



The REYKJAVÍK GRAPEVINE

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THE ESSENTIAL GUIDE TO LIFE, TRAVEL & ENTERTAINMENT IN ICELAND

Issue Nº 14 - September 11-24 2009

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ISSUE #101

Yes, this is our 101st issue - check out our top 100 inside!

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ISSUES

This issue, our 101st, was a real toughie to pull off. Our designer had envisioned some crazy sculpture project for the cover that we had to abandon at the last minute because the logistics were just plain impossible to manage. However, we managed to pull off this nice graphic at the very last moment - it's meant to celebrate a hundred Grapevines. HSM 

Haukur's 14th Editorial!

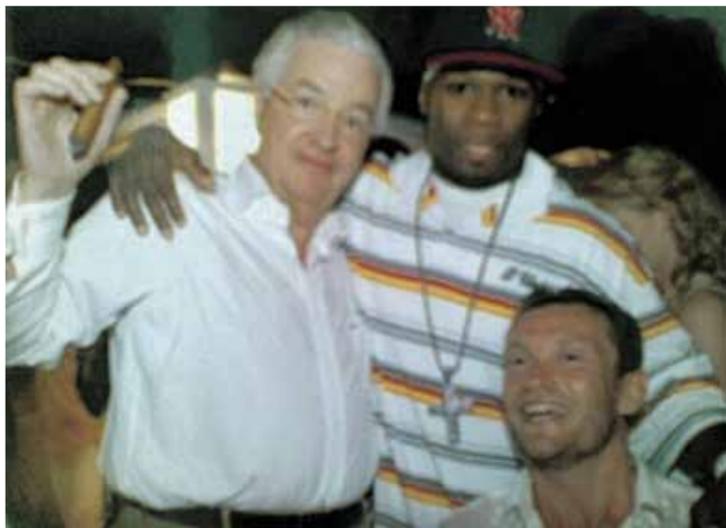
CELEBRATE - The Grapevine Has A Hundred Issues (and counting)!

So check this out: we decided to go all out in an unprecedented fit self-serving, self-congratulating narcissism this issue. There is reason to, we feel, as this is the Grapevine's 101st issue! Yes, that's right: your usual gang of idiots has managed to pull through for over a hundred issues over the last six years (not counting the Airwaves specials, of which there are 12 thus far), and we feel that is plenty of reason to give ourselves and everyone that has contributed to making the Grapevine what it is a big ol' pat on the back. Plenty of reason to celebrate. And boast.

Throughout this issue, you will find the cover of every single issue we've made, accompanied by stories and anecdotes from the people that made those issues (sorta like special features on a DVD).

Former editors Valur Gunnarsson and Sveinn Birgir Björnsson contributed stories for every issue they made (and what juicy stories many of them are), while the trio of myself along with founders Jón Trausti and Oddur Kjartansson tried to fill in for legendary GV editor Bart Cameron, as he is currently busy touring the US with his awesome band Foghorns and wasn't in a position to share his thoughts (check out Foghorns great new LP, A Diamond As Big As The Motel 6).

Reading through the stories not only sheds light on the Grapevine's short history, it also manages to reflect the past



six years in Iceland: every major event and issue – along with plentiful samplings of the local discourse – is represented in the Grapevine's back catalogue; within its total of 4.644 pages, 2.206 articles (by over 300 writers of varying ability), 943 reviews and 109 comix.

Every issue from our catalogue may be downloaded from our website, www.grapevine.is, so if any of the stories you read in this issue arouses your interest in learning more: be our guest and download that stuff.

Combined, we've managed to print 2.947.050 issues that when put together

ought to weigh around 70 tonnes (us, the dedicated environmentalists). These are some scary numbers right there.

Anyway, enough about us. Let's talk about you, constant reader and/or picker-upper. And you, our first time browser through-er. And you, thinker-about-submitting-an-article-or-a-comic-or-some-other-material-er. We ought to thank you guys for being there, for your letters, phone calls and submissions – for your praise and for your scathing criticism. Thank you thank you thank you.

Here's to a hundred more.

Publisher's Address



It is a pleasure to look back as we celebrate this milestone in our publication's short history. One hundred issues of the Reykjavík Grapevine behind us – the 101st out on the streets and in your hands, dear reader. By your holding this copy, at least one of our major goals is already accomplished, doubly so if you are a tourist or a new Icelander.

Us at the Grapevine can look back

upon some great times we've had making these 100 issues, times that were spawned with a simple idea seven years ago and were first made corporeal when Grapevine no. 1 hit the streets in 2003. Taking a simple idea and realizing it, nurturing it and helping it grow so it may reach its potential – it is an indescribable process, and a vastly rewarding one.

We have in our every one of our 101 issues strived to create a publication that reflects and sheds some light on our society and community, and we have strived to retain a certain credibility throughout. It is our belief that maintaining a credible and fiercely independent editorial policy is pivotal in running a magazine like ours – the moment we let in an outside influence on what we write and why, we have failed our duty of ambition of a trustworthy platform for our community and representing it in an unbiased manner.

At this milestone, I would like to especially thank everyone that has worked with us in one way or the other through the years – the number of people who have contributed to the making of our 101 issues thus far reaches the hundreds, if not thousands. There is some immensely unselfish work behind

every issue single issue we have released, many people have given up a lot of their sleep and sanity to ensure we meet deadline and come out with the finest possible product at each time.

There are also hundreds of businesses out there, in Reykjavík and Iceland, that have believed in our purpose, our MO and the need for having a strong media outlet that focuses on serving tourists and new Icelanders. It is because of their advertising that we have been able to keep the Grapevine going for all these years, their faith in the magazine – and, often, their patience for our independent editorial policies and reviews.

The Reykjavík Grapevine is here to stay. We will do everything in our power to ensure readers and advertisers a good publication, one that participates in its society and, perhaps, affects it in a positive way.

Hilmar Steinn Grétarsson
Publisher



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You may not like it, but at least it's not sponsored. (No articles in the Reykjavík Grapevine are pay-for articles. The opinions expressed are the writers' own, not the advertisers').

GusGus

Add This Song (Radio Edit)

 [gusgus](http://gusgus.com)

Download the track of the issue ADD THIS SONG at www.grapevine.is

Alright. This is an occasion. Brace yourselves: GusGus' new LP is out this Monday! We haven't heard the whole thing yet, but the first single, Add This Song, absolutely kicks our ass to oblivion. What a great song! And what a great thing it is that you can now download it off our website so you can hear for yourself! Last time GusGus released an album we put them on our cover. While our current cover is busy, GusGus' status as one of Iceland's most seminal acts is firmly set in place, and a new GusGus album is always an occasion to celebrate. So check out the track right now, so you may dance into your weekend.



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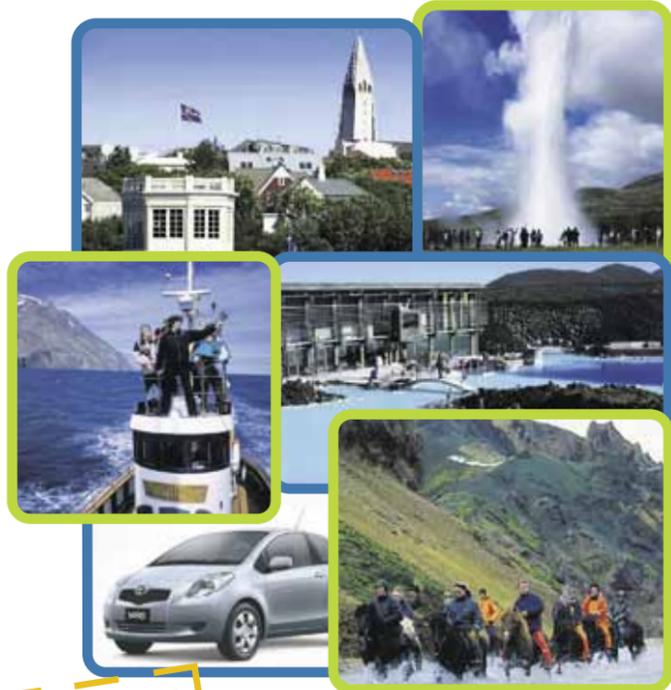
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Sour grapes and stuff

Say your piece, voice your opinion, send your letters to letters@grapevine.is

4 Letters

Hi Grapevine. I just got back to my Western New York home after a trip in which Iceland was the focal destination. I just wanted to say that the Grapevine really enhanced my time in Reykjavik, giving me great insight on the scene, the music, and the tumultuous situation in which Icelanders and expats who live there currently find themselves.

Your paper is well-written and well-designed, a pleasant surprise for us visiting English speakers.

Mark Tichenor
Rochester, NY

Dear Mark,

Thank you for being a real person that took the time to send us a real letter giving us some real compliments on our paper (if any of you haters out there doubt that, we have his e-mail address on file). We are very glad you like it; we do put a lot of work (I am writing this on my 32nd hour at the office). So thank you for your kind words. We love you. Keep it real.

Dear Reykjavik Grapevine,

During a recent trip to Iceland I picked up your issue #11 and enjoyed it with the exception of Rebecca Louder's article, "Thumbs Up! Hitchhiking your way through Iceland." At first, I was curious to read of the author's experience, but my interest changed to contemptuous derision, followed by anger, when I came to only the second sentence: "In most parts of the world (especially where I am from, Canada), hitchhiking is a downright stupid idea that frequently finishes with a body floating face down in a shallow river-bed." Excuse me? Could the author have possibly invoked more fear mongering bull shit [To Grapevine eds.: "B.S." if preferable] than this?

As a 32 year old Canadian who has been hitchhiking quite regularly since the tender age of 17 (throughout most of Canada, as well as large parts of the United States and Mexico; most recently last summer from Montreal to Nova Scotia and back) not only does such a description have little if any basis in fact, but falsely perpetuates a stereotype of the world, and, of all places, Canada in particular (undoubtedly one of the safest countries in the world), as a frightening and dangerous place in which homicidal maniacs lurk around every corner ready to prey on anyone foolish enough to either hitchhike or pick up hitchhikers. Indeed, Louder's inconsistency in invoking the virtues of Couchsurfing.org, an organization based, as she states, on the exact same principles as hitchhiking, while pontificating on its supposed dangers everywhere but in Iceland (yet again, Canada, of all places, is "especially" dangerous? WTF!?) seems to have completely eluded her. Could she not see that the same murderous psycho's that she obviously believes are waiting to get at anyone involved in hitchhiking have undoubtedly all signed up on Couchsurfing.org for the same purpose of murdering those foolish enough to trust them?

This is totally irresponsible journalism. Hitchhiking is difficult and discouraged

Sour grape of the month

A case of POLAR BEER for your thoughts.

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Now, since we're real pleasant and giving folks here at the Grapevine, we thought we'd share some of that wonderful POLAR BEER with you, our readers. Henceforth, until the end of days (or our Polar Beer- sponsorship program, whichever comes first), we will reward one MOST EXCELLENT LETTER with a case of the Polar Beer. You read right. A full case of beer. At your disposal.

Give us your worst: letters@grapevine.is



(light)

MOST AWESOME LETTER:

Dear Editor,

I read the interview with Hannes Hólmsteinn Gissurarson with great interest. Most of what he said is no news to anyone. He is a follower of Hyek and Milton Friedman, whose ideas has been shown to be wanting. It also is clear that some of the ideas that capitalism have taken up are dreams of university professors and had been best hidden in the ivory towers they come from.

We all know that the ruling party then, and its leaders, used political power against Baugur even from inside Althingi. That is not good politics. We also know that the opposition party used politics to protect Baugur. That is not good politics either, or trustworthy.

When the media law was passed and the president denied to sign it, it was clear that according to the constitution the law should have been sent to the people to decide. The government did not dare to do that and annulled the law instead. So David did not dare to face Goliath on common ground. This was not mentioned in the interview.

Thank you for a good and interesting paper.

Regards
Andrés Adolffsson.

Dear Andrés,

Thank you so much for bringing this out. We print 'em, you knock 'em down. This is good. Other readers: let this be a lesson to you. When you see stuff in GV that you find suspect or disagree with, send in a response and clear this up. We are your printed forum for discussion (thus unlike, say, a blog, we employ a proofreader). And there might even be some beer in it for y'all!

enough already; those of us who choose to hitchhike and/or pickup hitchhikers really don't need this kind of tabloid sensationalism. As climate-change and social atomization increase, hitchhiking, while never perfectly safe (but then what is?), should be encouraged as it makes for more efficient use of fossil-fuels and is a fantastic way to interact, sometimes over long periods, with (at first) complete strangers; a far-too-rare experience for most people. Some of the most incredible moments in my life have come through hitchhiking or giving rides to others and it pisses me off that some might not have the same kind of experiences, or my next trip might be made more difficult and/or enjoyable, because of Louder's peddling of such myths. Sure it makes for a nice dramatic opening to the article, but couldn't your editors have asked for something in the way of evidence for such a hyperbolic claim? Here is an author who admits to having no hitchhiking experience other than one trip around Iceland pronouncing the rest of the world to be on par with the Black Forest in the Grimm Brothers' fairy tales: a dark and scary place filled with dangerous monsters and villains. Hopefully other readers of the Grapevine will realize that Louder's characterization of the supposed stupidity of being involved with hitchhiking outside of Iceland (and especially Canada!) is just as much of a fairy tale.

Melvin Backstrom
Montreal, Canada

Dear Melvin,

Oh, come on. Grow a sense of humour, will you. You're called Melvin, ferchrissakes. Also, the writer in question wishes to respond:

I appreciate your response to my article on hitchhiking in issue 11 of the Grapevine. While your experiences as a hitchhiker are positive and fortunate, I would suggest that your viewpoint as a

male is somewhat inaccurate when it comes to the overall safety of hitchhiking. For a woman, hitchhiking has been and remains to be a form of travel that requires extreme precaution and a fair amount of apprehension in most countries, including our own dear Canada. In fact, hundreds of women are raped, murdered and/or remain missing in Canada, particularly in the Western and Prairie provinces, particularly young native women that are picked up at truck stops or along what is now commonly known as British Columbia's "Highway of Tears."

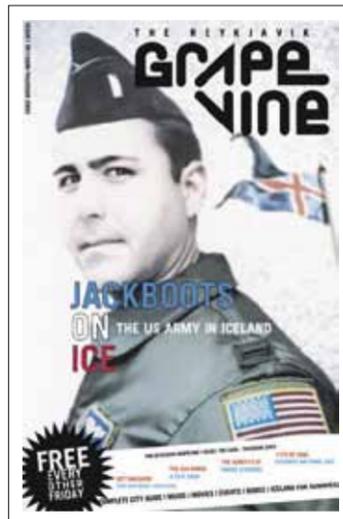
As for the matter of Couchsurfing.org, by no means did I suggest that the site was entirely safe either. People of ill intention are as much at liberty and just as likely to use the site, and there was some unfortunate news this week of a woman being brutally raped by her Couch Surfing host. However, there is a screening, verification and recommendation process in order to maintain as much safety and security on the site. People have time to be selective before picking their couches or surfers. Thus, my comparison between hitchhiking and couch-surfing was a loose one, simply to give the readers who don't know the site a general idea of its function.

This article was of course written as an opinion piece from my own perspective, reflecting my experiences. Being a female definitely played an important role in the shaping of those experiences and I firmly stand by my cautious attitude regarding hitchhiking in the vast majority of the world. This is not to say I would only do it in Iceland, but I certainly would never do it in Canada or the U.S. unless I was accompanied by a cohort. Even though the statement I made that angered you was merely intended as sensationalistic dark humour, the numbers of missing and murdered Canadian women along highways is no joke.

Best regards,
Rebecca Louder

Grapevine 101

#1 - ISSUE 1 - 2003



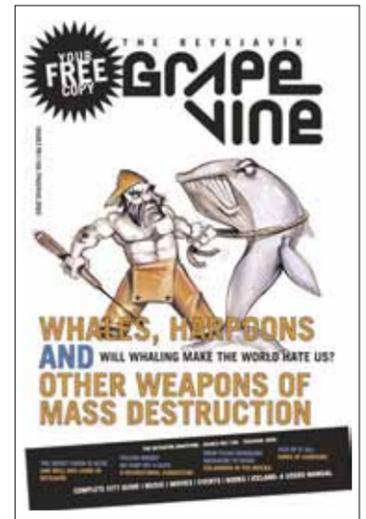
When I came onboard the Grapevine crew, the cover interview had already been lined up, so I was dispatched to Keflavik. The tagline didn't please the Yanks. In fact, they don't wear jackboots at all. My bad. The story is now of historical interest, as the base is gone. VG

#2 - ISSUE 2 - 2003

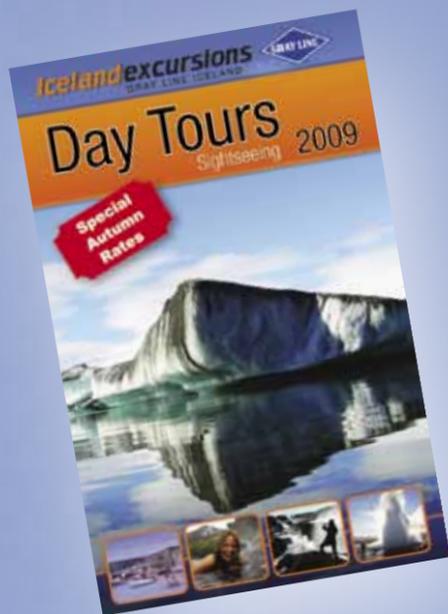


I was talking to some foreign students who asked me about the modern day pagans in Iceland. I decided to find out. The second issue was a considerable improvement on the first, and some people who had ignored us started to take notice. VG

#3 - ISSUE 3 - 2003



We wanted to try something different, and so we got Luóvík Kalmár to draw a picture for the cover. I like the picture, but we felt it didn't quite work. It's probably too small for impact. For the story on whaling, I went whale watching, I talked to whalers and captains of the industry as well as those opposed. I even ate a whale. Later, I would settle for a couple of phone calls, but at the time, I was young and hungry. And not just for whale. VG



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“There is life with HIV”

Talking HIV in Iceland with HIV Iceland



There are 158 HIV positive men and women and 23 persons diagnosed with AIDS living in Iceland right now. Thirty-seven people in Iceland have died of the virus. HIV and AIDS have inflicted one person for every 1,466 on this small island and touched exponentially more through family ties, friendships and acquaintances.

Still, it's difficult to imagine receiving such a diagnosis or learning that your loved one has. The sensationalised face of HIV and AIDS that has been imprinted on the public's common mind—a frail and fragile homosexual male, confined to a strict regimen of medications, sentenced to death—is terrifying when imagined on a sister, brother, parent, friend, anybody.

This stereotypical image is one that the media seeks out, for impact, when covering the disease. It's also an exaggerated image that HIV Iceland is trying to correct. “On AIDS day 2008, it was our 20th anniversary so our project manager and I offered interviews to local media,” explained Gunnlaugur I. Grétarsson, President of HIV Ísland. “But they didn't want interviews with us. They wanted somebody who looks like he has AIDS. They want somebody gay looking and sick looking because that's the image of the disease. They don't want healthy looking straight guys to be on TV, talking about AIDS. It doesn't sell.”

“All media are looking for dramatic stories. So they try to find a small baby girl, the only positive child in Iceland, and try to put her in the tabloids. We want them to tell our story as a positive one. We want to remind people that there is life with HIV.”

MISSION STATEMENT

Since its establishment in December 1988, HIV Ísland has ventured not only to change the face of HIV in Iceland but also to support those diagnosed with HIV and their families and to educate the public. “At our office here we have a social worker that comes in with whom people can talk about their issues and we have an open house so people can come and sit down and meet others,”

1. AIDS victims remembered

“They want somebody gay looking and sick looking because that's the image of the disease. They don't want healthy looking straight guys to be on TV, talking about AIDS. It doesn't sell.”

explained Einar Dór Jónsson, project manager of HIV Ísland.

While the services are in place to help HIV positive people and their families in Iceland deal with the situation in which they have found themselves, it sometimes takes years for those affected by the virus to come forward to seek help.

“People contact us after a couple of years dealing with the disease, the first years people tend to isolate themselves a lot,” said Gunnlaugur. “They might seek counselling from a social worker but they have a really hard time getting into support groups and coming down to our home and meeting other HIV positive people. They have a really hard time getting to that point and getting out of the HIV closet.”

TABOO AND PREJUDICE

One reason that HIV positive people find it difficult to be candid about their condition with the general public or even their friends and family is the social stigma attached to the infamous acronym. When HIV and AIDS came to prominence in the early 80's—the first diagnosis in Iceland was in 1983—it was considered to be a disease that inflicted homosexual men alone. Now that HIV is more of an equal opportunity attacker—12.4% became infected through intravenous drug use, 37% through heterosexual contacts and 45.4% through homosexual contacts—it is still difficult for patients and the general public to shake the stigma and make the mental shift toward accepting HIV as something other than a “gay disease.”

“I think the biggest problem was and still is the prejudice of the

person being diagnosed, the patient himself,” said Gunnlaugur. “They expect that society is going to judge them so they have prejudice toward themselves. They believe their friends and family will look at them as a junkie or a homosexual or a prostitute and they categorise themselves with these people and they feel dirty and contagious.”

While Gunnlaugur is not HIV positive himself, his co-worker at HIV Ísland, Einar, is and agrees that the taboo attached to HIV in Iceland and elsewhere in the world makes it sometimes difficult to open up about the virus. “Socially it is very difficult to be HIV positive. Most people prefer not to tell at their work places, or the people with whom they socialise at work or in their free time. They don't discuss it publicly. Like if you are diabetic or have some other kind of chronic disease you would tell people ‘ok, I am diabetic and I have to do this and that’ but people with HIV don't do that.”

KNOWLEDGE = PREVENTION

A key weapon in combating the self-deprecating feelings of those diagnosed and the stereotypes of the masses is education. If the public is more knowledgeable about the virus the thriving misconceptions about the infected population are more likely to be eradicated. Likewise, increased awareness of the virus and its transmission would do much for containing the virus and slowing or ceasing its spread in Iceland and worldwide.

“In terms of prevention we have for the last seven years had a program running where we go to all elementary schools in Iceland and we give education about HIV and all types of sexually transmitted diseases,” explained Einar. “We've received support for doing these school visits [which aim to reach all 15 and 16 year olds in Iceland] from the Directorate of Health and the Health Minister here so it's very well prepared and well supported.”

Access to information, like that being provided by HIV Ísland to Iceland's school children and to the general Icelandic-speaking public on hiv-island. is (and countless other websites and

publications in all languages devoted to disseminating information on HIV and AIDS as a means of prevention and awareness raising), is invaluable and is something that has developed slowly over the years since the official start of the worldwide AIDS epidemic in June, 1981. Gunnlaugur credits the increased availability of information on HIV as one of the most significant changes that has taken place in the past years, saying that it was quite difficult to get information about the virus at the time when his father was diagnosed in 1988.

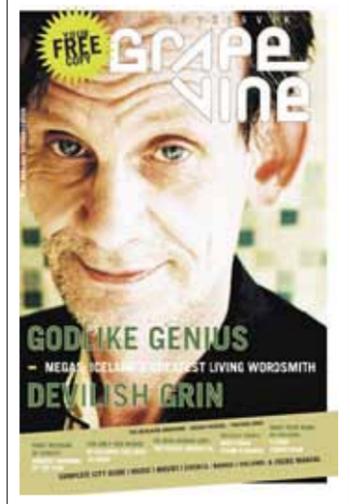
LIFE WITH HIV/AIDS

Developments within the medical community since HIV and AIDS were first encountered have made living with the virus significantly more manageable. “The biggest change in my life has been discovering medications that keep the illness stable,” said Einar. “Medication is very different among individuals. I, for example, take three different medications twice a day.”

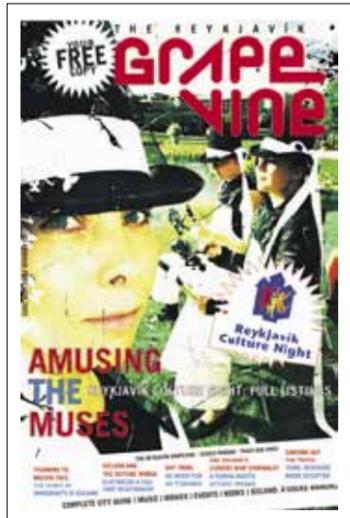
Highly active antiretroviral therapy (HAART) medications, different from one patient to another and varying among stages of the virus, have significantly improved the outlook for HIV patients in parts of the world where such treatments are available. While without treatment of any kind the prognosis of a newly infected HIV positive person is 9 to 11 years, HAART treatment has doubled that to twenty years.

HIV is manageable and as more is learned about the virus among the medical community and more information is dispersed among the public, it may shake its stigma, shed its image of fragility and death and those diagnosed will be able to live. Said Einar: “most HIV positive people are capable of living a normal life now; we just take our medicine and live our lives.”

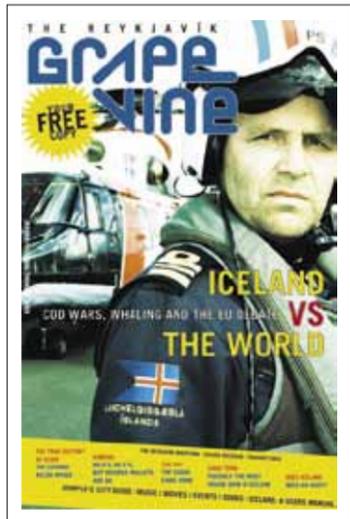
CATHARINE FULTON
HÖRÐUR SVEINSSON



We felt this was by far the best issue of the summer. Megas was a great interview, and at the time he was somewhat out of the limelight. I talked to him at Hótel Borg. The sun was shining, but I remember that he preferred to be photographed indoors. He said there was too much happiness outside, or something of that nature. **VG**



This issue was largely dedicated to the night of the arts festival, so we had to get an act that looked photogenic. I think it worked OK. In this issue, I started looking into the Icelandic economy in an article that I think was erroneously credited to Paul. What I found was not pretty. **VG**



I continued looking at Iceland and its relationship with the outside world. This attracted the attention of the Economist, and they asked me to do a piece on the so-called Octopus, the fourteen families that ruled Iceland but were losing control at this point. We now know how it all went. It was hard to illustrate, so we got to shoot a coast guard. Rather heroic looking, I must say. Perhaps we can say we had come full circle from the US soldier on the first one. **VG**



I had spent the winter at newspaper DV, where I learnt a lot, mostly about how not to make a paper. We returned with a more readable layout. The cover, however, was somewhat unsatisfactory. The diamond logo didn't stick for obvious reasons. Sadly, Aldis had left us, but she was replaced by the able Hörður Sveinsson. We also had a resident Englishman in Robert Jackson. The best story was probably one on immigration, by Paul Nikolov. He later went on to fight the good fight at parliament. **VG**



WE'LL TAKE YOU THERE!

DAY TOURS TO ALL THE MOST EXCITING PLACES IN ICELAND



RE-44 - 09:00

Gullfoss - Geysir & Langjökull Snowmobiling

Autumn

09-19

SUN THU FRI SAT

Our Gullfoss - Geysir & Langjökull Snowmobiling tour puts you in touch with some of Iceland's most famous and exciting natural phenomena.

We stop at Þingvellir national park which is known for its exceptional beauty and historical importance. Onwards we head to the world-renowned geothermal area around Geysir hot spring where you discover spouting springs of various formations and appearances. From there we continue to Gullfoss, the queen of Icelandic waterfalls. Next we kick the action into higher gear to get even closer to Iceland's nature - an exhilarating one-hour tour across the endless white snowfields will not leave you intact.

PRICE 19800 ISK



RE-00 - 09:00
Glacier Adventure
All Year
SUN MON WED FRI SAT
Take a ride to the top of the world on a snowmobile and see the amazing Sólheimajökull from above the larger Mýrdalsjökull glacier and be pleasantly surprised by the magnificent views.
PRICE 21500 ISK
max 26700 ISK



RE-04 - 09:00
The Golden Circle
All Year
SUN MON TUE WED THU FRI SAT
Don't miss out on the fascinating experience the Icelandic Golden Circle gives you. On this tour we take you to the geysers, the famous Gullfoss waterfall along with a visit to Þingvellir National Park. This tour is a must to make your visit to Iceland complete.
PRICE 9800 ISK



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All Year
SUN MON TUE WED THU FRI SAT
There is no better way to start or end your Iceland adventure than by bathing in the famous Blue Lagoon.
For our very flexible schedule please refer to our brochures.
RE-TURNO
RIS 2800 ISK
RETTING RÍÐI
FARI AND
AÐMYNNAÐI 5900 ISK



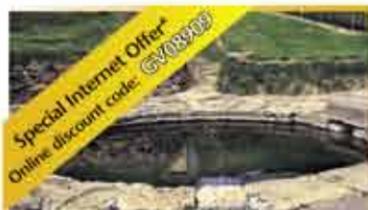
RE-15 - 09:00
South Shore Adventure
All Year
SUN MON TUE WED THU FRI SAT
Iceland's South coast is ideal for nature lovers of all kinds. Spectacular scenery, striking waterfalls, stunning views of glaciers, black lava sand coastline, charming villages and impressive rock formations all day long.
PRICE 12300 ISK
max 15400 ISK



RE-01 - 09:00
Take a Walk on the Ice Side
All Year
SUN MON WED FRI SAT
Want to see and feel something completely different? Why not take a walk on a glacier and experience a surface that you have never been able to walk on before! Take a tour with us and try something new - a once in a lifetime experience for most.
PRICE 17900 ISK



RE-05 - 13:00
Reykjavik Grand Excursion
All Year
SUN MON TUE WED THU FRI SAT
Get to know the capital with an expert by your side. We take you around Reykjavik with a guide and show you the highlights of the city. The tour ends at the National museum of Iceland where you can see Icelandic culture at its best.
PRICE 3900 ISK
max 4900 ISK



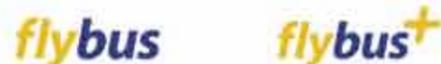
RE-08 - 09:00
Saga Circle
All Year
SAT
This tour is perfect for all Saga enthusiasts. On this tour we take you around the area where one of the Icelandic Sagas took place - along with enjoying spectacular landscape. Come and follow in the footsteps of the Vikings with us.
PRICE 14000 ISK
max 17500 ISK



RE-2A - 12:30
Gullfoss - Geysir Direct
All Year
SUN MON TUE WED THU FRI SAT
In one afternoon you spend your time encountering across-section of Iceland's natural wonders and geological phenomena: the historical Þingvellir national park, Geysir geothermal area and the amazing Gullfoss waterfall.
PRICE 8600 ISK

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Reykjavik Excursions
KYNNISFERÐIR

So we're unsure what to think of these militant activists. While splashing some paint around may seem harmless enough, imagine the atmosphere if they continue to step their game up. That's scary.

Interview | Skapofsi

Paint-Splashing Activists Come Forward

“RISE UP!” they say



A wave of militant activism has washed over Reykjavík in the past of months. Enraged by the fact that the Icelandic public inherited the debts caused by prominent businessmen, some activists have decided it's payback time.

Targets have been cars and homes belonging to our banksters (AKA Financial Vikings), those who are by many considered responsible for the country's economic collapse. Their weapon of choice has been red paint, their actions: Splattering coats of red paint on singled-out vehicles and houses. Among the affected are: billionaire Björgólfur Thor Björgólfsson, former Kaupthing chairman Sigurður Einarsson, director of Íslandsbanki (formerly Glitnir) Birna Einaradóttir and the former CFO of Baugur Group Stefán Hilmarsson.

The actions were photographed and sent to the media by an individual identifying as 'Skapofsi' ("RAGE"), who claims to mediate information from the responsible parties. We contacted 'Skapofsi' to see if s/he could forward some of our questions to whoever's painting cars out there. S/he sent us the following statement (that we have translated for your reading pleasures), as well as some answers that we've printed as they came (no proofing or editing). So, this is what it's come to. Fancy that.

“The Icelandic public is in denial, political parties and their henchmen make sure to steer the media discourse in a way that holds back the furious Icelandic public that will inherit both debt and damage from the banksters. Writing off the banksters' debt is packaged and served to the public like nothing could be more natural. The collapse-people's renaissance moves steadily forward under the wing of the political parties.

It is wrong to say that the public will pay for cleaning paint splashes off the banksters' houses, no insurance policy covers such damage, unless maybe they still control the insurance companies. We

will continually toughen our actions until the government punishes the collapse's main guilty parties, and seizes ALL of their “properties,” to divide between a nation enslaved by political cliques and their henchmen.

A limp investigation and angry bloggers will not serve to put these men behind bars. Thus, we ask the populace to rise up and drive these banksters from the country, or straight to jail. We must prevent the Icelandic nation from paying the debt of these unfortunate men.”

What do you wish to achieve by splashing red paint on houses and cars?

Painting houses is OK, because the Financial Vikings have to pay the damages themselves. No insurance company can cover the damage. We are however very upset that one guy in our group, without notice, painted Björgólfur Thor's Hummer. That damage the insurance will pay. So no car will be painted anymore.

Do you think that your actions will have any direct effects?

It will open the eyes of the people in Iceland. It will also show the media overseas that one of biggest banking swindles in European history was created in Iceland by 60 men.

Is it defensible to attack private property and individuals?

Do not say attack, these people have attacked our homes and families so the people have to pay back. The government in power is covering the act of crime they have committed to our beautiful country.

What good do you see these actions doing for Icelandic society?

It will raise awareness that criminal acts have been committed in our country by these stupid people - in front of the eyes of the political parties.

In what way will your activities become more aggressive unless the offenders are punished?

We will see. 🍷

1. The House of Hreiðar Már, ex-CEO of Kaupthing Bank

LOUISE PETERSSON

Film | The Reykjavík International Film Festival

Skin and bones

An Overview of some of the films from this year's RIFF

These past few years Scandinavians have been busy re-examining their history on screen. The Finns have given us the masterpiece *Border 1918*, which looks at the very founding of their republic and comes up with some pretty dark stuff. No less brave is the Danish *Flammen og Citronen*, which deals with the Danish resistance and finds it not all-heroic. The Norwegians, however, came up with *Max Manus*, their most expensive film to date. While visually impressive, it fails to deal with less flattering aspects of the occupation, such as local cooperation in the rounding up of Jews. Instead, we get a film that was more *Heroes of Telemark* than a reappraisal such as the Danes managed.



