

# SUM

STUDENT UNION MAGAZINE



#109



# Någon att prata med?

Universitetskyrkan finns till för dig. Med oss kan du prata om vad som helst. Du är välkommen oavsett vad eller om du tror, vem du älskar eller identifierar dig som.

Vi vet att studietiden kan vara en kamp av många skäl. Många gånger behöver vi någon att anförtro oss åt och att tala med. Vi i universitetskyrkan har många års erfarenhet av samtal med människor i olika skeden av livet. Vi har absolut tystnadsplikt och för inga journalanteckningar.

Tveka inte att höra av dig till oss!

**Sofia Tunebro**  
präst i Svenska kyrkan

**Håkan Nilsson**  
pastor i Equmeniakyrkan

## Kontakt:

**email:** [universitetskyrkan@mau.se](mailto:universitetskyrkan@mau.se)  
eller [fornamn.efternamn@mau.se](mailto:fornamn.efternamn@mau.se)

**instagram:** [universitetskyrkanmalmo](https://www.instagram.com/universitetskyrkanmalmo)

**facebook:** [UniversitetskyrkanMalmo](https://www.facebook.com/UniversitetskyrkanMalmo)

**hemsida:** [universitetskyrkanmalmo.se](https://www.universitetskyrkanmalmo.se)



# SUM magazine

## Issue #109

### High Hopes

### Fall 2022



Cover by Lia Popaz

Student magazine SUM is distributed by the Student Union of Malmö and reaches all students at Malmö University. Opinions that appear in the magazine are the students own and not necessarily SUM's. SUM has to some extent modify pictures and texts, but no responsibility is taken for submitted material. SUM is printed on Nordic Swan Ecolabelled paper.

Get in touch with us at SUM: [sum@malmostudenter.se](mailto:sum@malmostudenter.se)  
Print: Elvins Grafiska AB - tel: 042-159900 / [www.elvinsgrafiska.se](http://www.elvinsgrafiska.se)

Editors in Chief: Wiktoria Grzybowska, Beatrice Toreborg

Layout editors: Hanna Wallström, Jonathan Gartmark

Contributors in #109: Kristina Gustavsson, Georgina Laskari, Erika Balint, Charline Wolf, Julie Inksmith, Jana Raschdorf, Amy Brennan, Pernilla Nadie, Kim Svedberg, Alva Bexell, Laia Sepúlveda, Lia Popaz, Natalie Karmiri, E. Elmi, Finnick Wächtler, Marrisa Tuangthong, Kitty Cheung, Yulu Zhang, Gina Dimovska, Alessandra Sandoni

# Editor's foreword

As I looked around me the past few months, I saw the hopelessness growing more and more tangible.

Hopelessness for our planet, that gets hotter every minute. Hopelessness for Europe, tainted by war and going through a resurgence of far-right politics employing the same discourses and tactics we remember from history lessons.

Hopelessness for ourselves, as we face the possibility of having to give up the comforts and luxuries to which we grew accustomed. But it seems there's one thing we could never feel, and that's hopelessness for the future. The world might be burning around us, but we go on imagining a future in which our children are safe and happy, and their world is kinder than ours. That is so much more than a glimmer of hope. That is hope bright and stark.

So this issue, we come to you with bittersweet advice: embrace your High Hopes.

## Content

**04** Artist Statement  
Lia Popaz

**05** High Hopes  
Beatrice Toreborg

**07** 36 Months  
Erika Balint

**08** A New Home  
Georgina Laskari

**10** Nuclear fusion; possibly a solution to our dystopian fears?  
Kim Svedberg

**12** Abortion right's a human right  
Hanna Wallström

**14** How do Brands still Get Away with Animal Testing  
Laia Sepúlveda

**16** Creative Writing

**19** Infinite  
Pernilla Nadie

**27** !Road under construction!  
Amy Brennan

**28** Let it rain  
Anonymous

**31** Because in the future there  
will still be postcards  
Alva Bexell

**32** Crossword

**33** WordSearch

**34** Asien Trading  
Kitty Cheung

**36** Seven  
Charline Wolf

**38** Starting a business is the yellow  
brick road to a hustler's lifestyle,  
but is that the reality?  
Julie Inksmith

**43** Cold Revelations  
A. Elmi

**47** Mau Radio  
Amy Brennan

**48** Kårens Sidor

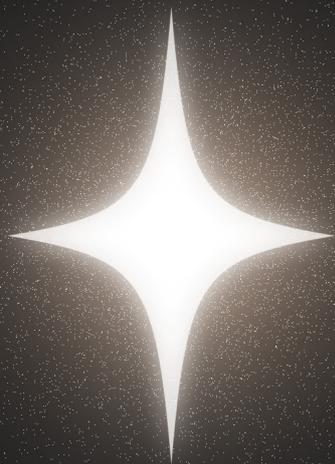
# Artist statement

Text & Illustration: Lia Popaz  
IG: @lippo.ai @liapopaz

Permaculture is one of the concepts that resonates with me immensely. On Earth we are many: different creatures, flora, fauna, fungi, we all coexist and we can do so in harmony, so that everyone has room for development, growth and a bit of sun to thrive.

The concept of this illustration is a call to action, to preserve, to include, to listen to, to raise questions in various contexts such as climate change, social change, balance between all on the planet that we happen to inhabit and call our home. Humans are wonderful beings, but if they learn more from their fellow planetmates they will become more just, balanced, thriving, happy and hopeful. Despite the awful things happening in the world today it is important to stand for the future that has a right to be. Hope is a compass that guides and navigates us through thick and thin and it is up to us to follow it.

HIGH



HOPES



**High Hopes**

Illustration: Beatrice Toreborg  
IG: @OsillySchool

# 36 months

Text: Erika Balint  
Instagram: @literarychops



At 27, I returned to university and enrolled in my dream education.. What began as a hero's journey ended in a bitter lake of black coffee three years later.

