

RAINS JOURNAL

ISSUE FIVE





RAINS

Drip, drip, drip.

SPRING & SUMMER 2015

RAINS JOURNAL

ISSUE FIVE

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FEATURES

04 THE NEWCOMERS

—

Urbanism, minimalism and eagerness to explore are defining this season's Newcomers. In the SS15 collection, our minds have been circling around new colors and cuts and a mix where modern elements and nature meet a sense of tranquility.

12 THERE SHE BLOWS

—

Jakob, an advisor in the construction industry from London; Søren, an insurance broker from Copenhagen; and Theis, a musician from Copenhagen, joined the ship "ACTIV" as crewmembers for the first 3 weeks of an expedition. Their journey went from the North Atlantic pier in Copenhagen to Reykjavik, Iceland. Here's a short story told by the Captain about their adventure.

24 ÅMG!

—

This is the story about Copenhagen-based stylist, Maria Barfod, who went to LA to meet one of her long time idols, Eddie Chacon, and started a special project involving rainwear, palm trees and postcards.

36 THE ESCAPE

—

Christopher Millington is a 24-year-old model from Glasgow, Scotland, who has spent 2 years living on the road in the world's major cities. As a result, he recently embarked on a journey with some dear friends towards The Highlands of Scotland, to escape the manufactured world that had numbed his sense of connection to the wild.

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www.rains.dk



THE NEWCOMERS

Urbanism, minimalism and eagerness to explore are defining this season's Newcomers. In the SS15 collection, our minds have been circling around new colors and cuts and a mix where modern elements and nature meet a sense of tranquility. The Newcomers honor the surrounding environment in terms of new modern architecture, which is especially unique for Denmark given its clean cuts and minimalistic expressions. For the SS15 Newcomers, we have conceptualized the collection by dividing it into three categories.

The classic RAINS styles are categorized as Essentials. A new light grey classic color has been added to the Jacket and Curve Jacket style, enhancing a stylish but yet fresh option for some of the strongest jackets in the collection. The popular navy blue color has been added to the Curve Jacket and Mac Coat in order to fulfill the classic color options in the trench coat inspired elements of the collection.

The Apparel line is showcasing a more sport inspired universe - a new conspicuous orange and grey color combination has been added to the Anorak style, combining a classic and stylish street style with strong colors from the sports world. The classic colors navy blue and green have been added as options to the feminine and sporty A-Jacket, making a strong color availability in one of the most recognizable Apparel styles.

The Signature is a more contemporary line. Two new styles have been introduced: the Parka Coat and the Bell Jacket, both in black and light grey colors. As a new element to the rains collection, an all-over printed version of the classic Long Jacket with snake inspired graphic, is available in a black and a white version. The same print has been introduced in the classic Bag style in black. Finally, a new surface texture technique has been introduced in the Breaker style with a black, shiny surface opening a door to a new era of opportunities for rubber rainwear design.



MAC COAT
—
Color: Blue



LONG JACKET
—
Color: White dots

MAC COAT
—
Color: Blue



ANORAK
—
Color: Orange/Grey



ANORAK
—
Color: Orange/Grey



PARKA
—
Color: Grey



BREAKER
—
Color: Black Ripples

LONG JACKET
—
Color: White Spots



THERE SHE BLOWS

Jakob, an advisor in the construction industry from London; Søren, an insurance broker from Copenhagen; and Theis, a musician from Copenhagen, joined the ship "ACTIV" as crewmembers for the first 3 weeks of an expedition. Their journey went from the North Atlantic pier in Copenhagen to Reykjavik, Iceland. Here's a short story told by the Captain about their adventure.

Story: Jonas Bergsøe



POS: 63 23N - 21 39W

ACTIV is approaching Iceland. Captain and expedition leader, Jonas Bergsøe, describes the life and the adapting to the sea on the first weeks of a long journey.

ACTIV is racing strong winds ahead. At the time of the publishing of this blog post, ACTIV is in the wind. Gale. Going 8 knots for only few sails. Pos. 63 23N - 21 39W at July 1, 12:47 hour.

A FINE DAY FOR A SWIM. THERE SHE BLOWS! THE RACE.

