

**WHEN  
SANTA CLAUS  
CAME TO TOWN  
with Solvognen**



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with thanks to the authors and all involved

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One day a letter came for all of the Santa Clauses up at the North Pole.



The letter made all the Santas very happy, and one of them flew off in his helicopter straight away, to say thank you for the invitation. He took a Christmas angel with him for company, and the two of them landed in a field outside the city. They borrowed a horse from a friendly farmer for the last part of the journey, and off they went.

They went all the way to Christiania, and when the people there heard that all the Santa Clauses were sailing on a big ship from the North Pole to visit them, they immediately set about making them a place to stay. And they got out their biggest cooking pots, because everybody knows that Santa Clauses eat a lot of Christmas pudding.

And they rejoiced as they waited for all the Santas to arrive.







It was just a week before Christmas when the ship arrived, carrying all the visitors from the North Pole. And out of the ship came ten Christmas angels, and then two geese and a big dappled silver horse with long eyelashes, and then a pig, and a sheep, and a brown horse, and then at last came the Santa Clauses themselves.

First the small ones, then the middle-sized ones, and then the big ones, and finally the really big, giant Santa Clauses. There were a hundred of them. And right behind them came an enormous Christmas goose.

Once they had got safely onto dry land, and said "Good day!" and "Merry Christmas!", they all went off into the city in a long procession. They brought along a cart with a cooking stove on it, where they made hot chocolate for anyone who needed something warm to drink. And all the Santas carried sacks full of delicious sweets.

The Santas Clauses arrived at Christiania just as it was getting dark, and they found the people waiting for them with a big pot full of Christmas pudding, and mmm, it was delicious. And afterwards they went straight to bed, for they were very tired after sailing all the way to Denmark, not to mention the long parade through the city.







The next morning the Santa Clauses got up bright and early and went out into the streets. One of them even put on his roller skates, and on his way into the city he passed a sidestreet where he saw some children playing. So the Santa skated right up to them, and gave them quite a surprise!

"What do you want for Christmas?" asked the Santa, because this is the question Santas always like to ask. "We want a good place to build dens," said the children, "and a place where we can keep our pet rabbits, and chickens, and play ball."

"I'll remember what you asked for," said the Santa Claus, and then he skated off into the city. "It is just terrible how many cars there are here, it would be good if the children could get a proper place to play," he thought. And off he skated back to Christiania.



Some of the other Santas took a bus and went into town. The people on the bus were very surprised to see them, but soon they all fell to talking, and telling each other stories, and they had such a good time all together that even the bus driver nearly took the wrong turning. And then suddenly they were at the last stop, so they all got off.

The Santas looked around. All around them they saw nothing but tall buildings. Then they saw a big shop with many people coming and going. "Let's look inside," they said.



Inside the shop were long rows of high shelves. People were walking up and down with baskets and trolleys and taking goods off the shelves. Then along came a man with an empty basket. "Listen, why don't you buy something?" the Santas asked him.

"Well, I don't have much money, and I can't decide what to buy. I need all kinds of things, but I really can't afford them all, because I've lost my job."

"Don't be so gloomy," a woman said, "It's Christmas, everyone should be happy."

"Yes, but how can I be happy, when I have so many worries? If I don't pay the rent soon, I'll surely get evicted. And where will I go then, with my kids?"

"May we come and see how you live?" asked the Santas. "Yes, if you like," said the man, and so they went back to his house and met his children. They all had a cup of coffee and talked together.

"I don't think we need to ask what you want for Christmas," said the Santas as they left. And all the way home they talked about what they could do for all of those people like their new friend, all of those who had lost their jobs and had no money.







Some of the other Santas were good at singing and playing musical instruments, and they decided to go to the old folks' homes, so they could find out what the old people wanted for Christmas, and sing them some songs at the same time.

It was hard to find out where the old people lived, and then, when they saw what the old folks' home looked like, at first they thought they had come to the wrong place. But soon they found the common living room where all the old people were, and they sang all the old Christmas songs for them. And afterwards they went around the room talking to everyone.

"What do you want for Christmas?" asked the Santa Clauses, because this is the question Santas always like to ask. "Well," said one old man, "We don't need much, living here, we just find it hard to pass the time." "Not quite," said an old woman, "The best thing we could wish for, would be to live a little nearer to the young people and the children, where we could sit and watch the children play, and there was not so much traffic going by all the time." "Yes, we don't dare go out anymore," added another woman, nodding her fine white curls.

"Well, well!" said the Santas, before they had to hurry out to the bus that would take them home.



As you can imagine, the Santas had a lot to talk about that evening, about what the children, the grown-ups and the old folks should get as presents, for now it was only a short time till Christmas. They were so excited that they all talked non-stop about what they had discovered.