The other day, Facebook reminded me that I started university three years ago. I had documented the occasion in the university library. I placed my copy of Jane Eyre next to a banana for scale (like the millennial I am) and I took a picture.

Despite my best intentions to be conscientious, I never read that book, which somehow didn't stop me from getting an A on my exam. Win, eh? Not quite. The confirmation that I still catch on fast was the last thing I needed. Catching on fast is the enemy of hard work. In my heart of hearts, I already knew then that Malmö University was not going to be the place where I finally learn how to be disciplined. Quite the opposite. I tried to see just how little I can do before anyone notices – not my finest quality, but it has given me some excellent adrenaline spikes along the way.

Three years later, I am terrified that this academic extreme sport might have completely depleted my adrenaline stash. My thesis deadline was extended twice, and I still cannot find an ounce of care for finishing the damn thing. There is no adrenaline in sight. Tumbleweed rolls through my veins in its place. Meh.

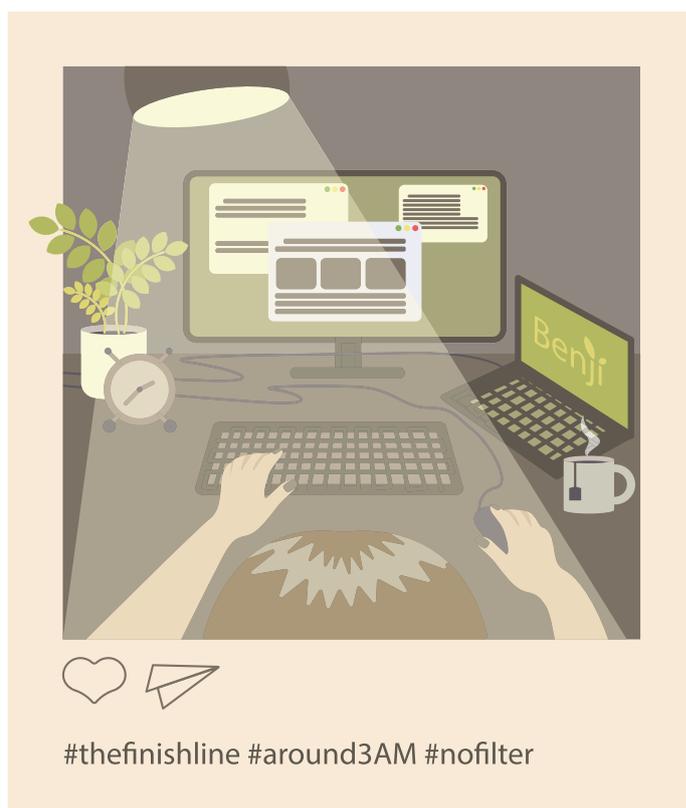
And now it's 2:36. The mechanical clock is ticking behind me on the kitchen counter. My spine is locked into a block of tension. My husband is asleep in my office, which is also our bedroom. The Youtuber benjiplant is introducing his IKEA greenhouse cabinet to me for the third time today. I use his soft voice as background noise, so I don't have to focus on my thoughts about my own thoughts. I have just emailed my examiner that I will be handing in my thesis in the morning, three days later than the latest official deadline, but still within the 'few extra days' she offered me if needed.

"Not quite yet" is the sentence from my thesis feedback sheet that stings the most. It refers to the fact that I am not ready to work autonomously in the main field of my study. Not yet.

As I read the feedback, I am sitting on the bank of a lake I discovered during the pandemic.

I often think about how my mom would react to such a beautiful landscape. She would probably point at everything and exclaim a lot and thank God. But she is afraid of flying and has only left Romania once to go across the border to Hungary with my dad. They are both carpenters and they met at the furniture factory in our small hometown in Transylvania.

After having my brother and I, my mom became a stay-at-home mom. It wasn't for the lack of trying to keep her job. For a while after having us, she would take the early morning shift and my dad would take the afternoon shift at the furniture factory. Between their shifts, we would be home alone for what felt like an eternity (but was probably



half an hour). I still have vague memories of pulling my brother away from drawers and sockets. I couldn't have been more than 3.

A few months into this scheduling nightmare, my parents' boss decided to make them an offer they did not refuse: my mother could stop working and become a stay-at-home-mom and my father would work double and receive double salary in return.

As my father grew more absent, my mother grew more dependent on him. She never made her own money, never fulfilled any of her dreams.

Sitting on this bench by the lake, I try to remember the fire in my belly. The promise I made myself when I moved to Denmark at 20 that I would never depend on a man. The stubbornness and hard work I put in to always keep my independence, even when it meant scrubbing toilets. Thinking of my mother's life puts everything into perspective. I want to do better for myself. And I hope to share my lake with her one day.

Sometimes, hope is not what you are working towards, but what you are working away from.



# A New Home

Text & photo: Georgina Laskari - Instagram @la\_georgina\_ph



I left my home for a different land.  
Living a piece of me, behind.

How long till I come back, I do not know  
I must work hard and go to the unknown.

I said goodbye to the people I love  
And now I try to rise above.

What will I see, what will I learn?  
In this foreign land that I call new home.

I am new and I am free.  
To explore a strange part of me.

Through challenges and happy times  
I can see between the lines.

New faces and places, all together  
I could stay here, forever...



