to myself."

Only one thing was certain. For the three years he stayed here until his death, he was most certainly the greatest chess player Iceland ever had. ♣

Tackling Bobby Fischer

Many of the journalists present seem embarrassed about Fischer's rampant anti-Semitism, and their attempts to clarify what exactly he had against the Jews apart from his allegations that a Jew-owned furniture company in the US stole his belongings came to naught.

One man, however, seemed to be pursuing a more personal agenda. He had been last seen the previous night, shouting through the window of Fischer's car that Fischer knew his father. His name was Jeremy Schaap, and today, Fischer admitted to indeed having known his father. "His father befriended me, he became a sort of father figure, and like a typical Jewish snake he betrayed me," the chess legend said. Jeremy's father, Dick Schaap, was a sports legend in his own right as a journalist for sports channel ESPN and most recently as radio host for "This Sporting Life" where his son worked with him, before he died in 2001.

"He wrote that I did not have a single sane bone in my body," Fischer said of the elder Schaap.

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An Icy Embrace



1 Iceland

This story won the national New Travel Writer award for 2012 in New Zealand.

David Lillie is travel writer from Wellington, New Zealand who hopes one day to trade in his unsustainable backpack to run a sustainable bed and breakfast.



Words and photos David Lillie

Through the window a black tide stoically holds its line against the frenzied melee of the North Atlantic Ocean. The tide is frozen in time; the vanguard of ancient lava flows from the molten heart of Iceland. Basalt stacks stand like sentries near the shoreline. I return to the in-flight magazine, which informs me that, perched as it is on the outer rim of the Arctic Circle, Iceland's seasons are notable for their long periods of twilight. Summers where the blanket of night barely covers the island, and winters where, like a sullen teenager, the sun seldom makes it out of bed before lunch.

Iceland is also renowned for its living mythology manifest in the common belief in the existence of 'huldufólk'—or hidden peoples. Peering out into the murky night I'm reminded of an episode of the 'Twilight Zone' in which an airline passenger is tormented by a mischievous gremlin who appears only to him through a porthole window in the midst of a storm. As the lights of Keflavík airport shine through the dim light, I wonder, with its extended witching hour, what awaits me in the real twilight zone.

We arrive at our rendezvous point, a stony car park off a gravel road, alongside a matching Suzuki 4WD. I greet my cousin, Bjössli, who I have not seen since childhood—then a confident spiky-green-haired teenager a long way from home in New Zealand, now a fleece-wearing concrete engineer. His eyes alight at the revelation that my travelling companions are also his relations—

cousins from the English side of the family. "Ha. I am excited thinking I have one cousin visiting and you bring me three for one!"

The sun's seasonal mood swings, which play havoc on the unaccustomed, appear not to faze Icelanders. My cousin suggests those who couldn't cope ultimately left the island—one way or another. As I lay in bed on my first night, tired as I am, a strip of light created by ill-fitting curtains on the window ensures I don't sleep a wink. It becomes a recurring event giving me plenty of time to ponder why in Iceland—of all places—the curtains are always too small for the windows?

The compulsory tourist staple

It's the height of summer, but the mercury struggles to top 15 degrees Celsius. Bjössli fizzes us across the hallowed waters of Lake Þingval-

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lavatn in a dinghy to our ancestral batch built before 1930 when the lake and its surrounds fell under public protection as Iceland's first National Park. Historically and geographically significant, the park marks the cultural and political epicentre of the country since Norse settlement began in the first millennium AD, and the long farewell between the Eurasian and North American tectonic plates as they slowly drift apart. The gradual parting between these ancient crusty neighbours has left impressive scars; the most notable is a long, deep rocky gash known as Almannagjá. Perfectly clear water fills the fissures along the northeastern shore of the lake, popular amongst divers and snorkelers who navigate the labyrinthine underwater caves and tunnels. Coins sparkle in a chasm known as the "Money fault" representing the wistful yearnings of thousands of enchanted visitors.

After a spot of lunch we set out to complete the compulsory tourist staple that is the Golden Circle. It consists of Þingvellir—the site of the ancient Icelandic parliament, the impressive tiered waterfalls of Gullfoss—so photogenic you barely need to press the shutter release, and Geysir—the grandfather ("afi") of geysers and from which the term derives. The lack of a boundary fence surrounding Afi Geysir is somewhat indicative of the Icelandic frontiersman attitude towards matters of health and safety. The blowhole provides sufficient warning, however, by bulging and swallowing several times before spitting jets of scorching water 30 feet into the sky.

It's sometime after midnight, we're full of wine and an open bottle of fine single malt whiskey on the table marks the obliteration of our capacity for rational thinking. Bjössu suggests a spot of fishing and soon we are bobbing in the strange midnight light in the hope of hooking some trout or arctic char motivated by the prospect of an icy plunge for the angling mook amongst us. It's a wonderful experience, watching a sunset merge into a sunrise and, it turns out, a profitable time to fish. Mysteriously, after some time, I lead with one trout and one Arctic char. I suspect divine intervention, having sacrificed several of Bjössu's lures and sinkers to the ancient Norse water gods.

After gutting our fish and untangling the fishing line, with an equal enough share of spoils, we decide to take the plunge anyway. The sky is a salmon fillet with a squeeze of lemon as Bjössu putt-putts us over to a rocky outcrop. We stand at dignity's point of no return clapping and puffing our chests defiantly at the clear cool depths below, anaesthetised to our stupidity by



the night's drinking. On three, we leap bravely into the void, only to resurface squealing breathlessly and clambering over each other to escape Þingvallavatn's icy embrace. Warmed by a shower and utterly exhausted, I retire to the guest room only to find that malevolent sliver of light waiting for me. Before I can curl up into a sobbing ball of exasperation, my English cousin sits down on the opposite twin bed and declares the day one of the best of his life sending me to sleep instead with a broad smile.

Entering Narnia through a GQ wardrobe

Independence Day sees the streets of Reykjavík filled with a young crowd. We find a moderately priced restaurant and order perfectly cooked fish—none of us are feeling adventurous enough to attempt the traditional 'delicacies' of rotten shark meat ("hákarl"), singed sheep's head or raw puffin heart. Later, we step into a bar and it feels like we've entered Narnia through a GQ wardrobe. A horse statue with a lampshade over its head rears half-heartedly in the corner near the window. Immaculately tailored suits, filled with wealthy Icelandic males, lean with studied effortlessness against the bar. Unshaven, clad in cheap jeans and a crinkled shirt, I feel even the equine lamp looking down its muzzle at me. Barman: Why the long face? Horselamp: That man is wearing flannel. I begin to hope that my vagrant

“

Walking back along the stream, I hear my name spoken and turn to answer but my cousins are a long way behind me. I have encountered a genuine babbling brook

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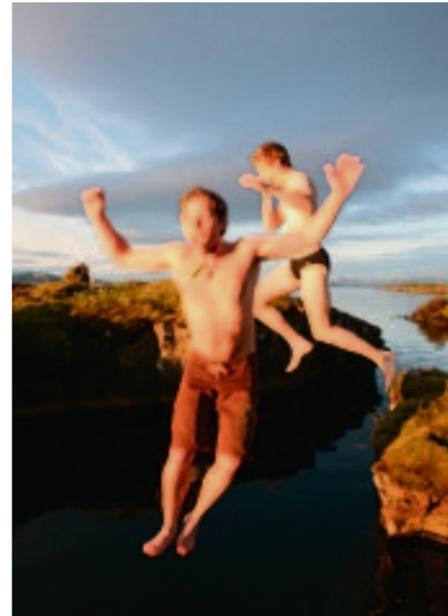
look will be interpreted as deliberately ironic by the fashionistas but, predictably, it's at this point that I realise my button fly is gaping open. Reykjavík's revellers are so icily cool that the party doesn't really start until it's time for the squares to go home. Which we duly do.

Our third day is spent camping in the hiking hotspot of Landmannalaugar. I'm mesmerized following the geothermal pipeline as it climbs out of Reykjavík; 27 snaking kilometres of boiling water rushing past us bound for the nearly 200,000 inhabitants of greater Reykjavík. It surprises me how quickly and subtly Iceland changes its form. Adjusting my focus from the pipeline back to the landscape I note we have left the verdant lumpy valleys dotted with sheep. Like a magician performing his reveal, a long sweeping bend over a gentle hill unveils a dusty moonscape peaked with charcoal and terracotta rhyolite mountains. Ice is smeared into the shaded spots like grout into tiling cracks. They remind me of giant killer whales.

We anchor our tents with large stones instead of tent pegs. Our fish—wrapped in tinfoil, sprinkled with lemon and brown sugar—is delicious cooked on a small disposable supermarket barbecue. An eerie mist envelopes us as we dip our toes into the nearby river eddy fed by a meandering trickle of hot spring water. Unfortunately, a canoodling German couple are monopolizing the heat source leaving us to lie enviously in mostly tepid water swarming with stinging hot and cold flows. Eventually, like the German couple, our principles succumb to the demands of the flesh and we retreat back to camp to warm up.

Babbling brooks and guileful elves

We decide to follow a stream northeast of the campsite. Soon we are surrounded by contorted stacks of jet-black basalt rock—the ejected



remnants of an explosive past. It feels like a graveyard. Greenish vents belch sulphurous steam into our paths. The stacks appear—to my sleep-deprived mind—to wear grotesque faces and press in like strangers on a crowded street. I am glad when we decide to turn back in the dim light and thickening mist. Walking back along the stream, I hear my name spoken and turn to answer but my cousins are a long way behind me. I have encountered a genuine babbling brook. A raucous chatter surrounds me, and for a while I eavesdrop trying to catch the tail of their endless conversation.

Unlike most Western cultures, Icelandic folklore has not been consigned to children's bedtime. Large construction projects often consult a folklorist to ensure the underground dwellings of these mysterious people are not disturbed, which has led to major roads being rerouted.

