

DISCOVERCPH
OCTOBER 2010

*the
exploration
issue*

We know you wait on edge for the coffee machine to break so you're not out 5 DKK for two tablespoons of coffee. We know you start your nights by downing cheap shots at The 10 Kroner Bar. We know you've broken down and bought a jar of peanut butter, only to be wooed by Nutella. So now what? We've fixed our sleep schedules, we know our commutes, but just because we're cozy in Copenhagen doesn't mean we need to get complacent. As a staff, we charged ourselves to delve deeper, to explore the grooves of the neighborhoods beyond the Latin Quarter. And this is our supplemental perspective—an initial glimpse of Copenhagen through American eyes. In this issue, you'll find interpretations of places near and far—from an exhibit in China to a bar around the corner—all in this spirit of exploration. So this, here, is our declaration to you: grab a friend, grab a camera, or just grab a jacket. Now GO.



"I DIDN'T REALIZE WE WERE SUPPOSED TO SMILE..."

happy exploring,

- TYLER O'NEILL //KNOX COLLEGE
- ANDERS NIELSEN //CONNECTICUT COLLEGE
- KENZIE ZIMMER //CARLETON COLLEGE
- KELLY O'BRIEN //CARLETON COLLEGE
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by KELLY O'BRIEN

a global perspective



There are many places we have been recommended to see while in Copenhagen. This laundry list of good places for photo-ops to make Mom happy includes sites like Christiania, the Round Tower, Tivoli Amusement Park and the Carlsberg Brewery. However, there is one big name that will be sorely missing on everyone's Copenhagen Bucket List this Fall – The Little Mermaid. She has been stolen by none other than the Chinese. Well, I use the term "stolen" loosely. In fact, she has been borrowed by the Chinese government to educate and enthrall the Chinese masses at the Shanghai 2010 World Expo. Upon hearing this news, it dawned on me that I would be losing a crucial chance to be educated and enthralled, so I myself did what any normal person studying in Beijing (but about to study in Denmark) would do: I skipped Chinese class, hopped on a plane to Shanghai and went to get that photo op I had been dreaming of. The Shanghai 2010 World Expo, set right in the heart of Shanghai, is the largest world fair in existence. In short, it is a way for the Chinese government to not only draw attention to China as a strategic world power player, but to also give its people a view of the modern world and its new technologies. The Danish pavilion is one of the most visited at the fair site. Made to highlight city life in Denmark, the Danish pavilion is constructed as an open air round tower of sorts. And set as the centerpiece of the pavilion is none other than The Little Mermaid, herself. She sits alone in a guarded off pond as thousands of Chinese pass by each day to marvel at her as an ambassador of Denmark and snap all of those photo-ops that rightfully belong to us.

It was a curious sight to see the Danish pavilion and, not only how Denmark was portrayed on an international stage but how the Chinese received it. The main points that were highlighted about Denmark were its sustainability, modernity and equality. Basically, everything that China hopes to be but isn't. After a month in Denmark, I now have a much deeper understanding of the country and its culture than I did after forty-five minutes spent in their pavilion. I can see that the idealistic image of Denmark portrayed on the global stage is

actually a bit rougher around the edges in reality. You can probably ask any fellow DIS student if they had been surprised by Copenhagen and most of them will probably say it isn't as perfect as they had imagined it. But then again, no country is. Despite the good intentions of the pavilion builders, there is something allusive about the Danish culture. It is hard to pin down Denmark in a simple building, even in a statue such as The Little Mermaid. Sure, we may be missing out on one of the many famous sites of Copenhagen this term, but we are gaining a lot more beyond that. We are truly learning about another culture in a more tangible sense than simply passing through a representation. So while we may leave Copenhagen one photo-op short, we are gaining so much more. And hell, if that isn't okay with you, you can always Photoshop yourself into a photo with The Little Mermaid! I have plenty and definitely don't mind helping make all the moms out there a little happier.

FLIP TO THE BACK COVER FOR
MAPS HIGHLIGHTING ALL OF
OUR NEIGHBORHOOD PICKS

Vesterbro

by TYLER O'NEILL

For those tired of thrifting Carlsberg and Tuborg from the 7-Eleven, **MIKKELER BAR [1]** is an oasis. They pride themselves on serving an array of high-quality, exclusive, and—you can't avoid it—expensive beers. If nothing else, it's sure to be the only place in Vesterbro you can say "Gimme 'A Horny Devil'" and not itch in odd places the next day.

//VIKTORIAGADE NO. 8 B-C
//WWW.MIKKELER.DK

You've probably heard of it. **VEGA [3]** is one of the go-to music venues in Copenhagen, incubating its trendy status in 50s throwback décor. Just this September, Store Vega has played host to diverse name acts like Hot Chip, Kate Nash and Phosphorescent. If 160 DKK shows aren't your thing, Lille Vega throws weekend dance parties.

//ENGHAVEVEJ 40
//WWW.VEGA.DK

Spend five minutes walking around the area, and you'll notice no shortage of Asian restaurants. The best might be **BAN GAW [2]**, an authentic, reasonably-priced Thai restaurant located just outside the meatpacking district.

