

GRATIS!!

MAY/JUNE ISSUE #235

# THE LOFOTEN MIDNIGHT SUN TIMES

THE SECOND LARGEST  
CIRCULATED PUBLICATION  
IN LOFOTEN



## MY AFTERNOON WITH

p6



## MASON EVAN HARRIS

BY CONTRIBUTING  
WRITER  
OLAVA JØRGENSEN

**Most People** only know Mason Evan Harris as the blue-hatted genius who gave the world the Sankt Hans Aften song. But he is so much more, as I learned one glorious day in Hollywood.

### PÅ INNSIDEN



CLEAN CURVY  
FURNITURE



IS YOUR MAN  
A VIKING OR A  
WENCH?



ARE YOU NOR-  
WEGIAN  
ENOUGH?



EDVARD GREIG &  
EDVARD MUNCH  
(WHAT'S IN A FIRST  
NAME?)



THINGS



# ARE YOU NORWEGIAN ENOUGH?

BY RØØB



SURE, ALL GOOD NORSE-MEN HAVE HAD DOUBTS.

BUT HAS THIS EVER HAPPENED TO YOU?

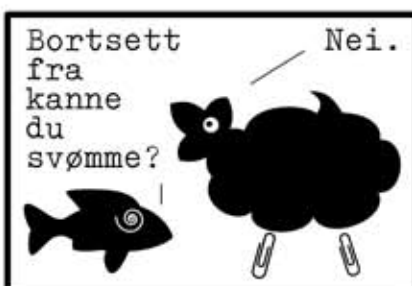
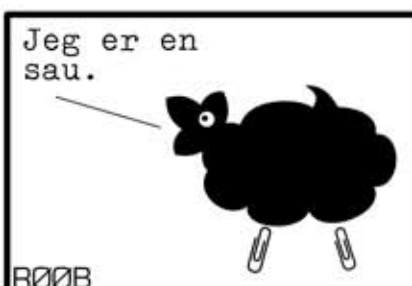
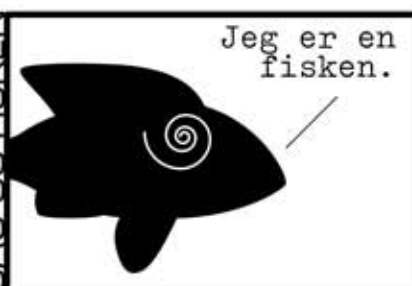
Have you ever been sitting in your sparsely furnished yet highly functional low-footprint efficiency apartment pontificating on the history of the Vikings and what a sham that Christopher Columbus was while staring at a print of "The Scream", listening to *In The Hall of the Mountain King* from Peer Gynt, dreading the impending demise of the world's dependency on petroleum, praising the government's far-sightedness with the "Oil Fund" and reading an article about the glories of Evangelical Lutheranism while adjusting your bunad and eating a wholesome salmon and had a sudden and shocking attack of cultural panic?

## "Am I Norwegian *enough*?!"

Chances are that you're as Norwegian as Peter Christen Asbjørnsen, however, it could never hurt to be *safe*. When future doubts strike, why not try these simple exercises:

- Take a trip to the fjords. There's nothing more typically Norwegian than the fjords. In fact, it's what most ignorant outsiders think of when they think of Sweden. Swedish fjords are a myth! Which is why, as an educated Norwegian, you can soak in the cool waters and reflect on just how much more Norwegian you are than the rest of the stupid world.
- During Sankt Hans Aften, refuse to burn the effigy of a witch like the heathen Danes do. Instead, arrange a series of mock marriages between adults – and even between children! It's good fun and you can gossip about the new couples behind their backs. [Speaking of...Have you heard about little Ivar and Linnea? Turns out that the honeymoon is over. Seems that Linnea wants her mock husband to get a job, but Ivar is reluctant. If you ask me, he's a deadbeat. "I'm only 6 years old!" he keeps crying over and over. Yeah, right. We've all heard that one before haven't we ladies? I've got one piece of advice for you, Linnea – Chippendales!]
- Turn the music up! Perhaps you weren't listening to *In The Hall of the Mountain King* loud enough? If you can't hear wherein dreams have their seat, crank the subwoofer! ■ ■ ■

SAU OG FISKEN



TEST



# IS YOUR MAN A VIKING OR A WENCH?

Sometimes it's difficult to judge what it is that makes a man. In olden days all it took was a longship journey to pillage remote locales in order to distinguish the men from the boys. Nowadays with the invention of Hollywood films and Brad Pitt, it's getting harder and harder to tell if that hair on his chest is his own or just the coddled locks of an adopted third-world child.