# Nuclear fusion; A solution to our dystopian fears?

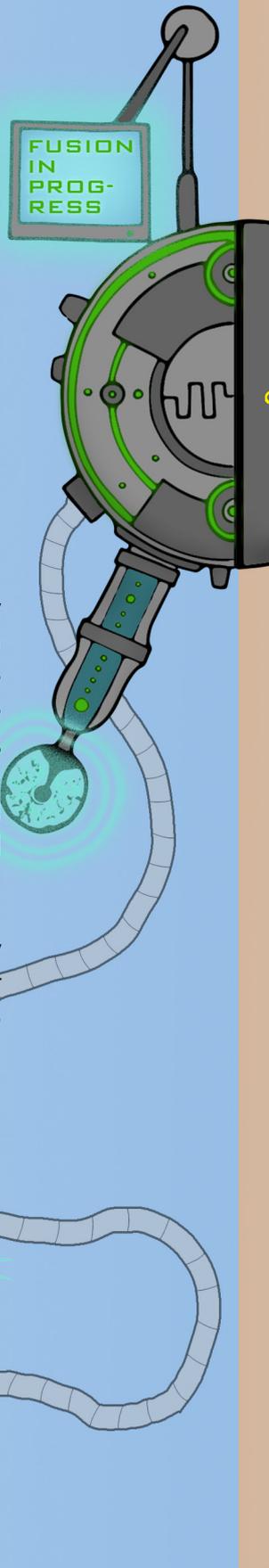
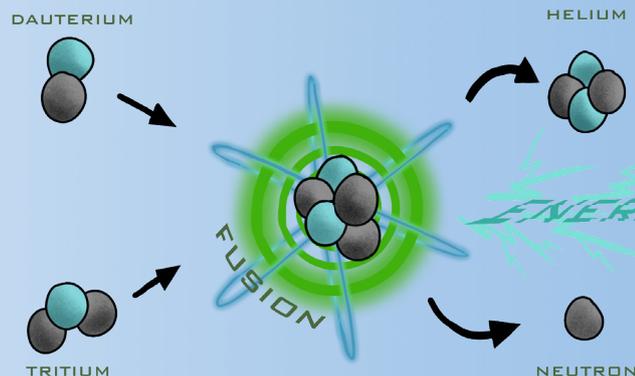
Text: Kim Svedberg IG @trollbunden  
Illustration: Jonathan Gartmark

It has been impossible to escape the constant flow of news discussing the climate crisis. Sweden especially has been praised for being exceptional in meeting the Sustainability and Development goals (Sustainable development report 2022).

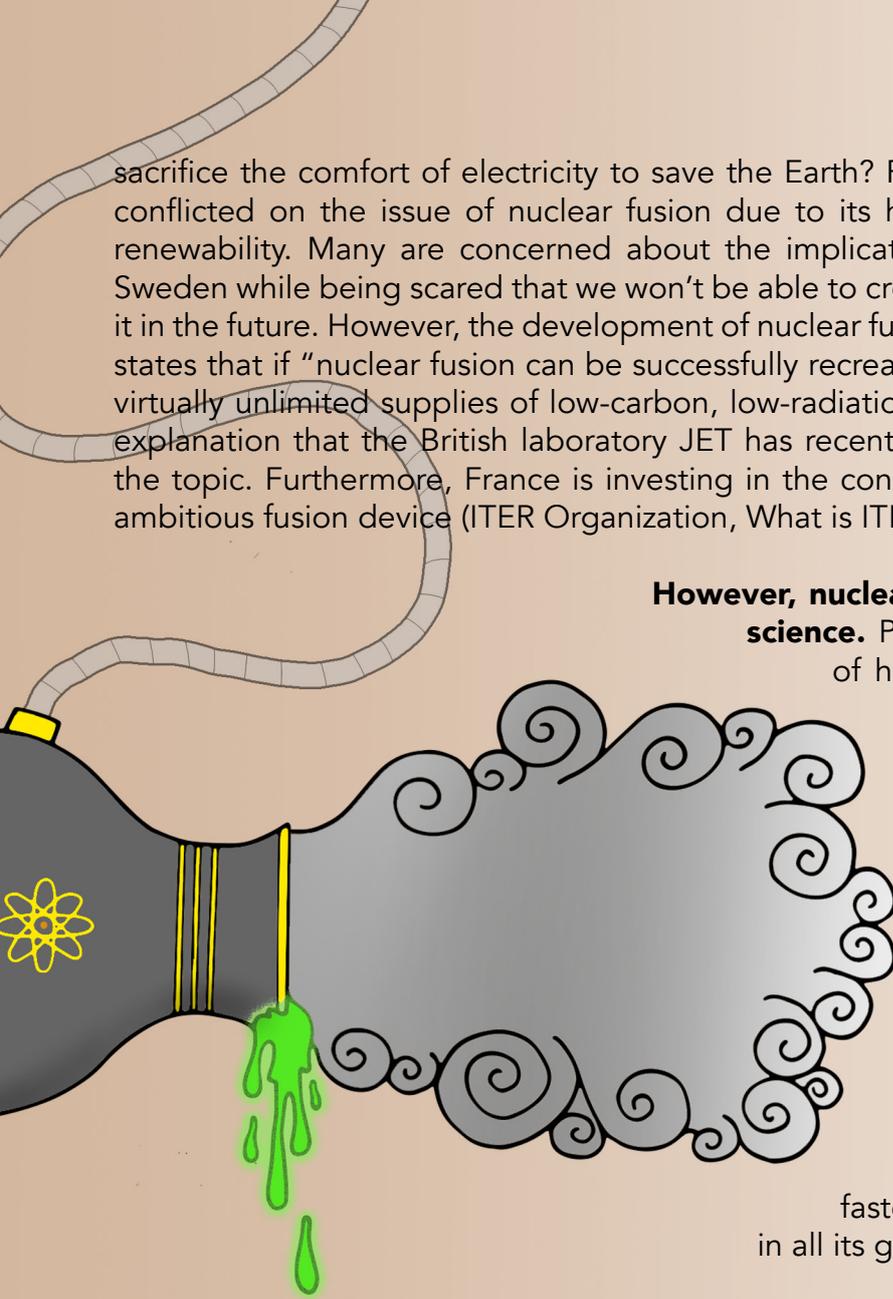
Even our own Malmö has become somewhat of a hotspot for environmentalists by giving home to non-governmental organizations such as Extinction Rebellion. While it's clear that the world is far from reaching the United Nations' requirements today, it should be noted that nuclear fusion could give you some high hopes for the future of our planet.