LOVE IN A COLD WAR

Icekiss, which is screened at this year's RIFF, deals with a more uncomfortable subject. Tens of thousands of Russian POW's were sent to Northern Norway to do slave labour during the occupation. After the war ended, they were sent back to Russia, despite rumours that Stalin would immediately deport them to Siberia for the crime of surrendering to the Germans. The film tells the story of a Norwegian nurse who falls in love with an inmate. She meets him again when working for the Norwegian foreign office in the Soviet Union, and out of love decides to betray her own country. The film's perspective, where we are made to feel for the nurse who is one of Norway's best know traitors, is a daring one. Largely shot in St. Petersburg, the communist headquarters are juxtaposed with an image through the mist of Oslo's city hall, and one can hardly tell the difference. An interesting piece about the inhumanity of the Cold War, although the non-linear storytelling grates a little. General Patton said something along the lines of war making all other human endeavours seem insignificant. I would make the same argument for art, and a slew of films from Sweden and Denmark deal with artists.

CONTROLLED ANARCHISM

First, there is the documentary *Am I Black Enough for You?* from Sweden. In fact, it has very little to do with Sweden, as it focuses on Philadelphia

singer Billy Paul. He had a number 1 hit in 1972 with *Me and Mrs. Jones*, but his next single, from which the film takes its title, effectively ended his mainstream career. The film is an interesting overview of a little known piece of popular music history. Probably better known, at least around these parts, is the Roskilde festival. It perhaps says something about the Danes that they have managed to pull off this annual bit of controlled chaos for almost forty years now. It seems that the hippie experiment still lives on in Denmark, in Roskilde and in Christiania. The Danes have a knack for combining the Scandinavian's gift for organising with a more continental happy-go-lucky attitude. The result can be seen at the festival, where once a year people get to go and let it all hang out. Whether the results seem like your idea of heaven or hell probably depends on your interests. There are some decent, if brief, music segments with the likes of Placebo, Sigurrós and Sonic Youth. But the real stars are the festival goers, who seem to be every bit as imaginative as the people on stage. By the fourth day it all breaks down and people's destructive spirit shines through. Anarchism, it seems, only works in small doses. But there's always next year...

NO SKIN OFF MY BACK

Somewhat more scripted is the movie *Applaus*, about an acclaimed actress with alcohol and other personal problems who acts in a play about a woman with alcohol and other personal problems. Whether actress Paprika Steen is in any way playing herself we dare not venture, but moving between the play and her miserable personal life is an effective storytelling ploy. The Danes seem to be incapable of making bad films, and *Applaus* is no exception. One of the films more moving scenes is when the aging actress admires the hands of a younger staff member. South of the border, the Germans have devoted a whole movie to the subject. In *Bandaged*, a teenage girl is locked in her house and tries to commit suicide by throwing acid on her face. As it happens, her father is a plastic surgeon who tries to create new skin for her. He hires a nurse to take care of her, and she and the daughter fall in love. She is the younger woman admiring the older one's skin, and it makes for an interesting juxtaposition with the Danish offering. 🍷

VALUR GUNNARSSON



By now we were well known, so we decided to go for the big time, interviewing the President, as well as former prez Vigdís Finnbogadóttir and other contenders. Ironically, the cover model is not a political player, but our advertising manager's old man. Robert did a good job with the interviews. However, the elections were the day after the issue came out, so it seemed dated from the bat. That's the problem with being biweekly. This is also the first issue where Hörður has a topical design for "Your Free Copy!" which became something of an in-joke. VG



A New Jerseyan by the name of Pádraig Mara had this thing for *Rokk í Reykjavík*, so I decided to let him track down the survivors of that classic. The idea here was to have a punk wearing a suit, as in what they were doing 20 years on. I'm not sure the idea came off too well, but it looks ok. Pádraig was also doing a lot of fun stories about his previous jobs in Iceland that gave the rag some colour. VG



This time, we wanted to be on time, so the issue came out a week or two ahead of Gay Pride. Hörður wanted to have two girls instead of two guys. As with most of the covers, he had his way. Þorvaldur Kristinsson and Marcie Hume wrote about the history of the gay civil rights movement in Iceland. VG

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So, you've decided to immigrate to Iceland? Congratulations! Please respond to this brief questionnaire to assess your eligibility for a permanent residence permit:

1. Are you married to/related to an Icelander?
2. Are you a citizen of Austria, Belgium, Bulgaria, Cyprus, Czech Republic, Denmark, Estonia, Finland, France, Germany, Greece, Hungary, Ireland, Italy, Liechtenstein, Latvia, Lithuania, Luxembourg, Malta, Netherlands, Norway, Poland, Portugal, Romania, Slovakia, Slovenia, Spain, Sweden, United Kingdom or Switzerland?

If you answered 'yes' to one or both of these questions, welcome to Iceland! Frolic about the mossy lava fields, soak in the geothermal waters and apply for jobs generously.

If you answered 'no' to both questions please confine your enjoyment of Iceland to the legally permitted 90 days,² and promptly return to your country of origin. Takk fyrir.

What's that? You don't want to go home?

Fear not, beloved foreign reader, for you too can (try but most likely fail to) realise your dream of staying permanently in Iceland. Here's how:

Are you working in Iceland? / Will you be working?

I'll give it to you straight, my dear prospective permanent residency-permit holder, this category is a tough one to fulfil and takes some advance planning.

Firstly, non-EEA nationals cannot apply for a residence permit once they have already arrived in Iceland. So if you show up here and happen to be offered an incredible employment opportunity with a gallery, a bank, a school or a popular English-language magazine, you had better hope that your would-be employers fancy you enough to wait the 90-day's required by the

Directorate of Immigration to process your residence application (as article 9 of the Act On Foreigners No. 96 /2002 reads, "a foreigner wishing to accept employment, with or without remuneration, or to work as a self-employed person in Iceland, must, in addition to a work permit when this is required by law, possess a permit to stay in Iceland.") and that there is nobody within the EEA qualified for your job. They get first dibs.

Secondly, you have to fall under one of three categories to be granted a permit on grounds of employment: temporary shortage of labourers, athletes and qualified professionals. Only the latter counts toward a permanent residence permit, the two former are temporary and expire when the work expires. That's when you have to leave. I'm not saying you have to go home, but you've got to get the hell out of Iceland.

Are you a relative of an EEA citizen? / Are you in Iceland to join your family?

So you've read the words "relative of an EEA citizen" and naturally you think to yourself "Oh my goodness! My third cousin, twice removed on my father's side is a Liechtensteiner residing in Iceland! I'm in!" No. No you're not.

"Relative" in this case means either a spouse or registered partner or a dependent child or parent. So unless you're the dependent minor offspring of the Liechtensteiner in question, no dice.

Moreover, if you've been living in Iceland for 90-days and are madly in love with a fine Icelander and you've been cohabitating and all that don't get your hopes up that you can register as common-law spouses. Couples in Iceland have to have been living together for two consecutive years before they are considered common-law.

But how are non-EEA/EEA pairings supposed to reach that 2-year benchmark

if one half of the partnership isn't allowed to live in the country? Good question. The only option seems to be tying the knot.

Keep in mind that Rósa Dögg Flosadóttir, of the Directorate of Immigration, asserts, "The Icelandic Directorate of Immigration absolutely does not support marriage solely for the purpose of obtaining a residence permit. If there is reason to suspect that a marriage, registered partnership or cohabitational partnership has been established solely with a view to obtaining a temporary residence permit, and no incontrovertible demonstration to the contrary is made, then this shall not confer an entitlement to a temporary residence permit."

Before engaging in faux-matrimonial bliss, give the Act on Foreigners a read-through. Rósa Dögg pointed out the particularly poignant Article 57, paragraph 2, item 'g', which warns that if anyone "intentionally or through gross negligence obtains, or attempts to obtain, a temporary residence permit on the basis of marriage" they will find themselves subject to fines or two years imprisonment.

Couldn't I just fall off the grid?

If you are so keen on staying in Iceland that you feel the need to just say "to hell with the regulations and permits, I'm staying!" keep in mind the risks you are taking. Aside from the immediate deportation, "an overstay in the Schengen states (not only Iceland) can ban you from entering the Schengen countries for up to 3-4 years," according to the Directorate of Immigration in response to a general inquiry. "You are on your own when you take a risk like that."

Chances are slim

From what we can gather here, unless you're in a legitimate relationship and marry an Icelander or a citizen of another EEA nation who is living in Iceland your chances of being granted a permanent residence permit are slim to none. The laws are in place for reasons, but it sure is frustrating if you're interested in living here for a relationship or for professional reasons, as the Act of Foreigners denies you the pleasure of doing so based solely upon the country listed on your passport.

Of course, if you're hankering for a short-term fix, apply for school in Iceland, become an au-pair for a year (both of which will secure you a temporary residence permit... though, one assumes that two years of school whilst living with a sweetheart makes for a legit common-law arrangement the Directorate of Immigration would not confirm or deny this), or just make the most of your 90-days and come back again after another 90 spent outside the Schengen. I know, it's not the same, but sometimes beggars can't be choosers. ☹

Name: Karl

Motherland:

United States of America

Permit Type: Pending... and it's a secret

Útlendingstofnun just chooses people based on where they were born that has nothing to do with whether they'll contribute or not, whether they'll learn Icelandic, whether they have a criminal record. That's a real slap in the face for me; I was learning Icelandic and I knew that once my degree was over I would be kicked out. I was really trying to fit in here but they make immigration solely about where you're born."

Name: Shauna

Motherland:

United States of America

Permit Type: SF - Residence permit for qualified professionals

Before 2008 I could apply for a residence permit based on being financially independent and able to support myself in Iceland. Once I was here I started a company and then hired myself as an employee and reapplied for a residence permit based on employment.

"It felt really frustrating going through the process and seeing that I really wanted to be here for professional reasons and I really had to struggle, but other people from the EU could just come here if they felt like it. Also I was frustrated at the misinformation I seemed to be given at every step of the process by Útlendingastofnan and AHÚS, almost like it was deliberate. I felt I was misled about my options and I felt like I was being condescended to. A lot of foreigners seem to feel the same way."

Name: Gabriel

Motherland:

Brazil & United States of America

Permit Type: Citizen

"I came with a US passport, not a Brazilian passport - there are different types of non-EEA people 'unofficially.' Back then the restrictions weren't nearly as tough as they are now. It seemed like as the EU expanded so did the rules.

I worked for deCODE for two years then applied for school. I kept renewing my student visa without realizing that it wasn't counting toward any permanent residency so after five years I tried to get permanent residency but was told I wasn't eligible. I was also rejected by the Ministry of Justice since I had had a speeding ticket so I appealed directly to Alþingi - they evaluate cases individually and since I am well educated and look good on paper I was approved. I never had permanent residency, but I have citizenship. It's tougher now than when I arrived though. The laws are made to punish people who don't deserve to be punished."

The Importance Of Small Talk



I used to be one of the best. My small talk skills were immense.

I could keep up with anybody and make every small-talk session count. For an outsider looking in, there probably wasn't much to talk about. But for us, villagers in a town of 730, there was plenty to sink our teeth into. There was plenty to hold on to.

The isolation, the limitations, the no-internet-era, the mountains, wind, ocean, dark nights and amalgam of characters that made up the town's soul—these were the elements that stimulated and entertained me.

So, the small-talk skills came natural, just like being breastfed the essential nutrients—you just knew what to say. We would talk about things we didn't know anything about. The topic could last for days.

The town only had those seven hundred something souls. Many of them were too old to hold a conversation, and others were too young to talk. This left me with the rest of its inhabitants. There was no Internet, cinema, malls or anything of the sort. You didn't pick the hippest people to talk to. You made do with anybody you came across, a 62 year-old lady on your newspaper delivery route, and the 12 year old that got the first backyard basketball hoop.

You can only imagine the topics of discussion between all of us. But you'd be forgiven if you cannot. We just talked, elaborated, articulated, pretended and got involved. Debates were great too. I remember getting angry with a dock worker who was older than my dad because he claimed heavy metal was stupid and that my dad was a little weird for backing me up in my love for metal.

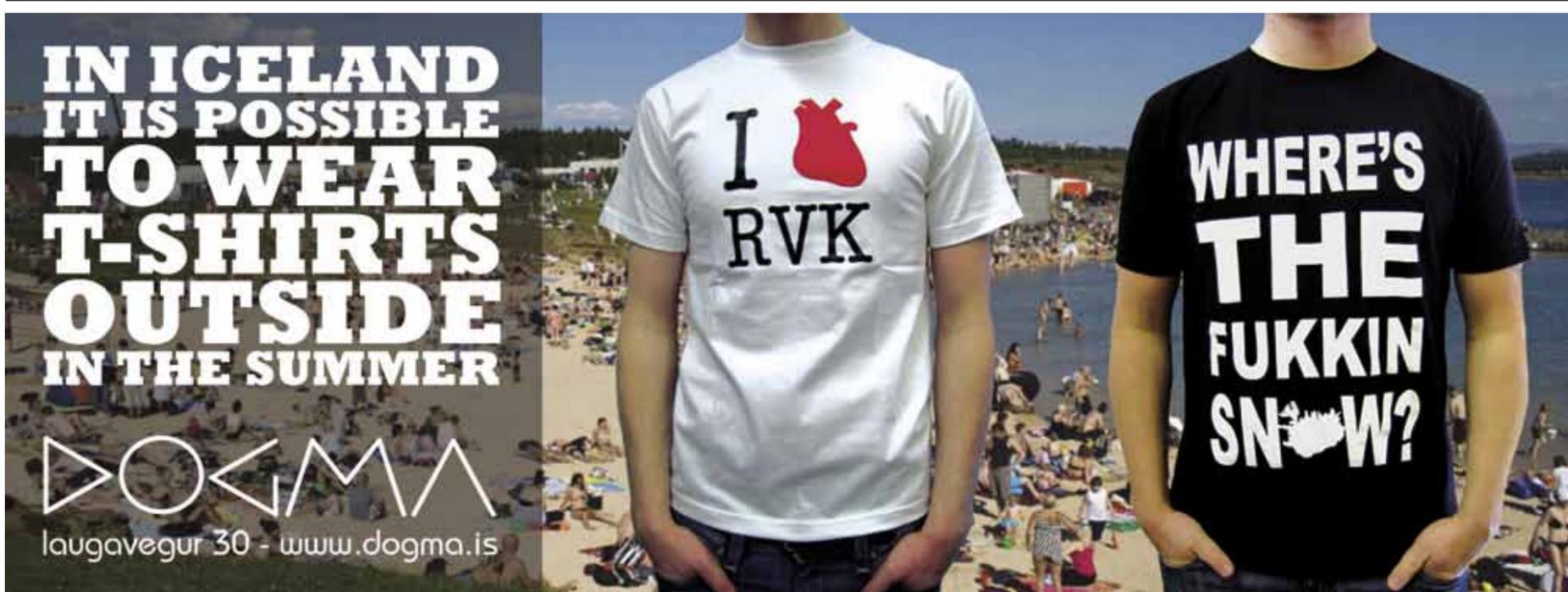
I was almost in tears. I hastily rode away on my BMX, fishing rod in one hand and three gutted cods dangling from my left handle bar. But it was great. This dockworker was an integral part of my reality and intellectual stimulation. We were all experts in this little town. We were all experts on matters regarding the neighbouring villages, too. We didn't need anything else. Yeah, the city was interesting and throbbing with fun things to do, and we'd go there once or twice a year. A nice change, but hardly relevant to us, just like Disneyland wasn't.

This lasted for 18 years. I was content and wanted little else. See, not having a choice provided me with the tools and skills to make the most of my little world. Later, I braved the world and my skills evaporated Bermuda Triangle style. More on that later. ☹

¹ Such is the all-powerful European Economic Area (EEA), plus Switzerland, because what did the Swiss ever do to you? Exactly.

² If you carry a passport for Andorra, Argentina, Australia, Brazil, Brunei Darussalam, Canada, Chile, Croatia, Costa Rica, El Salvador, Guatemala, Honduras, Hong Kong (HKSAR only), Israel, Japan, Macao (MACAOSAR only), Malaysia, Mexico, Monaco, New Zealand, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, San Marino, Singapore, South Korea, United States of America, Uruguay, Vatican, Venezuela... otherwise you need a visa to begin with. Sorry.

✍ CATHARINE FULTON
📧 JULIA STAPLES



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Passion For The Bean

Kaffismidja Islands will compete at the Nordic Barista Cup

Kaffismiðja Íslands is Reykjavík's Mecca for coffee enthusiasts. September 16–19, they will be bringing home the cream of the international crop as they co-host the Nordic Barista Championships.

Coffee shop, training centre and roastery, Kaffismiðja Íslands is the work of two eminent coffee professionals, Ingibjörg Jóna Sigurðardóttir and Sonja Björk Grant. Ingibjörg is a 2-time national barista champion and world finalist. Sonja's credits would fill the rest of this article: co-founder of the world barista championships, international judge, Icelandic barista coach...the list goes on. So we'll move on.

"I wanted a job in a pet shop. I have often thought that if I had gotten one, I would still be there, with a parrot on my shoulder," she tells me. Instead of hanging out with parrots, Sonja is running around her own coffee shop, bright red oven mitten on one hand and a plate of cinnamon rolls in the other, a knot of carrot red hair bouncing merrily on the side of her head.

At Kaffismiðja, Sonja is going back to basics and getting her hands dirty with the coffee. With their groovy pink roaster the Kaffismiðja ladies can try out new things in small batches, roasting a kilogram of beans at a time if they so wish. "It is so much fun to experiment!" she says.

Opened at the beginning of the year, word of mouth has quickly established a faithful following. At nine in the morning the place is packed with regulars, most of whom the guru greets like old friends.

"All these coffee nerds have been hiding in their closets. Now they've come out, come here and started talking," Sonja says about the community growing around the shop.

"A couple of months ago, I made the last shot of the Kenyan bean we had. There were ten people in the room who wanted to buy that shot! Nothing like that has ever happened to me," Sonja smiles. The Kenyan supply sold out months ago, yet the staff still receives regular enquiries.

In mid-September the Kaffismiðja ladies and their co-conspirators will stage an invasion as 100 extra coffee-geeks come to town for the Nordic Barista cup. The Reykjavík Art Museum—Hafnarhúsið—serves as venue for the event, which is open to the public on Saturday 18th—and with three world-champion baristas in town, the coffee should be decent.

Daily cafe duties, evening roasting sessions and organising the barista cup keep Sonja busy from dawn till dusk. I can't help but wonder what all this must do for her caffeine intake:

"I don't drink that much coffee," Sonja says, "maybe ten cups a day."



Kaffismiðja Islands is located at the corner of Frakkastigur and Káratigur. Open Monday through Friday 8.30 to 5pm, weekends from 9am to 4pm. www.kaffismidja.is

Nordic Barista Cup 16.9 - 19.9. www.nordicbaristacup.com

SARI PELTONEN
JULIA STAPLES

Why We Aren't Really Covering That Whole "Iceland Fashion Week Fiasco" Now But Might At Some Point

Apparently, something called Iceland Fashion Week was supposed to happen in Reykjavík last weekend. Apparently, a bunch of participating designers and their entourage got très pissed off when they arrived upon the site and realised the 'catwalk' they were meant to display their designs upon wasn't 'up to standard,' or 'as previously agreed upon,' or what have you.

Apparently, most of them pulled out of the show at the last minute, opting instead to throw their own 'Rebel Fashion Show' at NASA that same night.

Apparently, a shitstorm flew over Iceland last weekend. A fashion shitstorm. Lots has been written about this mess thus far, most of it on-line. Many people want to have their say. We read the press releases, the blogs, the on-line news reports. While at least one of the designers that dropped out seems to have done so merely because she was unhappy with her accommodations and the purported age of her whale watching vessel, many of the claims seem to have merit.



A fellow named Andrew Lockhart, apparently involved with organising the thing along with fashion pariah Kolbrún Aðalsteinsdóttir, called our office to speak his piece, and distance himself from the whole mess, as it were. We conducted an interview with the man, and he told us his side of the story. He gave some interesting quotes, and we may well use them at some point. When and if we cover the whole debacle.

Now. A running theme through all the blog entries seems to be: "Don't let this happen again. Don't let young designers from all over the world pay their way to Iceland to participate in an unorganised mess of a fashion week."

So, young designers from all over the world, be forewarned: Make sure to check the credentials of whoever you're paying money to participate in their events in the future. Just because an event has the word fashion in its title doesn't mean it is fashionable. Or valid.

If you think this all sounds like it would make for an interesting story, well, that's because it would. It's way interesting, as all tragedies are.

As far as we can tell, something blew up in someone's face, and someone has an awful lot of 'splaining to do. But we'll be damned if we participate in this whole mess, at least for the time being. We weren't there ('Iceland Fashion Week' forgot to invite us to their event), and every single account of the thing we've received seems heavily biased. So for now, you'll have to rely on Google for your Icelandic Fashion Week Scandal stories.

We'll maybe report something when folks calm down.

HAUKUR S MAGNÚSSON

When push comes to shove

Dear douchebags with no regard for the physical wellbeing of those around them:

You may not remember me, but we've met before. You slammed into me at full force while you were determined to get from point A to point B no matter the obstacles in your way at [insert any Reykjavík establishment or street name here] on [any date]. I wish I could say it's nice to be in contact with you again, but our primary meetings have not left positive impressions on me and have caused many aches and pains and, on occasion, mild bruising.

I write you today, not simply to express the physical hurt I have experienced on account of your flap-happy elbows and linebacker-esque shoulder actions—which, all in all, are inexplicable and entirely uncalled for—but also to express concern for you and your obvious lack of awareness of your immediate surroundings or physical motions. Why else would a highly functioning human being willingly push and collide with their peers in public places and at otherwise upbeat social settings?

I fear you may be living with a slightly malfunctioning hippocampus or cerebellum, responsible for your spatial navigation and sensory perception, coordination and motor control, respectively. Alternately, I saw an episode of House once in which a young girl had a case of CIPA so she could throw herself off the balcony in the fictional hospital's atrium and not feel a thing. It turned out she also had some massive worm living in her intestine that House removed surgically without administering an anaesthetic, ya know, because she can't feel anything. Maybe you have that? Not the massive intestinal worm. Maybe your inability to feel is the reason you forcefully knock into people in crowds and on the street. Do you just not feel it? If so, you should definitely get that checked out when you go look into that brain thing.

I'm worried about you, man. If you continue to violently push into people you're not going to make any new friends and you may even be relegated to a sad existence of solitude, settling for body-checking door frames from time to time just for the sake of maintaining what you construe to be normalcy. But it's not normal. And it's not very nice.

Please stop.

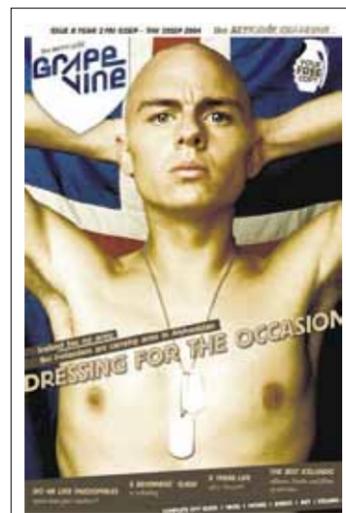
Your friend,
Everybody who's sick of being pushed and knocked by asshats like yourself.



Some people at the office were sceptical about tackling such a thorny issue as the Kárahnjúkar dam, but everyone was happy with the result. I had read a tiny piece in Fréttablaðið about a farmer on the east coast who was complaining about the dust that blew down from the dam. I decided to go all John Steinbeck with a piece called the Grapes of Vaði (the farmer's farm is called vaði). Robert and I did the story while Hörður and Hörður flew east to get the picture. Turned out the man had never even been to Reykjavík. This was an important story, as it came at a time when the Kárahnjúkar debate was just petering out. **VG**



I had interviewed Björk earlier in the summer, but her people kept us waiting for pictures. This may have been for the story to coincide with the release of the Medúlla album. In any case, the interview went really well. It was one of the first times a major artist took a stand in favour of piracy, and was quoted a lot. **VG**



Perhaps my favourite cover, and one of our best issues. Kristinn Hrafnsson wrote a great piece from the NATO base in Afghanistan. Also, Haukur Már Helgason did a really fun piece on whaling with a sword. They should make T-shirts of that cover. **VG**



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MEDIEVAL MANUSCRIPTS – EDDAS AND SAGAS
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The Story of the Icelandic Museum of Natural History



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Welcome to events and programmes of the Goethe-Institut in Iceland for Autumn 2009 – culminating in November when Germany celebrates 20 years “After the Fall”

3.-6. September

Dance/Conference
Reykjavik Dance Festival – Dance Exchange
Yvonne Whyte
www.dancefestival.is

23.-24. September

Lecture/Discussion
You are in Control – International Conference Reykjavik.
Milena Fessman - Cinesong, Birgit Hoff - Smarten -Up! u. Gerfried Stocker - Ars Electronica Linz.
www.icelandmusic.is/conferences

6.-12. September

Literature
Reykjavik International Literature Festival
Henning Arends
www.bokmenntahatid.is

17.-27. September

Film
RIFF – Reykjavik International Filmfestival:
Hans Christian Schmid, “Sturm”
and Insa Onken „Rich Brother”
English subtitles
www.riff.is

26. September

Seminar
International Day of Languages
Podcast-Project
University of Iceland
www.hi.is



Please note: The project “Bricks to Berlin” will come to Iceland in September/October ready for the Berlin domino event November 9th. www.mauerfall09.de/dominoaktion

NEW: Please follow our webpage www.goethe.de/island for German and English information on our goals, programmes, and activities in Iceland. Please find exact dates and venues of events at our partners' websites.

Radio To The Other Side

In search of the Real McCoy

Words

Marc Vincenz

Illustration

Inga María Brynjarsdóttir

"What stays inside you all your life, but leaves only when you're dead?"

"What is this? A riddle?" I ask the elderly gentleman sitting before me whose empty glass urgently needs a refill. 'Bacteria?'

He smiles, very wryly, at the corners of his lips.

"The soul! Of course, the soul," I say. The smile is still there. 'Is this a—um, trick question?'

"In a way," he says. "Normally the soul leaves the body after death, but it may not leave this Earth. Hell, it may not even leave the house; or, sometimes it finds a new body to take possession of."

Gústi, as we shall call him (he says he prefers to remain anonymous: "There are a lot of narrow-minded people out there") has been a soul-cleanser for near thirty years. Now he's retired, although he still occasionally takes a serious case when no one else is up to the deed. Those in the know say he's the best equipped to deal with spirits of the dead in all of Iceland. Looking at him, you'd assume that he's a retired auto-mechanic who lives down the road and gingerly tends his roses in his garden between cups of tea and afternoon naps.

Far from it. Aside from the soul-cleaning, he's also a hell of a spiritual healer, and maintains, along with numerous people affiliated with the Icelandic Parapsychological Society, that he has cured cancer on umpteen occasions.

He tells me the story of a teacher. "Well this guy left a message with the Society that he had terminal leukaemia. He hadn't told his wife and kids, and by the look of things, unless he could find some miracle soon, telltale signs would be showing up any day. Every Monday afternoon I dropped into the Society's offices and picked up the weekly five names. I had this guy's dossier under my arm on the way home, ate dinner with my wife, and then, set about healing the guy.

"Now this kind of healing doesn't usually happen overnight, and many times I have to do two or three sessions if it's something very severe. But one thing I can assure you, it absolutely works. The key with all things spiritual is..." [here we go again] "...energy: volume is important, but more so, its purity. Now I can't tell you the philosophical ins-and-outs of how it works, and to tell you the truth, I've never really asked. I just act as the funnel for them to do their work."

-Them?

"Spirits if you like—beings from

another realm; the dearly departed. Anyway, this teacher goes on an outing to the countryside with his class some few days after I've done the first session. Apparently, he wasn't feeling well, so he stayed in his hotel room while the class was out. He felt the ground was collapsing beneath him, and he saw all these shimmering lights before his eyes. He felt faint and lay down to have a rest. By the evening he was better, and he joined everyone for dinner. When he next went to the doctor, the doctor found that there wasn't a trace of the cancer in his system."

I'm stumped. I'm scribbling this stuff down like nobody's business. No wonder this guy wants to keep a low profile.

'So, Gústi,' I ask him. 'What about the...soul-cleansing? Did that start after the healing?'

"Yes. Healing is really what I trained for—I worked with a number of mediums to hone in on my skills; the soul-cleaning, or exorcism, if you will, came later. It all started when a woman contacted the Society asking for help. There was something in her house: paintings were constantly falling off walls, glasses moving by themselves and crashing to the floor. She and her husband could hardly sleep at night. They called in the local vicar, had him do what he called "a

blessing." I mean, don't get me wrong, blessing a home can only be a positive thing, give the house a good vibe—positive energy from the onset, you know. But in the here and now, when a spirit has decided to stay put for whatever reason, and believe me there are many, a blessing is not going to get him—or her—to leave.'

-So what made you feel you could deal with this?

"I don't rightly know. It was like the old adage: 'Your ears are ringing because someone is talking or thinking about you.' Well, my ears were ringing something terrible. I told them I would give it a go. And so, I approached it in much the same manner as I approached the healing. I meditated upon it, did my prayers quietly at home—you know I never enter the buildings I should cleanse. Wouldn't recognise the house owners if I saw them on the street. Anyway, this time, another set of beings came to me, not the same group as with the healings. These were, for lack of a better word, light beings. They are really quite transcendental, full of compassion and love. I have never asked, but you can tell they come straight from the heart of God."

-And so, you say these haunting spirits—poltergeists, are actually the, er, 'Un-departed,' souls who have not joined

with, what? The collective?

"There are two main types," he says with complete conviction: "Either way they all have something unresolved: there are those who are still waiting for some kind of promise to be fulfilled; or, quite common is that the people who lived in the house before created a bad energy in the house, and have attracted the dark spirits. This creates a kind of magnetism which draws the darkness or evil to it, just like a fly to marmalade."

-And these light spirits? What exactly do they do?

"Simple," he says. "The light spirits just grab the offending soul under his arms, explain the situation, and escort him off. It looks a little like they are rising away in a kind of light-elevator."

-An elevator into the heavens?

"Precisely," he says smiling.

-And what of human possession, The Exorcist-style? Have you experienced that?

"Yes. Once. A father had died, and in that instant he took over his son's body. It was quite mortifying for the mother."

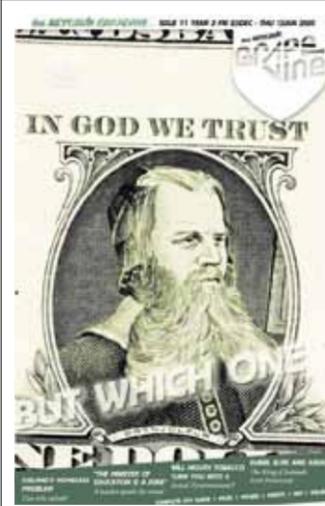
I'm bloody sure it was. ☹



Our first issue of our first winter season. Robert had departed and Paul F. Nikolov had come on full time. His energy spilled into the issue quite a bit. The cover was about the Beowulf film, then the most expensive film made here. It flopped, but Gerard Butler went on to be a star in 300. VG



We were all a bit worn out by this issue, and we weren't quite happy with it. I had just been to see a play about the Icelandic colony in Canada, so I wanted to do something about Iceland's relationship with North America. Somehow we wound up with a wrestler on the cover. Somebody had to go wrestle. Paul did the honours. VG



The God issue. We had been discussing it for quite some time, and we wanted to make up for the last one. Everybody went all out. Paul interviewed most of Iceland's religious leaders, asking them which side God was on in the teachers' strike. Höddi went to town as a graphic artist. My own contribution was above average. A nice way to celebrate Christmas. VG



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Reflecting on The Grapevine's First 100 Issues

Words

Haukur S. Magnússon

Photos

From Archive

The Reykjavík Grapevine has for some reason managed to stay in business for over six years and a hundred issues now. This is interesting for several reasons. More than anything, we were surprised when we realised that we had indeed made a hundred issues, and would be making issues for a while yet.

So we sat down with a big pile of our back catalogue and started flipping through it. Ah, memories. But not only memories, though. There was some genuinely great stuff to be found in there. Mostly we were awed by the ludicrous amounts of hard work and dedication a long, long line of editors and writers and photographers and designers and ad-sales people and illustrators and distributors and proofreaders and interns and coffee fetchers have shown throughout these hundred issues.

We felt an intense urge to mark this occasion somehow, to celebrate all the untold hours of hard work and all the untold (well, 4,644, to be exact) of discourse on, about, with and for Iceland, and its people and its visitors. And the band t.A.T.u.

Spread around issue 101, you will find the covers of every standard Grapevine issue we've published, with commentary and info from the people that created them. In the next couple of spreads, however, you will find stories, photos, quotes and statistics that emphasize the magazine's history, from its humble beginnings in a cramped 101 Reykjavík basement to its humble present in a cramped 101 Reykjavík penthouse.

We hope you enjoy.



Drinking Beer, Stealing Ideas, Founding The Grapevine

A founder reflects on the Grapevine's formative years

Words

Jón Trausti Sigurðarson

Photos

From Archive

2002 IN PRAGUE

Well, I'll be damned. I can't remember half of it. It was fall 2002. I had just moved into a little flat in a rather large suburb of Prague. It was during my "post-college find your self phase," and on that mission, my wingman and fellow self-seeker was my good friend Hilmar Steinn Grétarsson. Needless to say, the mission's goal was carefully sought on a bottom of a glass, through litres and litres of Staropramen beer. We actually never reached the bottom. But somewhere along the way, we ran into this Prague based bi-weekly alternative English-language newspaper, The Prague Pill, or "The Pill," if you will.

Since the notion of stealing The Pill's concept, adjusting it to Iceland and starting our own publication was born in a misty haze of lager, I can only guess how the initial conversation went, having no idea who said what:

A: I don't think we have anything like this back home, do we?

B: Nope

A: Should we make our own version of it and publish it in Reykjavík?

B: Sure.

During the next day's hangover, we bought a bunch of A3 paper, pens and Post-its and drew up outlines to what would eventually become the Reykjavík Grapevine. They haven't really changed since, although they are much improved by now.

FROM LAUGARVATN TO REYKJAVÍK

I turned 21, I moved back to Laugarvatn. I started work for my old school along with Hilmar Steinn. Then, in March 2003, and after some discussions with Oddur Óskar, and Eymar Plédel, who liked the idea, and with the reassurance and support of photographer Aldís Pálsdóttir, we rented our first office space. It was a 25 square metre cellar at Blómvallagata 2, 101 Reykjavík. It was also my first home in Reykjavík. I often slept on the floor. So did Oddur.

