

justis

Dear Denmark - or thank you for going

Recently on a short trip to Denmark, I was asked to comment on what I felt was coming forth out of the Danish collective unconscious. I immediately began remembering the last time I was in Copenhagen, one year ago, where everything seemed to be incredible on the surface.

The first thing that struck me was the shopping. I was so excited, relieved and amused by the simple fact that when looking to purchase a piece of men's clothing, all of the sizes began from XXXL down to small and minuscule.

Coming from Australia, this is an amazing thing. I mean Australian men are all supposed to look like Bondi Beach surf lifesavers, with Y-shaped chests. Consequently, when trying to buy a shirt in Australia if you are not shaped like that Y, but rather a cross-section D, then shopping becomes frustrating and heated. Copenhagen however, was obviously aware that people are inevitably more comfortable in bigger clothing—how refreshing.

The other thing that struck me about the Danish was that everyone seemed to be comfortable in their own bodies. Now, this might sound like a strange thing, but to me, it was a revelation. Be comfortable

in your own body? Who ever heard of such a thing? Anyway, after all of this comfort and lots of XXXL shirts and pants to choose from, I was sincerely excited about returning to Copenhagen, to visit with friends and do a spot of comfortable shopping between workshops.

When I arrived in Copenhagen, a funny thing had happened. Someone

had moved all the comfortable Danish people somewhere else, and the shops had become an XXSS version of most Italian shops. (In case you didn't know, everyone in Italy is the same size.) The average Dane had morphed into a plastic version of the incredible species that had been there the year before.

**When I arrived in
Copenhagen a funny
thing had happened.
Someone had moved
all the comfortable
Danish people
somewhere else.**

Maybe I just didn't notice it last year, but I can certainly guarantee you that right now the Danish collective unconscious is exposing itself for all to see. People are walking around head down, frightened, almost embarrassed. Maybe they know what is happening? And what happened to being comfortable within yourselves Denmark? Have you suddenly become afraid of it? Not quite sure.

Maybe it has something to do with the fact that the Chinese President was visiting that week (secretly of course, but trust me to bump into the press secretary in the elevator). Maybe China has taken all of the comfortable Danish back to their country? The Chinese need to know about comfort, don't they? Two billion people crammed into that country. Maybe that's where all of the comfortable people went? It's very perplexing.

I kept looking around, almost maniacally for the old Denmark. But every time I attempted to smile at anyone, they either glared with terror or simply pretended they didn't see me. There seems to be a more obvious controlling factor in Denmark right now—so many rules. While there I saw a children's playground surrounded by wire and lots of locks. I mean, is Denmark really so unsafe? Also, why can't I get ice-cream after midnight? The secret lock police have arrived to padlock the hotel kitchen, lest anyone wants some comfort food—it's not authorised. And whatever you do, don't attempt to make a phone call whilst on a train, or look out. People must not speak on trains. I have attached a picture I took whilst on a 7-minute train journey between Orestad and Copenhagen Central. I simply could not believe it. Note: this photo has not been altered in any way.



I also made another sign that I thought I would attribute to Denmark as a parting gift. I found out that there is no word for 'please' in the Danish language. There are a million ways to say 'thank you'. The top of the list being 'thank you for going'. Friendly, huh?



So Denmark, whatever you have done with the power of your heart and the spirit within your soul in the last twelve months, I do not know. But what I can say is that it is time to wake up to what is happening under your very nose. Open up that closed door and let out the magnificence that in the space of twelve months has been almost snuffed out by the increased darkness emerging, not only in Denmark, but everywhere around the world. Set your feelings free. Get angry about what is happening to you and re-ignite the magnificent light that I know is in there somewhere.

In the collective soul, there is now some weird linkage between Australia and Denmark, considering a Tasmanian girl just married the Prince. Maybe it is a wake up call for both at the same time. Get rid of all Y-shaped shirts, silence signs, and slow serving waiters and waitresses. Open your hearts and breathe. Your country is being snuffed out by massive control, and what the hell was China doing there?

To all my Danish friends, thank you so much for showing me that Denmark has a dark side. A very dark side. I know that you are all so strong and are capable of destroying the undermining thing inside of you that is reflected in the collective Denmark.

I look forward to coming back. And I look forward to seeing that XXXL has been redeemed, and the comfort and grace that the Danish spirit embodies has returned minus the control.