Take this simple test to determine whether your man has what it takes to settle Iceland or whether he's just another casualty of our sissified post-Hanseatic League times.

## 1. When he wakes up in the morning, does your man

- A. Set fire to a neighboring village
- B. Shave

## 2. How did your man first approach you? Did he

- A. "Chat you up" in a cocktail bar
- B. Throw you over his shoulder after killing all the males in your hometown

## 3. Is your man's beard

- A. Long and red as the blood of his numerous enemies
- B. Wispy and sparse as the population of the north country

## 4. For an evening out, does your man

- A. Put on his best polo shirt and khakis
- B. Sharpen his Longaxe

## 5. Does your man clean his ears with

- A. Nothing, his doctor said never to put things in his ear
- B. A spoon

## 6. Is your man's idea of a good time

- A. Walking on the docks in the moonlight
- B. Walking on the docks in the moonlight so as to prepare for the impending invasion of Constantinople

## 7. Is your man's favorite jacket made of leather, which was

- A. Rough hewn from the carcasses of a thousand hunts
- B. Assembled in Korea and bought on sale at Urban Outfitters for only \$250! Can you believe it?! \$250! My god, he got lucky that day! All he wanted to do was stop off and see if they got those new jeans in, you know the ones, with the frayed hems and antiqued dye, but he saw that this jacket was the only one left and it was only \$250! \$250! Luckily, it was in his size. Fortunately for him, not many men wear a size extra small. He knew his emaciated stature and vegetarian diet would pay off eventually. \$250!

How did he do? Go to page 10 and find out!

SPECIAL ADVERTISING SECTION

# VISIT NORWAY

# NOW!

BROUGHT TO YOU  
BY THE PUSHY  
NORWAY BOARD OF TOURISM



WHAT DO THE  
STARS HOLD  
IN STORE  
FOR YOU?

BY MRS. EINAR SØRENSEN

# HOROSCOPE

**Aries:** openness to new experiences may bring an exciting change this month. Love may come from the unlikelyst of places. Don't let societal norms stop you from taking a passionate leap of faith.

**Taurus:** No bull for you this month. The planets are aligned in your favor! It's time for you to take life by the horns and go after whatever it is that you really want. A bored, middle-aged fisherwoman perhaps?

**Gemini:** If you've been in a stressful relationship, now is the time to get it all sorted out. However, sometimes, the best way to relieve stress is to take up a new partner. A yin to your yang. Husky 40-something women are a sure way to beat your twin blues.

**Cancer:** Your attitude is about to change. Focus on what money can't buy. Don't forget that physical activities can benefit not only the mind but the soul as well. And there's no better exercise than hefting 436 pounds around. Especially when that 436 pounds is blonde.

**Leo:** You're all fired up this month. Why not let your typical lust for life lead you to new, somewhat taboo, experiences. A weighty Virgo may be in your future if you just take a little initiative.

**Virgo:** the search for a new lease on life may pay off exponentially for you this month. But only if you shun your virginistic tendencies. You're not anyone's doormat anymore.

**Libra:** Romance is in the stars for you this month! There's just too much fun to be had to allow yourself to sit around waiting for Mrs. Right. Go for Mrs. Right Now! She could be tipping your scales within the next couple of days!

**Scorpio:** Your stinger will lead you to enticing erotic adventures in the next 30 days. Why not take a trip to a small fishing village between the hours of 5am and 6pm? Tons of fun could be had. Adventure could be waiting for you in a small red shack on the pier!

**Sagittarius:** Intuition is guiding you today. Especially if intuition is telling you to start a ribald affair with a large blonde woman. You may also discover that things you have cherished in the past are no longer all that important to you. Things such as marriage and societal ideas of "beauty" for instance. Don't let your usual hang-ups stop you from having a good time.

**Capricorn:** You will soon discover that beauty is not measured by outward appearances. It's what's inside that counts. And some people have a lot more insides than others. Why not explore someone's insides this month? A lusty blonde Virgo perhaps?