I was broke. I think we all were. But we believed in our mission: To start a bi-weekly alternative listings based English language tourist magazine in Reykjavík. How to accomplish that mission? We had no idea. We had no background in publishing, no background in marketing, sales, writing. Anything.

We didn't even know what to call the damn thing. Eymar's friend, jazz pianist and advertising mogul Ólafur Stephensen, suggested we'd call it Grapevine. As in "hearing things through the Grapevine." Nothing we had come up with was better than that. By adding Reykjavík in front of the Grapevine, we had a name. We had also stumbled across two promising young design students, Hörður and Gunni, who handed over to us the first layout, and Valur Gunnarsson, the editor-to-be, along with myself. Truly the only one we had met in the preceding two months leading up to the first issue, that had any writing talent, myself included. Aldís accepted the tough job of staff photographer, thereby becoming the embryonic publication's only trained staff member. ☺

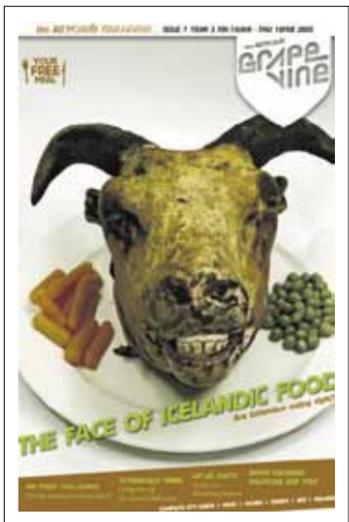
Contributing Writers, issues 1-100

Compiled by our interns, thanks to Páll Hilmarrson

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Christian Hoard		Kristrún Heiða Hauksdóttir	Óskara Þorvaldsdóttir	Þórunn Antonsson
Christopher Shillock			Óskara Þorvaldsdóttir	Þórunn Antonsson

Grapevine 101

#18 - ISSUE 1 - 2005



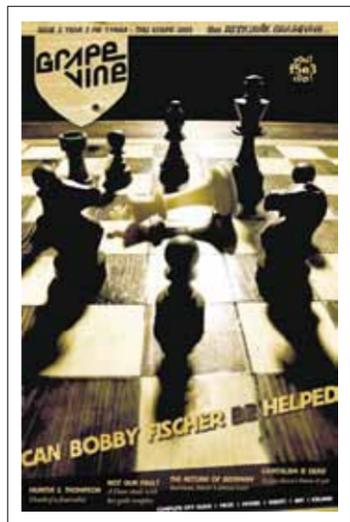
I would like to be able to say that no animals were harmed in making this issue, but I would be lying. One of our contributors was into raw food, and I was rethinking my diet. Still am. After the traditional Christmas blowout, we wanted to look at better ways to get nourishment. Or just stick with the traditional sheep's head. VG

#19 - ISSUE 2 - 2005



Paul's first feature. This was actually the only time we wrote a story related to a sponsor. But the cause was a good one, and I was happy to do it. A group of Icelanders took out an ad in the New York Times, saying that Iceland's endorsement of the invasion of Iraq was somehow a fitting end to my editorial career. Not sure how, but the dark cover kind of illustrates how I felt. Even if it was Höddi's work. VG

#20 - ISSUE 3 - 2005



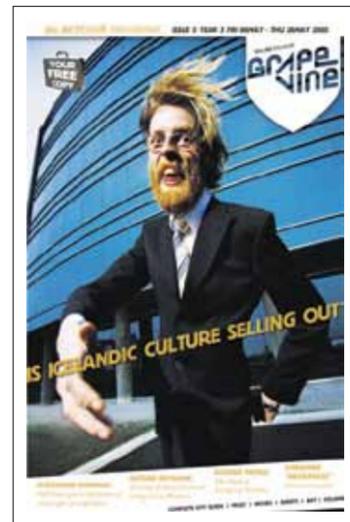
Having given Grapevine my all for the past two years, I was by now a spent force. I went off to write a book and found I had nothing more to say. The book eventually came out three years later: Watching Bobby Fischer come to Iceland was somehow a fitting end to my editorial career. Not sure how, but the dark cover kind of illustrates how I felt. Even if it was Höddi's work. VG

#21 - ISSUE 4 - 2005



Instead of putting Icelandic politicians on the cover, we got the guys who make fun of them for a living. We were afraid that putting Spaugstofan on the cover would be risky, because we would seem to be mainstream. Hip old us. This was the first issue of twenty seven that was edited by the Madison, Wisconsin native Bart Cameron. It was also the first issue to feature multiple covers, three in total. JT/OK

#22 - ISSUE 5 - 2005



This is the first issue to state "You may not like but at least it is not sponsored. (No articles are pay-for articles. The opinions expressed are the writers' own, not the advertisers')" in its masthead. It's been there since, and we stick by it. JT/OK



You are in Control

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What is to be gained, lost and learned?

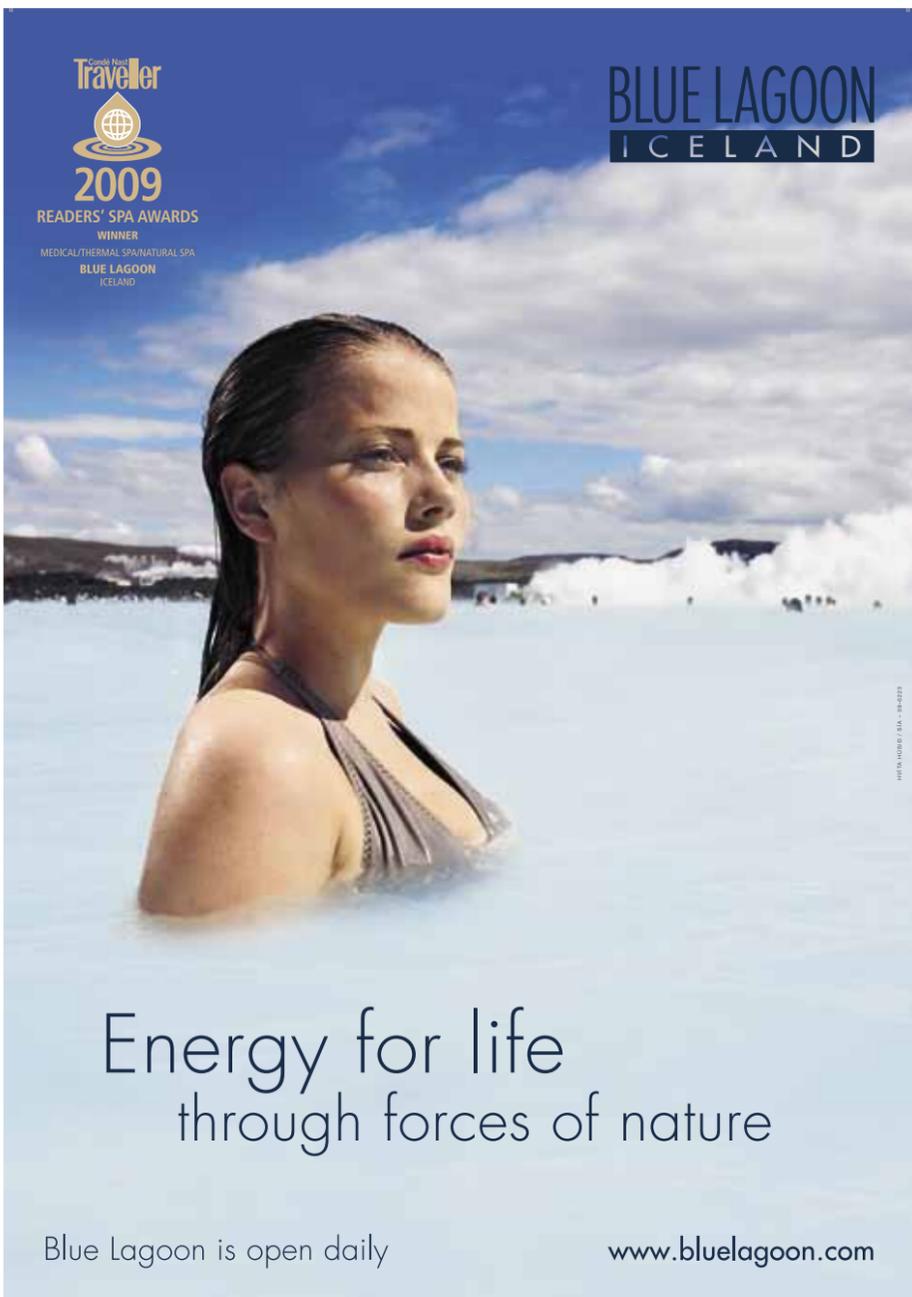
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- Jane Dyball, Warner/Chappell Music

"You are in Control offers a wealth of debate."
- Christopher Barrett, Music Week

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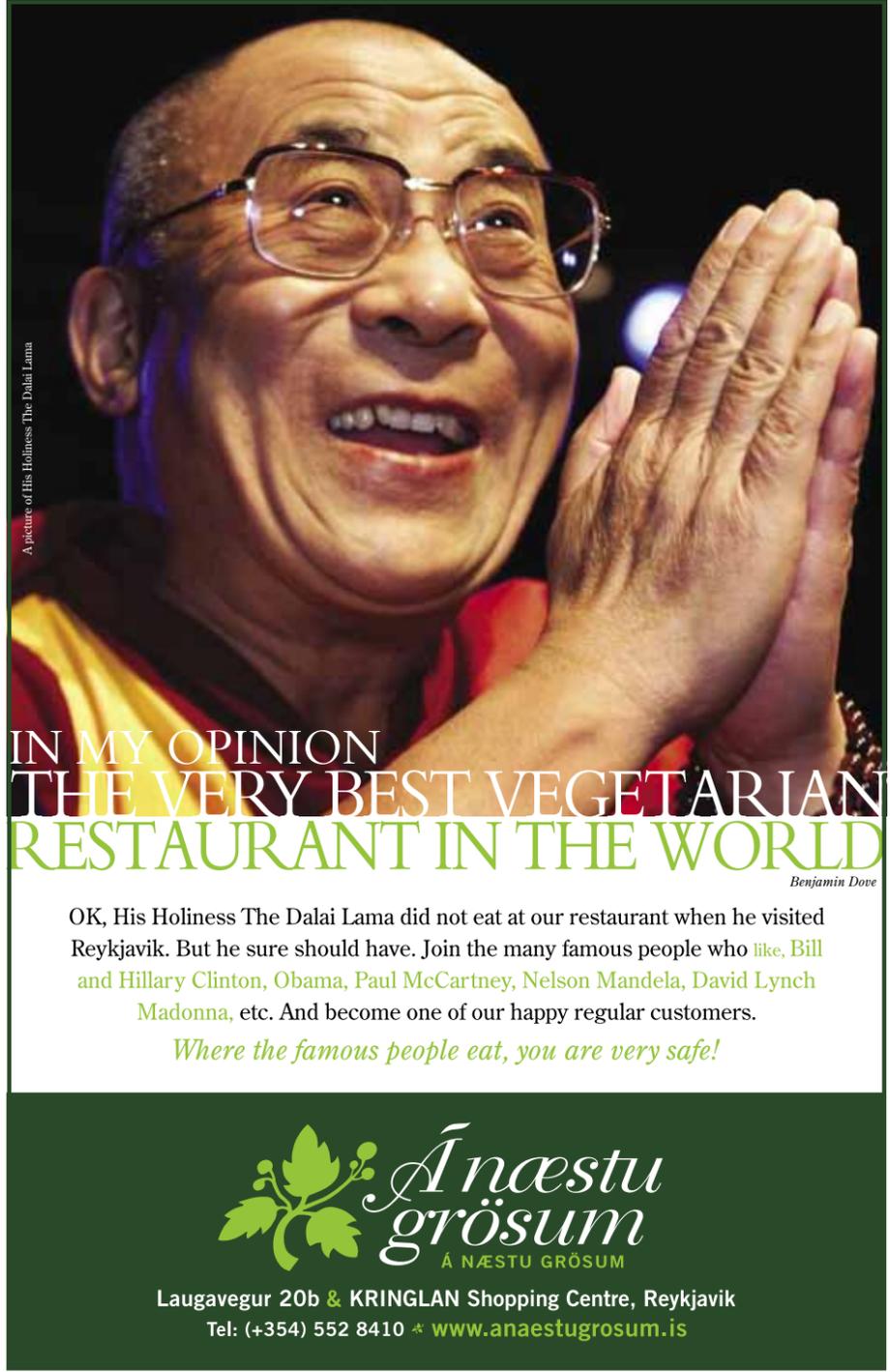




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A picture of His Holiness The Dalai Lama

**IN MY OPINION
 THE VERY BEST VEGETARIAN
 RESTAURANT IN THE WORLD**

Benjamin Dove

OK, His Holiness The Dalai Lama did not eat at our restaurant when he visited Reykjavik. But he sure should have. Join the many famous people who like, Bill and Hillary Clinton, Obama, Paul McCartney, Nelson Mandela, David Lynch Madonna, etc. And become one of our happy regular customers.

Where the famous people eat, you are very safe!


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That First Year Of Grapevines



Words

Jón Trausti Sigurðarson
& Oddur Óskar Kjartansson

Photos

From Archive

ISSUE 01 2003 - "JACKBOOTS ON ICE"

Notable: The first issue, the only issue at the time. The only issue to be 28 pages, ever.

Jóni: The first publication date was to set on June 6. Needless to say, by June 3rd, the set deadline day for that first issue, we really had nothing, a few articles by me, a few from random sources, a couple of ads sold by Hilmar and Eymar, a layout, a couple of photos by Aldís. Not enough to put out an issue, too few ads to pay for print.

We made a new deadline, and set it for June 11. The first issue should then be out Friday the 13th of June. Yeah, our lucky day.

By Monday the 9th, we were in trouble. Most the articles and photos were done, but the ad sales were still far from covering our printing cost. Tuesday morning, I decided that I'd try and do something about it. The first ad I sold was to a Whale Watching company in Keflavik - "Moby Dick". During the next 48 hours, I sold enough ads to pay for the print costs. During the nights, I worked on the content, collected listings information by walking around town, wrote some articles and slept very little.

At this point most of us were not sleeping, and our diet consisted of cigarettes that the nice guys at Kjötborg store would lend us, and coffee. Also from Kjötborg.

I lost twenty kilos that month. And gained a nasty habit of smoking. You win some, you lose some. I guess.

The issue went to print late Thursday. And I went to sleep for the first time since Tuesday. I felt pretty bad. I also felt pretty good.

Then came a new problem to deal with. How do you distribute 20,000 copies of a newspaper, and where do you distribute them? I remember reaching the conclusion that I had to borrow my parent's white Pajero jeep and drive it around the country to distribute to the rest of Iceland. I'm glad we just sent it by bus.

Some friends were called up. They showed up. We distributed the first issue. I was proud. By the way, you guys: Thank a bunch for that!

Oddur Óskar

Ahh, the first issue. After spending forty-some hours awake, we took it to the press. After sleeping for about six hours, we had to fix some major bugs and a big part of the layout. But seeing the paper rolling out the printing press was amazing. It is fun to look back on the days leading up to first issue—honestly, no one in the staff knew anything about what they were doing. We were constantly solving problems, and after we had finished the first issue, our next problem emerged: How much space do 20,000 copies of a newspaper take?

The first issue was full of bugs, the biggest being that our listed phone number in the paper was wrong and, yes, I take full responsibility for that. I still remember changing it from right to wrong—but the mind can play tricks on you when you have been up way, way, way past your bedtime and have been on a staple diet of coffee and well... some more coffee.

High point: Getting this thing published.

Low point: None.

Achievement: Pissing off the whole US Army in Iceland

Favorite quote: "Men seeking women, women seeking men, men seeking men, women seeking women, man seeking small animal" Valur Gunnarsson, page 26. Classified ads.

ISSUE 02 2003 - "THE RETURN OF THE PAGANS"

We kind of knew from start that the second issue would be even harder than the first one. It was kind of like what happens on the second show after the premiere. We were really stressed out in regards to get a good cover. When Aldís handed in the new cover I was convinced that it would almost impossible to do better than that. We were 100% certain that we had made the perfect cover. This would be hard to beat we thought. Yeah. We did think that at the time.

Notable: The cover is a "Photoshop masterpiece"

High point: Printing colour photographs for the first time.

Low point: Receiving death threats for the first time.

Achievement: Our first 'solid' issue.

Favorite quote: "Heavy Special + French Fries & Coke: Kr. 1.095 ISK" (who said ad copy can't be funny?).

ISSUE 03 2003 - "WHALES, HARPOONS AND OTHER WEAPONS OF MASS DESTRUCTION"

The whale issue. To be honest, we never really cared that much for this cover—it might be because the colours in the finished product are slightly off. But the only way to portray whaling was either to

a) hire a boat and stay around and try to get a epic photo of a whale, which was not really within our budget at the time, or

b) to get a someone to make a comic illustration of a whale and pay him for it—most probably in beer

High point: First illustrated cover. First (partly) actual classified section. Soon abandoned.

Low point: Printing a photo of boobs. Achievement: The first time we printed a photo of boobs.

Favorite quote: "Lonely co-editor seeks female company. Either individuals or groups. Preferably financially independent, but not a must. All enquires will be excepted." Page 30, Classifieds.

ISSUE 04 2003 - "GODLIKE GENIUS, DEVILISH GRIN"

Let's face it—this is an awesome portrait of Megas. Everything on this

cover fits neatly, good colours and a nice tagline. Judging by the cover one might think that the people behind this Issue in some way knew what they were doing.

High point: Megas

Low point: Making fun of a large sack of balls in print. Not mature at all.

Achievement: The first professionally looking cover, we think.

Favorite quote: On Bubbi: "Went to America to become world famous, was offered the part of Thor in some z-film on the conditions he did steroids, opted for cocaine instead, came home and went through in inevitable drug bender / rehab / mellow album about wife cycle." Page 13.

ISSUE 05 2003 - "AMUSING THE MUSES"

The cover art by Aldís has always been a favourite. Becoming the official culture night listings medium was a huge responsibility and a huge honour. And a huge amount of extra work for no amount of extra money.

High point: Paul F Nikolov writes his first article on immigration.

Achievement: Being the official culture night listings medium.

Favorite quote: "A picture of the picture in question, notice the absence of burning crosses, indicating that this is not the Ku Klux Klan, contrary to popular belief." Page 4, Letters.

ISSUE 06 2003 - "ICELAND VS. THE WORLD"

The summer was over. The experiment had ended, 6 issues. 3 months. It was back to school and hoping to have a return next year.

High point: Wulfmorgenthaler
Low point: This was the last issue of that summer. Hence, the next months would be a low point for the publishing industry in Iceland at that time.

Achievement: Getting through the first six issues with almost no casualties.

Favorite quote: "Since then I have invaded the American base in Keflavik, risked offending the old Gods by being drunk and obnoxious around their followers, seen and eaten many a whale in the interest of research, learnt, about the ultimate futility of existence through a three hour discussion with Megas, and, of course, gone horseback riding with a group of Swedes. My life has almost become what some people might call interesting." Page 5, Editorial, Valur Gunnarsson. ☺

Memorable Covers

#8 - ISSUE 3 - 2004



Our most famous cover, which got on the evening news, NPR and was even mentioned by the bishop in his address to parliament. It was our most misunderstood cover as well. The feature was about Icelandic women, and we thought it would be a nice twist to not have them blond and blue eyed. Because of this, we had problems borrowing a national costume. A lot of people think we set up the group that wouldn't lend us the costumes. We didn't, it was Channel Two who called them and they responded, rather unfortunately, with the words: "Iceland's future isn't black, but perhaps yellow." A media storm followed which we had little to do with. Full kudos to Hörður and Hörður for a nice picture. **VG** Says Hörður Kristbjörnsson: Without a doubt the cover that put us on the map. A great idea that touched a lot of people. However, when looked at from a strict design angle, it perhaps isn't as good as it could have been. A bit clumsy and dark. **HK**

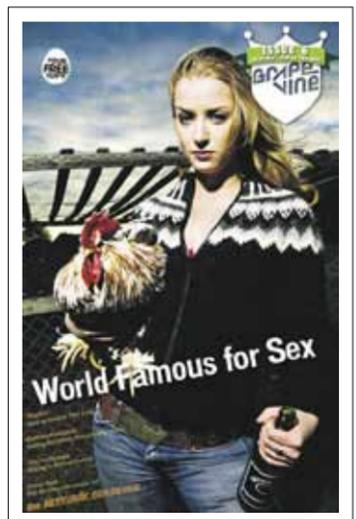
#56 - ISSUE 5 - 2007



This is probably my all-time favorite, although putting it together was a hassle. Two days before print, we were still out of ideas. Earlier I had decided to pass on an opportunity to interview Björk for the issue. At the time, she was promoting her Volta album, and had already done a million interviews. I didn't see what we would add to that media circus, and I didn't want to do it just for the sake of doing it. So, there we were, two days before print, and we had no idea what to put on the cover. Gunni and I started to look at some great examples of graphic design done right for inspiration. We came across the magnificent Obey / Andre the Giant poster, with his face illustrated with the word "obey." We discussed how it would be cool to make an image out of words, using an actual interview, and only have the interview on the cover. We looked at each other, it was as simple as that. This was the unique twist for a Björk interview we needed. The problem now was that Björk had already left Iceland for her world tour, and I think she was in Brazil at the time. I quickly fired off an email to her people, explaining that we had a great idea for a Björk cover and all we needed was for her to answer a few questions. She agreed to a short email interview, and we got it just in time to finish the cover design before shipping the issue off to print. The interview was listed in the table of contents as "The Hidden Björk Interview" and was only published on the cover. Some people probably missed it. It came out great though, and I remember it was featured on a widely read magazine design blog - but we were this close to not pulling this cover together. **SBB**

Grapevine 101

#23 - ISSUE 6 - 2005



The first issue where now-MP Birgitta Jónsdóttir acted as art correspondent. Random headline: "Sunday Time Shocked That Blue Lagoon Doesn't Cure Cancer". This issue also included an editorial that pissed off every journalist in Iceland. Entitled "Four newspapers, twelve magazines, no press," we'll be damned if it didn't have a lot of merit, as later events have proved. The issue also featured a new logo and marked the beginning of the first Grapevine concert series, the "Grapevine Bad Taste Summer Concert Series". **JT/OK**

#24 - ISSUE 7 - 2005



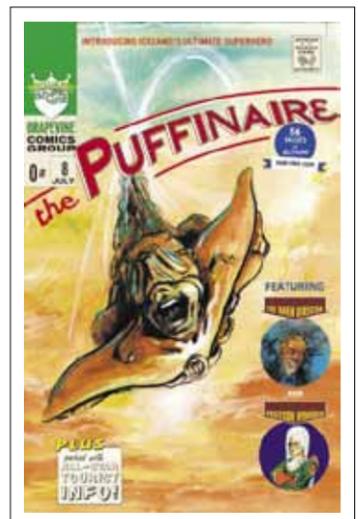
We used advertisement space to promote our newly opened Grapevine Info kiosk. A quote from the feature: "How am I supposed to remember what I meant by what I said ten years ago?" - Former shell CEO, Gunnar Karl Guðmundsson. "He doesn't have to remember exactly what he said: the emails are pretty conclusive." Grapevines' staff journalist Paul F. Nikolov reports on the Icelandic oil scandal. **JT/OK**

#25 - ISSUE 8 - 2005



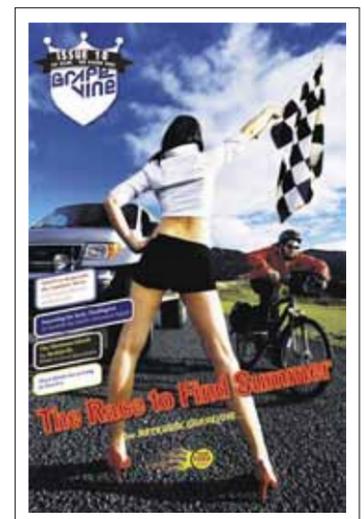
We told you so! In this issue, Grapevine started asking questions about the so-called "Icelandic economic wonder". Please take the time to read the Haukur Már Helgason speech, written, but sadly not performed, for the Icelandic President on the occasion of the 61st anniversary of Iceland's independence. **JT/OK**

#26 - ISSUE 9 - 2005



Here's a great idea: making an all-illustrated 'comic' issue of the Grapevine! Ehrm. Well the idea was good, the issue is awesome, but it nearly killed the entire staff. Quoth Bart Cameron: "A gleeful disaster of an issue." Quoth chief designer Hörður Kristbjörnsson: "Without a doubt one of the hardest issues I have ever sent to print, while at the same time one of the most ambitious ones. A favourite. We celebrated the release of the issue by opening a comic art exhibition at the Bad Taste Gallery. To this day, it is the only exhibition this publication has ever opened. **JT/OK**

#27 - ISSUE 10 - 2005



Oh good "economic boom" times. Remember when Icelanders could import any international band? In this issue alone, we review concerts by Duran Duran, Anthony & The Johnsons and The Foo Fighters. **JT/OK**

The REYKJAVÍK GRAPEVINE **iNFO**



Music, Art, Films and Events Listings + Eating, Drinking and Shopping + Map

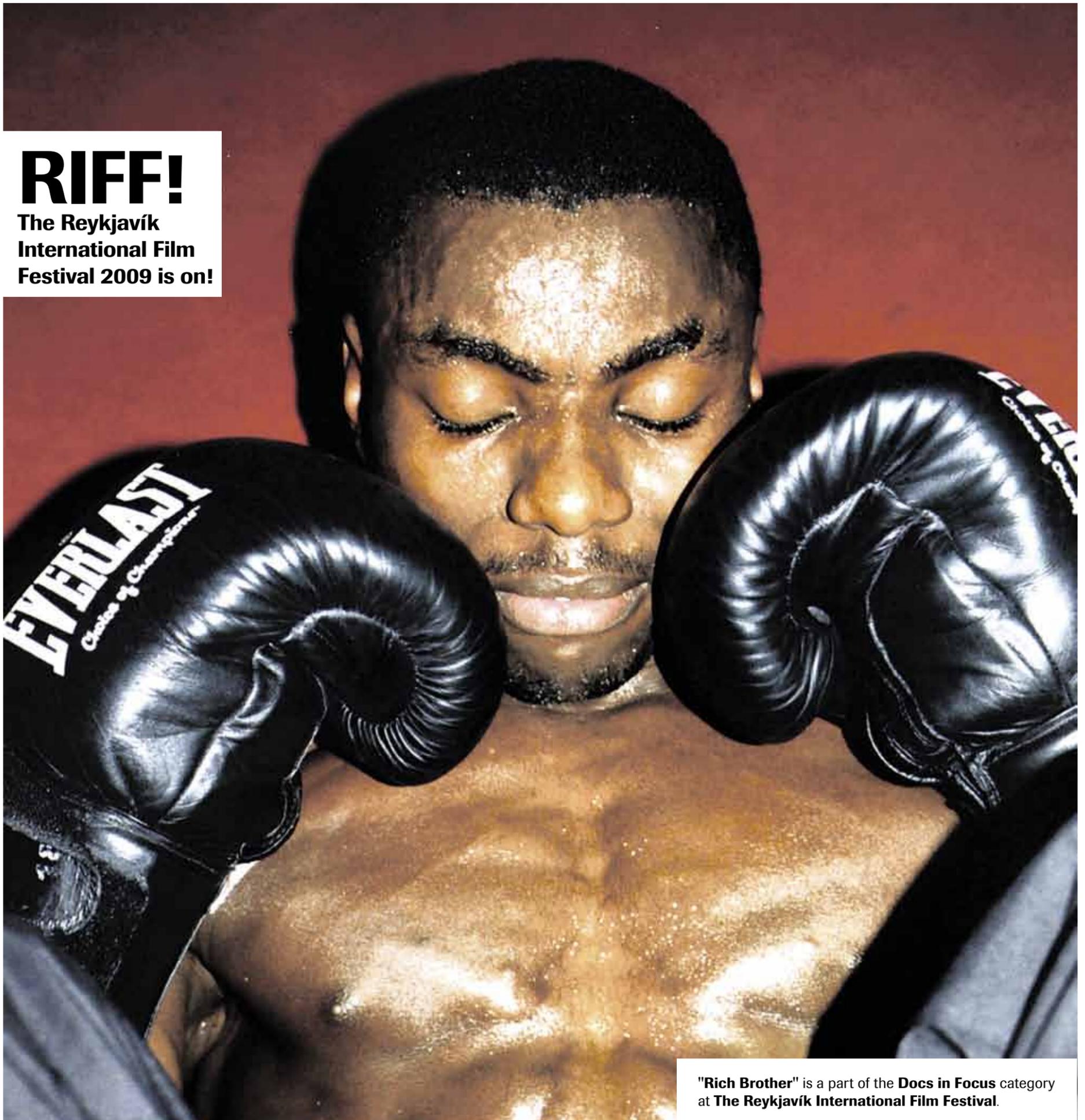
YOUR ESSENTIAL GUIDE TO LIFE, TRAVEL AND
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Issue 14 2009

www.grapevine.is

RIFF!

The Reykjavík
International Film
Festival 2009 is on!



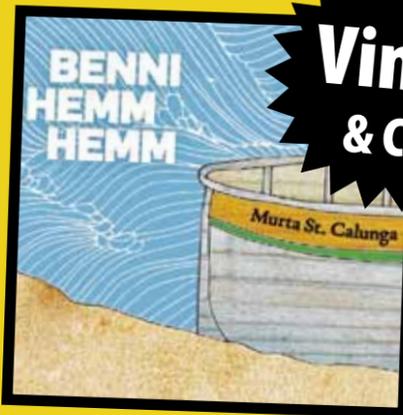
"Rich Brother" is a part of the **Docs in Focus** category
at The Reykjavík International Film Festival.

Analogue oldies and digital goldies



**BRAK
#8**

ME, THE SLUMBERING NAPOLEON
f *Marske By The Sea*



**Vinyl
& CD**

BENNI HEMM HEMM f *Murta St. Calunga*

★★★★★ *Fréttablaðið*



**Vinyl
& CD**

SKAKKAMANAGE f *All Over The Face*

★★★★★ / *Morgunblaðið*



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

11 FRI

B5
22:00 DJ Funky Fleivur.
Bakkus
22:00 DJ Musician Record Re-
lease with guests.
Bar 11
22:00 DJ Maggi.
Celtic Cross
01:00 Live Music.
Cultura
22:00 House DJs.
Dubliner
22:30 Live Music.
English Pub
22:00 Live Music.
Grand Rokk
22:00 Útidúð, Miði, Helgi Valur
and more.
Hressó
22:00 Dalton and DJ Maggi.
Jacobsen
22:00 Fykk Off...
Kaffibarinn
23:45 DJ CasaNova.
Kaffi Zimsen
22:00 DJs Nino and Dramatík.
Prikið
22:00 Húsbandið and Danni
Deluxxe.
Rósenberg
22:00 Hrafnaspark and Unnur
Birna.
Sódóma
22:00 Kimi Records Night.

12 SAT

B5
22:00 DJ Sir Mix A Lot.
Bakkus
22:00 DJ KGB.
Bar 11
22:00 DJ Biggi Maus.
Celtic Cross
01:00 Live Music.
Cultura
22:00 House DJs.
Dubliner
22:30 Live Music.
English Pub
22:00 Live Music.
Grand Rokk
22:00 Singapore Sling and guests.
Hressó
22:00 Silfur and DJ Maggi.
Kaffibarinn
23:45 DJ Kári.
Kaffi Zimsen
22:00 DJs Nino and Dramatík.
NASA
00:00 Techno.is with KAMUI.
Prikið
22:00 Kocoon and DJ Gísli&Benni.
Rósenberg
22:00 Hrafnaspark and Unnur
Birna.
Sódóma
22:00 Sólstafr, Sororocide and 13.

13 SUN

Bakkus
22:00 Country Night.
Dubliner
22:30 Live Music.
Kaffi Zimsen
22:00 Movie night.
Prikið
23:00 Hangover Cinema screening
True lies. Free popcorn.
Rósenberg
22:00 Moddi.

14 MON

Dubliner
22:30 Live Music.
Kaffi Zimsen
21:00 Best Friends Day. 2 for 1 beer.
Prikið
22:00 DJ Gauti.
Rósenberg
22:00 HEK.

15 TUE

Dubliner
22:30 Live Music.

Prikið
22:00 Kokteílbandið.
Rósenberg
22:00 HEK.

16 WED

B5
22:00 Three Voices.
Bakkus
22:00 DVD Release Party: Me &
Bobby Fischer.
Dubliner
22:30 Live Music.
Kaffi Hjómáland
18:00 Ghetto Yoga.
Kaffibarinn
22:00 DJ Óli Dóri.
Prikið
22:00 Introbeats.
Rósenberg
22:00 South River Band.

17 THU

B5
22:00 DJ Jay Oh!
Bar 11
22:00 Kreppa Nights with live music.
Beer and shots for 400ISK.
Batteríð
21:00 Réttir Grapevine Party featur-
ing Johnny Stronghands, Nolo
and Útidúr.
Cultura
22:00 House DJs.
Dubliner
22:30 Live Music.
English Pub
22:00 Live Music.
Grand Rokk
22:00 Morning After.
Hitt Húsið
20:00 The Thursday Teaser Concert
Series with Mikado & guests.
Hressó
22:00 Jogvan and Vignir.
Kaffibarinn
22:00 FKNHNSM DJs.
Kaffi Zimsen
22:00 Ólafsvaka night. Beer for 490
ISK.
Prikið
22:00 Moonshine.
Rósenberg
22:00 Trúbatrix.
Sódóma
22:00 Bacon album release show.

18 FRI

B5
22:00 DJ Funky Fleivur.
Bakkus
22:00 DJ Kári.
Bar 11
22:00 DJ Biggi Maus.
Celtic Cross
01:00 Live Music.
Cultura
22:00 House DJs.
Dubliner
22:30 Live Music.
Grand Rokk
22:00 Caterpillar Man, Bob,
Mammút and more.
Kaffibarinn
23:45 Gísli Galdur.
Kaffi Zimsen
22:00 DJs Nino and Dramatík.

