

September 23 to 24, 2015

## LEAVING SFO

On September 23, Ilson picked us up shortly after 7 pm to take us to SFO and the long-awaited trip to Northern Europe. He could hardly wait to get underway and to hand us his phone to show us pictures of his new son, Tyler. Ilson and his girlfriend are both Brazilian, so I giggled at the name Tyler, who was going to be 1 month on the 27th. Born 10 days late the baby was nearly 9 pounds (I'm a 9 pound baby) but Ilson is a big guy, so I'm not surprised it was a good size boy. The pregnancy was a surprise, but he is thrilled. Not married yet, he is nearly 40, so his parents are relieved but want them to tie the knot (as, presumably do her parents). It is telling of how many trips Ilson has seen us off on that he includes us in his news--I've never talked to him about his personal life before--all of my info comes via my mother, who talks to everyone.

## VIA HEATHROW

We fly direct to London on Virgin Atlantic, leaving at 9:30 p.m. and arriving on September 24 at about 3 p.m. This is just the first leg of the SFO to CPH journey. On arrival at the gate at Heathrow there is some problem with getting the jetway in position; this will become a theme. At Heathrow we find our bags, get to Terminal 2, check our bags, and wait for our flight to Copenhagen. Mitch buys me breakfast and espresso (he knows it is required) as we have gained eight hours and had a 10 hour flight. We will move ahead an additional hour going to Copenhagen, so we will be nine hours ahead of San Francisco.



Terminal 2 at Heathrow. Waiting for a gate assignment.



The bar at our hotel on the evening of our arrival in Copenhagen.

## TO CPH

We arrive in Copenhagen after 9 p.m., so we get a cab to our hotel as we are pretty worn out. Well situated, our hotel is more than a little dated. They have upgraded us to a suite, but it feels like we are on a boat. We have a light dinner in the bar with a glass of red, then collapse into bed. The bed has individual duvets which I always think is kind of fun. The other hotel we considered, we will discover, is in the midst of the busiest subway construction on the harbor. So dated or not, we are happy with our choice.

September 24 to 27, 2015  
Copenhagen

## FRIDAY IN COPENHAGEN

The alarm rings at 9 a.m. and it feels like a good recovery from a very long day of travel. After getting dressed and determining what the weather is likely to be like, we walk up the quay to get coffee and croissant. We walk around a little, get Danish Kroner, and check out our Friday dinner spot, which I thought was Saturday's spot. We go back to the hotel (we're now two blocks away) to sort this out.



The quay from our hotel. Pretty boats and buildings.



The harbor side of our hotel. We're on the third floor.

We are on the harbor and there is a ferry outside our window but I don't know where it goes. Smaller taxi-type boats go to things across the harbor. We'll figure this out later. Mitch figures out where our lunch spot is and we set off on foot. It is flat, so walking is easy although the restaurant, **Relæ** is about 4 km (2.5 miles) away. I have purchased flats for walking on cobbled streets. The cobbles are broken by pavers, so it is easy to walk. We arrive just on time, having little idea of what to expect (just that, like all fine dining in Copenhagen, it is expensive).

## FRIDAY LUNCH IN COPENHAGEN

Lunch is a four-course meal (you could also do seven-courses) and a glass of red wine. These fixed menus always feature things we don't normally eat, in small portions. The Amuse is gilled/salted green beans dipped in a cheese foam. Mitch tries it and leaves it to me. First Course is cauliflower couscous with pickled mackerel. Second Course is pumpkin in butter sauce with local berries and hazelnuts. Third Course is duck with onion "noodles". Mitch likes Second and Third. Dessert is corn ice cream with ground frozen popcorn topping and salted caramel. We walk back through the University area and spend some time digesting and resting our feet. This ends up being the first of many 8 mile days.



Clockwise from left:  
Curly spire I love. Pavers. Urban  
Harborside Garden. Opera House  
across harbor.

## FRIDAY DINNER IN COPENHAGEN

We get dressed and walk the short distance to dinner at **Studio**. I discover I am getting hungry, which is a good thing as we will be having a seven-course dinner. Our seven courses seems more like 12 to 15, but who's counting? None of the portions are large, just three or four bites, some even less, but the appetizer course alone has five different offerings. Each appetizer is brought out by a different staff member. Although clearly rehearsed, the atmosphere here is so much more relaxed than similar restaurants that it is fun. Bread is a separate course. A pumpernickel-type flatbread and a house-created sour dough that is much like the Acme we eat at home--but wetter. We have declined sweet breads, so each of the remaining dishes are fish based. Dessert is an iced mousse-type thing. The chef who brings it out says it is based on a favorite traditional Norwegian (he is) dessert. I have counted 15 people inside the kitchen--there are also about eight people out on the floor. We are completely finished (food and wine). We are exhausted and full. Our bill comes in a manila envelope which I will use to carry my embroidery the entire trip.