At our farewell barbecue at Bjössu's Reykjavík residence, between handshakes of both introduction and farewell, I broach the subject of Iceland's magical cohabitants. Óli, representing the baby boomers, is unequivocal: "They most certainly exist. Of course!" Like many Icelanders, Óli possesses a wickedly dry sense of humour but appears earnest on this matter. Later, I ask the same of a couple of younger cousins. They snigger at the "oldies" and their silly ideas about "the magical people." I keep quiet. Like the passenger on that ill-fated flight, I know there is at least one elf out there, perched by the window, pulling the curtains aside just a little each night.

LINE.

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As We Grow A new Icelandic fashion label for our great-great-grandchildren



“We are the opposite of H&M”



Snoop-Around
Nanna Dís

aswegrow.is

snooparound

snoop-around.com

Snoop-Around meets fashion designers Guðrún and María and attorney Gréta. They are the co-founders of AS WE GROW, a fashion label for children. It all began with a single sweater that has now travelled through Guðrún's family for nine years, acting as their muse for creating clothes that are eco-friendly and promote sustainability. They are currently preparing to move into their new studio, so we meet at María's home. Guðrún's youngest is with us, just two months old, and as we munch on chocolate and peanuts, we get to know the three and their brand new product.

You are in the first year of AS WE GROW, how did it all start?

María: It's been developing for about a year now. Gréta travelled to Peru a few years ago where she met our suppliers in Lima and learned all about the Alpaca fibre.

Gréta: Because the camels live 400 metres above sea level, they have developed wool that acts as a strong thermal insulator with fibres that are warmer and lighter than other natural fibres. It's warmer than normal wool when it's cold and lets more air through when it's hot.

Guðrún: Usually it's the designers that search for a producer, but in this case it happened the other way around with Gréta initiating this collaboration. She is definitely the driving force while we, the designers, are the dreamers.

What was your inspiration for making this kind of product?

Guðrún: María and I have always wanted to work together. We have similar ideas about how to design children's clothes, based on how we want to dress our own children. We think that clothes should be timeless and we stay away from logos and decorations that might be following a certain trend.

María: I never find anything nice enough for my twin boys, except for

quite pricey things. So I started thinking that it made sense to have fewer clothes that could last up to a whole year even, despite the fact that they grow quickly.

How do your designs differ from what we are used to?

María: The cut is made specifically so that children can use the garment for a longer period of time. The armholes are bigger and the waist stretches wider. For a child that's a few months of age, the trousers will reach up close to the armpits and gradually lower towards the waist with time. The trouser legs and sleeves are long so you fold them up to begin with until they eventually fit as knee-high trousers and shorter sleeves. Today you will pay around 5-6,000 krónur for a sweater, which perhaps lasts a few months with the usual wear and tear. Here you will pay around 13,000 krónur for a piece of clothing that will last for years, and because of the quality and our timeless design you will want to give it to the next child in line too. You can therefore use it for decades, going through friends and family.

Gréta: We are the opposite of H&M, although H&M is great at times. We want to promote the endurance of the product and we think that today people's disposition towards sustain-

ability is changing for the better.

Where and when will we be able to buy the clothes?

Gréta: We introduced our first line last February at the CHP Kids trade show in Copenhagen. We start selling in September in various places, Barnabúðin Laugavegur 27, Mýrin Kringlan shopping mall, Icelandair's Saga Boutique with Icelandair, Rammagerðin, which includes Hafnarstæti, Egilsstaðir, Keflavík Airport and, soon, Akureyri. We are also selling to Berlin, Copenhagen and we have been selling our summer line at an internet shop in New York. We plan on selling from our website as well. We are building it up nice and easy, selling 85% here in Iceland and 15% abroad.

María: Barnabúðin told us that tourists have been asking about Icelandic labels in children clothing, that it can't keep up with demand for the traditional wool sweater in baby sizes. We didn't realise that there was a demand for it; our motivation was different as we said.

Gréta: We'll also soon have 100 hand-knitted scarves from Peru that are made from leftover yarn and profits from those will go to a charity we haven't chosen yet. There are exciting times ahead.

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18:00	18:00	18:00					

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NATURALLY

Mothers, Lovers, and CEOs: Modern Icelandic Women

Reykjavík photographer Berglind Björnsdóttir captures the hopes and dreams of Icelandic womanhood

Halla Linker Aguirre and Erla Dögg Ingjaltdóttir may have little in common, other than a shared origin and a similar destination in their journey—both Icelanders who would eventually move to America. The latter is an interior designer with her own innovative studio in California; the former has lived in the U.S. since she first met her husband sixty-four years ago, before coming to be engaged to him three days later, going on to achieve recognition as a writer, filmmaker, and television host.

Yet these two women are among the forty-one whose portraits adorn the walls and whose eyes meet those of visitors as they step through the door at the Reykjavík Museum of Photography, which has been playing host to Berglind Björnsdóttir's enchanting exhibition, 'Modern Icelandic Women'—just now extended to run until September 22.

Berglind's exhibition was two years in the making. The result is a humble, honest, unpretentious portrayal of individuals, each with a rich life story. "I found women who interested me. Some of them I already knew, some I read about and just found in the phone book," Berglind tells me. "When I said I wanted to photograph them, only one of the people I tried didn't want to take part." And in each captivating face, in every wrinkle or crease, in every fixed stare or wistful gaze, in every warm-hearted smile she captures something at the heart of all her subjects.

"OUR VIKING HERITAGE"

Why did you want to focus on "the modern Icelandic woman" in this exhibition?

I got the idea for the book when I was finishing my MA at the University of Iceland two years ago. Icelandic women are a fascinating subject. They are not only beautiful but strong and very independent as well. I believe those traits come from our Viking heritage. Women in Iceland today have so many roles. They are mothers, CEOs, caregivers, cooks, role models and lovers.

My grandmother, mother and sister were very important role models for me when I was growing up and then when I finally had a daughter of my own I knew that I wanted to honour Icelandic women with a project.

What made you choose these subjects?

I selected my subjects totally by instinct. I only knew a few of the women before I started the project, others are known women in Iceland and some I stumbled on perhaps while reading the newspaper or browsing online. I tried



to pick a variety of women, with different backgrounds and some have their roots in other countries. I photographed forty-one women of all ages, and tried to pick women that had already achieved great things in their lives but also those that are just starting out and haven't shaped their lives yet.

MIND THE GAP

Did you find any generational gap? Are the women in their teens and twenties different in their views and ideas to the women in their fifties and sixties?

I can't really say that I experienced much of a generation gap. The oldest woman in the book, Hulda Guðrun Filip-pusdóttir, is eighty-eight and is still skiing, playing golf and tending to her award winning garden. She even spent her honeymoon in a tent on the Vatnajökull glacier some fifty-five years ago. All the women have similar dreams about creating a wonderful family, having a career and travelling the world. Halla Linker Aguirre, who is now eighty-two years old, has probably travelled more than any other Icelandic woman. Her story is quite fascinating.

"I believe that Icelandic women are strong, healthy and happy women"

Not to mention former President of Iceland, Vigdís Finnbogadóttir, who was the first woman to be elected President of a democratic nation.

The younger women were of course just starting out in life but their enthusiasm and zest for life was inspiring. They all seem to have in common the desire to see the world, to travel and to explore new places. Maybe that has something to do with the isolation of the country or maybe Icelandic women are just very adventurous.

ALL IN THE GENES

Early Icelandic women are characterised in literature as being strong and commanding, looking after affairs on land whilst the men went out to sea. How similar do you think modern Icelandic woman is to this?

The modern Icelandic woman is not only strong and commanding looking after affairs on land but she also goes out to sea. Icelandic women are very driven and do not hesitate to take on responsibility. I think these traits do come from the early Icelandic woman and are now deeply embedded in our genes.

You say your life will be different from the experience of meeting these women. How so? How have they inspired or influenced you?

Meeting these women was such an inspiring experience. I was welcomed into many of their homes and lives and even though it was only for a moment the memory lives on. Each one of them was special and had their own story to tell. Many of them had already achieved their goals and many others were on their way to do so. Meeting them also made me realise that we should never give up on our dreams. Even though they may seem far-fetched, dreams really can come true.

FREEDOM TO BE POLITICAL

Do you think Iceland is a good country to be a woman?

Yes, I think Iceland is a great country to be a woman. Women in Iceland have more freedom than anywhere else in the world to be themselves and to be accepted for who they are. Women have strong roles in the family unit for example and also they have the choice to pursue a career and to combine it with family life. I also feel that there is no stigma against single mothers in Iceland. Nowhere else in the world would a single mother be elected President.

I believe that Icelandic women are strong, healthy and happy women. Some of the women that I photographed live abroad but it was clear that Iceland is an important source of their creativity and has strongly shaped their sense of self. **✎ MARK O'BRIEN**

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STUFFED WITH STUFF

Issue 14

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P.6 “ 42% of Icelandic women have been subjected to violence at some point since they were sixteen, according to a 2008 survey by the Centre for Children and Family Research. Almost a quarter—or 29,000 Icelandic women—between the ages of 18 and 80—claimed to have been victims of sexual abuse. ”



Iceland may be a great place to be a woman, but it's far from perfect. So far from perfect that the Reykjavík Women's Shelter needs more space.

P.24 “ I'm 62 years old and I'm going to spend my last 20 years creating. We can all make our mark on the future, for our children and grandchildren, to steer the world off its mad course which leaves entire continents to bleed because of some friction between superpowers, and instead guide it towards stability and equality ”



We talk poetry with downtown folk legend Bjarni Bernharður, who is also known as “the poet on the corner.”

P.32 “ He arrived a week late for the 1972 World Championship match in Reykjavík. He was late for almost every game of the match, and didn't even show up for the second game ”

This month marks the 40th anniversary of the Bobby Fischer-Boris Spassky chess match in Reykjavik.