**Aquarius** You're no stranger to water, and the water is calling you this month. Take a trip to the fjords. Love may just be waiting for you if you do. Why not take a ferry trip to Moskenstraumen, a short drive up the E10 to Offersøya and take a left on Hestneset Road? Look for a small red shack on the pier. Love will be lounging inside wearing a racy black tarpaulin and high heels. Blondes have more fun!

**Pisces:** You're all about fish. You're always all about stupid fish. You may have squandered your chance for happiness, jackass. Maybe you should pay less attention to scaly sea creatures and more attention to 436 pound blonde women! Oh, and, Pisces, if your name is Einar Sørensen, your wife is about to have an affair. XXX



# mason evan harris

continued from cover



PHOTO BY OLAV JØRGENSEN

Mr. Harris, or "Guy" as he likes to call himself, is surrounded by an entourage which at first seems to be merely an eccentric affectation but, upon closer inspection, stands as testimony to his super-brilliance.

A roller-skating manager helps Mr. Harris to stay on top of the music industry while a tool-belt-wearing mechanic lady of some kind is always kept on hand to fix any technical problems that may arise. Mason Harris even keeps his own personal waitress nearby to sustain him when his incendiary career affords him little time to prepare his own food.

And food is a very important aspect of Mason's career. "Perfectly cooked barbeque ribs, but not North Carolina style, there's too much vinegar in the sauce" are what Mr. Harris considers to be his greatest musical inspiration. At first, I thought there may have been a miscommunication. My English isn't so good after all. But when I saw his waitress standing by with two cans of vegetables, conveniently tied together with string so that not one creamed kernel of corn would be lost, I knew that Mr. Harris was a man who wrote on his stomach. And that wasn't just because his name was written on the front of his shirt.

## "Mason Harris even keeps his own personal waitress nearby..."

Just to clarify, on my way back to glorious Norway, I stopped by the Outer Banks of North Carolina just to try the ribs, and I'll be damned if Mason Evan Harris wasn't right! Vinegar! Nothing but vinegar! It seems to me that the people who witnessed the first powered, manned airplane flight would be able to make a decent barbecued rib. Alas, it is not so.

But back in Hollywood, I was learning all sorts of interesting things about the man who wrote my favourite English language foreign holiday novelty song. Mr. Harris is an accomplished martial artist who was conceived by his unmarried West Virginia parents while they were in Los Angeles touring with a murderous marching band. He learned the guitar in the second grade, but considers his first instrument to be the alto saxophone. Unfortunately, I was unable to pinpoint his favourite colour (sorry to all the fans who wrote and requested that question) but there is so much more to this great man than just his aesthetic preferences.

As the interview was winding down, I – being the biggest MEH fan in all of Norway – made the most presumptuous request of my journalistic life, I asked the great one to regale me with a live rendition of the Sankt Hans Aften song. After some initial awkwardness, Mr. Harris did indeed perform.

Let me just say that I was not disappointed. Mason has a silver tongue. He can make anyone quiver with ecstasy at the slightest flutter of it. It's hard to describe. Imagine that you dove in for

continued on next page

a midnight swim in the fjords, except instead of water, they were filled with orgasms. Mr. Harris's musical prowess is matched only by his physical stature. And we seemed to fit together well (see picture on previous page). As he took me for a vocally thrilling ride that I can only equate to a barroom mechanical bull, I could tell that his musical career would be a long-lasting affair. He can writhe against adversity and pump any song for all it's worth.

As Mason's act came to its final, disgorged conclusion, I was reminded of another of America's great national treasures, the geysers of Yellowstone in all of their glory. Like the geysers, Mason can be ready to spew forth his talents again and again with never-ceasing regularity. This is what makes Mason Evan Harris one of America's greatest resources.

I was sad to leave the small Los Angeles apartment that day. But I was filled with a sense of warmth deep in my guts. And it's quite possible that I will have a souvenir of that day for as long as I live.

I will never forget the day that I got to meet my favorite songwriter, the incomparable Mason Evan "Guy" Harris. ■ ■ ■

Olava Jørgensen is a contributing writer for the Lofoten Midnight Sun Times and editor of her own publication "Novelty Holiday Songwriters Monthly." She lives in Lofoten with her two cats Mason and Evan and her goat Harris.

