

ICELAND



LINDEWALDHOFFER

This electronic photo book is designed to open in so-called "full screen mode" on a black background with no distracting menus.

To turn the pages use the Right and Left arrow keys on your keyboard.

On an iPad, simply tap the edge of the page or brush the page with your fingers.



ICELAND

LINDEWAIDHOFER



ICELAND



FIRST IMPRESSIONS

LINDEWAIDHOFER

WESTERN EYE PRESS

2 0 1 3

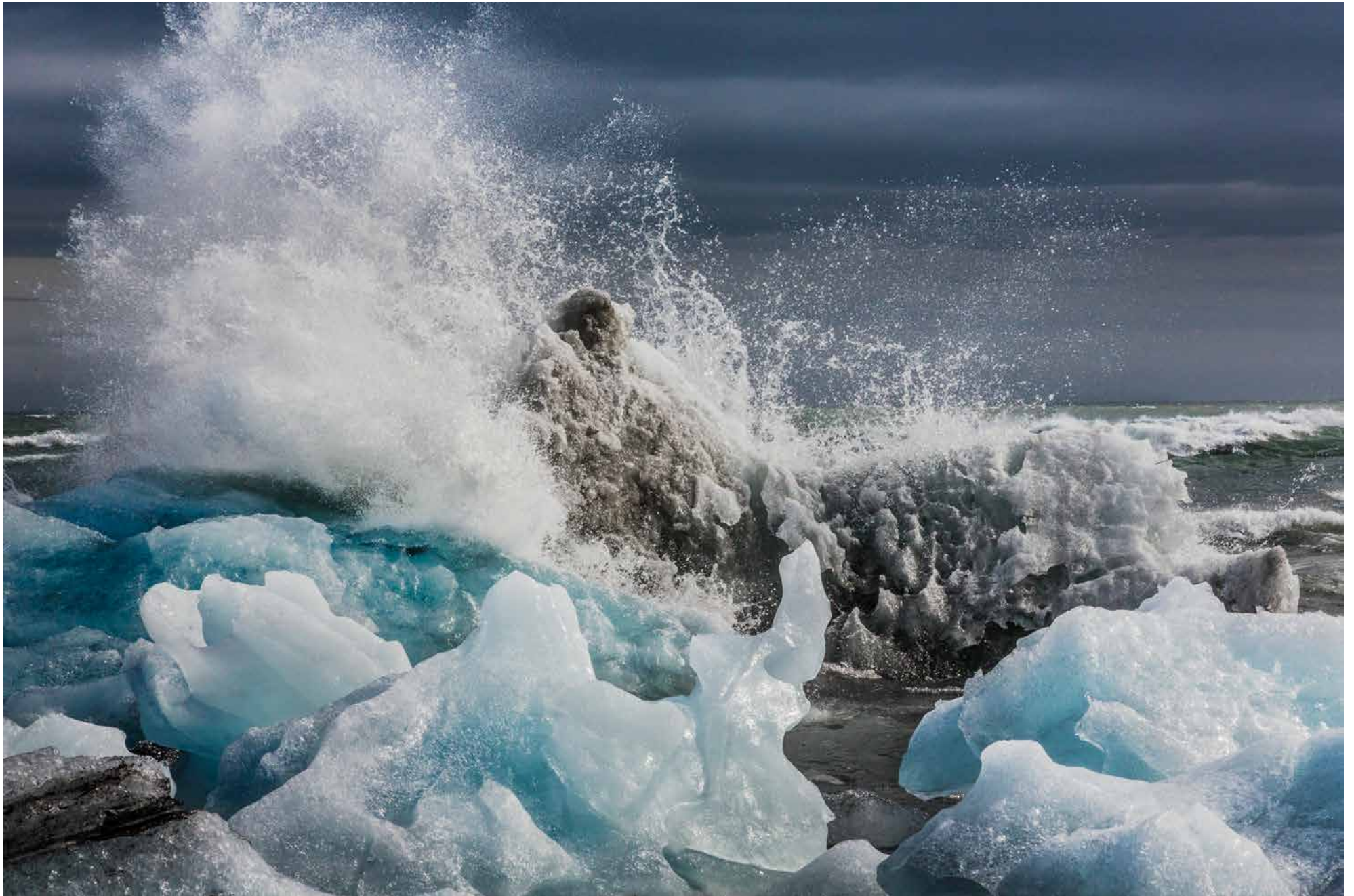
ICE

The ice in Iceland is almost a secret, hidden in the highlands, out of sight, out of the way, out there, somewhere, just over that ridge, behind that escarpment, somewhere else. The island is a non-stop waltz of warm and cold, but warm gets center stage. Turn around, there's another vent from the hot center of the earth, warm pools, hot springs, bubbling mud, geysers, warm 'geyser bread' on the table at dinner, baked in the hot breath of the earth, of this steaming island in what should be the frigid north Atlantic. But ice is still ever present in its own way, it's touched everything, shaped everything, ice-scrubbed valleys, moraines, boulders pushed and packed and stacked by glaciers that have shrunk away, retreated out of sight. But still there. We see white tongues lapping over ridges, pushing past dark volcanic crags, fringing the south coast of the island. One of the giant hidden ice fields, *Vatnajökull*, not far from the coast, sends its white fingers, glacier arms, down toward the sea. Some don't quite get there, stopping and stalling in cold meltwater lakes, calving off, iceberg after iceberg, blue ghosts floating in a slow current toward the ocean. At *Jökulsárlón*, on the south coast, such a glacial lagoon narrows and chokes the floating ice into a confused flotilla of bergs, gently jostling each other to reach the open sea. They make it, not all at once, and not every day, caught and carried sideways in a strong coastal eddy running along a beach of jet black sand. Ice creatures, ice monsters, bigger than houses, beached on the black sands at low tide. Labyrinths of shining blue, waiting. For what?

