



Exploring the rugged beauty of
an island spewed from the earth's magma
and reshaped by the ever present sea

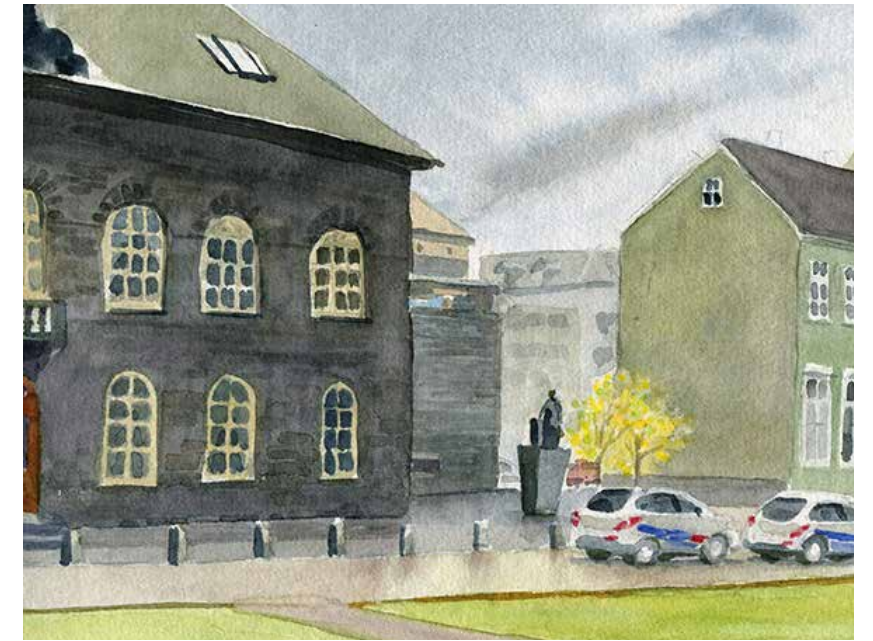
Iceland

A house in the
fishing village of Stykkisholmur

*Irish Monks came first, then the Vikings
with their slaves, although perhaps the trolls
were always here. Today's residents are
increasingly joined by tourists taken with
Iceland's spare beauty and lurid history.*

Michael Killelea painted watercolors on location in Iceland ©2017

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Iceland's national Parliament, or Althing, is the oldest in the world. The current building (*above*) in Reykjavik features a statue of Ingibjörg Bjarnason, a suffragette, activist and the first female member of Parliament.

The inner earth is never far, spewing sulphuric vapor in massive clouds (*above near Myvatn and right in Keflavik*). Iceland sits directly on the North Atlantic Ridge, the rift where Europe and America are gradually pulling apart, releasing the thermal heat that warms most of the country. That rift is clearly visible at the upper left on the pincer-like hill.

Old cod fishing boats rest easy in Grindavik's inner harbor, away from any mean seas (*below left*).

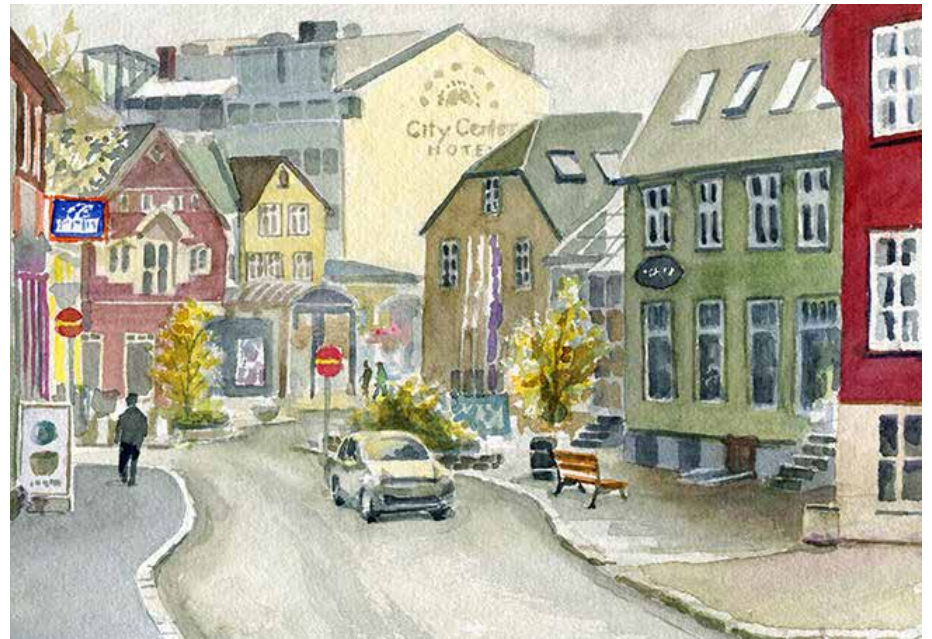
A sod-roof stable and pen (*below right*) once provided shelter for the horses of Sunday visitors to Reykholt's historic church.





But for sheep and horses, much of the sparse countryside is covered by lava fields, its rugged coastline pierced by fjord's and dotted with fishing villages. The tiny windblown village of Blönduós straddles the mouth of the Blanda River (*above*).

Two-thirds of Iceland's people live in Reykjavik and its City Center (*right*) is a lively area filled with shops and students.



Mike Killelea

is an artist, author, teacher and traveler who loves to record his visual impressions everywhere, including the barren harbor entrance to Blönduós, Iceland.

His work can be seen at Killeleart on Facebook, and on-line at www.killeleart.com