//HALMTORVET 44

West of the city center, past Tivoli, past the pastel peacock that is the Palads movie house, there seems to be little to distinguish Vesterbro from the rest of Copenhagen proper. Tourists and natives bustle and halt in CPH's usual stuttered flow. But once beyond the central vein of Vesterbrogade, the streets are no longer peopled with horn-rimmed, slick-haired hipsters. Instead, unmarked storefronts are weathered raw like the calloused palms of those who sit on their stoops, day-drinking a Tuborg tallboy, waiting out the clouds. The neighborhood's working-class denizens have over the years dug divots and cracks into the surrounding streets, where the gently-colored paint of gentrification has been seeping in. The slow-going patch-up has done little to brighten the locals. They look stuck in the stasis of the neighborhood's dispiriting anonymity, where nightclubs are called "Nightclub" and sushi joints just "Sushi." Where a guy operates a City Market fruit stand while wavering in the wind, eyes-closed, earbuds in; a porn-store clerk idly shuffles cards while eyeing passersby; a dildo-topped turnstile twirls within eyeshot of a scuffed-up souvenir shop. One might find this almost charming—a place beholden to dinginess tucked beneath Copenhagen's otherwise classy carriage. Among others yet to be uncovered, Vega, Ban Gaw and Mikkeler Bar are diamonds glinting off the grit of Vesterbro.



PHOTO BY ANDERS NIELSEN

Vesterbro



As the model kids and impenetrable walls of bicyclists start to get to you in the heart of the city, it wouldn't hurt to take a 10-minute ride north to sleepy chic Østerbro. Chock full of young professionals and academics, the neighborhood has gained the nickname "Latte District," but doesn't let its poshness get in the way of its accessibility. The outdoor cafes of more metropolitan areas are replaced with park benches and clock towers are substituted with ornate churches. There's an understanding throughout the lush parks and serene side streets that you could spend a Sunday afternoon here and never have to spend a penny to clear your head.

FÆLLEDPARKEN [1] (Øster Allé

35, 2100 København Ø) only holds the title for the largest green space in Copenhagen, but also the most versatile. Its idiosyncrasies are like features to a well-worn face. It has the obvious fixtures, like gaping stretches of grass for soccer or cricket, a serene pond, and a music venue for the summer months. Then, upon closer inspection, you start to find creases and wrinkles that certainly weren't designed there from the start, but have developed over time and grown from years of use: sly paths slithering into the woods towards private groves ideal for a quiet beer; uncharted territories begging for a lie down in the sun. Saturdays and Sundays hold a certain charm as the wider ends

of the sidewalk sport **WEEKLY FLEA MARKETS [2]**. Riddled with odd paperweights, crusted doorknobs, and statues of angels in precious poses, the stalls have something for everyone. The best one is right near the Østerbro Stadium (Øster Allé 50, 2100 København Ø), original home of the FCK, thank you very much. They have lots of old records, mostly from the 70's, and second hand clothing, mostly for women. But flea markets are like black holes, so you must be careful not to get too close or you'll be pulled in and hours will be sucked by in mere seconds. For drink and merriment, Osterbrogade has some fine bars. One is simply called **THE SOUTH AFRICAN BAR [3]** (Østerbrogade

112, 2100 København Ø) and is populated almost constantly by white people. I'm honestly too fearful to contemplate what sort of political phenomenon this implies, but the drinks are moderately priced and the stereo pumps hit parade pop from several decades. Occasionally, for the right sporting event, a massive screen will be lowered that takes up an entire wall. But people don't generally like things to get too rowdy on these nights, since they're honestly just trying to absorb every scrap of the game. Why not? I could practically smell the sweat on Wozniaki's face when I witnessed a recent U.S. Open match there.

by ANDERS NIELSEN



PHOTO BY CASEY MANNING

Nørrebro

by CASEY MANNING

If you want a night out with Americans, and with the Danes that know where to party with Americans, then staying within the 100-meter radius surrounding DIS is all you'll really ever need. But the rest of the hot and hip young population of Copenhagen? They'll be in Nørrebro.

Once a working class slum and the scene of prevalent rioting and violence, Nørrebro today is a richly diverse ethnic and socio-economic mix that provides the backdrop for interesting shops, cool cafes and hip bars and clubs.

A ten-minute walk from Nørreport will get you the perfect picnic spot along the grassy banks of the lake, access to independent movie theatres, used book stores, wacky museums, and more mouthwatering shwama spots than your (potentially drunk) self will know what to do with.