Music & Entertainment | Venue finder

Amsterdam
Hafnarstræti 5 | D3

Apótek
Austurstræti 16 | E3

B5
Bankastræti 5 | E4

Babalú
Skólavörðustígur 22 | F5

Batteri
Hafnarstræti 1-3 | D3

Bar 11
Laugavegur 11 | E5

Barbara
Laugavegur 22 | F6

Bjarni Fel
Austurstræti 20 | E4

Boston
Laugavegur 28b | F6

Café Cultura
Hverfisgata 18 | E5

Café Paris
Austurstræti 14 | E3

Balthazar
Hafnarstræti 1-3 | D3

Celtic Cross
Hverfisgata 26 | E5

Dillon
Laugavegur 30 | F6

Dubliner
Hafnarstræti 4 | D3

English Pub
Austurstræti 12 | E3

Glaubar
Tryggvagata 20 | D3

Grand Rokk
Smiðjustígur | E5

Highlander
Lækjargata 10 | F3

Hressó
Austurstræti 20 | E4

Hverfisbarinn
Hverfisgata 20 | E5

Jacobsen
Austurstræti 9 | E3

Kaffi Hjómáland
Laugavegur 23 | F6

Kaffi Zimsen
Hafnarstræti 18 | E4

Kaffibarinn
Bergstræðastræti 1 | F5

Karamba
Laugavegur 22 | F6

London/Reykjavík
Tryggvagata 22 | D3

NASA
Þorvaldсенstræti 2 | E3

English Pub
22:00 Live music.

Hemmi & Valdi
22:00 Une Soirée du Twist.

Hressó
22:00 Eypór & Andri and DJ Elli.

Prikið
22:00 Húsbandið and Addi Intro.

Rósenberg
22:00 Live Music.

Sódóma
22:00 Jack.

19 SAT

Bakkus
22:00 DLX ATX and DJ Óli Dóri.

Bar 11
22:00 DJ Maggi.

Celtic Cross
01:00 Live Music

Cultura
22:00 House DJs.

Dubliner
22:30 Live Music.

English Pub
22:00 Live Music.

Grand Rokk
22:00 Pínu, Retrön, Sudden
Weather Change and Sykur.

Hressó
22:00 Menn Ársins and DJ Fannar.

Kaffibarinn
23:45 Alfons X.

Kaffi Zimsen
22:00 DJs Nino and Dramatík.

Prikið
20:00 Lúdd and Stefán live with DJ
Danni Devito Deluxe.

Rósenberg
22:00 Live Music.

Sódóma
22:00 FM Zúbergrúppan.

20 SUN

Bakkus
22:00 Country Night.

Dubliner
22:30 Live Music.

Kaffi Zimsen
22:00 Movie night.

Prikið
23:00 Hangover Cinema screening
Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles. Free
popcorn.

Rósenberg
22:00 Þrjár Raddar.

21 MON

Dubliner
22:30 Live Music.

Kaffi Zimsen
21:00 Best Friends Day. 2 for 1 beer.

Prikið
22:00 DJ Gauti.

Rósenberg
22:00 Símon and Co.

22 TUE

Dubliner
22:30 Live Music.

Prikið
22:00 Kokteílbandið.

Rósenberg
22:00 Trúbatrix.

Nýlenduvörurverzlun Hemma
& Valda
Laugavegur 21 | F5

Næsti Bar
Ingólfstræti 1A | E5

Óliver
Laugavegur 20A | F5

Ólstofan
Vegamótastígur | F5

Prikið
Bankastræti | F5

Rósenberg
Klapparstígur 25 | F6

Sódóma Reykjavík
Tryggvagata 22 | D3

Sólón
Bankastræti 7A | E4

Thorvaldсен
Austurstræti 8 | E3

Vegamót
Vegamótastígur 4 | F5

23 WED

- Batterið**
18.00 Reykjavík Round-Up.
- Dubliner**
22:30 Live Music.
- Grand Rokk**
20.00 Reykjavík International Film Festival.
- Kaffi Hljómalind**
18:00 Ghetto Yoga.
- NASA**
18.00 Reykjavík Round-Up.
- Prikið**
22.00 Introbeats.
- Rósenberg**
22:00 Árstíðir.
- Sódóma**
18.00 Reykjavík Round-Up.

24 THU

- Bakkus**
22.00 Riff Sound On Sight Mal-neirophrenia.
- Bar 11**
22:00 Kreppa Nights with live music. Beer and shots for 400ISK.
- Batterið**
18.00 Reykjavík Round-Up.
- Cultura**
22:00 House DJs.
- Dubliner**
22:30 Live Music.
- English Pub**
22:00 Live Music.
- Grand Rokk**
20.00 Reykjavík International Film Festival.
- Hressó**
22.00 Böddi and Davíð.
- Kaffi Zimsen**
22:00 Ólafsvaka night. Beer for 490 ISK.
- NASA**
18.00 Reykjavík Round-Up.
- Prikið**
22.00 Stand up with Dóra DNA.
- Rósenberg**
22:00 Guðbjörg and Blúsband.
- Sódóma**
18.00 Reykjavík Round-Up.



Sólstafrir & XIII
Sódóma ☺ 22:00PM
September 12th
1000 ISK

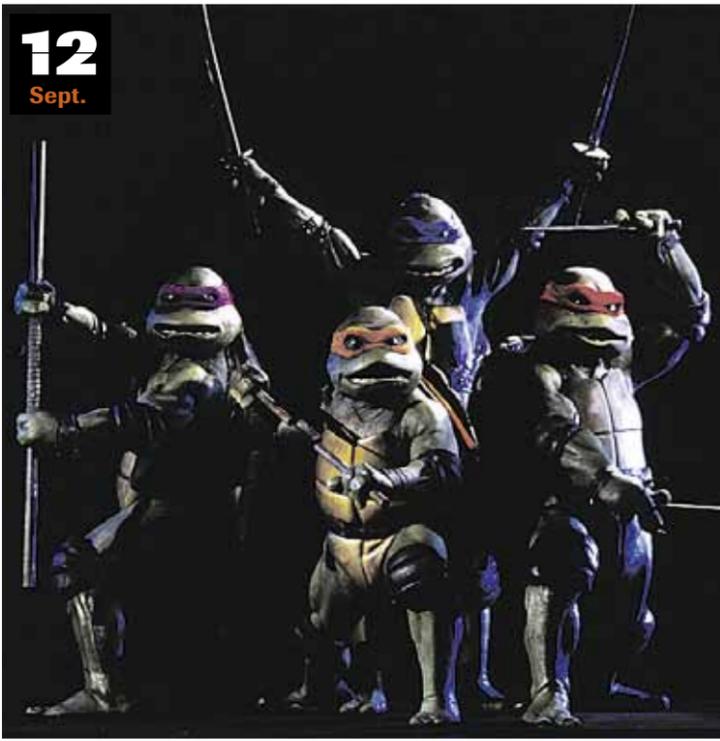
Oh, these dark nights upon us. Doesn't one start feeling the need to brood, shout and thrash about? I should hope so anyway. What better way to do it than at this show! Epically heavy, soaring and heart-wrenching. Sólstafrir doles out a brand of metal that slays. Whether you headbang or sway, you'll be well taken care of. Sólstafrir play with Icelandic old-schoolers XIII, complete with their original 1993 line up. Completely unmissable for the true connoisseur of classic Icelandic metal or for one hunting for hidden gems. Your dark, brooding heart will thank you. **RL**

Grapevine Events
September

17 Batterið
☺ 9 pm
Gathering the Herd
Grapevine Party in anticipation of Réttir.
Lineup:
Johnny Stronghands, Nolo, Útidúr

23 to 26 Grapevine Grassroots + Grapevine Grand at Réttir Festival featuring select artists.
More info elsewhere this issue.

12 Sept.

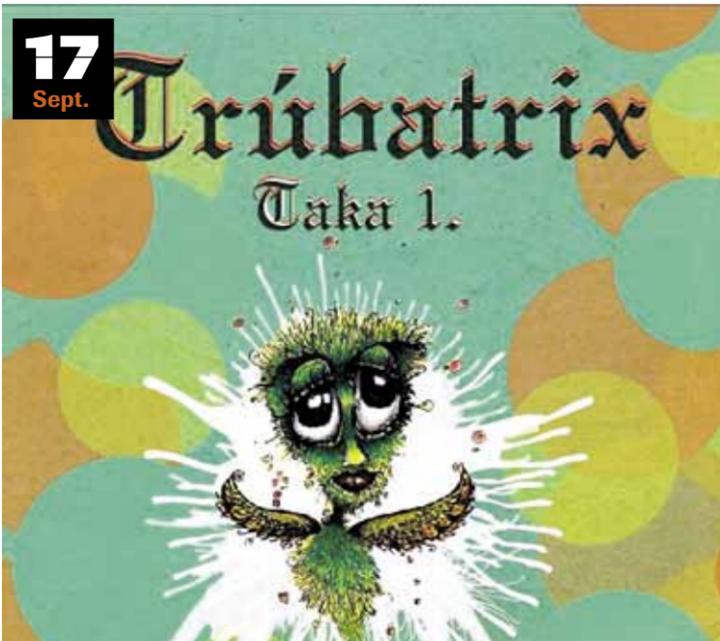


Turtle Power!
Hangover Cinema at Prikið ☺ 23:00PM

September 12th

Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles, Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles, Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles, turtles in a half shell... TURTLE POWER! The year is 1990, a gang of wayward teenagers calling themselves the Foot Clan are running amok in New York, mugging helpless female journalists and carrying out other evil deeds in the name of their metal-clad cheese-gratteresque ninja master, The Shredder. Naturally, the only worthy opponents to this criminal gang set on destroying the morality of New York is an anthropomorphic rat trained in combat and his four similarly evolved reptilian understudies. Will this beastial bunch of ninja warriors succeed in thwarting the Foot's reign of terror throughout the city? Will female journalists be able to walk the streets without fear of attack by masked men and live to fall in love with alternately masked men? Find out Sunday the 12th at Prikið! Cowabunga! **CF**

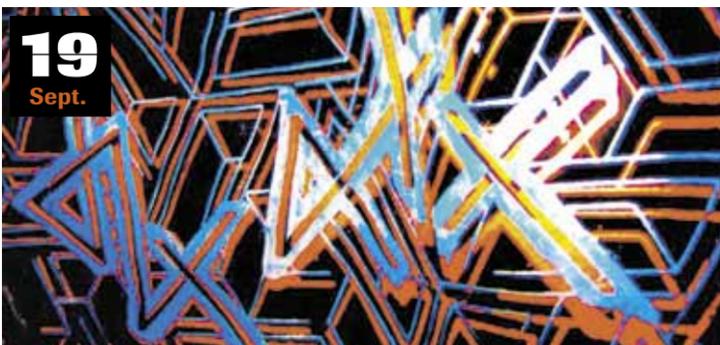
17 Sept.



Trúbatrix
Rósenberg ☺ 22:00PM
September 17th

Sisterhood. Fuck yeah. Rounding up all the wonderful, talented female musicians Iceland offers (and always on the hunt for more), the Trúbatrix collective aims to create visibility and opportunities for all women in music, known and unknown, both locally and globally. Having just released their first compilation album, Taka 1, they are now in constant demand to grace us with their live presence. They have been off on tour all summer, so now we are lucky enough to have them back in town to make us swoon with their lovely voices. jester, Svavar Knutur, getting you well tuned for the weekend. **RL**

19 Sept.



DLX ATX & DJ Óli Dóri
Bakkus ☺ 22:00PM
September 19th

If you're itching for a night of dark, dirty grindpop, mark your calendar and practice your scissor kicks. The bass and drum duo DLX ATX are taking over Bakkus on the 19th with their self-described "deformed Gothic drum-and-bass dansa shizzle." The pair will give an old Death From Above 1979 fan a good run for their money, with more gut-wrenching bass licks and sexy, twisted beats than they're accustomed to. DJ Óli Dóri will be around to set the dance party in motion while you liquor up and get the fuck down. Wear a wifebeater: guaranteed sweat stains. **RL**



Aben hverdag
fra kl. 14:00
(the only danish kro in Iceland)
Ingólfsstræti 3 101 Rvk

Sódóma
REYKJAVÍK

11/9:
Me, The Slumbering Napoleon
Morðingjarnir + Plastic Gods

12/9:
Sólstafrir - 13 - Disaster Songs

17/9:
Bacon - Æla

18/9:
Mammút - Cliff Clavin - Jan Mayen

19/9:
TBA

23-26/9:
Réttir

Reykjavík Round Up Music Festival

Sódóma Reykjavík - Live Music Venue
Tryggvagata 22
101 Reykjavík



Are you local?
...you can be for a night!

Hangikjöt, plokkskur and harðfiskur are as interesting to eat as they are to pronounce. After dinner, stay for the "frábæra" live music and our "fræga" Reykjavik nightlife.



Íslenski Barinn
Reykjavík

www.islenskiabarinn.is • info@islenskiabarinn.is
The Icelandic Bar • Austurvöllur • Reykjavík • Tel: 578 2020

Numismatic Museum



The Central Bank and National Museum of Iceland jointly operate a numismatic collection that consists of Icelandic notes and coins, foreign money from earlier times, especially if mentioned in Icelandic sources, and more recent currency from Iceland's main trading partner countries. A selection from the numismatic collection is on display in showcases on the ground floor of the Central Bank's main building.

Situated in the Central Bank's main building in Kalkofnsvegur 1, Reykjavík. Open Mon.-Fri. 13:30-15:30. Free admittance.




sushimi□jan

**RESTAURANT
BAR & TAKE AWAY
OPIÐ TIL 22:00**



VÍKIN MUSEUM CAFÉ
Traditional Icelandic delicacies!

OPENING HOURS:
Summer (June 1st – September 14th)
Daily from 11am to 5pm
Winter (September 15th – May 31st)
Tuesdays – Sundays from 1pm to 5pm

VÍKIN
MUSEUM BY THE SEA
MARITIME MUSEUM | GRANDAGARÐI 8 | REYKJAVÍK
WWW.SJOMINJASFN.IS

MUSIC SEPTEMBER

– continued –

OUTSIDE REYKJAVÍK

Borgarnes
The Icelandic Settlement Centre
September 12
Stormar & Styrjaldir 8pm
September 19
Bandið Bak Við Eyrað 4pm
September 20
BRÁK 4pm
September 24
BRÁK 8pm

Ísafjörður
Kaffi Edinborg
September 11
Gunnar Þórðarson 8.30pm

Egilsstaðir
Valaskjálfr
September 12
Á Móti Sól 11pm

Selfoss
800 Bar
September 11 *Ibiza Night with DJ Óli Geir & Co* 11pm
Admission 1000 ISK
September 12
Dalton playing live 11pm
Admission 1500 ISK

Keflavík
Paddy's
September 11 *Sirkus*
Midnight
Free entrance
September 12 *Sirkus*
Midnight
Free entrance
September 15
Pub quiz
9pm
Free entrance
September 19 B
jarki Hall
Midnight
Free entrance



**12
Sept.**

Dance, Sing, Air Guitar
Grand Rokk ⌚ 22:00PM
Pinu, Retrön, Sudden
Weather Change, Sykur
1000 ISK

If you're looking for an evening of pure musical pleasure and spectacle look no further than the sensational line-up combining their musical prowess at Grand Rokk on the 19th. Pinu, Retrön, Sudden Weather Change and Sykur! These guys will figuratively blow your socks off with their super catchy pop-rock, hard hitting video game inspired metal and ultra fun electronica. There will be dancing, there will be screaming and there will be reason to engage in some serious air guitar. Also, there will be men in spandex pants and tank tops. Hot. **CF**



A Round-Up Everyone Can Enjoy!

Multiple Locations - 3500 ISK (4-day passes),

2000 - 2900 ISK (Single night passes)

The term 'réttir' being uttered in the Icelandic Autumn would typically bring compassionate tears to a vegetarian's eyes and hunger pains to carnivorous stomachs, anticipating the fresh lamb and sheep by-products coming to a nearby table in the not-so-distant future. The Round-Up on everybody's lips this autumn, however, is one that will unite the masses for four nights of musical feasting that will leave herbivores and meat-eaters alike salivating and begging for seconds.



The first ever Reykjavík Round-Up is the love child of gogoyoko's Eldar Ástþórsson and Borgin's Steinþór Helgi Arnsteinnsson, conceived in the heat of Inniþúkin when the two high-rollers in Reykjavík's music scene noted what a massive opportunity there was for a musical endeavour in late September running alongside both the Reykjavík International Film Festival and the You Are in Control music, arts and media conference. For such a concise planning period this Round-Up is a sizeable endeavour and will herd together well over fifty acts and DJ's to be devoured by their adoring public. Mugison, Hjaltalin, Ensími, FM Belfast, Mammút, Reykjavík!, Berndsen, <3 Svahnvít. Drooling yet?

Live music Mecca's NASA, Sóðóma Reykjavík and Batterið will be the primary execution points for the Round-Up, accessible to everybody wearing the ridiculously cheaply priced 4-day wrist-band. Seriously people, it's only 3500 ISK for all four days. That's 'bargain basement' if ever the cliché were applicable. Jacobsen and Grand Rokk will be hosting some choice events open to wrist-banders and single ticket holders and Rósenberg and Fríkirkjan are serving up events so exclusive that not even those adorned with much-coveted wrist-bands will be able to enter without paying their dues.

The Round-Up gets underway September 23rd and will keep all you 20+ music fiends going until late night on the 26th. Four-night wrist-bands are already on sale and are both limited and in high demand - a dangerous combination - so get thyself to midi.is and procure one post haste. If you're one of the unfortunate lambs finding yourself off to the slaughter without a wrist-band all is not lost: single night tickets ranging from 2000 - 2900 ISK will be available as of September 20th. This is gonna be huge!

Art | Venue finder

101 Gallery
Hverfisgata 18A | **F6**
Thu-Sat 14-17 and by appointment
www.101hotel.is/101hotel/101gallery/

Artótek
Tryggvagata 15 | **D5**
Mon 10-21, Tue-Thu 10-19, Fri 11-19, Sat and Sun 13-17
www.sim.is/Index/Islenka/Artotek

ASÍ Art Museum
Freygata 41 | **G10**
Tue-Sun 13-17

Árbæjarsafn
Kistuhylur 4

The Culture House
Hverfisgata 15 | **F6**
Open daily 11-17
www.thjodmenning.is

Dwarf Gallery
Grundarstígur 21 | **H8**
Opening Hours: Fri and Sat 18-20
www.this.is/birta

The Einar Jónsson Museum
Eiriksgata | **G9**
Tue-Sun 14-17
www.skulptur.is

Fótógrafi
Skólavörðustígur 4a | **F7**
www.fotografi.is

Gallery 100°
Bæjarháls 1
www.or.is/Forsida/Gallery100/
Open weekdays from 08:30-16:00

Gallery Auga fyrir Auga
Hverfisgata 35 | **G7**

Gallery StartArt
Laugavegur 12B | **G7**
Tue-Sat 1-17
www.startart.is

Gallery Ágúst
Baldursgata 12 | **F9**
Wed-Sat 12-17
www.galleriagust.is

Gallery Fold
Rauðarástígur 14-16 | **J9**
Mon-Fri 10-18 / Sat 11-16 / Sun 14-16
www.myndlist.is

Gallery Kling & Bang
Hverfisgata 42 | **G7**
Thurs-Sun from 14-18
this.is/klingogbang/

Gallery Turpentine
Ingólfstræti 5 | **F7**
Tue-Fri 12-18 / Sat 11-16
www.turpentine.is

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 | **E6**
www.hithusid.is

i8 Gallery
Klapparstígur 33 | **G7**
Tue-Fri 11-17 / Sat 13-17 and by appointment. www.i8.is

Living Art Museum
Vatnsstígur 3 - **G7**
Wed, Fri-Sun 13-17 / Thu 13-22. www.nylo.is

Lost Horse Gallery
Skólástræti 1 | **F6**
Weekends from 13-19 and by appointment on weekdays.

Hafnarborg
Strandgötu 34,
Hafnarfjörður

The National Gallery of Iceland
Frikirkjuvegur 7 | **E8**

Tue-Sun 11-17
www listasafn.is

The National Museum

Súðurgata 41 | **C9**
Open daily 10-17
natmus.is/

The Nordic House
Sturlugata 5 | **C11**
Tue-Sun 12-17
www.nordice.is/

The Numismatic Museum
Einholt 4 | **K9**
Open Mon-Fri 13:30-15:30.

Reykjavík 871+/-2
Aðalstræti 17 | **D6**
Open daily 10-17

Reykjavík Art Gallery
Skúlagata 28 | **H6**
Tuesday through Sunday 14-18

Reykjavík Art Museum
Open daily 10-16
www listasafnreykjavikur.is

Ásmundur Sveinsson Sculpture Museum
Sigtún
Hafnarhús
Tryggvagata 17 | **E5**

Kjarvalsstaðir
Flókagata | **K11**

Reykjavík City Theatre
Listabraut 3

Reykjavík Maritime Museum
Grandagarður 8 | **C3**

Reykjavík Museum of Photography
Tryggvagata 16 | **D5**
Weekdays 12-19 / Sat-Sun 13-17
www.ljosmyndasafnreykjavikur.is

Sigurjón Ólafsson Museum
Laugarnestangi 70

ART

GALLERIES & MUSEUMS

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

OPENING

SEPTEMBER

12 ☺ 4pm
Reykjavík Art Museum
Kjarvalsstaðir

Blink

The exhibition explores the role of visual illusion in Icelandic art from the middle of the 1960s until today. Included are paintings and sculptures by the artists Eyborg Guðmundsdóttir, Hreinn Friðfinnsson, Ólafur Elíasson, JBK Ransu and others. The way artists use colors, lights and shapes in a variety of media to create a feeling of disorientation examined. Curated by Helgi Már Kristinsson. Ongoing until November 8th.

12 ☺ 4pm
Reykjavík Art Museum
Kjarvalsstaðir

Blinkworks

Blinkworks is an educational, family-oriented workshop in the North Gallery in conjunction with the exhibition Blink. Guests are invited to try their hand at enjoyable projects related to op-art, optical illusion, and science. Ongoing until November 8th.

12 ☺ 1pm
Gerðuberg Cultural Centre
Cartoon course for teenagers
Halldór Baldursson teaches the basics of drawing political caricatures. The course will cover the basics of political cartooning: symbolism, exaggeration, sarcasm and analysis, with a look at the history of cartoons and their role in the present age. The event runs every Saturday until October 17th and costs 5500ISK.

19 ☺ 12pm
Gerðuberg Cultural Centre
Boginn Gallery
Rising From the Summer Sea
Steinunn Einarisdóttir exhibits oil, watercolour and acrylic paintings. Ongoing until November 8th.

19 ☺ 8pm
Gerðuberg Cultural Centre
Iðunn
The Iðunn Traditional Poetry Society celebrates its 80th anniversary.

ONGOING

ASÍ Art Museum
Directions and Non-Directions
Valgerður Hauksdóttir exhibits new drawings and graphics. Artist talk Sunday September 13th at 15:00. Ongoing until September 20th.

The Culture House
Permanent exhibitions:
Medieval Manuscripts
March 28- Jan 10 2010
ICELAND::FILM
This exhibition traces for the first time the development of Icelandic filmmaking from its origins around 1904 to the year 2008.

The Library Room.
Current exhibitions:
August 12 - ongoing
National Archives of Iceland - 90 years in the museum building.
Commemorating the 100th anniversary of the Culture House.

Sheepskin, Saffian and Shirting
It shows the tools and equipment used in book binding.

Exhibition Series:
Paintings by Hulda Viljálmsdóttir.

The Einar Jónsson Museum
Permanent exhibition: **The work of sculptor Einar Jónsson.**

Gallery Agust SHARP
Artist Andrea Maack introduces her third perfume, Sharp, in an exhibition that explores aspects of the fashion industry while still connecting to the art world.

Gerðarsafn Art Museum (Kópavogur)
June 27 - Aug 31
The Kópavogur Art Museum Summer Exhibition

Gerðuberg Cultural Centre
August 20th - October 18th
Headlines...
Caricatures by Halldór Baldursson 2007-2009

August 20th - October 11th
Stories without words
Ólöf Erla Einarisdóttir exhibits photo-manipulated pictures

Gljúfrasteinn Laxness Museum
Gljúfrasteinn was the home and workplace of Halldór Laxness (winner of the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1955) and his family for more than half a century. It has now been opened to the public as a museum, unchanged from when Laxness lived there.

Iðnó
September 6 - 12
The Reykjavík International Literary Festival 2009
The bi-annual festival is one of the major literary events in Iceland and has been attended by many of the world's best known authors.

Kling & Bang Gallery
Object d'Art
Artist Kolbeinn Hugi Höskuldsson exhibits his works.
Sept. 5 - October 4
Sleepless Nights: Visions From Western Canada
A group exhibition that brings together nine contemporary artists from the provinces of Alberta and British Columbia. The exhibition looks to (re) engage the cultural and historical connections between Western Canada and Iceland.

Listasafn Mosfellsbæjar (Mosfellsbær)
Spjöld Artist Kristín Jónsdóttir exhibits her works.

Living Art Museum
Ongoing - Exhibitions from Runo Lagomarsino, Yiva Westerlund and Olivia Plender.

National Gallery of Iceland
Hidden Treasure: Treasures In Public Possession?
Works from the three Icelandic state-owned banks' collections, along with some works from the National Gallery.

The National Museum
Permanent exhibition:
The Making of a Nation
Heritage and History in Iceland is intended to provide insight into the history of the Icelandic nation from the Settlement to the present day.
Jan 31 - Nov 30.

Encounters.
Archaeological excavations at many locations around Iceland have been funded by Kristnihátíðarsjóður (the Millennium Fund). Finds from some of these excavations are on display in an exhibition suitable for the whole family.

The Nordic House
September 6 - 12
The Reykjavík International Literary Festival 2009
The bi-annual festival is one of the major literary events in Iceland and has been attended by many of the world's best known authors.

The Numismatic Museum
Permanent exhibition:
The Central Bank of Iceland and the National Museum of Iceland jointly operate a numismatic collection consisting of Icelandic notes and coins.

Ráðhús Reykjavíkur
Dulin Himintungl
Kim Linnet exhibits her 360° panorama photos of Iceland.

Reykjavík 871 +/- 2
Permanent exhibition:
The Settlement Exhibition
Reykjavík Art Museum
Asmundarsafn
May 2 - April 30 2010

Rhyme - Works by Ásmundur Sveinsson and contemporary artists

This exhibition showcases contemporary artists that tackle similar issues as Ásmundur did in his time, but in the context of a new age.

Reykjavík Art Museum
Hafnarhús
Sept. 3 - Oct. 18
Children of Nature vs. Antichrists.
Consisting of twelve large paintings of selected frames from films by Lars von Trier and Friðrik Thor Friðriksson, and a multi-media installation by Ari Alexander Ergis Magnússon.
Sept. 3 - Oct. 18



Clean Up The Coastline Environmental Garbage Art Exhibition

BSÍ Bus Station
September 18th - 25th

Since 2001, the Worldwide Friends non-profit volunteer organization has been cleaning up this beautiful country and raising environmental awareness through work camps, exchange programs and educational seminars. One of their biggest campaigns, Clean Up the Coastline (CUC), has spent the three years making the shores their most pristine, and putting all the crap they pick up to good use. In addition to bringing the programme into schools and educating school children about recycling and conservation, the group collects the beach trash and creates wonderful art with it.

On September 18th, CUC will launch a massive exhibition of the works they have made at the BSÍ bus terminal. In addition to the garbage art created by school children in Reykjavík, the exhibit will feature photographs from various Worldwide Friends work camps, pictures from the CUC project and a breadth of information on environmental protection and the organization. There will also be a competition held for the best piece of art, the best work camp picture and best CUC picture, which visitors can vote on and get a chance to win prizes themselves.

On opening night, visitors will be treated to a proper party with an opening speech, a video montage of the projects, appetizers and a musical performance by local musicians. Guests will have the chance to mingle with members of the organization, work camp volunteers and the artists themselves to learn more about the projects they are involved in. All are welcome and encouraged to come find out about the fine work this group is doing both to keep this place clean and to inspire youth to turn trash into treasure. **RL**



BLINK RVK Art Museum, Kjarvalsstaðir September 12th - November 8th

Icelandic art in the latter half of the 20th century was ripe with illusion. Artists played with colour, luminosity and shape to create tricks of the eye and instil a sense of disorientation within the audience. Ólafur Elíasson is one such artist who's massive installations transport viewers to alternate locales or alter their sense of being. Ólafur's paintings and sculptures, along with those of Eyborg Guðmundsdóttir, Hreinn Friðfinnsson and others are exhibited in a show appropriately titled BLINK at Kjarvalsstaðir, that will surely leave visitors rubbing their eyes and second-guessing just what they're looking at. Running simultaneously to BLINK is BLINKWORKS, a family-friendly workshop allowing op-art enthusiasts a chance to make some pieces for themselves, creating their own illusions while learning about the craft. **CF**



Life isn't just a game

— it's also a bed of roses...

16. May - 29. August 2009

LJÓSMYNDASAFN REYKJAVÍKUR
Reykjavík Museum of Photography

Tryggvagata 15, 6th floor · 101 Reykjavík ·
Tel: 411 6390 · www.photomuseum.is
Opening hours 12 -19 Mondays - Fridays
13-17 Weekends · **ADMISSION FREE**



Live Music

THURSDAY 10 SEPTEMBER

» Caeðablóð

FRIDAY 11 SEPTEMBER

» Útidúr » Mýri » Helgi Valur and others

THURSDAY 17 SEPTEMBER

» Morning After Youth and friends

FRIDAY 18 SEPTEMBER

» Caterpillar » Bob » Mammút and others

SATURDAY 19 SEPTEMBER

» Retrön - Sudden Weather Change and Sykur

23 to 26 SEPTEMBER

» Réttir - Reykjavík Round-Up (www.rettir.is)



Grand Rokk
Reykjavík

Grand Rokk » Smiðjustigur 6 » 101 Reykjavík



ITALIAN CUISINE
IN REYKJAVÍK

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RISTORANTE
GUESTHOUSE

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Glaetan
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Laugavegi 19 • Tel: 511-1180
www.glaetan.is



Swiss Mocca
Cappuchino
Espresso
Caffé latte
Chocolate



RESTAURANT
FOR SALE

Laugavegur

14 000 000 Isk

info:

veitingarstadur@gmail.com

MAP

Places We Like

1 Kaffifélagið

Skólavörðustíg 10

Kaffifélagið has been a Grapevine favourite since they opened on Skólavörðustígur a couple of years back. The small coffeehouse always delivers an excellent cup of Italian-style coffee, and downtown regulars can spring for a clip-off coffee card to save on each purchase.