P.34 “ Unfortunately, a canoeing German couple are monopolizing the heat source leaving us to lie enviously in mostly tepid water swarming with stinging hot and cold flows. ”



David Lillie writes an award winning travel story about his trip to Iceland.

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Issue 14 - 2012

www.grapevine.is

Best Of Nordic Film

Enjoy some of the finest Nordic films made in the region over the last year, as five candidates for the prestigious Nordic Council Film Prize go on show at Bíó Paradís from September 14. Iceland's hope 'Either Way' is a comedy directed by Hafsteinn Gunnar Sigurðsson and follows two workers from the Icelandic Road Administration over a summer spent painting lines all along the country's ring road.



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How to use the listings
Venues are listed alphabetically by day.
For complete listings and detailed
information on venues or to add your own
listing, visit www.listings.grapevine.is

07 FRI

- Bakkus**
22:00 DJ Kári
- Café Rósenberg**
22:00 Söngdjamm
- Den Danske Kro**
22:00 Live Music
- Dubliner**
22:00 Live Music
- English Pub**
22:00 Live Music
- Gamli Gaukurinn**
22:00 Ensími & Kiryama Family
- Gay 46**
22:00 DJ Early
- Glaubar**
22:00 DJ Atli
- Hemmi og Valdi**
22:30 Viktor Birgiss
- Hressó**
22:00 Hjóm sveitin Mars
00:00 DJ Fannar
- Kjallarinn**
22:00 DJ Milla
- Prikið**
00:00 DJ Egill
- Vegamót**
22:00 Símon

08 SAT

- Bakkus**
22:00 DJ KGB
- Café Rósenberg**
22:00 Baggabandið
- Den Danske Kro**
22:00 Live Music
- Dubliner**
22:00 Live Music
- English Pub**
22:00 Live Music
- Gamli Gaukurinn**
22:00 HETJUR & Dj Kidda Rokk
- Gay 46**
22:00 DJ Veloci
- Glaubar**
22:00 DJ Seth
- Hemmi og Valdi**
22:30 RVK Soundsystem
- Hressó**
22:00 Hjóm sveitin Dalton
00:00 DJ Fannar
- Kjallarinn**
22:00 DJ Kollster
- Prikið**
00:00 DJ Danni Deluxe
- Vegamót**
22:00 Jónas

09 SUN

- Den Danske Kro**
22:00 Live Music
- Dubliner**
22:00 Live Music
- English Pub**
22:00 Live Music
- Prikið**
22:00 Hangover Cinema - The Chase

10 MON

- Café Rósenberg**
21:00 Tónelskir lækna
- Den Danske Kro**
22:00 Live Music
- Dubliner**
22:00 Live Music
- English Pub**
22:00 Live Music
- Prikið**
22:00 DJ Bob and the Monday Club



Music of the North

New Destinations

The Nordic House

September 7-9

Free

Like a good neighbour, Reykjavík will spend this weekend appreciating the shared culture between Iceland and our friends Greenland and the Faroe Islands. The Nordic House is bringing together the food, film and music of the three islands for a weekend of events and concerts centred between the marina, Reykjavík City Hall, the Nordic House, and the Reykjavík Airport. Saturday is the big day for music fans, with a concert at 18:00 in the flight hangar featuring ORKA and Guðrið Hansdóttir from the Faroe Islands, Nanook from Greenland and Reykjavík's own Prins Póló. If you're looking for something a little more upscale, Faroese violinists Óssur and Runi Bæk will be playing classical music in Vatnsmyri, the nature reserve next to the Nordic House. Arrive early on Saturday for chess at City Hall, a food festival at the harbour and a treasure hunt all over town. **AJ**

11 TUE

- Bakkus**
22:00 DJ Katla - Morrissey
- Café Rósenberg**
21:00 Svavar Knútur and Gestir
- Den Danske Kro**
22:00 Live Music
- Dubliner**
22:00 Live Music
- English Pub**
22:00 Live Music
- Hemmi og Valdi**
21:00 Tatsumi
- Prikið**
22:00 DJ Gay Latino Man

12 WED

- Bakkus**
22:00 Einar Sonic
- Café Rósenberg**
21:00 Þrjár söngkonur and band
- Den Danske Kro**
22:00 Live Music
- Dubliner**
22:00 Live Music
- English Pub**
22:00 Live Music
- Hemmi og Valdi**
21:00 Color Me
- Prikið**
22:00 Dungeon Massive

13 THU

- Bakkus**
22:00 DJ Plan B
- Café Rósenberg**
21:00 La Serva Padrona
- Den Danske Kro**
22:00 Live Music
- Dubliner**
22:00 Live Music
- English Pub**
22:00 Live Music
- Glaubar**
22:00 Eypór Ingi
- Hemmi og Valdi**
22:30 DJ Jonbjorn
- Hressó**
22:00 Flass 104,5 Charity Concert
- Kjallarinn**
22:00 DJ Kidda Rokk
- Prikið**
22:00 DJ Margeir
- Vegamót**
22:00 Símon

14 FRI

- Bakkus**
22:00 Hunk Of A Man
- Café Rósenberg**
22:00 Brother Grass

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MUSIC

CONCERTS & NIGHTLIFE IN SEPTEMBER



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Couch Fest Film Festival 2012

Various homes and couches

November 10

Free

Couch Fest Films is a shorts film festival held in strangers' houses all around the world... all on the same day. And on Saturday November 10, Couch Fest Films will have multiple locations here in Reykjavík—yes!

Having crappy films makes for a crappy film fest. That is why CFF is always sure to showcase only the best unreleased shorts currently on the festival circuit. On November 10, CFF will present some of the most important short films for 2012! In fact, many films presented during CFF's five year history have gone on to be nominated and won many fancy-schmancy awards. Fact.

CFF makes its film programmers suffer through months of living in dark theatres to discover the very best top-shelf films. Typically they acquire films from such festivals as Sundance, SXSW, Toronto CFC Worldwide Shorts, Seattle International Film Festival, and the New Horizon Film Festival to name a few.

Want to host, submit, or attend? It may be some weeks away, but you can find out more about getting involved in this awkwardly awesome film festival happening in RVK by visiting the web page right now: www.couchfestfilms.com. What better excuse to walk right into a local's house to sit on their couch and buddy up over some world-class films? Solid. Viva Community! **CD**

- Den Danske Kro**
22:00 Live Music
- Dubliner**
22:00 Live Music
- English Pub**
22:00 Live Music
- Gamli Gaukurinn**
22:00 Cynic Guru
- Gay 46**
22:00 DJ Manny
- Glaumbar**
22:00 DJ Cyprie
- Hemmi og Valdi**
22:00 Grapevine Grassroots
- Hressó**
22:00 Spútnik
00:00 VJ FúZi
- Kjallarinn**
22:00 DJ Dramatík
- Prikið**
20:00 Steini & Houseband
00:00 DJ Krúsi
- Vegamót**
22:00 Gunni

15 SAT

- Bakkus**
22:00 Nuke Dukem
- Café Rósenberg**
22:00 Brother Grass and Kristjana Arngríms
- Den Danske Kro**
22:00 Live Music
- Dubliner**
22:00 Live Music
- English Pub**
22:00 Live Music
- Gamli Gaukurinn**
22:00 OM (US) & The Heavy Experience
- Gay 46**
22:00 DJ Veloci
- Glaumbar**
22:00 DJ Moonshine
- Hemmi og Valdi**
22:30 Bypass
- Hressó**
22:00 Silfur
00:00 VJ FúZi
- Kjallarinn**
22:00 DJ Kidda Rokk
- Prikið**
00:00 DJ Kalli
- Vegamót**
22:00 Benni

18 TUE

- Bakkus**
22:00 DJ Katla - Söngvara Kvöld
- Café Rósenberg**
21:00 Orfia and Snorri Helga
- Den Danske Kro**
22:00 Live Music
- Dubliner**
22:00 Live Music
- English Pub**
22:00 Live Music
- Prikið**
22:00 Sour Tuesday with Berndsen

19 WED

- Bakkus**
22:00 DJ Creature Of The Night
- Café Rósenberg**
21:00 Brother Grass Farewell concert
- Den Danske Kro**
22:00 Live Music
- Dubliner**
22:00 Live Music
- English Pub**
22:00 Live Music
- Prikið**
22:00 DJ El Jaffe & Padrino

20 THU

- Bakkus**
22:00 DJ Dauði
- Café Rósenberg**
21:00 La Serva Padrona
- Den Danske Kro**
22:00 Live Music
- Dubliner**
22:00 Live Music
- English Pub**
22:00 Live Music
- Glaumbar**
22:00 Pétur Jesú & Einar
- Kjallarinn**
22:00 DJ Dramatík
- Prikið**
22:00 LVP
- Vegamót**
22:00 Gunni

16 SUN

- Den Danske Kro**
22:00 Live Music
- Dubliner**
22:00 Live Music
- English Pub**
22:00 Live Music
- Prikið**
22:00 Hangover Cinema - The Cell

17 MON

- Café Rósenberg**
21:00 Duo Harpverk
- Den Danske Kro**
22:00 Live Music
- Dubliner**
22:00 Live Music
- English Pub**
22:00 Live Music
- Prikið**
22:00 Weirdcore