KATES JOINT [3], a long-time local haunt, this kitschy restaurant is a favorite among the Nørrebro set for both its global cuisine and its large portions for little kroner.
//BLÅGÅRDSGADE 12,
2200 KØBENHAVN N

ØLBAREN [2], literally translating to "beer bar," is the unpretentious beer connoisseur's dream. Small, dark and cozy, a seat at the bar will get you front-row access to one of the widest selections of beer in town, not to mention some of the most knowledgeable bartenders.
//ELMEGADE 2A
2200 KØBENHAVN N

RUST [1] is billed as one of the best nightclubs in town, but as a venue that got its start on the concert scene, Rust still appeals to the indie set with live music every weekend night featuring lesser known, alternative acts.
//GULDBERGSGADE 8,
2200 KØBENHAVN N



PHOTO BY CASEY MANNING

One of the most beautiful and convenient places to live in Copenhagen is none other than Amager Island. Situated south of the city center, Amager is easily accessible by Metro, S Tog and Bus. Long known for its rich, abundant soil, Amager is quickly developing into one of the coolest areas of Copenhagen. Take a ride down Metro Line 1 to Vestamager and enjoy the view of some of the most amazing architecture that Copenhagen has to offer, enjoy a leisurely stroll down Amager Strandpark (you can see Sweden from there!), or just check out the very hip area of Christianshavn. Amager – sounds like "Ah-Mah" – has plenty of fun exploration options for everyone.

FIELDS MALL [1]

The largest mall in Scandinavia rests right in our backdoor on Amager! Opened in 2004, Fields has over 150 stores and is a great alternative to Strøget when the weather starts to cool down. Plus, it also houses some great stores such as a Magasin Outlet.

//Ørestad Station
//E20 Frakørsel 19

SPIRAL TOWER

Boasting one of the best views of Copenhagen, The Spiral Tower, or also known as The Church of Our Savior, is a site not to miss near Amager. Only 25 DKK and located just down the street from Christiania, The Spiral Tower requires a bit of stair climbing but the view alone is well worth the trek. Afterwards, spend an hour or two relaxing on the green outside the church with other Danes and foreign travelers.

//Christianshavn Station
//Sankt Annægade 29
1416 København K

ISMAGERLET ICE CREAM SHOP [2]

If you enjoy Paradis then you will definitely love the ice cream at Ismageriet. This small ice cream shop on Amager is one of the most popular ice cream shops in Copenhagen. Despite its slightly rural location, Copenhageners all love to flock here for some delicious homemade ice cream. It is also cheaper than Paradis and offers other delicious goodies such as cakes, milkshakes and fresh coffee.

//Kongelundsvej 116
2300 København S

DRAGØR [3]

Right off the southern coast of Amager lies the quaint fishing town of Dragør. This small town boasts great views of the ocean and picturesque historical buildings. Fishing, sailing and swimming are the most commonly enjoyed activities in the area and the town boasts a large number of cafes and coffee shops with wonderful views.

//350 bus from Nørreport

Amager

REVIEW

the new pornographers

by KELLY O'BRIEN

D

eing the ripe age of 13 comes with its ups and downs, but one point of embarrassment that we usually tend to hold on to is how lame our music tastes used to be. Most tend to brush off this embarrassment as a temporary lapse in judgment but I say, why deny it? That is why I have no shame in admitting I attended The New Pornographers concert this past week at Christiania's cozy venue Loppen.

The entrance to Loppen, riddled with graffiti from its former visitors, is grungy and dimly lit in true Christiania form. However, the main space upstairs is a dark haven containing a bar and plenty of tables and chairs for its members to relax before the show. As a venue, Loppen is small but could be likened to the very types of venues found on most college campuses.

Opening for The New Pornographers was California indie band, Morning Benders. Their recent album *Big Echo* is a departure from their generic California indie sound but this move has proved successful and put them on the music radar as a band to watch in the upcoming year. They are currently touring throughout Europe and if you haven't heard their stuff I suggest you do. Three words: cute half-Asian boys.

After a short six song set, it was time for The New Pornographers. Despite the fact that I was wearing a woolen poncho in a sweaty crowd of over a hundred, I was pumped to relive the days that I used to study Algebra and listen to their album *Twin Cinema* while day dreaming about Orlando Bloom. True story, still not ashamed. They began on a good note with the crowd dancing in synch to their up-tempo songs and were able to hold this energy for a solid

seven songs. However, after another long set the crowd began to wane. The music began to feel redundant and by the end of the show most of us were just too sweaty and tired to maintain the same energy we felt at the beginning of the set. This is how most people feel about the New Pornographers in general nowadays. Although their music is good it has failed to develop beyond, becoming a little redundant. When the show ended around 1:30 a.m. the crowd had already thinned out, most people leaving early from sheer exhaustion.

The show was what I

expected from The New Pornographers — good but not memorable.

However, if you are looking to explore more of Copenhagen's music venues, I highly recommend Loppen. With reasonable ticket prices and a very warm atmosphere, it seems to be a great place for decent concerts and a night of people watching!



PHOTO BY KELLY O'BRIEN

PHOTOS BY KELLY O'BRIEN

ontrary to popular belief, Denmark has a lot more to offer the music world than just Aqua's "Barbie Girl." The following is a short list of bands to check out; some are very big in Denmark, while others are emerging artists, but there's something here for everyone. And while you're here, why not take advantage of everything the city has to offer and go to a show or two?

THE RUMOR SAID FIRE

This folk-rock group released their first EP, titled "The Life and Death of a Male Body" in September of 2009. Songs "Love for the Tortured" and "The Balcony" both reached no. 1 on Danish charts. They opened for Passion Pit in Copenhagen and also performed at Roskilde Festival this summer. They recently performed at the Black Diamond and have a show at Vega on November 20th.