2 Nonnabiti

Hafnarstræti 9

Delicious and relatively cheap considering how massive and filling their sandwiches are. The Luxury Sub, with salty pork, veggies, sauce and pineapple is a brilliant combination of flavours for late-night munchies. It's just as satisfying and filling during more civilized hours as well. And the service is fast if you're in a rush. CF

3 Babalú

Skólavörðustíg 22

Located on the second-floor of a quirky little building on Skólavörðustígur, Babalú is an inviting, quaint and cosy café serving up a selection of tea, coffee and hot chocolate along with delicious baked goods and light meals. Food and drink aside, Babalú boasts colourfully decorated and super-comfortable surroundings and a genuinely friendly and likeable staff. CF

4 Ban Thai

Laugarvegur 130

Even though the service at Ban Thai may get a little flaky, the food is always to die for and the place also offers a very pleasant dining atmosphere that puts you right in a comfortable Thai sorta mood. It's really Reykjavík's only "fancy" Thai restaurant. Ban Thai has remained a true Reykjavík treasure for the longest time, and is truly one that should be celebrated. HSM

5 Tíu Dropar

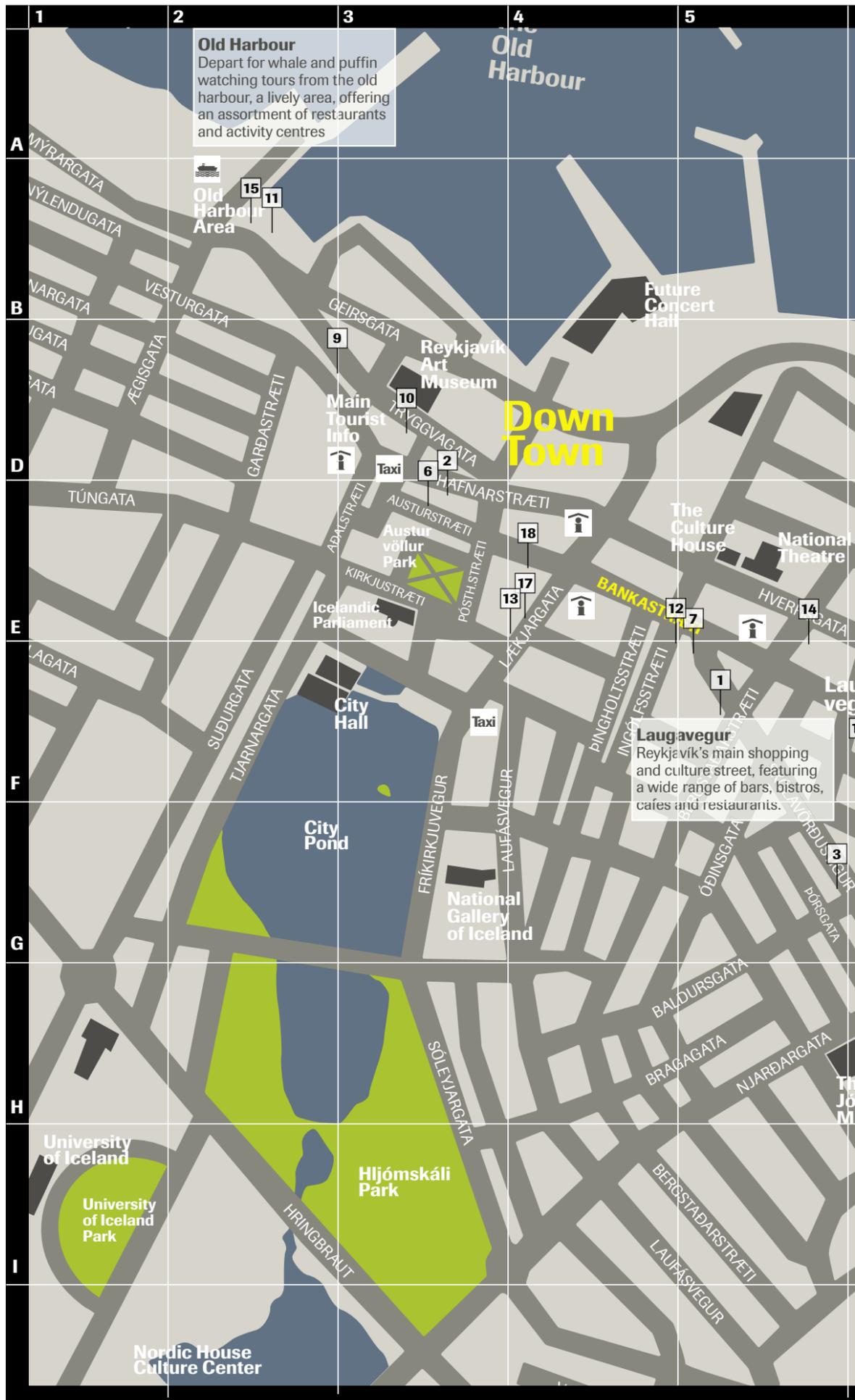
Laugavegur 27

If you're sick of all the arty cafés, filled with Sigur Rós wannabes and their Macs, browsing Facebook—go to Tíu Dropar. It's a back-to-basics Icelandic café that hasn't changed their interior since the 60s. Really proves the saying 'if it ain't broke, don't fix it.' Plus, the coffee's great. SKK

6 Jacobsen

Austurstræti 9

A fairly new venue in town, Jacobsen is owned by some nouveau riche Swedes, and has been providing a non-stop party over the last few months. Besides its importing foreign big-shot DJs and other niceties, it is probably most appreciated for its loooong hours; it doesn't matter if you stop partying at 2AM or way-too-much AM, Jacobsen is always forking out shots and cocktails. SKK



7 Deli

Bankastræti 14

Getting a good slice of pizza on the go can be an utter ordeal. If you're not careful, you'll frequently wind up paying good money for a cardboard wafer that has been sitting in a heater box for a week. Not at Deli, however. Their slices are consistently awesome and fresh, the topping selection is intriguing and tasteful and, best of all, they're really cheap. HSM

8 Santa Maria

Laugavegur 22

On Laugavegur, Santa Maria offers a fairly extensive menu of Mexican dishes and drinks at a really reasonable price – possibly some of the best in the city. The décor is colourful and welcoming, the portions are generous and the service is fast and friendly. Recommended. CF

9 Café Haiti

Tryggvagötu 16

The first time I entered this exotic little joint, meaning to buy myself a take-away espresso, I ended up with two kilos of fresh and roasted coffee beans due to some language complications and way too much politeness. Since then I have enjoyed probably way-too-many wonderful cups of Haitian coffee, but they're always as nice, so the two kilos were definitely worth it. SKK



Live Music Every Night • Live Soccer
Icelandic Beer on Draift and Bottles
And our Infamous Wheel Of Fortune

POLAR BEER POLAR BEER POLAR BEER
THE ENGLISH PUB
at Austurstræti 12





10 Bakkus

Tryggvagötu 22 – Naustarmegin

A new and welcome addition to Reykjavik's bar scene, Bakkus serves up reasonably priced beer, a really impressive selection of international vodkas and an atmosphere unlike any other in town. An eclectic mix of patrons, regular live music and movie nights keep this place interesting and always inviting. Expect dancing on tables and to-the-death foosball battles. CF

11 Sægreifinn

Verbúð 8, Geirsgata

Down by the Reykjavik harbour, Sægreifinn fish shop and restaurant is truly a unique establishment. The menu features various fish dishes (including most of the "crazy Icelandic food" you'll want to tell your friends you had) and a rich portion of the best lobster soup we've ever tasted. Good food and welcoming service make this place a must-try. HSM

12 Prikíð

Bankastræti 12

Prikíð is one of those places that shape-shifts. It's a warm café with photographs of their senior frequenters on weekday mornings, a hung-over hangout on weekend afternoons, and during nights it's filled to the brim with what remains of Iceland's hip hop scene. Go there in daytime for the cheap burgers; enter at night for some OTT hip-hop debauchery, old skool and the latest bangers alike. SKK

13 Korníð

Lækjargötu 4

How about filling your face with cakes at the delightful Korníð. They taste so good, you would gladly push your own mother over for even the slightest of sniffs. Not a sweet tooth? Well, try their delectable sandwiches then, I recommend the egg and bacon ciabatta! At only 590ISK plus all the Pítu Sósa you could dream of, what more could you ask for on your lunch break? JB

14 Grand Rokk

Smíðjustígur 6

The only 'real' bar in town, no doubt. In downtown Reykjavik it's hard to rumble into a pub not crowded by musicians or artsy folks, but this one is an exception. Whether it's 4AM on a Friday or 5PM on a Monday you'll see the same flock of John Does, taking a break from their daily routines, enjoying a shot 'n' a brew. If you want to witness an earnest Icelandic 'Cheers' or a 'Moe's' - this is the place. Oh, and on weekends, they play host to some awesome concerts, too. SKK

15 Sushismiðjan

Geirsgötu 3

This is a seriously great place to grab a quick and quality sushi lunch. Pre-prepared boxes of maki and nigiri are reasonable priced and really well made, amply filled with deliciously fresh ingredients. The indoor seating area is limited to some stools and outward-facing wall-mounted tabletops but there are a couple of tables and chairs set up outside the front door for those wanting to watch the ships and tourists in the harbour while they eat. CF

16 Barbara

Laugavegi 22

At Laugavegur 22, above Karamba, Barbara serves up a lively atmosphere for Reykjavik's gay community and anybody else who just wants to dance and have a good time. The first level is made for dancing and is often packed with sweaty bodies, while the second level of the bar offers a place to sit, drink and chat and another in which to smoke. CF

17 Pizzuverksmiðjan

Lækjargata 8

Best. Pizza. Ever. Seriously, this pizza is ridiculously delicious, and the chilli and garlic oils that accompany it are to die for. Added bonuses of this joint are the super-friendly owner, Óli, and the cool and casual atmosphere in which to stuff your mouth with slice after slice of cheesy, crusty goodness. CF

18 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. They boast of quite the prolific menu, but I'd reconsider the playlists to tell you the truth, too much of Nickelback really hurts. SKK



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ART GALLERIES

— continued —

D 13 Ingibjörg Birgisdóttir

The D project is a series of exhibitions at Hafnarhus, drawing its name from one of the museum's galleries. For the ongoing series, the Reykjavik Art Museum commissions new work by promising artists who have not had prior private exhibitions in Iceland's major museums.

Sept. 3 - January 3 2010

Erró - Japanese Love Letters (1979-1980)

The series Japanese Love Letters is not typical of Erró's art.

Reykjavik Maritime Museum

Current Exhibitions:
Living Museum by the Sea; Arterial for Country and City; From Poverty to Abundance; The Shark - Light and Life Energy; Hidden Craftsman.

The Reykjavik Museum of Photography

Current Exhibitions:

May 16 - Sept. 20

Life is not just a game- it's a bed of roses...

Show curated by Gudmunður Oddur Magnússon and Guðfinna Mjöll Magnúsdóttir.

Aug. 28 - October 20

Polar Extremes

Lisa Blatt lived in Antarctica for two months and camped for more than one month. Polar Extremes, a result from this journey, portrays the fragility, beauty and criticality of Antarctica.

Ásmundur Sveinsson Sculpture Museum

Permanent Exhibition:

The Shape of Line.

A new retrospective of works by Ásmundur Sveinsson. The exhibition focuses on abstract works from 1945 onwards.

May 01 - April 30 2010

RHYTHM- Ásmundur and Our Age

This exhibition showcases contemporary artists that tackle similar issues as Ásmundur did in his time, but in a context of a new age.

Nína Tryggvadóttir exhibit their works.

Mosfellsbær

Listasalur Mosfellsbæjar

September 5 - 29

The Gold Eaters.

(I read Italian Vogue and eat polar bear meat with my fingers) is an exhibit featuring works by Bjargey Ólafsdóttir.

Seyðisfjörður

Skaftafell

June 20 - September 15

Places: Works by Kristján Steingrímur Jónsson.

August 15 - September 15

hér.e: Exhibition featuring the works of Kristin Arna Sigurdardóttir and Thorunn Greta Sigurdardóttir

Stykkishólmur

Library of Water

Permanent Exhibition:

Roni Horn installation. The artist has replaced stacks of books with glass columns containing water gathered from Iceland's glaciers and glacial rivers.

Akureyri

Akureyri Art Museum

August 29 - October 18

The Selection. Icelandic photography from 1866 to 2009..

DaLi Gallery

September 5 - 20

Mireya Samper exhibits her works.

GalleriBOX

August 29 - September 20

Container: an exhibit showing the new works of Finnish artists Kalle Mustonen, Atte Uotila, Antti-Ville Reinikainen and Petri Eskelinen.

Kunstraum Wohnraum

July 5 - Sept 20

Exhibition by Guðrún Vera Hjartardóttir



Seriously Beautiful Sculpture

Einar Jónsson Sculpture Museum

Eiríksgrata (Next to Hallgrímskirkja)

Have you been to the Einar Jónsson Sculpture Museum yet? Sure, this place doesn't have any new exhibits like other galleries and museums, but these sculptures are so impressive and detailed and loaded with spiritual symbolism and allusions to Norse mythology that a permanent exhibit is enough to keep visitors entertained and impressed again and again. Einar Jónsson was the first and is still most notable sculptor to hail from Iceland and he sets a high standard. Einar and his works are such a national treasure that the state commissioned a building for the sole purpose of housing the sculptures and the artists and his wife in 1914. The massive plaster casts inside the museum are so intricate and emotionally enticing that one could spend significant time examining each and every one, declaring each a favourite before moving on to the next equally astounding creation. The Sculpture Museum also boasts a lovely green space off Freyjugata where bronze casts of Einar's sculptures can be appreciated and interacted with. Admission to the museum is a mere 500 ISK for adults and entrance to the garden is free. **CF**

OUTSIDE REYKJAVÍK

Hafnarfjörður

Hafnarborg

Aug. 29 - Nov. 1

In Deep Water

The sea and the self-consciousness of a nation in Icelandic contemporary art. This exhibition displays works by artists that have used the sea as an inspiration both as a natural phenomenon and way of life; the sea both takes and gives life.

Borgarnes

The Icelandic Settlement Centre

Permanent exhibitions:

The Settlement of Iceland; The Saga of Egill Skalla-Grímsson.

Current theatre productions:

Brák - a monologue by Brynhildur

Guðjónsdóttir

Mr. Skallagrímsson - a monologue by

Benedikt Erlingsson

Storms and Wars - a monologue by

Einar Kárason

Hveragerði

Listasafn Árnesinga

September 13 - 27

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The Gold Eaters

Listasalur Mosfellsbæjar

September 5th - September 29th

Icelandic artist Bjargey Ólafsdóttir is one of a new generation of Icelandic artists who are working across lens-based media and performance. Her work ranges from film and photography to drawings and paintings. Her latest exhibit is entitled The Gold Eaters (I read Italian Vogue and eat polarbear meat with my fingers) and the title itself is surely enough to draw even those who usually consider themselves non-gallery-goers. **LP**



Rising From The Summer Sea

Boginn Gallery, Gerðuberg

September 19th - November 8th

After being born and raised on the Westman Islands, Steinunn Einarsdóttir picked up and moved to Queensland, Australia for 27 years. Her continuous proximity to the ocean has fueled her dappled and curiously colourful works over the course of her her career. In her new exhibition, Steinunn exhibits oil, acrylic and watercolour paintings, showing how the range of mediums affect the style and subject matter. With the summer now behind us this exhibit should keep the sun lingering a while longer. **RL**



Cartoon Course For Teenagers

Gerðuberg Culture Center

September 12 - October 17, once a week on Saturdays 1pm-3pm



Sleepless Nights: Visions from Western Canada

Kling&Bang

September 5th - October 4th

Sleepless Nights: Visions from Western Canada is a group exhibition that brings together nine contemporary artists from the provinces of Alberta and British Columbia. Showing at Kling&Bang, the exhibit draws inspiration from Icelandic poet and celebrated literary figure Stephan G. Stephansson, who immigrated to the United States and later moved to Alberta, Canada. The exhibition looks to (re)engage the cultural and historical connections between Western Canada and Iceland. A connection that may or may not be obvious. The only way to find out is to visit Kling&Bang until the 4th of October. Admission is free. **LP**

The Reykjavík Cultural Center, Gerðuberg, is now offering a course in cartooning for teenagers. The course concentrates on political caricature drawings and the organizers not only encourage but expect the participants to have some sort of political awareness and confidence in drawing. So no doodling, this is serious stuff. The course will cover the basics of political cartooning, symbolism, exaggeration, sarcasm and analysis; with a look at the history of cartoons and their role in the present age. Fee: 5500 ISK

Outside Reykjavik | Venue finder

Keflavik
Suðsuðvestur
www.sudsudvestur.is
Hafnargata 22
230 Reykjanesbær
421-2225

Hafnarfjörður
Hafnarborg
www.hafnarborg.is
Strandgata 34
220 Hafnarfjörður
585-5790

Borgarnes
The Icelandic Settlement Centre
www.landnam.is
Brákarbraut 13-15
310 Borgarnes
437-1600

Stykkishólmur
Vatnasafnið / Library of Water

Akureyri
Akureyri Art Museum
www listasafn.akureyri.is
Kaupvangsstræti 12
600 Akureyri
461 2610

Populus Tremula
poptrem.blogspot.com/
Kaupvangsstræti 12
600 Akureyri

Kunstraum Wohnraum
Ásabyggð 2
600 Akureyri

Mývatn
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Egilsstaðir
Sláturhúsið

Seyðisfjörður
Skaffell
www.skaffell.is
Austurvegur 42
710 Seyðisfjörður
472-1632

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www listasafnarnesinga.is
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F O O D

FOR YOUR MIND, BODY AND SOUL

REVIEWS



The Flying Italian

Volare

Laugavegur 55b

What we think: Gets you there but there's some turbulence on the way

Flavour: Easygoing Italian

Ambiance: Vo-la-re, oo-oo, Cantare

Service: Molto charming



Volare serves easygoing, affordable Italian in a backyard house off the main street Laugavegur. Opened a couple of months ago, its character still has some growing to do, but at least the location—a crooked backyard house by a hidden little square—works well for

the Italian atmosphere.

On a weeknight, the restaurant is almost full. The menu is handwritten, short and simple covering a few antipasti (990 ISK), pastas (1690 ISK), meat and fish (2900 ISK) and desserts (990 ISK). Word has it there is a real Italian in the kitchen, to whom mother sends ingredients from The Boot.

Hungry as a wolf, I started with a ricotta filled tomato. More like roasted vegetables with red and green peppers and warm zucchini, this was good enough to skip the ricotta business altogether—but not exactly what the menu had promised. My date's beef Carpaccio was a flat, flavourless disappointment.

Scared of the full gluttony of Italian dining, I went for the unorthodox choice of picking my main from the pasta menu. The ravioli with

chicken were large, firm and filling, perfect comfort food for windy autumn evenings with a glass of Chianti.

My date moaned about not having been asked how he wanted his Beef Volare—beef steak with roasted vegetables, green beans and a mushroom sauce. The roasted vegetables were a highlight of the dish, but the steak cooked to the house preference he thought was overdone. Other than the meaty oversight, service was very friendly, alert and pleasant.

For dessert, I had an espresso and a panna cotta, just as creamy and sweet as you would want, while my date chose tiramisu to accompany his Lavazza: a satisfyingly soft, sweet experience. Both desserts were served with berries to give contrast to the sweet flavours. **✶ - SARI PELTONEN**

Food & Drink | Venue finder

3 Frakkar Baldursgata 14 F9	D6/E6 Bæjarins Beztu Tryggvagata E6	Grái Kötturinn Hverfisgata 16A G7	Jómfrúin Lækjargata 4 E6	Pisa Lækjargötu 6b E6	Sushibarinn Laugavegur 2 F7
Aktu Taktu Skúlagata 15 K8	Brons Pósthússtræti 9 E6	Grillhúsið Tryggvagata 20 E5/ E6	Kaffi Hjómaland Laugavegur 21 G7	Pizza King Hafnarstræti 18 E6	Svarta Kaffi Laugavegur 54 H8
Alibaba Veltusund 3b E3	Café Cultura Hverfisgata 18 G6	Habibi Hafnarstræti 20 D5	Kaffitár Bankastræti 8 F6	Pizza Pronto Vallarstræti 4 D6	Sægreifinn Verbuð 8, Geirsgata D5
American Style Tryggvagata 26 E5	Café Loki Lokastígur 28 G9	Hamborgarabúlla Tómasar ("Bullán") Geirsgata 1 D5	Kaffivagninn Grandagarður 10 D1	Pizzaverksmiðjan Lækjargötu 8 E6	Tapas Vesturgata 3B D5
Argentina Steak-house Barónstígur I8	Café Paris Austurstræti 14 E6	Híolla Bátar Ingólfstorg D6	Kebabhúsið Austurstræti 2 E6	Prikið Bankastræti 12 F6	Thorvaldsen Austurstræti 8 E6
Austurlanda-hraðlestin Hverfisgata 64A H7	Café Roma Rauðarárstígur 8 J9	Hornið Hafnarstræti 15 E6	Kofi Tómasar Frænda Laugavegur 2 F7	Ráðhúskaffi D7 Tjarnargata 11	Tiu Dropar Laugavegur 27 G7
Á Næstu Grösom Laugavegur 20B G7	Domo Þinghóltsstræti 5 F7	Hótel Holt Bergstaðarstræti 37 F7	Krua Thai Tryggvagata 14 D5	Santa Maria Laugavegur 22A, F7	Tívoli Laugavegur 3 F7
B5 Bankastræti 5 F6	Einar Ben Veltusundi E6	Humarhúsið Ammatmanstígur 1 E7	La Primavera Austurstræti 9 E6	Segafredo Lækjatorg E6	Vegamót Vegamótastígur 4 G7
Bakkus Tryggvagata 22 D3	Eldsmiðjan Bragagata 38A G9	Hressó Austurstræti 20 E6	Lystin Laugavegur 73 H7	Serrano Hringbraut 12 I3	Við Tjörmina Templarasund 3 E7
Basil & Lime Klapparstígur 38 G7	Fiskmarkaðurinn Aðalstræti 12 D6	Icelandic Fish & Chips Tryggvagata 8 E5	Mokka Skólavörðustígur 3A F7	Shalimar Austurstræti 4 E6	Vitabar Bergþórugata 21 H9
Babalú Skólavörðustígur 22A G8	Geysir Bar/Bistro Aðalstræti 2 D6	Indian Mango Frakkastígur 12 G6	Nonnabiti Hafnarstræti 9 E6	Silfur Pósthússtræti 11 E6	
Balthazar Hafnarstræti 1-3	Garðurinn Klappastígur 37 G7		O Sushi Lækjargata 2A E6	Sjávarkjallarinn Aðalstræti 2 D6	
	Glætan book café Laugavegur 19 F5			Sólón Bankastræti 7a F6	

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Fishy Business

A couple of months after opening, The Fish Company caters its fusion kitchen to full cellars (reserve ahead). Despite the name, it serves up both sea and land based raw materials. The portions are built around herbs and spices selected from all over the world, married to produce from the home base. The most popular choice on the menu is the Around the World (7900 ISK) surprise menu served for the entire table, but we chose to go a la carte.

Fiskifélagið

Vesturgata 2a

What we think: Fun, interesting and ambitious

Flavour: Fusion with focus on ingredients

Ambiance: Upscale cosy

Service: Polite



Our meal was preceded by a little surprise from the kitchen, arctic char with coriander paste and a touch of orange served in a cute glass jar.

While German tourists were performing advanced Euro to Króna calculations at an adjacent table, we went on to the appetizers. My fish soup (1790 ISK), inspired by coconut milk from Fiji, came with bonito foam, water cress, mussels and lobster. Hearty, sweet and delicious with a glass of chardonnay (950 ISK) and freshly baked bread with skyr butter.

My date chose pork belly with

Serrano ham, gnocchi and black olive sand (1870 ISK). The morsels of slow-cooked pork were buttery light and the black olive sand added a great texture contrast (think caviar without the ick factor). The only miss on the plate were the cubes of Serrano ham, saltily overpowering anything else in the mouth.

To go with the belly, he would've liked a nice local beer, but had to sip down a bottle of Viking. Why does the Fish Company bar not stock any of the Icelandic micro-brewery beers?

My truffle-inspired main course (4530 ISK) had a lot going on: the portion featured fried breast of duck, goat confit, foie gras, half-potato-mustard-mash-croissant, peach sauce and Camembert. The duck was excellent, the goat melted in the mouth, the fried foie gras was wonderful. Everything (except for the fun but not so tasty mustard-croissant) worked beautifully together. My date sat opposite me in jealousy. His baccalo was more jelly than salt, the broth it swam in a lukewarm challenge. Luckily, the squid and accompanying vegetables were quite delicious, soft and toothsome.

The dessert—a shared plate of honeymoon cake—didn't quite seal the deal: the enormous pile of deconstructed cake (=flakes of cake crust) lacked taste, as did the carrot ice cream. The plain cream cheese was not rich enough to work. To the portion's rescue were the lovely wild strawberry ice cream and fresh strawberries. Greedy as I am I ate anyway—and spent the night with my bursting belly as punishment.

✎ - SARI PELTONEN

method: When the bill arrives, the reviewer presents a written statement, previously signed by the restaurant management, allowing the reviewer and one companion a meal on the house for review purposes.

Using this approach, we aim to best preserve the reviewer's objectivity (and the restaurants' consistency), within the humble means of a free newspaper.

The Grapevine does not favour foie gras over fast food. Restaurants are reviewed for what they are; both burger and beluga can be extraordinary in their own right. In all evaluations, the food is key: Does it taste good? Is it properly prepared? Are the ingredients fresh and of high quality? Secondary considerations include setting, service and value for money.

All opinions expressed are the critic's own. **SP**

SHOP AND EAT: NEWLY OPENED

1 DRYKKJABARINN

The Bankastræti 'Drinks Bar'—opened in late July by local coffee empire Te og Kaffi—offers take away smoothies and skyr-boozts and of course, coffee. Try the exotic 'suðrænn og seiðandi' (590 ISK) with an extra shot of ginger (50 ISK).

Bankastræti 10

2 BAKKUS

A different kind of 'drinks bar', Bakkus, next door to rock venue Sódóma, pours a beer for 600 ISK and is home to one of the most impressive vodka selections in town – with peanuts and salami sausages on the nibbling menu. The small, laid-back bar also plays host to foosball and pinball tables. On Wednesdays, KinoKlúbbur screens films with popcorn on the house. On Sundays, the music takes a country twang. Also, some of Iceland's music legends have been known to DJ there at times, nudge nudge.

Tryggvagata 22

3 DANSKE KRO

Opened a month ago in place of the late gay bar Q Bar, Danske Kro stocks Akvavit, Gammel Dansk (500 ISK for a shot), Tuborg and – the rarest of drinks in this town – apple cider. They also feature a small smörrebröd bar menu. There are pub quizzes, football screenings and troubadours in the plans, and on weekends, the doors stay open until 3.

Pinghóltsstræti 11

4 MMMMM

The main street Mmmm is a two-part-deal: The corner deli serves healthy lunches and takeaway sandwiches for a reasonable price (1290 ISK for portion of the day/690 ISK for soup/600 ISK and up for sandwiches), while the sit-in restaurant next door has a separate menu with skyr boozts and juices squeezed out on spot.

Corner of Laugavegur and Frakkastígur

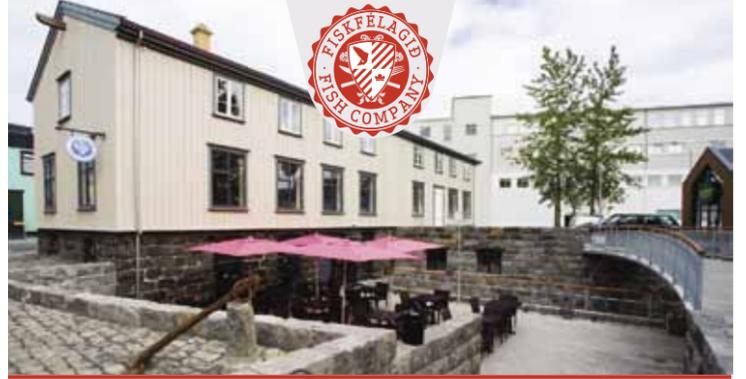
5 AUSTUR

Lounge-bistro-bar Austur has it all: brunch, lunch, dinner; Champagne and strawberries, margaritas and nachos; Icelandic lobster and a purported New York atmosphere. Stylish as hell, the decor is by DJ-musician-hairdresser polymath Jón Atli Helgason and designer Hrafnhildur Hólmgeirsdóttir. During the weekends, Austur stays open well into the party hours

Austurstræti 7

For full restaurant and food listings and venue finder visit www.grapevine.is for detailed information.

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Hressingarskálinn

Hressingarskálinn (Hressö) is a Classical Bistro, located in the heart of the city at Austurstræti 20.

Food is served from 10 until 22 every day. On Thursday, Friday and Saturday nights, after the kitchen closes Hressö heats up with live music. Weekends, DJs keep the party going until morning, with no cover charge.



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Feature | THE EDITORS SPEAK

Valur

The first editor

My career as editor of Grapevine ended the way it started, being shouted at by ancient men with grey beards.

I had written the cover story for the first issue, but by the second I was assuming full editorial duties. The cover story for Grapevine 2 was the Pagan Asatru Association in Iceland. They were having their annual Midsummer Eve gathering in Hafnarfjörður, with Viking fights, bonfires and the whole thing being consecrated to Odin. They certainly made an impression, as I have since gone on to write a novel with a Nordic Mythological background and am trying to get to Denmark for further study.

In the short run, however, the most vivid impression was a massive hangover. The Pagans took me under their wing. I was young, the beer was free and the results inevitable. I remember the Viking Elvis doing Heartbreak Hotel in full Viking regalia. I also remember the difference between Icelandic and American pagans. The Icelandic ones were more interested in the symbolic aspects of the heritage, few going so far as to say the old gods actually exist. The Americans, however, tended to be true believers. One rather biker-ish looking man told me he had met Odin himself on a bridge somewhere. I don't really recollect my reaction, but it prompted him to challenge me to a duel. I declined and lived on to edit the third issue of Grapevine.

By the 20th issue, I had become something approaching a professional journalist. This included showing up for work sober, even if it was on a Saturday night. This Saturday, Bobby Fischer was coming to town. It was probably the biggest media event in Iceland since the Reagan-Gorbachev summit in 1986, and I was running around with reps from Associated Press and Dutch Handelsblad. Before the economic collapse and subsequent revolution, we thought this would be the story of the decade in peaceful little Iceland.

It was, however, something of a non-event. Representatives of the world's press corps and all the local media were waiting at Reykjavík airport when Fischer's plane appeared in the sky. Normal programming had been cut as the event was broadcast live on Channel 2. It felt like the aliens were landing. However, instead of so much as a greeting of "take me to your leader" or "does anyone know a nice hotel," Fischer was whisked away into a waiting Channel 2 car by Channel 2 chief Páll Magnússon. It was their story and they weren't letting anyone else in on the game. Even the police played along and cleared the area of other media.

We finally got to meet Fischer a few days later at a press conference. He had lost his Messianic beard, but his opinions were still misreadings of Biblical proportions. Most of the press people were packing down before he had finished his tirades against the Jews. This was the last time Fischer would appear publicly, before he became just another Reykjavík kook, one of those characters that lend the town colour.

Bobby Fischer passed away peacefully in Reykjavík three years later.

Páll Magnússon later became head of RUV State Broadcasting.

Valur Gunnarsson studies Medieval history and literature and is constantly working on one historical novel or another. [G](#)

Bart

The second editor

I'm a foreigner. Even today, there isn't another magazine or newspaper in Iceland that would have allowed a foreigner so much control – and the owners of the Grapevine didn't hesitate in offering me the position. I have close friends who lived in Iceland for thirty years, and for them, having a foreigner with access to that kind of position meant was enormous in significance.

I edited the paper for a year and a half from 2005-2006, which we can look back on now as the time a corrupt few pilfered the nation. With just about every editorial, and every fourth cover, we tried to warn both the Icelandic media and the country to start speaking up.

That's going to sound pompous. I'm not saying we were brilliant. I see flaws in every issue, and in every article. My stomach turns over what we could have done. Times were great for some, and difficult for us: every writer we got, as soon as they got some success, would be recruited by Baugur or Landsbankinn for some kind of project- you could hear the criticism dissipate with every check coming from those corporations.

I read the Grapevine now and I see the same energy we had. And the quality gets better with every issue. I can't think of another periodical for which that has been so consistently true for so long. [G](#)

Paul

(actually an on-line editor)

My first contribution to Grapevine was an incoherent rant about immigration that I sent in after reading Issue #2, in the summer of 2003. I had a lot to get off my chest, and what started as a letter ended up becoming an article that meandered all over the place and had no real point. To my surprise, they published it.

After moving downtown in 2004, I was offered a proofreading job with Grapevine. Shortly thereafter, I was

asked if I wanted to be the online editor. This decision was based on my having founded and briefly run an HTML-based, Tripod-hosted online literary magazine with a readership of maybe 200 people. Being "online editor" didn't entail any actual coding work—I would just post daily news, a weekly opinion column, and draw up a list of design ideas for the Grapevine site. Some of these ideas were even considered.

Daily news was fine, but it was the weekly column that taught me how dangerous being a columnist is. It's a power that changes you. It's like someone got you very drunk, put you on a rooftop, gave you a bullhorn, and told you, "Here you go, say whatever you like." You're a blogger, really, but because you have a respected publication's name above your by-line, you get this kind of hall monitor authority kick. In retrospect, this was probably a position better suited to someone with a slightly smaller ego.

There was plenty to enjoy about working for Grapevine. I was given the freedom to cover whatever I wanted, which made me pretty fortunate as far as journalists go. In particular I enjoyed covering immigration issues, as well as seeing other media covering our coverage—such as coming onto the roundtable discussion television show Silfur Egils a few times, which was always a pleasure.

I worked with some great people as well. Hilmar and Jóni built this thing out of pretty much a conversation over beers in Prague or something. Aðalsteinn is like the Babe Ruth of sales, without the alcoholism. I'll always be grateful to Valur Gunnarsson for giving me a shot, as well as to Bart Cameron for helping to shape my writing, and for letting me fulfil my lifelong dream of drumming a steel bucket while someone else plays guitar and sings. I'm pretty sure he doesn't even mind that people did and still do think I'm the editor of Grapevine. Anyone I forgot, I humbly apologize and owe you a beer.

What I really, really loved most of all about working for Grapevine, though, was the night before we had to go to the printer's. The graphic design team in one room, with their electronica playing loud. The proofreader pouring over the pages across the table from the editor. A couple journos helping out with some last minute finishing touches, clacking away. Pizza and beers all round. The charged, race against the clock, purely electric atmosphere of a magazine nearing deadline and trying to finish up the next issue; an energy I have never experience at any workplace before or since.

After Grapevine, I made a brief foray into politics. While in office, I tried to fill in the holes that I had seen in immigration law in the course of

covering the stories of ordinary people and the laws that drastically influenced their lives. In the end, many of these much-needed changes were made. My time at Grapevine helped make that happen. Now that I'm back at Grapevine, more or less, as a contributor and online news person, I still sometimes pop in on the night before going to the printer's, just to soak it in a little. Yeah, I miss it. It becomes addictive. Grapevine's an awesome place to work. [G](#)

Birkir

The third editor

During the summer of 2008, we set out to do a special issue to celebrate the 5-year anniversary of the Reykjavík Grapevine. A few of us sat down and tossed around ideas for how to approach this, and soon decided that we wanted five different guest editors to each edit five different pages to celebrate our 5-year anniversary. We put together a list of people who we thought might be interesting to work with, and then we called them and asked if they'd be willing to work pro-bono on this project and help us out. The response was so overwhelmingly positive that eventually, we were able to choose from almost anyone from the pool we had decided on. That's what the Grapevine has come to mean in Icelandic culture.

I first joined the Grapevine in the fall of 2005. By then, the Grapevine was a fairly established publication, one that I always made a point of reading. I sent in an email to editor Bart Cameron and asked if I could contribute in any way, and soon I started an internship that eventually turned into an editorship.

I remember the first few issues I worked on rather fondly. At first, I had the luck to work with some very pleasant people like Paul F. Nikolov and Bart Cameron, who both helped me tremendously in the beginning. Gúndi shot photos and Gunnir Þorvalds handled designs. Soon we were joined by Skari and Steinunn Jakobsdóttir and later on, Haukur S. Magnússon and Gulli, aka GAS. Paul went on to do politics, Bart followed his Icelandic girlfriend to the US (usually, it is the other way around) and I was left to run the show.

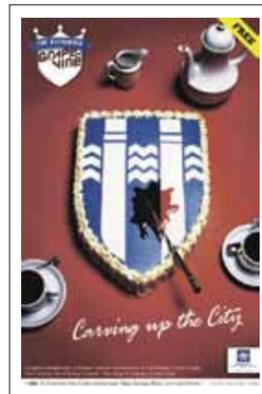
I edited roughly 40 issues of the Grapevine, during my 29 months as an editor. It is a thankless, stressful job that offers terrible hours and disgruntled phone calls. But it was always worth it. The dynamics and energy that erupts from working in a small, creative group that is determined to make the best of any given situation creates a rush that cannot be replicated.

