

PLAYS: Suicidal Finns and money laundering Salvation Armies

PROTESTS:

When will we get them right?

PADDY:

Just too damn expensive
The world's worst bartender

POTATOES:



the REYKJAVÍK GRAPEVINE

ISSUE SIX: AUGUST 6 - AUGUST 19, 2004

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No, seriously.

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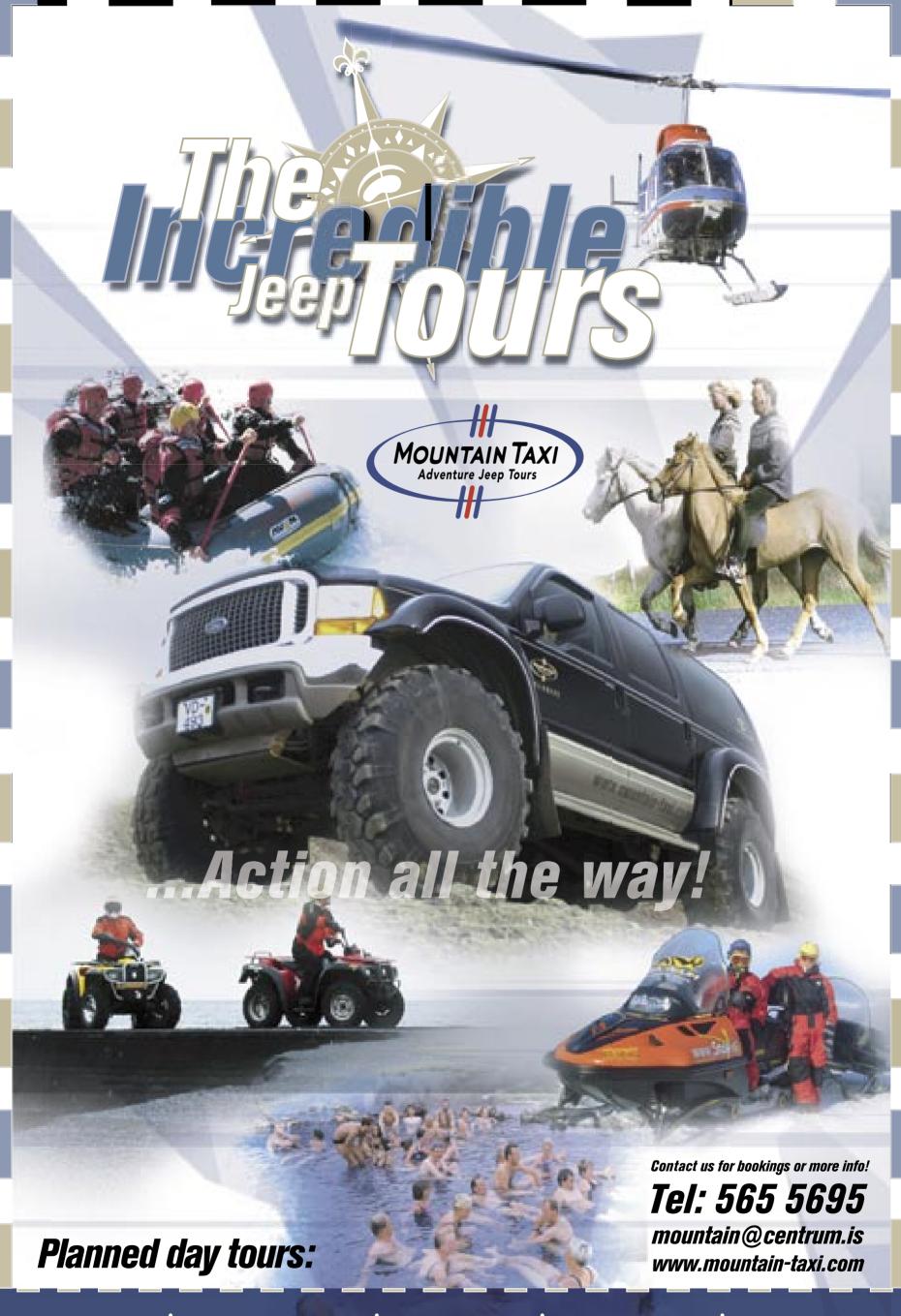
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LETTERS

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

Being an English magazine in Iceland, your target audience is foreigners, and so it makes sense that you promote multiculturalism and take notice of racism that occurs in our society. I would like to offer some insight as to why racism exists, based on a personal experience I recently had. At the pool as I was swimming laps, several Southern European men lounged in the lane, ogled at me above and below the water attempting to see my private parts, and talked about me in such a lewd manner that I was forced to leave the lane. They later continued to make suggestive gestures from across the pool if I was looking in their direction. I felt degraded and extremely uncomfortable and this incident troubled me for the rest of the day. In light of this kind of experience, I am not at all surprised why foreigners are often treated with dislike. Maybe this kind of behavior is acceptable in the country where these men came from, but it is unacceptable here, and when this kind of culture clash occurs, a feeling of animosity towards the culture develops. By the way, I am a foreigner myself, but I have tried hard to fit in and keep my different customs from offending the residents of this

So, we've finally found the root of racism: ogling Italians. Perhaps Decode can now get to work on isolating the ogling gene, and then head south. Of course, no women should be in the party as they will no doubt be ogled unconscious before being able to administer the cure.

Hello there.

B.G.

I have recently visited Reykjavík. During my visit I saw a photography exhibition entitled "Icelanders On Display". The article by Marc Mettler in Grapevine issue 3 year2 fri 25 june - thu 8july 2004 led me to check it out. I really thought it was excellent. The purpose of the email is to find out if you can help me.

Is there any way I could purchase the photography? I'd be grateful for any relevant information.

-Jane Powell

The book of the exhibition is available in bookstores.

Hi.

Very good paper.

On the 17th of June I stopped by and got a poster from you of the disputed picture of the black woman in the national costume. Thanks a lot. I keep it on a cork board in my kitchen to remind me and my family that racism can exist in Iceland. However, this has aroused the jealousy of my brother and he asked me to see if I could possibly get him the picture as well. Do you still have posters? If that is the case, could I stop by and have another copy?

Guðjón S. Björgvinsson.

Glad you like it and thank you for your support. Yes, we have a few posters left at Hafnarstræti 15.

Well done in providing a very interesting publication! I had a look via Iceland Express website. The possibility of cheaper flights to Iceland is a real bonus to people like me who have been once, would love to visit more often, but been unable to afford it!

Andrew

I know this looks like an IE plug, but it is in fact a genuine letter. At least we think it is a genuine letter.

Some responses from our survey:

I think you are a bunch of great guys... especially the designer. He's a very cool guy and very cute. Cheers.

Höddi, I'm assuming you sent this in yourself. You won't get any plane tickets, you know.

The Reykjavík Grapevine is a finely tuned intellectual mechanism. For me the focus seems to be to balance every aspect of what Reykjavík has to offer to non-Icelandic speakers. When I see the puzzled look in tourists´ eyes, it is my obligation to offer them a free copy of your paper.

Grapevine: A finely tuned intellectual mechanism. And cute too.

What an extremely intelligent and cool way to express yourself!!! Not only do you reach the elder folks by being "fashionably sensitive" with material chosen but also for the young you are "too cool to care" Hence you get the younger fascinated by humour, coolness and hip articles and the older ones intrigued with humour and real good material. In short...I'm amazed, this should be published in every country!!! My gratitude to all of you, this was much needed.

Fuck cool. We do care.

It is a very amusing and educational paper, it is great fun to read while I eat my hamburger or what I get from the kiosk:) Keep it up, this is one of the most fun reads I've

Grapevine also comes in handy when you've finished your burger and are in the process of processing it. And it comes in particularly handy after that.

I am very impressed with the changes you have made since last year, editorial and visual. Very good.

Our visual artist is more than a pretty face, then. Which is not as often said of the editor.

Well, it is English so many people can read it. it brings up interesting issues and is more interesting than local paper. you really give good articles on all kinds of staff that you will not find anywhere else. it is very unique and different paper. keep on hoing, i would not change anything

We will indeed keep on hoing. I presume.

More in depth reportage on social issues, politics and the economy would give to strangers a more comprehensive knowledge of Iceland. Give the possibility to strangers who work here or travels or whatever to contribute with some articles about what they do... Something that could be more open, so I can work for you!!!

We are indeed always open for contributions. Anyone out there wanting to write in depth reportage on social issues, politics and the economy?

I am actually not just visiting Iceland, I live here on a permanent basis. I really enjoy reading the Grapevine because it gives a fresh, new perspective on Iceland. I especially enjoy articles written by other foreigners living here. The paper has a multi-cultural feel to it that is sorely needed in this homogeneous country.

You're too kind. Oh, go on, one more then.

This is a really useful paper for the visitor to Iceland. Its strong point is its humour and iconoclastic approach to life which make the whole damn thing an enjoyable read. I have read many similar EngLang papers around the world and most of them are seriously boring.

Anyone out there have anything bad to say about us? Where are the Nazis when you need them?

WULFFMORGENTHALER



EDITORIAL -

SIRE, IT'S ONLY A PROTEST

by Valur Gunnarsson, editor

"Is it an uprising?" asked king Louis XVI in 1789. "No sire, it's a revolution," came the reply. Two years later, the king's head was in a basket. What then, is the difference between an uprising and a revolution? An uprising is a revolution that fails, a revolution is an uprising that succeeds. As in most things, success is the only criteria.

Leftists everywhere, and particularly here, have a thing for lost causes. They've been fighting for them all their lives. It seems they're all on an eternal march from Keflavík to Reykjavík, protesting against the army base. Well, guess what? The base is still there.

It seems there have been more visible protests in the past couple of years than in the last couple of decades. Kárahnjúkar, the media law, the war in Iraq and the plight of the Palestinians are some of the most popular ones. It seems people are more concerned with what is happening in the world around them than they have been at any point since the 60s or early 70s. And yet things aren't changing. The more people protest, the more things stay the same. What are we doing wrong? Why are we

being ignored? Because we let ourselves be. The average protestor goes out, sings a song or lights a candle, holds up a banner, and then goes home thinking he's done a good day's work. It's not enough. A few weeks ago a group of protestors gathered outside Landsvirkjun, the corporation that is responsible for the Kárahnjúkar dam. The head of the company came out and listened to their complaints, the protestors went home in time for tea and the manager went back to work. We need to stop thinking in terms of lost causes. We need to start thinking in terms of winning. How do we go about doing this? First of all, we need to pick a cause. The media law has been shelved for now. It is tempting to think that people's

protests had something to do with

this, but it seems more likely divided interests between the political and financial elite pulled the plug. Opposing the occupation of the Palestinian people is a very worthwhile cause. But let's face it, we aren't going to change that. Not by protesting, anyway. Sharon won't listen. Neither will Arafat. I personally believe Iceland should cut all its ties with the terrorist state of Israel until they end the occupation of Gaza and the West bank. But even if the Prime Minister were to do this, it probably wouldn't matter much anyway. If you really want to help, check out www.palestina.is and go down there.

Being anti-Sharon is a very safe opinion to have. So is being anti-Bush. Almost everyone around you will agree with you. It won't affect your relationships or your career prospects the way having an opinion usually does in this country. It's taking a stand on local issues that's the challenge. As always, the trick is to think globally and act locally. What can we do about issues right here in our backyard? It's always

too easy to present people with a fait accompli. I was in the UK when the bombing of Iraq started. Once the campaign was under way, the protesting petered out. The war there still goes on, but after Bush announced it was over, people haven't been taking to the streets. It's the same with Kárahnjúkavirkjun. When construction began, the protests stopped. But it's not too late. It's never too late. Pick a cause, and stick to it. It's the only way you'll win.

Icelanders are not ones to protest. In a history stretching back more than a thousand years, and including 700 years of foreign domination and famines that came like clockwork every 40 years, hardly anyone ever raised his voice. For Icelanders, complaining has a touch of unmanliness about it. "Real men don't complain" seems to be the attitude. It follows from this that they rarely do anything to improve their conditions. But there are exceptions. In 1851, Iceland's MPs raised their voices to the kings representatives and said: "We all protest." It's about time we took their lead.



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A Very Icelandic Protest

by Robert Jackson, co-editor

One evening last summer a banner made out of a sheet was strung between two poles and draped against the pedestal of the statue of Jón Sigurðsson in front of the parliament house. On the sheet the words 'Say No To Alcoa' had been written and beneath it, a small group wired up the public address system set up a microphone on a stand. It was 5.55 pm and the demonstration was due to start at 6.00. It seemed for a while that the event would be a wash-out, but during the next ten minutes a small crowd of 150 materialised and huddled around the statue. A policeman peddled up on his bicycle and pulled a notebook out of his pocket. As is the custom with all protests here, a letter had been sent earlier to the police stating that they would be holding this demonstration; the letter worded in such a way that the police were not put in a position where they were asked to agree or disagree with the meeting. The policeman looked around and peddled off, happy that there would be no disturbance. Meanwhile, Elísabet Jökulsdóttir addressed the meeting. She had just returned from an expedition to the site of the Kárahnjúkar dam where she and a group of protesters walked the area



dam was finally constructed and the lake flooded.

It was the end of the summer holiday and the meeting was designed to encourage continued protest against the dam and its attendant smelter. Although the talk was of not giving up and continuing the protest, that the government could be stopped even at this late stage, there was a sense of resignation in the air. A poet, the only male to speak, read a poem; a lament for the valleys, ravines and gorges that would soon be lost to the flood water. The square echoed his voice and two women wept. As quickly as it had gone up the banner came down, the wires were unplugged and the protestors returned to their homes. It was seven



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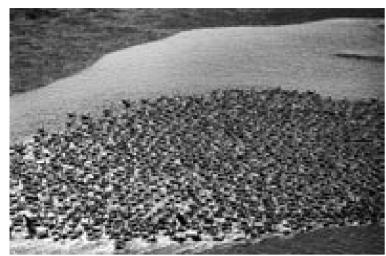


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by Paul Fontaine-Nikolov

Hilmar Malmquist Discusses Kárahnjúkar, Reindeer, and the Myth of Progress



For some Icelanders, environmentalists represent a few sentimentalists who hang onto antiquated notions of preserving nature despite economic "realities." Yet when Karahnjukar was first proposed in 2002, only 49% of Icelanders approved of the project, most of whom said that it would bring jobs to the East. Those opposed to this dam have defied the demographics, ranging from dyed-in-the-wool activists to usually non-political farmers who found themselves in a situation where they were practically forced to act. One group in particular, Náttúruverndasamtökin (Icelandic Nature

Conservation Association), has been quite active in debunking many of the myths surrounding the Kárahnjúkar project and is today the largest NGO (Non-governmental organization) in Iceland, with 1300 members, including Hilmar Malmquist, who is also curator of the Natural History Museum of Kópavogur.

What environmental impact would the Kárahnjúkar dam have?

Probably the biggest environmental impact of any project ever in Iceland. In an area with few roads, where you can enjoy the birds, geese and

reindeer, this reservoir will cover approximately 57 square kilometres, creating a 20 to 25 kilometre long cut across the highlands. This lake will fluctuate in depth by 40 metres. At it's high point, what was once land becomes silt. At it's low point, this silt dries and will be carried by winds from the southwest over Egilsstaðir, the wetlands to the northeast and over much of the surrounding farm area. In truth, the government was supposed to fully examine the environmental impact of projects like this but never did. Even Landsvirkjun [the national power company] wasn't completely sure what impact the project would have. The general rule in Iceland has always been, "When in doubt, nature benefits," and that's been completely ignored here.

The argument could be made that this project will create jobs.

The vast majority of these jobs are in the construction of the dam and the aluminium smelter - when that's finished, so are the jobs. In addition, almost all the labour for this project has been imported because Icelandic labour standards are so high, in terms of minimum wage, benefits and so

on. Once built, only 15 people will be required to run the plant. An additional 750 jobs could be created in related fields but at far too high a price with far too little benefit. The real solution to the employment problem in the east would be for the government to create a job diversity program.

If the project were halted, what kind of solutions could we give to the people in the East?

The money which the government is putting into this project could be invested into creating jobs repairing roads, developing the tourist industry, sea ranching and also the building of geothermal power stations and "running water" plants - hydropower that doesn't create reservoirs - to produce hydrogen. This list goes on. Expecting Kárahnjúkar to solve the problems in the east would be to put all our eggs in one basket. There's no need to rush into building this dam and smelter - we have plenty of solutions right here.

Anyone wishing to get in touch with the Icelandic Nature Conservation Association can visit their website at www.inca.is

News

Price of gas goes up

The price of gas of the three largest oil companies, Esso, Shell and Olís, went up by 1,5kr and is now at 113kr at all of them, the highest ever. The



companies have been accused of cartelism, but surely the fact that they all put gas up by 1,5kr at the same time is a coincidence. Ego is still cheaper at 100,9, and the price at Atlantsolía hasn't gone up at all.

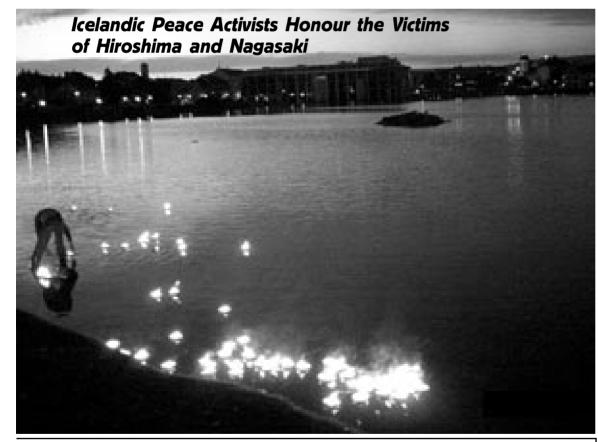
Skyr and berries for 30 days

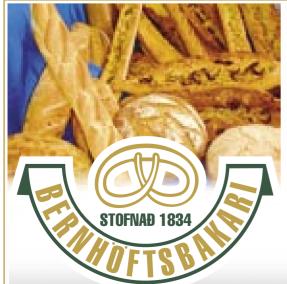


It didn't take
the market long
to recover from
Super Size Me.
Following Morgan
Spurlocks lead,
Valdi Bernhöft
has decided to eat

nothing but three meals a day for a month at the Booztbar, which specialises in skyr and berries. Valdi is an avid rollerblader and in good shape, and will no doubt continue to be so, while Boozt may or may not boost its income.

Two Days That Shall Live in Infamy Every August 6th and 9th for the past 20 years, hundreds of





BERGSTAĐASTRÆTI 13- PHONE: 551 3083

Oldest bakery in Iceland since 1834



Cvery August 6th and 9th for the past 20 years, hundreds of Icelanders have gathered at the lake Tjörnin and floated candles on the water. This simple act - taken from part of a Japanese Buddhist mourning ritual - has gone from mourning those killed in the two atomic blasts at Hiroshima and Nagasaki to encompass much more. Auður Karitas Ásgeirsdóttir, one of the organisers of this event, says that this event pertains to more recent events as well.

"The Cold War had a real effect on the mentalities of Icelanders about the dangers of the nuclear arms race and even with the Cold War over, the threat continues. The US was testing nuclear weapons as recently as last May and tensions between them and North Korea have brought us close to the brink. Just because the Cold War is over doesn't mean any of those missiles have gone away."

When asked what floating candles on Tjörnin does to counter this, she replied: "It's a gesture which encourages people to wake up, to think more about this. We need to start shifting our idea of importance from jobs which are based on making money, to jobs which are based on creating stronger educational and social systems. Such a shift requires a change in our sense of values. The importance is in believing that this can be done – any act, no matter how small, can make a change for the better."

I mentioned that it seemed like a lot more young people in Iceland were getting involved politically than there were even just a few years ago. "It's become kind of a trend to be politically aware," she says. "There are people asking questions, criticizing the government, and there was no one thing that created this change. It was more of an accumulation. But it's a small country and change spreads fast. Plus, we have it pretty good here. I don't want to sound superior to anyone else of course, but with the quality of life we have here, you should have time to know what's going on in the world

and try to do something about it. That's why so many of these groups have been created. We help each other out, too; participate in each other's events, lend a hand with fundraising. There's a lot of solidarity."

At the same time, she indicated that there's still a long way to go: "Voters end up voting for the very people who are against their wishes because they're confused a lot of the time - they have to choose between lower taxes and more social benefits and usually choose the former. The protest aspect needs to be stronger, too. There are so many laws that people are furious about, that they get very angry talking about with their friends over coffee, yet so few actually do something about it. Of course I don't want people to get hurt, but I do wish they would express publicly the anger which they express privately. I think a lot of them could be afraid of hurting their employment prospects. So much of your carreer in this country is based on knowing someone and culturally, people here are generally afraid of those who express themselves too loudly."

Still, her faith in Icelanders becoming more politically active persists. "When I first got involved politically, many of my friends agreed with me and encouraged me. They got involved, too. It's this combination of informing and encouraging others which gets the momentum going. Even people who say they have no opinions are taking a political position. There is no such thing as a non-political person."



SARCASM AND THE CITY:

by Hassan Harazi

Reykjavík's Carrie Bradshaw with Birkenstocks

new rising star on the Reykjavík photography scene is the model/fashionista/shop girl Nína Björk Gunnarsdóttir. Diminutive Nína Björk has been a photographer for the past two years and has recently unveiled her first solo exhibition of five black and white portraits at one of Reykjavík's newest art galleries.