//TICKETS 160 kr.

//DOWNLOAD "The Balcony", "Evil Son"

KASHMIR

Interestingly enough, this rock band was originally named 'Nirvana' but changed the name to Kashmir after Kurt Cobain's band took off. They became popular in the early '90s and in 2000 released an album that went on to win top honors at the Danish Music Awards. Their most recent album, *Trespassers* was released this past February and featured the single "Mouthful of Wasps."

PERFORMING ON NOVEMBER 6TH AT TAP1.

//TICKETS 370 kr.

//DOWNLOAD "Mouthful of Wasps", "Still Boy", and "Rocket Brothers".

ALPHABEAT

One of few Danish artists to gain international popularity, this infectious dance pop band has a big fan base in other parts of Europe, including Britain. They have not yet broken onto the U.S. scene, but performed their first show stateside at 2010's SXSW Festival in Texas, so hopefully they'll be coming back! Their first album *Alphabeat* was platinum in five months, and their second album *The Spell* reached gold status in two months. They will be performing on November 23 at Vega.

//TICKETS 240 kr.

//DOWNLOAD "DJ", "Fascination", "10,000 Nights of Thunder"

getting a foot in the door

by KENZIE ZIMMER

here's a simple joy to be found in silence. That sweet, sweet silence.

Silence filled with the clacking of impossible heels against cobblestone, the hum of a vowel-strangled language you might hope to one day understand but will never be able to speak, and the slight whirr of a city living on two wheels that breathes in deep an unmistakable, unidentifiable, irresistible appreciation for coziness, community, and cool—even if it's clouded in

cigarette smoke.

But it's a little difficult to take in all of that silence if you're busy loudly comparing with friends how many shots of Fisk you were able to stomach the night before.

This, my friends, is a call for you to go it alone. You've had a month to wander the streets between DIS and Nørreport with your friends from class during the day, stumble down and around them all over again with your friends from home late

at night, and watch a few more whiz past you with your iPod blasting Justin Bieber on the train ride back into the suburbs.

Now it's time to explore a new side of Copenhagen. A side in which it's possible to have an hour-long discussion about life, love and the intricacies of Hannah Montana's influence in Denmark with an Italian transplant who approaches as you lay casually on the banks of a lake.