But as much fun as the job was, what I most appreciate is the friendships I made at that place. The co-workers who were so much more than just co-workers. The Grapevine has always been more of a team effort, rather

than a professional organisation. And as a veteran of Pro-Am sports, I think it might be the best team I ever played on. So: Hilmar, Jóni, Oskar, Höddi, Aðalsteinn, Bart, Paul, Gunnir, Gúndi, Steinunn, Haukur, Skari, Gulli, Jim; to me, you are the Grapevine. Thanks for the memories [G](#)

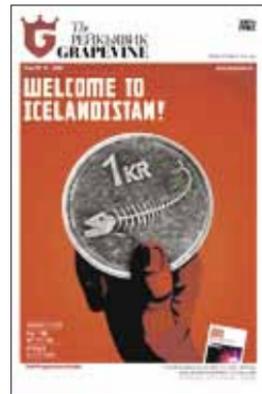
Memorable Covers

#71 - ISSUE 2 - 2008



The city of Reykjavík had undergone an extreme turmoil in city politics, having had three different mayors in the span of around 100 days. We wanted to visualize how the different political parties had let the city's interests take a backseat to party interests. We worked from the tagline "Carving up the City" and the rest came pretty easy. The red strawberry-flavored ice cream topping that bled over the white and blue Reykjavík crest made for even stronger visuals. Photographer Gulli deserves credit for this one. I think we managed to depict what a lot of people were feeling at the time with the strong visual language of the photo. As an icing on the cake, we got to ... well ... eat the cake afterwards. On my birthday, no less. It was pretty damn good. [SBB](#)

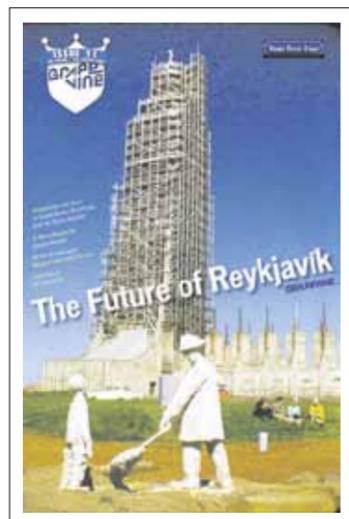
#85 - ISSUE 16 - 2008



"Welcome to Icelandistan" was a great cover. I remember that we had to pretty much re-plan that whole issue in the last days of publication, since the Icelandic economic collapse happened something like two days before we went to print. Journalist Bergur Ebbs and I managed to finish the feature, called "The Skeleton Economy" at the last possible moment, and I was still correcting mistakes after it had been shipped off, since there was no time to proof-read it, and new information was still seeping out, with the Prime Minister doing a daily press conference to try to shed light on the situation. This cover remains the strongest visual depiction of both the atmosphere at the time, as well as the extremely dire situation Iceland suddenly found itself in. We got calls from newspapers in Israel, Australia and Holland that wanted to use this cover to illustrate their news stories from Iceland. The fact that we managed to put out such a strong issue while the country was still coming to grips with what was happening shows how relevant this publication is, and the fact that we managed to pull this concept together in about two days, shows how well a small, dedicated group of creative people can accomplish great things. It was inspiring. [SBB](#)

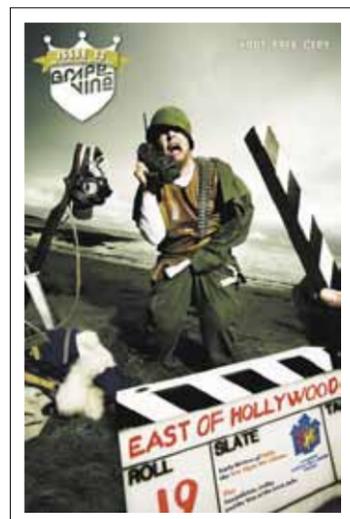
Grapevine 101

#28 - ISSUE 11 - 2005



Dave Grohl visited Iceland and loved the local liqueur: "Brennivín is the best in the world," he said. The Grapevine tried to make a drinkable cocktail out of said fluid. We failed miserably. Drinks included the "Brennivín" and the "Pink Pig," which may or may not explode your appendix. [JT/OK](#)

#29 - ISSUE 12 - 2005



The only time the Grapevine reached the length of 64 pages. Fun times! [JT/OK](#)

#30 - ISSUE 13 - 2005



Sleepy Sigur Rós on the cover, which our panel of experts agrees is one of our best. Says Bart Cameron: "I had to beg for that photo. For a long time. I was told it was horrible, and not a cover. I think it took two days to get that in." Says Hörður Kristbjörnsson: "We had given up all hope for getting them on the cover, when our own Jói Kjartans knocked on Kjartan Hölm's door and begged him to do a cover. We showed up at Hornid the early the next morning and scored this sweet cover photo. Just look how sleepy Orri is!" [HSM](#)

#31 - ISSUE 14 - 2005



Two variants of the cover, one for the regular publication, featuring a freshly kennitala'd girl, and another for IcelandAir, starring Mammút. The reason was to celebrate our forthcoming Iceland Airwaves daily publications. A lot of the issue was dedicated to the upcoming Iceland Airwaves music festival. It deserved it. [JT/OK](#)

#32 - ISSUE 15 - 2005



"I actually think that they just forgot Iceland and don't know it exists. I believe that is probably the reason." - Magnús Árni Magnússon, Co-Rector of the Bifröst School of Business, explaining why no Icelandic university has cracked the top 500 List for world universities. It's unbelievable what people are willing to say on record. [JT/OK](#)

Pétur And His P-bands

Pétur Kristjánsson was the hardest-working rocker of the seventies. In a decade laden with frothy pop music, country ballads and disco, Pétur kept the rock and roll flames burning.

Son of fifties big band leader KK, Pétur soon took after his father, although he went for an altogether different musical direction. Pétur sang and played the bass. His first real band was Pops, a legendary cover band that has counted various members through the years and can still be found playing on occasion. Pops' only release was a 7" in the early seventies, where the band teamed up with comedian Flosi Ólafsson on the novelty hit 'Það er geggjæð að geta hneggja' – ("It's insane to be able to neigh").

After Pops, Pétur did stints with Nátúra and Svanfríður (already covered here earlier), but after Svanfríður died off in 1973, Pétur formed his most famous rock band, Pelican. Right from the beginning Pelican was a popular band and had a sweet sailing at the Icelandic ball scene. In 1974 the band went to Massachusetts, USA, to record a LP at the Shaggy Dog Studio, where the reformed band Hljómur had already recorded its ill-fated country rock opus Hljómur 1974. In America, Pelican got in contact with various biz-people, and for awhile it looked like Pelican would sign a record deal and hit the big time.

In 1974, Pelican was the biggest band in Iceland. The first song from the album, "Jenny Darling", was released on a single in the summer, a frisky number that went on to become Pétur's signature song. The song was the hit of the summer and when the album "Uppteknir" (a word-play, can both mean "Unpacked" and "Busy"—the album cover featured the band inside a sardine tin), came out in the fall it became the best selling Icelandic album yet, shifting 11,000 units.

Being ultra popular in Iceland wasn't enough, of course! The band wanted more: international fame. Pelican returned to Massachusetts in 1975 to record the follow-up album, Lítil fluga, ("Little fly"). The Americans booked the band on a nine date tour of the East Coast, where Pelican played for up to 1,000 people at a time. The band was assigned a legion of roadies, sound-men, lighting engineers, and so on—"the real deal"—and the members were in awe: "We got to glimpse the glory," Pétur said later.

The band was offered various record deals and the chance to support bands such as the Allman Brothers and the Doobie brothers, and the albino brothers Johnny and Edgar Winter, too. Sweet times lay ahead, and the band returned to Iceland to play for their eager fans. One of the things that the Americans had been talking about was that Pétur wasn't a good enough singer. Without him, and with a new singer, great things were sure



SKINNY TIE ROCK AND ROLL: PÉTUR WITH START IN THE EARLY EIGHTIES.

to happen, they said. The other Pelican members took these speculations way too seriously and discussed the possibility of sacking the band's founder. When Pétur heard this through the grapevine, he confronted his pals, ultimately leaving his own band as a result.

Naturally the news spread fast and people gasped—Pétur kicked from his own band? Pétur had all the pity, and Paradís, the band he formed fresh from the ejection, soon got to be the main band in Iceland, while Pelican with a new singer, Herbert Guðmundsson, quickly faded to obscurity. With Paradís, Pétur behaved in a super professional manner, and ran the band like a business. Eager to top his former bandmembers and under influence from Pelican's professional stint in America, Pétur invested in hefty sound- and light-equipment and even a smoke-machine, the first one in Iceland. Paradís went through thirteen members during its course—Pétur being the only constant—and five more workers were on board when Paradís played balls in the Icelandic countryside, including a special guy to run the light show and a perky DJ to keep things hopping during breaks. Paradís made an album in 1976, featuring the full-blooded rock that Pétur had been singing for four years now. Some felt Pétur was beginning to show signs of stagnation, and after disappointing sales Paradís split up. In the spring of 1977, Pétur formed yet another band beginning with the letter P: Poker.

Poker's main goal was to "make it" abroad, and escape the doldrums of Iceland (a recurring theme in Iceland's rock history). With Pétur came guitar virtuoso Björgvin Gíslason from Paradís, and Pálmi Gunnarsson, Jóhann Helgason, Sigurður Karlsson and Kristján Guðmundsson came in from funk band Celsius. Many other members were to come and go in the band's short history. To cut a long story short, nothing came of Poker's dreams of "making it." In 1977, however,

Dr. Gunni just happens to be an extremely respected pioneer of Icelandic punk rock.



FUNNY GUY: PÉTUR KIDS AROUND IN THE MID-SEVENTIES

every member of the band except Pétur and Jóhann, performed on a debut solo album by an unknown 11-year old girl called Björk Guðmundsdóttir.

With his seventies dreams of "making it" wholly immaterialised, Pétur lay low for awhile and concentrated on running his record shop. In the early eighties, some younger boys asked him to join a new band, Start, which played rock in the direction of Loverboy and Foreigner. Start went on to become a popular band and Pétur was once more on top of things. Start's sole LP offering was released in 1981.

Since then and until his untimely death in 2004, Pétur kept at it with various outfits, sometimes reformed versions of his old bands, sometimes new ones. He was a mentor in the fine art of rock and roll, famous for his record fairs (his relatives still hold a record fair annually at Perlan), a sweet and funny guy that was beloved by all. As promised, Wild Thing was played at his funeral. ♡ - DR. GUNNI

By Dr. Gunni, based on his 2000 book Eru ekki allir í stuði? (Rock in Iceland). A revised update of the book is forthcoming in 2010.

Grapevine 101

#33 - ISSUE 16 - 2005



We went around and asked representative of the then-active political parties if ethical guidelines were needed for MPs – guess which one said "no." We also created the "Most Complete Laugavegur Store Review Ever," which is fun to browse through these days, to see which stores are still around (hint: not a lot of them). JT/OK

#34 - ISSUE 1 - 2006



We feature the probably-forgotten-by-this-point Nátúra concert on our cover. That was a pretty awesome show. Also, if ever in doubt: On page 22 of this issue, you can make your own assumptions about whether former Kastfjós anchor – slash – former the Prime Minister's PR fellow Kristján Kristjánsson is, or is not, a prick. JT/OK

#35 - ISSUE 2 - 2006



With the 'obvious' concept cover, featuring "The Reykvingur," holding a huge bull's tongue – something that shouldn't leave anyone in doubt of what the cover is supposed to portray – our second issue of 2006 featured among many things, a rather controversial cartoon of journalists saluting Danish PM Anders Fogh Rasmussen, Nazi style. JT/OK

#36 - ISSUE 3 - 2006



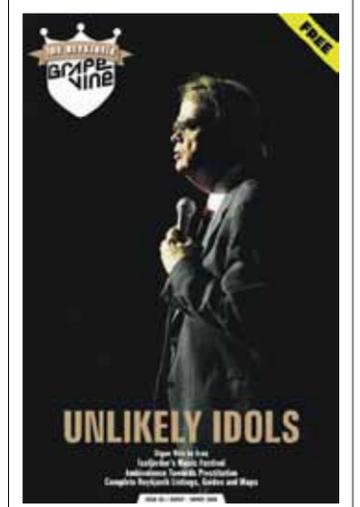
The feature story accompanying the Smelted cover was the first feature article I wrote for the Grapevine, and I was pretty damn proud of it at the time. I thought the cover did it justice. Good job by Gúndi, getting the aluminum-smelting woman across. I also really liked the dictionary design. The feature also has this awesome quote by then-Kaupthing bank chief economist analyst Steingrímur Arnar Finnsson: "The economy will expand substantially, reaching it's top in the years 2009, 2010 and 2011." Or so he thought. SBB

#37 - ISSUE 4 - 2006



The US Army finally gave up and left Iceland for good after more than 60 years, taking with them all four F-15s, as reported on in this issue. Two people were actually surprised. On other fronts, a young man from Egilsstaðir had this to say when asked about the effect of importing large numbers of manual labourers to the dating scene in Northeastern Iceland: "We really need women here. We have been reduced to sharing them." JT/OK

#38 - ISSUE 5 - 2006



Grapevine had reached a consistently awesome plateau at this point. It had it all, witty editorials, news, in-depth analyses and cultural coverage. As the man on the street, this issue was the turning point when my admiration turned into envy. The paper tried its best to introduce Garrison Keillor to Icelanders. He is pretty awesome, all things considered. They also managed to piss off the Icelandic Ministry of Foreign Affairs very much. How? Well, they accidentally placed a photo of a huge dildo, slightly leaning towards the Ministry's advertisement in the paper. The responsible parties are awfully sorry about that. HSM

Grapevine 101

#39 - ISSUE 6 - 2006



Andri Snær on the cover. Banksy-style, and a good ol' story on him inside. Now, for most of its existence, Grapevine has been a keen supporter of the Progressive Party. In this issue, the magazine decided to give the Progressives some campaigning advice. It went something like this: "Are you a member of an unpopular political party that's past its prime? Are you tired of being accused of destroying the environment and selling out to corporate greed? The solution is simple: buy a big Hummer, put your logo all over and park it in a handicapped space outside a campaign rally." Yes. They actually did that. And retained their seat in government. Ah, yes. JT/OK

#40 - ISSUE 7 - 2006



Slimy politician on the cover. Aren't they all? Then: "As I tore the head off my giant gummy lizard I started to feel terrible, with a headache and my stomach in pain I crawled home in something of a drowsy wandering if I truly had chewed on my last bit of candy." Throughout the years GV journals, in this case Steinunn Jakobsdóttir, have often put their lives, limbs, friends, relatives, pets and in some cases their own intestines at risk, in name of research and journalistic integrity. JT/OK

#41 - ISSUE 8 - 2006



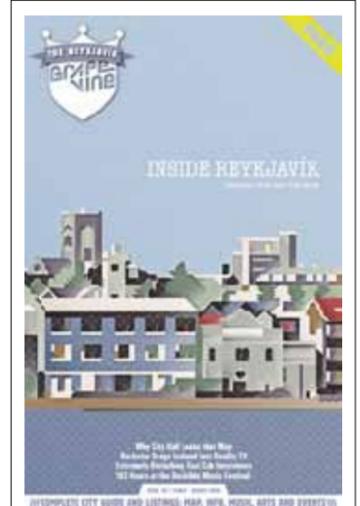
Editor Bart Cameron joined Singapore Sling (on cover) for a UK tour, resulting in an in-depth feature on the band. Elsewhere: There are good days in Iceland. And there are bad days in Iceland. On a bad day, a man with less than 16% of the popular vote behind him gets to become the Prime Minister. On a good day, he resigns. On June 15 2006, then-PM and leader of the Progressive party Halldór Ásgrímsson resigned and left politics for good, as reported on in this issue. Some days are just better than others. JT/OK

#42 - ISSUE 9 - 2006



Bart Cameron was on vacation and I was filling in for him, so this was the first cover I was responsible for. I had no frigging idea how to approach it, but after some thought, the idea came up to do the Icelandic Viking National team in football, fully clad in armor. Also, in this issue, our journalist for years, Paul Fontaine-Nikolov, announced that he was starting a political party focusing on immigrant's issues. He's been involved with politics ever since. SBB

#43 - ISSUE 10 - 2006



The Grapevine celebrated the release of it's first book, "Inside Reykjavik - The Grapevine Guide" by putting it on the cover. Even though the sales were less than remarkable for some reason, we are pretty damn proud of that book and what it said. Read it, if you get the chance. HSM

Music | Reviews



Kippi Kaninus

Happens Secretly (2009)

kippikaninus

Beautiful and slightly surreal

Kippi Kaninus, otherwise known as Guðmundur Karlsson, is not a newcomer to the Reykjavík music scene. He released his debut album in 2001 and has worked steadily since, building a hefty profile. His latest creation, Happens Secretly, is a delicately woven affair. It combines multi-layered electronica with beautiful, almost ethereal vocal and instrumental sampling to create music that is somehow simultaneously tangible and evanescent—very pleasant to listen to anyhow. The album maintains a steady, relaxed pace throughout, but manages to avoid falling into the trap of becoming boring background music through its distinctive sound and well metered progression. Happens Secretly would probably not appeal to those with a preference for a more mainstream, less experimental sound, but for everyone else it is well worth checking out. **-BERGRÚN ANNA HALLSTEINSDÓTTIR**



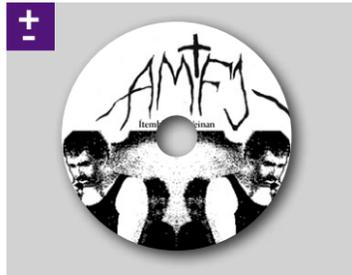
Egill S

Egill S (2009)

egillsaebjornsson

The lighter side of Egill

While bereft of the homemade, tinker-happy style that so distinguished his earlier work, Egill's new album is nonetheless an excellent showcase of the man's fine pop sensibilities. The improvised fun of Tonk Of The Lawn is nowhere to be seen here, save for some very unwelcome attempts at forcibly recreating it (Bold Hearted Woman, Sleep), but it isn't really needed. As a relaxed, simple pop album, Egill S is about as solid an offering as they come, and it is a testament to Egill's effortless creativity and talent that even when he is being as lackadaisical as this, he is still about 83 times more interesting than his Icelandic singer-songwriter contemporaries. **-SINDRI ELTON**



AMFJ

Itemhljóð og Veinan (2009)

amfjmusic

Art, shouting, runaway glitchy madness

There's a point where art-music becomes almost transcendently self-indulgent and that is the point at which it also becomes magnificent. Amidst the rolling, repeated bass-bumps of Klasar, AMFJ reaches this point as the lead voice, covered in huge reverse reverb, bounces off the bleeps and fracturing beatscape to create an effect somewhat akin

to, sorry, dropping a double-dip strawberry and hiding underneath a tube station platform listening to the announcements. The monstrously ascending amplitudes and filtered stumps of sonics become heartbeats, the vocals a Rotterdam-gabba-esque harangue. Sometimes music can be a beautiful nightmare and this unsettling doomy harbinger of an album is still preferable to listening to the output of any number of Billy Ray Cyrus' progeny. The choppy plainsong of Ég er Guð is a pop song in comparison to a dense, occasionally brilliant exercise in the reclamation of musical profanity. **-JOE SHOOMAN**

The Vinebar

LOOK AT THE VINE-SIDE OF ICELAND

VINBARINN KIRKJUTORG 4 (CENTER OF REYKJAVIK) OPEN MONDAY TO SATURDAY

RING OF SEASONS. ICELAND: - IT'S CULTURE AND HISTORY
Terry G. Lacy brings both the perspective of an outsider and the familiar eye of a long-term resident to this delightful exploration of all facets of Iceland, past and present. She conveys her story with a skillful interlacing of history, religion, politics, and culture to paint a vivid picture of the way Icelanders live today.
"This fascinating book is a must for anyone who is interested in Iceland." - Dick Ringler

SURTSEY - AN ECOSYSTEM FORMED
Dr. Sturla Fridrikson describes the birth of the island in 1963 and how in itself it became an interesting geological phenomenon and a biological laboratory, where scientists could investigate how organisms disperse across the ocean to remote islands and how plants and animals colonize completely barren areas such as Surtsey. Available in English, French and German
Surtsey was inscribed on UNESCO's World Heritage List in 2008.

THE MANUSCRIPTS OF ICELAND
In this collection of articles scholars present the story of Icelandic manuscripts, their medieval origins, the literature they contain and its influence up to the present day. This book is a tribute to the central role that medieval Icelandic literature played in forging national identities in N-Europe.

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Music | G! Festival

The Eternal Twilight of a Sparkling Mind

Gøta's G! Festival: Plugged, unplugged, and, still roaring



It's five in the morning and I'm just rolling back to Siggí and Rúnar's sailboat-slash-home away from home, which sits on the dock on the easternmost side of the Faeroe Islands village of Gøta.

The first day of the G! Festival has been and gone, the sun is just coming up and as I pass the techno stage, there are still dozens throbbing away to a drum 'n' bass drone. Overhead, gulls are squawking blue murder, diving at the fringes where sea meets land. Some even dive on the pavement straight in front of me, where French fries and bits of kebab lie scattered among compressed beer cans and the occasional passed-out drunkard.

Some are dressed up in gaudy outfits gone limp: silver mini-skirts, neon pink sweaters, some toss scraps of half-finished hamburger bun at the gulls. Then, looking across at the bay below, a red hue lights up the skies and a small fishing trawler rolls out into the ocean. It feels great to be alive.

ORKA MEANS POWER

Six hours earlier, I am almost dumbstruck by the talents of the Faeroese band Orka: a continually evolving cooperative of musicians, headed by the diminutive schoolboy-looking Jens Thomsen. Orka plays groove-driven industrial music on all manner of things Jens dug up on his parent's farm. They sound bloody good.

A day or so before, I'd listened to their latest album, *Livandi oyða* (Living Wasteland), having had it recommended by the sales guy at the Tutl record store in Tórshavn. Upon first listening, I wasn't that impressed. At first, it sounded like just another quasi-experimental band with stacks of sampling and a half-decent beat. Seeing Orka live was another matter altogether. When I realised that they created all their sounds on bits and bobs that were lying around the farm—concrete mixers, oil drums, angle grinders, a single-string violin made from chicken wire, and a hammer—my mind changed. They earned all the respect they get.

Jens himself plays a fretless, stand-up bass comprised of an amplified, pointed fence stake and something that he tells me is used on fishing vessels. It sounds funky as hell. Lead singer Kari Sverrisson strums a kind of hand-made harp that sits astride an oil drum. In the background, someone is sweeping the stage with a broom. And no, he's not part of the maintenance crew, he's one of the band; that broom is

being miked. Bogi a Lakjuni plays what they call a hydro harp; basically it's a bunch of plastic coke bottles with varying levels of water and an airgun blowing air across the top.

My head is reeling watching this spectacle, angle grinder sparks literally spew across the stage. I wonder, are all Faeroe bands this utterly mad—and talented?

"A LITTLE COUNTRY HAS A CHANCE TO MAKE IT"

During a quiet moment, I ask Jens how he feels about the Icelandic music scene, if the more recent rise of Faeroe artists such as Orka, Teitur, Lena Anderssen, Boys in A Band, has in some way been influenced by Iceland.

"Of course Iceland has inspired us," he says. "With Björk and Sigur Rós, they paved a way, proving that a little country has a chance to make it. We have a lot of friends in Iceland, people like Mugison and Bubbi Morthens, but has their music influenced our sound? Not really, we're kinda doing our own thing here."

Over the course of the next few days, I drift in and out of the backstage area, flirting with the girl behind the bar, seeing if I can get inside the mind of the G!Festival. During the days, while most of us are recuperating from the night before, a giant tent sits on the beach just a few strides away from the stage; it's a make-shift sauna, and half-naked women and men ramble out of here, beer in hand, making a mad dash for the icy ocean.

SQUEEZING THEIR WOMANHOOD

On the second night, the Faeroe's most famous singer-songwriter, Teitur Lassen, graces the stage, performing the mostly soft-spoken songs from his newest, highly-acclaimed album, *The Singer*. This is when the crowd is possibly at its thickest, girls rumble into the stage squeezing their very womanhood into steel railings, fluorescent headbands glow, beer cups slosh. Yet the mood is subdued, sensitive, just like Teitur's personal music.

Supported by a lean crew of a drummer, bassist, pianist, and three brass players, who I am told are all home-grown from Gøta (one of them looks no more than twelve), Teitur's sound shines. This is not music for the masses, this is heartfelt, slow poetry, and strangely, as I have seen countless times at the G!Festival, the crowd absolutely seems to get it. This is all lit-up Bic lighter slow-dance music. Listen to the words and you'll start to understand what

the Faeroes is all about: "You said that songs were what the world needed," sings Teitur. "That you liked those singers that really meant it!"

There are three stage areas in all. There's the main stage on the beach, near the make-shift sauna. There's a smaller one, hidden behind a kind of Ali Baba's Bazaar (or Gøta's three-day answer to Kolaportið), where most of the lesser known, but no less interesting acts perform. Then there is the techno dance area that only starts to fade when the sun comes out.

NO BJÖRK HERE

Presently on the second stage the Faeroese/Danish group Valravn is setting up. Now here's another entirely new take on Celtic-Arabic-folk-rock-trip-hop. The sounds couldn't be more eclectic-electric-mind-boggling. Most of the songs are in Faeroese, performed by lead vocalist, and Björk-styled jumping lady, Anna Katrin Egilstrøð, accompanied by flutes, hurdy-gurdy, davul and frame drums and a wild array of electronics. There is something tribal-elemental about this group. Here, once again, the crowd settles in to a slow sway, almost hypnotised.

Later when I ask Anna Katrin if she has been influenced by Björk, I'm expecting a resounding yes, but strangely she says, "I love Björk, but no, not really in the music." Yet, take one look at her outfit, or in fact, just listen to her vocal inflections, and you have Björk ten or so years ago, all over again.

Over 500 bands from all over the US and Europe wanted to be a part of the G!Festival, and in the end they narrowed their selection down to a meagre 46. A number of Icelandic bands made the cut, including Fjallabræður, Maggi Lego and the part-Faeroese Bloodgroup. Quite frankly, there's so much going on here, it would not be humanly possible to see them all perform. It's an amazing testament to the efforts of all of the village of Gøta that the G!Festival is still going strong, basically the whole thing creates utter havoc for two sleepless nights and three whole days. No one can sleep, not only for all the music and the hulaballo, the frantic flurries of seagulls, but for the fact that there is no real hotel here, and half of the village puts up most of the bands and many of the visitors. This, friends, is what raw, unbridled, sparkling live music is all about!

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#44 - ISSUE 11 - 2006



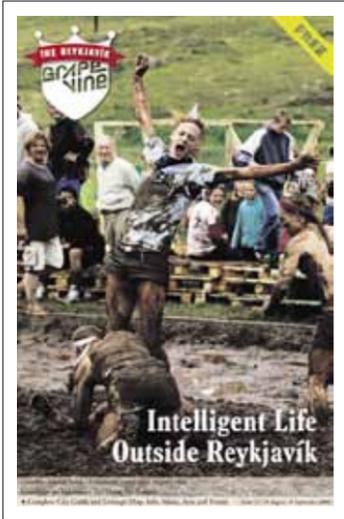
"It doesn't matter if you ask an Icelander who just so happens to be looking for some rope to hang himself with - when asked how he's doing, he's still going to respond with the classic Icelandic "Really good, thanks!" - Iceland in 2006, when times were good. **JT/OK**

#45 - ISSUE 12 - 2005



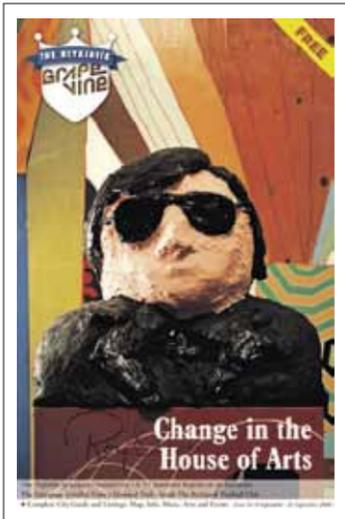
Once more, the Grapevine proved it's limitless love of Sigur Rós by, well, putting them on the cover. This was the first issue I wrote for, a story on small town Flateyri; the aftermath of its horrible avalanche, its immigrant population and its future. I remember being in awe of the whole thing, and generally being thankful for getting to work with people that I still look up to. **HSM**

#46 - ISSUE 13 - 2006



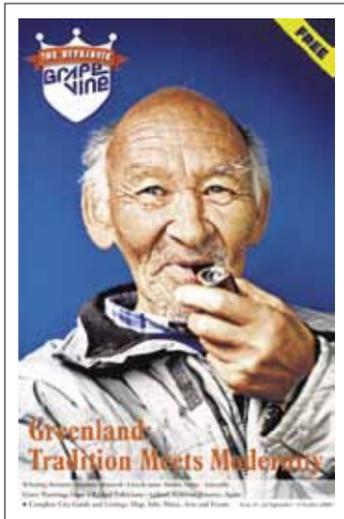
After 27 issues, Bart Cameron edited his last issue. In farewell editorial he wrote: "I plan on coming back in two years and pointing at a Grapevine far superior to any product I ever edited." While the man left giant footsteps for anyone that would follow, we still hope there was some merit to his prophecies. **HSM**

#47 - ISSUE 14 - 2006



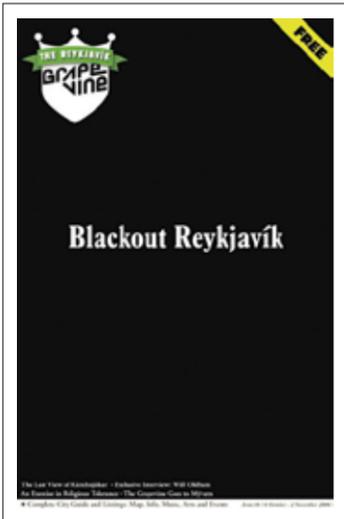
Sadly, not one of our finest moments. The feature was an interview with the new director of the Reykjavik Art Museum. The cover shot was from a current exhibition and features a likeness of Roy Orbison. Sort of. Actually, I think that piece was actually called Roy Orbison, so I guess we are the only magazine in Iceland to ever put the old guy on the cover. **SBB**

#48 - ISSUE 15 - 2006



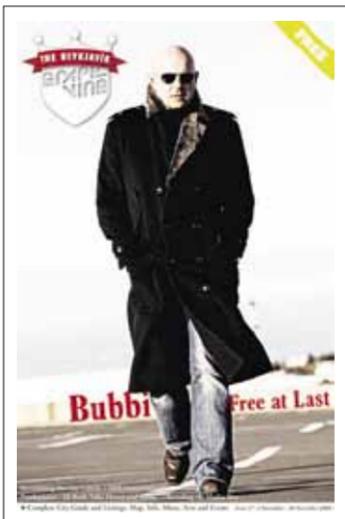
This pretty boy came across our path in Greenland. Grapevine photographer Skari was there on assignment with journalist Steinunn Jakobsdóttir, covering the changes taking place in Greenland as it moves towards modernity. **SBB**

#49 - ISSUE 16 - 2006



Inspired by writer Andri Snær Magnason's attempt to blackout Reykjavik by turning off all the lights in the city, the Grapevine presented its own blackout. I think ours was pretty successful, but the Reykjavik attempt left something to be desired. **SBB**

#50 - ISSUE 17 - 2006



The Grapevine's relationship with Iceland's most celebrated folk rocker, Bubbi Morthens, had been at Cold War status since earlier that year, following a scathing review by Sindri Eldon of his 50th birthday concert. The big thaw came when Bubbi reached out to us and asked if we'd like to interview him. The cover was shot by one of Iceland's most respected photographers, Spessi. **SBB**

#51 - ISSUE 18 - 2006



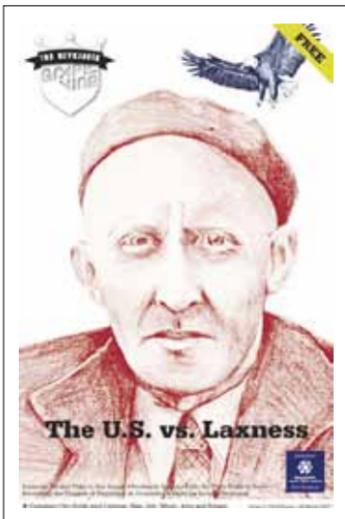
Immigrant issues had been in the spotlight for some time, and we felt we should make the non-Icelandic minority more visible. The story of the Icelandic Yule lads is one of our most cherished traditions, so combining the two felt like a good way to celebrate Christmas. **SBB**

#52 - ISSUE 1 - 2007



We polled several music scribes and other experts to ask them to help us select the album of the year 2006. Reykjavik's debut album came out on top, so the band was an obvious choice for the cover. For those observant readers wondering: Yes, that is Grapevine's current editor Haukur S. Magnússon in the back. **SBB**

#53 - ISSUE 2 - 2007



Our very own Nobel Laureate, Halldór Laxness, was under constant observation by the CIA. Historian and Laxness scholar Chay Lamaine wrote the issue's feature, detailing the trouble he had acquiring papers regarding Laxness through the Freedom of Information act, and what that might mean. Artist Sara Riel drew the cover illustration of Laxness. **SBB**

#54 - ISSUE 3 - 2007



The immortal GusGus were set to release a new album. The band graciously granted Grapevine an interview. This great cover shot was done by respected photographer Ari Magg and might be the last official shot of this lineup. **SBB**

#55 - ISSUE 4 - 2007



The feature was on how Iceland was doing with 'nation branding'. So we went ahead and designed a new coat of arms for the country, one that reflected on how ideas Icelanders had of themselves at the time. Our new figureheads were: The most beautiful women in the world, the strongest men in the world, whales and puffins. I only wish we had had the good sense of putting a 'business Viking' on there as well. A classic **SBB**

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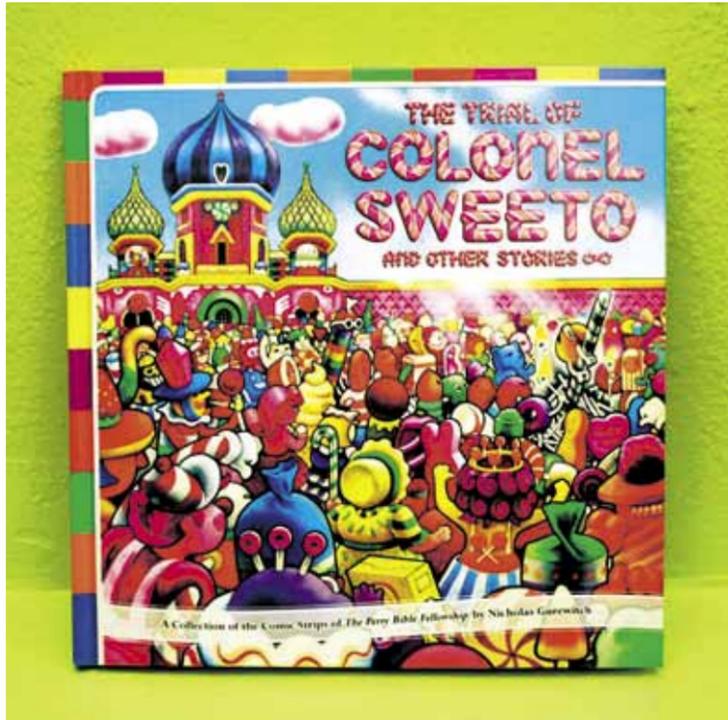
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Funny, Colourful Filth

The Trial of Colonel Sweeto and other stories

A Collection of the Comic Strips of The Perry Bible Fellowship

Nicholas Gurewitch

The comic strips in "The Trial of Colonel Sweeto" are hilarious and multicoloured and filthy like uhm.... like rainbow poop.