L T-F



Jökulsárlón



evening surf, Jökulsárlón



blue ice, black sand, Jökulsárlón



on the beach, Jökulsárlón



ice graveyard, Jökulsárlón

Fjallsjökull, an arm of the much larger Vatnajökull glacier

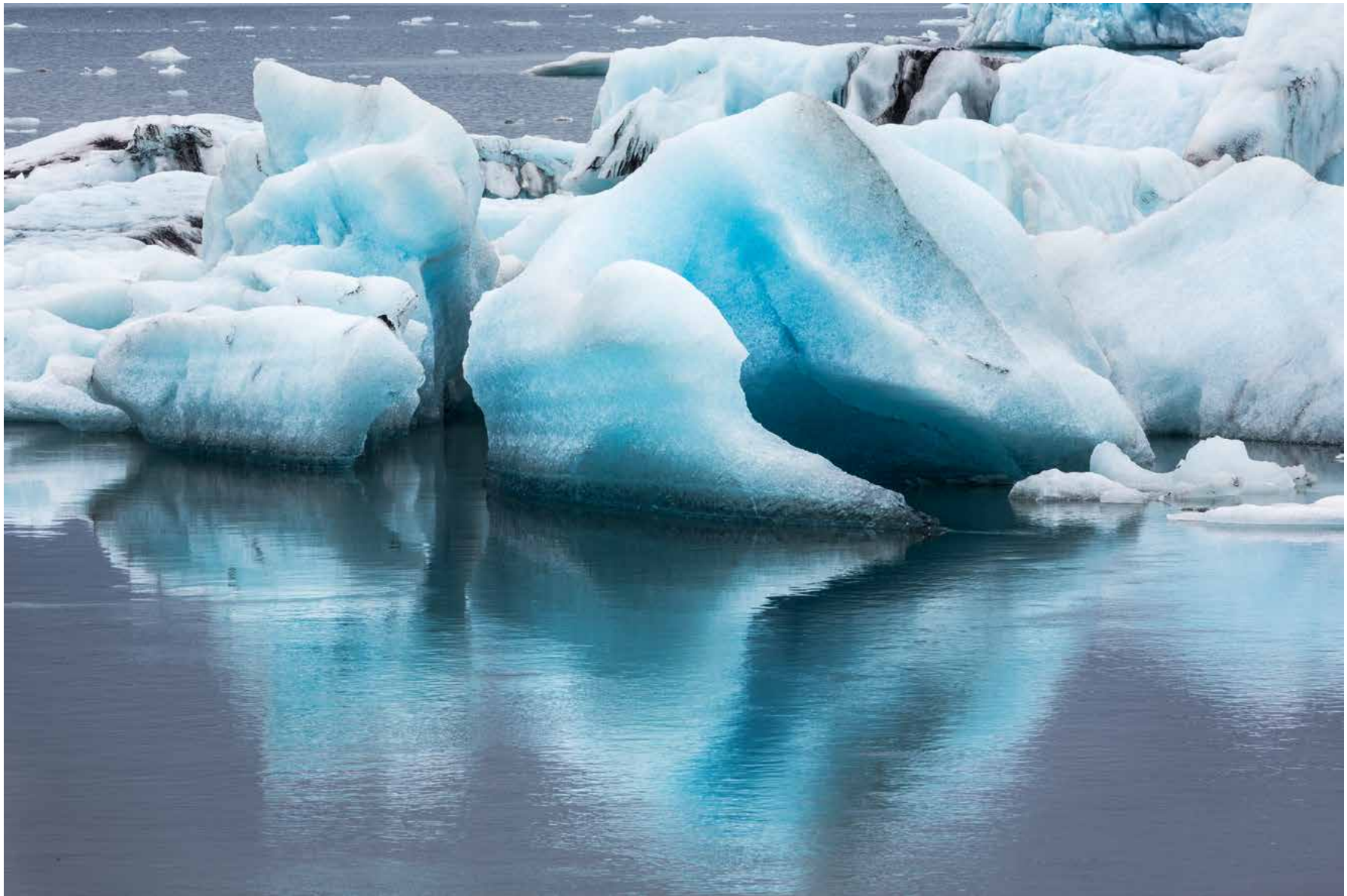




Breiðamerkurjökull



ice jams in the lagoon at Jökulsárlón



endless ice jams in the lagoon at Jökulsárlón



ice and ash at Jökulsárlón

Breiðamerkurjökull from Jokulsárlón





high tide at Jökulsárlón

LAND

Land is not always the same as landscape. But in Iceland it is. A landscape of long views and short distances, a minimalist landscape, empty and full at the same time, halfway between bare and barren. Here the land is solid except where it's not, bubbling, boiling, steaming, geyser fields and places where really you shouldn't walk, except you do. The bare bones of the earth, eroded by wind, baked by hidden fires, reshaped by volcanos. where color is mostly mineral, where green can seem a miracle, and water is sometimes warmer and bluer than it has any right to be. No trees block these views, no forests soften the edges of these hills. Lines of sight touch far horizons in all directions. Stormy North Atlantic weather animates Icelandic skies, rakes this wide and wide-open landscape. Sometimes much of Iceland seems a wet desert. Powerful rivers cut deep channels through bare rock, and waterfalls of every conceivable size and form are scattered like milestones all around the island. The pounding rivers, the harsh coastal weather, and the sea itself have cut this landscape into castles and cathedrals, sculpted shapes that stop us in our tracks, crenelated columned cliffs along the coast, gnarled mossed-over boulder fields where trolls would feel at home and bloody sword-wielding Berserkers could hide, where caves and sea stacks and towers of wet black rock, half seen through dense fog, play hide-and-seek among fast moving coastal clouds. Harbors, estuaries, stone beaches, land here is permeable and permeated by water, by a restless ocean, pinpricked by rainbows, washed clean by rain. Iceland is raw and pure, simple and stunning. Pure landscape, alive with beauty.