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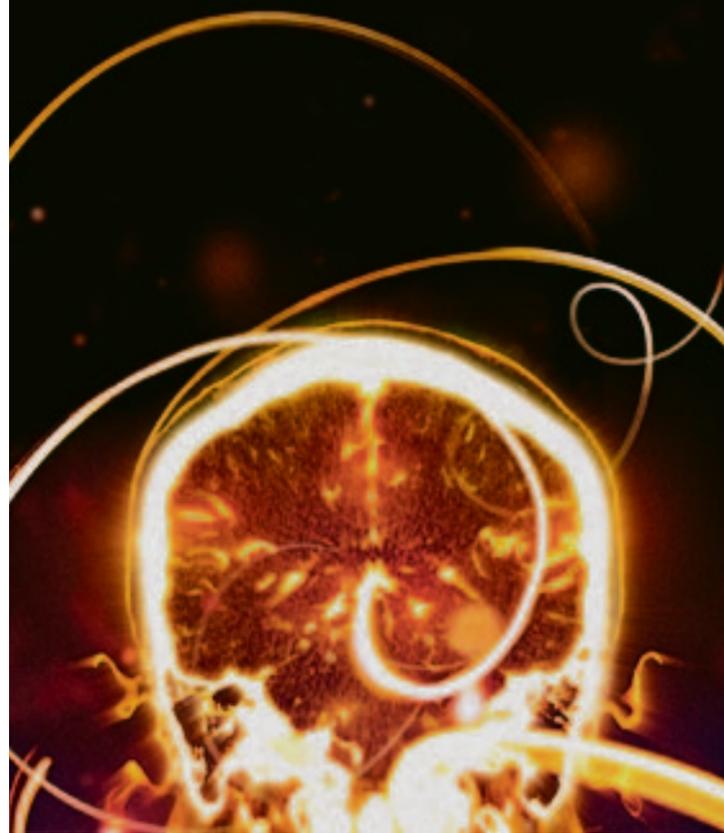
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ART IN SEPTEMBER

COCKTAIL PLEASURES AND VISUAL STIMULATION

How to use the listings: Venues are listed alphabetically by day. For complete listings and detailed information on venues visit www.grapevine.is Send us your listings: listings@grapevine.is

OPENINGS AND EVENTS

ASÍ Art Museum

September 8

Remembering Art: The Outdoor Exhibitions at Skólavörðuholt 1967 - 1972

A look back at the works of Icelandic artists who presented their works in the Outdoor Exhibitions at Skólavörðuholt from 1967 - 1972.

Runs until September 30

Gerðuberg Cultural Centre

September 8

Transformation

Sisters Ólöf and Sigrún Einarsdóttir combine textiles and glass in these works inspired by nature in Iceland.

Runs until October 28

September 8

A Time of Joy

Colourful and exuberant acrylics by Kristján Jón Guðnason in the Boginn exhibition area.

Runs until October 28

Reykjavík Art Museum - Hafnarhús

September 15

HA - Sara Björnsdóttir

In this high concept installation, Sara Björnsdóttir fills the exhibition room with images of the room itself.

Runs until January 6, 2013

September 15

The Power of Passage

The passing of time is the subject of this collaborative installation.

Runs until January 6, 2013

September 15

News from the Island - Dan Perjovschi

Dan Perjovschi draws directly on walls and floors at different locations. His "indoor graffiti" criticizes all manner of popular opposites that flood the mass media.

Runs until January 6, 2013

SÍM

September 8

Waterfall Walk

Unnur Óttarsdóttir's waterfall oil paintings will be displayed, as well as walked down the streets of Reykjavík.

Runs until September 26

ONGOING

The Culture House

Medieval Manuscripts Eddas and Sagas

It includes principal medieval manuscripts, such as Codices Regii of the Poetic Edda, Prose Edda, law codices and Christian works, not forgetting the Icelandic Sagas.

On permanent view

Child of Hope - Youth and Jón Sigurðsson

Exploring the life of Icelandic national hero Jón Sigurðsson, made especially accessible to children, families and school groups.

On permanent view

Millennium - phase one

A selection of pieces from the collection of the National Gallery displaying a variety of works by Icelandic artists in the last two centuries.

On permanent view

The Library Room

The old reading room of the National Library displays books of Icelandic cultural history dating from the 16th century to the present day. Works include the oldest published versions of the Sagas, Edda Poems and more.

On permanent view

The Einar Jónsson Museum

The museum contains close to 300 art works spanning a 60-year career: carvings from the artist's youth, sculptures, paintings and drawings. A beautiful tree-clad garden adorned with 26 bronze casts of the artist's works is located behind the museum.

On permanent view

Gallerí Agúst

Transfiguration

This unusual exhibition celebrates the gallery's 5th anniversary, presenting three artists creating unique artwork directly onto the gallery's walls.

Runs until September 23

Gallerí Kling & Bang

40 Years of the Reykjavík Association of Sculptors

The gallery hosts an exhibition showing 40 years of works by artists from the Reykjavík Association of Sculptors.

Runs until September 16

Gerðuberg Cultural Centre

Twilight Poems and Stories

American book artist Rebecca Goodale showcases her works in this exhibition. She extends the conventional ideas about books' shape, size and function.

Runs until October 28

Hafnarborg

Shadow2012

Gudni Tomasson's 'Shadow' exhibition headlines this autumn's set-piece showcase, looking at Icelandic art through a historical lens to present a culturally relevant exhibit.

Runs until October 28

Harpa

How to Become Icelandic in 60 Minutes

Join us for a comical theatre performance about all kinds of aspects of Icelandic culture. If you're sick of feeling like a tourist everywhere you go, this show is for you. Tickets are 3,900 ISK and Harpa hosts two to three shows per week in the Kaldalón or Norðurljós halls.

Runs until September 22

Knitting Iceland

Come and knit at Laugavegur 25, 3rd floor, every Thursday, 14:00 - 18:00.

On permanent view

Latin Dance Studio, Faxafen 12

Guided Practica

Argentine tango, Sundays from 17:30-19:30. Register by phone 821 6929 or email tangoadventure@gmail.com, 500 ISK for students, 800 ISK for others. Six-week courses are also available.

On permanent view

Living Art Museum

Delicate Luggage II

The Living Art Museum pays tribute to Niels Hafstein, one of the museum's founders and an overall prominent figure in the Icelandic art scene.

Runs until September 9

Museum of Design - Hönnunarsafn Íslands

Something To Write Home About
The emerging changes in Icelandic design are on display to highlight how product designers are embracing more collaboration.

Runs until October 14

National Gallery of Iceland

Hypnotized by Iceland

Works by artists inspired by Iceland's powerful, dangerous and endangered waterfalls.

Runs until November 4

Icelandic Printmakers Association

Blue Mountain - Alexandra Litaker

The Icelandic Print Makers Association presents the drawing and photographs of American artist Alexandra Litaker.

Runs until September 9

Inspired by Iceland

This exhibit explores visually the non-verbal, non-narrative beauty of Iceland's natural landscapes.

Runs until November 4

The National Museum

The Making of a Nation - Heritage and History in Iceland

This exhibition is intended to provide insight into the history of the Icelandic nation from the Settlement to the present day.

On permanent view

Cliffhanger Rescue at Látrabjarg - Photographs by Óskar Gíslason

In December 1947 a British trawler, the Dhoon, ran aground in a storm in the northwest of Iceland. The photographs in the exhibit show the re-enactment of the rescue of the crew.

Runs until October 28

Advent in the Highlands - Photographs by Sigurjón Pétursson

Photographs by Sigurjón Pétursson and Þóra Hrónn Njálssóttir, inspired by the book 'The Good Shepherd' by Gunnar Gunnarsson.

Runs until October 28

The Nordic House

The Library

The collection centers around new Nordic literature, both fiction and nonfiction. The library lends out novels, academic publications, audio books and more.

On permanent view

Reykjavík Art Museum - Ásmundarsafn

The Fire Within

A collection of sculptures by Ásmundur Sveinsson housed in his former home. The pieces explore three major themes: the woman as lover, the brutality of war and the unknown frontier of outer space.

Runs until April 14, 2013

Reykjavík Art Museum - Hafnarhús

Erró - Graphic Art, 1949-2009

For the first time the general public are able to view Erró's graphic art spanning half a century. The exhibition is the result of three

Reykjavík

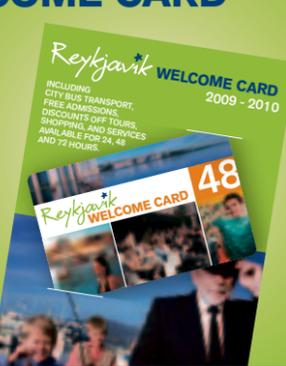
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WHATS INSIDE

Reykjavík Map

Happy Hour Guide

Places we like

Best of Reykjavík

Practical Info

Reykjavík Area

September 7 - 20

Keep it in your pocket

Two Weeks

The Grapevine picks the events, places and what to experience the next two weeks

14
FRI

MUSIC
Disco Dance Party



Pú og Ég (You and I) with Moses Hightower
2.990 ISK

Þónó, Vonarstræti 3 ☼ 22:00

If disco is dead, the message never made it across the seas to Reykjavík, where the music of the seventies is still thriving. When disco dance duo Pú og Ég (You and I) and soul/50s pop mash up Moses Hightower take to the stage things are bound to get groovy. Helga Möller and Jóhann Helgason formed Pú og Ég (You and I) in 1977 and have since enjoyed widespread popularity spreading disco fever throughout Japan and right here at home. Meanwhile, the boys of Moses Hightower recently released Exodus, the follow-up to 2010's well received and frankly-titled Let's Make Babies. **AJ**

7-9 FILM/MUSIC Music of the north. The Nordic House is bringing together the food, film and music of the three islands for a weekend of events and concerts

13 THU MUSIC Steven Osborne In Concert. Icelandic Symphony Orchestra opener.

15 FRI MUSIC OM and The Heavy Experience. Experience Enlightenment. This stoner rock meets metal band once played a show in Jerusalem that lasted over five hours.