It's been a week since our departure from the North Atlantic pier in Copenhagen. Still, it seems much longer now. We were quietly sliding along the Swedish coast at

Midsummers eve. Skagen was passed in bright sunshine with a few scattered cumuli. The numerous cargo ships anchored off "Grenen" bore a strong resemblance with sleeping giants. Chained to the seabed with rust streaks along their sides, only a slight rocking to give away the fact that they were not fixed structures. From here a course West-northwest, Denmark faded away behind us and within long, Southern Norway grew, ever so slowly, above the horizon to the North.



POS: 61 19N-09 18W

The wind changed to the Northern quarter as it gradually increased and soon ACTIV was joyfully performing a dance across the waves. All sails bellowing against the light blue sky, ship soon roaring over dark blue sea, 7-8-9 knots. Toppallant and flying jib down, still 8-9 knots, farewell Norway – this was a brief encounter. With average speeds in excess of 8 knots, Fair Isle appeared sooner than expected. Soon after, Southern Shetland appeared in a haze at starboard. At this speed, Shetlands was to be as brief an encounter, as was Norway. We are still "chasing rattles" and applying chafing gear. The permanent crew whom are in for the long run are getting to know ACTIV, seeking out understanding of the language of the vessel. An odd old language, not in the normal sense of the word. This "language" consists not of words. One has to smell, hear, see, and feel it. Once decoded, the sailor has no doubt, she (the vessel) is talking to you. Like an endless monologue

that becomes a dialogue with your interference, the trimming of a sail and applying of chafing gear amongst a thousand other things. In what seems a disorganized orchestra of sounds, the good sounds are separated from the bad and the cause of the bad sounds is addressed. Little by little the language is understood and a meaningful dialogue can take place. A good sailor is not just one whom can take a ship to/from port on a sunny Sunday. He/she must be able to undertake repairs of nearly all damages that can occur to a ship or the ship's gear. Better yet, the sailor must understand the language of the ship as this will allow, to a large extent, the avoidance of damages. In short, as the British say, "a stitch in time, saves nine".



POS 62 25N-1430W

Towards Shetlands, it has been growing ever colder, puffins are seen regularly but then there is a shift of winds to the west and then decreasing. The clouds are opening, the sun peaks through; first a little, then more and more. Soon we are sailing on a glossy sea in near flat calm conditions. We have arrived at the Faroe banks bathed in sunlight. As the wind decreased, we have taken in most sails and cranked on the engine. Now we turn it off – it is time for a break. We try our luck with a little cod fishing whilst drifting amidst the slight swells. It is the warmest day since our departure,

the cod won't bite, the glittering sea looks appealing (to most), in spite of it being rather chilly. It is time for a swim. Eight swimmers onboard, again, we let the engine push us across the seemingly endless sea. "There she blows!", and sure enough, a group of sperm-whales is sighted ahead. We follow the whales for a while, take pictures, laughs, excitement, and I am uncertain whether the swimming or the whales is the highlight of the day. Today, it is overcast, scattered showers, Southerly winds and good speed thus far.



POS 61 32N-1017W

Iceland lies ahead, a mere 200nm and we shall have cleared the SW-corner. The forecast suggests increasing winds turning slowly to the West. If the forecast holds up, we may just make it around the corner before then. The race is on. Anyone who has tried to beat against strong head winds at the entrance of the Strait of Denmark (or in other exposed waters) will need no explanation at to the reason for this race. Those onboard who has not tried such

still, has a vivid imagination (likely spurred by the colorful explanations of others) and everyone is now together in this race. We have a need for speed, trim on the sails, attention to the heading and somewhat more concentrated sailing than usual. One may not create the world in 7 days, - Alas much can come to pass. Check out more about the expeditions and the ship on www.ekspeditionen2011.dk

RAINS X RAJ MISTRY

The number 01582 is the zip code of Luton, the city of which young designer, Raj Mistry, was born. In September 2014, he launched his special collaboration with RAIN. This collaboration is a portrait of the talented and ambitious designer and the story about the elements, which has driven him towards his goals.

Story: Raj Mistry
Photography: Jam Stoker



Luton is a large town 30 miles to the North of London. Home to a wealth of cultures and religions, the town has seen several waves of immigration to the benefit of its diversity and culture. Likewise, it is one of three towns in the UK to hold a white British minority. Luton was the backdrop to my youth. Many years were spent getting to know every aspect of the town, from the obvious to the more subtle. As a teenager, I always felt like an outsider – an overweight,

Indian boy who loved to draw. I sought commonalities in the people around me, especially other young people at my age. I always paid attention to the clothes people wore, and the slight variations they worked into their looks. Although there were many different cultures in Luton, one thing that was common amongst the youth population, was the clothing they wore, and in particular, the sportswear they identified themselves with.