**Nuclear fusion reactions power every star in the sky.** They do so through reactions between lighter nuclei which form a heavier nucleus. "The process releases energy because the total mass of the resulting single nucleus is less than the mass of the two original nuclei. The leftover mass becomes energy" (Lanctot). Without getting into the nitty gritty science of it, scientists mostly use the elements deuterium and tritium to form this type of power. It is still being developed but would, if successful, produce no greenhouse gasses!

**Electricity could be generated sustainably and effectively with nuclear fusion.** As our houses are getting colder and our food more expensive, we pose the question; will we need to



sacrifice the comfort of electricity to save the Earth? Politicians in Sweden are understandably conflicted on the issue of nuclear fusion due to its high start-up cost, toxic waste and non-renewability. Many are concerned about the implications of building more nuclear plants in Sweden while being scared that we won't be able to create sufficient amounts of energy without it in the future. However, the development of nuclear fusion could be revolutionary. A BBC article states that if "nuclear fusion can be successfully recreated on Earth it holds out the potential of virtually unlimited supplies of low-carbon, low-radiation energy" (Amos, 2022), followed by an explanation that the British laboratory JET has recently had a breakthrough in its research on the topic. Furthermore, France is investing in the construction of the world's largest and most ambitious fusion device (ITER Organization, What is ITER? 2022).



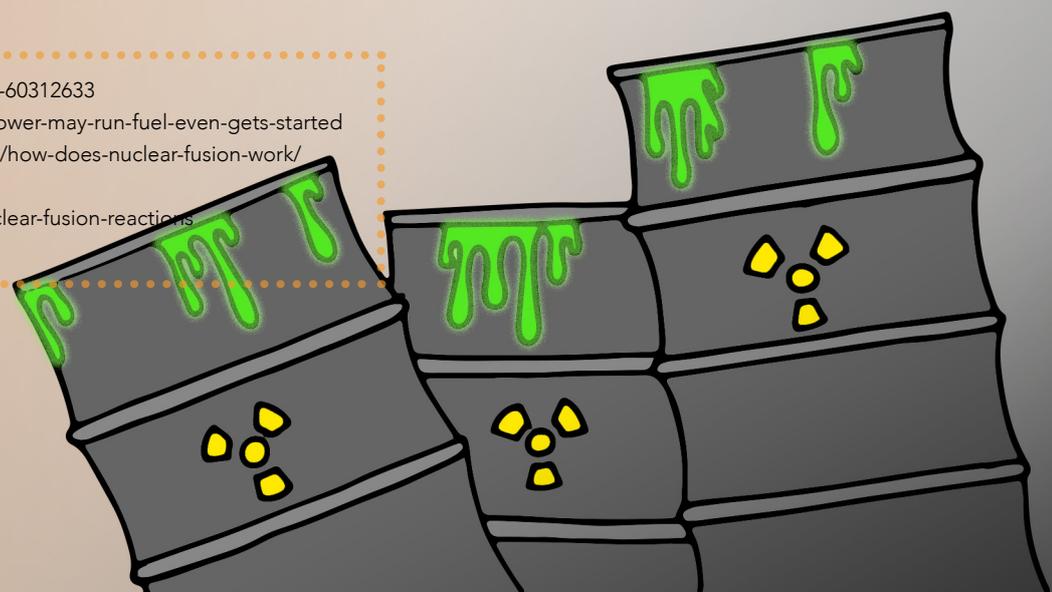
**However, nuclear fusion is but a baby in the world of science.**

Putting the responsibility of supplying all of humanity with electricity on its shoulders is, in its current state, not feasible. Many mountains still need to be climbed; the French device (called ITER) is estimated to "consume most of the world's tritium, leaving little for reactors that come after" (Clery, 2022), which implies that the issue of tritium scarcity will be a whole problem of its own. Thus, we need to keep reducing our current burning of fossil fuels while we wait for fusion advancement – but the good news is that it's advancing faster and faster, meaning that we may see it in all its glory sooner than one could think.

**In conclusion, it is a work in progress but has great potential.** It's easy to feel despair with the way our world is looking at the moment but the most important thing is to continue doing the best we can, both on an individual plane and by putting pressure on political stakeholders, while scientists continually showcase humanity's incredible creativity and problem solving abilities. As Einstein put it; "Learn from yesterday, live for today, hope for tomorrow. The important thing is not to stop questioning." It is very possible that you, our brilliant university students, will contribute to the development of nuclear fusion or with even better solutions. As cliché as it may sound, we must have hope that it's not too late to change things for the better.

**Sources**

- www.bbc.com/news/science-environment-60312633
- www.science.org/content/article/fusion-power-may-run-fuel-even-gets-started
- www.sciencefocus.com/future-technology/how-does-nuclear-fusion-work/
- www.iter.org/proj/inafewlines
- www.energy.gov/science/doe-explainsnuclear-fusion-reactions
- dashboards.sdginde.org/rankings



# Abortion right is a human right

Text: Hanna Wallström  
Instagram: @lowallstrom

Abortion is a part of human rights, according to WHO and Amnesty, for all people that have the ability to become pregnant, and who in turn want, or need, to terminate a pregnancy. There shouldn't be a debate about whether a person should be allowed to undergo an abortion. It is a violation of their bodily autonomy, and privacy, to force someone to carry an unwanted pregnancy. It should be the norm for pregnant people to exercise their right to choose over their own bodies, even when it comes to pregnancies.

Unfortunately, not everyone shares the same sentiment. Many people around the world feel that abortion is wrong, even sinful, and should be banned all over. For example, in the United States, women's abortion rights are being prodded and voted against. Roe vs. Wade and its upheaval in 2022 is a fine example of political powers, composed mostly of middle-aged men, changing or even banning the availability of abortion in different states.