Unlike other well-known photographers who prefer their work to be silver gelatine prints, mounted on fibreboard, Nína Björk opted for the finest expanded polystyrene. All five prints are available to buy for the very reasonable sum of 100.000kr each. Nína Björk will soon go to Denmark for five months to study her art further, so her work is sure to increase in value when she's learnt how to do it properly. Nína Björk certainly shows that she's just as talented behind the lens as in front and is not, as some critics say, just a pretty face. Unfortunately, this exhibition closed on the 5th August. Let's hope that all five prints were sold as this will go some way to keeping Nína Björk supplied in sunglasses and lip-gloss during her stay in Denmark.



Greenpeace and the Whales





Pingvellir National Park

On a recent camping trip to Pingvellir National Park, I happened upon the most delightfully named Café Ping. It's reassuring to know that in one of the most important places in the country the Icelandic language is held in such high regard and is in safe hands. If anyone would like to visit this historic area, which is now a UNESCO World Heritage Site, and you don't have your own car or want to pay the extortionate price for a Golden Circle bus tour, well, hard luck – you can't. The bus service of the past 60 years has been scrapped. You could buy the Pingvellir CD-ROM and watch it at home though. Incidentally, the Pingvellir Visitor Centre has some very nice wide screen televisions with lots of nice moving pictures. For anyone that doesn't require their experience to come from a cathode ray tube, simply read your guidebook and then step outside.

AND FINALLY...

What do you say to a woman with two black eyes? Nothing, you've told her twice already. It's V Dagur time again. The time of year we say, "No to violence". The time of year we can all wear the t-shirts and talk the talk. Coincidently, a new sex shop with Reykjavík's first peep show is now open. Also newly launched is Iceland's new magazine for men, B og B, featuring the best in cars, electronic goods, music, motorbikes and, of course, naked women. This is also the time of the festivals and as usual Og Vodafone are selling sleeping bags, footballs and tents. A new product to this year's essential festival accessory range is a whistle. Presumably for revellers to blow during concerts, but given the number of rapes that occur each year, most commonly committed on drunk young girls, maybe a better use would be as a rape alarm.

So lads, let's try it. No means No Stop means Stop And being semi conscious and unable to speak does NOT mean Yes.



Foreign born woman spotted wearing national costume



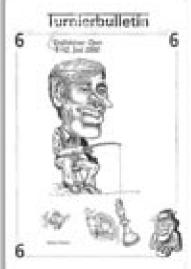
A foreign born woman was seen wearing seen wearing Iceland's national costume on the balcony of the House of Parliament. She was spotted standing next to the president just after his inauguration, his third one so far. It is not yet known whether she had to go to Laugarvatn to obtain the outfit.

Finns drink more than us



Those that think Icelanders drink too much can now take solace in the fact that Finns drink even more strong alcohol than we do. They can further comfort themselves with the fact that the Danes drink more as well, but this is reputedly spread more evenly throughout the week.

Friend of Iceland in need



Anyone who has ever come to Iceland has customarily been given the honorary title friend of Iceland. The relationship, however, has so far ended as soon as said friend departs. One of our Friends, Bobby Fischer, is now in legal trouble and has asked whether he could come here. The government decided not to be friends in need, and he's now seeking asylum in Japan.



Segafredo Italian Espresso Bar Lækjartorg (main square) Open 08.00-00.00



He knew his duty, and the price he had to pay Just another holy man who tried to make a stand MY GOD, THEY KILLED HIM

Quoth Kristofferson. There have, fortunately, through the ages been men who dared stand up for what they believed in, even at great personal risk. Here are a

few examples.

jesus christ

man.

prophet.

priests of Judaism.

PROTESTERS

WONDERINGS

mahatma ghandi

AIMS: To get the British out of

ENEMY: British Empire. **SUCCESS RATE**: The British left India in 1947. Ghandi was assassinated the following year. Prosperity has not followed for one and all in India, but democracy has endured and India may become one of the success stories of the 21st Century.

che guevara

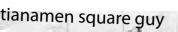


gudmundur armannsson

AIMS: To stop the damming of the highlands. **ENEMY**: Icelandic government, Italian conglomerate Impreglio.

SUCESS RATE: Remains to be seen, but the damming of the highlands is continuing as we speak.





AIMS: To be crucified for our sins

ENEMY: Roman Empire, High

and to bring the kingdom of God to

SUCCESS RATE: Managed to get

crucified for our sins. Followers still

in by more people than any other

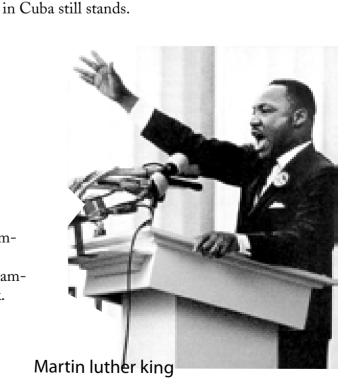
waiting for comeback. Is still believed

(no one knows).

AIMS: Stopping a column of tanks from gunning down students.

ENEMY: A column of tanks, Chinese govern-

SUCCESS RATE: The tank driver did stop. But the massacre went on and the Chinese government is still in power. Reports have the guy either shot or sent to a labour camp once the cameras were turned off.



AIMS: To bring communism to South America.

SUCCESS RATE: Took part in successful revolution in Cuba, but fails to start revolution in Bolivia and is killed in the process. The communist regime

ENEMY: Global capitalism.

AIMS: To bring racial equality to the American south.

ENEMY: Southern bible bashers, KKK.

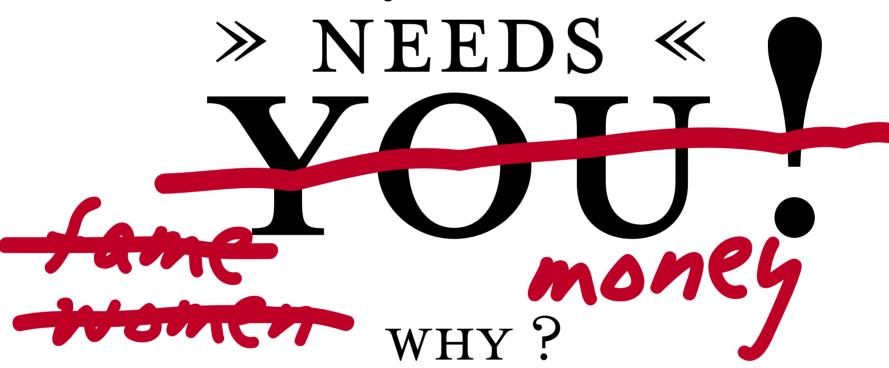
SUCCESS RATE: Black people can now sit in the front of buses in the South. King was assassinated in 1968. Segregation has been ended in the United States, at least in name.

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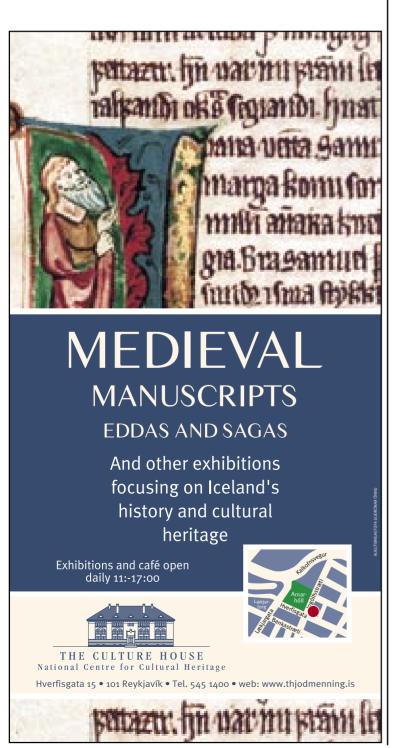
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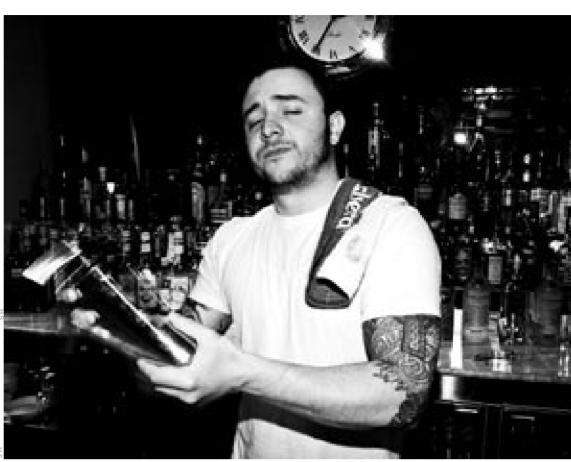




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WORST BARTENDER IN REYKJAVÍK



by Padraig Mara

There's only one quality that a bartender really needs. More important than speed of service. More important even than a working knowledge of cocktails. A bartender must, MUST like their customers, or at least appear to. I could do neither. A good barman is part psychiatrist, part con-man, and part actor. I was a cook banished from the kitchen. I really had no business in public at all, much less serving it.

During the day, the café where I worked attracted three groups with its international cuisine and almost funky ambience. First there were the tourists, identicaly dressed, escaping the rain, asking for directions and, if they were from Germany, stealing all the bread. Then, there were the immigrants, gathering together to talk about the old country in a place where they didn't feel completely surrounded. And finally the artists, tucked in their corner, requiring an unceasing supply of expresso and ice water. This was no problem. I reprimanded (that's ALL for you, Dieter) and directed the tourists to Kolaportið. I kept the artists on a steady caffeine drip. I shed a tear with those far from home. Mostly however, I chain smoked and listened to the stereo. If this would have been the extent of my duties, I would have been content. The problem was that Friday night always came eventually.

As day turned to night, our little oasis of multi-cultural interaction turned into a nightclub of sorts. The nature of the job changed. While the place filled up with merry-makers, you were expected to become a sort of master of ceremonies, a good time coach, making sure everyone was enjoying themselves. This was difficult for me, as I didn't give a damn who was amused so long as I was.

Weekend shifts were tricky. It could go either way. If the place didn't fill up, or if it emptied before 2:30, the owner would tell you to lock up. This left you a few hours of playtime for yourself before last call all over the city. But if the place was still jumping by 2:30, your night was shot. You'd be cleaning and cursing until 7 a.m. easily.

One Friday ran like this:

9 o'clock: All the tourists scurry back to their hotels, in their matching anoraks and feckless expressions. The immigrants have gone home, they're saving money. The artists switch from coffee to white wine. And then come the rest...

11 o'clock: The 16-year-olds show, order Cokes and hot chocolate while furtively guzzling fifths of Beefeater stolen from Pabbi's liquor cabinet hidden in their backpacks. I come upon one in the kitchen, wrist deep in a sink backed up with Sambucca and Thai-noodle vomit.

Kid (clad in too-big pink dishwashing gloves, finger tips bent hysterically)- I'm sorry, I'm so sorry. I couldn't make it to the bathroom. I'll clean it up. I'm cleaning it see?

He rummages around ineffectually in the muck. Splash, splash. He's got tears in his eyes and I'm waiting for closing.

12 o'clock: The druggists arrive, stake out tables close to the restrooms. They go to the toilets in pairs and fill up our wastebaskets with bloody tissues. They can never order just a beer or a shot. Always something exotic or non-existant.

Druggist (getting his head together)- Ok,Ok,Ok...I'll have a Russian, no, no,no a Screaming, no... a blue meanie. I want a blue meanie.

Me- No such thing, man.

Druggist (genuinely offended and developing a nosebleed)- What kind of place IS this?

1 o'clock: Everyone else arrives. Most of Reykjavík. Hair gelled stiff and curled. All dressed to the 9's and posing like somebody's watching. The crowd's half-drunk already, acting up and, by the looks of it, down to stay for the duration.

My barman's banter is non-existent, the more crowded we get the more annoyed I become. I viewed the night as my own personal shootout at the O.K. Coral. You ask for a drink, I throw it to you. Bang, yer dead. I had fulfilled my duty to you. I didn't want to hear about your lovelife, your interests, or your chances with the dark haired girl at that table. Your night was getting in the way of mine.

By 4 am my night is fucked. I'm on a stool behind the bar, smoking my Nth cigarette. I'm long since past the point of caring about the patron's music taste. I put in Thin Lizzy and Dancing in the Moolight comes over the speakers. I notice as a woman stands up from her table. She's in her late twenties, eyes crossed, a bit chubby. She starts to dance a bit to the song, clumsily, just there next to her chair. She's not a bit drunk, I've served her soda water and lemon all night. Her face is turned toward the ceiling, eyes closed as she dances naively, unselfconsciously. We all watch mesmerized, through smoke shade and bloodshot eyes, break our poses and just watch. Her friends are looking up at her smiling. And suddenly it's all alright. The tourists are bundling up against the feared weather. The immigrants are counting krona in their sleep. The artists are worn out with talk and wine and are nodding at the tables. The druggists are a-jingle-jangling home. The teenagers are wretching all over the dawn breaking city. It's Saturday morning in Reykjavík and it's alright.

A Man May Dream

by Robert Jackson

 $oldsymbol{I}$ t was a potato that did it. Well, there were eight of them to be

My turn comes. I lay my food out at one end and go to wait at the other side of the checkout with my shopping bag. The cash register played its tune and lights flickered in the till while I pictured roasting lamb, garlic, rosemary, olive oil and of course, roast potatoes. I handed over my charge card as I loaded my bag with provisions, exchanged smiles with the cashier and signed away a week's wages. Looking through the list there in black and white were the words "8 potatoes - 640 krónur."

I asked whether the price was right and received a shrug and look that told me to move on, as there were other customers in the cue. Well, that did it.

"You can't charge me 640kr for these, that's over 80kr each." I shouted as the left side of my brain slowly kicked in. "That's one euro, more than a dollar, 85 pence. Frankly it doesn't matter what the bloody currency is... it's far too much to be paying for this misshapen, sprouting lump of starch and carbohydrate which is masquerading as a potato...This is the staple source of nourishment for we who live in the Northern Hemisphere and there's a glut of them in Europe. How can they be so expensive? What's more your government has got the temerity to stick a 14.5 percent value added tax on this cancerous looking tuber. Get me the owner immediately, or is that him I see driving that Rolls Royce on his way to Keflavik

on his way to visit his sumarhús in Monte Carlo?"

I'm in full flow now and despite efforts to restrain myself, I leap up onto the cash counter and address the astonished customers. "The time has come to stop paying these prices." My voice has adopted a more Churchillian tone and I'm sure I can see many bending to my argument. "There should be no tax on food, and importers should be made to be transparent in what they pay at source for these products and the cost of shipping. If Baugur and Haugkaup can buy it cheaply, why can't we? We need the truth, the unvarnished, Óli Tynes truth." My voice trembles as I notice the men, women and children who now listen, as one, to my entreaty. "Enough is enough - we will strike. This shop today, but next week, the whole country. We will refuse to by one item a week until prices have reached acceptable levels and the



government has withdrawn all taxation on food, except junk food where it will double the excise."

The manager in alarm reached for the phone to summon the police, disturbed to see several shoppers emptying their trolleys back to the shelves - the noise of the cans rattling is drowned out by the cheers and applause that greet my last entreaty.

"We can do it, we can protest, we can make a difference. Keep your money in your pockets and the prices will tumble!"

I was carried out of the shop on the shoulders of an adoring crowd to the awaiting television crews. RUV had interrupted their coverage of the finals of the European Cup to show a news bulletin featuring my protest. The next day I was summoned to the Alþingi to address a packed chamber

who passed a bill then and there. Later that evening I was across the water to Bessastaðir to receive the Falcon of honour...

How I wish that were the truth. But I, like everyone else in this town, kept my mouth shut, paid my bill and went home.





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Art shows in Landsvirkjun's hydro stations enrich travel in Iceland



Krafla Hydro Station Near Lake Mývatn

The power beneath your feet!

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Sultartangi Hydro Station On the Sprengisandur route - South Iceland

Faces of Thjórsá Valley Exhibition on life in the Thjórsá Valley for 1100 years.



Blanda Hydro Station On the Kjölur route - North Iceland

Holy cow!

Art exhibition - one picture for each day of the entire "Great Cow Year of 2003."



Laxá Hydro Station Near Húsavík



Goga In the vaults The faces of i

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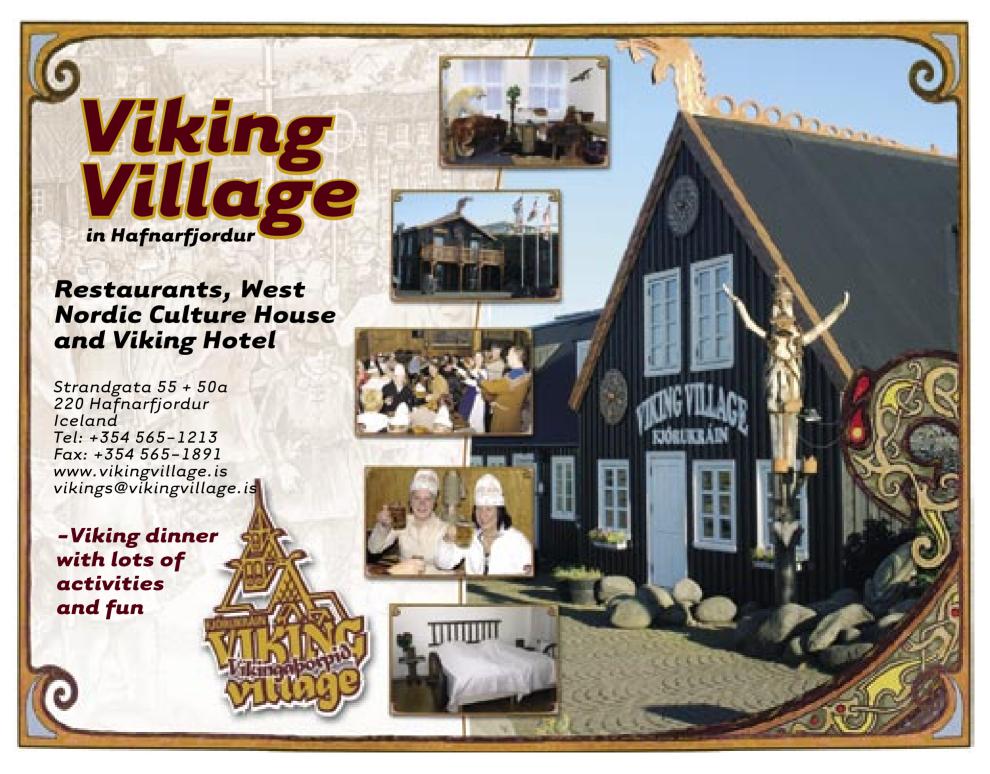
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In the 1930s, dust storms swept the southern plains of the United States. The "Black Blizzards," as they were called, had come about because of overfarming, which had caused the topsoil to wear thin and become dust. Crops failed, and as the banks that held the mortgages realised they would not be getting returns on their interest, farmers were run off of their land. Their plight is immortalised in the songs of Woody Guthrie and John Steinbeck's book "The Grapes of Wrath", which went on to become a Hollywood film starring Henry Fonda as Steinbeck's protagonist Tom Joad.

THE GRAPES OF VADI

Tom Joad's shadow has been cast long and wide. How many of the ca. 14 million people so far who've read the book have thought to themselves that if they were there, they would have done something, rather than stand idly by as people were evicted from their homes? This summer has been a warm one on the east coast of Iceland. But the sun has often been obscured by the dust clouds coming down from the construction of the power plant being built at Kárahnjúkar. To make matters worse, the company building the dam, Landsvirkjun, want to build a power line through neighbouring farmer's lands and are not taking no for an answer. Might they end up as latter day Tom Joad's? And does anyone give a damn?

A lone farmer speaks up

Guðmundur Ármannsson has lived all his life on his plot of land at Vaði near Egilsstaðir. He's never been abroad or even to Reykjavík. The farthest he's ever travelled is to Akureyri, the capital of northern Iceland. He inherited the land from his father, the same family having lived on the land since 1830. Guðmundur took over as farmer 25 years ago and lives there with his wife Gréta Ósk Sigurðardóttir. He'll be reaching 60, "that awful number," as he calls it, next year. But now, his peaceful existence has been disturbed. And he's not happy about it.

"I am unhappy about the powersale agreement. They get the power at a very low price, pay very little taxes and no pollution tax. The land being sacrificed is not being valued at all. They're also bringing in low cost labour, which will probably bring down wages here in the long run, although, of course, we're using low cost labour when we buy things manufactured at low pay abroad. And that's just the economic side of things."

The Jökulsá River has a very strong current and carries a lot of mud with it that now winds up in the sea. It's being diverted into the Lagarfljót River, a popular outdoor area here. The colour of Lagarfljót is already changing. The water then winds up in the dam reservoir, along with all the mud it brings. In the summer, when the water level drops, this will lead to the mud being blown as dust all over the countryside. And what happens when eventually the reservoir gets filled up with mud? That will be a problem for future generations. It seems that no one has thought this through. The only explanation

they give is that it's a challenge to engineering.

"This is not negotiation..."

Unlike many, farmer Guðmundur can 't just close his eyes and ignore the construction.

They're building a power line through here. The line won't cross through my land, but they need to build a road to reach it that will. I'm not the one that will be hardest hit by this. Farmer Sigurður Arnarsson over at Eyrarteigar will have the line built right next to his house, and he and I and other people agree that it doesn't seem like anyone can live in that house anymore after the line is built. He's being pushed off the land, and for this he is offered 1.200.000 million krónur (roughly 15,000 Euro)."