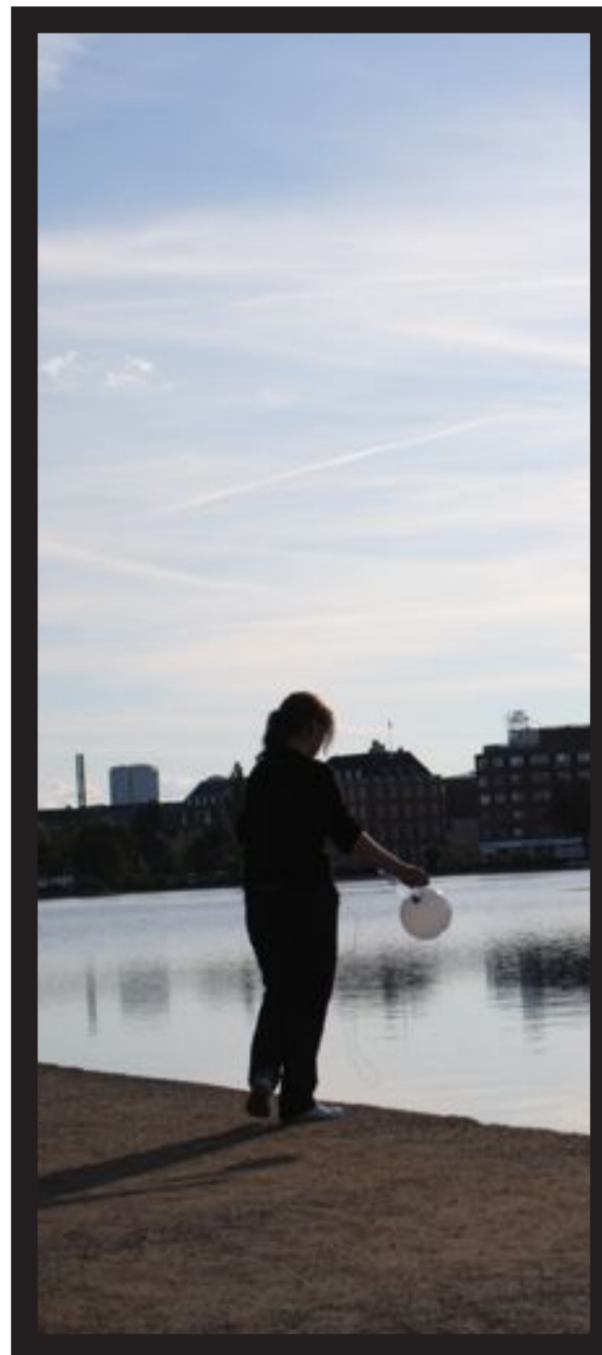
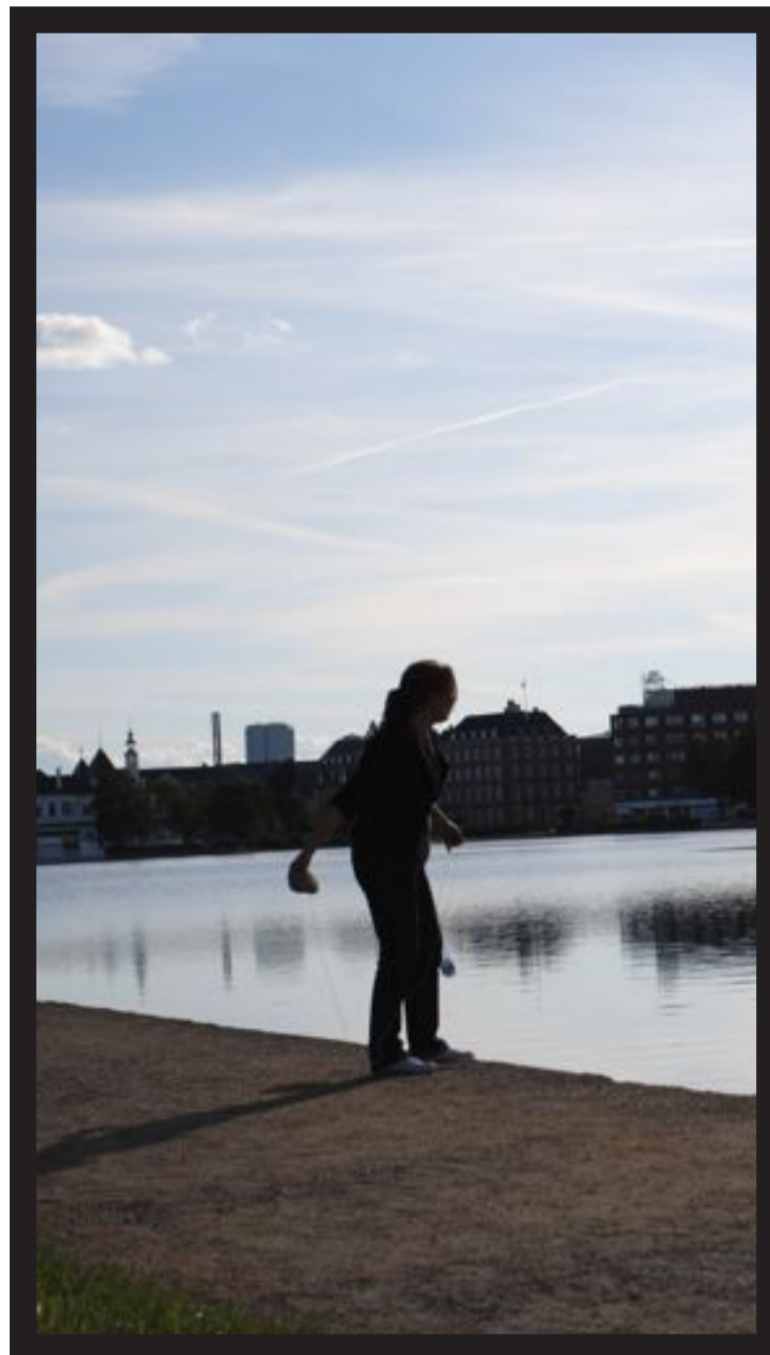
Or a side in which it's possible to be the only American in

a packed, hole-in-the-wall bar, losing badly at a strange dice game to a Norwegian who can't for the life of himself—whether due to alcohol or a language barrier, you'll never know—correctly pronounce your name.

Or even a side in which you simply realize, for the first time, that *hey, I'm in a foreign city. I can't speak the language and I can barely find the street signs and I will always, always be underdressed. But look at me—I can go it alone.*

by CASEY MANNING

going it alone





Danes



PHOTO BY TYLER O'NEILL

For many Americans, there's a curious novelty in paying cursory reverence to the deceased.

When someone visits a cemetery to which they have no personal ties, it's usually out of boredom or for appearances: "Oooh look at how somber I am, contemplating death."

But this is another area in which the Danes forgo superficial formalities, and nowhere in Copenhagen is it more evident than at Assistens Kirkegården.

As a tourist attraction, Assistens Kirkegården may leave some feeling bait-and-switched. Many go expecting some colossal and opulent tombs befitting of Danish luminaries H.C. Andersen or Søren Kierkegaard. Instead, both are enfolded quietly with the rest of those passed.

Kierkegaard lies with his family beneath a modest lot, his name engraved not even on the largest stone among them. Flanked on all but one side by pillars of thick shrubbery, Andersen's grave is nearly hidden from view—a purposeful anti-climax to the long string of arrowed signs leading visitors his way. Still, there are spots where Assistens Kirkegården lures more visitors as a cemetery than a modest maze. A row of recently-dead celebs sits like a strip-mall of mortality and offers Danish visitors a perk of relevance. Topping the plot of land for chart-topping Danish reggae singer Natasja Saad are various toys and trinkets—a smudged Barbie, tawdry stuffed animals and crafts projects—laid there by young fans standing scarcely

above her headstone.