Additionally, even Sweden has been discussing abortion rights, and the question of what will happen if enough people argue against the procedure. Many share this uncertainty and dread that this may become a reality where the abortion procedures become restricted or become illegal altogether — making it in return a risky practice. In recent studies, made by WHO, there are about 73 million abortions made each year and 25 million of those are unsafe practised abortions.

This is also a concern regarding the health of the person undergoing the procedure. As WHO writes on their website:

**“Lack of access to safe, timely, affordable and respectful abortion care poses a risk to not only the physical but also the mental and social, well-being of women and girls.”**

Meaning it's evident that in countries where abortions are made illegal women who want to terminate their unwanted pregnancy, will do it regardless. If they, the women, can't get safe abortions from clinics, they will try to obtain them through other and very unsafe and dangerous means.

## How come some people contest the safe and legal method?

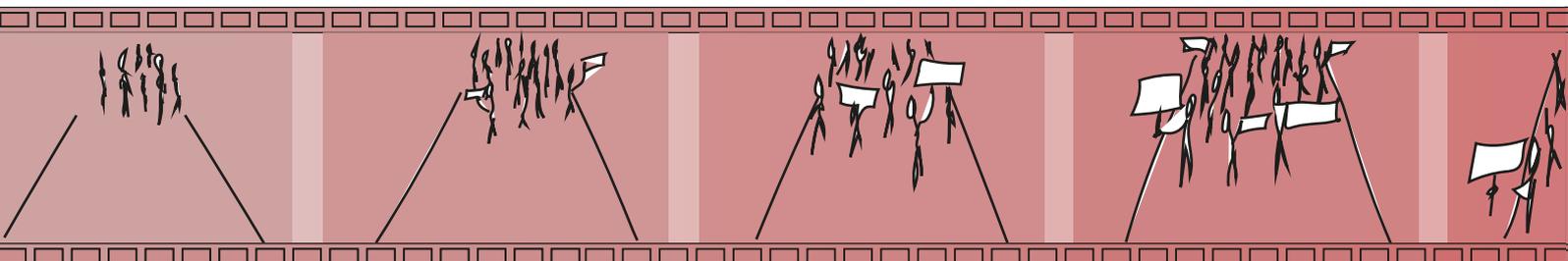
According to Amnesty, there is a lot of misinformation about the procedure and the consequences of restricting access to this simple, but necessary, medical practice. Although, mostly it comes down to ignorance and the lack of willingness to find or take in the right information.

Because our right to choose for our own bodily autonomy is in many ways endangered. All around the world in fact. It's important that this procedure doesn't become illegal or restricted in any way because that would mean more deaths, and also the result of more things being restricted in the name of control.

Nevertheless, we should still have hope. Hope that enough people who support these rights can move the tide. In short, it's simple really. Abortion rights are a part of human rights, a right to have agency over your own body and it should stay that way.

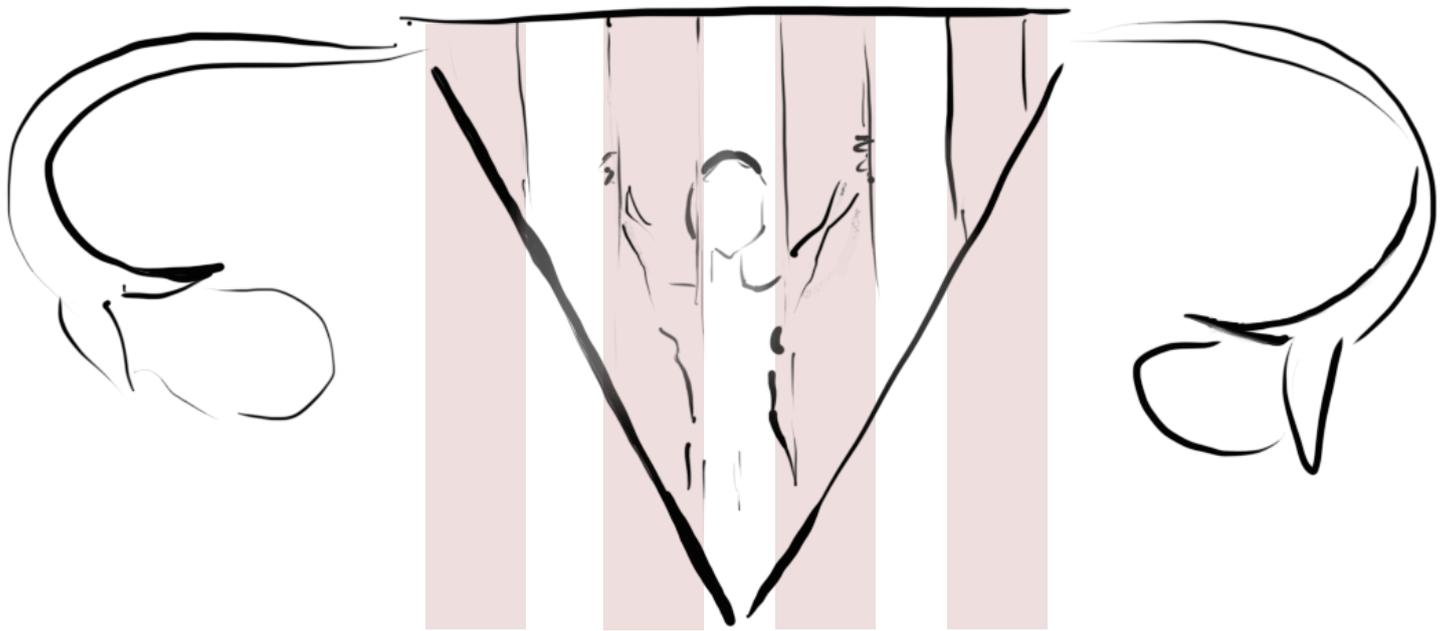


Illustration: Hanna Wallström



## BUT WHAT IS AN ABORTION?

Simply put, it's a medical procedure with the goal of terminating a pregnancy. It can be done via a pill or a surgical procedure. Abortion is when a pregnancy is ended through medical intervention, and thus preventing the development of the embryo/foetus. An embryo is also a clump of cells, not yet a living thing, in the early stages of development in utero.