So what did the company, Landsvirkjun, say to the farmers?

"There was no negotiation. They offer a fixed amount of money, and if you don't take it they expropriate it. They've been getting away with this method. This is not negotiation, this is an ultimatum."

"Everyone's drunk on aluminium oplants"

And your response?

"I'm not open for negotiation. They came here last November and I said no to them. Then I didn't hear from them for six months and I thought I was rid of them. Then, about two months ago, they come back. I've retained a lawyer, and this is going before the courts. There are at least six other farmers who haven't signed the contract Landsvirkjun put in front of them either."

So how do you see the future for this?

I have a bad feeling that in the future people on the East Coast will be blamed for this. Of course it's the government that made the decision. But people here are ignoring the consequences. It sometimes seems as if everyone's drunk on aluminium plants. I have a feeling the hangover will be terrible."

So why has it come to this?

"I think that Icelanders have lost something they used to have, which is love of their country. It's been sacrificed on behalf of greed. I'm afraid that we won't be cured of that disease until we have a disaster on our hands. And the longer it takes, the worse it's going to be."



It is now two years since the government gave the approvals that made way for the creation of a huge hydroelectric scheme in the Central Highlands at Kárahnjúkar. This paved the way for a subsequent deal with

Alcoa for the building of an aluminium smelter in the coastal town of

Reyðarfjörður.

KARAH

WHAT DOESTHE SCHEME INVOLVE?

The Kárahnjúkar project will consist of nine dams, three reservoirs, seven channels and sixteen tunnels. It will divert two large rivers, the Jökulsá á brú and Jökulsá í Fljótsdal, and several smaller rivers to the north of the Vatnajökull glacier, the largest glacier in Europe. The main dam will be highest rockfill dam in Europe, 190 metres high, 800 metres long and 600 metres wide at its base. This main dam will create a huge reservoir, to be called Hálslón, which will flood a wilderness area of 57 sq. km. 70 km of tunnels will carry water to an underground powerhouse, which will have a 690 megawatts capacity.

HOW MUCH WILL IT COST AND WHO'S PAYING FOR IT?

Current estimates are that the dam and the hydroelectric scheme will cost over US\$1.1 billion to build. The project is being commissioned by Iceland's national power company, Landsvirkjun. This company has three shareholders, the government, the City of Reykjavik and the City of Akureyri. Landsvirkjun is raising funds from international financial institutions, and the nature of the company's shareholders means that the loans are effectively state guaranteed and therefore attract beneficial interest rates and terms. Landsvirkjun and the government have signed a deal with the second largest aluminium business in the world for supply of power to a smelter which Alcoa will build at Reyðarfjörður. Under the agreement, Alcoa will buy electricity from Landsvirkjun for the next 40 years. The price paid will be adjusted to allow for fluctuations in the global aluminium price.

WHAT ARE THE PROPOSED BENEFITS?

The East of the country has been the victim of economic decline for several decades. The two key commercial activities of farming and fishing have both been in decline. Many people have left for larger towns and the remoteness of its location has meant that tourism has been slow to replace income. It is proposed that the scheme will see a wholesale regeneration of the area with 400 new jobs created directly and a further 500 in ancillary industries. The country's economy has relied on the fish industry as its main export and, while the fisheries are well managed, environmental issues make revenue growth from this source seem unlikely. Tourism is growing year by year and provides a secondary source of foreign revenues. The creation of a major capital project, which uses natural resources with a guaranteed revenue stream for the next 40 years, is a prudent measure to replace any future decline in fish exports and tourism and strengthens the economy. The building of the project will create roads into the wilderness area and help bring in tourists to the highlands.

by Robert Jackson

'A HANDFUL OF MEN IMPOSING THEIR DESTRUCTIVE DREAM ON A NATION WHICH SEEMS HALF-ASLEEP'

So writes the poet and protester Elísabet Jökulsdóttir, and sitting in the board room of Landsvirk-jun at a table long enough to hold a state banquet, it is hard to disagree with who is responsible for Kárahnjúkar. The walls of the 'president's floor' have portraits of the men who in former times have managed the national power company.

Guðmundur Pétursson is a man of considerable experience. Having worked on a range of overseas projects, including in Venezuela, he is relaxed and congenial. Surprisingly so, for a man who is in charge of the billion dollar project and responsible for seeing that it is built on time and to budget. He has recently returned from a visit to China to the Yangtse River project, a scheme which dwarfs the Kárahnjúkar one.

"We are not displacing any people..."

"Our job at Landsvirkjun is to harness the country's water power to generate electricity as economically as possible and then sell it overseas. And that is what we are doing at Kárahnjúkar. We are an island, we can't export the electricity by cable so we have to work with foreign interests who are prepared to build in this country. Aluminium smelting needs a vast amount of electricity and we are able to supply it."

When asked about the commercial viability of the project Guðmundur is in no doubt. "This project will have a long and successful future ahead of it and in comparison to other projects around the world, it has very small environmental impact. We are not displacing any people, we are flooding a wilderness area. When I take visitors to see the site most can't see what the objections are about. The east needs projects like this and the benefits are being felt already. There are now four flights a day to Egilsstaðir, the hotel is building more rooms, the roads have improved, there are more shops and for the first time in years, property prices are increasing. The economy is taking off and there is optimism in the air. The project will make money despite what our critics say, we have done our sums and got them right."

He is keen to focus on the engineering achievement and the sheer scale of what is being achieved, and he is proud of what he and his fellow countrymen are achieving.

Minister of Finance becomes manager of power company

The same upbeat message came from Tómas Sigurðsson who has been recently appointed by Alcoa. He dismisses out of hand the suggestion that Alcoa in someway benefitted from a soft deal with Landsvirkjun.

"This is the third power deal I have negotiated and I assure you it was not an easy task. We are paying a fair price for our electricity in a deal that works for both parties. We ourselves are investing hundreds of millions of dollars in building the smelter, which in turn will provide jobs and revenues for the country."

For both these men Kárahnjúkar is a fait accompli. The government of the day voted with a significant majority to approve the project, the President in not using his veto gave his approval and subsequent polls done by Gallup show that over 65% of the country supports the project. Rivers are being diverted, mountains moved and tunnels dug.

But two years down the road, there is still deep resentment and bitterness as to how the project came to be approved and concerns for its future viability. Criticism has been levelled at the government that the decision to proceed with the project was purely political in a tactic to secure seats in the east, and that once that decision had been made it was going to proceed, whatever the oppostion. If this was the case, then certainly its job was made a good deal easier by the appointment of the former Minister of Finance, Fridrik Sophusson, to the role of Landvirkjun's Managing Director.

Do economic gains outweigh environmental concerns?

The same determination was apparent when the environmental issues were raised. There exists a Master Plan for Hydro and Geo Thermal Energy Resources and Kárahnjúkar did not originally receive a high ranking. Moreover, an environmental impact study carried out by the Icelandic Planning Agency in 2001 stated that "it has not been demonstrated that the gains resulting from the proposed development would be such to compensate for the substantial irreversable negative impact that the project would forseeably have."

Siv Friðleifsdóttir, the Minister of the Environment, despite agreeing with the Planning Agencies conclusions, overruled the recommendations on the basis that "negative impact on the environmnet should not be weighed against economic benefit." The weighing of the economic benefit was to be left to Landsvirkjun in the capable hands of a former cabinet minster reporting to the Minister of Industry and commerce Valgerður Sverrisdóttir. The fate of the most expensive, potentially prestigous and significant projects was effectively in the hands of two women, ministers Siv and Valgerður. A London newspaper, The Guardian, wrote six months ago:

"These two women's CV's were not reassuring. Valgerður's only paper qualification seems to be an English as a foreign language certificate, awarded in 1972, and Siv is a qualified physiotherapist. Neither minister cites any parliametary or other experience related to their portfolios."

If, as the government proposes, the Kárahnjúkar project will be an economic success with negligable environmental impact, then Siv and Valgerður deserve the praise for steering a controversial project through parliament, whatever their qualifications and experience. If it is a failure, then Valgerður and Siv should be held accountable in same measure and questions should be asked in the future about the qualifications required to hold such demanding offices.

"I think a few won't hurt"

It will take a number of years before it is known whether the scheme has been a success. In the meantime Valgerður is making noises of the desirability of another hydro and smelter project in the north and in an interview last April with Paul Fontaine-Nikolov, Siv made clear her unchanged views on the environmental impact of dams and smelters: "I don't think the Kárahnjúkur dam should be a major environmental concern. It's being built where nothing lives; it won't endanger any species of wildlife. Aluminium plants can be good for the environment, at least here in Iceland, because most aluminium plants use oil or coal to power them. Such plants produce a tremendous amount of greenhouse gases. In Iceland, we can use hydroelectric or geothermal power. The plants also have to follow strict government guidelines regarding how much pollution they can produce. This makes the plants environmentally friendly. Of course, we don't want to build aluminium plants all over the country, but I think a few won't hurt."

Already, other aluminium companies are queuing up to get the same lucrative deal Alcoa has. There is huge competition for the country's slender resources, hospital wards are being closed and some public spending programmes are under review. The country has never borrowed so much money before and to launch headlong into another scheme without knowing the success of the current project would be to launch into the unknown. As with any addiction, a little can lead to a lot.

WHAT IS THE IMMEDIATE ENVIRONMENTAL IMPACT? WHAT ARE THE WHAT ARE THE ENVIRONMENTAL CONCERNS? FINANCIAL CONCERNS? The electricity generated by the scheme has no domestic use for the Icelandic taxpayer who, through the US\$ 1.1 billion worth

The main environmental impacts are on soil, vegetation, wildlife and landscape. The Hálslón reservoir will submerge an area of 57sqkm and diverting the rivers will impact an area of a further 2,900 sq. km, 3% of Iceland's land area. Dimmugljúfur, one of the country's longest and most spectacular canyons, will be partially flooded. About 60 waterfalls and invaluable features will disappear in the reservoir or will be spoilt by river diversions. 35 rare moss and lichen species will be affected, two of which are globally threatened. The reservoir will flood an area of vegetation which is used by migratory pink footed geese and reindeer for grazing and breeding. It is feared that the change will mean a local extinction of the reindeer. Below the dam, the decrease in sand carried down to the sea will cause the erosion of the shoreline, where harbour seals and nesting grounds for migratory birds will be affected. These hydrological changes will also have an impact on salmon, trout and char.

of loans secured by the government, will be ultimately underwriting the cost of the project. Landsvirkjun and the Minister of Industry and Commerce, Valgerður Sverrisdóttir, are confident that the project can enjoy long term profitability. Independent research, however, has shown that at best the project is capable of breaking even. If interest rates increase, the price of aluminium falls, and the króna remains strong (all of which are projected), then the project will lose over \$30 million a year, a loss that will ultimately be met by the already overburdened Icelandic taxpayer. If this happens, then the country will be effectively subsidising Alcoa and will have incurred huge overseas debt for a loss making project.

Beyond the immediate environmental impact of building the dam and creating the reservoir, there are deep rooted concerns about the long term impacts of the project. The level of the reservoir will rise and fall by 20 metres or more meaning that on a large area mud and silt will be exposed on the banks during the low water periods. As the mud dries, the strong and frequent winds prevalent in the areas will pick up and scatter material, like talcum powder, over the surrounding countryside, damaging vegetation and habitats and causing further erosion, which could ultimately lead to a "Dust Bowl".

The aluminium smelter will emit 3,900 tonnes of sulphur dioxide into the atmosphere per year. This equates to an emission of 12kg/ton, whereas the United States Environmental Protection Agency allows only 8kg/ton and the WHO guidelines for Europe define a limit of 5kg/ton. This is in addition to high levels of fluoride and other gasses.

The dam is built close to one of the most volcanically active and unstable areas of the earth's surface. The Vatnajökull glacier is reducing in size due to climate change and as a result, the earth's crust is uplifted by between 1 and 2 cm per year, which could cause fracturing beneath the dam in years to come with disastrous results.







River rafting *a wild adventure*River rafting from Drumboddsstaðir (10 min. from Geysir) on Hvítá river South-Iceland and on Jökulsá West or East,10 min drive from Varmahlíð, Northwest-Iceland. Daily departures throughout the summer.

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MONTE AND INTERNITE THE FINE ART OF

by Valur Gunnarsson

Finland and Iceland have a lot in common. Both are Nordic countries on the edge of Europe. Both have long, dark nights, high suicide rates and their residents drink a lot of vodka. Both spent the second half of the last century under the watchful eye of a neighbouring superpower. But whereas Iceland benefited materially from the US military presence in World War II and received Marshall Aid at the end of it, Finland fought the Soviet Union for five long years, and then had to pay reparations to the invader.

FINNISH MELANCHOLY



And despite Icelands latitude being right in the centre of Finland, the climate is somewhat different. Whereas Finns have to deal with long, cold, monotonous winters, which lead to a lot of introspection followed by depression, Icelanders have to deal with endless amounts of wind and rain more likely to result in frustration. Perhaps this explains why Icelanders always try to deny their melancholy, telling each other they are always "hress" and "í stuði," whereas the Finns celebrate theirs. A wonderful example of the latter is Arto Paasilinna's book Glorious Mass Suicide, about a group of rejects who travel through Finland on a bus with the aim of driving off a cliff on the Arctic coast. They then turn around and decide to drown

themselves off Portugal instead. The book does not at first glance seem as if it would lend itself to dramatisation, but this is the ambitious task embarked upon by the newly founded thespian group Landsleikur. For a play that mostly takes place on a bus, the production is imaginative, particularly with the utilisation of a multi-purpose black box that is often the centrepiece of amusing scene changes, such as the drunk metamorphosing into a statue. The dramatisation quite sensibly cuts the journey down, ending in Norway, and staging off bus highlights. The humour is stressed, as it should be for a cast this young, and is mostly funny if occasionally laboured. However, a mistake is made in keeping the original ages of the protagonists. One has

to overcome the obvious inconsistency of the middle aged characters of the text and the 20 year olds on stage. Making the characters younger would bypass this as well as broach the dark subject of teenage suicide. Still, you can't fault a cast for its age, all actors play various characters and Karl Ágúst Þorbergsson particularly shines as Colonel Hermanni. For their parts the actors took lessons in Finnish tango, and the tango music that sets the atmosphere is a particular joy. In a melancholy sort of way, of course. The tango in Argentina celebrates sensuality, but in Finland it seems to celebrate sadness. That's something we Icelanders should do more often.

Glorious Mass Suicide is on tour.

Just a Little Bit of History Repeating



A musical about a musical, Harlem Sophisticate is about four African-American and two Icelandic kids who come together to put on a show. Jealousy, intrigue and infidelity inevitably result. The young Icelander learns the moves from the black kids and winds up getting more attention than they do, while the black girls are stuck in stereotyped roles of prostitutes or big mammas. This is not an update of the life of Elvis or Eminem, but draws inspiration from the Harlem Renaissance of the 20's and is set to the music of Duke Ellington. The American blacks invented Jazz, which was then popularised for a mass audience by whites. The blacks then invented Rock and Roll, only to have the same thing happen again, and are now in the process of seeing it happen to hip-hop. It'll be interesting to see what they come up with next.

The play opens on August 13th at Loftkastalinn Theatre.

GRAPEVINE



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by Robert Jackson

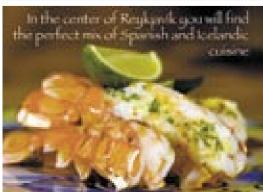
The Salvation Army getting together with gangsters to fight for the souls of capitalists sounds one stretch too far in the eternal search for a meaningful plot. But as we are in the hands of Bertolt Brecht and Kurt Weill, there is most probably less call for alarm than there at first would appear. Happy End is Sumarópera's (the Summer Opera's) third production and sees them depart from the baroque themes of its earlier pieces.

... continued on pg. 22









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GUIDE TO THE CITY CENTER

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

CAFE'S

1. Segafredo

By Lækjartorg

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

2. Ráðhúskaffi

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

3. Grái Kötturinn

Hverfisgata 16a

Grái Kötturinn is across the street from the National Theater and is very small and very popular in the early hours of the day. A good place to start a day the British way, with eggs and bacon and other traditional breakfasts on the menu. The lunch menu is also inviting, but somewhat

4. Café Roma

Laugavegur 118

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

5. Mokka

Skólavörðustígur 3a An Icelandic tradition since 1958, Mokka is the oldest café in Reykjavik and the first one to make coffee with an espresso machine. The walls are covered with art for sale and, though seats are usually filled by loyal customers, every now and then you'll catch a glimpse of the owners, a really nice and friendly couple in their seventies who have owned the café since its inception

6. Kaffiyagninn

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

7. Café Paris

Te og Kaffi actually manufacture the coffee for quite a few of the coffeeshops in Reykjavík. The also run their own stores. Their store in

the centre of town has just moved across the street, to Laugavegur...

They serve paninis, pies and bagels and the city's largest selection of tea,

but perhaps the most noteworthy aspect of the place is its staff. You see,

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

Te og Kaffi

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

8. Tíu Dropar

Laugavegur 27
With the exception of Mokka, Tíu Dropar is the oldest café in with the exception of Wooksa, I to Dopal is the offices care in downtown Reykjavik. The place has a very special feel to it, the decor, the tables and the chairs, along with the service makes you feel very much at home. It's almost like your sitting down for a cup of coffee in your grandma's kitchen. The menu is limited, but has the advantage of constant changes, with new items every day.

9. Café Árnes

By the harbour

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

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

BARS & BISTRO

11. Hverfisbar

Heerfisgata 20
Very long queues to get in, and once there, you wonder what the fuss was about, or whether the queue was in fact the best part. When it's four o'clock on a Sunday morning and you're still going strong, this might be the place you'll wind up, by which time you probably won't care that the same song seems to come on every half hour.

12. Café 22

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

13. Kaffibarinn

Bergstaðastræti 1 Kaffibarinn is Cool Reykjavik, or at least tries to be. Reykjavik prides itself on having more artists per capita than any other capital in the world, and the crowd here seem to be trying to prove the point, with musicians, actors and writers ranging from the hopefuls to the world famous. Blur's Damon Albarn owns a share of the bar, probably figuring it was cheaper than buying the director of the film 101 Re in the film.

14. Sirkus

Klapparstígur 30
"Welcome to the Jungle/ We g
With tropical palm trees on th welcome to the party that new ending any time soon. Usually or want to be students of the I musicians and other members floor, for whatever reason, look

15. Nelly's

Dingholtsstræti 2
The cheapest beer in Reykjavídrinkers as well as expats. Trocovers though. In the weekend large dancefloor on the upper indnight on weekends.

16. Vegamót

Vegamótastígur 4 Wants to be the inspot to be su up, flaunt it and enjoy the view there, and the fittest, or at leas Kitchen open every day until 2 brunch. Try the lobster pizza.

17. Kaffibrennsla

Pósthússtræti 9 One of the largest selection of few bars in Reykjavík where y after midnight on weekends. O they are generous with the refi

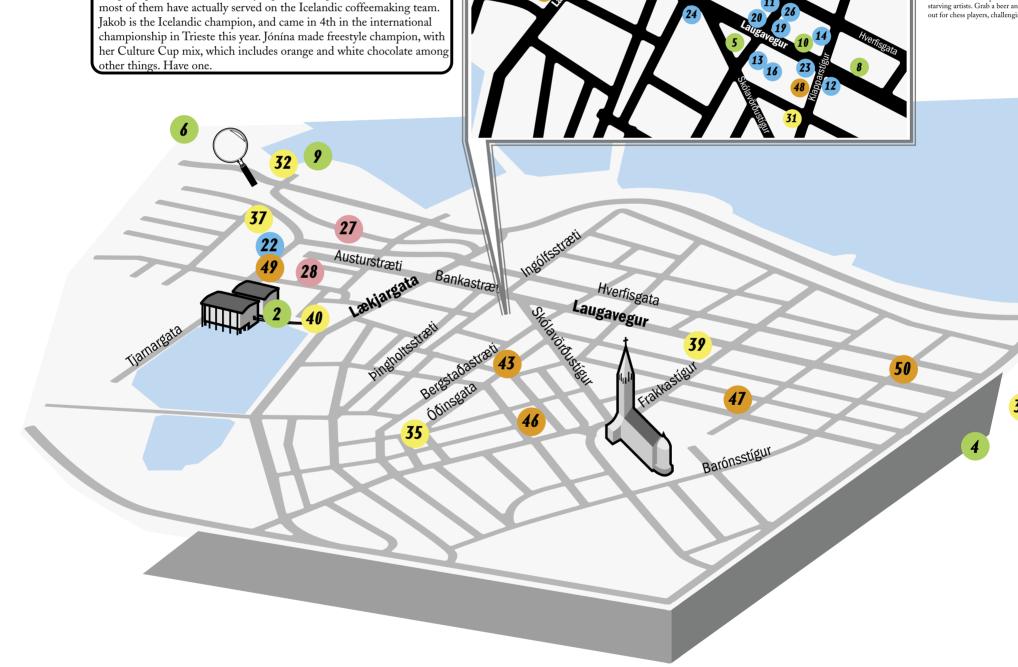
18. Rósenberg

Lækjargötu 2
It has a history as both a dance reopened with a Jazz theme are to see up and coming Jazz ban Dixieland Dwarfs as well as m

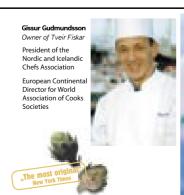
19. Grand Rokk Smiðjustígur 6

A place true to the spirit of Ro covers. Better and lesser know less than three bands a night, f admission or not is up to the b starving artists. Grab a beer an out for chess players, challengi

10. Bleika Dúfan











tveir fiskar At the Reykjavik harbour, Geirsgata 9, 101 Reykjavik Tel.+354 511 3474

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drinks all the time. Another owner is ykjavík, and the bar figures prominent

ot fun and games," quoth the poet. e outside and tropical heat on the inside, er came to an end and doesn't seem to be full of regulars (many of whom are, were clandic Academy of Arts) mixed with of the city's underground. The upper s like the inside of a bus.

s, with tends to attract more experienced badours play on most weekdays, mostly s a younger crowd comes in, and there's a loor. The prices do, however, go up after

en, and succeeds to some degree. Dress as others do the same. It's a jungle in the fittest looking, come out on top. Specials of the day and weekend

beers in Reykjavik, but it's still one of the ou can attempt to maintain a conversation food coffee and, for those on a budget,

and a rock club, but has recently d has started serving food. It's a place ds like the teenage Danny and the ore established acts.

ck 'n' Roll and bands that don't do 1 Icelandic bands play there, usually no our nights a week. Whether they charge ands, but if they do, all proceeds do go to d rock on! During the day this is a hang-

wander in here for a game, as every table doubles as a chess board. One of the best places to meet locals for a chat, every night of the week.