GO

ART
Sculpture On The Streets



Remembering Art: The Outdoor Exhibitions at Skólavörðuholt 1967-1972

FREE

ASÍ Art Museum, Freyjugata

Reykjavík is a city where art and sculpture abound, whether it's the sculptures old and new, the lines of Icelandic poetry written into the paving stones, or the festivities across town every August at Menningarnótt. As part of the Reykjavík Association of Sculptors' 40th anniversary celebrations this autumn, the ASÍ Art Museum plays host this month to a retrospective showcase of the famed Outdoor Exhibitions that brought art to the streets around Skólavörðuholt in the 1960s and 70s. In this key moment in the association's history, 45 artists young and old took part in a series of exhibitions, in a quintessentially Icelandic expression of the sixties mood on the creative scene worldwide that anything was possible. The showcase starting on September 8 looks back at these public exhibitions that had a dramatic impact on the city's then-budding arts scene.

The museum itself is at Ámundarsalur, which plays host to work by the legendary Icelandic sculptor Ásmundur Sveinsson who was pivotal in bringing art to the people here in Reykjavík. As well as a showcase of sculptors who have used everything from bronze and iron to wood, plastic and bread, a documentary film based on interviews with some of the artists who were involved will be running inside the museum. **MOB**

14-20

FILM
Best Of Nordic Film



Nordic Council Film Prize

TBD

Bió Paradís, Hverfisgata 4

This week at Bió Paradís, you can enjoy some of the finest Nordic films to have been made in this happy corner of the Earth in the last year. A special jury has selected five titles to compete for this year's prestigious Nordic Council Film Prize and the chance to take home the sizable prize money—and now it's your chance to check out the movies that have made the final cut. Check out Iceland's hope for the award, 'Either Way', directed by Hafsteinn Gunnar Sigurðsson—set in the Icelandic highlands in the 1980s, the comedy follows the travails of two workers from the Icelandic Road Administration over a summer spent painting lines all along the country's ring road. Throughout the week, you can also see films from Norway, Sweden, Denmark and Finland. The programme is still to be finalised, but you can find out more by checking out www.bioparadis.is. **MOB**



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A

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B

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in front of
Hallgrímskirkja



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Icelandic food
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C

MAP

Places We Like

Food

1 Hressó

Austurstræti 20

You know, Hressó is basically the only place I go for coffee. Why? Their coffee is decent to excellent, but their forte is surely their wonderful patio, where you can enjoy the spring breeze in the sun, wrap yourself in a blanket beneath an electric heater in January and at all times: smoke.

2 St. Paul's

Tryggvagata 16

This gourmet sandwich and soup bar is newly opened in downtown Reykjavík! And they serve bagels! Yes! Bagels! Not frozen bagels from Bónus! This may not sound like very exciting news to those of you privileged to live in a neighbourhood with a bagel shop around every other corner, but for those of us in Iceland where the bagel shop is non-existent, this is some very exciting news.

3 Krua Thai

Tryggvagata 14

Fancy trying a nice budget restaurant run by a Thai family? Krua Thai serves up a great variety of spicy and tasty dishes. Their service is really fast and the average price for a main course is around 1300 ISK.

4 Grái Kötturinn

Hverfisgata 16a

Super relaxed and cosy diner/café below street level. This place makes the best hangover breakfast ever (the truck!) and any-other-day breakfast as well. It's a nice and relaxing place to eat and increase your caffeine intake and chill with friends or with some reading material.

Drinking

5 KEX

Skúlagata 28

An old biscuit factory turned into one of the hottest hostels in the world, KEX mixes industrial chic and secondhand charm successfully. Apart from the dorms and rooms, KEX also houses has a gym, library and a bar, that has quickly become a favourite hangout for locals and travelers alike.

6 Café Babalú

Skólavörðustígur 22a

It's tough to miss the brightly colored Café Babalú walking up Skólavörðustígur. A cosy place for coffee and cake, the well-worn, homey ambience makes it difficult to leave. Check out their rooftop patio on sunny days as well.

7 Kaffifélagið

Skólavörðustígur 10

There is coffee, and then there is coffee. The kind that makes your mouth foam with delight at the mere thought of it. The kind that can wake you up from a horrible day's slumber, instantaneously drying your snow-wet feet. Kaffifélagið may be small, but it more than makes up for it in quality and atmosphere. Take your coffee to go or drink your espresso at the bar.

Useful numbers

Emergency number: **112**

Medical help: **1770**

Dental emergency: **575 0505**

Information: **118**

Taxi: Hreyfill-Bæjarleiðir: **588 5522**

BSR: **561 0000**

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Iceland Refund, Aðalstræti 2, tel: 564 6400

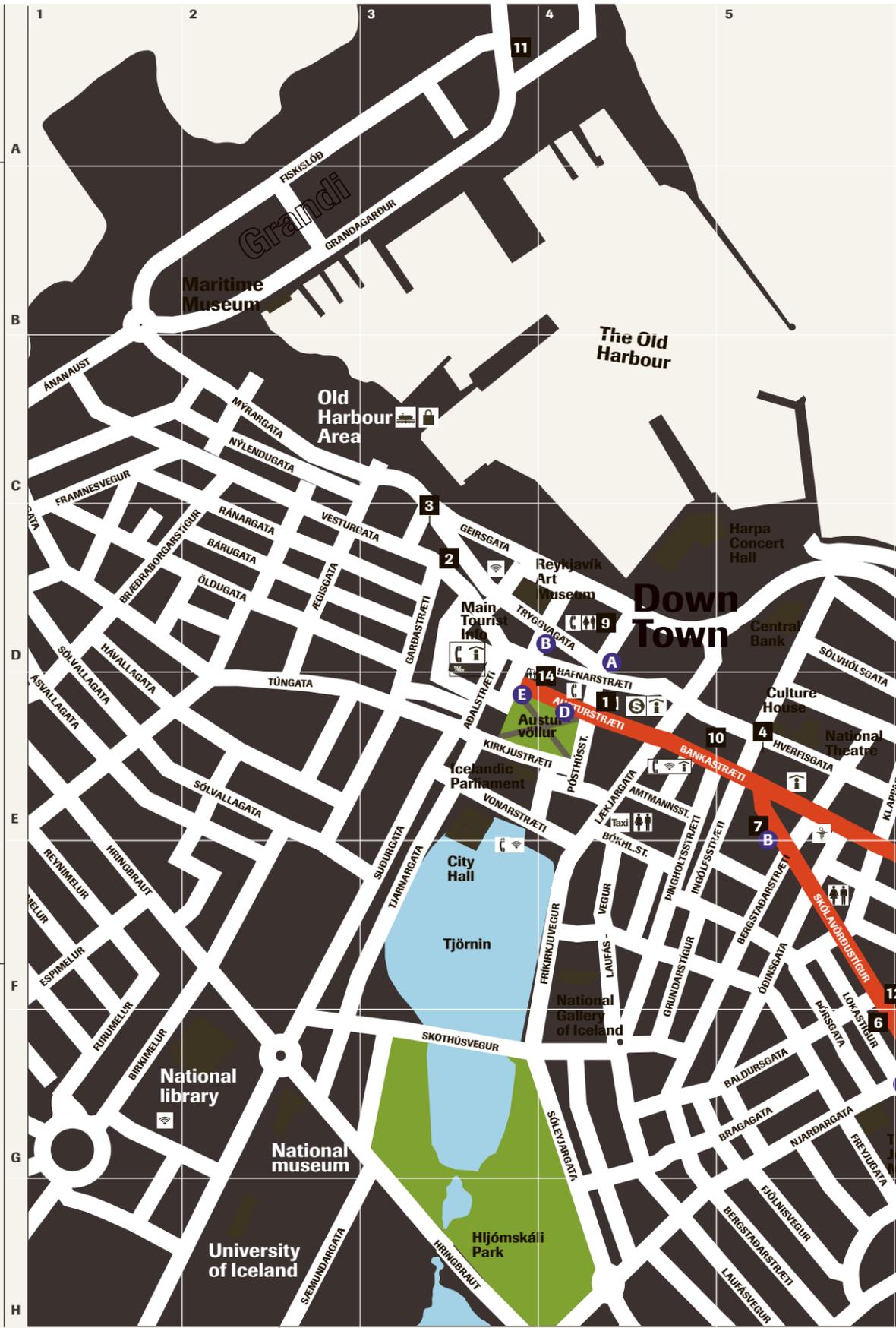
Tourist information

Arctic Adventures, Laugavegur 11,

tel: 562 7000

City Centre, Aðalstræti 2, tel: 590 1550

Iceland Excursions - Grayline Iceland,



8 Boston

Laugavegur 28

Like an older sibling to the fabled (now deceased) Sirkús, Boston is a warm and mellow second-floor bar on Laugavegur that plays host to the arty party crowd. The baroque wall dressings and deep, rich coloured décor make this bar feel pretty swank, but Boston also serves up some reasonably priced food earlier in the evening, so it's not too swank.

Hafnarstræti 20, tel: 540 1313

The Icelandic Travel Market, Bankastræti 2, tel: 522 4979

Trip, Laugavegur 54, tel: 433 8747

Pharmacies

Lyf og heilsa, Egilsgata 3, tel: 563 1020

Lyfja, Laugavegur 16, tel: 552 4045 and Lágmúla 5, tel: 533-2300

Coach terminal

BSÍ, Vatnsmýrarvegur 10,

tel: 562 1011, www.bsi.is

Domestic airlines

Air Iceland, Reykjavíkflugvöllur,

tel: 570 3030, www.flugfelag.is

Eagle Air, Hótel Loftleiðir, tel: 562-4200

Shopping

9 Kolaportið

Tryggvagata 19

Reykjavík's massive indoor flea market is a wonderful place to get lost for a few hours, rummaging through stall upon stall of potential treasures. There are heaps of used clothing, knitwear and other yard-sale type goods from decades of yore, and a large food section with fish, meats and baked goods.

Public transport

The only public transport available in Reykjavík is the bus. Most buses run every 20-30 minutes (the wait may be longer on weekends) and the price per fare is 350 ISK for adults and children. Multiple day passes are available for purchase at select locations. Complete route map available at: www.bus.is. Tel: 540 2700. Buses run from 07:00-24:00 on weekdays and 10:00-24:00 on weekends. Main terminals are: Hlemmur and Lækjartorg

Opening Hours

Bars and clubs: According to regulations, bars can stay open until 01:00 on weekdays and 05:30 on weekends.