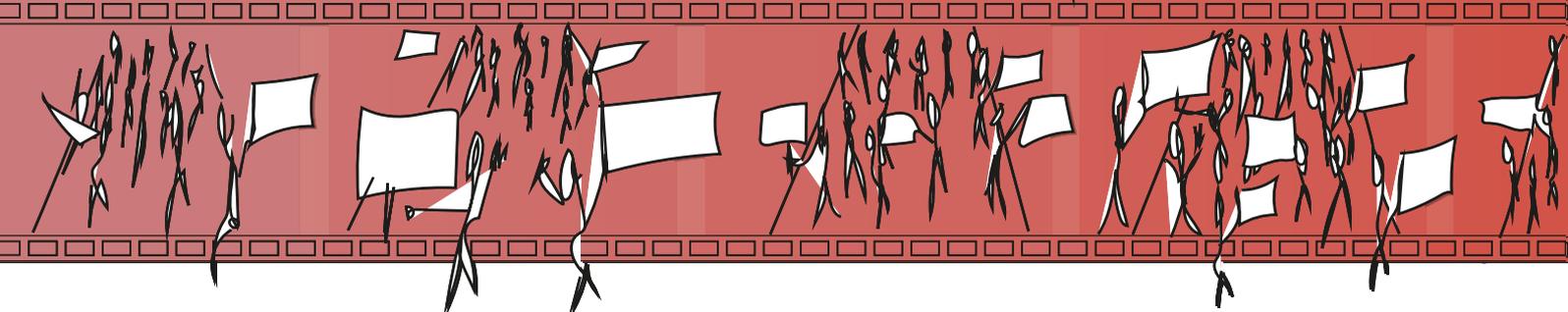


### Sources

[www.amnesty.org/en/what-we-do/sexual-and-reproductive-rights/abortion-facts/](http://www.amnesty.org/en/what-we-do/sexual-and-reproductive-rights/abortion-facts/)  
[www.who.int/health-topics/abortion#tab=tab\\_1](http://www.who.int/health-topics/abortion#tab=tab_1)  
[reproductiverights.org/maps/worlds-abortion-laws/](http://reproductiverights.org/maps/worlds-abortion-laws/)



Illustrations: Jana Raschdorf  
Instagram: @jana.pastel



# ! Road under construction !

Text: Amy Brennan IG: @amysvoice\_  
Illustration: Kristina Gustavsson IG: @kri.gus

It's mortifying having high hopes. Wanting more for yourself. I am constantly in a battle; stuck with being content, with working hard and falling into something regular, but. There's this part of me. This tiny voice in my head that leads me to believe there's more. I blame my teachers, the women at church, my parents. All these people passing comments on what a wonderful child I was, that I was destined for great things.

It's given me notions of grandeur. Notions I fear I can not live up to. Perhaps mortifying isn't the word. It's easy to hide behind humility. Perhaps terrifying fits better.

It's a terribly unsettling feeling to be hungry. To look at your life and crave more. I am not a materialistic person. I don't desire fame or fortune; but I do desire fulfilment. I have established my want for more. My need for challenges and fulfilment, but I am yet to find what that thing is. What will feed that hunger inside. My whole life I felt like I was living someone else's life. That the role I played as a girl in a uniform was a terrible miscast and in an odd way it was reassuring. To know I didn't fit there, but now I feel like I'm right where I should

be. Walking the road that I paved for myself; but yet I paved no end. Pouring that boiling tarmac as I go, I see no clear path.

Throughout my life each path that opened up I walked through. Not questioning it; surely if this road was there it was meant for me. I was sixteen when I woke up. When I started seeing those around me do the unfathomable. Making brave choices, making bad ones.

It was then I realised I was living my life in the lens of a calvinsit. I walked through my life with an air of predestination. With a feeling that no matter what I did I'd fall into the same life. Into a solicitors office wearing horrible black clothes, into the bed of a man I married because he was smart and funny and made sensible choices. I always felt like that was what was going to happen, I never took the time to ask if that's what I wanted. I was content with the feeling of being fine. I was comfortable opening my book and seeing the final chapter had already been written. It was at sixteen when that uniform began to not just be uncomfortable but it became suffocating.



That striped tie started feeling like a noose, that skirt wrapping itself around my ankles scarred like shackles on a prisoner. This box that once felt cosy now felt far too small.

I no longer woke up with dreams of corporate success and mundane weekends. Instead I woke with a desperate, blood curdling feeling of hunger. I became ravenous. Like a wild animal willing to rip apart my captor, yelping in my cage; begging to be

stand here, no comrades in my battle. A civil war that left its mark. A mark that scars my face now. A scar of sunken eyes and a furrowed brow. Of bitten nails and twisted hair. Was this the banquet I imagined? In painting my portrait did I lack perspective? Has my image fallen flat?

The worst of it all is this war has not subsided. In fact that blaze was just the embers of it. The first



released. So I escaped. I mapped my path and poured the tarmac towards my exit, no doubt burning others on my way out. I adopted a scorched earth policy. My last hope to escape the hostile takeover. Sometimes I feel cold without the heat of that fire. Those flames gulping up my life was beautiful. That crackling heat, that crimson red. It felt so right. It felt like the feast I had been wanting. But now I

steps toward the cliff I'll eventually come off. It is just a question as to whether I will survive the drop. I regrettably am someone that has high hopes. Someone that is competitive and ambitious. I am also regrettably someone who is terribly unsure what they want to do with their life. I just pour tarmac until it feels time to stop. Hoping that patch of land feeds the hunger within.

