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*R: My first Friday night in Sweden Tack till Anita för stavnings hjälp! (hope I got it right this time)*

## **Baldakinen**

I remember it like it was yesterday, or even today. I had just arrived in Uppsala on a May Wednesday and a day later my corridor mates at the University housing in Flogsta I think couldn't resist the opportunity to mess with me a little.

They convinced me to go to a nightclub

in downtown Uppsala called Baldakinen - not far from the Gillette Hotel.

I was new in town - and my best clothes were my Calvin Klein denims - jacket and jeans and my cowboy/apache style. Los Angeles and Tuscon chic.

Well, when I arrived at the door - the big bouncer (who looking back may have been Slavic complete with mustache and bulging muscles) told me that I couldn't go in because I wasn't wearing 'slips' - not knowing a word of Swedish except for 'Smörgåsbord' I thought the guy was being really quite rude. And he didn't seem to speak much English himself. In English 'slips' means 'underkjöl' and it felt like an insult

as he kept saying it over and over without understanding him - it just didn't compute in my head- 'No slips, no come, go home and put on slips and come back' - while all the while I protested with 'why would

I want to wear slips here, that's far out and crazy man' - 'What's going on here

the Rocky Horror Picture Show'. A snow flurry started despite it being May (another great surprise for me)

and I left the door and the towering bulky doorman with the angry face and started across the street. A young couple was

crossing from the opposite direction and while the snowflakes were falling

on our heads and shoulders I said 'Excuse me can I ask you a question and they said

in English - 'Sure' I proceed to explain the situation to them and told them of my frustration and they told me that in Swedish 'slips' meant necktie and that

the guy wasn't being mean, but doing his job - it's just that they had a strict dress code that he

was required to enforce, this was a nightclub and not one of the 'Nations'. Suddenly enlightened and embarrassed I got on the bus and returned to my corridor

in Flogsta a little bit dismayed and a little bit wiser. When I came through

the door to the common room where the guys were gathering watching

How the West was Won on tv 2 (back then there were only

two tv channels) when western series were quite popular - well, they started

laughing long and out load - they knew the dress code at Baldakinen and that it wasn't a 'student' club and

had sent me on a fools errand - my baptism into Uppsala and corridor life. They then gave me a necktie and convinced me to return to Baldakinen straight away - but that's another adventure to relate for another time.

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