Shops: Mon.-Fri. 10:00-18:00, Sat.

10 66° North

Bankastræti 5

Highly fashionable and highly practical, 66° Norður is a classic outdoors store in Iceland for everybody. Nearly every Icelander has a 66° sweater or two. Their quality apparel is made to last and keeps the elements out. You may also find their products in high-end stores around the world.

10:00-16:00, Sun. closed. The shopping centres Kringlan and Smáralind as well as most supermarkets and tourist shops have longer opening hours.

Swimming pools: Weekdays 06:30-22:00 and weekends 09:00-17:00, although each pool varies plus or minus a few hours.

Banks in the centre are open Mon.-Fri. 09:00-16:00.

Post Offices

Post offices are located around the city. The downtown post office is at Pósthússtræti 3-5, open Mon.-Fri. 09:00-18:00. Stamps are also sold at bookstores, gas stations, tourist shops and some grocery stores.



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D

New In Town



14 Dolly

Hafnarstræti 4

Hidden round the corner from the bustle of Austurstræti and Laugavegur, Dolly is making noise of its own. A hip addition to the bar scene, Hafnarstræti's newest join is just as good for a well-deserved Happy Hour pint with its relaxed ground floor vibe and furniture that wouldn't be out of place in your grandma's living room.



11 Kría Cycles

Hólmaslóð 4

Located in the "Fishpacking District" by the harbor, the friendly fellows at Kría Cycles fix and custom build the most stylish rides in town.

12 12 Tónar

Skólavörðustígur 15

Both a record label and a store, 12 Tónar stocks all the best new Icelandic music on CDs. Also, check out their Facebook page for information about in-store gigs.

13 Nikita

Laugavegur 56

The Icelandic skate design brand Nikita now has a flagship store in Reykjavík and girl, it is awesome! The hot pink exterior is only the beginning; inside you'll be treated to some of the coolest and most comfortable ladies street and skate wear on the market.

Public phones

There aren't many public payphones in the city centre. The tourist information centre at Aðalstræti 2, City Hall, Kolaportíð, entrance at Landsbankinn and in Lækjargata. Prepaid international phone cards are recommended for int'l callers.

Internet Access

Most cafés offer free wireless internet access. Computers with internet connections are available to use at: Ráðhúskaffi City Hall, Tjarnargata 11 Ground Zero, Frakkastígur 8, near Laugavegur 45 The Reykjavík City Library, Tryggvagata 15

The National and University Library, Arngrímsgata 3

Tourist Information Centre, Aðalstræti 2 Icelandic Travel Market, Bankastræti 2 Reykjavík Backpackers, Laugavegur 28

Swimming Pools

There are several swimming pools in Reykjavík. The one in 101 Reykjavík, Sundhöllin Reykjavíkur, is an indoor one, located at Barónsstígur. That pool features a nice sunbathing area and some outdoor hot tubs. Opening hours: Monday to Thursday from 06:30-22:00, Friday from 06:30-20:00, Saturday from 08:00-16:00, and Sunday from 10:00-18:00.

Public Toilets

Public toilets in the centre can be found inside the green poster covered towers located, for example, at Hlemmur, Ingólfstorg, by Hallgrímskirkja, by Reykjavík Art Museum, Lækjargata and by Eymundsson on Skólavörðustígur. Toilets can also be found inside the Reykjavík City Hall and the Reykjavík Library.

Venue Finder Music & Entertainment

- Amsterdam** Hafnarstræti 5 | D4
- Austur** Austurstræti 7 | E4
- B5** Bankastræti 5 | E4
- Babalú** Skólavörðustígur 22 | F5
- Bar 11** Hverfisgötu 18 | E5
- Bjarni Fel** Austurstræti 20 | E4
- Boston** Laugavegur 28b | F6
- Café Paris** Austurstræti 14 | E4
- Celtic Cross** Hverfisgata 26 | E5
- Den Danske Kro** Ingólfsstræti 3 | F5
- Dillon** Laugavegur 30 | F7
- Dolly** Hafnarstræti 4 | D4
- Dubliner** Hafnarstræti 1-3 | D4
- Esja** Austurstræti 16 | E4
- English Pub** Austurstræti 12 | E4
- Faktory** Smiðjustígur 6 | E5
- Gamli Gaukurinn** Tryggvagata 22 | D4
- Gay 46** Hverfisgata 46 | E4
- Ölsmiðjan** Lækjargata 10 | E6
- Hressó** Austurstræti 20 | E4
- Mánabar** Hverfisgata 20 | E5
- Kaffi Zimsen** Hafnarstræti 18 | D4
- Kaffibarinn** Bergstraðastræti 1 | E5
- Nýlenduvöruverzlun Hemma & Valda** Laugavegur 21 | F5
- Næsti Bar** Ingólfsstræti 1A | E5
- Östofan** Vegamótastígur | F5
- Prikið** Bankastræti | E5
- Rósenberg** Klapparstígur 25 | E6
- Sólon** Bankastræti 7A | E5
- Thorvaldsen** Austurstræti 8 | E4
- Vegamót** Vegamótastígur 4 | F6

Museums & Galleries

- ART67** Laugavegur 67 | F7 Mon - Fri 12 - 18 / Sat 12 - 16
- ASÍ Art Museum** Freyugata 41 | H6 Tue-Sun 13-17 www listasafn.is
- Árbæjarsafn** Kistuhylur 4
- The Culture House** Hverfisgata 15 | E5 Open daily 11-17 www.thjodmenning.is
- The Einar Jónsson Museum** Eiríksgröta | G6 Tue-Sun 14-17 www.skulptur.is
- Galleri Ágúst** Baldurgata 12 | G5 Wed-Sat 12-17 www.galleriagust.is
- Galleri Fold** Rauðarástígur 14-16 | G8 Mon-Fri 10-18 / Sat 11-16 / Sun 14-16 www.myndlist.is
- Kaolin** Skólavörðustígur 22 | E5 www.kaolingallery.com
- Galleri Kling & Bang** Hverfisgata 42 | E6 Thurs-Sun from 14-18 this.is/klingogbang/
- Ásgrímur Jónsson Museum** Bergstaðastræti 74 Mon-Fri through Sept. 1
- Gerðuberg Cultural Centre** Gerðuberg 3-5 Mon-Thu 11-17 / Wed 11-21 / Thu-Fri 11-17 / Sat-Sun 13-16 www.gerduberg.is
- Hitt Húsið** Gallery Tukt Pósthússtræti 3-5 | E4 www.hitthusid.is
- i8 Gallery** Tryggvagata 16 | D3 Tue-Fri 11-17 / Sat 13-17 and by appointment www.i8.is
- Living Art Museum** Skúlagata 28 | E7 Wed, Fri-Sun 13-17 / Thu 13-22. www.nylo.is
- Hafnarborg** Strandgata 34, Hafnarfjörður www.hafnarborg.is
- Mokka Kaffi** Skólavörðustígur 3A | E5 www.mokka.is
- The National Gallery of Iceland**
- Frikkirkjuvegur 7** | F4 Tue-Sun 11-17 www listasafn.is
- The National Museum** Suðurgata 41 | G2 Open daily 10-17 natmus.is
- The Nordic House** Sturlugata 5 Tue-Sun 12-17 www.nordice.is
- Restaurant Reykjavík** Vesturgata 2 | D3 www.restaurantreykjavik.is
- Reykjavík 871+/-2** Aðalstræti 17 | E3 Open daily 10-17
- Reykjavík Art Gallery** Skúlagata 30 | F9 Tuesday through Sunday 14-18
- Reykjavík Art Museum composed of Hafnarhús** Tryggvagata 17 | D3 Open 10-17 Thursday 10 - 20
- Kjarvalsstaðir** Flókagata 24 Open 10 - 17
- Ásmundarsafn** Sigtún Open 10 - 17 More info on www listasafnreykjavikur.is
- Reykjavík City Library** Tryggvagata 15 | D3 Mon 10-21, Tue-Thu 10-19, Fri 11-19, Sat and Sun 13-17 www.sim.is/Index/Islen-ska/Artotek
- Reykjavík Maritime Museum** Grandagarður 8 | B2 www.maritimemuseum.is
- Reykjavík Museum of Photography** Tryggvagata 16 | D3 Weekdays 12-19 / Sat-Sun 13-17 - www.ljosmyndasafnreykjavikur.is
- Sigurjón Ólafsson Museum** Laugarnestangi 70 www.lso.is
- SÍM** Hafnarstræti 16 | E4 Mon-Fri 10-16
- Skörin** Aðalstræti 10
- Spark Design Space** Klapparstígur 33 | F5 www.sparkdesignspace.com

i8 Gallery
Tryggvagata 16
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Iceland
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www.i8.is



i8 was founded in 1995 and represents an eclectic mix of Icelandic and international contemporary artists.