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

21. Kaffi Kúltur

Hverfisgötu 18
For those who grow tired of seeing nothing but palefaces about town, Kaffi Kúltur might be a pleasant diversion. During the da rot mose win grow tree to seeing nothing but patencies about town, Kaffi Kültur might be a pleasant diversion. During the day its something of a hangout for the actors from the National Theatre, jus across the street, but in the evening it is populated by both new and older Icelanders. They have multi-ethnic food and frequent concerts. Wednesday night is tango night. Anyone can join in, but this is not a place to learn as the regulars know their way around a dancefloor

22. Jón Forseti

Aðalstræti 10

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

Laugavegur 20a

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

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

25. Póstbarinn

Pósthússtræti 13

Situated by Austurvöllur, Póstbarinn is one of few restaurants in downtown Reykjavík with outdoor service. The décor on the inside may appear a little cold but can be avoided by staying outside, although this may also appear a little cold. Live jazze every now and then and the fish nenu is not as expensive as some. Try the plaice.

26. Celtic Cross

Hverfisgata 26

Arguably the bar in town that comes closest to deserving the title of Insish, even though the Dubliner tries harder. Except for the coffin in the back, it's very much alive. Live music almost every night, a troubadour on the upper floor and a band in the basement, both doing their best to make a living as human jukeboxes.

CLUBS

27. Gaukur á Stöng

Tryggvagata 22 Iceland's oldest club is turning 20 this fall. During the day it's a pool pub and on weekday evenings there are live rock concerts by mo mainstream bands. On weekends there is usually a lot of action with cover bands playing everything from Britney to the Beatles. Without exception you'll be charged at least 1000kr for entrance in the evenings Crowd: 20+

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

29. Mojito bar

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

30. Leikhúskjallarinn

The state of

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

RESTAURANTS

31. Pasta Basta

S11. FUSEU DUSEU
Klapparsity 38
An affordable Italian place. The pasta is has generous portions and the salad with grilled chicken is a good light option. The garden is nice, with a glass celling protecting punters from the wind and the rain. It has paper covering the tables, and guests are supplied with crayons so the can decorate their surroundings as they wait for the meal.

32. Tveir Fiskar

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

Hafnarstræti 15
Means "the corner" and the place lives up to its name. This is actually

the oldest Italian restaurant in town, celebrating its 25th year, which says something about the scene here before then. Excellent quality pizza, pasta and salads and yet remaining one of the more affordable

Nordica Hotel

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

35. 3 Frakkar

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

36. Apotek

Formerly the central drugstore of Reykjavik, established in the late 1800s, the Apotek is now a modern restaurant with an Art Deco interior. You can still see the names of the chief managing pharmacists owners on the wall of the bar. Today, this 'drugstore' serves a different type of milkshake. Now look for a sizzling visual kitchen (behind a glass wall) with a Super Menu! Apotek is an eating experience not to be missed.

Vesturgata 3b

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

38. Jómfrúin

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

39. Rossopomodoro

Laugavegur 40a

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

40. Tjarnarbakkinn

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complete your journey.

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

where you'll be able to get all the information you need.

FAST FOOD

41. Nonnabiti

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

42. Mama Taco's

Lækjargata 8

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

43. Bernhöftsbakarí

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

44. Baeiarins bestu

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

45. Pizza 67

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

46. Eldsmiðian

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

47. Vitabar

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

48. First Vegetarian (Á naestu grösum)

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

49. Pizza Pronto

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

50. Reykjavík Bagel Company

Reykjavík has no trams, trains or subways, only buses. These yellow things can take you pretty much anywhere in the Reykjavík area. It's a slow system and you might have to change buses a couple of times to get where you want to, though usually things run smoothly and on time. The price of a single fare is 220kr for an adult (60kr for children under 12). If you are in town for more than a few days, then the nine ticket package for 1500kr would be a better deal. Bus cards valid for

two weeks, a month or three months are also available. You have to pay as you step on board and it has to be the exact amount, unless you want to pay more for your ride. The driver cannot give

you change. You can ask the driver for a free, time-limited transfer ticket if you need two buses to

The bus system is closed at night. You can catch your first bus between 6:40 and 7:00 in the morning, and last call is around 24:00. The main bus stops in Reykjavík are Hlemmur and Lækjartorg,

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

USEFUL PHONE NUMBERS

Useful for Emergencies

Emergency phone 112 fire, police, ambulance Emergency Ward, City Hospital 24hrs. 525-1000 Dentist: 575-0505

Directory information 118 Pharmacies find your closest or call 118

Internet Cafés

INTERTIER CATES

RÄDhüskaffi, City Hall, 101 Rvk. 563-2169

BSI, Vatnsmýrarvegur 10, 101 Rvk. 591-1000

Netkaffi, Kringlan mall, 103 Rvk. 533-2424

Reykjavík Travel Service, Lækjargata 2, 101 Rvk. 511-2442

Ground Zero, Vallarstræti 4, 101 Rvk. 562-7776

Useful Websites

www.visitrevkiavik.is

Car Rentals

ALP 562-6060 Avis 591-4000 Berg car rental 577-6050 Budget 567-8300 SBK car rental 420-6000

Other Useful Numbers

BSÍ bus info, 591-1000

Post Offices Central Post office, Pósthússtræti 5, 101 Rvk. 580-1000.

Post offices are easily found around Iceland

Laundry Services Emla laundry, Barónsstígur 3, 101 Rvk, 552-4799 A Smith laundry, Bergstaðastræti 52, 101 Rvk, 551-7140

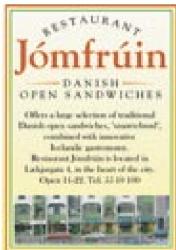
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BSR 561-0000

Rent a bike Borgarhjól, Hverfisgata 50, 101 Rvk 551-5653 Reykjavík travel service, Lækjargata 2, 101 Rvk, 511-2442 Reykjavík Youth Hostel, Sundlaugarvegur 34, 105. Rvk.



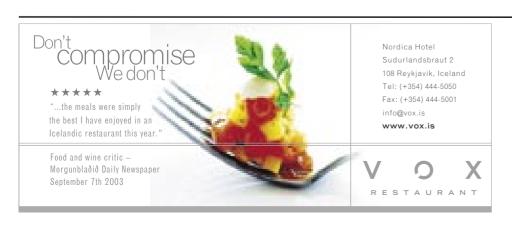


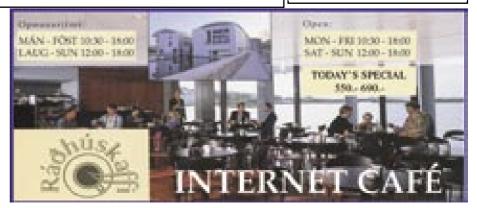


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ASÍ. Art Museum, Freyjugata 41, 511-5353 Árbæjarsafn Folk Museum, Kistuhylur 4, p: 557-1111 Ásmundarsafn, Sculpture museum, Sigtún, p. 553-2155 Culture House, Hverfisgata 15, p: 545-1400 Einar Jónsson, Sculpture museum, Einarsgata, p: 551-3797 Gerðarsafn, Kóparvogur Art Gallery, Hamraborg 4, p:551-3797 Hafnarborg Art Gallery, Srandgata 34 Hafnarfj, 555-0080 Hafnarhúsið, Reykjavík Art museum, Tryggvagata 17, p: 590-1200 Icelandic Institute of Natural History, Hlemmur 5, p:590-0500 Kjarvalsstaðir Art Museum, Flókagata, p: 517-1290 Museum of Medical History, Neströð 170, p: 561-1016 National Gallery of Iceland, Fríkirkjuvegur 7, p: 515-9600 Nordic House, Sturlugata 5, p: 551-7030 Reykjavík City Library, Tryggvagata 15, p: 563-1750 Reykjavík Elestrivity Museum, Rafstöðvarvegur, p: 567-9009 Reykjavík Museum of Photography, Tryggvagata 15, p: 563-1790 Reykjavík Zoo & Family Park, Engjavegur, p: 575-7800

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Saga Museum, Perlan Öskjuhlíð, p. 511-1517

The Icelandic Printmakers Association, Tryggvagata 17, p: 588-7576

Other

Hallgrímskirkja church, Skólavörðuholti, p: 510-1000 Klink og Bank, Brautarholt, p: 822-0402 Perlan, Öskjuhlíð

Kringlan shopping mall, Kringlan 8-12, p: 568-9200 Volcano show: Red rock cinema, Hellusund 6a, p: 845-9548 Salurinn Concert Hall, Hamraborg 6, p: 570-0400

Theaters

Light nights, Iðnó Theater, p: 551-9181

Restaurants

Apótekið, Austurstræti 16, p: 575-7900 3 Frakkar, Baldursgata 14, p: 552-3939 Hornið, Hafnarstræti 15, p: 551-3340 Jómfrúin, Lækjargata 4, p: 551-0100 Rossopomodoro, Laugavegur 40a, p: 561-0500 Tapas, Vesturgata 3b, p: 551-2344 Tjarnarbakkinn, Vonarstræti 2, p: 562-9700 Tveir Fiskar, Geirsgata 9, p: 511-3474 Við Tjörnina, Templarasund 3, p: 551-8666 Vox Nordica Hotel, Suðurlandsbraut 2, p: 444-5050

Bleika Dúfan, Laugavegur 21, p: 517-1980 Café Árnes, by the harbour, p: 551-5101 Café Paris, Austurstræti 14, p: 551-1020 Café Roma, Laugavegi 118, p: 562-0020 Grái Kötturinn, Hverfisgata 16a, p: 551-1544 **Kaffivagninn**, Grandagarður 10, p: 551-5932 **Mokka**, Skólavörðustígur 3a, p: 552-1174 Ráðhúskaffi, City Hall, p: 563-2169 Segafredo by Lækjartorg, p: Tíu Dropar, Laugavegur 27, p: 551-9380

Café, Bar and Bistro

Ari í Ögri, Ingólfsstræti 3, p: 551-9660 Bar 11, Laugavegur 11, p: 511-1180 Café 22, Laugavegur 22, p: 511-5522 Café List, Laugavegur 20a, p: 511-1420 Café Victor, Hafnarstræti 1-3, p: 561-9555 Celtic Cross, Hverfisgata 26, p: 511-3240 De Palace, Hafnarstræti 18, p: 551-6780 Dillon, Laugavegur 20, 511-2400 Dubliner, Hafnarstræti 4, 511-3233 Glaumbar, Tryggvagata 20, p: 552-6868 Grand Rokk, Smiðjustígur 6, p: 551-5522 Hressingarskálinn, Austurstræti 20, p: 561-2240 Hverfisbar, Hverfisgata 20, p: 511-6700 Jón Forseti, Aðalstræti 10, p: 551-0962 Kaffi Kúltur, Hverfisgötu 18, p: 530-9314 Kaffibarinn, Bergstaðastræti 1, p: 551-1588 Kaffibrennslan, Pósthússtræti 9, p: 561-3600 Nelly's, Pingholtsstræti 2, p: 551-2477 Prikið, Bankastræti 12, p: 551-3366 Sirkus, Klapparstígur 30 Sólon, Bankastræti 7a, p: 562-3232 Thorvaldsen bar, Austurstræti 8, p: 511-1413 Vegamót, Vegamótastígur 4, p: 511-3040

Clubs

Gaukur á Stöng, Tryggvagata 22, p: 551-1556 Kapital, Hafnarstræti 17, p: 511-7007 Leikhúskjallarinn, Hverfisgata 19, p: 551-6010 Mojito, Austurstræti 16, p: 575-7905 Nasa, by Austurvöllur, p: 511-1313 Pravda, Austurstræti 22, p: 552-9222

Fastfood

Bæjarins bestu, Tryggvagata, p: 894-4515Bernhöftsbakarí, Bergstaðastæti 13, p: 551-3083 Eldsmiðjan, Bragagata 38a, p: 562-3838 First Vegetarian (Á næstu grösum), Laugavegur 20b, p: 552-8410 Nonnabiti, Hafnarstræti 11, p: 551-2312 Pizza 67, Tryggvagata 26, p: 561-9900 Pizza Pronto, Vallarstræti 4, p: 517-5445 Reykjavík Bagel Company, Laugavegur 81, p: 511-4500 Vitabar, Bergþórugata 21, p: 551-7200

... continued from pg. 19



"I see the role of the company to perform pieces that are not part of the mainstream repetoire. We are here to compliment the National Opera," the group's founder and singer Hrólfur Sæmundsson is keen to make clear. For this year's production he has assembled a group of performers who are as all-embracing as the plot

"At Sumarópera we try to find exciting young performers and who have enthusiasm and are willing to try new things, they need to be multi talented." The orchestra is an example of this multi tasking. The drummer also plays the trumpet, while the banjo player is required to play the accordion, guitar and mandolin. The skills of one particular drummer though, Bogomil Font of Sugarcubes fame, will not be needed on skins this time.

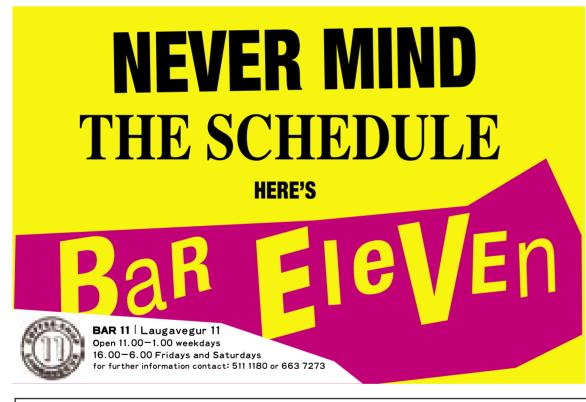
"I met Bogomil when Ute Lemper was singing here earlier this year. I knew that he had recorded an album of Weill songs and when I told him we would be performing Happy End, he said something like 'Give me a part, a drunken barman, anything... I love Weill.' We've done far better than that. He plays one of the leads, Sam, and gets to sing the Mandalay

song in drag, so I guess you can say he's happy.

The Brecht text has been translated into Icelandic by Hrólfur and there will be English subtitles and, although the play may not be as famous as Threepenny Opera, there are several familiar songs that feature in the show, which in the words of the producers is a mixture of cabaret, play and opera. A parable of Chicago of 1919, drenched in the sleazy smoke and whisky atmosphere of the Berlin Cabarets of the period.

The theme of good and evil needing to overlook their mutual animosity in order to take on the real enemy - Capitalism - was not well received when it was first performed. Then a stained glass window featuring Brecht's trinity of true evil, Henry Ford, JP Morgan and John D. Rockefeller, was hung over the stage for the final dramatic act. Capitalists a little closer to home will feature in the set of Sumaróperan's production.

Happy End will run for a short season of only seven performances starting Saturday 7th at the Icelandic Opera House. Performances start at 20.00 hours.





WE ARE ON A MISSION

UPCOMING EVENTS

Friday August 6th

Punk band Hölt Hóra and Stoner rock band Stoneslinger

Saturday August 7th

Smokey Bay Blues band, feat. Mike and Danny Pollock.

Thursday August 12th Punk band Ríkið disbands. All welcome





Grand Rokk

Reykjavík

YOU WILL NEVER DRINK ALONE



PICKS MOVIES and THEATRE

Grandinn, Hólmaslóð 2, 10, 11, 17 and 18th of August

CROWDPLEASER

A new play by up and coming playwright Jón Atli Jónasson. The Crowdpleaser of the title is a new kind of international shopping, amusement and allround needfulfilling mall, which the audience is led through by security guards. www.internet.is/rll

Smárabíó, Regnboginn and Borgarbíó Akureyri.

SPIDERMAN 2

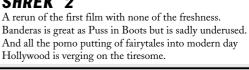
This time, they get the villain right. The usually affable Alfred Molina makes a mean Dr. Octopus. Spider-Man is no brainless hunk of muscle. He seems more like the top student taking on the professors, which in this film he more or less literally does.

Háskólabíó, Sambíóin

THE VILLAGE M. Night Shyamalan made a splash with the 6th Sense and delved into comic book mythology in excellent Unbreakable. Signs, about aliens who can't stand water trying to take over the water drenched planet earth misfired badly. Is he back on form now?

Háskólabíó, Sambíóin

SHREK 2







Adding Jerry Bruckheimer to the mix does not brighten the prospects. It is surprising that these three decided to film not the Arthur of legend, but the historical Arthur. It is even more surprising that they get away with it. More or less.

The historical Arthur was born in 475 and became high king, or Vortigern, of Britain around 500. His greatest achievement is defeating a Saxon army at Badon in 516. He was killed in 537 in a civil war. The civil war was fought between those who wanted to follow the orthodox teachings of Rome and those who followed the teachings of Pelagius, a more liberal and nationalist

Early on in the film, we get to see Arthur fight alongside bishop Germanus. St. Germanus was an actual fighting bishop who came to Britain before Arthur was born. This is not the only chronological inconsistency. In the film Arthur is a Roman knight, whereas Rome actually abandoned Britain in 410. But the real Arthur's family was known for its Roman allegiance.

These are small matters. What the film manages to do is to capture quite well the feel of a new world rising out of a collapsing civilisation. In one of the films more chilling scenes, Arthur discovers a group of monks who torture heathens for the glory of God. This, the church, is the new power that will take the place of the fallen Empire. It is one of the great absurdities as well as tragedies of history how the message of Jesus Christ deteriorated into an orgy of sadism, the likes of which have rarely been seen before or since. It is tempting to go Freudian and suggest that putting power into the hands of people not allowed to have sex will force them to get their

But Arthur's main enemy is the Saxons. The Swedish Stellan Skarsgard puts on a mighty codpiece and a southern accent to play the leader of the Germanic invaders. Why this doesn't look as ridiculous as it sounds, I don't know. The Saxons are portrayed as pure evil, killing each other as well as anyone else merely for the sake of killing. Are these really the ancestors of the noble Anglo-Saxons of today, who selflessly delivered us from the clutches of the evil Saddam Hussein? Of course not, says the film. Stellan gives his men orders not to rape the British women, as this would lead to a thinning out of the blood. Of course medieval Saxons were motivated by Nazi racial theory, and did not breed with the English, hence the English of today have nothing to do

And yet, the movie just works. Merlin plays a minor role as leader of the Woads. Lancelot's inability to leave other men's wifes alone is hinted at, but despite a build up, nothing happens. If you want the Arthur of legend, look up Excalibur by John Boorman. It's hard to capture the magic much better than that. But this attempt to show the historical Arthur is better than it has any right to be.