The open kitchen at Studio. There is also prep area through that doorway. Service was drawing to a close.

## SATURDAY IN COPENHAGEN

Mitch determined while we were sitting with our feet up yesterday that it makes sense to buy a 24-hour museum/bus/train/ferry pass. The hotel sells them so we buy them there--the 24 hours starts running on the first use. Mitch thinks we'll use the train to get to the airport, so we need to have our 24 hours run to noon Sunday. We find a neighborhood cafe near last night's dinner spot for espresso and a croissant (best yet!), then we regroup and walk to the first museum. It is next to **Tivoli Gardens** which we walk around the periphery of in order to get past noon, but we have no interest in going in. The museum has a collection of French Impressionists that is interesting, having pieces we've not seen, including early Van Gogh and many Gauguin's (these done roughly between 1880 to 1893) that I quite like (I'm not a huge fan). The rest of the museum is either not of interest to us, or not open.

We look for another museum, but are thwarted by construction--it may be the construction is in the way or the museum may not be in the location indicated anymore. We get to take the ferry from near the National Library to the other end of the harbor (after a 25 minute wait because one doesn't come). Being on the water in a city that uses it as a transportation route is fun, but mostly you get a sense of the buildings and layout that you can't get from the street. We get to see how the locals use the water: there are small rental motor boats that seem to have bachelorette, birthday, and other celebratory groups using the trip to their destination as part of the celebration, there are tours, there are private boats of varying sizes. When we get to our stop there is a firemen/paramedic's competition going on near the dock. We find a place for lunch near the Danish Design and Textiles museum.



**Borgen!** We've been watching this **Danish TV series**, so we recognize the building.



**Kayakers. Ferry Dock.**



I must have been giddy by the time we got to this museum. Not only did I position myself in the huge chair in the lobby, but I took a photo of this sign because it said of the use of the word Fart and the translation.

It is interesting that the modern Danish design is so much a part of our vernacular now that it feels like going through an extended Design Within Reach catalog. The textiles portion is a bit of a yawn, but overall it was a good reminder of how this unique design movement is now a part of our lives.

Everything else on our list is either closed, or near to closing. We press our noses against the glass of a lighting store we spotted the day before (nothing for us), then find Acne Studio (disappointing). We get off course on our way back to the hotel, but because of our boat trip, I can see where we should be, and can see how to get there! This is quite a victory for someone who is directionally challenged.



More lovely buildings and spires.





The opera house. Built on the other side of the harbor, access is via the yellow ferry from this side of the harbor. We aren't in Copenhagen long enough to visit that side.

## SATURDAY EVENING IN COPENHAGEN

As we have some quiet time before setting out on our next dinner adventure I am constantly watching the water traffic and the people walking along the harbor. A change in the tone of the conversations drifting up reveals a growing gathering of high school students near the landing for the water taxi to **Papireon**--a food-truck / stall dining venue across the harbor. The boys are in black slacks and white shirts, the girls either in scrap-of-fabric dresses or similar black and white outfits. Eventually they start loading the water taxi; it will take two full loads, plus 20 in the third, to get them all across the harbor. I'm guessing about 100 students in all.



I leaned out of our hotel room window to get this shot. Unbelievable how many young people were smoking.

## THAI DINNER IN COPENHAGEN

Because it is Thai I don't bother getting dressed up and we set out about 45 minutes before our reservation so we can walk/subway/bus/walk to **Kiin Kiin**, arriving about 5 minutes early. We check in, realizing that this isn't going to be a Pad Thai, curry, satay, rice kind of meal.

Well known and well regarded, we apparently missed that this is another prix fix dinner. I have a lovely shawl that hides that I am a little under dressed. We are offered glasses of white wine, which I reject, and red arrives quickly. We chat with the head of the main floor dining space and are soon seated on low couches for our appetizer course. Bites, they are each unique and interesting; the intermittent chatting continues until we are escorted upstairs for the dinner portion of the meal. Mitch decides this is a meal that will require a full bottle of wine for the multiple courses ahead of us. I am game. The menu, including the appetizers is a "mash-up" of their greatest hits from the past 10 years. I take home the visual cards they have on our table (they said I could) to share with my mom.



The table cards from Kiin Kiin. I carried these the entire trip--in my carry on so they wouldn't outweigh my suitcase.

Another unbelievable dining experience. We take a cab home, leaping out as we get into our neighborhood because the cab is definitely padding his route. When we compare notes on Sunday, Mitch thinks Kiin Kiin was the superior meal, and I the Studio meal. I am glad that I got to eat both of them. Relae too--which is named 10 days later as one of San Pellegrino's top 50 restaurants in the world. For the record, Mitch and I had lunch at the number one spot a few years ago!