But then suddenly one wise old Santa jumped up on the table with a newspaper in his hand and cried "Look here!" And all the Santas read:

## **FACTORIES CLOSING**

### **Unemployment affecting more and more people**

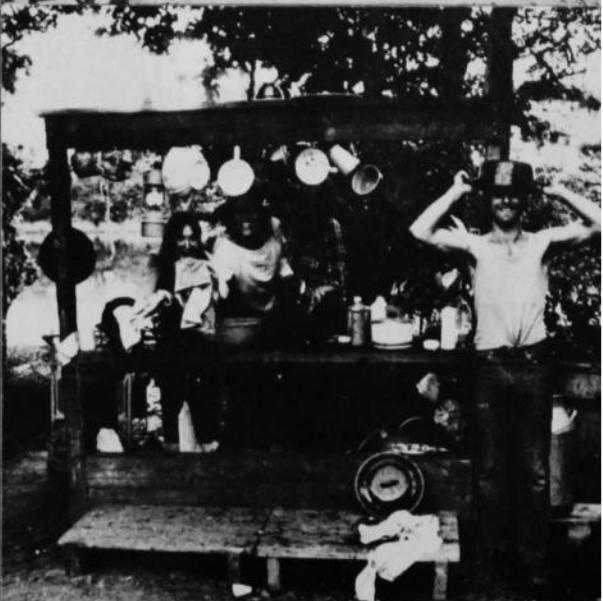
"We can open the factories again and start to make new and good things. Then the unemployed people can find work and they can afford to buy Christmas presents," he said.

"I've got an idea," said one of the others. "We could get some money from the bank and build lots of new houses that will be cheap to live in. And we'll let people decide themselves what the houses look like, so they will all be different. And around all the houses there will be gardens, and maybe there could be a wood nearby, and a good hill for sledging down at Christmas."



The Santas thought that this was the best present they had ever come up with, and they went to bed happy and satisfied. Some even dreamed about the big factories opening again, and how hardworking people could make good new things for themselves and others, instead of being unemployed.

And others dreamed of beautiful gardens, where the old people went and watered the flowers, while the children built dens and playhouses in the summer – and maybe there was a henhouse too, and a rollerskating rink, in fact there was no limit to the things they dreamed of.



The next morning all the hundred Santas got on board a great big bus, because they had seen that a big factory nearby was being shut down.

When the Santas got to the factory, they were stopped by a tall fence, but luckily they had a ladder with them, so they climbed over the fence and went inside. Inside, it was empty and desolate, with nobody around, so they went looking for the factory workers.

They found them up in the canteen, where they were having a leaving party. It wasn't much of a party, though, and the workers were very unhappy, because now they were going to be unemployed. And they told the Santas the whole story:

It's like this. The manager thinks that the workers get paid too much, and he thinks that the people who own the factory don't earn enough. They want the workers to earn less, so they can have more for themselves. But the workers wouldn't go along with that, so the owners closed the factory and moved it to Iran, because there the workers don't get paid so much. So now the workers have to stay in their old factory and dismantle the machines, to pack them up and send them to Iran.

"Don't be sad," said the Santas, "because we're going to open the factory again. We can start by cleaning up, and then we can talk about what kind of things we're going to make."

The workers thought this was a very good idea, and the Santas all began to sweep and wash and polish.







"What's going on here?" The manager had arrived. "What do you think you're doing, coming in here! Get out!"

"Now, now," said one of the Santas, "How can you throw all the workers out just because you aren't earning enough money?"

"This doesn't concern you, Mr. Santa Claus. This is undemocratic, I'll have you know." The manager was so nervous he was shaking. "It isn't you who makes the decisions around here, it's me."

"Well, if you're moving anyway, why can't we be allowed to use the buildings here?"

"They are already sold – so get out!"

Then more of the factory management arrived, and one of them began to spray water over the Santas with a fire hose, to get them out. "Wait, stop!" said the manager, "you might get water in the machines and ruin them."

And so the manager had to put up with the Santas all day. When they had finished cleaning, the workers and the Santas went up to the canteen to celebrate, and to talk about what the new factory should make.

But while they were sat up there, the manager called the police. And at four o'clock, after the workers had gone home, the police came and threw the Santas out of the factory, and told them not to plan on coming back.







The workers, the manager, the police, the factory ...  
– all the many different things that had happened the day before whirled around in the Santas' heads. It wasn't what they had expected. Who would have thought that such a sensible Christmas suggestion would make the manager so furious? The Santas realised that the workers and the manager had a big disagreement, and they wondered if the manager was going to Iran as well? And the police – to think that they threw the workers and the Santas out when they were planning to make good things for everyone at Christmas!