## MASON EVAN HARRIS



PHOTO BY DAVID BEALL

LMST

# FLERE SAU OG FISKEN

BY RØØB

SAU OG FISKEN





# CLEAN CURVY FURNITURE

BY STEVEN  
FURNITURE  
CORRESPONDENT

From the times of the Fairhair Dynasty to today of the Bagn Møbelindustri and Aagaards-Snekkervek-  
teds, we Norwegians have been lovers of fine furniture. A day in the fjords or a day in the glass-walled office, both stress the countenance of spirit and life. Who's not to enjoy the reclinings in a beautiful curvy reclining chair? Or take a supper at a spare and spindly, air-light kitchen ensemble?

Perhaps it's the crispness of our smog-free air, or the graceful arc of the Northern Lights, or the inspiration of the whalesong when we slay the beasts for important economic well-being, but Norway has become known the world over for our clean and curvy furniture. Reclining in something pedestrian is beyond our sensibilities, and the peoples of the world have come to love us for this revealing sense! But what lies beyond clean? Is there living beyond curvy?

One of today's brightest stars in the world of Norwegian furniture design is Oddgeir Blakstad, a native of Vestvågøy in Lofoten. When asked about the historical importance of modern clean and curvy style, Blakstad is at first cautious. "I am not one to toot the horn of others. But Norwegian furniture design is built upon the foundation of the work of others who have a strength of vision and a boldness of talent. These are the horns I would toot if the tooting of them were my nature. It is from these quiet tootings that I am able to proceed with my own visions."

Blakstad is known for his strength of vision and boldness of talent. Both of these translate into soft, pliable forms that are both weak in appearance and flimsy to the touch. "For centuries, humans have sat, slept, fed, and love-made on furniture that is strong and supportive. In modern times, these forms have become both clean and curvy, sprites of form and shape. Yet they still are too clumsy since they are meant to support the human body. My goal has been to free furniture from the necessity of support and allow the smooth, the flowy, the wavy, the diaphanous to move from embryo to full being."

One need only walk into the hotels and restaurants of the world's most chic cosmopolitanities to see the Blakstad vision in practice. Puddles of white, shapely curves that would be chairs were they strong enough to hold their original 3D shapes. Daring mounds of gorgeously-wrought and finished twigs, the collapsing of a spare and

CONTINUED ON PAGE 9



## CURVY FURNITURE CONTINUED FROM PAGE 3

beautifully tear-bringing shelving unit. Breath-grasping, lovely plots of now-thin, now-thinner polycarbonate arcs and knekkebrod-thin planks, the collapse of a platform bed.

"Oddgeir is the only original thing coming out of the world of furniture these days," says Double V Hotels decorator Philip Michael Thomas, splayed upon the floor atop a wild flaring of utterly flat, ovaloid red shapes. "I was simply too bored with the furniture I had to place in our establishments. How genius is Oddgeir to take the one remaining defining tidbit that makes furniture furniture and turn it on its head? Every day, I thank Starck for him."

Lofoten itself has enjoyed a new birthing of style, thanks to one of its famous sons. Gastrid Haug, owner of Børsen, a restaurant on Svinøya in Svolær, saw business peak beyond usual when she removed her old, common, heavy, classic furniture with tables and chairs designed by Blakstad. Making her way among diners, who are sat cross-legged on top of gently curved sticks made of Norway spruce and one or two membranous trifles of subtlety-colored cellophane, Haug praises Blakstad at every moment. "My place for eating was of nothing special. An ingestion of modern local style, and see! I serve to a full house!" beams Haug, giving her new English a try. Indeed, not a one of the tangle of spruce curves and thin rectangles of negligible thickness that are Blakstad's most popular restaurant table is without a prone passel of dining lovers, sipping spilling soup from listing bowls and clumsily slicing meats from unstable plates. Smiles are repetitious throughout.

Blakstad is humble upon reports of his praising. "What more can I take but the pleasure of knowing I have changed everything? That my work is the newest and most likely the pinnacle of furniture design? That while I still have much to explore in my work with furnishings, this path I have forged can be forged no more beyond me?" A reporter gently queries the man for hints to his future. "If this path ends, another can begin in a new realm. Who can say where structurally ignorant design will make a difference next? Will it be cutlery? Shoes? Automobiles? Industrial machinery? It is only for no one to say but that path."

Look out, Norway! Look out, world! Blakstad will take Norwegian aesthetics to new, bold realms. When will you be pleased to include his creations in your life? ■ ■ ■

Steve-ñ is a contributing writer to the Lofoten midnight Sun Times and hates crappy furniture.