The importance of sportswear was massive – not only was it comfortable and functional, it also provided character and individuality to both the wearer and the wider group of youths. This scene was not only being played out in Luton, but in towns up and down the country. What tracksuit you wore, which brand allegiance you stood beside, what new trainer became the must have item – the significance of even the smallest detail was not omitted. Having this passion in common helped my feelings of difference to

others. The love of sportswear went hand in hand with sports itself, most importantly football. It was the national sport and the main pastime of children and teenagers growing up in the town and the local team provided a focal point for this passion. Luton Town F.C. and its distinctive orange, blue, black and white jersey was engrained into everyday life – the team's highs and lows lived vicariously through the youth population.



Growing older in Luton and looking forward to new opportunities when studying at university, I began to distance myself from Luton. Even though I shared the passions for sportswear and all of the social and cultural aspects this brought to me, I still felt like an outsider. Moving to Scotland to study menswear and talking to other students about their hometown, I was quick to dismiss where I was from and what my youth was like. As time

has passed, I have learnt more about myself, both through design and the life experiences I've had, and realized that the experiences Luton provided me with has been my guiding motivation. Completing my master's degree at the Royal College of Art in London, its proximity to Luton meant I was spending more time at home again, but this time, through different eyes. After all, this time, the place I was running away from turned out to be my main inspiration.



My MA collection is named 01582 (the telephone area code for the town) and is a reflection of my experiences growing up in Luton. Taking its color palette from Luton Town F.C.'s jersey and from the sportswear I was heavily influenced by growing up, it is a reflection of the journey I've been on

and a recognition of the influences upon me over the years. I wanted the garments to convey a sense of attitude and power; exactly like the qualities that sportswear gave me and others all those years ago.



Outerwear was always an important part of outfit growing up – it provided an armour for me to feel safe within and a presence that provided an aura beyond my young years. When creating my MA collection, I wanted to work with a company that truly understood the strength and durability an outerwear garment needs and how it was an integral, if not the most important part of an outfit.

My aim was to inject attitude and power flowing from the 01582 collection into the garment - teaming up with Rains provided the perfect opportunity to achieve this. Aside from the English weather and the need for a good raincoat, the quality and detail found in their outerwear, attributes I was striving to weave into every garment throughout the collection, provided the perfect canvas from which to operate and achieve the look you see here.

ÅMG!

Marts 2014 - It was just an ordinary Wednesday afternoon - The Danish stylist, Maria Barfod, passed her way by the RAINS showroom for a visit. She was just in the area and needed some products for her next editorial shoot with one of the classic Danish magazines. We sat down to have a chat over a cup of coffee and Maria started sharing some interesting news about one of her new connections. This is the story about a stylist meeting one of her all time big heroes.

Story: Maria Barfod
 Photographer: Eddie Chacon





I believe that things happen for a reason, but you have to keep your antennas out and about. Maybe that's not a reason but just an open mind. In Denmark, we tend to look down instead of looking up, smiling to the person walking by you - just because. It is a nice gesture to acknowledge the person next to you and hey, maybe it is even going to change your life? This is a little anecdote about just that. A story about a girl who met her idol, changed carrier and changed his too.

This all happened about 3 years ago. My husband and I had just arrived in Los Angeles a few days before. We were going to stay there for 6 months, trying to feel and breathe the city we both wanted to live in. We had been there many times before in small periods of time so this time was much different. We rented a flat in a duplex. It was totally empty with bright blue, yellow and red walls and an amazing porch overlooking downtown L.A.. We filled the house with old furniture borrowed from friends and other very cheap stuff. All kitchen supplies were bought at the 99-cent store - you know the kind of store that has everything you don't need for at reasonable price of 99 cent. Kind of confused, jet lagged and also pretty much on top of the world, we went by that exact store to fill up the kitchen with a lot of plastic in bright colors and things that would probably break very soon. I was squatting in front of the cook wear and this beautiful woman calls my name.