The majority of PBF strips have these simple white bald smiley-face characters. Those and the humour are the defining recognisable trades of The Fellowship. What makes the PBF extra fun and interesting (for illustration enthusiasts that is) are the variations of drawing styles that help the strips add a layer to the jokes. Gurewitch manages to whip out all sorts of different styles. Many of them look like drawings from children's books or 'classic illustrations,' and sometimes he uses the style of different artists, Edward Gorey being an example.

Maybe it's the contrast between happy and evil that makes the dark humour and colourful drawings go so well together. The downside to that is probably only apparent to parents that

want to control the amount of horror that enters their children's lives, but are too stressed and overworked to notice when they accidentally grab this colourful book as they run guilt-ridden through a bookstore, desperately trying to find something to compensate for their lack of being there. Imagine their shock as they realise what they have done, when little Olaf or Hilde mutters their first obscene word or asks an embarrassing question in public....but you know, whatevs. It only scars the soul a tad.

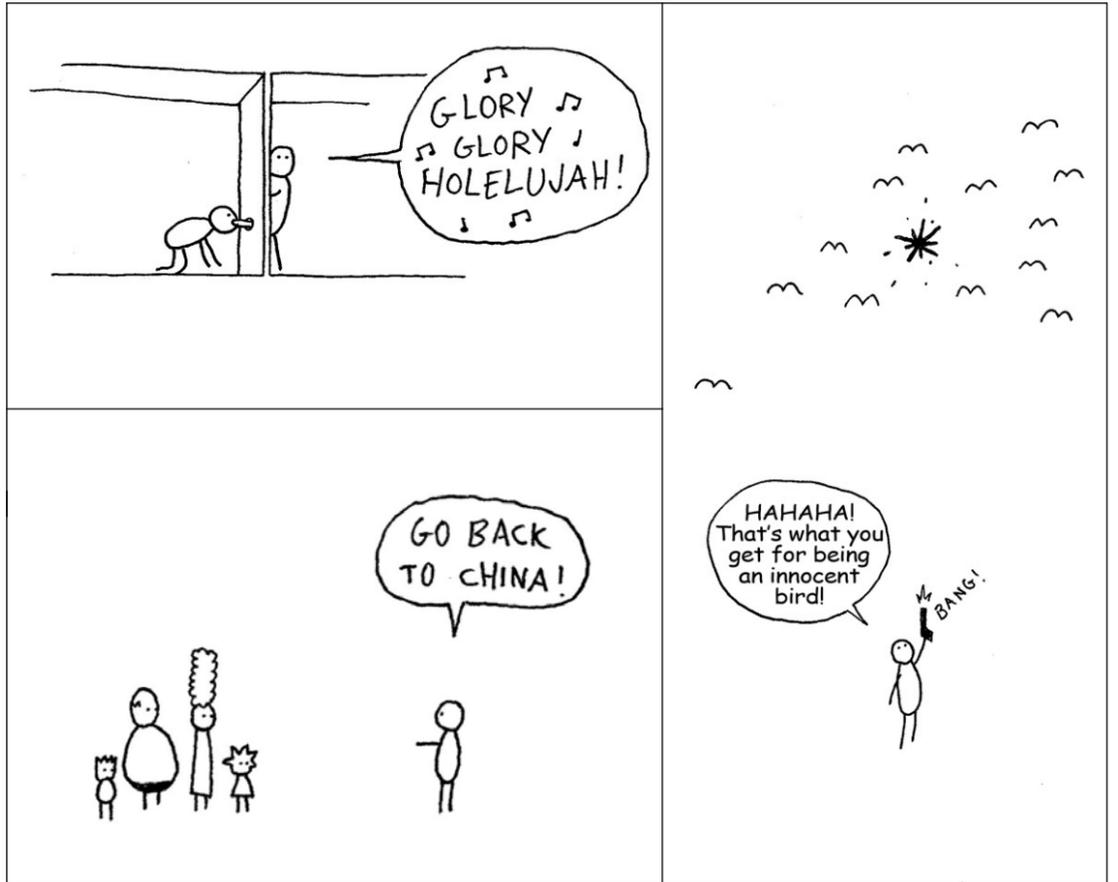
There are plenty of people who grew up with the occasional copies of Heavy Metal, The Fabulous Furry Freak Brothers and/or MAD lying around the house, and they are mostly fully functional adults today. It's the Garfields of this world that do the real damage to people's personalities.

by LÓA HJÁLMTÝSDÓTTIR

—by The Perry Bible Fellowship



—by Hugleikur Dagsson



—by Lóa Hjálmtýsdóttir

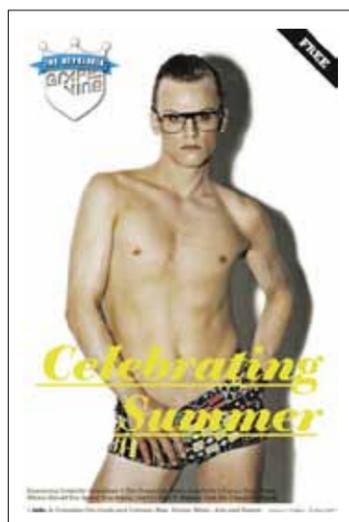


—by Elo Vázquez and Óttar Norðfjörð



Grapevine 101

#57 - ISSUE 6 - 2007



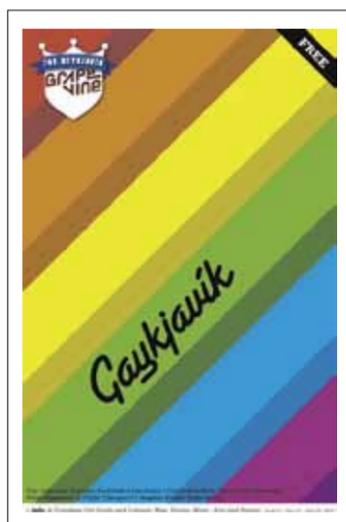
We decided to celebrate summer with the Grapevine swimsuit issue, and printed two different versions of the cover featuring both male and female models. Gender equality is always a concern at the Grapevine. **SBB**

#58 - ISSUE 7 - 2007



The first theme issue in the history of the Grapevine. Almost every article was related to environmental or sustainability issues in some way. **SBB**

#59 - ISSUE 8 - 2007



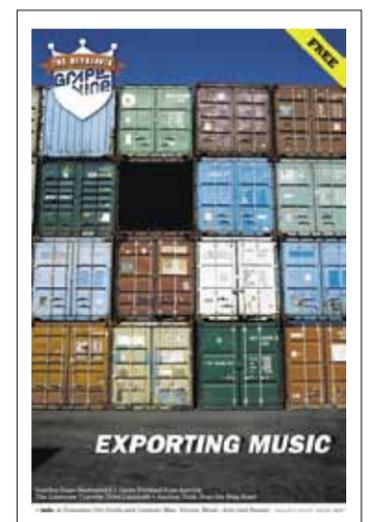
First plans for this cover, featuring a long-ass article on gay nightlife in Reykjavík, was to have two men kissing on the cover. However, the cover shoot was a failure, and although we ended up using the photos with the article, it just wasn't strong enough for the cover. Art director Gunnir Þorvalds saved the day once again. **SBB**

#60 - ISSUE 9 - 2007



The ninth issue was dedicated to Icelandic movies. Then Grapevine photographer GAS, shot this impressive cover, inspired by the Golden Age of Hollywood. **SBB**

#61 - ISSUE 10 - 2007



Focusing on the Icelandic music industry, The Grapevine surveyed the export of Icelandic music and what it took to make it outside Iceland. The cover was shot in the Eimskip shipping company container yard. Eimskip doesn't really have a whole lot to do with music, but a lot to do with export. **SBB**

Be on the lookout for Grapevine Grassroots every day of Réttir Reykjavík Round-up Starting @ 20⁰⁰ in Battery, featuring these artists...

Swords of Chaos
Calf Method
DLX ATX
Johnny Stronghands
Ojba Rasta
Magnoose

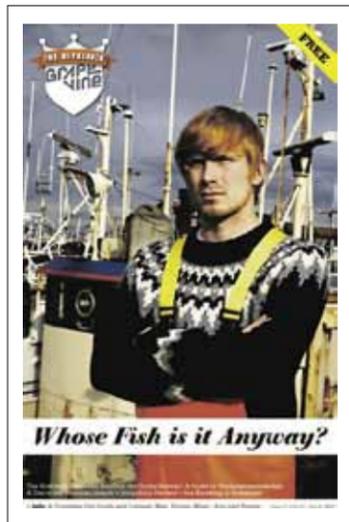
Lydia
Pörður
701
Kid Twist

gogo yoko 
RÉTTIR
 23.-26. september



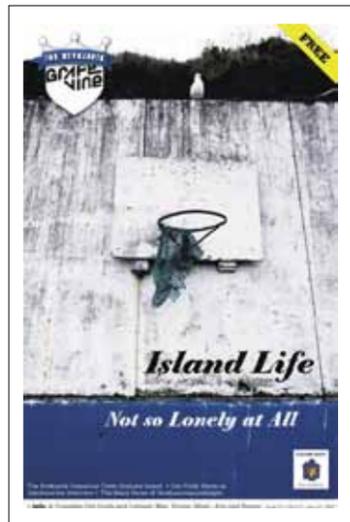
Grapevine 101

#62 - ISSUE 11 - 2007



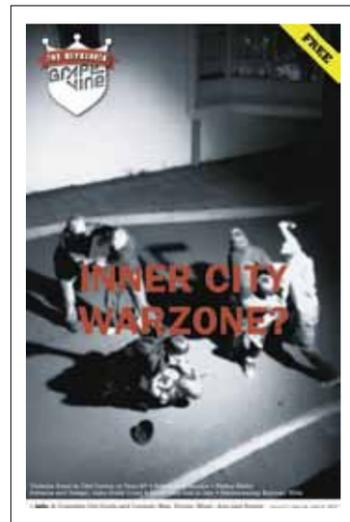
This is where we tried our very best to explain the Icelandic fishing quota system - how it works, why it's there and what it's doing - via our 'amazing panel of experts.' Sounds boring and uninteresting? Maybe. Still, the feature is fun enough to read through, and the founding of the quota system was pivotal in transforming Icelandic society and capitalism to the messy mess it currently is. Also, cover model boy is handsome as fuck. **HSM**

#63 - ISSUE 12 - 2007



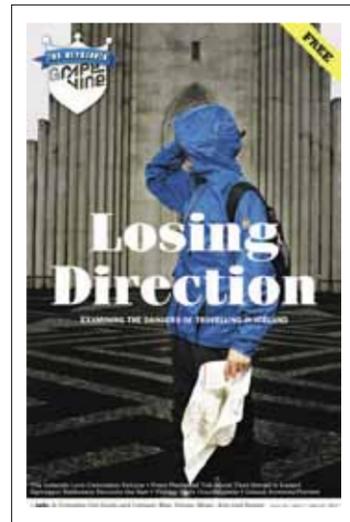
This one features a pretty sweet photo from the island Grímsey by our very own GAS. The issue's probably most memorable for intern Valgerður Þóroddsdóttir's 'Date With Jakobinaína,' where the now defunct outfit managed to piss off every Icelandic band and musician out there with their Oasis-like remarks. On Icelandic music: "It's all so much trash." **HSM**

#64 - ISSUE 13 - 2007



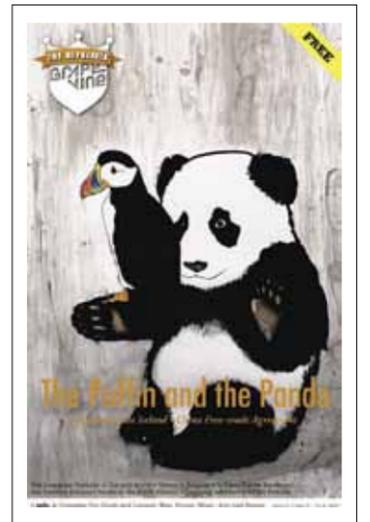
This is a cover I've always been pretty satisfied with. Suddenly, violence in the city centre had become the hot issue in the Icelandic media. In the feature, we showed - through interviews and statistics - that the story had completely been blown out of proportion by the local media, and that the crime rate in the city centre was decreasing if anything. The cover was shot with a group of youngsters from a local high school, who agreed to stage a full on fistfight for the shot. The combination of the feature and the cover shot worked great; we received numerous emails, thanking us for an intelligent discussion of the situation. **SBB**

#65 - ISSUE 14 - 2007



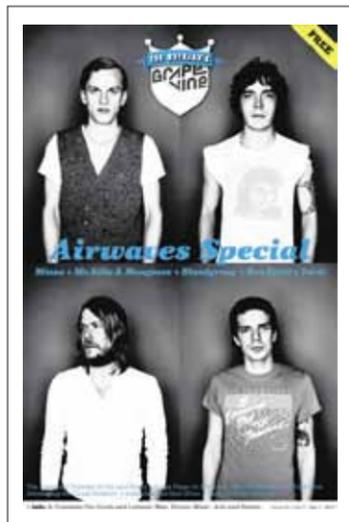
What I remember most about this issue is that after it had been shipped off to print, we discovered an embarrassing typo on the cover. They were already prepping the plates at the printing press when we got them on the phone and managed to salvage the situation. **SBB**

#66 - ISSUE 15 - 2007



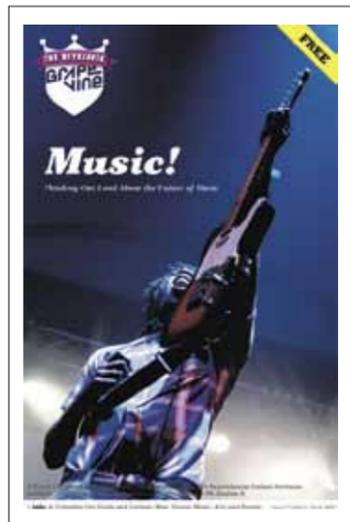
Iceland - China relations was discussed and artist Sara Riel drew symbolic animals from each country. Thinking back, we could probably have come up with something more exciting. **SBB**

#67 - ISSUE 16 - 2007



Warming up for the year's Airwaves festival, we interviewed think-kings of Icelandic rock 'n' roll, Minus, who had recently put out an album and gone through some line-up changes. Minus was the third band to be on the cover this year, to be followed by... **SBB**

#68 - ISSUE 17 - 2007



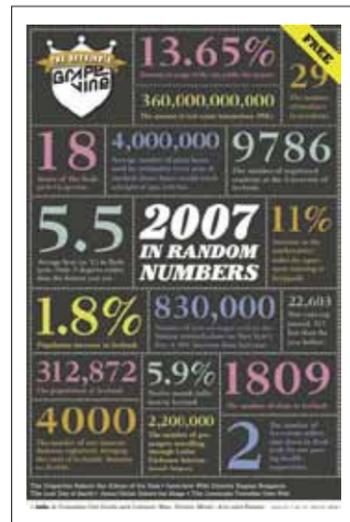
Bloc Party, who rocked the Airwaves festival (and are at the time of writing the only non-Icelandic act to grace our cover). This was one of our favourite images from the festival, shot by the excellent Swedish photographer Emma Svenson, who we invited to join our Icelandic photography team to shoot the festivities. **SBB**

#69 - ISSUE 18 - 2007



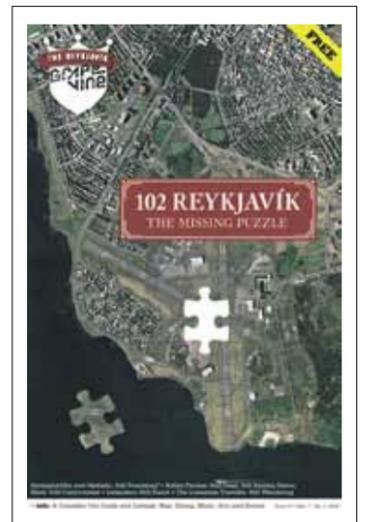
Another Christmas issue. This time, the idea was to depict the commercialization of the holidays, and how far removed from the season's spirit the whole thing has become. The shoot was not without its problems, the little ungrateful crying girl kept giggling from the excitement of it all. Those first steps on the way to supermodel stardom are the hardest. **SBB**

#70 - ISSUE 1 - 2008



Everybody loves statistics. We decided to gather random numbers from the previous year and present 2007 in numbers. My favorite: 5.9% - 12 month inflation in Iceland in 2007. By the way, 2007 was the height of the Icelandic economic adventure. **SBB**

#72 - ISSUE 3 - 2008



City planning in Reykjavik is cause for extreme agitation. The continuous political strife over the future location of the Reykjavik Airport inspired this cover. The missing puzzle is where the airport is located. Or alternatively, an area where a part of the sprawling Reykjavik suburbia could have been built. **SBB**

Dead Ahead: Touring Ísafjörður during the economic meltdown



A bird slamming into the windshield. That's my greeting to Ísafjörður.

To be fair, there are signs warning that birds may slam into your windshield just outside Ísafjörður. Just as, for the hour or so of surreal unpaved mountain road driving, there are signs warning that you are approaching extremely blind hills and may smash into oncoming traffic, but there's only so much you can do with this information.

For the blind hills, you slow down and stand up a little in the seat. You are aided by the rocks and drifts that naturally form on the mountain roads, throwing you and your occupants toward the roof.

For the birds, there's not much to do.

When I explain on arrival that I've collided with the local fauna, I get a small bit of shaming, but mostly that I can't say what exact type of bird I destroyed.

A local explains that his uncle hit a goose and had the good sense to back up on the cliffside highway, grab the bird, and take it home and cook it.

Another local assures me that I did

the right thing. She holds her arms out like they're locked onto the wheel and acts out the impact: "If anything gets into the road, drive straight through. A sheep, just go straight through. Tourists swerve and one or two die every year."

She affects a look of sadness, as though she were looking down at the sheep that has to die. But she acts through again the firm grip one must keep on the wheel to go steady and stay on the road.

PERMANENT KREPPA

Trouble finds the Westfjords. That's the impression one gets reading Icelandic history. This is the site of one of the largest migrations away from the island, for example. The Westfjords were the site of the country's most famous executions for witchcraft and sorcery. In recent history, the Westfjords were hit by two avalanches in 1995 that took 34 lives and devastated the country.

One thing that doesn't bother the Westfjords, at least not at the moment, is the kreppa, or the Icelandic economic crash.

The reason: they've been stuck in an economic meltdown for 20 years.

"We are in a permanent kreppa. Before the kreppa, there was the quota," my host for my first evening tells me.

The kreppa discussion is always worth having in Iceland, but in Ísafjörður, it is shocking. When my host laughs off the crash, I ask if she means Ísafjörður is immune from economic hardship.

Can you get a loan? I ask.
"We never could get loans here. That was only Reykjavík."

I ask if perhaps people are leaving Reykjavík for Ísafjörður, coming back home, due to the crash.

"There were no jobs here before, and there are none now."

It gets worse, actually. For just about any supply, there is a sizeable mark-up, because the economic base in Reykjavík doesn't trust the rest of Iceland with credit—all major businesses here pay cash up front.

Follow that with the monumental screw: the waters in the ocean surrounding Ísafjörður are teeming with cod and haddock. But due to a unique

set of laws, cod, haddock, and everything else not farmed can only be caught by people who have purchased the quota rights, and most of those rights are based in Reykjavík.

There you have life in Ísafjörður. And in most towns outside of Reykjavík.

Drinking and dwelling on it, we all get profound and morose.

I am awakened early the next morning by a phone call from an Icelandic relative in a panic: the International Monetary Fund (IMF) will not be loaning Iceland anything, and the country's descent into economic depression looks as though it will continue. Before I can wipe the blur of a night of boxed wine from my eyes, I've agreed to transport someone's life savings to America.

THE TOWN IN THE BUBBLE

And yet, having made that agreement, I can't help thinking that this morning, things look better. In the light, Ísafjörður is a damn handsome town. For one thing, there has not been much recent building in Ísafjörður, which is somewhat of a blessing. The buildings have all been cared for as though they had to last. Roofs are painted. The very house we're staying in has a time-worn coat of blue paint faded to a heartbreaking turquoise.

All of us stand on the steps taking in the view. Our street corner seems

pulled from a 1950s storybook.

We set out—Ísafjörður is a town you can easily walk. Immediately, we are surrounded by a different class of tourist. Educated, quiet, middle-aged French, Germans and Englishmen are everywhere taking in the sights, speaking snippets of guidebook Icelandic. Being polite and judgmental.

This is the flip side of being kicked in the ass by history—your suffering daily struggle becomes someone else's quaint weekend.

For a quaint weekend, or longer, Ísafjörður has all the trappings. Its Gamla Bakarí is one of the best bakeries in the country, which is saying something. Also in the town centre is Iceland's single coolest sjoppa, or corner store, Hamraborg. There you can grab bulk candy, burgers, pizza, a mandolin, a stage microphone, whatever you need for your night out—it's a heavily caffeinated modern take on the general store.

Politics aside, there is a dignity and energy to life in Ísafjörður. As an attraction, the town is a pearl.

But for the curious, the politics are incredible.

Take the swimming pool—usually a key attraction in small Icelandic towns. Locals will tell you that there is only one local swimming pool worth attending, the outdoor pool at Suðureyri. To get to Suðureyri, the next town over, you just need to drive through a



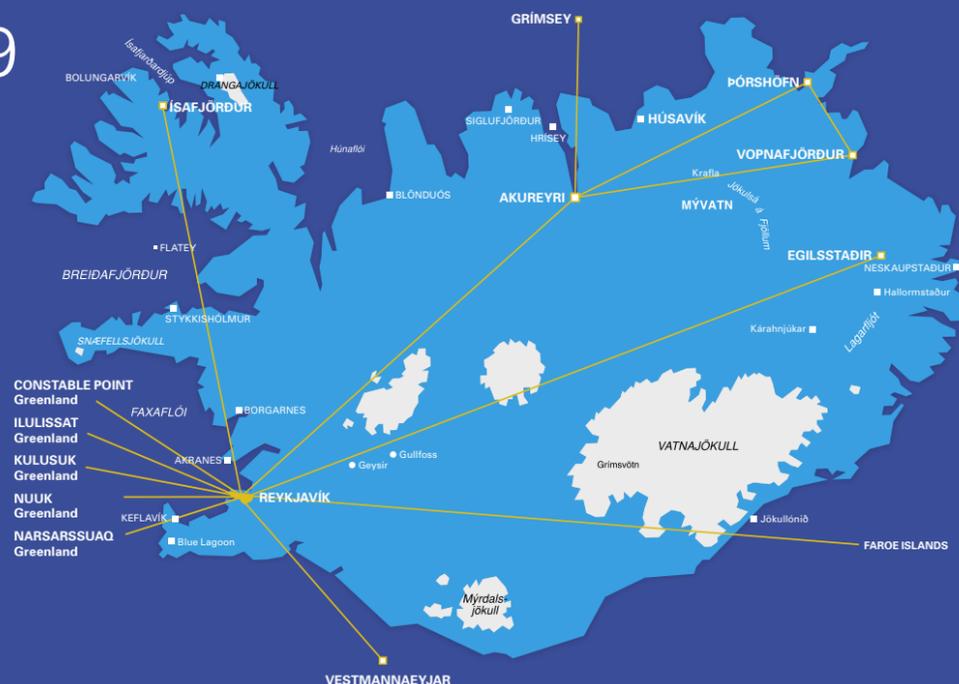
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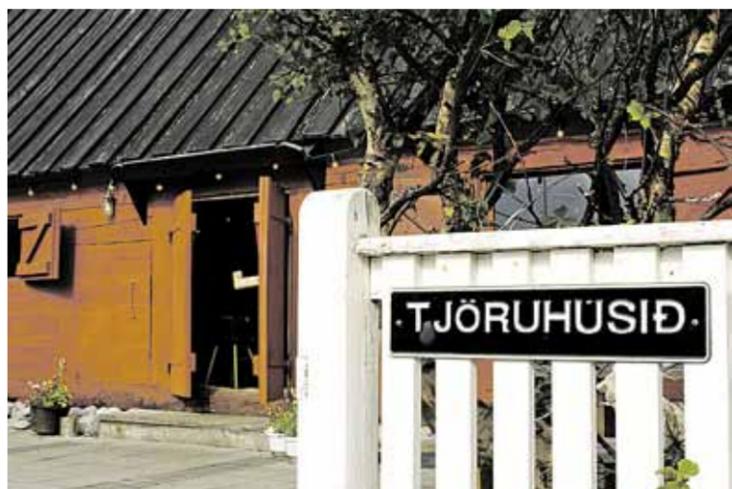
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tunnel—a tunnel that stretches more than ten kilometres and includes a major intersection.

Considering Suðureyri has a population in the hundreds, figuring out the cost per citizen for this public work is mind-boggling. And while the tunnel, which was finished in 1996, makes tourism easy and has improved the quality of life, in the main it has served as a portal for a quiet exodus. Suðureyri got its tunnel as a political gesture in exchange for its fishing quota—the town lost its identity and source of revenue, and it got an exit.

In Ísafjörður, they recommend Suðureyri as a perfect tourist attraction: a quaint fishing village stuck even further back in time than Ísafjörður.

The pool is indeed worth the drive. And the town is pretty. And as we drive to Ísafjörður, past dead and dying arctic tern in the middle of the road, we have already lost our sense of scope and we feel we are heading to a genuine metropolis.

QUOTA QUOTA QUOTA

My friend, an Icelandic fisherman from a family of fishermen, vents on the drive. Quota quota quota. One decision two decades ago destroyed the country. Every village could be feeding itself, building its own microeconomy, but instead Reykjavik swallowed the country. What's worse, those with the quota borrowed against it. This

kreppa, this economic crash, my fisherman friend says all the insane borrowing done by Iceland's banks was pulled from the way fishing companies leveraged their quotas at 12 times their value.

Everyone in the car jumps in to the discussion: in their childhood, you got fish, good Icelandic fish, five nights a week. It was spectacular. With the quota, fish got too expensive: the whole country had to change their diet.

We are in a jeep full of bitterness heading in to Ísafjörður, until the fisherman who started the complaint makes me pull over.

"You see that. Those little orange boats. Those are somebody's smart idea to fix the quota. And it only took 20 years."

We observe eight day-cruiser fishing boats in Ísafjörður's harbor. They are part of the strandveiðar, or coast fishing, program introduced by Jón Bjarnason and the Left Green party. As long as they use these tiny vessels, local fisherman can now harvest their own shores without the burden of the quota system, with certain restrictions.

Two hours later, with my embittered Icelandic compatriots, we head to Tjöruhúsið to taste the results of this program.

This is one of those things you need context to understand. For the dozens

of tourists enjoying simply cooked cod, haddock and flounder alongside potatoes and greens, Tjöruhúsið is just a fish place. Good food in a historic building.

For Icelanders, Tjöruhúsið is a religious experience—not quite Galilee, but close. I have just spent 48 hours with locals discussing economic decline, the loss of a way of life, and, strangely enough, the horrors of having to live without fresh fish.

In a large century-old log cabin, skillets of fish fresh off the local boats sends all of these friends into a bliss not typically associated with food. After an hour of constant eating and laughing, I think some of them might start speaking in tongues.

Every piece of white fish is examined, translated, discussed, and devoured. Then a new plate, a new fish dish, someone trying to remember the last flounder they had. Someone's mother cooked haddock this way, but not this perfectly.

We stumble out, eventually, into the soft purple of 10 PM on an August night. All the weight has been lifted. There isn't another word about economics or politics. Equipped with enormous cans of beer, we join the locals for a proper night of revelry until well into the next morning.

Driving back to Reykjavik and what feels like normalcy, down mountain roads flooded and shifting, the whole kreppa seems as constant and impersonal as the mountains we're driving on. The kreppa is here, and it will be here, and we can see it clearly. And while I loathe and will never forgive the people who have caused so much pain on a nation, and while weeks later my intellect will tell me otherwise, the mood that overcomes me driving on this Icelandic road is one of acceptance, combined with a belief that staying the course is the best possible solution. ♡

✍ BART CAMERON
📷 JULIA STAPLES

Grapevine 101

#73 - ISSUE 4 - 2008



"Rock in Remote Places" was inspired by the annual Aldrei fór ég suður music festival in Ísafjörður, in the West Fjords of Iceland. Sign would be the only band to grace a Grapevine cover in the year 2008. **SBB**

#74 - ISSUE 5 - 2008



With summer just around the corner, we were in a sunny mood. The cover was a sarcastic commentary on the Icelandic summer, shot on a cold, cloudy day, like Icelandic summer days often are. Little did we know that 2008 would turn out to be the hottest Icelandic summer on record. **SBB**

#75 - ISSUE 6 - 2008



Vacant old houses, left to rot while developers waited for permission to tear them down, were increasingly putting their mark on the city centre. As luck would have it, the great collapse was only months away, and then nobody could afford to tear anything down anymore. Let alone build something new. **SBB**

#76 - ISSUE 7 - 2008



UEFA European Football Championship fever grabbed everyone. The Grapevine included. We found this guy playing with his balls somewhere. **SBB**

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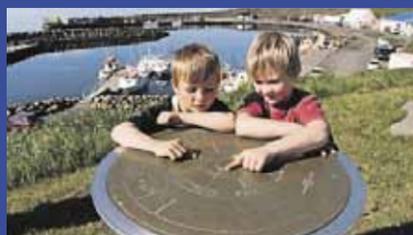
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Art | Hafnarborg

Metaphors To Save You At Sea

When the unpredictability and trepidation of the sea becomes symbolic for a nation's political saga, it's not bewildering that several contemporary Icelandic artists feel perturbed. Maybe they see this obscure juxtaposition as an ever-growing concern within their art?

ROWING BOUT POLITICS

The current "Lífróður" exhibition at Hafnarborg literally translates into "Row For Your Life." When applied to the economic situation, it has a frightful impact. Politicians have been indoctrinating these metaphors and euphemisms into their public speeches—incorporating the volatile, uncontrollable seas in contrast to the dangers of politic decision making. There is no surprise, then, that the public has grown wary about the oceans and politics surrounding the island, believing their fate may lie in a similar temperamental way.

Curators Dorothee Kirch & Markús Þór Andrússon, who also curated the Icelandic Pavilion at the 2009 Venice Biennale, observed this national spirit and invited artists to comment on the contrasting symbolisms between the political turmoil and the traitorous seas.

TOURING THE EXHIBITION

"Our bankers became like the new fishermen," said public relations manager, Gunnhildur Þórðardóttir as she guided me through the show. She related that traditionally Iceland looked towards the sea for salvation, brought about by the imports of the fishermen. As the economy expanded, the financial sector took over these old necessities. Now, it seems to have fallen back on the fishermen to become the main providers once again, but is this an unrealistic dependency? She told of how ex-prime minister, Geir H. Haarde referred to the fishing industry as the last thing to hold on to, and how those words made Icelanders feel their lives were uncontrollably entwined to the yields of the sea.



IMPRESSIVE ARRAY OF ARTIST

With such an interesting topic in discussion, it is undoubtedly one of the largest co-exhibitions of contemporary Icelandic artists that we've seen over the past few years. If ever you had wished to gain insight into a cross-section of who are important contributors to the modern art scene in Iceland, this would be the exhibition to visit. We have The Icelandic Love Corporation, Ragnar Kjartansson, husband and wife duo Libia Castro & Ólafur Ólafsson and so forth, all seen as major contemporaries in Icelandic art today.

WHAT THE ARTIST HAD TO SAY

Many of the artists had interesting takes on the subjects. Hulda Hákon displayed a crudely made sculpture series, entitled "EBITA" (2005-2006). The work showed her satirical slant on modern politics, incorporating historical mythical sea creatures seen on ancient maps with slogans like "It's better for us if we know they're drunk whilst controlling the country," which refers to the rumours that the previous head of the Central Bank, Davíð Oddsson, was regularly drunk at work. The artist's work conjures questions such



Travel | Hveravellir

It's worth the drive to Hveravellir



It's a long and arduous drive through the rocky and oft barren interior of the country. Unpaved, unkempt, deeply rutted, rock strewn roads force driving speeds near the single digits for ill equipped vehicles and will put a 4x4's shock absorbers to the test.

Hours on Kjölur (F35), while brimming with sweeping views of Hofsjökull and Langjökull and otherworldly terrains (lots of rocks), become daunting. Legs beg for a stretch and the body yearns for some pampering. Once the cut off for the F735 draws nearer wisps of steam wafting up from the ground catch the sunlight, creating a misty halo around the oasis that is Hveravellir.

The bathing area of Hveravellir is

relatively small and would begin to feel cramped with more than a dozen bodies in it, but turning away from your fellow bathers toward the steaming waterfall, the sulphur in which has caused the rocks to develop a slick porcelain-like surface, accented with rich yellow-green glossy, spongy moss, is a beautiful escape. What's more, bathers control their experience, moving the hot water supply closer to or further from the bathing pool as desired to increase or decrease the flow of 90 degree water added to the basin every thirty seconds or so.

There is a cabin directly adjacent to the bath for rental by overnight guests, otherwise using the facilities on site costs a paltry 300 ISK, and even that is only a

suggested donation—the area is well preserved so why not part with a few hundred krónur to keep it that way? A short respite at Hveravellir will have your body and mind relaxed and muscles loosened and ready for a triumphant return to the F35 to complete the cross-country trek. This gem is only 90km from Gullfoss, 110 km from Blönduós, and is serviced by buses from Reykjavík and Akureyri in the summer months and open year-round. You should go. Seriously.

CATHARINE FULTON
JULIA STAPLES

as: Are the political views of politicians outdated? Are they themselves as mythical to the people as the creatures? The work provokes the viewer into thinking of their relationship to modern politics, and perhaps how they allow the present to be presented in myths rather than participating within the outcome of their own future.

Politician and artist Hlynur Hallsson's work "Guð blessi..." (2009) features his own take on the words of Geir H. Haarde, "God bless Iceland," the infamous statement that shocked the nation in one of the first public statements regarding the crisis last year. He compares the sentiments with that of its prosperous American counterpart "God Bless America." In doing so, he reflects on how culturally out of touch parliament had become to Iceland by saying something completely foreign in its nature, and reciprocating a totally different meaning.