Though open only certain hours, Assistens Kirkegården is as integrated into surrounding Nørrebro as any public park or square. Many locals take their afternoon jogs along its cross-hatched dirt paths while turquoise-haired teens sip beer with banana and Nutella sandwiches. Maybe they enjoy the silent sanctuary, or maybe the novelty has long since worn off and it's just another place to be. Regardless, it's far too early for us to be jaded. Whether you desire prime strolling paths, somewhere to nosh on your schwarma, or just a place to tout your somberness, hop off the 5A at Kaplevej to mingle with Denmark's finest limestone.

by TYLER O'NEILL

among the departed



PHOTO BY TYLER O'NEILL

he bus route has become a welcome trail frequented several times a day, the 14 already inspires a leap of relief each time I see it. I can't imagine what it will incite on a windy December morning, most probably an audible yelp. The forms of transportation all over the city are quite futuristic in design and user friendliness. The metro looks like a set to *Minority Report* or *Men In Black*, complete with robot voices, windowless gray corridors and escalators that descend deep into the bowels of Copenhagen. The underground system is quite handy for getting to Christiania as I discovered quite early in my attempted visits. The pocketed little section of town is much calmer than the hustle and bustle of the main section of the city, though still thatched with strips of yellow buses and determined bikers. Christiania itself is well furnished with bizarre hidden statues everywhere, hidden in bushes and suspended from trees, remnants from some lost civilization of artists and ne'er-do-wells. Stands full of earthy type jewelry, scarves and Bob Marley t-shirts populate the early strands of the community like eager puppies at the door to meet you, and maybe turn a dime or two. Past a miniature skate park and a van painted straight out of Nixon's nightmares one finds Pusher Street where photos are simply out of the question.

There I found a hotdog stand that aggressively threatened to top any other in the city on the simple account that the condiments and toppings reigns are passed to the customer, allowing for maximum control over the meal. The pure beauty in the small tube of meat was magnified by the notion of freedom, a concept cast in a strange light by the rest of the city's insatiable appetite for cash. The

man who sold me the hotdog charged me 25 DKK, and I could tell by the look in his eye that it had nothing to do with a capitalistic

venture. He provided out of a deeper appreciation for the human heart and taste for adventure. I surveyed the toppings like a rural prince who had just been informed that he was now ruler over all the real estate he could see. Freedom. I selected liberally, yet judiciously. The usual fare plus a spicy chili sauce, perhaps the gluttonous child in me screaming for some sort of punishment, or better yet a strong chinned teenager looking to prove he could take on anything. Regardless of what subconscious rumblings I was experiencing, I was soon quite conscious of the brutal onslaught of fire ants penetrating the pores of my tongue — a word for the wise chili enthusiast.

Wares peddled left and right down the street, men with shaved heads and Adidas tracksuits observed me from behind tinted glasses. Unfettered dogs danced at my feet, either chasing each other, or perhaps just the next scent out of town on some unknowable mission.

The land of the free is a funny word for the U.S. when standing in the middle of Denmark's Freetown, from the hotdogs to the drugs, at first glance the place is already far more liberated. What lay beneath the surface was what truly interested me, what could I find swept under the welcome mat of this bohemian smelling paradise? What was it like to live here? Could I articulate that intimation of difference in the very soil and soul I experienced in Christiania?

The 22-acre haven used to be a military barracks, Boatman Street Barracks, but the army moved out in 1969. From there things got shady. Officially unoccupied, though populated with squatters, the area became a headquarters for the Slumstomers in 1971, a group heaven bent on flower power activism with lofty ideals. The government deemed the area of Christiania, as it then came to be known, as a "social experiment" in which the inhabitants would set out to rebuild the area and claim buildings at their whim, while paying 50 DKK a month for utilities. Since then the

area has seen the tides of tumult crashing on its naturally serene shores on and off for decades, the little toy boats seem unfazed. As it stands, the area is self regulating with each inhabitant responsible for his or her own home and dealings. While still a part of the larger picture and a participant in the multitude of meetings that take place to make the community a cohesive whole. Decisions that effect many are ruled by consent-democracy, meaning that each member of the community has an equal voice in the matter, which leads to issues being tabled for months, sometimes years. This approach, rarely efficient, but always fair, allows freedom and individuality to ring farther and clearer than any contemporary bell I've ever encountered.

Founded on an ideal of better living, the original inhabitants, as chronicled in Nils Vest's excellent documentary *Christiania, You Have My Heart*, were tired of simply talking about a better way of life, and decided to put it into action in a new and wild frontier. As is common with such outlaw organisms, the powers that be have had some serious penis envy over the years. Police raids hunting for hash and Parliament meetings discussing how to on the peace parade have been going on since the 70's and have only marginally slowed. It is only through grit and determination to continue the outlier lifestyle that the community has sustained, but in fact it has gotten stronger, richer. The over 800 citizens, with roughly 30 children born each year, have taken large strides to be self sustaining with every imaginable public service from grocery stores to art supply shops.