# How do Brands still Get Away with Animal Testing

The European Law bans animal testing and forbids importing cosmetics that have been tested on animals. However many European cosmetic brands still test on animals, and we still import animal-tested products. This is how cosmetic brands still get away with it.

Text: Laia Sepúlveda IG: @laiyasepulveda  
Illustration: Finnick Wächtler IG: @w.finnick\_peter

You might have gone to the mall to buy a perfume and asked, “is this product cruelty-free?” The person attending you who assumes that it is, now answers doubtfully, “yeah, it should be, let me ask my boss.” Two minutes later, the boss approaches you and claims convinced, “Yes, of course it is cruelty-free! It is forbidden to test on animals in Europe, all the products here are cruelty-free.”

This is a common answer. Sadly, even though it is true that the European law forbids testing on animals, animal testing is still something we hear a lot about. European brands get away with testing on animals as Europe imports animal-tested products. We are still bombarded with ads that advertise animal-tested products, and stores are filled with them. Which means that unless you are meticulous with researching the products you buy, animal-tested products might be your toothpaste, hair dye, detergent, perfume, makeup, hand cream, your deodorant, your baby’s soap, or the closest product you have nearby. These are some of the many giant corporations that test on animals and we are used to see on TV, stores and pharmacies: L’Oreal, Avene, Benefit, Colgate, Palmolive, Gillette, Dior, Eucerin, Gucci, or Isdin. The list goes on. For more examples, see the websites of PETA or Cruelty-Free Kitty.

The facts are, animal testing for cosmetic purposes has been banned in Europe since 2004, testing in cosmetic ingredients since 2009, and in 2013 the full ban was implemented. So, why do European brands still test on animals? How are animal-tested

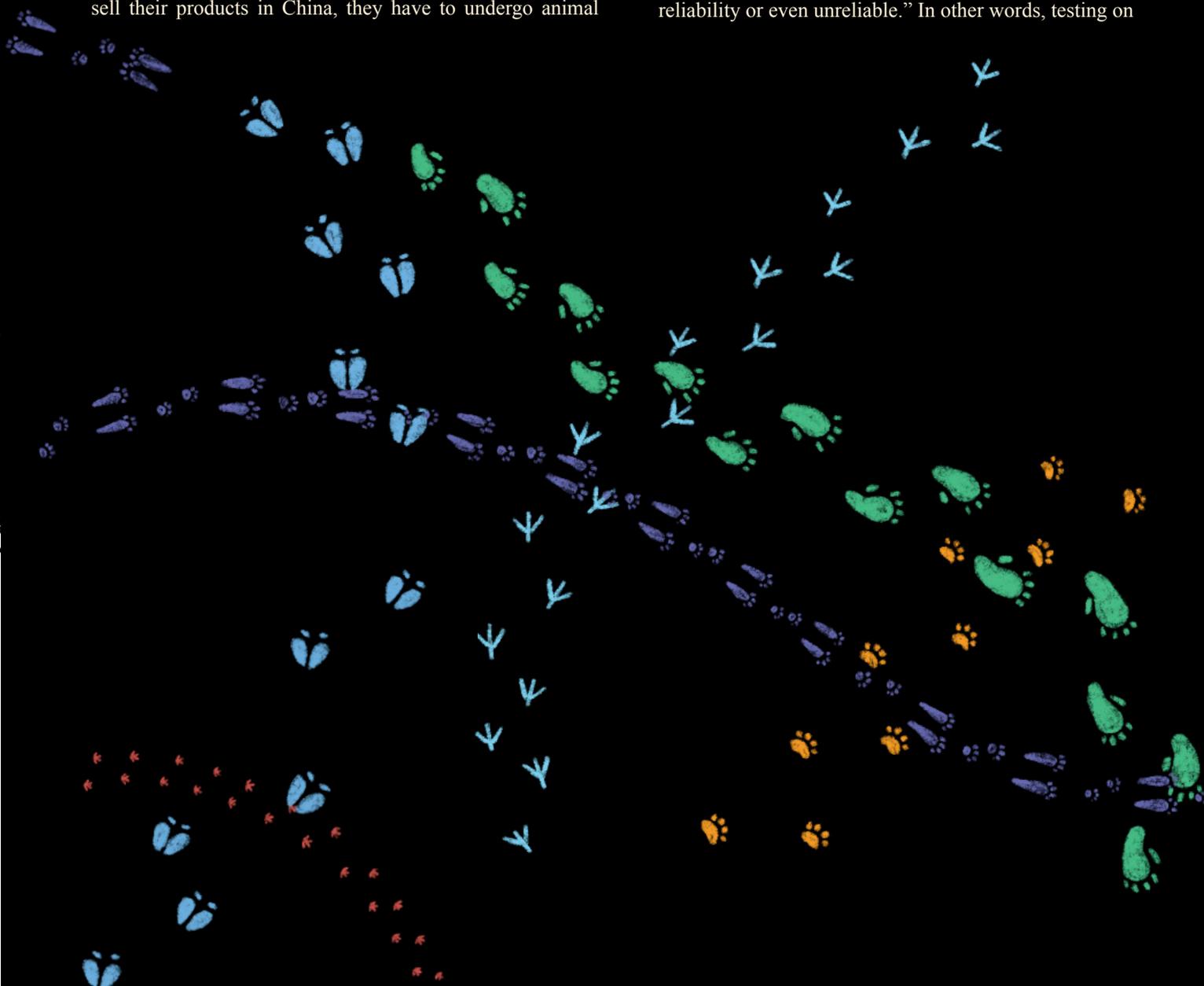


products still being sold everywhere despite the ban? As the Obelis Group (partner for expansion into European markets) explains, there are a few scenarios that allow European cosmetic brands to test on animals: "if any testing is required to assess the risks from exposure to workers according to REACH" (System for chemicals in Europe: Registration, Evaluation, Authorisation and restriction of Chemicals); if the ingredient is also used in non-cosmetic uses, and "as a last resort, for all environmental endpoints established by REACH (whether or not they the substance is only used for cosmetic purposes)."