(For a great book on the Arthur of history - fictional though it may be - I'd recommend The Mists of Avalon by Marion Zimmer Bradley - Paul)

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

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MOVIES: LISTINGS: august 6 - august 19

REGNBUG

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

PREMIERS:

6. august Garfield 6. august Fahrenheit 9/11 13. august Hellboy

Still running:

Spiderman 2, I Robot, Eternal Sunshine of the Spotless Mind



Laugarás Phone: 553-2075 www.laugarasbio.is

PREMIERS:

6. august Garfield 6. august Fahrenheit 9/11 13. august The Stepford Wives

Still running:

Shaun of the Dead, Madditt 2 (dubbed into Icelandic), Shrek (dubbed into Icelandic), I, Robot : Potter 3

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

PREMIERS:

6. august The Village 6. august New York Minute 13. august Thunderbirds 13. august Harold and Kumar Go to White Castle

Still running:

King Arthur, Shrek 2, Harry



Smáralind Phone: 564-0000 www.smarabio.is

PREMIERS:

6. august Garfield 6. august Fahrenheit 9/11 13. august Hellboy

Still running:

Spiderman 2, I Robot, Eternal Sunshine of the Spotless Mind



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

PREMIERS:

6. august The Village 6. august New York Minute 13. august Thunderbirds 13. august Harold and Kumar go to White Castle

Still running:

King Arthur, Raising Helen, Around The World in 80 Days, Harry Potter 3 (dubbed)



Hagatorg Phone: 530-1919 www.haskolabio.is

PREMIERS:

6. august The Village 13. august Thunderbirds 13. august The Stepford Wifes

Still running:

King Arthur, Good bye, Lenin! Shrek 2, Troy, The Ladykillers



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NEXUS

Hverfisgata 103 (near bus station Hlemmur) Open mon-sat 12 to 19:30, sun 13-18. Phones 552 9011 - 552 9012



THIS MAN IS REAL

by Marcie Hume

Everyone has seen Albert's privates. The photo that advertises the Finnish photography exhibit features Albert, large and one-legged, standing naked with a pig, enveloped in hot, steamy water. That picture is everywhere, on signs and in magazines, and after months of such image saturation you can't help but presume Albert to be some kind of modern-day

Norse god of steam—

The show is

After gaining such a strong presence in this town it's impossible not to stop by and see the photographs. Albert, perhaps, draws you in but the photos are not as plentiful as you'd expect with such an extensive advertising campaign. They are, however, engaging. In a scene which is apparently an example of classic Finnish humor, Albert sits around with some friends in disgusting squalor, playing instruments in a sort of surreal disorder. Another photo depicts Albert having a conversation in a pub while two men strangle one another at the next table. Even at first glance, these scenarios don't seem particularly authentic. And in fact all the photos of Albert are staged. The series blurs the line between the function of photography as documentary and its use as a creative tool, manufacturing situations which are more pointed towards satire. The exaggerated circumstances are perhaps scenes from his actual every day life, but here they are calibrated to an absurd level, apparently embodying the essence of Finnish humour... which can be described as dry, to say the least. To add to the proliferation of Albert's image, his home city of

Kotka, Finland runs a website with a special section dedicated to Albert (www.kotka.fi/albert). This site aims to present his daily life in Kotka and refers to him as an "exhilarating cyber star". The illustration of Albert's life is presented as a very serious enterprise; another example of Finnish humor. Also on the website are snippets of Albert's musings for his local newspaper, where he has furnished such quotes as: "At the age of 46 I still have my own teeth. And the fact that I do is due to my upbringing."

Albert is a miracle of nature to be sure, and part of the charm of the photographs is the intimacy with which you can see Albert's face, his mesmerizing, scrambled set of teeth, and in fact every sinew of his body. At some level, the fact that his stances are fabricated becomes irrelevant. A sort of distillation of Albert emerges, some blend of glee and resolve painted on his face.

All this attention on Albert does not bode well for the rest of the artists featured in this show, but each photograph in the small exhibit is respectable, the type of clear, rich images which allow you to feel that you are seeing completely into a different realm. But you just can't help but focus on Albert. Perhaps it's the pig.

The show is located on the 6th floor of the downtown library until 29 August.

A case of a basket or a basket

Case by Eydís Björnsdóttir

In 1957, the old farmstead Árbær was chosen to be Reykjavík's public park and open-air museum with old houses of historical value. Among the current exhibitions is a recollection of the Fifties where a day in the life of six people of all ages is duly documented. To recreate the atmosphere of that time, they've even recreated the home of one family in Reykjavík as it was in 1958. The exhibition was created by students of history at the University of Iceland.

Among other exhibitions are a car work shop, a house filled with the tools of bookbinding and then, of course, there is the history of Reykjavík from the time of settlement to the present day. The museum has employed some people to dress up in old clothing and just be there in order to make the museum friskier. And the visit wouldn't have been the same without the two adorable old ladies sitting in the loft of the old farmstead, weaving and spinning, willing to converse on any subject as long as it's about baskets. Our conversation went something like this:

My friend: What do you use the wool for once you've worked it? Do you sell it or do you make anything out of it?

Old spinning lady: I spin the wool into a thread and put it in the basket.

Me: And does the museum sell it or..?



Old spinning lady: This is the basket I put the thread

Me: What were the evening wakes like where you grew up?

Old knitting lady: The mistress of the house would have been angry at me for taking such a long time to do these little shoes, for doing such detailed work. Me: Were you required to make a specific amount of knitwear per week?

Old knitting lady: We made the shoes from fish skin.

However, the most memorable sight at the museum must surely be a little placard describing a gold drilling machine imported from Germany in 1922. It was used to drill for gold in Vatnsmýri. Needless to say, none was found. All that and much, much more can be seen at Árbær museum, open until the end of August.

Café Arnes By the Reykjavík harbour Suðurbugt Reykjavík harbour Tel: 551 5101

PICKS ARTS and CULTURE

Klink og Bank, August 8th, 21.00 NÝHIL POETRY ORGY



The poets and art terrorists of Nýhil have been quiet lately, due to the defection of some of its members abroad. But as these have returned, the group is now operating at full strength and will flex its muscles next Sunday. Presenter is the "eloquent revolutionary" Viðar Porsteinsson, and it is possible, if not perhaps probable, that the Western Icelander Todd Richardson will put in an appearance. As always hooliganism at the events is not just expected but demanded and maybe, just maybe, the orgy will live up to its name as the night wears on.

The Living Art Museum

185.01

ALDREI - NIE - NEVER

Is back in action after its summer hiatus.18 artists have been selected by Hlynur Hallsson to participate in a diverse group exhibition which opens on the 3rd of August. The project boasts the title "ALDREI - NIE – NEVER" The museum has primarily been a venue for exhibitions and various creative events, but it is becoming increasingly focused on its position as a setting for both domestic and foreign artists to exchange opinions and ideas. This exhibition covers three cities simultaneously (Reykjavík! Berlin! and Akureyri!), with six artists' work displayed in each location.

Safn



TWO EXHIBITIONS

One by the German painter Katharina Grosse Her work is all about colour and the installation of it in the exhibition space. Thus she paints directly on walls, floors, ceilings and on everything else for that matter, but also on traditional canvas, using a brush and a paint gun. The other is Eggert Pétursson who throughout his career, both as an illustrator and an artist, flowers have been his primary motif in this exhibition he depicts the Icelandic flora with its minuscule flowers and heather.

Ásmundarsafn



THE MAN AND MATERIAL

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

Gallery i8



THEY KEEP THE SHADES UP FOR YOU

The general consensus has not yet been reached on this gallery, but for now it comes tentatively recommended. It currently features works by Jeanine Cohen of Brussels. If worse comes to worse, you can do a drive by and see pretty much everything. The gallery's opening hours are a bit obscure, but usually they leave the shades up and you can get the gist.

or those of you who are weary of the sunshine and are desperate for a reminder of the long, dark winter, you can and shooting arrows into the sky. The text on the photo reads "While I listened to music by Grieg I shot ten arrows into the find splendid respite in the basement of the National Gallery of Iceland. The Aurora Borealis is reproduced in a winsky." This photograph exemplifies the emotional creation of dowless room in the basement of the museum. The piece is an installation by Halldór Ásgeirsson, who has mounted art, the plain longing for the expression of something personal yet universal. The picture portrays the seemingly desperate bottles filled with various colours of liquid on a rotating disk, backlit them with a spotlight, and titled the exhibit "Aurora Borealis Bar." processes an artist can undergo, and how those measures can emerge to the viewer as basic or unsophisticated. bubbling, melted quality, as though the artists has successfully brought the rock back to its previous, more generative state. The disco-like magic of the exhibit was lost when a museum The English speaking visitor will be both relieved and amused staff member unplugged the device, transforming the shimto know that room-by-room guides to the artwork are include The rock is transformed into cool glass-like strings which are mering light into something resembling the late-night glow in the price of admission. The one-page introductions to each reminiscent both of a glassblower's work and of the inborn of a stoplight, but this unpleasant experience is easily avoided room effectively expand the experience of the museum, and by arriving at the exhibit sometime before the museum closes. exquisiteness that arises in natural systems. also provide a few entertaining moments. When describing the The room accomplishes enough atmosphere to give any native Although each room has a few stunning pieces, the upstairs "Aurora Borealis Bar", for instance, the introduction guides Icelander flashbacks to a winter disco wonderland. the reader with sentences like, "In the present work, the dark-ened space where it is installed", and advises that experiencing room, "Nature and Culture", has a more contemporary feel and The current exhibition, "Environment and Nature", is an is worth an extended visit. A piece by Hlynur Hallsson shows a eclectic collection of 20th century Icelandic art which is divided photograph of a man in a field, standing next to a record player the rotating bottles is "...not unlike looking at the Northern into themed rooms, each containing a Lights and coming into contact with the universe." combination of paintings, installation art Whatever your experience of it, the Aurora Borealis Bar and photography. The curators have deis always open for a little reminder of the one of the many cided not to arrange the art chronologically, relationships between Icelanders and their environment. It's a

BOREALIS IN THE BASEMENT

by Marcie Hume

ARTS and CULTURE LISTINGS: august 6 - august 19

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

use of a blow torch on the

which has successfully enhanced the ther matic impact on the viewers. The themes are not at all unexpected or unusual, as they spotlight subjects such as nature, language,

and the tension between urbanisation and the upholding of environment. The artists' use of form is perhaps more in-

spiring, especially when standard media are replaced by local resources. Although not a

terribly uncommon choice, Ásgeirsson's use of lava rock is both instinctively beautiful and sharply evokes a common subject; his

ONGOING

ASÍ museum Tue-Sun 14:00-18:00

Exhibition by the artist Hafstein Austmann, the name of the show is Colours of the water Ends

Gallery Sævar Karl Mon-Fri 10:00-17:00

Exhibition by Sigríður Bachman Ends August 6. Exhibition by Kristín Reynisdóttir. Starts August 6.

Safn

Wed-Fri 14:00-18:00. Sat&Sun 14:00-17:00

The works were the artists' most current works at the time of the museums purchase. Also exhibition by The German painter Katharina Grosse and also exhibition by Eggert Pétursson

Gallery Sævar Karl Mon-Fri 10:00-17:00

Moir-Fit 10:00-17:00
Exhibition by Kristín Reynisdóttir
Hafnarhúsið, Reykjavík Art Museum
10:00-17:00 every day
Private exhibition of Thorvaldur Thorsteinsson

and the summer exhibition at the Reykjavik Art Museum-Hafnarhus. Ends August 8 Gallery of the Icelandic printmakers as-

sociation Tue-Sun 14:00-18:00

Exhibition by ólafur Þórðarson Ends August 8. Exhibition "Culture Night", danish grafik. Starts August 14.

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

Gerðarsafn, Kóparvogur Art Gallery Tue-Sun 11:00-17:00.

RECENT AQUISITIONS:

Upstairs two world faumous danish designers. Börge Mogensen and Hans Wegner. Downstairs many icelandic househould designers. Starts

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

this group have exhibited extensively and received awards and recognition for their work on ar international level. Admission: Icel. kr. 300.

Kling og Bang Gallery Thu-Sun 14:00-18:00

Exhibition by world famous american artists Paul McCarthy and Jason Rhoades

Árbæjarsafn, Folk Museum Tue-Fri 10:00-17:00, Sat&Sun 10:00-18:00

Árbæjarsafn, Folk Museum is Reykjavík City´s folk museum and the largest open air museum in Iceland. It is composed of around 30 buildings from different periods, most of which have been moved from downtown Reykjavík.

Austurvöllur out door exhibition Icelanders: Photography Exhibition in Austurvellir,

A Meeting with the Icelanders over a period of two years, photographer Sigurgeir Sigurjónsson and author Unnur Jökulsdóttir travelled the length and breadth of Iceland and visited people from all over

Passion Gallery 12:30-18:00 Mon-Fridays, 12:00-15:00 Saturdays

Contemporary art gallery Gallery i8 Thu&Fri 11:00-18:00

Exhibition by Jeanine Cohen. Cohen has never been to Iceland, however. Her work is the result of a more general kind of intense observation.

National Gallery of Iceland

: 11:00-17:00 every day

This year's summer exhibition will address the theme Environment and nature in Icelandic 20thcentury art.

Handverk og Hönnun Mon-Fri 09.00-16:00

Summer Exhibition of contemporary and traditional Icelandic art and crafts.

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

Volcano show: Red rock cinema

11:00-22:00 every day

If you don't want to wait for the next volcanic eruption, then just go watch a video of the last, it's less degrees and much proceedible then exist. dangerous and much more reliable then nature

Admission 750ISK Gallery Kolbrún S. Kjarval

Ásmundarsafn, Sculpture museum

10:00-16:00 every day

The Man and Material. A retrospective exhibition of works by Asmundur Sveinsson.

Telecommunications Museum Tue, Thu&Sun 11:00-17:00

Pictures and items related to the history of tele-

Reykjavík Zoo and Family Park

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

Reykjavík Botanical Garden 10:00-22:00 every day

All kinds of plants a Kjarvalsstaðir Art Museum 10:00-17:00 every day
Roni Horn: Her, her, her and her: Photographs taken in the Reykjavik Swimming Hall.

Francesco Clemente: New Works. Exhibition of new works by the famous Italian artist. Ends August 15.

Works from the Kjarval Collection. An overview of Kjarval's work which shows how he developed as

Einar Jónsson Sculpture Museum Tue-Sun 14:00-17:00

Works of Einar Jónsson, Iceland's first sculptor. **Hafnarhúsió, Reykjavík Art Museum** 10:00-17:00 every day

I Didn't Do It. Private exhibition of Thorvaldur Thorsteinsson - the museum's summer exhibiti
And part of the Erró Collection on show. Ends Sigurjón Ólafsson Sculpture Museum Tue-Sun 14:00-17:00

Sigurjón Ólafsson's Works in public Space: Poster exhibition and sculptures related to Ólafsson's monuments and public sculptures.

Reykjavík Museum of Photography Mon-Fri 12:00-19:00, Sat&Sun 13:00-

Museum of Medical History Sun,Tue,Thu,Sat 13:00-17:00

Artefacts, tools, instruments and pictures on the

Icelandic Institute of Natural History

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

Saga Museum 10:00-16:00 every day.

The Saga museum intimately recreates key moments in Icelandic history and gives a compelling view into how Icelanders have lived and thought for

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

Reykjavík City Library Mon-Fri 10:00-16:00

Books and periodicals in Icelandic as well as English, Scandinavian and other languages. Also has a childrens and a comic book section.

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

many know artists.

Handverk og Hönnun Mon-Fri 09.00-16:00

Craft and design. Craftspeople transfer – in modern and dynamic ways - nature's shapes, colours and materials to their work.

Gallery Meistari Jakob Mon-Fri 11:00-18:00, Sat 11:00-14:00

The gallery is run by eleven artists who work in ceramics, textiles, printmaking and paintings and you will always find one of them at the gallery.

Gallery Tukt *Mon-Thu* 13:00-18:00. *Fri* 13:00 - 17:00

10:00-18:00 every day

Open workshop of tree sculptures of Teddi Nýlistasafnið, The Living Art Museum

ıgust 14th. **Hafnarborg Art Gallery**

Wed-Sun 11:00-17:00 Paintings: New paintings by Þorbjörg Höskuldsdót-

tir. A also exhibition Rendezvous contemporary art from Düsseldorf and Hafnarfjörður. Whice includes paintings, drawings, objects and installations made by Zipora Rafaelov, Ansgar Skipa, Jón Thor Gíslachim Stallecker and Kristbergur

Gallery Ófeigur Mon-Fri 10:00-18:00, Sat 10:00-16:00 Photoexhibition "Reykjavík with eyes of Gunnar Hannesson" b. 1915 d. 1976. Starts August 14

FRIDAY

AUGUST 6

Austurbær

The musical Hair: Is known world over for its catchy music and hippie ambiance. Some of Iceland´s most popular entertainers are involved in the show.

SATURDAY

AUGUST 7 Hallgrímskirkja Church unch time Organ Concert: Stephen Tharp, Organ

Icelandic opera Reykajvik Summer Opera premier: Happy End is an opera by Kurt Weill and Bertolt Brecht. See more on page 19.

SUNDAY **AUGUST 8**

Hallgrímskirkja Church

Summer Evening at the Organ with Stephen Tharp. Klink og bank artist workplace

TUESDAY **AUGUST 10**

Viốey Island Guides walk with geologist Ásta Þorleifsdóttir. On this walk she will focus on the erosion of Viðey by

Sigurjón Ólafsson Sculpture Museum

Summerconcert: Kristjana Helgadóttir, flute, Ingólfur Vilhiálmsson, clarinet and Gunnhildur Einarsdót-: Castagnoli, Giacinto Scelsi, Karlheinz Stockhausen

and Toru Takemitsu.

room for those in need of a little reminder of the sombre days

of dimness, a real pick-me-up from the summer sun.

THURSDAY

AUGUST 12 Hallgrímskirkja Church

Lunch time Organ Concert: Guðný Einarsdóttir,

Icelandic opera Reykjavik Summer Opera: Happy End

SATURDAY

AUGUST 14 Nýlistasafnið, The Living Art Museum ening of a exhibition ALDREI - NIE - NEVER

Hallgrímskirkja Church

Lunch time Organ Concert: Matti Hannula, Organ **Icelandic opera**

mmer Opera: Happy End Austurbær

The musical Hair: Is known world over for its catchy music and hippie ambiance. Some of Iceland´s most popular entertainers are involved in the show

SUNDAY **AUGUST 15**

Árbæjarsafn, Folk Museum

Handcrafts Day: demonstrations of old handcraft techniques. Church service at 2 pm.

Hallgrímskirkja Church

Summer Evening at the Organ: With Matti Hannula who is among the most respected organists of present-day Finland.

TUESDAY **AUGUST 17**

Viőev Island

Guided walk with Örlygur Hálfdanarson, who will tell visitors about the history of the island, with the focus on the village, where Örlygur was born and

Sigurjón Ólafsson Sculpture Museum

Summerconcert: Olivier Manoury bandoneon plays his own compositions as well as works by others.

THURSDAY

AUGUST 19 Klink og bank artist workplace The Amazing Design Kids open their exhibiton Icelandic opera

off everything

plastikk laugavegur 17 551 5241



Did you know that 'a bagel' also means a bend or a dent in Icelandic?

But that has absolutely nothing to do with the fact that we offer our customers free access to our wireless internet connection.



OPEN FOR BREAKFAST AT 8:00 AM LAUGAVEGUR 81 - 101 REYKJAVÍK - 511 4500 - WWW.RBC.IS



On August 6th, PoppTíví will broadcast from the Battle of the MCs at Gaukur á Stöng. The favorite to win goes by the name of Dóri DNA. He won the battle two years ago and is always a finalist, though he has faltered recently. He is also coming out with a new album in a few months which promises to change the face and the production value of Icelandic hip hop. And he's Halldór Laxness's grandson.

So what does he have to say for himself? First of all, how old is he? Dóri: Write down that I'm 20. I think it sounds better. All the rappers are in their twenties now. Grapevine: Done. Where are we going?

Dóri: We're going to drive out to get my CD from my producer. But you can't bootleg it. Everybody had the first Rottweiler CD before it went on sale.

Grapevine: I don't think that will be a problem. But if I wanted to, do I put it down as Dóri or is there a band name?

Dóri: NBC-No Bullshit Campaign. We played with that name once and it stuck.

"There are only three words in English that don't rhyme"

GV: How long have you been on the scene here?

Dóri: Four years, but I became established two years ago when I won the MC battle 8 Mile style.
GV: And you'll be involved in the 50 Cent show, right?

Dóri: I'm in the Rottweiler show, opening, yeah. Their MC is featured on the NBC album. This record is the best that Icelandic hip hop has ever seen. It offers beats and rhymes that are A Class.

GV: Who are you topping? What's the best before you?

Dóri: Forgotten Lores was really good. The first Rottweiler album was really good. The Gods' Offspring, their second album is great. GV: And these are MC's who rap only in Icelandic.

Dóri: Yeah. Rottweiler sold 10,000 copies of their first album. GV: Isn't it easier to rap in Icelandic with all the inflections? I mean, the old poetry is full of thick rhymes. Dóri: The old poetry, the rímur, people say that's like rap. But it's not really. It can be really long. Most of the rímur did not even rhyme. And the language was hard to understand. Some of them were six hours long. GV: Okav. But the language? Dóri: No. There are only three words in English that don't rhyme. It's harder in Icelandic. We've also got fewer words.

"It's not a reference to my grandfather..."

GV: But you rhyme in Icelandic. And then there's your moniker, Dóri DNA. Dóri: Everyone thinks it's a reference to my grandfather. But it's not like that. I want to make it on my own talents. There was just a call out at the end of a song, and I said my name, my crew, which was DNA, and Mosfellsbær.

GV: That's where Laxness lived. Dóri: I live right next to his house. We have been driving throughout Reykjavík and pull up at what seems like a random street corner. There a strung-out looking young man waves us down, runs over to the car, and holds a CD in front of Dóri. "Ekki bootlegga," he says, and gives

me a stern look. Dóri calms him down as the man

Dori calms him down as the man looks me over. Finally, he hands the CD over.

We go through the three songs on the CD, track by track. The rhyming is relaxed and skilled, but the production may stand out even more. "Beat makers in Iceland are very talented - some of them do make it internationally," Dóri says. Somehow this leads into him telling me that he practices Brazilian Jujitsu. "See if you can work that into the

"See if you can work that into the article. Brazilian Jujitsu," he says. And there it is.

PICKS MUSICand NIGHTLIFE

All Over Town, August 6th-7th

GAY PRIDE

P

The Pride opens at Loftkastalinn Theatre at 21.00 on the 6th. At 24.00 there will be a girls' ball at Þjóðleikhúskjallarinn and a boys' ball at Jón Forseti. On Saturday, the parade starts at 15.00 at Hlemmur and goes down Laugarvegur, where the stage program begins at 16.15. Gay balls are held at NASA, Jón Forseti and Nelly's in the evening.