# ANSWERS

HOW DID HE MEASURE UP?

1A = 1   4A = 0   7A = 1  
1B = 0   4B = 1   7B = -10

2A = 0   5A = 0  
2B = 1   5B = 1

3A = 1   6A = 0  
3B = 0   6B = 1



■ ■ ■

**4-7 points:** He's a Viking! He pillages and plunders but he'll always come home to you. And not just because you've probably popped out 6 or 7 male heirs by the time you were sixteen and have all the house keys. As long as the fish is fresh and the boys aren't being coddled too much, you'll always be his lady.

**1-3 points:** There might be some Viking in him yet. Or he could just be a murderer with poor grooming habits.

**-10 - 0 points:** Chances are that you haven't slept with him yet. You might want to take an opportunity to get him into bed, just so that you can check if his penis is an "innie" or an "outtie," if you know what I mean. This might be more difficult that it sounds. Hide his X-Box for a couple days, maybe then he'll finally get the desire to "get down to business." If all else fails, kick him in the crotch, if he doubles over before he calls you a bitch, there may still be hope. **LMST**

NORWAY TRIVIA: WHEN THE BLACK PLAGUE SWEEP THROUGH NORWAY IN THE 14TH CENTURY, IT KILLED 1/3 OF THE ENTIRE POPULATION! UFF DA!

NOT THAT YOU NEED THEM. BUT HERE ARE 10 MORE REASONS TO LOVE THE GLORIOUS COUNTRY OF NORWAY

10. We are one of the richest countries in the world
9. Our literacy rate is virtually 100%
8. We have Little Christmas Day on December 23
7. We have Saint Stephen's Day on December 26 (meaning we get four holidays in a row)
6. We have Easter Sunday *and* Easter Monday
5. We are the home of the late father of modern weather forecasting
4. A Norwegian Viking discovered America about 500 years before Columbus.
3. We have won more Winter Games gold medals than any other country.
2. We have over 50,000 islands off our coast.
1. There are days when we can see the sun for 24 continuous hours.

Plus- It's chock full of Norwegians!



SPECIAL ADVERTISING SECTION



# FAMOUS BLUE HAT FINDS UNLIKELY NEW HOME

BY CONTRIBUTING WRITER  
OLAVA JØRGENSEN

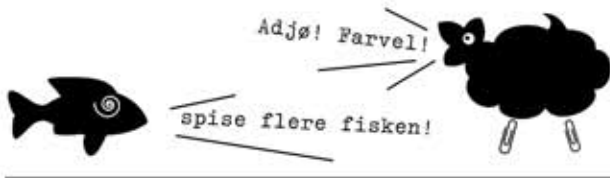


PHOTO BY OLAVA JØRGENSEN

## CRAZED HOMELESS MAN GETS PRICELESS GIFT

I found the ultimate end to my lovely day with Mason Evan Harris just a few short steps from his front door. ¶ I was lost in thoughts of the magical afternoon I had just experienced when I heard a ruckus that would have stopped Leif Ericson in his tracks. Once I paused to see what was happening, I came face to face with living, breathing evidence that Mr. Harris could add philanthropist to his already impressive resumé. ¶ At the center of the melee were two crazed-looking men trying to abduct a clean-cut flower and chocolate deliveryman. Normally, I wouldn't pay much attention to murderous homeless people, but one man was wearing something that made my heart flutter with excitement - Mason Evan Harris's iconic blue fishing hat! The same hat that endeared him to thousands of Norwegian fishermen over 5 years ago. ¶ Proof that while crazy destitute transients aren't something to be trifled with, people such as Mason Evan Harris are giants among men, willing to put their personal safety aside to bring style and comfort to the less-fortunate. ¶ Mr. Harris is truly an inspiration. If only the chocolate-thieving thug who received his charity was half the man that Mason Evan Harris is. ■ ■ ■

## IN THE NEXT ISSUE: ALL ABOUT FOOD!



- IS YOUR LUTEFISK ROTTEN ENOUGH TO EAT YET?
- IS THERE SUCH A THING AS "TOO BLAND?"
- MAKING YOUR LEFSER ITS FLATTEST.
- CURE AN AKVAVIT HANGOVER.
- KRUMKAKES, NOT JUST FOR CHRISTMAS ANYMORE!
- GET YOUR HEAD OUT OF THE CLODBERRIES.