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Best Of Reykjavík

Every year around the beginning of July, we make a BEST OF REYKJAVÍK ISSUE celebrating some of what makes Reykjavík-life worthwhile, posting some good entries into a hopefully never-ending discussion. The primary purpose of BEST OF REYKJAVÍK is celebration! It's about big-upping stuff, giving mad props to it and patting it on the shoulder. The following are some nice tips we culled from BEST OF REYKJAVÍK 2012, which you can find in full at www.grapevine.is



BEST BURGER: GRILLMARKET

Hamborgarabúlla Tómasar has won this category ever since we started compiling our BEST OF list back in aught nine, and for good reason: they make delicious burgers. While Búllan is still a popular choice among Reykjavík's burger lovers, there's a new burger in town that simply can't be ignored—its sheer tasty, meaty, juicy, burgery, bacony deliciousness ensures its status as Reykjavík's best burger bar none. We are of course talking about Grillmarket's hamburger, what with all its glorious 220 grams of high quality, fire-grilled ground beef topped with crispy bacon sandwiched between freshly baked, mustard-smeared buns (served with a side of curly fries, pickles and a cherry tomato!). Anyone who has tried it will attest that the Grillmarket-burger is leagues beyond any other burger in town, and at 1,890 ISK it comes at a fair price. The only downside is that it's only available as part of the restaurant's lunch menu, served 'til 14:00 daily. Runners-up: Hamborgarabúlla Tómasar ("They reintroduced proper burger culture to Iceland, and they still kick ass"), Vitabar ("A no-fuss, quality burger served in a neighbourhood bar"), American Style ("The classic Icelandic burger, whether you like it or not")



BEST SHOP FOR 'HIGH FASHION': KRONKRON



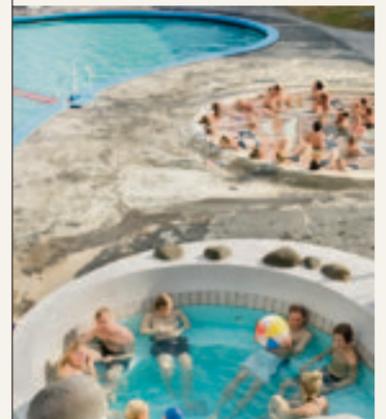
Those with a fashion fetish will tell you that KronKron offers "the only proper selection of current international designers in Reykjavík," with one even remarking: "I would have no idea what I'd do without them! They are the only ones actively importing new clothes!" Go there for clothes by labels such as Marc Jacobs, Wood Wood and Vivienne Westwood, shoes by Eley Kishimoto and Sonia Rykiel and of course the storeowners' newly launched label KRONbyKRONKRON. Of course it all comes with a price, but we are told tourists can get tax-free rebates of the stuff, which ultimately renders it pretty cheap.



BEST POOL: LAUGARDALSLAUG

Swimming is a favourite pastime in Iceland. Most towns around the country have a swimming pool and Reykjavík has seven of them. They do in fact all have their charm, but we think it's safe to call Laugardalslaug the best pool. Why? Because it's huge, it has a bunch of hot tubs at varying temperatures, it has a killer waterslide and the stadium seating blocks out the cold northerly winds, which are usually accompanied by sunny rays. Not to mention, it was just remodelled this past winter.

Note: we used to have two pool categories, "Best all around pool" and "Best pool for hot tubbing and lounging." We're now simply going with Best Pool. Why? Because we made Sundhöllin, the oldest pool in Reykjavík, a NEW institution.



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Friday, Saturday and Sunday from 18:00 to 00:00. Beer 495 ISK and wine 550 ISK.

B5

Every day from 16:00 to 22:00,
beer and wine for 550 ISK.

Bakkus

Every day from 19:00 to 21:00.
Beer 500 ISK and wine 600 ISK.

Bjarni Fel

Every day from 17:00 to 19:00,
2 for 1 beer for 890 ISK.

Boston

Every day from 16:00 to 20:00,
Beer 500 ISK and wine 500 ISK.

Celtic Cross

Weekdays from 17:00 to 20:00,
2 for 1 beer for 800 ISK.

Den Danske Kro

Every day from 16:00 to 19:00,
2 for 1 beer for 850 ISK and wine for 950 ISK.

Dillon

Every day from 16:00 to 20:00,
2 for 1 beer for 850 ISK.

Dolly

Every day from 16:00 to 20:00.
Beer 500 ISK and wine 700 ISK.

Dubliner

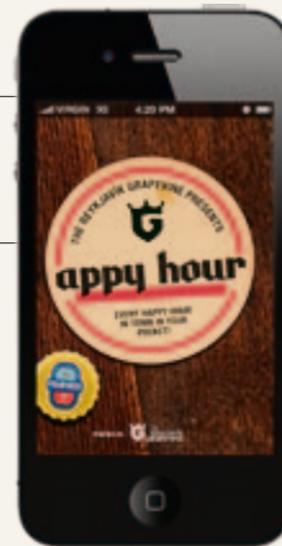
Weekdays from 11:30 to 19:00,
2 for 1 beer for 800 ISK.

Esja

Friday, Saturday and Sunday from 17:00 to 19:00, all drinks 50% off, beer for 600 ISK and wine for 40% off

Faktorý

Every day from 15:00 to 20:00.
Beer 500 ISK.



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Hemmi og Valdi

Every day from 12:00 to 20:00
draft beer for 550 ISK.

Hilton Hotel Bar

Every day from 17:00 to 19:00,
2 for 1 beer for 950 ISK and wine for 1150 ISK.

Hótel 1919

Every day from 17:00 to 20:00,
2 for 1 beer for 850 ISK and wine for 1290 ISK.

Hótel Holt Gallery Bar

Every day from 17:00 to 19:00,
beer for 475 ISK, wine for 575 ISK,
champagne and cocktails half off.

Hótel Plaza Bar

Every day from 17:00 to 19:00,
beer for 500 ISK.

Kaffi Zimsen

Every day from 16:00 to 20:00,
large beer and shot for 500 ISK.

Kolbrautin

Every day from 17:00 to 19:00,
Beer for 450 ISK, wine for 525 ISK.

Lebowski Bar

Every day from 16:00 to 19:00,
2 for 1 beer for 850 ISK and wine for 900 ISK.

Micro Bar

Every day from 17:00 to 19:00,
500 ISK for a draft beer.

Miðgarður Bistro bar

Every day from 17:00 to 19:00.
50 percent off all drinks.

Obladi Oblada

Beer 500 ISK,
Jakob Steiner Schnapps 500 ISK

Prikið

Weekdays from 16:00 to 20:00,
2 for 1 beer for 690 ISK.

Slippbarinn

Every day from 17:00 to 19:00,
50% off beer and wine.

Stofan

Every day from 17:00 to 20:00,
beer for 500 ISK and wine for 600 ISK.

Uppsalar - Bar & Café

Every day from 17:00 to 19:00.
50% off all drinks.

Pinghóltsbar

Every day from 17:00 to 19:00.
All drinks are half off: beer for 400 ISK,
wine for 550 ISK.

ART IN SEPTEMBER

years' work researching and collating the artist's entire collection of graphic pieces undertaken by curator Danielle Kvaran.

Runs until August 25, 2013

Reykjavík Art Museum - Kjavalsstaðir

Kjarval - Key Works

Reykjavík Art Museum draws on its extensive collection of works by Jóhannes S. Kjarval for ongoing exhibitions at Kjavalsstaðir. The current exhibition in the Kjarval Gallery features key works of Kjarval's oeuvre and offers a unique and powerful retrospective from Iceland's most beloved painter.

Permanent exhibition

The Lyric Vision - Abstract-Expressionism in Icelandic Art, 1957-1970

As the first retrospective exhibition of Icelandic abstract expressionism, this exhibition marks a watershed in the history of exhibitions of Icelandic artists in this country.

Runs until November 4

Please Touch Workshop

The "Please Touch Workshop" for families at Kjavalsstaðir focuses on a collection of different textures that resemble the works of Jóhannes S. Kjarval, the master of texture through pattern.

Runs until January 3, 2013

Reykjavík City Museum

Reykjavík 871 +/- 2

The Settlement Exhibition

Archaeological findings from ruins of one of the first houses in Iceland and other excavations in the city centre, open daily 10:00-17:00, 1.100 ISK per adult, 650 ISK per person in groups (10+) and free for children 18 and under.

On permanent view

Reykjavík Maritime Museum

From Poverty to Abundance

Photos documenting Icelandic fishermen at the turn of the 20th century.

On permanent view

The History of Sailing

Iceland's maritime history and the growth of the Reykjavík Harbour.

On permanent view

The Coast Guard Vessel Óðinn

This vessel sailed through all three Cod Wars and also served as a rescue ship to over 200 ships.

On permanent view

From the Fishing Grounds to the Market Stalls

Photographs of salt fish production, from when the fish is caught to when it's sold in the market.

Ongoing until December

The Wood Carvings of Lúkas Kárason

Lúkas Kárason uses driftwood from his childhood home in Strandir to create his wood carvings.

Runs until September 15

Focus on the Sea

These sea photos were taken by



Experience Enlightenment

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September 15, 20:00

2,490 ISK

If disco is dead, the message never made it across the seas to Reykjavík, where the music of the seventies is still thriving. When disco dance duo Þú og Ég (You and I) and soul/50s pop mash up Moses Hightower take to the stage things are bound to get groovy. Helga Möller and Jóhann Helgason formed Þú og Ég (You and I) in 1977 and have since enjoyed widespread popularity spreading disco fever throughout Japan and right here at home. Meanwhile, the boys of Moses Hightower recently released Exodus, the follow-up to 2010's well received and frankly-titled Let's Make Babies. **AJ**

members of Focus, an association for amateur photographers.

Runs until September 15

Fisherman's Photographic Competition

The photographs in this exhibit are all entries for Víkingur magazine's annual Photographic Competition for fishermen.

Runs until September 15

Rúrí

Archive - Endangered Waters

An interactive installation by Icelandic artist Rúrí, which features 52 photographs of waterfalls around the country, developed on transparent film, mounted on sliding plates in a large archive. When pulled out from the archive, the particular sound of each waterfall plays, as recorded by Rúrí at the location.

Runs until December 31

Sigurjón Ólafsson Museum

Milestones: Sigurjón Ólafsson's Key Sculptures

An exhibition with some of Sigurjón Ólafsson's key works from different periods of his prolific career as a sculptor. The earliest work on the exhibition is a newly acquired relief

of two sisters, which he made at his first year at the Royal Academy of Art in Copenhagen. This relief has not been exhibited in Iceland before.