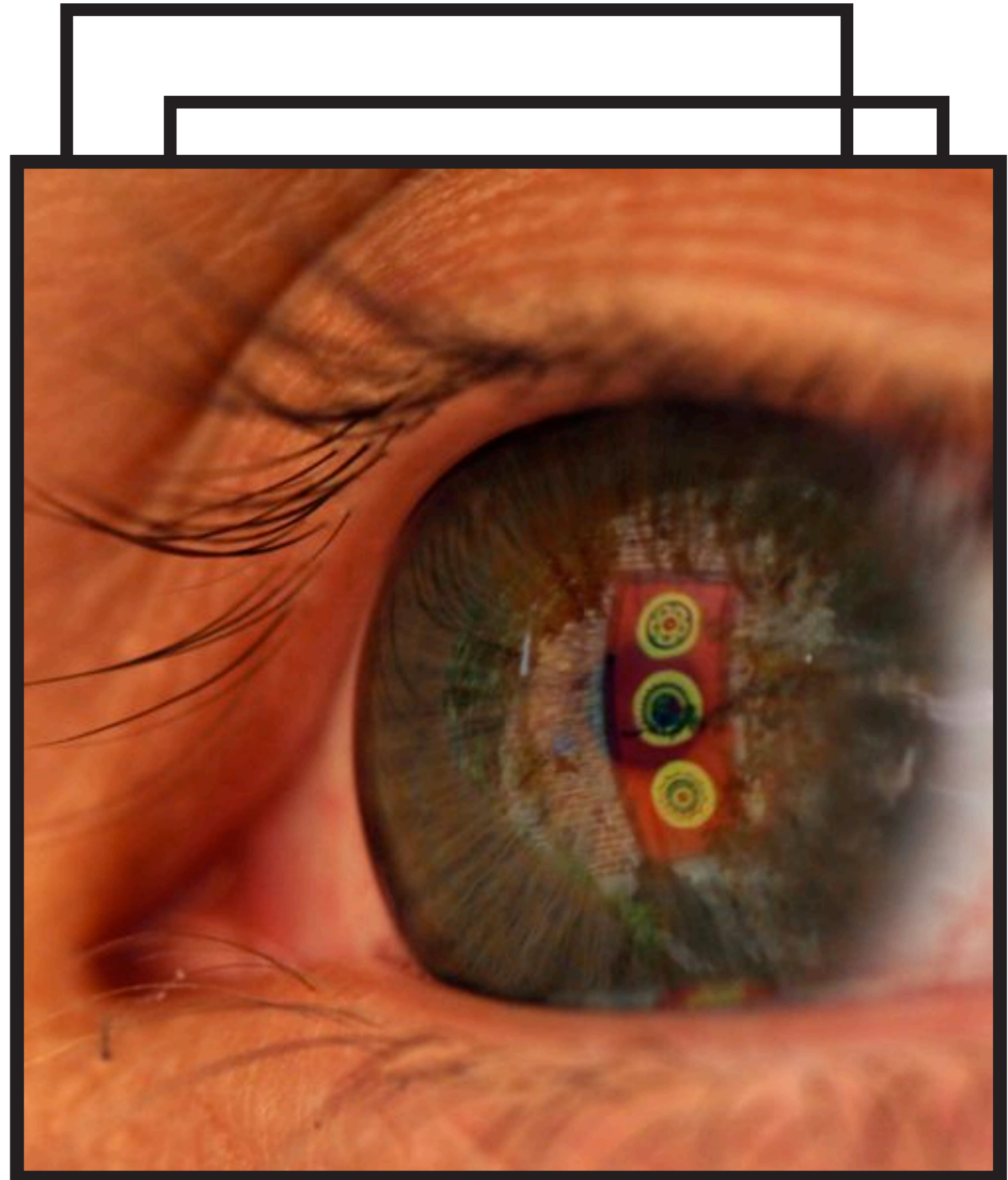
The four defining principles or phrases of Christiania, laid out