L T-F



Landmannalaugar



Þeistareykir



bubbling mud pots, Feistareykir

Krysuvík-Seltún

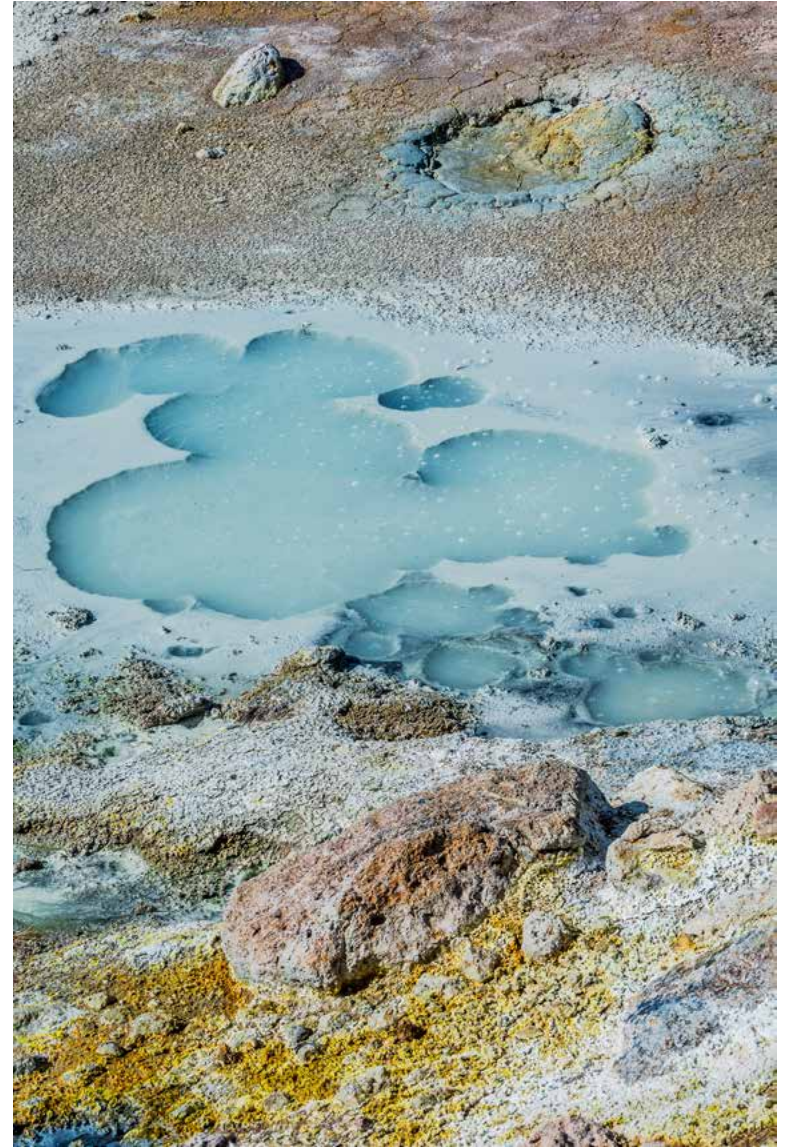




Þeistareykir, detail



Námafjall Hverir



hot earth and hot colors, Þeistareykir



Námafjall Hverir



Þeistareykir

Dettifoss





Dettifoss



Litlanesfoss



near Berufjörður



Skógafoss

Seljalandsfoss

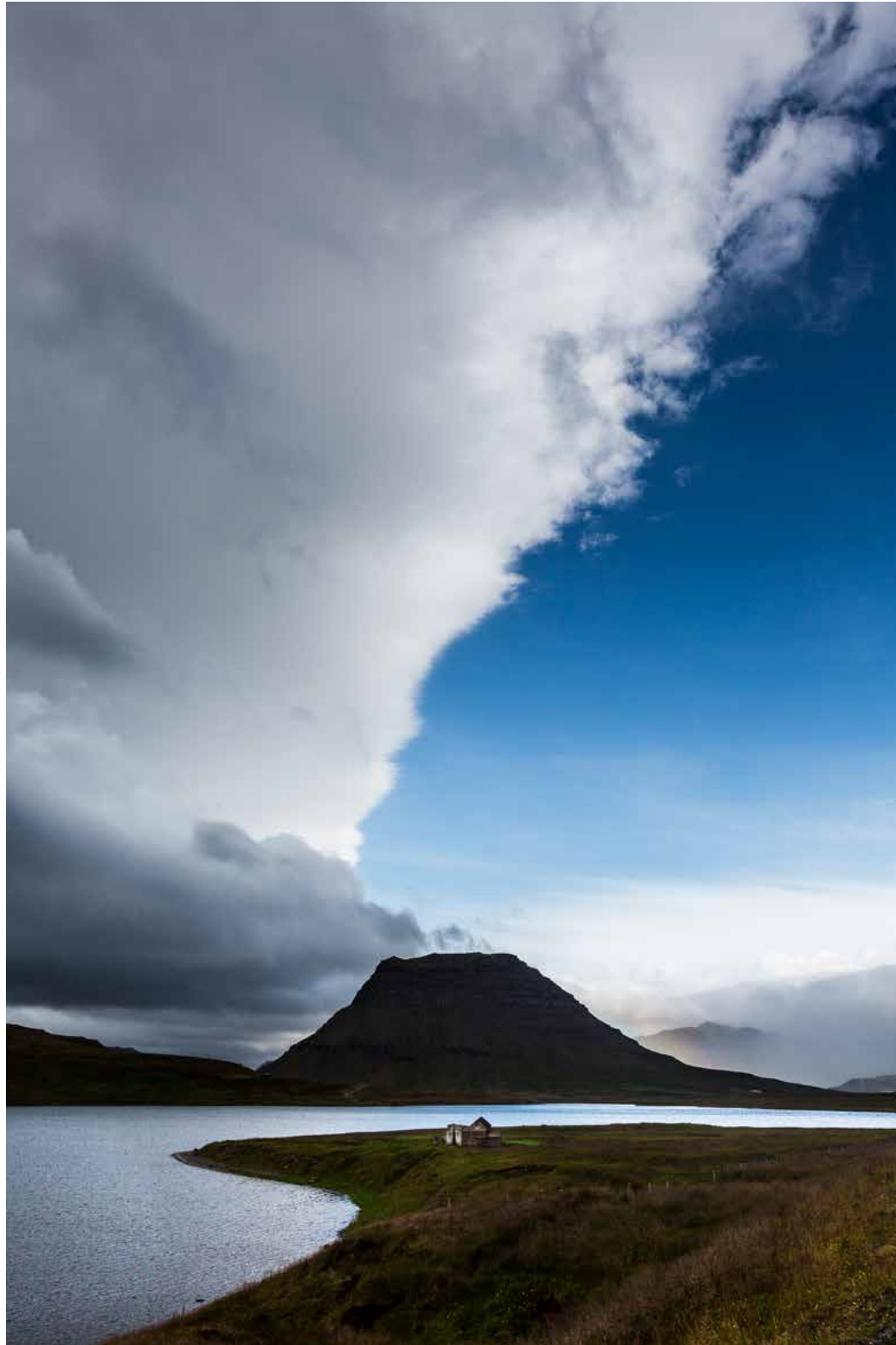




Godafoss



Goðafoss



*Kirkjufell, near Grundarfjörður
on the
Snæfellsnes peninsula*



Vindbelgjarfjall near Rekjahlið and lake Myvatn



Landmannalaugar



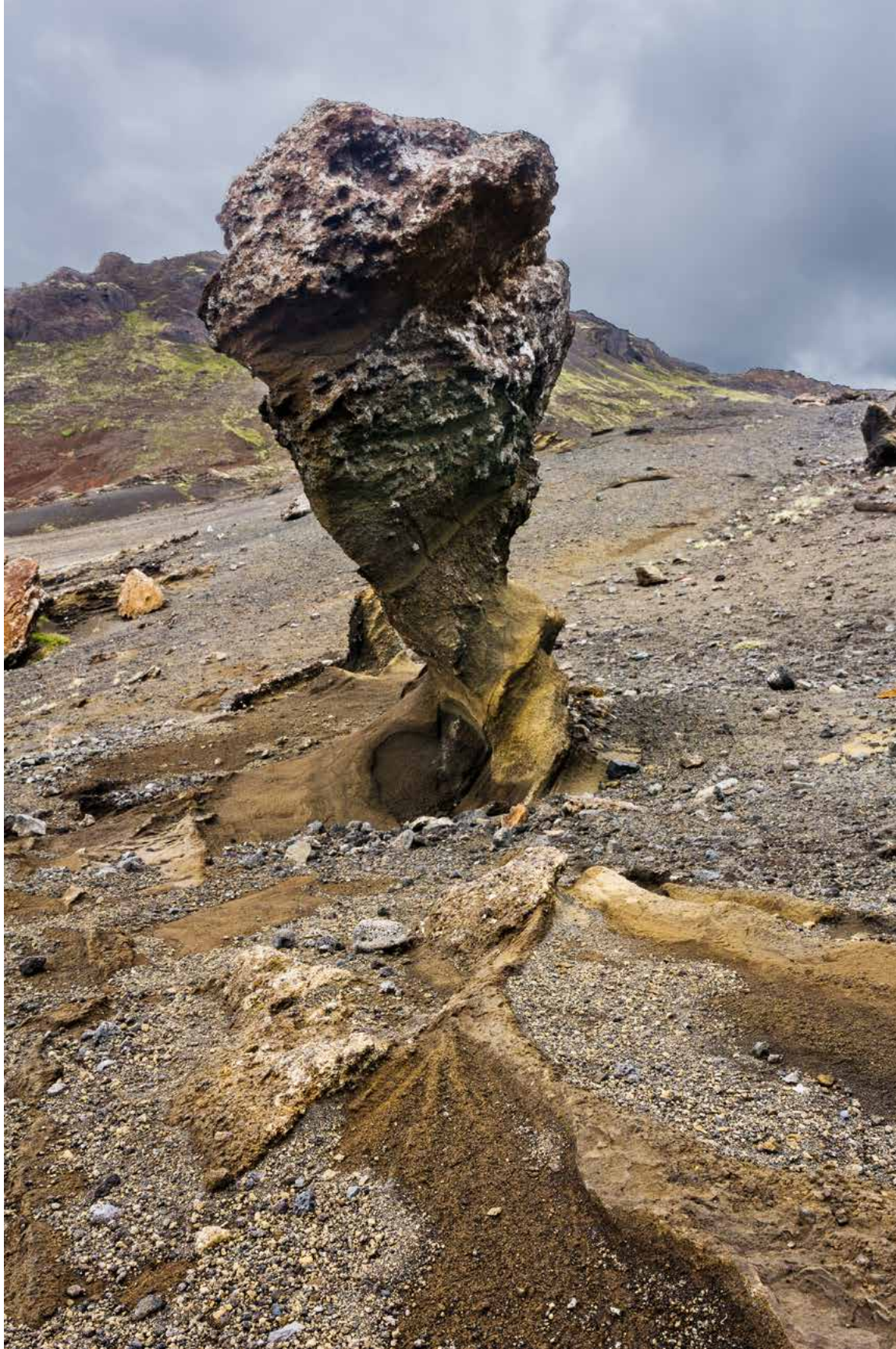
Tjörvafell



late summer snow near Frostastaðavatn