I don't really think I looked up at first. Me, I was still in a jet lagged dream-kind-of-state, but she kept standing there. I glance at her. She WAS talking to me. Very confused I asked where she knew my name from. She tells me that she had seen my picture on a Danish blog. I stand up and we start to chat. She was one of these girls you want to be best friends with right away. She asks about me, what I am doing in L.A., and she introduces me to her husband she had brought along. What I didn't know at the time, was that I would never see her alone again, because her husband was always by her side. Their love was strong and they were inseparable. He, a handsome silver fox with a distinctive smile, tells me he is in the music business, then I call my husband to introduce them to each other, because he also is in the music business.



We had a warm chat and in the end the woman hands me her card and ask if we should all have coffee. As a Dane, meeting 2 complete strangers, this is kind of weird. Not that we didn't want to, but still weird, as we in the cold North would rarely ask a stranger to go for coffee, afraid of having them thinking you were a freak of some sort. We got settled in our duplex and a few weeks after, I wrote an email to the women I couldn't get out of my head and we made plans to meet up. A coffee became soup and wine with a loooooong chat about all and nothing. The 4 of us was really enjoying each other's company.



This is such a tra la la story, I know, but this is just until, for me, the crucial moment where Eddie (read: Eddie Chacon) tells us about his music career. He was like: "So I had a big hit in the 90's. It goes, "would I lie to you baby, would I lie to you OH YEAH". I totally froze and went tomato red in my face. I had just spend hours in the company of one of the guys from Charles and Eddie without knowing it and didn't really know how NOT to be embarrassed by my reaction. I kind of shouted, "that is me and my mom's favorite song - Oh My God!!!". Luckily, Eddie is kind of used to that stupid behavior and we kept being friends. We actually developed a career together. He, busy with photography, and me with styling, and together we have been doing amazing work for magazines internationally. I started the fire in him to develop his skills and vice versa. The action in this story is not like a movie with Bruce Willis, I know, but for him and me a career-changing-little-fairy-tale and a lesson (stupid word) on how we should all look up, look people in the eyes and maybe, just maybe, this person can change your life 4 ever.

By Maria Barfod

"OUT AND ABOUT"

Our "OUT AND ABOUT" section tells stories and show pictures from launch events and parties from all over the world. We will feature backstage snaps on location shoots and share the universe, which surrounds the RAINS brand. This time we have been in Paris, launching our Pop-Up Shop. We have also visited the London based shop, Numbersix, for the launch of our collaboration with young designer, Raj Mistry.

We have been in downtown Vancouver, visiting our dealer "El Kartel" for a special in-store event, as well as celebrating a collab with Sneaker shop, Rezet Store, in downtown Copenhagen.



NUMBER SIX, LONDON

RAINS x Raj Mistry

We teamed up with recent Royal College of Art graduate and upcoming young designer Raj Mistry for a special project. The aim was to inject attitude and edge to Raj's 01582 collection - teaming up with RAINS gave the young designer a perfect opportunity to achieve this. The English weather (and thereby the need for a good rain coat) combined with the quality and detail from the RAINS brand provided the perfect canvas from which to operate. We launched this unique collaboration at one of our London based retailers, NumberSix.

Photography: Magdalena Runiewicz



EL KARTEL, VANCOUVER

RAINS Chill Event

El Kartel has been a leading street wear and lifestyle store in Canada since 2003. El Kartel recently opened a 3000 square foot gallery inspired store in the historical Chinatown of Vancouver BC. Fall has arrived and so has the RAINS AW14 collection. We decided to throw a Gallery Event at the store – transforming the location into the RAINS universe.

People were introduced to all the new styles including jackets and accessories, which we launched for AW14. Everybody enjoyed a great night, with great tunes from the DJ and cold drinks from the bar.

Photography: Pratrik Macht

POP UP SHOP, PARIS

RAINS launch party

Around mid September 2014, we proudly opened the doors to our first Pop-up shop in Paris, located in the Marais area of the city. The Marais is now one of Paris' main locations for art galleries. Following its rehabilitation, the Marais has become a fashionable district and home to many trendy restaurants, fashion houses, and gorgeous galleries. In these stylish surroundings, the store offered all styles from the RAINS collections including our limited editions. Together with our French partners from the Clothette, we invited our Parisian friends, press, partners and customers for a night of celebration.