But the Santa Clauses hadn't given up hope. Today they were going to the bank to get money to build houses. They knew there was plenty of land around where people could build good houses. And they knew that the bank had lots of money, so now they were going to ask for some of it.

Three Santas went to the bank with a fine letter they had written, asking if they could have fifty million crowns to build houses.



VI KRÆVER HOSPITAL  
TIL FOLKETS BEHOV

At the same time another group of Santas went out to a big garage, where they borrowed a very big crane, a tractor, a pneumatic drill and lots of pickaxes and spades, shovels and brooms – everything you could need to start building good new houses. And together with their giant Christmas Goose they paraded through the city streets to the bank.

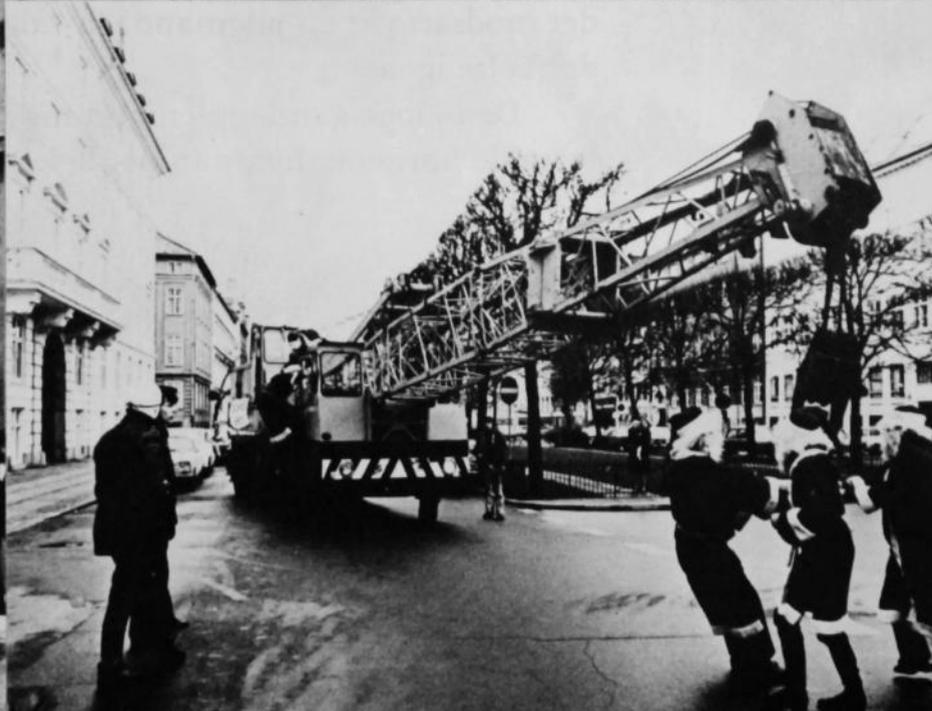
Inside the bank, the three Santas delivered their letter. When the bank manager read it, he started to laugh. But when he saw that the Santas were serious, he became furious, and shouted that the Santas had no business coming into the bank, and that they should leave right away. Then he tore the letter into little pieces, and threw it in the wastepaper basket.

The Santas looked at each other, and then one of them said to the bank manager:

"Don't you know that people need good new houses?"

"That doesn't concern me in the least," he screamed, turning red in the face, "My house is big and beautiful, and I'm not giving any money to Santa Claus. Poor people have to live in poor houses. And if you don't leave immediately, I will call the police!"

And then he slammed the door, and swallowed the key.



The rest of the Santas were gathered out in the street, ready to start building good new houses, and when they heard what had happened, they were very disappointed. They decided to go home and talk it over one more time, hoping to understand why something went wrong every time they tried to give people really good Christmas presents.

"It's as though the people who own the factories and the banks decide everything," said one Santa. "Yes, and they only think about making money," said another. "These people who own the factories and the banks are the opposite of a Santa Claus. Because they never give anyone anything unless they can get it back twice over."

Then the wise old Santa joined in and said: "We must go out and tell the children about the way things are." And soon they were all agreed.

# HANDELSBANKEN

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CHINESE



The next day the Santas got on their bus and drove to a big school. You can't imagine how surprised the children were. Not to mention how surprised the teachers were.

The Santas hurried in through the front door and up the stairs, and a moment later there was a Santa in every class in the whole school. And of course the children were very excited. They sat and worked diligently, but they were all looking forward to Christmas. Then the Santas pulled out musical instruments, and in every single class they started singing Christmas carols, and out of their sacks came big bags of apples for the children.

Then one of the Santas said: "Now I am going to tell you a story, and it is a story that you might learn something from, because it is about reality, as all good stories are."

And all the children listened eagerly, and the teachers listened, and yes, even the school inspector listened. And so the Santa began to tell of how there are people who are unemployed, people who are not allowed to work, and how there are also other people who own factories and banks, and who decide things.