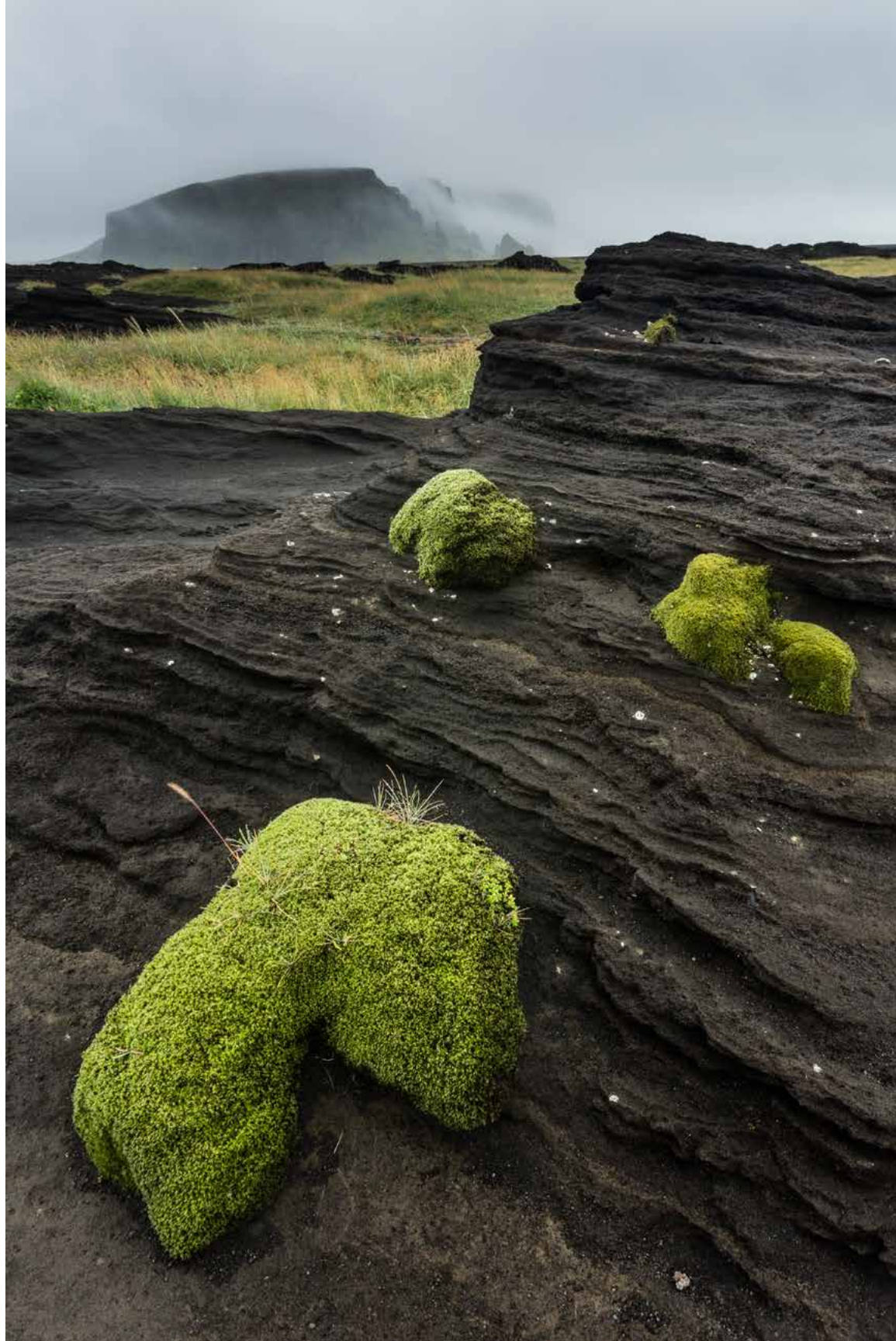


Stuðlaberg & Reynisdranger sea stack



*rock hoodoo on the shore
of Kleifavatn lake*

*volcanic rock and moss
near the Dyrhóley peninsula*





rock formations along the river Hvítá at Brúarhlöð



*geothermal zone on the
shore of Kleifavatn*



near Reykjalið

*white surf, black sand
near the Dyrhóley peninsula*



I C E L A N D

PHOTOGRAPHS LINDE WAIDHOFER

TEXT LITO TEJADA-FLORES



L I N D E W A I D H O F E R

Photographs © 2013 Linde Waidhofer

Text © 2013 Lito Tejada-Flores

From Western Eye Press

PO Box 1008, Sedona, Arizona 86339

This collection of photos from Iceland is a work in progress, the first step in what we hope will be a long process of exploration and photography of Iceland's surreal and always surprising landscapes.

This electronic photo book or eBook; is available from Western Eye Press or Western Eye Photography.

We share an office in Sedona, Arizona.

Our web sites are *www.westerneyepress.com* and *www.westerneye.com*.

Phone us at 1 800 333 5178

Email us at: contact@westerneyepress.com

You can also contact Linde Waidhofer directly through her photo web site *www.westerneye.com*.

All the images in this monograph are available as fine-art archival prints, in various sizes, all produced by the photographer.

Please visit Linde's web site for prices and information about her fine-art, archival prints.



ENVOI

If you are viewing this eBook on a computer screen you can close the book simply by typing command+W on a Mac, or control+W on a PC.

However on an iPad, you should tap the center of the screen to access the PDF controls, to return to the start of the book or access other books and apps.

Linde welcomes your feedback on this, and her other electronic photo books. She finds it an exciting, ongoing challenge to adapt her photographic work to emerging digital media. You can write Linde at

lindew@westerneye.com