Café Rósenberg, August 9th



THE ROBIN NOLAN TRIO

The Robin Nolan Trio is a contemporary jazz powerhouse producing hypnotic rhythms and rippling melodic themes of Latin, jazz and hot club de France. Their repertoire features jazz standards from the greatest composers of the 20th century, including Django Reinhardt, Cole Porter, and Duke Ellington, as well as their original compositions. George Harrison was a fan, so shouldn't we be?

Bar 11, August 11th, 22:00



DAYS OF OUR LIVES

Punk Rock band Days of our Lives is playing tonight. They've been around for a year now and play only their own songs, 12 or in total. Jón Björn plays bass, Leifur and Egill play guitars, Konni drums and Andri sings. This is their first gig with a new bass player. They'll also be playing outside clothes store Brim on Culture Night. No Admission.

Laugardalshöll, August 11th



50 CENT & GUNIT

The Mother Fucking PIMP is here with his friends, money and sponsored footwear. 50 Cent is here on his "beg for mercy world tour" and backing him up are among many, Icelandic hip hop bands Quarashi (who are also big in Japan) and the XXX Rottweiler, featuring Johnny Nash. Admission is 4500krónur and tickets will be available at the door.

Grand Rokk, August 12th, 21:00



n*tv*tn

Rock band Ríkið will be celebrating its one year anniversary along with Nintendo rock band Dýrðin, Jan Mayen and the Icelandic debut of the Foghorns, featuring Hot Bucket II. The band has also decided to take this opportunity to disband. Ríkið released the album Seljum Allt (Sell Everything). This was widely ignored, except by authorities who slapped a huge sales tax on the mostly unsold pressing. The band responded by giving the album away at a concert entitled Gefum allt (Give Everything). It is still awaiting a refund from the tax, although this has failed to appear. Vocalist Valur Gunnarsson is currently the editor of a reputable local publication, and bassist Jón Trausti sells ads for said publication. Drummer Óli drives a truck, and guitarist Árni Hamaríus will soon be celebrating his first year of unemployment.



While the Headbangers Are Away, the Homebodies Will Play: INNIPÚKINN 2004

by Jónas Moody

The hip-hop group Skytturnar led the crowd in a mass "fuck you" towards the Westmen Islands on this holiday weekend, but the turnout for Innipúkinn 2004 was anything but jealous of their fellow countrymen stuck out in the rain and cold. By the warm glow of Iðnó's stage, the homebodies of Reykjavík gathered and reveled in being the dregs of this year's Verslunarmannahelgi.

The line-up was unexpectedly diverse with big names like Singapore Sling and Trabant, as well as some old names like the rabel-rousing sexagenarian, Ómar Ragnarsson. On the schedule was also the very young Mammút whose average age is somewhere between 15 and 16. Benni Hemm Hemm filled the stage with an outrageous brass section while the much smaller troubadour duet, Súkkat, charmed the audience with heartwarming ballads like "Turd in the Pool."

The concert kicked off at 4:00 in grand Innipúkinn style: a few stragglers who came early for the free beer, but the hall soon filled up, everyone observing this invisible ten foot buffer between the stage and audience. KGB (aka Kristinn Gunnarsson from Ensími) mixed some

enticing groove to coax the room full of wallflowers to draw a little nearer, and towards the end of his set people actually began to approach the stage, sit down, and powwow about the music at hand. The crowd was composed and attentive -- a good audience for some of the greener acts like Mammút.

Mammút is the 5-piece that emerged during this year's Músik Tilraunir competition as one of Iceland's upand coming. For such a young group they have quite a restrained sound. While much of what they perform is either cover songs or derivative of their favorite bands, at their best moments they strike an earnest tone, with somewhat loopy melodies, offkilter instrumentation, and an infectious energy that can really engage the audience when the kids pull their



act together. Their stage presence is awkward in an endearing way; Guitarist Alexandra Baldursdóttir rarely looks up and bassist Guðrún Ísaksdóttir seems to be hiding behind her hair. Unlike most bands of their age, they are a mix of boys and girls. Guitarist Arnar Pétursson comments, "There is more tension in the band this way. We are more balanced. The girls bring a sweetness, a kindness to the songs with our rougher sound." A certain brand of tension peculiar to teens is also evident in their music, something a lot of musicians their age don't necessarily handle very well. "Átvagl" (Glutton) was written in the trenches of Musík Tilraunir when they realized they needed more material. Singer/lyricist Katrín Mogensen explains, "We were so stressed that we just wanted to eat each other. I could have eaten up Alexandra, so we made this song out of that moment." In person they are an odd mix. Part egghead and oddball, part princess and jock -- as if the Breakfast Club got together after their fateful detention and started a garage band. But they all seem committed to forging a sound of their own and are currently hard at work recording tracks for an upcoming album.

MUSICand NIGHTLIFE LISTINGS: august 6 - august 19

Music and nightlife events usually start around 21:00, unless otherwise stated. Pubs close at 01.00 on weekdays and much, much later on weekends. For those just wanting to party, the pubs and clubs don't get crowded until after midnight on weekends, although Thursday is a semi-official night out.

FRIDAY AUGUST 6

Prikiő: 21:00 Band Búðarbandið 23:00DJ Gísli Galdur & Sammi from band Jagúar Mojito Club: 23:00: Launch Music

Ari í Ögri: Acoustic duet Halli & Kalli play covers **Grand Rokk:** Bands Hölt Hóra & Stoneslinger. **Dubliners:** Cover Band Spilafíklar

Hverfisbar: DJ Andri Hressó: DJ Atli Partycop De Palace: DJ Cesa Café Victor: DJ DeeJay disc jokes

Felix: DJ Doktorinn Glaumbar: DJ Geir Flovent

De Boomkikker: DJ Heavy Metal Nasa: DJ Ísi Kaffibarinn: DJ Kári

Bar 11: DJ LuPen Sirkus: DJ Maggi Legó from band GUS GUS Amsterdam: DJ Stein

Thorvaldsen bar: DJ's Daddi Diskó & Hlynur Celtic Cross: Downstairs: Troubadour Garðar

Klink og bank artist workplace: Drum Solo; Lortur. See article on Lortur for details, it's in Mu-sic & Nightlife section.

Jón Forseti: Gay Pride dance, boy's night. Admis-Nelly 's: Gay Pride night, DJ Atli

Leikhúskjallarinn: Gay Pride, girls night. Admis-Café Rósenberg: Jazz Band Mogadon Kapital: New DJ, alcohol gambling on the bar

Gaukur á Stöng: Rhyme Wars! Rap contest plus, bands O.N.E, Antlew/Maximum and Dj

SATURDAY

AUGUST 7

Club: 23:00: Launch Music Ari í Ögri: Acoustic duet Halli & Kalli play covers Gaukur á Stöng: Bashment Party, DJ's from

Dubliners: Cover Band Spilafíklar Hressó: DJ Atli Partycop Hverfisbar: DJ Benni Café Victor: DJ DeeJay disc jokes Felix: DJ Doktorinn De Palace: DJ Extreme, DJ Devious Sirkus: DJ Gísli Galdur De Boomkikker: DJ Heavy Metal Bar 11: DJ Hædí Prikiő: DJ Kári Kapital: DJ Kiddi Bigfoot

Nasa: DJ Paul Oscar, the gayest and greatest party DJ in Iceland. Admission 1000ISK Kaffibarinn: DJ Raggi Glaumhar: DI bór Ræring

Thorvaldsen bar: DJ's Daddi Diskó & Hlynur

Celtic Cross: Downstairs: Troubadour Garðar Upstairs: Troubadour Ómar Hlynsson

Klink og bank artist workplace: Drum Solo; Lortur. See article on Lortur for details, it's in Mu-sic & Nightlife section.

Jón Forseti: Gay Pride dance, boy's night. Admis-Café Rósenberg: Jazz Band Mogador

Amsterdam: Rock band 101
Grand Rokk: Smokey Bay Blues Band, feat. Mike

SUNDAY

AUGUST 8 Bar 11: Bar 11 Movie Night, old classics

Kaffi Reykjavík: Cabaret and lunch night **Dubliners:** Troubadour Ingvar Valgeirs Nelly 's: Troubadour Night

MONDAY

AUGUST 9

Café Rósenberg: Robin Nolan Trio **Dubliners:** Troubadour Ingvar Valgeirs **Nelly's:** Troubadour Night

TUESDAY

AUGUST 10 Prikiő: DJ Dać

Laugardalsíshöll: Live performance by interna-

Nelly's: Troubadour Night

Dubliners: Troubadour Þór Fitzgerald

WEDNESDAY **AUGUST 11**

Laugardalsíshöll: A live performance by 50 Cent and the G Unit. Also playing are; Quarashi, XXX Rottweiler, Geno Sydal, HuXun, Dj Rampage and O.N.E. Admission 4500

Kaffibarinn: DJ Benni Sirkus: DJ YR and Sævar

Gaukur á Stöng: Doors Tribute Live Gig Prikiő: Live Gig

Dubliners: Troubadour Bjarnsky Romanoff Nelly's: Troubadour Night Dubliners: Troubadour Þór Fitzgerald

THURSDAY

AUGUST 12

Café Victor: 1664 Night Glaumbar: 21:30 Party band Búðarbandið

Hverfisbar: Acoustic duet Bítlarnir : Kaffi Reykjavík: Cabaret and lunch night Prikiő: DJ Gísli Galdur Kaffibarinn: DJ Raggi

Gaukur á Stöng: Doors Tribute Live Gig Hressó: Eyjólfur Kristjáns plays and sings Café Rósenberg: Mike Pollock and the Smokey

Grand Rokk: Punk band Ríkið bids farwell to cruel

Bar 11: Punk Rock band Days of our Lives, see

Sirkus: Reggae Night, DJ Kári De Palace: THE GIG: Palindrome **Dubliners:** Troubadour Bjarnsky Romanoff

FRIDAY

Nelly 's: Troubadour Night

AUGUST 13

Prikiő: 21:00 Búðarbandið 23:00 DJ Jói, are you sober yet? Mojito Club: 23:00: Launch Music Felix: DJ Andri

Sirkus: DJ Andri Hressó: DJ Atli Partycop Hverfisbar: DJ Benni Café Victor: DJ DeeJay disc jokes De Palace: DJ Devious Glaumbar: DJ Geir Flovent

Kaffibarinn: DJ Gísli Galdur De Boomkikker: DJ Heavy Metal Bar 11: DJ Krummi vocalist of band Mínus. You've

seen him on the cover of Kerrang, now you can see

Jón Forseti: DJ Party & Dance Amsterdam: DJ Who? Thorvaldsen bar: DJ's Daddi Diskó & Hlynur

Celtic Cross: Downstairs: Coverband

. Upstairs: Troubadour Eva Karlotta Dubliners: Fitzgerald Band, covers Nelly 's: HIP HOP Jam night Nasa: Night of comebacks, Band "Vinir Vors og Blóma" playes for the first time in years

Ari í Ögri: Troubadour duet Acoustics Café Rósenberg: Troubadour Sváfnir Sigurðarson

SATURDAY

AUGUST 14
Mojito Club: 23:00: Launch Music Gaukur á Stöng: Cover band "Á Móti Sól",

they're still trying Nasa: Coverband Men in Black Hverfisbar: DJ Andri Hressó: DJ Atli Partycon

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

Felix: DJ Doktorinn Bar 11: DJ Frosti Gringo Glaumbar: DJ Geir Flovent De Boomkikker: DJ Heavy Metal

Jón Forseti: DJ Party & Dance Kaffibarinn: DJ Tommi White

Thorvaldsen bar: DJ's Daddi Diskó & Hlynui **Celtic Cross:** Downstairs: Coverband Spilafíklarnir. Upstairs: Troubadour Eva Karlotta

Dubliners: Fitzgerald Band, cover

Nelly 's: Handball theme night, DJ Nonni 900 **Amsterdam:** The next Skítamórall; coverband

Ari í Ögri: Troubadour duet Acoustics Café Rósenberg: Troubadour Sváfnir Sigurðarson Jómfrúin: 16:00 Kristjana Stefánsdóttir Jazz

SUNDAY **AUGUST 15**

Bar 11: Bar 11 Movie Night, old classics

Kaffi Reykjavík: Cabaret and lunch night **Dubliners:** Troubadour Andy Garcia Nelly's: Troubadour Night

MONDAY **AUGUST 16**

Dubliners: Troubadour Andy Garcia Nelly 's: Troubadour Night

TUESDAY

AUGUST 17

Bar 11: Dice night, if snake eyes, the drink is on

Prikiő: DJ Daði Dubliners: Troubadour Þór Fitzgerald

WEDNESDAY

AUGUST 18

Gaukur á Stöng: Cover band Dúndurfréttir or "Big News" play tonight. Claimed to be the best Pink Floyd coverband in the world, by The Rolling

Kaffibarinn: DJ Kári Sirkus: Guest DJ

Prikiő: Live Gig Dubliners: Troubadour Bjarni Tryggva

Nelly 's: Troubadour Night

THURSDAY **AUGUST 19**

Café Victor: 1664 Night

Glaumbar: 21:30 Party band Búðarbandið Hverfisbar: Acoustic duet Bítlarnir

Kaffi Reykjavík: Cabaret and lunch night Gaukur á Stöng: Cover band Dúndurfréttir or "Big News" play tonight. Claimed to be the best Pink Floyd coverband in the world, by The Rolling

Kaffibarinn: DJ Frosti Gringó Prikiő: DJ Gísli Galdur

Hressó: Eyjólfur Kristjáns plays and sings Nasa: Gfsli from Norway, the next Beck they say. They must be right since Gfsli justed signed with IMA. Admission 1500ISK

De Palace: THE GIG: HIP HOP night

Dubliners: Troubadour Bjarni Tryggva Nelly 's: Troubadour Night





Revolution or social extinction?

by Sindri Eldon



 $m{I}$ s it really so revolutionary to sit here waiting and expecting some beautifully life-changing art reinvention to arrive, heralded by trumpets and bagpipes? I was at a very depressing party a few weeks ago, where I felt my apathy and hedonism slide into a deep concern for my generation's mark on the history tablets. I was in a downstairs bedroom watching a good friend of mine while he was drumming on the host's silver Yamaha drums.

I have always admired him, always found him to have a mysterious magnetism that surpasses his general amiability. And sitting there, watching him, hypnotized by his fraying dreadlocks swinging as he drunkenly attempted the drum fill to Nirvana's In Bloom, I of course realized what it was: he represented everything I recognized my native generation by. He had it all; the throwback taste, the sporty-but-not-sport clothes, the intense desire to socialize but the quiet intensity of a loner, you know, that sort of turn of the century hippie who believes everyone can get along provided everyone is heard. But most important of all was his lack of direction. He liked music, but that scene just wasn't for him. He was a fair athlete, but organized sport bored him. He had no discerable criticisms and no obvious passions besides getting stoned or drunk or having a good time. At the same party, I heard someone complain that his best friend was giving too many speeches, and that his need to make the night memorable was preventing it from being fun. My girlfriend agreed with the complainer, saying that she really wanted to dance. I jolted upstairs to hear the speech, and it was indeed very boring stuff.

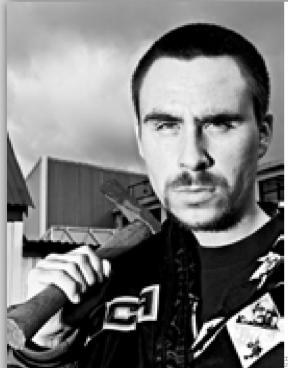
"I just wanted to say how thankful I am for being here with all these great people, and I just wanted to remind

everyone how lucky we are to live at such a time, when complete strangers give one an oppertunity to come to their house and have such a wonderfully enjoyable experience."

It struck me as something the captain of a sinking ship might say, of someone who knows his final oppurtunity to make a difference is running out. He is too obsessed with giving his time significance to actually experience it.

And maybe this is the revolution everyone is really waiting for. The death of the kind of person who entails any signifigance whatsoever to what is going on around him. Perhaps it is people like The Drummer and My Girlfriend who represent the first of the new breed, people that don't care which album is best, or if they will remember what happens tonight, or if they will ever make a difference.

The people who are always saying that it is time for something new are the ones who will fall when nothing happens. Their time is simply over. It is not revolution that is coming, but social extinction. The only choices are adapt or fall into a rut that will end with social exile and a lifetime of bitterness. Because one day the happy-go-lucky generation will be running not only the country, but the world, by the looks of it.



Return of an MC

by Bart Cameron

Geno Sydal will be opening up for 50 Cent on August 11th: "I think we're going to steal the show, honestly,"

We sit in a clean and unusually sparse old house of Laugavegur, built by Geno's great grandfather. The contents of the room include an iPod, an enormous English language dictionary, three notes pads, two

comics from the library, and a hatchet.

Geno: I haven't heard anybody here do stuff like mine. Grapevine: Yeah, I'd agree. It's a bit smoother. Geno: It's the delivery. Here they have good flow and good rhymes, but I haven't heard good delivery. GV: The new single from Quarashi?

Geno: Yeah, MC Tiny has the best delivery in Iceland. But then the chorus.

GV: It is a shame.

Geno: So much of the hip hop here sounds boring to me, honestly. Usually if I hear something I'm just waiting for it to end. That's why I went to Norway. (which is where you'd go to escape boring hiphop

GV: Is this your first show since you came back? Geno: The 50 Cent show will be my coming out party. We got a great crew coming. Dancers. I'll be up there with Hinir from Huxin, that's the future of Icelandic hip hop.

GV: Then what? What are you going to do after the

Geno: Then I leave for LA. I grew up in LA. I came out here in '94 with my brother.

GV: So you were here when hip hop first got started. In 1999, I've been told.

Geno: With Rottweiler? I was here for that. That was big, but there was always a scene, it just got bigger when that came out.

GV: So the Battle of the MCs isn't just an 8 Mile rip

Geno: Actually, that was here before. I mean, after that movie everybody is a rapper, but that battle has been around for a while.

GV: But you're not competing?

Geno: No reason to. If you respond in English, you're gonna lose. And every battle I see, the judges are in the same crew as the people battling. And somehow the people from the same crews end up winning.

Drum Solo B1 by Jónas Moody

Gallery KlinK & Bank



Lortur, a collective of filmmakers and other artists, will open their biennial show, Trommusóló B1, this Friday, August 6th at 5pm in Gallery KlinK & Bank, Brauturholt 1. During the two-day event a myriad of bands will perform including Amina, Forhúð forsetans (trans: The President's foreskin), Helmes og Dalle, Kimono, Skakkamanage, the Zukakis Mondiano Project, and Utburðir. On Friday evening the art show will open, which features the work of young artists from Iceland, Denmark, and the US. The work on display represents all media including painting, photo, drawing, installations, sculpture and, of course, video. In addition, on Saturday there will be a series of performance pieces beginning at 3pm. To mark the occasion, a catalogue of the show will be made available in which each artist has one page to do whatever he or she wishes. None of the artists have seen what the others have done for the book so it should be a surprise for all involved. Of course the namesake of the series will make an appearance: an open drum set will be available for any and all who wish to make their debut. "We just like this form of music," Ragnar Bragason, the event coordinator, explains, "A

drum solo is a nice thing. Everybody wants to do a solo.

The Lortur Group has garnered quite a bit of attention locally for their short films and have now begun to branch out into the international film festival circuit. The thrust of the group is embodied in its name. The group's statement explains, "In Icelandic Lortur means shit, or even a pile of shit. But an older meaning of the word is also food. More accurately; food that one must chew before swallowing. And if those two opposite meanings of the same word are given more speculation, then one could come to the result that food and shit is the same thing." The statement later explains that the process undertaken by an audience, having to "chew" and "digest" their work, plays heavily in their design. "The viewer must put some effort in the consumption." What's more, Lortur is quite clear that they do not want to exclude anything from their work. "There are a lot of subjects and styles in art that only a few talk or think about because it is considered low culture or trash - ugly and tasteless." The Lortur group take these very subjects on as their art.

UPCOMING EVENTS

Weekend August 6-7th

Troubadour Ómar Hlynsson

Downstairs: Troubadour Garðar Garðarsson

Weekend August 13-14th **Upstairs:**

Troubadour Eva Karlotta

Downstairs: Coverband Spilafíklarnir



BEERMAN GETS ROMANTIC by Beerman

illustration: Porsteinn Davíðsson

T hey say guys trade love for sex and girls trade sex for love. They are, on occasion, right. Sometimes you give too much away of one without getting enough of the other, and misery results. Sometimes a shaky equilibrium is maintained, and marriage results. Which usually ends up with both parties losing interest in both commodities.

But who are they kidding anyway? People don't fall in love with each other. They fall in love with themselves. A guy falls in love with a girl who laughs at his stupid jokes, which makes him feel intelligent and witty. A girl falls in love with a guy who constantly tells her how beautiful she is. Which makes her feel, well, beautiful. You fall for the one that makes you feel good about yourself.

A wedding is in three distinct stages. Firstly, there's the ceremony. You sneak glances over at the girls on the other side, trying to determine who's available and who's not. The most pleasantly surprising thing about a wedding ceremony is how brief it is. The only time I've been to church so far was during confirmations and graduations, and they always seem to take forever. This is not because weddings are any more efficient than other ceremonies, it's just that there are fewer people getting married at a time.