Photography: Mathias Fennetaux



REZET STORE, COPENHAGEN

RAINS x Rezet Store

The collaboration between RAINS and Copenhagen based sneaker shop, Rezet Store, is a graphic interpretation of our visual DNA and the whole story surrounding RAINS. Rezet Store took the store favorite style Anorak and added some hidden notes to the Scandinavian weather. The graphical outcome is a visualization of the sound of raindrops falling. To top off the collaboration, the style has been treated as a true limited edition release. The Drip Anorak comes in very limited numbers with every single jacket being uniquely numbered and stamped with the mandatory collab sign: RAINS x REZET STORE. The collaboration was launched at Rezet Store in Copenhagen October 30 and on www.rains.dk.



THE ESCAPE

Christopher Millington is a 24-year-old model from Glasgow, Scotland, who has spent 2 years living on the road in the world's major cities. As a result, he recently embarked on a journey with some dear friends towards The Highlands of Scotland, to escape the manufactured world that had numbed his sense of connection to the wild.

Story: Christopher Millington

Photography: Stewart Brydon

Photography Assistants: Jawn McClenaghan, Billy Lusk



The long and winding paths on the trail to The Highlands spoke to us in ways we couldn't yet understand. Soon all would make sense. 6pm, September 20, 2014. Four of us, city dwellers, in unfamiliar surroundings. Narrow paths and cliff-edge roads brought us to our destination. Through difficulty we had found peace. The hills welcomed us with open arms as if our years of neglecting their beauty had been forgiven. The sun had

risen before us, preparing for its descent to the dark. Our tired eyes watched the Highland hills cast shadows as big as battleships, across seas of green, until they disappeared into the distance. The golden sky slowly fading and soon, all glory would be lost, it seemed.

Glen Etive (Scottish Gaelic: Gleann Èite) provided a fitting backdrop for our narrative, The Escape.





A group of travellers, less travelled than our minds had led us to believe. Our lungs clouded by the thick, city air. Our eyes dimmed, by the steel and concrete jungle that we call 'home'. This natural landscape captured our attention, every detail of every rock, every noise of the streams running down the hillsides, every detail. Amateur travellers.



With roaming hills and soaring peaks, finished with the glorious Highland skyline, the grand city heights that we had left behind, seemed minuscule in comparison.



We climbed the rocks and crossed peaceful rivers, in search of light. The sun burst through the Glens in spectacular style, golden flashes danced on our faces like fireworks on a Summer's night. In those moments, we were free, cradled in the arms of The Herdsmen of Etive. The dream of success and prosperity had been replaced by a new perspective, peace, tranquility. In Irish mythology, they say that Naoise and her love; Deirdre, fled to Glen Etive, as their escape from the conflict in