Spark Design Space

PRÍK - Brynjar Sigurðarson

Brynjar Sigurðarson has revisited his previous project making furniture objects inspired by the tools of daily working life in a small rural community in north-east Iceland - now adding to his work with this collection of sticks as weapons, tools, and toys.

Runs until October 10

Víkingakráin

Let's Talk Iceland

A comedy show about Iceland's Viking history in English, performed in a pub mocked up as a Viking longhouse.

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Viðey Island

Viðey is an island situated just few minutes from Reykjavík city by ferry. The island is the perfect place for individuals, friends and families wanting to enjoy a relaxing but also adventurous getaway from the city life.



Ferry schedule

Summer (daily from 15 May to 15 Sept.)

From Skarfabakki to Viðey	11:15	12:15	13:15	14:15	15:15	16:15	17:15	
From Viðey to Skarfabakki	11:30	12:30	13:30	14:30	15:30	16:30	17:30	18:30
From Reykjavík Old Harbour to Viðey		12:00						
From Viðey to Reykjavík Old Harbour					15:30			

Winter (on Sat. and Sun. from 16 Sept. to 14 May)

From Skarfabakki to Viðey			13:15	14:15	15:15			
From Viðey to Skarfabakki			13:30	14:30	15:30	16:30		

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REVIEW



Guillemot Del Toro

Steikhúsið

Tryggvagata 4-6, 101 Reykjavík



What we think

Ambitious new steakhouse that falls short of the top rung

Flavour:

American steakhouse + some curious Asian fusion, meaty

Ambiance:

For romance and business

Service:

Old school service to the hilt, antiquated gender roles and all, top marks!

Price for 2 (with drinks):

22-26,000 ISK

Walking over to Steikhúsið, located at the ever-popular restaurant hub around the whale watching tours on the west side of Reykjavík, I bet my wife that the restaurant's interior would be heavy on greys and dark browns, with an open kitchen, medium lighting, leather, groaningly rugged with a bull's head hanging on the wall. She didn't take the bet but I did a little victory lap when we got there, anyway.

But for a place that pummels its guests with ruggedness (their sign is a blacksmith's hammer!), it does offer some fairly unorthodox choices, like seafood and watermelon skewer with salsa and tartar sauce; miso-marinated fish with bok choy and Jerusalem artichoke gratin; and spring rolls with smoked guillemot, dates, Japanese mayo and bell pepper jam. Somehow I have a hard time imagining that people visiting the ex-machine shop steakhouse decked out like a place George W. would be proud to call his living room are going there for guillemot and miso fish.

Who am I kidding, that guillemot spring roll (1,820 ISK) looked just crazy enough to work. Was it? Kind of. The spring roll was surprisingly well balanced. It was dense and rich and it sort of worked in an old school French way, but I can't say there would be much to pull me back aside from the freak factor.

My wife ordered the skewered chicken tenders with blue cheese sauce and lightly pickled cucumbers (1,850 ISK). The bread crust was well seasoned and the tenders were tender. The plating of chicken and spring rolls didn't excite the

eye and plating on all of their courses is bare-boned to the extreme and could use some rethinking.

I ordered the fillet of lamb (4,750 ISK) with a side of breaded and deep-fried sweet potatoes (450 ISK). I had hoped for sweet potato fries, but these worked in a pinch. The lamb was well cooked and nicely seasoned but not all that remarkable otherwise. I might be getting a little spoiled for lamb.

My wife had the 28-day dry-aged Ribeye (4,300 ISK) with a side of garlic mushrooms (450 ISK) and a baked potato (450 ISK). Although I appreciate that dry aging has taken off the way it has, I remain sceptical that Icelandic beef deserves the red carpet treatment. The problem in this case had more to do with the cooking. I appreciate that our excellent waiter asked us how we wanted our meat (by no means a given in Iceland—although of course it should be), but our medium rare ribeye was delivered a solid rare.

The number one priority for a steakhouse should be that they consistently produce perfectly cooked steaks to order. This was rare and going on blue rare in the thicker end. However, I like my meat rare and this ended up dragging my wife over to the vampire side, which goes some way towards mitigating the mistake. The baked potato was also excellent—better than the usual baked potatoes you get in Iceland. Another point in their favour.

The wine list came in the form of a black Kindle Touch, which I thought was a nice touch. We ordered the 2009

Las Moras black label cabernet, an Argentinean wine with a strong hint of blackberries like the name implies, to go with the steaks.

Dessert was a banana sundae with hazelnuts (1,490 ISK). The dessert menu was definitely in tune with the American steakhouse image—all very safe stuff.

Steikhúsið seem to be doing well on the hangover burger front. I have heard of some who have slugged themselves from the east side of town way past an obvious choice like Roadhouse to try Steikhúsið's 180g cheese-filled hamburger with bacon, Portobello, brie, caramelized onions and chipotle sauce on a brioche bun. That's not something I'd do to my body except out-of-my-mind hung-over, but I'm glad to see that the burger has found its fan base.

Otherwise Steikhúsið seems to be going for the jugular of places like Argentina steikhús and Grillmarkaðurinn. Those ambitions can be seen in the huge wine list, the month of dry aging and Mi-brasa charcoal oven. But the stakes have been raised and although Steikhúsið is a sound and ambitious choice, it still has some ways to go before overtaking Grillmarkaðurinn.

P.S. Menu needs a spell-check. Online menu is unreadable.

 RAGNAR EGILSSON
 ALÍSA KALYANOVA

Licensing and registration of travel-related services

The Icelandic Tourist Board issues licences to tour operators and travel agents, as well as issuing registration to booking services and information centres.

Tour operators and travel agents are required to use a special logo approved by the Icelandic Tourist Board on all their advertisements and on their Internet website.

Booking services and information centres are entitled to use a Tourist Board logo on all their material. The logos below are recognised by the Icelandic Tourist Board.



List of licenced Tour Operators and Travel Agencies on:
visiticeland.com



REVIEW



Berg Is The Word

Bergsson mathús

Templararund 3, 101 Reykjavík



What we think

Good consistent presentation. Fresh ingredients but a little too safe and dull. Great homemade bread and jam.

Flavour:

Raw/organic/local/some vegetarian. Scandi-mediterranean.

Ambiance:

Relaxed. Women to men ratio approx 5-to-1

Service:

Fine and straight-forward

Price for 2 (with drinks):

3-5,000 ISK

Bergsson like their bread grainy, their food local and their Simon garfunkled. It's the new lunch/breakfast/leakfast hotspot for urban suburbanites—the kind that like to rear their young in the city centre while dreaming of greener pastures. So grab a seat and discuss that swanky wool sweater recipe and the new line of Rudolf Steiner iPad apps.

Bergsson's slogan reads: "Simple. Complex. Raw. Slow. Tasty. Honest. Using quality ingredients..." (it goes on a bit). They are mostly true to that open-ended philosophy. The food is not all raw but there is raw food in the mix. Some of their food reaches admirable complexities through simple means (rhubarb

jam) and others are too simple for their own good (veggie wrap). Much of it is local and organic, yet the place isn't overloaded on vegetarian/vegan options. Finally, I'm not sure how to gauge the honesty of food—I don't recall their breakfast chasing me down the street to return my wallet.

My first visit there was on a Saturday morning, to tighten a rattling hangover with a brunch socket wrench. The brunch (1,800 ISK) is a fixed weekend offering and is identical to their usual breakfast items, adding bacon and potatoes to the mix. The rest of the menu gets rotated daily (one meat, one fish, one salad, one soup) and the results of the food roulette are posted to their Facebook page. The place is open seven to seven so I made it to the brunch in the nick of time and drenched to the bone by rain and last night's regret.

The brunch at Bergsson is certainly original by Reykjavík standards. It includes serrano ham, pineapple slices, hummus and a soft-boiled egg instead of the usual fried or poached egg (as well as bacon and wholegrain bread). Researches in the UK recently concluded that a greasy bacon sandwich was the best hangover cure, so be warned that this breakfast may be lacking in those particular curative properties (drinkers may be better off taking out a second mortgage for a large breakfast at Grái kötturinn).

Every table came equipped with three tiny bowls of chunky peanut butter, regular butter and rhubarb jam. The rhubarb jam was slow-cooked with some added ingredient I can't put my finger on. People are divided on rhubarb jam, some people like it undercooked and tart, whereas people who were born with tastebuds like it slow-cooked and dense

like a compost heap. The hummus was light and tasty and the freshly squeezed orange juice was great touch. The problems were with the serrano ham—sliced so thick that I ended up gnawing on it like a goat—and the soft-boiled eggs, which were overcooked by at least a minute to some semi-solid stage that did nothing to help my tumble dryer of a belly. That brunch was not without its problems, yet it was refreshingly fresh and with a fair degree of variety.

We also tried the Monday lunch deal, in the form of a chicken soup (1,590 ISK w/salad) and veggie wrap (ca. 1,600 ISK) The chicken soup was a little too subtle for my tastes and veggie wrap was quite dull (mostly sweet potato and kidney beans). Both came with a salad, some roasted beats, barley and a yoghurt dressing.

I should mention that I really like the location of Bergsson and the design of the place. It's simple, raw, organic and homey. They have done a great job at projecting exactly the kind of food they have on offer and from the looks of it they have managed to attract the right kind of crowd. I should also mention that everyone seemed to be enjoying themselves.

However, I can't say that they're catering to my personal tastes. I am normally suspicious of places that spearhead their food with a detailed philosophy. Sail without a map and let taste be your guiding star, is what I say—Bergsson, unfortunately, worries too much about straying off course.

RAGNAR EGILSSON
NANNA DÍÐ



SNAPS

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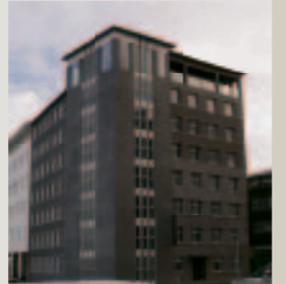
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