The work I felt conveyed the greatest inspiration and captured the essence of the exhibition was that of the Icelandic Love Corporation, "Thank You" (2005). This video performance sees the three artists dressed in elegant gowns with fac-

- 1. Hrafnkell Sigurðsson
- 2. Guðjón Ketilsson
- 3. Ragnar Kjartansson



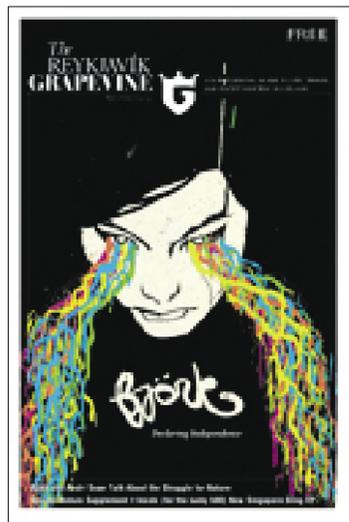
es covered in diamantes. The artists proceed to an operating table with a financial briefcase, containing the guts of fish lying on the table. As the artists proceed to re-gut the fish, it begins to visually echo the conflict Iceland has to contend with: an over exploited fishing industry that allowed the financial sector to grow and now conversely the greed of a few will be reaped onto many. Although, unlike the performance, we cannot undo the past! Iceland will have to re-examine its practices and look to more sustainable ways of handle the economy in the future.

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www.hafnarborg.is

RICHARD P. FOLEY

Grapevine 101

#77 - ISSUE 8 - 2008



Björk started an environmental awakening with the natura.info initiative. We talked to her about environmental issues in her summerhouse by Lake Mývatn on one of the best days of the summer, which incidentally was also the fifth anniversary of the Grapevine. Illustration by Bobby Breidholt. **SBB**

#78 - ISSUE 9 - 2008



This one features Iceland's superstar female football player, Margrét Lára Vindarsdóttir, in an iconic pose. And the tagline 'Got Balls?' What else do you need, really. **HSM**

#79 - ISSUE 10 - 2008



For some reason, we managed to piss off some deconstructionist socialists (that also happen to be regular GV contributors) with this issue and its cover story. They mainly felt we weren't being critical of Iceland's attempt at image making. In hindsight, they were probably right. **HSM**

#80 - ISSUE 11 - 2008



We are always trying to do the Gay Pride festival justice in our covers around that time. It's kind of hard, though, as there are a lot of clichés to avoid when depicting gay life. But Gay Pride deserves its yearly cover, being the awesome festival it is, so we just trod right along. **HSM**

#81 - ISSUE 12 - 2008



It turned out that 2008 was pretty close to becoming the hottest summer on record in Iceland. Office workers were especially depressed. I haven't seen the numbers, but I would not be surprised to learn that there was a slight bump in the suicide rate among the forty-something white collar crowd. **SBB**



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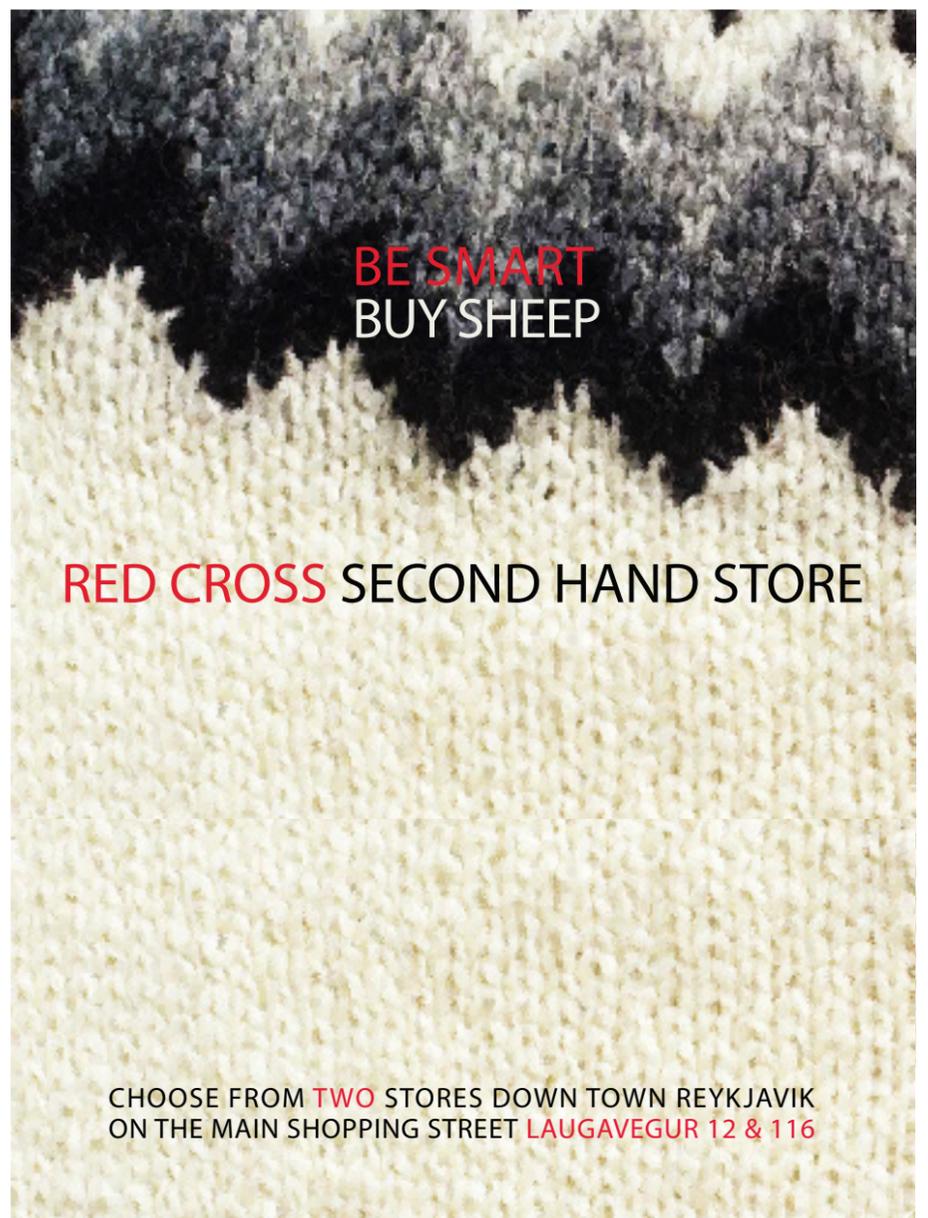
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Rounding Up the Musical Herds

The Reykjavík Round-Up brings it all together this fall



After one of the most creatively prolific summers Reykjavík has seen in ages, we are now approaching fall festival madness. There's a brand spanking new concert series on the menu bringing together pretty much everyone involved in the local music scene. Coinciding with the Reykjavík International Film Festival and the You Are In Control music, arts and media conference (so you know there'll be lots of folks in town), the Réttir Reykjavík Round-Up runs from September 23rd until the 26th. Over the four nights they will bring together a wealth of local talent for action packed concerts at select venues.

Conceived of by several groups of musicians and people involved in the Icelandic music machine, initial ideas for the programme came together loosely over the Innipúkinn festival weekend this summer. I met with two of the event organizers, Eldar Ástþórsson of gogoyoko.com and Steinþór Helgi Arnsteinsson of new record label Borgin, to discuss how it all came to fruition and what's to be expected.

"The concept is basically to bring together various elements of the music scene and celebrate Icelandic music," says Eldar. "It's a really good weekend because the You Are In Control conference is happening, so everybody was thinking of doing shows anyway. We kind of thought, why don't we all come together and do something?"

THE NAME SAYS IT ALL

Rather than pitting people against one another, the event converges artists, collectives, record labels, promoters and concert venues to make a stunning series for musicians to be involved in and for music fans to enjoy. In addition to their official partner RIFF, the series is bolstered by gogoyoko.com, OkiDoki, Kimi Records and their sub-label Brak, hardcore label Molestin Records, and new record label Kölski, to name a few. The series will also feature programming by Breakbeat.is, Weircore, CoxButter, Trúbatríx, and the Melodica Acoustic Festival and an Eistnaflug 2010 teaser. As an active proponent and admirer of Icelandic music, the Grapevine is also part of the big happy family.

Every promoter, label and collective are in control of their own night and selects their line-up as they see fit. "Eldar and I are both really well connected into the Icelandic music scene, we're really enthusiastic about it and have been for a

long time, so we of course had some ideas about artists," says Steinþór.

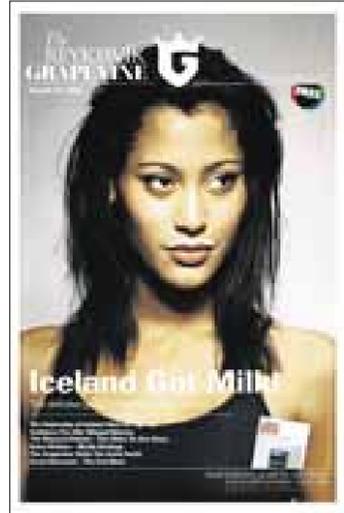
"We put together some names and then we talked to affiliates and they had some of the same names. We're like the heads, and we try to get ideas from our affiliates and gather up a nice soup." With the help of their booking committee, they will then try to bring all of these elements into a solid and interesting programme.

DON'T CALL IT A FESTIVAL

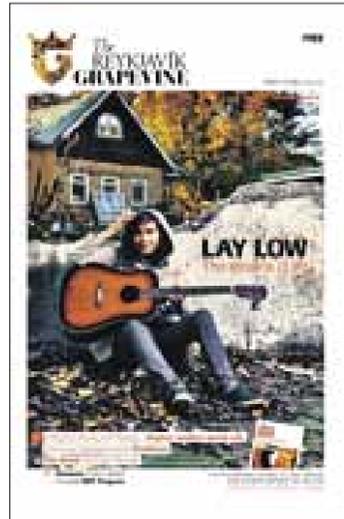
The pair stressed to me that due to the nature of the programming and the focus on the local market, the event is distinctly a smaller form of music series rather than a full blown Iceland Airwaves-style festival. It is easy to find similarities, but the booking process, the events size, ticket price and the fact its solely being marketed within Iceland is what really holds it apart.

Rather, they see it as a warm-up to Iceland Airwaves. This being the main album release season for most indie bands in Iceland, they think it can do no harm to have two such events so close to each other. "I think Réttir will definitely support what's happening with Airwaves, because if you like the experience you will thirst for more," says Eldar. "Same with the bands. They like playing shows, so it makes it a pleasant experience for both the artist and the music lover."

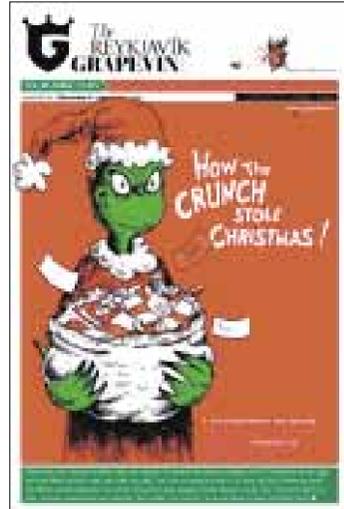
Additionally, their funding is grassroots based, relying only on ticket sales, with no government funding or corporate sponsorship. Nonetheless, all the artists performing are getting paid. They tell me they are not currently concerned with whether or not the event will become annual, rather focusing on highlighting the fruits of the music scene, here and now.



Iceland has copious amounts of different varieties of milk products. Yes, we got milk. And pretty women. There's an idea in there somewhere. **SBB**



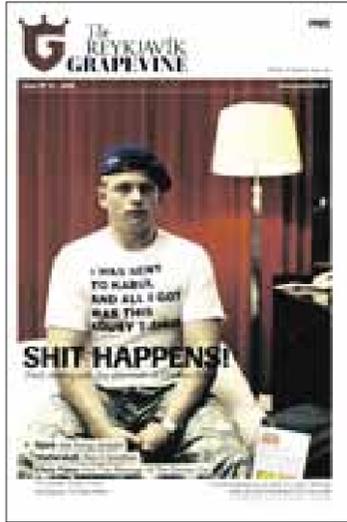
Icelandic alt-country star Lay Low gave me one of the best interviews I did for the Grapevine, and photographer Baldur Kristjánsson got this great shot of her somewhere in rainy Mostellarsbær. **SBB**



Christmas in the midst of a depression. What a sad thought. I am particularly pleased with the visuals in this one. The illustration by Bobby Breiðholt is great, and the reference to the Grinch gives it much needed sarcasm in this hour of desperation. **SBB**



All hell had broken loose at this point. Kitchenware revolution, riots, flames of fire. And we only had 32 pages to work with, which isn't a lot to get across one of the most tumultuous times Iceland has seen. But we did an OK job in the end, and the cover managed to properly express the indignation many Icelanders felt towards our politicians. **HSM**



Iceland did its part in the coalition of the willing – and one of our troopers even lost a testicle. Years later, the poor bastards were still trying to wrangle insurance benefits from the government. The reference for the shot was the Lost in Translation movie poster. **SBB**



For one fleeting moment, in the middle of the worst economic hurricane to hit a country since the end of WWII, we had hope. The whole world had hope. Finally, 43 was out of the White House. **SBB**



This was my debut as editor. The running theme was to seek an idea of what and how a nation at some pretty hefty crossroads thought about itself. To that end, we got 33 Icelanders – musicians, philosophers, journalists, etc – to share their thoughts on what we had, and what was to come. The tagline came from artist Gabriela Friðriksdóttir, who's "We are only broke on money" nicely embodied the conflicting spirit of hopeless optimism felt at the time. **HSM**



We were getting bored with Kreppa at this point, but couldn't really escape it either. The feature story was about celebrating the local music scene, via joining a bunch of local acts on their trip to a Norwegian showcase festival. So we got the lovely bands to pose for a tabloidy 2007-style glam-champagne-money-coke cover. Looks cool. Funny enough, we had to airbrush some fake prop cocaine from the cover before we sent it to print. In retrospect, that was a pretty good idea. **HSM**

Your Post-Collapse Guide to the Movies

It is a sad fact of life that outside the glorious ten days of the Reykjavik International Film Festival, almost everything being served in the cinemas here is standard Hollywood fare. So, being forced to choose between shit and dirt, let us rummage through the droppings in search of nutrition.

Drag Me to Hell is a horror film set in an investment bank. No, not actually a zombie film, we have to wait until the film festival's wonderful Nazi flick *Död Snö* for that. DMTH starts out as homage to rampant capitalism. A pretty young girl turns an elderly woman out of her home in hope of promotion. This is the setting for a series of fight scenes between young and old, beautiful and ugly, rich and poor, where we are supposed to root for the former in every case. The movie redeems itself by a last minute twist. A barely passable horror flick, but it is interesting to see how the banking collapse is infiltrating popular culture.

Although lacking Nazi zombies, **Inglorious Basterds** has just about everything else. One might be forgiven for coming to a Tarantino film set in the Second World War with certain preconceived notions. And we do get a more up-to-date Dirty Dozen, with scalping and a figure called "The Bear Jew" who likes to execute POW's with a baseball bat. This is the film that we expect, but it is just Tarantino toying with us. For as the movie moves on, one can't be sure of anything anymore. Almost every WWII movie cliché is exploded. The Brits Plot to kill Hitler is reneged to sub-plot and summarily taken care of. The far-fetched plan of getting into the building using a ruse is met with laughter from the Nazis who are not taken in. And then there is the glorious alternate history ending. Everywhere, Tarantino's love of cinema shines through in a Hollywood movie that is surprisingly non-Hollywood, and, dare we say it, at times European.

For those who like their Hollywood straight up, with lots of explosions and little plot. **GI Joe** should get the job done. When all else fails, they just muddle through. Less visually impressive than Transformers, one is left with the nagging feeling that Hollywood peaked with the original Star Wars trilogy and has been remaking it ever since.

The Time-Traveller's Wife is, at least, an interesting idea. Using a sci-fi notion as the basis for a love story is promising, but its possibilities are left largely unexplored. The idea of competing with yourself at various ages is particularly intriguing for a writer. The heroine cheats on her hubby with a younger him, but this is as profound as it gets. Nevertheless, a superior chick-flick that it inevitably inferior to the book.

One could do worse on a Sunday afternoon than **Ice Age 3**. Adding dinosaurs to the mix, while offending to palaeontology, promises to be pleasing to the eye. One the whole, though, we wind up with something that is more a cartoon version of Jurassic Park 3 than anything else. If that is good or bad is up to your tastes, but original it is not.

Not all is gloom, however, as **RWWM** is the first in a slew of Icelandic films to be released before the end of the year. Until then. **G**



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Winter Wonderland

Fun things to do in Iceland this winter

The equinox is almost upon us, and a big ol' nine-month night will soon overtake our days. Temperatures are rapidly dropping and the snow will soon fall. Alas, all-night adventures, hiking through the mountains and impromptu 4 AM road trips, will soon be off the menu.

But don't let the ice scare you! This country is a marvel all year round, and there is still fun to be had in the wilderness. Pull on some long-johns, layer up your shirts, put on a pair of sheep's wool mittens and go frolic about in the crisp, magical darkness. Here are a few nice ways to spend the upcoming days and nights of darkness.

Out and About

ICE-WALKING ON SÓLHEIMAJÖKULL GLACIER

Since hiking isn't an option, clamp on some crampons and climb up a gigantic mound of thousand-year old ice. On this tour, offered by the good people at Icelandic Mountain Guides, you will be taken up onto the Sólheimajökull tongue of the Mýrdalsjökull glacier and crunch your way across stunning blue ice surrounded by black lava fields. The skilled guides provide equipment and teach you how to properly use it, so nobody needs to be a pro. Remember to wear clothing for all conditions because this tour only gets called off in the worst possible weather. The tour costs 17.900ISK (less if you bring your own car).

JEEP TOURS

These tours offered by Iceland Rovers are pretty deluxe. Not only will you experience about five different landscapes and natural wonders, but you will do so in the rugged comfort of a swanky four-by-four. The tour I recommend takes you to Þingvellir National Park, the enormous Langjökull glacier, down in a lava cave, and with all sorts of waterfalls and one of the biggest natural hot springs in the world. Additionally, at 26.900ISK, the exchange rate with most countries makes this the most bang for your buck right now. If you're gonna treat yourself, treat yourself right.

HUNTING THE AURORA BOREALIS

On a clear, cold winter night, crane your neck up to the sky and see sheets of flowing colour rippling through the darkness. This can happen in the city if you are lucky enough, but you have a much better shot at catching them out in the wilderness, away from all the street-lights. From September to April, Reykjavik Excursions goes on nightly adventures to catch these elusive wonders for just 4.700 ISK. The destination varies each night because they drive to where the conditions are most suitable. Even if you don't find your cosmic prey, the dark Icelandic countryside is breathtaking and oh-so-romantic. Bring snacks!

A City Winter

IMAGINE PEACE TOWER ON VIÐEY

If you don't have much time and don't feel like straying too far, a close and powerful experience awaits you only seven minutes away on the island of Viðey off the coast of Reykjavik. The endless tower of light is a memorial to John Lennon conceived by Yoko Ono and is lit every year from October 9th to December 8th, over the winter solstice and in the first week of March. The ferry goes on weekends and costs only 1.000 ISK for adults and 500 for children.

HOT TUBBING IN A SNOWSTORM

Honestly, the absolute best time to hit the pools in Iceland is in the dark winter when snow is coming down. It's totally hilarious, surreal and soothing. The warm water on your body and crisp clean air around your head will balance out your heart rate and relax your muscles. Not to mention the bragging rights you'll earn back home. All pools in Reykjavik are 360 ISK a pop, but the Vesturbær pool comes especially recommended for this purpose.

SKATING AND SNOWMAN BUILDING ON TJÖRNIN

When the big pond next to City Hall freezes over, grab your family, grab your friends, call the subject of your desires and release your inner child on the ice. Have an epic snowball fight. Make snowmen effigies of the Central Bankers and smash 'em down. Buy a cheap pair of skates at Kolaportið and learn to do a triple Lutz. Have your first kiss under the moonlight! Winter is just wonderful! ☺

REBECCA LOUDER
JÓI KJARTANS



This issue features one of my favourite Grapevine features, Haukur Már Helgason's 'The End of Neo-Liberal Neverland.' Among other things, the story reveals how most Icelanders are basically shackled in debt at an early age. This is doubly true post-collapse. To depict this on the cover, we covered our friend's baby, Dali, in older generations' IOU notes. Lovely Dali will have to work pretty hard to escape the quicksand of debt he'll inherit. **HSM**



David Lynch announced he was coming to Iceland to usher in an era of great prosperity, via Transcendental Meditation. He agreed to give us an interview, and shoot a self-portrait for our cover. Our designer Jói held the camera for him as he snapped the image (the whole shoot took two minutes), and his answers to our interview questions arrived after we went to print. It's still pretty awesome. C'mon, 'Cover directed by David Lynch'? That is so cool. **HSM**



Artist Ragnar Kjartansson was headed to represent Iceland at the Venice Biennale, and gave us a pretty awesome interview as he was packing. This made him an ideal candidate for our cover. So we put him there, and it looked pretty fine. We also made a limited, 500-copy version of the issue, which featured wall-ready artwork by the man Kjartansson. We probably still have some around - email us if you're interested. **HSM**



Our then intern/soon to be journalist Catharine Fulton wrote an impressive feature on Reykjavik's new breed of activist anarchists. As everyone knows, activists don't take to being photographed, so to represent them on the cover, we mangled up a picture of Eurovision star Jóhanna Guðrún in the style of the Sex Pistols' cover for their 'God Save The Queen' single. No one gave us permission to use Jóhanna's picture, so don't tell anyone it's her on the cover. It's a secret. Shhhh... **HSM**

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

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Iceland Express 

Poetry | Eiríkur Norðdahl

Babe, come onto me



Lo, the oogly woogly wiggly toes of my puffinous pinkster!
Lo, the perpetual whirlpool of his gung ho rainbows!
Lo, the sabre-dancing jiggifunk of his eyeeyeyeyes!
Behold his umpteen-breasted olympic warrior, mother-of-it-all, and recognize!

Lo, his oceanaut stereo-grip on the world, udderly unparalleled!
Lo, his unfathomable floods – Earth never saw floating like this!
Lo, his beautiful cutity, his cutiful beauty and all the King's men bowing!
Behold his umpteen-breasted olympic warrior, mother-of-it-all, and recognize!

Lo, all the frazzled futures, eating legal tender and excreting wisdom!
Lo, all the curly horizons and lock up your plutocrats, deadbolt the deadbeats!
Lo, all the puppyfied fates, don't be sucky, and dodge thus his kitty-whiskers!
Behold his umpteen-breasted olympic warrior, mother-of-it-all, and recognize!

Lo, his fuzzy snout, groggy inspectors and bitty digits of itty-bits!
Lo, his babbling baby fish mouth suckling – RE-LO, his fantastic suckling!
Lo, his turtly feet, feetly turtles, turftly ottles, inkly puddles!
Behold his umpteen-breasted olympic warrior, mother-of-it-all, and recognize!

At 9.56 AM Wednesday, 02.09.2009, the columnist/poet had a baby and went bonkers.

Books | Review

A Traveler's Guide to Icelandic Folk Tales

Jón R. Hjálmarsson

English translation by Anna Yates

English verse translation by Bernhard Scudder

Published by Forlagið, originally by Almenna bókafélagið



While travelling around Iceland, tourists will often hear stories of Icelandic folk legends. In A Traveler's Guide To Iceland, Jón R. Hjálmarsson attempts to provide some insight into these tales. To that end, he invites the reader on an imaginary road trip around the island, retelling the stories at the places where they are set.

Every folk tale starts with an introduction of the landscape and the area, as well as some historical facts. The first one denotes how Hvalfjörður ("Whale fjord") got its name. Apparently, there was a man who had denied fathering an elf's child. Not happy about it, the elf cast a spell on that man: that he should not only turn into a whale, but become the most evil of all whales. The man turned into a whale of great scourge and was said to be responsible for 19 sunken ships in the fjord. Since he had a red cap on his head, he was called the "Redhead." One day, the evil whale killed the two sons of an old and blind pastor on the shore of Hvalfjörður. The old man was so overwhelmed by the death of his sons that he decided to kill the whale. And when he met the whale, he tricked it into following him deeper and deeper into the fjord to lake Hvalvatn ("Whale Lake"), where the water became shallower. In the end, the whale died of the strain and even though the corpse was never found, huge whale bones discovered in that area are supposed to verify the story. Many traditional stories follow this magical entrance, amongst them the tale of "The Woman and the seal skin," one of Iceland's most famous folk tales.

The author, who also penned "History of Iceland: From the Settlement to the Present Day," gives the tourist a perfect guideline through the Icelandic folk tales by compiling some of the country's most beautiful legends. The idea of setting the legends in the landscapes where they take place does not only give the reader a deeper understanding of the tales but also of how the Icelandic nature influenced the tradition of storytelling in Iceland. Anny Yates' translation is sometimes a tad stiff, but solid nevertheless and Bernhard Scudder, responsible for the English verse translation, lives up to his reputation as the dean translator of Icelandic literature. Eventually, this book is an excellent read about trolls, elves, hidden people, ghosts, monsters and beasts and everything that makes Iceland the mystical place it has been since the age of settlement.

- IRINA DOMURATH

Books | Review

The Blue Fox (Skuggabaldur)

Sjón

English translation by who?

Published by?



In his 2003 novel, writer/poet Sjón takes the reader on to a journey to provincial Iceland of the 19th century and the life of two men, Pastor Baldur and the farmer Friðrik Friðriksson. It is evident from the beginning that the pastor and the farmer share a history, one that unravels as the story goes on.

Winter is in full bloom, it's freezing cold and avalanches happen regularly. In these dangerous conditions, Pastor Baldur decides to go hunting for fox in the white, wide open after Friðrik tells him of a rare black fox that lurks in the wild, knowing the Pastor would be entrenched by his passion for the fur.

And Pastor Baldur gets more and more obsessively involved in a sort of cat and mouse game with the fox. Is he hunting the black fox, or is the fox chasing him like a shadow? It dawns on the reader that the Pastor is not the man he seems. Out there in the harsh, unmerciful nature, where it's only him and the fox, Baldur is thrown back to his mere existence and shows his true and natural self.

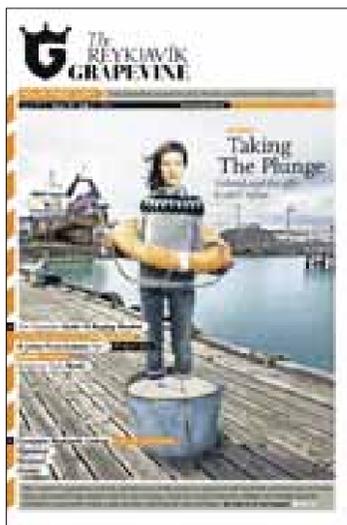
In his writings, the poet Sjón does not use conventional prose language. His words are scarce and therefore loaded with importance. Some pages consist only of a few sentences with a lot of white space, acknowledging the white open the drama is set in. Through the course of the story, the reader comes to pay more and more attention to every carefully chosen word, so as to look behind it. By throwing the reader back and forth in time, Sjón creates a mystical, harsh and tense atmosphere. And after several leaps, he tightens the knot of the story together in a compelling finale that will leave no one untouched, and will make most readers start reading this short, but fascinating, book from the beginning.

Sjón is one of Iceland's most acclaimed writers. He was nominated for an Oscar for his lyrics of Björk's songs in Lars von Trier's "Dancer in the dark." This novel, which in Icelandic means 'Shadow-Baldur,' very rightfully won the Nordic Council's Literature Prize.

- IRINA DOMURATH

Grapevine 101

#95 - ISSUE 8 - 2009



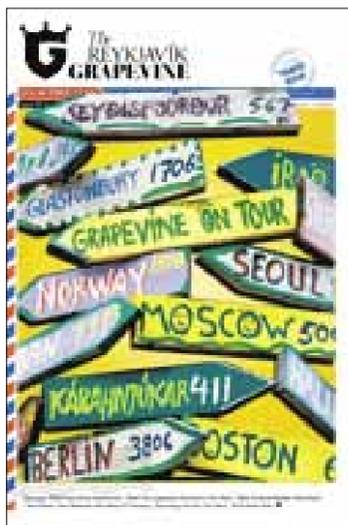
Wherein we tried our darndest to explain what that whole Icesave debacle was all about. Journalists Paul Nikolov and Irina Domurath did a great job of bringing the relevant facts together, but we'll still admit to not being quite sure what the Icesave mess is all about. Perhaps the cover image explains it best. Poor girl-as-metaphor-for-nation. Pity her. **HSM**

#96 - ISSUE 9 - 2009



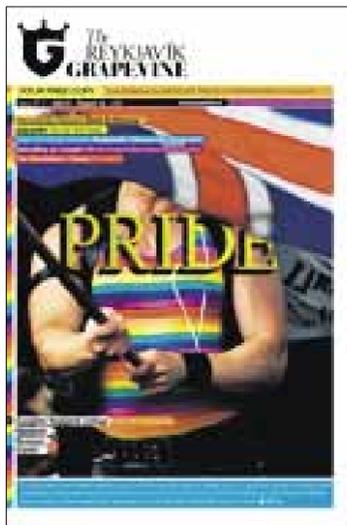
We love Reykjavik, man. It's where we live, eat, drink, swim and take trips to the petting zoo. So we thought we'd bring together a panel of experts to compile a list of THE BEST OF REYKJAVIK, at least as far as we could remember at the time. While the results were debatable, inciting debate is exactly what we want to do with this rag. **HSM**

#97 - ISSUE 10 - 2009



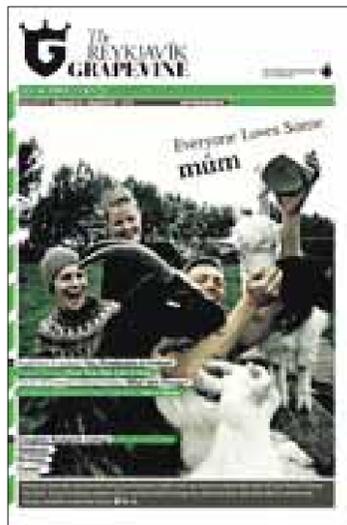
A HISTORICAL ISSUE OF THE GRAPEVINE! Well. Not really. But still a pretty nice one. We had lots of travel themed articles, so we represented that by all the crazy signs on the cover. Inside, you can read one of our recurring Björk interviews, a tour diary by fellow former-Sugarcube Sigtryggur Baldursson and various articles on travel and destinations. **HSM**

#98 - ISSUE 11 - 2009



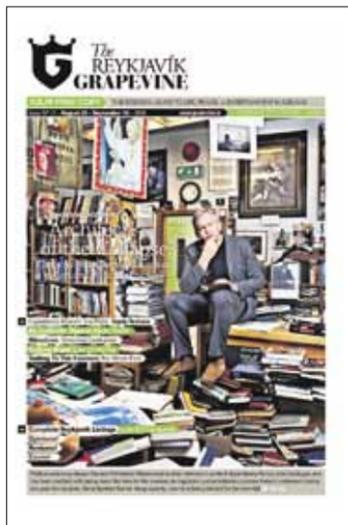
Yet another cover dedicated to Reykjavik's Gay Pride festivities. Those festivities really deserve every cover they get, as the bash is one of the country's greatest annual parties – and it's dedicated to civil rights, liberation and the abolition of prejudice! The cover shot came courtesy of designer Björn Lárus' father in law, and it is pretty sweet. **HSM**

#99 - ISSUE 12 - 2009



múm were coming out with a new album, and we felt we ought to do the great band justice by depicting them on the cover – especially since the múm-men gave a great interview wherein they reflected upon their music and their disappointment with post-revolution Iceland. Spokesmen for a generation, they are. Our big regret is not thinking of the tagline 'Everyone Loves Their múm' before we went to print. That would have been funny. **HSM**

#100 - ISSUE 13 - 2009



This beautiful cover shot of Independence Party ideologue Hannes Hólmsteinn Gissurarson was a real pleasure to run. Not only does the picture look all sorts of cool, we also managed to surprise a lot of readers with our choice of cover model. Hear that, readers, you can't pigeonhole us! Also, the interview we got was nothing short of revelatory: "...the tycoons, aided by the President of Iceland, acquired ownership of all the media in Iceland—except for the Grapevine..." **HSM**

Coming events: 8.11 - 30.11 2008

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www.sequences.is

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PAGE 2:

Reading through the stories not only sheds light on the Grapevine's short history, it also manages to reflect the past six years in Iceland: every major event and issue – along with plentiful samplings of the local discourse – is represented in the Grapevine's back catalogue; within its total of 4.644 pages, 2.206 articles (by over 300 writers of varying ability), 943 reviews and 109 comix.

It's the 101st issue of the Reykjavík Grapevine and to mark the occasion our pages are littered with boastful Grapevine nostalgia, histories, facts, exaggerations, half-truths and outright lies.

PAGE 6:

“All media are looking for dramatic stories. So they try to find a small baby girl, the only positive child in Iceland, and try to put her in the tabloids. We want them to tell our story as a positive one. We want to remind people that there is life with HIV”

Catharine Fulton talks HIV in Iceland with HIV-Island.

PAGE 8:

“Do not say attack, these people have attacked our homes and families so the people have to pay back. The government in power is covering the act of crime they have committed to our beautiful country.”

Some local activists have taken to vandalising the homes and automobiles of those they deem responsible for Kreppa. We got to ask them some questions.

PAGE 10:

So you've read the words 'relative of an EEA citizen' and naturally you think to yourself 'Oh my goodness! My third cousin, twice removed on my father's side is a Liechtensteiner residing in Iceland! I'm in!' No. No you're not.

The Grapevine gives you the skinny on immigrating to Iceland.

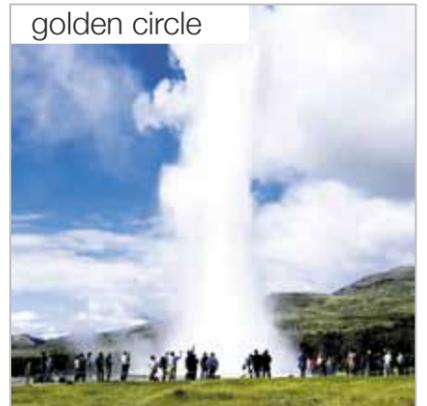
PAGE 22:

“This is when the crowd is possibly at its thickest, girls rumble into stage squeezing their very womanhood into steel railings, fluorescent headbands glow, beer cups slosh. Yet the mood is subdued, sensitive....”

G! Festival, as experienced by Marc Vincenz.

Unique

Explore Iceland



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Icelandair Hotel Loftleiðir
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