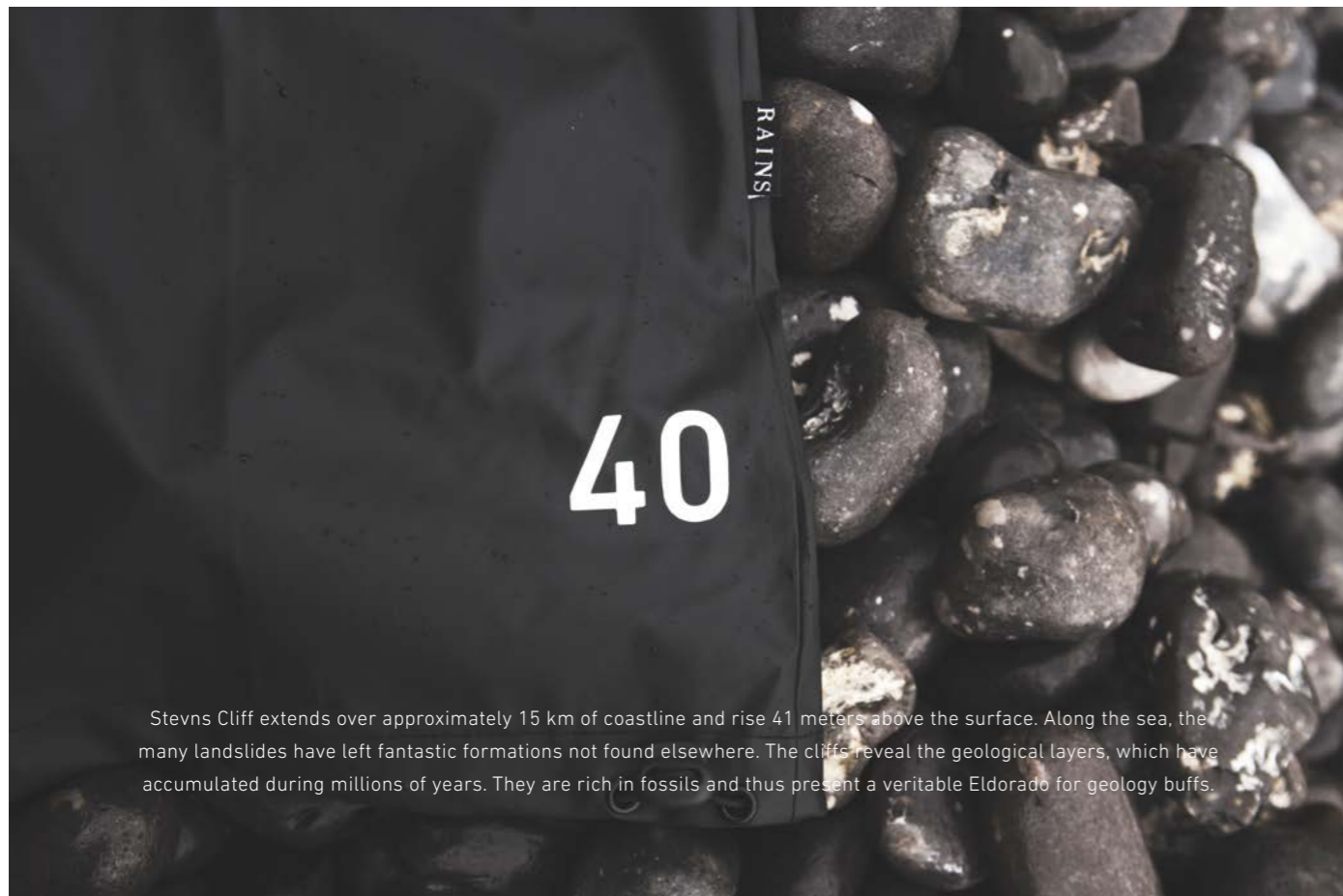
broken Ireland, to find peace. We roamed around like dwarves in a pathway built for giants. We walked until the sun fell out of the sky. Under a sea of stars, we laughed like kings. We had found peace of our own. As sure as the sun did set, the stars shone down upon us, bringing with them a new day, and a night's dream of freedom. The dream that will now, never die.

By Chris Willington

RAINS X REZET

The collaboration between RAINS and Copenhagen based sneaker shop Rezet Store is a graphic interpretation of our visual DNA and the whole story surrounding RAINS. Rezet Store took the store favorite style Anorak and added some hidden nods to the Scandinavian weather. The graphical outcome is a visualization of the sound of raindrops falling. To top off the collaboration the style has been treated as a true limited edition release. The Drip Anorak naturally comes in very limited numbers with every single jacket being uniquely numbered and stamped with the mandatory collab sign: RAINS x REZET STORE. The collaboration was launched at Rezet Store in Copenhagen October 30th and on www.rains.dk





Stevns Cliff extends over approximately 15 km of coastline and rise 41 meters above the surface. Along the sea, the many landslides have left fantastic formations not found elsewhere. The cliffs reveal the geological layers, which have accumulated during millions of years. They are rich in fossils and thus present a veritable Eldorado for geology buffs.



ICELAND, MAY 2014

Four friends from the city, striving to be self-sufficient, decided to go to Iceland where they could fish, eat and sleep in the wild. Defying the climate of Iceland, they brought a great deal of RAINS products with them, kept a diary and shot an editorial showing their getaway.

Story: Baixiang Chen

Photographer: Baixiang Chen





The idea of going to see Iceland and enjoy the beautiful scenery came to us over a cup of coffee in November last year. I've always wanted to check Iceland off my bucket-list and Thomas wanted to go back. Thomas had completed the same trip two years prior; they drove all the way around the island. We decided quickly, that the only way to truly experience the beauty was to drive as well, but also to sleep under the open sky, and if possible, try to provide some food for ourselves by fishing.