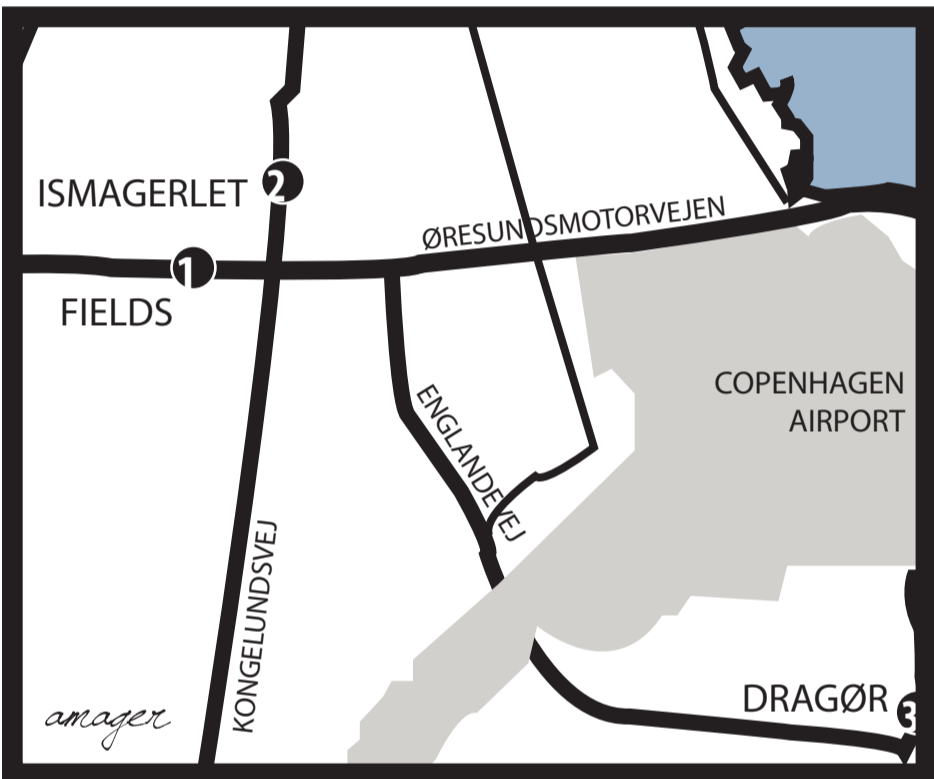
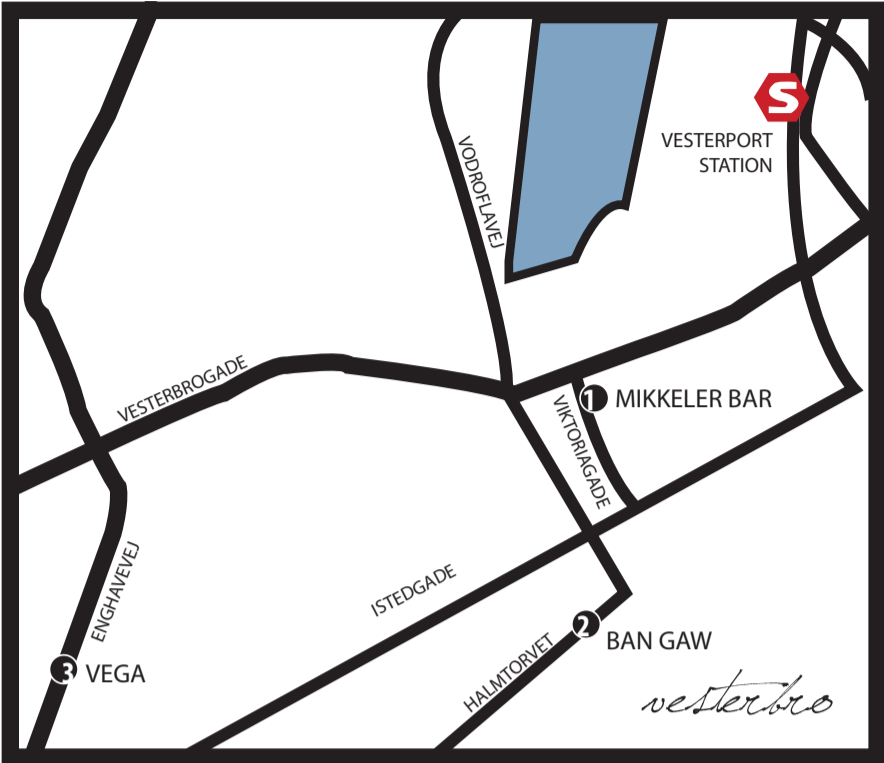
christiana, cornered

in Jacques Blum's anthropological study *Christiania – A Freetown* (which is available in the DIS Library) are as follows: "In Christiania, we have no norms," "Do your own thing," "You've got to relate (to the community at large)" and finally "Paranoia." Firstly, the absence of norms is apparent in the lack of structured expectations of citizens and visitors. There are no scolding glances cast towards a freak or bandit, nor the heavy breath of schedules and demanding emails. Happiness and simplicity are signifiers of success. Another falls into the second principle of "do your own thing" as realizing oneself. A safe place to delve into the freedom you possess as an individual self is not to be spat upon. Relating to the community is only completely achievable as a full time resident of Christiania, though in my brief wanderings I like to believe I caught a whiff of the mood hovering in a cloud overhead, or at the very least locked step with the locals at least once in some unarticulated dance. Paranoia, lastly, is more akin to bad vibrations in Blum's description, when the wave of ideal highness diminishes into the coastline and you feel yourself pulled back by the surf into a slippery cold for a spell. Easily broken — it balances the wondrous nature of a Freetown with the concrete and heightened awareness of the imperfect world beyond the walls of Christiania.

To taste of the wine of Christiania is a personal experience I would highly recommend to any wishing to expand their scope of Copenhagen's many pockets. This particular pocket may be slightly hard to reach, but if you can get just a few fingers inside you'll undoubtedly find a few hidden treasures stowed away. Even if you never will be a native, you are a unique synthesis of the real and the imaginary just the same as everyone else. Next time you go, take a path you've never noticed before and get lost in the woods past the lake, down past old withered swing sets, through gilded forest inlets and see if you can find a trail that gets you lost. I dare you to expand upon your freedom.

by ANDERS NIELSEN





go.