And just as the Santa said these words, the school inspector got up and said "Yes, thank you, that's quite enough, we won't have that kind of talk here." He was all red in the face.

"Well," said the Santa, "the children want to hear it, I'm sure," and so he carried on with his story. And all the children listened closely, for they were well aware that the Santa had something important to tell them.

"Stop" cried the school inspector, "that is forbidden here." And he ran into his office.

The Santa opened his sack and got out a book for the children. "Now you can read the rest of the story yourself," he said, as he gave it to them. And then the Santas went back out to their bus, for they wanted to visit all the schools in the city that day.

But when the Santas' bus set off, a police car followed them, and it was only with difficulty that the Santas slipped past the police and into the next school. But when they got to the third school, the police were already in front of the gate to the schoolyard, and so the Santas had to wave goodbye to the children and drive back home.



lukk at lese **HISTORIE**-bogen fra Demos

Now there was only one day left before Christmas, and the Santas had not got any presents yet – what were they to do?

Just then, they had a bright idea: they decided to go into the shops and give the things on the shelves back to the workers. There was no time to waste. And this time they weren't going to let anybody stop them, so they decided to make themselves invisible.

All the Santa Clauses began to make themselves invisible, and they became more and more invisible as they walked towards the city. And once they got right into town, they were all completely invisible, and nobody could see them at all.

People stood and stared at the shelves in the shops, all loaded with great gifts. But almost everybody was worried they didn't have enough money to buy anything, and had to save what little they had, and the unemployed people certainly had no money at all for Christmas presents.

The invisible Santas went straight into the middle of the biggest department store. It was swarming with people gazing at all the fine things, since it was the day before Christmas Eve.

Then suddenly, when all one hundred Santas had got to the middle of the store, they stopped being invisible, and nobody could understand where they had all come from.



"Merry Christmas!" cried the Santas, and began to take goods down from the shelves and give them to people. "Now you can get back a little bit of what you worked in the factories to produce!"

It certainly looked like a lot of fun, and the shop assistants laughed and didn't know what to do, because of course there was no more need for them to take money at the till. And then they found some Christmas presents, too, and enjoyed themselves more than they had for a long, long time.

And what a throng it was, everybody pushing and shoving and wanting Christmas presents to take home. And they were all so happy that some cheerful people even started to sing Christmas carols in the middle of the store.

"This is thievery!" cried a supervisor, who came running in just then and began to tear presents from people's hands.

"Surely not," said the Santas, "we are just giving things back to the people who made them."

And people accepted the presents as fast as the Santas could pull them off the shelves. Never before had there been such good Christmas spirit in a big department store.







Suddenly a siren sounded, and a crowd of police officers stormed in. They pounded and pushed their way through, because now they had to arrest the Santas. Of course, when the children saw that Santa Claus was being dragged away, some of them began to cry. All of that good Christmas cheer was gone. And the Santas were dragged out of the store and thrown into big police vans that had been waiting for them.

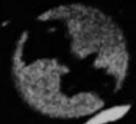
A lot of people had gathered outside, and the whole street was full. Some of them tried to set the Santas free, while others stood in front of the police vans so they couldn't drive, and the rest sang out one Christmas song after another. Only once they unleashed their police dogs could the the police drive the Santas to the police station.



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TRAFFIC SIGN







There they were all arrested together and locked up in tiny cells. And there they sat for the rest of the day, until after a long while they were brought up into a courtroom, where a judge sat behind a high desk.

The judge heard the policemen's explanation, and thought long and hard about it while he leafed through a big book of laws. He looked more and more worried. Finally, he announced his decision: "If the Santas did not take anything for themselves, then it cannot be called stealing. And though I searched through the whole book again, I have not found any place where it states that it is forbidden to sing at Christmas."

And so the police were forced to release all the hundred Santas, and tired but happy they marched all the way back to Christiania.



Now it was Christmas Eve.

"Christmas is strange," said a little tiny Santa who was with them for the first time. "It has never been so hard to be a Santa before," sighed one of the older Santas.

"Yes, we have had to contend with so many policemen, inspectors, supervisors and managers. There is something wrong down here, and it doesn't help much that we can only come at Christmas time."

"But... do you think we should come in the middle of summer, then?" exclaimed the little tiny Santa. "No, I don't think so. Because the workers and the children, the shop assistants and the farmers, the unemployed and the old people, have all helped us. And *they* are the ones who will change everything, so there is nobody making decisions for them or ordering them around, and they can all get their wishes fulfilled," said the wise old Santa, "and *that* is really the best Christmas present."

And so the Santas painted the city with the finest white Christmas snow that anyone had seen for a long, long time, and afterwards they all went home together and had a really beautiful Christmas Day.