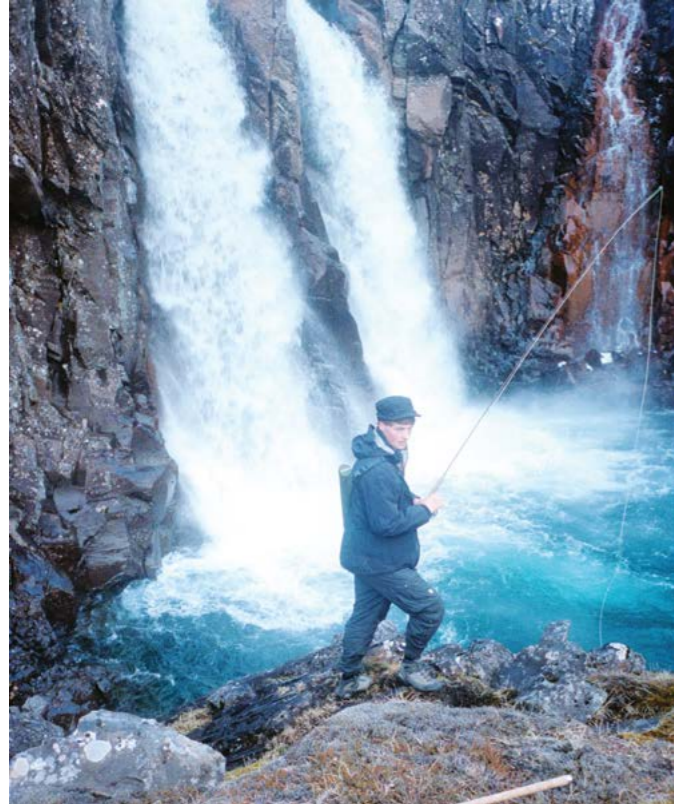
Next up, we had to assemble a team. We managed to convince two of our friends to join us. Adam, who would bring the outdoor and fishing equipment and Kenneth, who was going to drive us around, since none of us have a driver's license. We only had seven days to complete the trip, so we had to get on the road immediately after picking up our rental car. Getting around was quite easy, since there is only one main road that connects the country. We chose to start on the west side and worked our way around from there.



The first day's goal was to reach a city called Olafsvik, which is a couple of hours driving from Reykjavik. During this first day on the road, we could see a theme that would be reoccurring on the west side: the landscape is pretty much the same for the entire stretch, covered in moss as long as the eyes could see, only to be interrupted by some brownish mountains. Luckily, we did find a spot that was suited for staying the night. A moss field with a tiny lake and a cliff with waterfalls right next to it. We tried to catch some fish for dinner, however, there weren't many to catch in the lake. So we ended up starting a fire and cooking some of the food we had bought, in case we couldn't catch any fish. This should soon repeat itself for the next couple of days, as it was impossible to find any fish in the lakes or the seas. Only on the last day, we managed to catch a tiny trout.



For the remainder of the trip, spirits were high, even though we did not catch as many fish as we had hoped for, or bathed in as many hot springs as we thought we would. The landscape had started to change drastically towards Northeast. That was where the true beauty presented itself. One day we would wake up in a valley, drive a couple of hours and then see beaches, deserts and in the evening drive through mountains covered in snow. It was magical to see the constant changes in the landscapes, and the feeling of being able to stumble upon uncharted territory anytime was exciting. We made a lot of stops that were not planned, and yet those were the ones that paid the most dividends in the end. One day we found a hidden waterfall we could have for ourselves the entire day.



On one of the last days, finally on our way back to Reykjavik, we had to stop by the oldest swimming pool on Iceland, Seljavallalaug. The pool was situated a little hike from the main road, so we parked our car and walked inwards the country. After climbing some small hills and crossing a stream, we could finally see the valley where the pool was, but we were not alone. The other guys were faster than me, as I had to carry a little extra equipment, but I could see them standing by the entrance and not moving. Something wasn't right. When I finally caught up to them, I asked what was wrong, and they just pointed in the direction of the pool. I walked around the corner, so I could see the entire valley and saw that we were definitely not alone: There was a couple having sex in the swimming pool. We laughed it off and walked down to the pool and jumped in. Had it been any one of us with our girlfriends, we would probably have done the same.



The last stop before heading home was Bæjarins Beztu Pylsur, the best-known hotdog stand in the country. And, as a picture with Bill Clinton stuffing his face on the wall would indicate, probably also a world-famous hotdog stand. We had to see what the hype was about. With four hotdogs with godly brown sauce and soft buns in our stomachs, we headed home and were already planning our next trip.

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—
Defying Danish Weather Since 2012





RAINS

Drip, drip, drip.

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