The ceremony over, we move over to phase two: the eating and the drinking. These happen to be two of my favourite activities, but there's something uncomfortable about eating at weddings. Perhaps it's the girliness of everything. The allpervasive hearts, bells and flowers. I thought a wedding was supposed to be a union of two people. But everything around you seems to suggest that you're entering their territory now. Perhaps you always

were, as soon as you started to take an interest in them. How many guys do you know who've tried to become experts in poetry, in astrology, in any subject you can think of because it might conceivably appeal to girls? How many girls do you know of who memorise the names of football play ers to be able to hold a conversation with guys? The game is played on their terms from the start. The man sitting next to me happened to have come up fourth in the strongest man in Iceland competition, which at least lent a little bit of masculinity to the proceedings. I almost felt like trying to take him, just to see if I could. But it was fairly obvious I couldn't.

After the grub is disposed of, we move on to the third and final stage: the come-ons. Weddings are traditionally thought of as good places to pick up girls. First of all, the booze is free. "Can I get you a drink?" doesn't entail financial expenditure. Nor is your prospects' inebriation limited by your account

Secondly, chicks have a thing about weddings. You're hoping for someone so desperate to get married she'll throw herself into bed with anyone, and hopefully will have overcome her longing by the morning

But desperate means more desperate than yourself and that, I





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JAND 231DE THERE'S MORE TO THE OCEAN THAN BILLY

by Ölvir Gíslason and Kiartan Guðmundsson

One of the things that you should not miss up here is the "Mojito of the North", Rabarbara-Rúna (Rhubarb-Rúna). There is vodka instead of gin and Iceland's national fruit, the rhubarb, is featured prominently. Although this may not sound impressive, the results are stunningly delicious. This rare treat, the brainchild of personable waitress Sonja Eyglóardóttir, is just the beginning of the evening in the restaurant Við tjörnina (By the Lake), situated, ironically enough, by the lake in the centre of Reykjavík.

Grapevine's correspondents arrived at Við tjörnina at ten o'clock one summer evening in June. The late hour was due to the fact that one of us felt compelled to attend an allegedly important football match (his team, KR, won, by the way). Grapevine's editor was beginning to feel frustrated as it was already hours past his dinner time, which usually lasts straight from 5 pm to 8pm. But all was well as soon as we settled in to comfortable chairs in the restaurant's homey lounge and leafed through the numerous guest books. Such is the power of the restaurant's friendly atmosphere and Rhubarb-Rúna.

Entering Við tjörnina is like stepping back into a different age. The décor is reminiscent of an Icelandic home in the 50s and while we dine, the music of classic Icelandic crooners, such as Haukur Morthens, Vilhjálmur Vilhjálmsson and Erla

Porsteinsdóttir, aids our digestion. One song that caught our attention dated from the first Cod War between Iceland and Britain. The lyrics compared the intellect of the cod and the British and, perhaps not surprisingly, judged in favour of the cod. This song was particularly appropriate in this place, as seafood of all kinds is the order of the day here.

The only diners apart from us were two middle-aged Germans at the next table, one of whom bore a striking resemblance to Willy Schäfer, who portrayed police officer Berger so memorably on the popular TV series Derrick. Soon Sonja began to bring us delicious dishes. In a place like this, the surroundings can't help but affect the conversation, so our editor pontificated about Icelandic culture and the state of the nation, but our starters held our concentration instead: fish soup with cream and baked mousse of salted



cod with lobster, hot smoked breast of guillemot with apple salad and horseradish cream, each dish more delicious than the last. We feasted on grilled halibut with sun-dried tomatoes and spinach, puffin steak and fried plaice with blue cheese and banana (an absolute highlight). Chocolate cake doesn't sound like the most exciting desert in the world, but the housecake at Við tjörnina is

an endless source of surprises, so that even the skýr-cake (excellent in its own right) pales in comparison. At this point, our editor was starting to feel the effects of all the red and white wine, sherry and Rhubarb-Rúnas, so we decided to head home. On our way out we ran into legendary Icelandic musician Megas and folk music duet Súkkat, who were going to the lounge to spend the night

rehearsing for an upcoming concert, proving that Við tjörnina is more than a restaurant - it is a kind of a cultural centre, a friendly oasis in the busy city life that apparantly never sleeps. But sleep beckoned us, so we sauntered into the night one step closer to happiness, fulfilment and

Proud Everywhere - Pride For Everyone

by Frosti Jónsson

 $m{I}$ remember some 15 years ago (and at the time I was not out) seeing a picture of maybe 20-30 people marching down Laugavegur (the main shopping street) armed with banners and flags reminding the rest of the us that gay people do exist and that they should be accepted on the same grounds as everyone else in the society. I don't think it got much attention at the time, as gays and lesbians were not that visible and the media didn't really care. Or the media just found the subject inappropriate for its viewers at the time. I don't know. But as I was trying to find out if there were any gays around me it looked like I lived in a gay-free zone. Maybe living outside Reykjavik had something to do with it...

Anyway, now, some 15 years later, we have a huge event called Gay Pride and it has become the third largest event in Iceland with some 20 to 30 thousand people attending every year. And that's a lot for a Gay event in a society that numbers less than 300.000. Even the big European cities would be happy to have an event of this size! But this is Iceland. And this year's event will definitely not be an exception. When listing the artists as the Drag Queen 'Heklina' and

performing, it becomes clear that we have many outstanding performers. And this year, as in previous years, some foreign artists will join the local performers as well and put on a great show. They know how to do it!

This year's Pride starts with an opening ceremony on Friday August 6th with the Gay theater group'Vanity' performing as well

friends from San Francisco. Heklina is half Icelandic, naming herself after the Icelandic volcano 'Hekla'. The Icelandic gay star Maríus will debut with his orchestra and afterwards there is a Pride Party all night long. But the big event takes place the day after when the Pride Parade will march down Laugavegur to the city centre where a huge outdoor Concert takes place.

Gay Pride has definitely become one of the most important eventa for Icelandic gay people. But it is also an important event for our friends and families and everyone else who wants to show solidarity with gay people in Iceland and everywhere else in the world. Proud everywhere - pride for everyone.

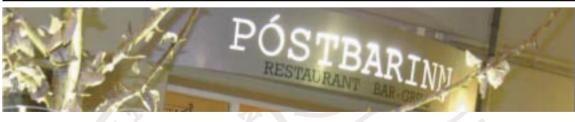
For more Information about gay pride visit www.this.is/gaypride and for more information about gay Iceland visit www.gayice.is



Gay bars and clubs in Reykjavik: Cafe Cozý (Austurstræti 3, city center) is a friendly gay cafe in the city center. Relaxed atmosphere and a good place for lunch and mingling. Gay Community Center (Samtokin 78) Monday, Thursday and Saturday evenings there is an open house . An excellent place to mingle with local gay people before hitting the bars and clubs.

MSC Iceland (Bankastræti 11) is a

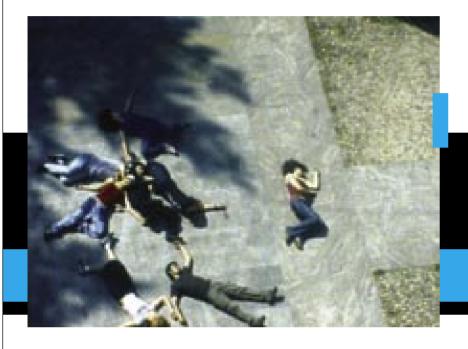
social club for gay men into leather, rubber, uniforms and jeans; the heart of the leather scene in Iceland. Club Jón Forseti (Aðalstræti 10)Gay bar and nightclub in Reykjavik's oldest house. Bar open all week, night club open during weekends. Drag Cabaret every Saturday night.





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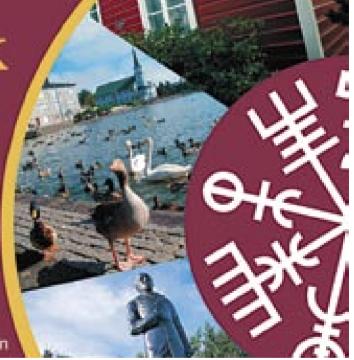
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LJÓSMYNDASAFN REYKJAVÍKUR Reykjavik Museum of Photography



by Robert Jackson

....if she were likened to the heart of a house, one could say exactly the same about her as one does about healthy hearts in general, that whoever is lucky enough to have such a heart is quite unaware of having a heart at all.



Halldór Laxness writes this description of a grandmother in his book The Fish Can Sing. It is a description which can be adapted to describe Laxness' own writing. It is writing so natural, so unforced and so unaffected that the reader becomes unaware of the writer, he instead becomes embodied in the story. It is a rare gift and one of the reasons why Laxness stands head and shoulders above all other writers of contemporary fiction in this country, why his work has been translated into over thirty languages and why he received, amongst many other awards, the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1955.

He wrote his first novel Children of Nature at the age of 17 and went on to write more than sixty books including novels, short stories, essays, poems, plays and memoirs. Several have been translated into English and they demand to be read by anyone who enjoys fine writing and who is interested in trying to understand the Icelandic psyche.

Laxness' childhood was one where 'the mighty of the earth had no place outside of story books and dreams' and his books manifest this through his unflinching love of - and respect for - the humble routine of daily life. Laxness' characters demonstrate time and again traits of the Icelandic character: self-sufficiency, stubbornness, independence, aloofness, humour in adversity and pitches them against plots and circumstances that sweep through the full gamut of human experience.

He also shows similar emotions

towards the country and its climate with a detail and lyricism that is rare. There is no better way to appreciate a winter's morning here than through Laxness' words, "Slowly, slowly winter day opens his arctic eye." And when it comes to rain he understands and describes it in a way approaching

LAXNESS TRANSLATED

the visceral.

"...Rain that seemed to fill the entire world with its leaden beat, rain suggestive in its dreariness of everlasting waterfalls between the planets, rain that thatched the heavens with drabness and brooded oppressively over the whole countryside like a disease, strong in the power of its flat, unvarying monotony, its smothering heaviness, its cold, unrelenting cruelty."

And when summer comes.

"The apprehensions of winter disappeared all in one day. The cloudless brightness of that day lay infinite over the soul as over the vault of heaven; it was one of life's happy

days and they remembered it for as long as they lived."

We who cannot read Icelandic are limited to only a few of his works, most of which are available in the town's bookshops. If you can only pick one, pick Independent People.

Laxness praised his fellow countrymen for the way in which they followed his literary career "now critcising, now praising but hardly ever letting an individual word be buried by indifference...it is great good fortune to be born into a nation so steeped in centuries of poetry and literary tradition."

We who are visitors to this country are fortunate to be able to share some of these pleasures through these fine translations.

Independent People The Fish Can Sing Iceland's Bell The Atom Station World Light Paradise Reclaimed

About Realism

by Einar Már Guðmundsson

 $m{I}$ n the summer of 1990, Iceland and Albania played a football match. It was a momentous event. This was a qualifying game for the European Cup and one of the first portents that Albania intended to join the community of nations in work and play. The country had been isolated for decades and hardly visited except by a handful of admirers of its dictator, Enver Hoxa.

Nothing was said about the Albanian national team until they arrived at Heathrow Airport in London. They made a stopover there on their way to Iceland and the players could be expected to have found it quite a novelty to venture beyond their country's borders.

It was a sunny Sunday afternoon in June. No news reached Iceland until the evening, when it was reported that the Albanian football team had been taken into custody at Scotland Yard. The players were suspected of shoplifting duty-free goods by the armful.

During questioning, the Albanians referred to the "Duty-Free" signs that where hung up everywhere in the terminal, besides which it was a Sunday and various goods there, for example beer, were free in their country that day. For all they knew, this was the custom in other countries as well.

But even though the Albanians escaped the clutches of Scotland Yard, their dealings with eagleeyed authorities were far from over. Upon the Albanian team's arrival in Iceland, an extensive customs search was made through their luggage and they were kept almost under house arrest afterwards until the time for the football match. So the Albanians' weak attempt to break their isolation with the rest of the world took on a very peculiar form.

Nonetheless, the football match began. The teams entered the pitch and lined up to hear their national anthems being played. But no sooner had the stadium brass band played a few notes than a naked Icelandic male came running out from the spectators' stand and started hopping around in front of the Albanian

At once, six brawny policemen appeared on the scene. They rushed for the naked man, rugby-tackled him and piled on top of him in a heap. But the naked man was slippery as an eel and slipped out of their clutches. He ran past the Albanian football team, waving his genitals at them. At that point the police managed to overpower him. They were last seen carrying him away. But at that moment everything went wild. The brass band had stopped playing and one of the stadium groundsmen had switched on the microphone and was reciting an impromptu verse in celebration of the incident.

I have often wondered what it would have been like if an Albanian writer had been sitting in the capital city Tirana, a year or two before the football match, imagining it taking place and describing everything that actually happened.

He would have smashed every rule known to socialist realism and imposed by the Albanian Writers' Union on its members, because reality often outdoes fiction, and nothing is so poetic that reality has no place

This Albanian writer has suddenly become very real.

I visualise him and his position demonstrates two things. Firstly, how ridiculous it is to subject mental activity to rules, or rather, to social goals; and secondly, how unrealistic it is to intend to be realistic, in particular when a predetermined definition of reality is used as a yardstick for

Reality is always catching realism by surprise.

Lækjargötu 8, 101 Reykjavík





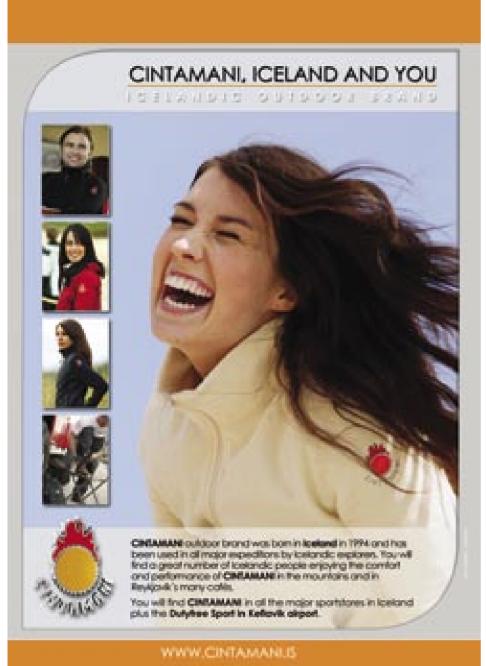


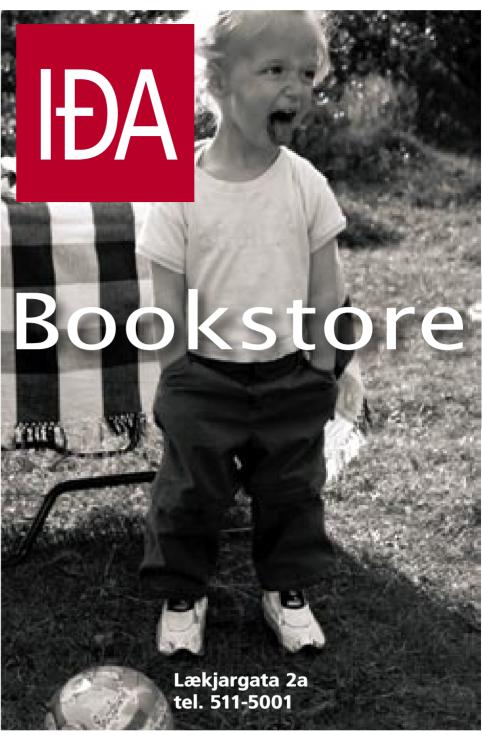
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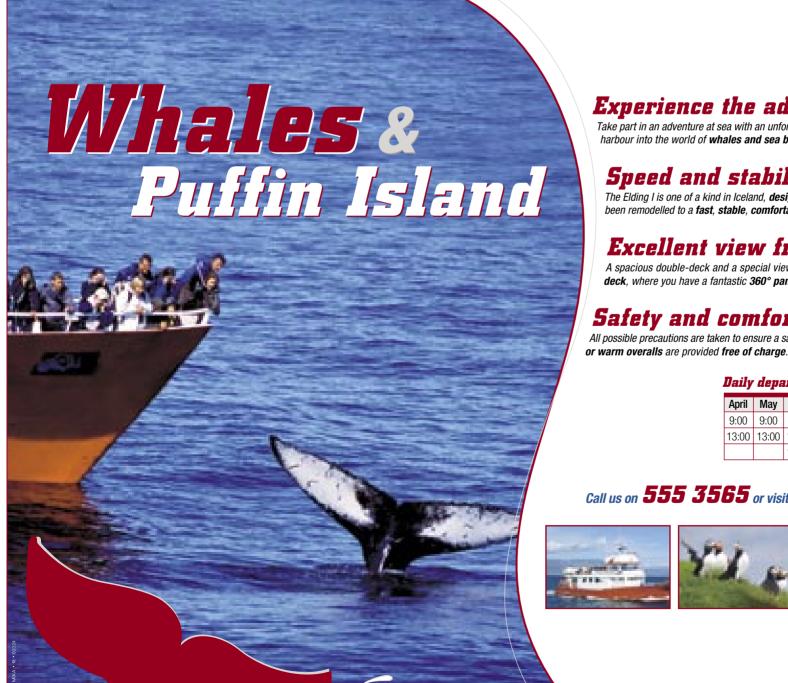


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34 THE REYKJAVÍK GRAPEVINE — OUTSIDE REYKJAVÍK

BREIÐAFJÖRÐUR: THE ICELANDIC **MEDITERRANEAN?**



by Valur Gunnarsson

Breiðafjörður means literally "wide fjord." It was said that there were too many islands in the fjord to count, but modern science has revealed these to be about 2800. People have lived on the islands since Iceland was settled. At its height in the early 18th century, some 70 islands were settled and islanders owned a total of 140 ships and boats. One historian has even likened the area to an "Icelandic Mediterranean." The last permanent residents moved away more than 20 years ago, but the islands are still used for summer houses. It may not be a watery highway anymore, but there is still traffic there. The ferry Baldur operates between Stykkishólmur and Brjánslækur on the West Fjords. And the company Sæferðir operates cruises on the fjord with its two catamarans, the ms Særún and the ms Brimrún.



I got onboard the Særún. Our first stop was at a rock inhabited by a colony of puffins. The catamaran got almost close enough to touch them, but the puffins seemed unfazed. The puffin is the country's national bird, and, as locals will point out, there are as many of them here as there are in the Westmans, even if the Westman's are usually thought of as puffin paradise.

The King of the Air

The puffin may be the national bird, but in the hierarchy it still has to take second place to the white tailed eagle, the King of the Air as it is often called. The white tailed eagle became in danger of extinction as farmers used to mercilessly hunt them down for attacking live stock. It has been protected since 1913, and about 100 pairs exist on the island today. The eagles only have one or two offspring a pair, and if their mother doesn't keep up with feeding the young, one of the chicks will sometimes eat the other. Most of the remaining sea eagles nest around Breiðafjörður or the West fjords.

Our guide told us that if we were in luck we might see one. We were, for sitting on a cliff surveying its kingdom, an eagle sat immobile. The suspicion arose that a dummy had been planted there for our benefit, as the eagle seemed about as active as a gargoyle on a hotel building. But finally its head turned, putting such suspicions to rest. On a nearby rock, a second eagle sat. The guide told us that the offspring has now reached almost full size, and will no doubt be following in its father's footsteps and be found sitting immobile on a rock next summer.

Vikings, Executions and Shellfish

We now entered the history phase of the tour. Eric the Red, discoverer of Greenland and father of Leif Ericsson, discoverer of America, was from the area. When he was banished from the mainland for manslaughter in the 10th Century, he took

refuge on an island and posted guards on the cliffs to warn of approaching intruders.

In its heyday around the turn of the 18th century, the islands were not only settled by farmers but also had a printing press and, of course, an execution area. A rope was put around offenders necks and then they were thrown into ravine off the ocean, where they were left to rot as a warning. The fact that a dead body on a cliff in the middle of the fjord could serve as a

warning attests to the amount of traffic that must have been going past here in those days

Having satisfied our intellectual hunger, it was time to attend to the physical one. A net-plough was cast into the ocean to drag the seabed for shellfish. The net was emptied onto a u-shaped table, and all hands started scrounging on it for whole shells while we landlubbers watched. The pile urchins and crabs did not look particularly appetising as it lay there, but when the seashells were opened up and their bounty appeared, things took a turn for the better. Sea food doesn't get any more fresh than this.

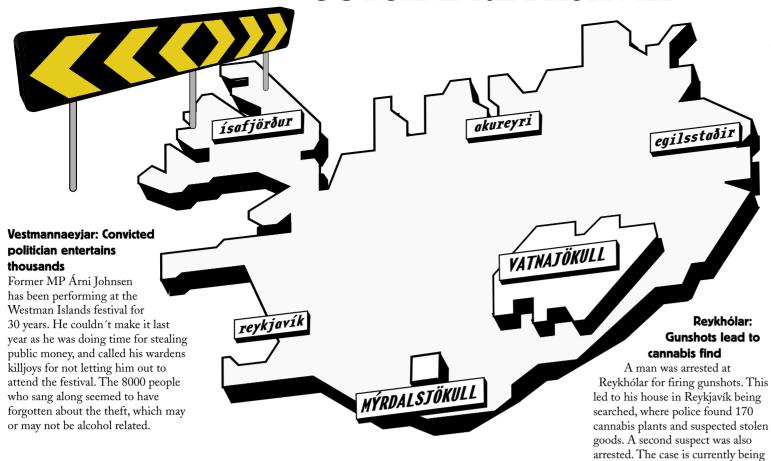
The boat turned around, and completed the half hour trip back to Stykkishólmur. Our ancestors may have been proud seafaring people, but a two hour cruise at least allows you to capture some of the feeling of life at sea





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OUTSIDE REYKJAVÍK



Island Life

Herjólfsdalur: Man jumps off bridge

A man jumped off the bridge over the pond at Herjólfsdalur. Police say the fall is about four metres but the pond is only one metre deep. The man was found unconscious and was brought to life by rescuers, and flown to Reykjavík. He is hurt, but not as badly as originally thought.

Norðurárdalur: Driver falls asleep at wheel

A car turned over at Norðurárdalur. Three people were in the car. The driver was injured and was moved by ambulance to Reykjavík, but others were unharmed. Police say the cause of the accident was that the driver fell asleep at the wheel. The accident caused considerable delays in traffic.

"Tre you Icelandic?" asks a man as I stand outside Narfeyrarstofa bar in Stykkishólmur up on Snæfellsnes, wondering whether to go in. "Yes," I replied. He looks at me disappointed. "And I was so hoping to speak English," he says and walks away.

No one can accuse the people of Stykkishólmur of not being friendly to foreigners. And it's been moving a lot closer to Reykjavík recently. In 1980 a bridge was built over Borgarfjörður, connecting that peninsula with this one. In 1998, a tunnel was opened under Hvalfjörður, meaning that Stykkishólmur is now a mere two hour drive away from Reykjavík.

The first thing I did upon arrival in Stykkishólmur was in fact not head straight for the bar, but go swimming. The walls of the swimming hall are lined with newsclips from papers documenting the astonishing success of the Snæfellsnes basketball team, with a special section devoted to local hero and Eurobasket All-Icelandic League Most Improved Player of the Year, Hlynur Bæringsson. Right above the town a hole has been drilled for fresh water. The water discovered there in 1997 is called by residents "Vatnið góða," or "The good water," and turned out to have special properties, not unlike the Blue Lagoon or the Baden-Baden spa in Germany. It is this water that is being used to fill up the hot tubs at the swimming pool.

Norwegian Wood

Another of Stykkishólmur's main attractions is the Norwegian house. It was built in 1830 from wood shipped over from Norway. At the time, most Icelanders still lived in turfhouses, so to most locals the house looked like a palace out of a fairytale. It was built for a wealthy landowner, Árni Thorlacius, who was also responsible for collecting the king's dues of his lands. In

used both as a residential area and for various businesses, such as by seamstresses, packaging house, restaurant and hostel, but in 1970 it was bought by the county and has been restored to its original state and turned into a museum.

It is only after having examined the aforementioned attractions that I belatedly head for the bar. A lone policeman cruises by in a Hyundai minijeep, looking hopefully around for signs of trouble. But this is Verslunarmannahelgin, and most of the towns youngsters are away causing trouble in secluded camping areas elsewhere. He slows down as he passes me, but as I show no sign of letting him earn his pay, he drives

Stykkishólmur has about 1200 residents. Quite a few of the houses have Christmas stars on top, which seem to be lit in the appropriate season. There are three bars in Stykkishólmur, and as in most smaller towns these are restaurants as well. Sjávarpakkhúsið is situated down by the harbour. The name means quite literally "The Sea Bastard's house," but it is actually rather cozy and full of German tourists when I arrive there. The other two bars are Fimm fiskar (Five Fishes), a seafood restaurant and yes,

to speak English recommends Narfeyrarstofa, so that's where I go. The house was originally built for a chemist's widow, but she died before the house was completed. Since then it has served as a hairdresser's, a billiard hall, a fishing company office and the residence of the town's

labour leader in the first half of the

Not snobbish, just Danish

century.

Inside, people are clustered around the six or so tables, no one paying any attention to the people on the other tables. One man stands by the bar, wearing a T-shirt which says "I am a sailor." I order a Thule. The Thule here has got a different label on it then in the city. This one has

waitress, pretty here as they are anywhere else, tells me the label is made especially for Danish days. Danish days have been held here annually since 1993 and will be held this year from the 13th to the 15th of August. The girl excitedly tells me the band Vinir Vors og Blóma will be coming, a pop band who were in their prime at the same time the first festival was held.

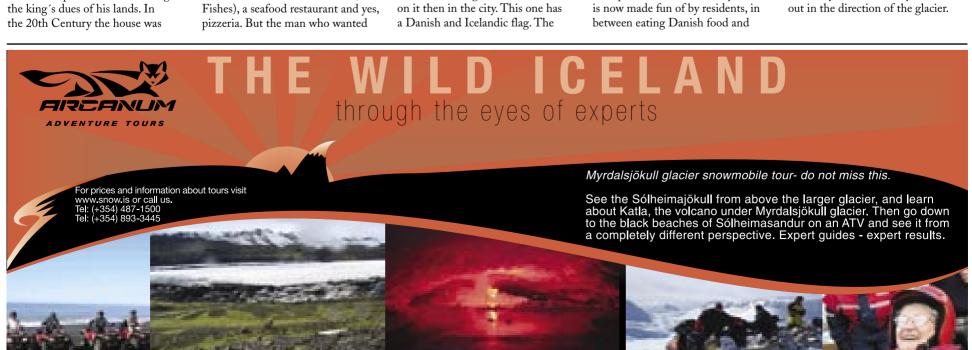
The festival is meant to remember the Danish past of the town, when the merchant, the chemist and the officials were all Danish. They all met in the church on Sunday, and it was said of the people of Stykkishólmur that they were snobs and spoke Danish on Sundays. This is now made fun of by residents, in

attending auctions, art exhibitions and concerts on Danish days. Past Stykkishólmur, on Snæfellsnes, is the Snæfellsnes glacier, renowned as the entrance to the centre of the earth in Jules Verne's story and also as the landing spot for aliens in 1993, although these turned out to be invisible. Halldór Laxness also wrote the book Under the Glacier which has a Snæfellsnes setting, and starts with the famous lines "Where the glacier meets the sky." On the outskirts of Stykkishólmur, where you would previously have seen the wilderness meet the town, you will now find a golf course. This is the last thing you

see in Stykkishólmur, as you head



investigated by Patreksfjörður police.



The Patented Icelandic Underwater Massage by Marcie Hume

The afternoon I spent at the Blue Lagoon was similar to what I imagine it to be like on the deck of a ship in a squall. Winds, which can only be described as gale-force, slapped at my face and I feared for my eardrums as they were blasted with surf. It was exciting and only slightly annoying.

I was obviously worried about my massage, the focus of my entire day, which was meant to be executed whilst floating on a small thin raft allowing the body to be partially submerged in the water. I didn't want my 20 minutes of glory to turn into a human sacrifice in which my skin would be eroded by the milieu of wind and

But once I mounted the floating device and was spritzed with almond-scented lagoon mineral oil, I was covered in a heavy cloth, and I sunk into the womb-like environment that was my Blue Lagoon massage. I wasn't sure how it would work, but once I was there I closed my eyes and never looked back.

In an assortment of suave masseuse secret moves, Eva (my masseuse and new favourite person in the world) mostly used the weight of my body, assisted by gravity, to apply pressure to various muscles. In a span of 20 minutes she managed to adequately loosen up my shoulders, upper and lower back, scalp and face, all whilst I drifted, imagining that I was in the middle of nowhere. With my eyes closed I couldn't really tell what direction I was facing as she rotated me on the floating massage board, and in floating my body became light and somehow intangible. It is a state which many people have called, according to Eva, "heaven".

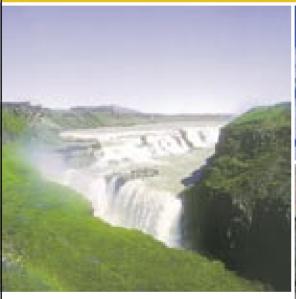
But despite being in the ultimate state of rest, I really wanted to know if people ever fall off the floating cushions. In my first moments I had felt some uncertainty in my comatose drifting,

and Eva confirmed that a few others are equally untrusting in the initial moments. Often the more worried of us grab the sides of the cushion, but the device supports everyone, absolutely everyone, she reassured me. I prodded her for some little morsel of a floating disaster story. "Well, once a girl slid off," Eva said, "but she just stayed floating. She was completely relaxed. She didn't even notice.'

I asked Eva if she'd ever given a massage to anyone exciting. "The President of Iceland," she said. Did he fall off his raft? "No," she said. All types of people sign up for massages at the Blue Lagoon, large and small, foreign and very foreign. "Icelanders don't come here very much," Eva told me, "just because it's in Iceland. They wait to get spa treatments when they go abroad." The exception is the current Icelandic Olympic team, who come as part of their obviously rigorous training regimen. I suppose I can understand how most Icelanders would avoid the Blue Lagoon massage as a tourist-oriented affair, but I also can't think of many better ways to spend an afternoon in a blustery storm.

The lagoon massage pool can also be a cathartic place, and Eva encounters a crier once in a while. It seems to be a normal side effect of the massage; a person can become so ultimately relaxed that, yep, the tears start to flow. People seem to like to chat, or even discuss their problems. As far as therapy goes, it's not too expensive. And at the end of the massage, you are left covered in the soft blanket, floating for as long as you like.











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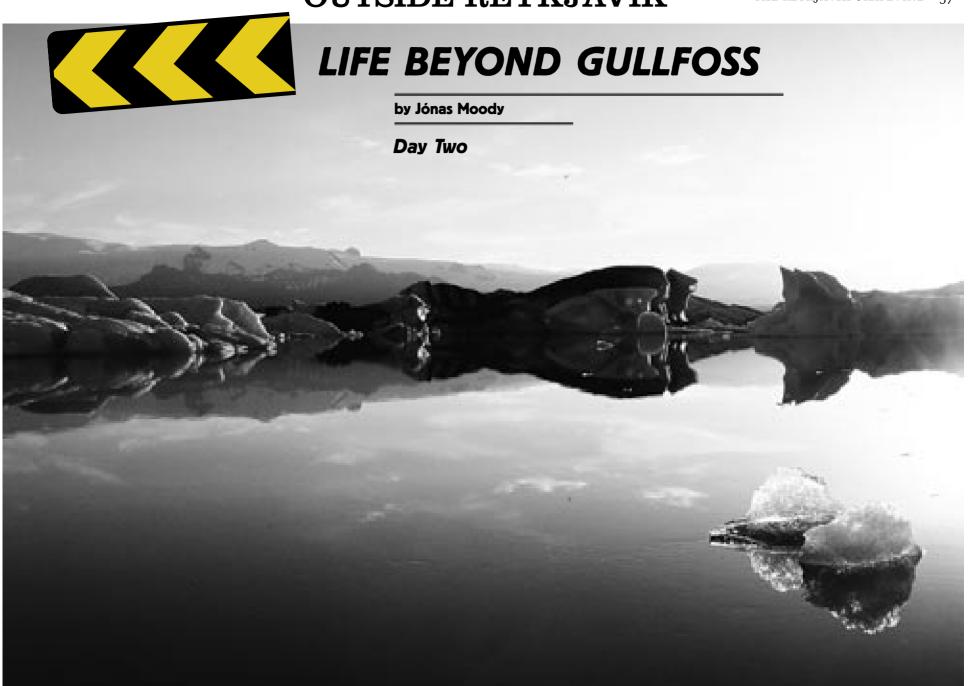
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rom Hvoll, it takes about an hour and a half to drive to Jökulsárlón, the glacial lagoon and a good point to turn around and begin the drive back to Reykjavík, but let's not get ahead of ourselves. Venturing out further into the sands from Hvoll you'll find long, single-lane bridges spanning a number of glacial rivers. The landscape here is rather lunar, and the bridges are something straight out of a 1930s sci-fi flick; if you drive down them fast enough, you're liable to take off.

In the middle of the wastelands stands something resembling an airplane crash or modern sculpture, but it's actually two warped, iron girders from the road that used to run through the sands. They stand in testament to the immense power of the glaciers, coyly hiding beyond the mountaintops, but peeking out with greater frequency as the road continues east. Up the road is the turnoff for Skaftafell national park, but I suggest stopping here on your way back to Reykjavík, because Jökulsárlón is very popular and becomes unpleasantly congested by noon.

Jökulsárlón is truly a spectacle unlike anything you've seen. A host of icebergs and ice floes drift in a lagoon of oddly blue water. It's possible to walk around the shore of the lagoon, but it's best to take one of the amphibian vehicles into the water. Each piece of ice presents its own striking sculpture: some are completely black, covered in silt, while other pieces glow blue. The tickets for the boat are very expensive, 2000kr per person. Our guide, Helga the scowler, barked commands at us like a cattle dog while we cowered in fear wearing our Day-Glo orange life vests.

Halfway through the tour the driver killed the engine and the scowler regurgitated five minutes of stats and stale puns. She pulled a piece of ice out of the water and crushed it so all could try a piece of 1000-year-old ice. It tastes like ice, but it's a pretty novel thing to do all the same. Helga proved to be as chilly as the bergs, but the ride through the lagoon is one of the most dazzling views in Iceland so shell out your 2000kr and enjoy your ice cube.

There's even a tree

On the drive back there is plenty to see. Sandfell is one of the first markers after leaving the lagoon. It's the site of an old farmstead and church. All that's left of the church is the cemetery with mysteriously lumpy graves. A stately tree (by Icelandic standards) stands at one corner of the old farmstead. Remnants of turf houses can be seen at the other corner. A nice, short stop if you have

food for a picnic. There is also a pull off in the lava fields meant to serve as a scenic view of one of the gullies formed by the glacier. However, if you climb the small hill behind the information placard you'll gain access to a vast, moss-covered lava field. You've been seeing them from your car windows all this time, now you can finally satisfy your urge to frolic in nature's astro-bounce. Still further up the road is another turnoff filled with cairns. Laufskálavarða stands on the site of an old farmstead. It's tradition to stop and add a rock to one of the cairns the first time you stop there, and provides a fantastic backdrop for a weird photo op.

One the return visit Skaftafell, a national park which boasts the highest point in Iceland, Hvannadalshnjúkur, countless hiking trails, and views of the glaciers. Hike to Svartifoss, a waterfall flanked by columnar basalt, which is the rock that inspired the facade of Hallgrímskirkja in Reykja-

vík. But if you enjoy hiking, consult the information center for a hike that suits you. Be warned - during the weekends the camping grounds here become quite raucous, but if you're looking for a party...

There are a number of other small turnoffs marked by red signs on your way home. One recommendation I have is to turn towards Eyrabakki on route 34 and take the Prenglsi road back to Reykjavík instead of driving over Hellisheiði on route 1. This will take you past Hafið Bláa, one of the southern coast's best kept secrets, where you can have a bowl of seafood soup or sit and watch the ocean on the black beach at the mouth of the Ölfúsá River--a moment of southern coast peace before returning to Reykjavík.

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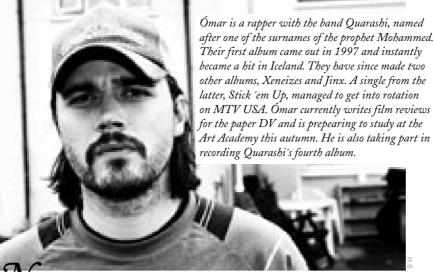
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MOVIES

by Ómar Örn Hauksson



o one has managed to reproduce the great genius that this film is. The brilliant atmosphere here is so infectuous that you cannot but take part in the joy.

There are so many immortal one liners being born here and brilliant scenes that are still being quoted today. The songs are also great and it's amazing that no one has staged it yet to get a sort of Rocky Horror mood going. I don't think they'll be able to conjure up the same feel in the sequel (in production now) but you can always hope. Now a key person is missing, Valgeir Guðmundsson, a natural talent when it comes to good jokes and good songs. If the sequel doesn't work, you always have the original to keep you warm.

- 7Sp

- 1. On Top (Með allt á hreinu) by Ásgeir Guðmundsson.
- **2.** Sódóma Reykjavík *by* Óskar Jónasson. Another classic comedy that knows how to turn a phrase. And it doesn't hurt to have Ham on the soundtrack. I suggest listening to the English dubbing. People are obviously having fun there. Director Óskar Jónasson hasn't topped it yet.
- 3. Nýtt Líf by Práinn Bertelsson. The first part of Iceland's only trilogy. I think it was the first Icelandic film I saw in a cinema. Actors Eggert Porleifsson and Karl Ágúst are in top form. Why don't they have this on DVD?
- **4.** Dalalíf *by* Práinn Bertelsson. Þór and Danni are at it again. Made at the height of the breakdance era. Also the first time I saw a woman's breast on the screen. I would never be the same again.
- **5.** Íslenski draumurinn *by* Róbert Douglas. A very fresh and realistic film about the Icelandic male who's always planning something that will make him rich. I know a lot of those.
- **6.** Stella í Orlofi *by* Guðný Halldórsdóttir. The comedian Laddi has probably never been as funny as here. Actors Edda Björgvins and Gísli Rúnar, too. The sequel sucked.
- 7. Rokk í Reykjavík by Friðrik Þór Friðriksson. An important documentary about Icelandic culture in the last century. It s fun to see how many of these socialist punks are driving around in expensive jeeps today. Even if only because of Björk, I can't understand why this hasn't been released on DVD.
- **8.** Cold Fever *by* Friðrik Þór Friðriksson. Technically not an Icelandic film since it's an American production but this is the best that Friðrik Þór has ever done.

600

ALBUMS

by Arnar Eggert Thoroddsen



Agætis byrjun, the second album by the Moss Mountain Town band, Sigur Rós, is the best Icelandic album I'v heard to date (I would also like to add that the release concert for that album is the greatest live show I have ever seen).

TSP

- 1. Sigur Rós: Ágætis byrjun
- **2.** Mínus: *Halldór Laxness*. Quite possibly the greatest rock album ever made.
- 3. S. H. Draumar: Goð. It still amazes me how brilliant this album is.
- **4.** HAM: *Hold [ep]*. Their greatest work The best Icelandic band ever.
- **5.** Peyr: *Mjötviður mær*. The best thing to come out of the Icelandic punk explosion.
- 6. Björk: Vespertine. A great and unique artist. By far her best work ... yet.
 7. Hreinn Pálsson: Í ljóðrænum tónum: 16 sönglög. The Stefán
- Hilmarsson of the 30's brings it all back home. Fantastic.
- **8.** Bag of Joys: *Minnir óneitanlega á Grikkland*. Quite possibly the greatest lo-fi album ever made.

The power of this work, its sheer beauty, just cannot be argued with. If you don't recognize the effortless brilliance that this album possesses you just don't understand pop music. It's that simple. No one was expecting anything like this. Sigur Rós was just one of these experimental bands and had released one pretty uneven album (Von). Soon after Ágætis byrjun was released it began to sell ... and sell and sell. And purely on the strength of the music, a rare feat nowadays. In hindsight, people have tried to downgrade the album (too dramatic, too many strings, too much like Pink Floyd/The Moody Blues etc...). But that's utter bullshit. Just try and put it on again and then you'll understand what I'm talking about.

6

BOOKS

by Elísabet Jökulsdóttir

Poet, freelance journalist and theatre director. Her first poetry book Dans í lokuðu herbergi (Dance in a Closed Room) was published in 1989. She has also written the play Eldhestur á ís (Firehorse on Ice) and the novels Laufey and Fótboltasögur (Football stories). One of her brothers is chairman of Hrókurinn chess club and another is editor of DV newspaper.

From Sunday-morning till Mondayevening, by Asta Sigurðardóttir. This book is the second to blow my mind. The first one was The Little Prince, which I read seven years old in a room full of instruments. But in this case I was fourteen years old and I swallowed it as if I had been hungry for ages.

It is written with a passion and rebellion I never had seen before in literature. It is about all the taboos. Being in love in a cruel way, loving a married man, touching his hair although you know it is not yours - just that little piece drove me crazyand still more stories, being pregnant and nobody wants the baby. Above all no writer ever since has told me this: Here is my blood. If you accept it you will have a new blood. It is about a woman that will rather tell than die.



TSP

- 1. From Sunday-Morning till Monday-Evening, by Ásta Sigurðardóttir.
- **2.** Once Upon a Time: stories, *by* Kristín Ómarsdóttir. One day when I thought nothing new would happen in this world, I happen to read these stories. Childish, deep, deep from the childrens´ heart that nobody had heard before, not even the heartbeat.
- 3. I am the Master, by Hrafnhildur Hagalín. This is a play I saw in a theatre. The master is no good, but anyway I cried in the end because I never had had a master. Later I discovered Halldór Laxness was the one.
- **4.** Kaldaljós, *by* Vigdís Grímsdóttir. A story with strange words, like diggadú. A perfect end with a mix of nature-force and where did that come from?
- **5.** A Story of a Lie, *by* Linda Vilhjálmsdóttir. A personal study of alcoholism that turns everything upside down; what is right, wrong, justice, love, control.
- **6.** A Love on a Red-Light, *by* Jóhanna Kristjónsdóttir. A floating love story. Who says we don't need it?
- 7. The Icelandic-sagas, written by Icelandic women to make fun of the men. Successful. Made for body and soul
- 8. Albúm, by Guðrún Eva Mínervudóttir / Gunnlaðarsaga by Svava Jakobsdóttir. Albúm is an easy story but not easily forgotten. Gunnlaðarsaga says it is all, hidden in the legend.



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