Essentially, if a brand wants to use an ingredient that is highly toxic or an ingredient is also used in other industries that test on animals, they are allowed to undergo animal-testing. Another shocking reason is, that for a brand to expand and sell their products in China, they have to undergo animal

testing since it is a requirement to sell in their region, they usually do this through third parties, and yes — ironically, the exact same products are also sold and advertised in Europe. This suggests that for our society, economy is still more important than ethics, or that in our ethics, animals are not yet regarded as entitled to life.

Now, why should we care about animal testing and why should we avoid buying animal-tested products? Studies on toxicity and reliability in animal testing, have shown that testing on animals is not optimal since the results can't be applied to humans and that means the process needs to be redone again. In *A Systematic Approach for Evaluating the Quality of Experimental Toxicological and Ecotoxicological Data* (1997), Klimisch concluded that "Values from studies with rats, rabbits, and dogs (...) were considered as of limited reliability or even unreliable." In other words, testing on



animals is not efficient since the results are not exact and cannot be applied to humans. This also implies that even if they do test on animals, further tests are going to be required before it is possible to sell the final product. This means that animals experience unnecessary torture.

## “Animal Experiments Are Wasteful and Unreliable” – Peta

Alternative methods to animal testing have shown to be more effective, such as: in vitro testing, computer modeling, human tissues, and research using human volunteers. What’s more, the European Union Reference Laboratory for Alternatives to Animal Testing (EURL ECVAM) claimed that fully robotic genetic invitro testing platforms have further advantages such as “reproducibility, a high level of precision, and the possibility of generating lots of data in short time [moreover] Hundreds of chemicals can be tested in one experiment.” In other words, methods alternative to animal testing, have shown to be more accurate and efficient.

The good news is that this strict policy seems to be slowing down in China after a big demand globally for cruelty-free and vegan products, and France has made its way to selling non-animal tested products in China. So there are hopes for the future.

The reality is that animal testing leads to unnecessary suffering. It is shocking that even though it is forbidden to sell cosmetics that are tested on animals, most of the products sold in stores and advertised are animal tested. We have alternative methods available that have shown to be more efficient. We have no excuse to still test on animals for any kind of cosmetic procedure as it has been shown that the results are unreliable and not applicable to humans. Most importantly, change begins in your grocery bag.



### Sources

- [www.crueltyfreekitty.com](http://www.crueltyfreekitty.com)
- [https://single-market-economy.ec.europa.eu/sectors/cosmetics/ban-animal-testing\\_en](https://single-market-economy.ec.europa.eu/sectors/cosmetics/ban-animal-testing_en)
- <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=jZHWTvUWSLE>.
- <https://www.sciencedirect.com/science/article/pii/S0273230096910764?via%3Dihub>
- <https://www.obelis.net/news/cosmetics-animal-testing-ban-conflict-with-reach-is-solved/>
- <https://www.peta.org/issues/animals-used-for-experimentation/animals-used-experimentation-factsheets/animal-experiments-overview/>

# CREATIVE WRITING



Jonathan Gartmark

High Hopes

#109

信愛

# Creative Writing

Illustration: Jonathan Gartmark

## Introduction

This issue we have extended an invitation to Creative Writing students to share their passion for writing with us. What follows are five totally different perspectives on our theme adapted into five pieces of short fiction. Enjoy.

## Artist Statement

To become more hopeful you should plant a flower and watch it grow, you should watch the sun rise and the moon commence, you should try to surround yourself with love and positive vibes, be more spiritual and experience the best that life has to offer.

Hope is the idea of finding yourself in a better situation. The feeling of excitement over what is to come. Whether that being the longing of opening a gift, seeing a cocoon hatch, the belief of fictional animals or the idea of being an influential person depends solely on personal traits. Even though the feeling of hope is the same amongs all. They say that hope is the last thing to ever leave a human.

# KONST & DESIGN

ANSÖKAN ÖPPNAR 1 feb 2023

- Fotografilinjen
- Fria Förberedande Konstlinjen
- Grafisk Design – Nya Media
- Grafisk Design – Visuell Kommunikation
- Konstgrafiklinjen
- Textil konst och design

[www.ostragreviefolkhogskola.com](http://www.ostragreviefolkhogskola.com)

ÖSTRA  
GREVIE

# 16th January

Text: Alessandra Sandoni

Only five minutes after six had passed when Anthony closed the car door to drive back home, alone with his silence.

The key in the ignition made the engine roar, then everything went back quiet.

It was still dark outside, the sun still asleep like most of the city. The roads were empty but turned grey by a thick layer of humid fog. The car beams fought through, to make things clear, failing in their attempt.

Bothered by his own heavy silence, Anthony pressed the button and the radio turned on.

"What a hit, Mary, what a hit! Let's now move on to the next song. For you, listener, sitting in your car, going to work, stuck in traffic. We wish you an amazing day. This is: High Hopes, by the legends, Pink Floyd."

The music filled up the car, church bells and birds singing, then a melancholic piano playing. But when the singing started, Anthony had already gotten distracted by his thoughts once again.

At the press of another button, the gate of his building automatically opened. Anthony got out of the car, barely remembering his retirement gift abandoned on the back seat, and walked into his flat.

With a perfect toss, he threw the box of off-brand chocolates on the kitchen table, then dropped the backpack on the floor and his jacket on one of the chairs.

The song's melody repeated on loop in his mind, even when the sound of the running water in the shower seemed louder, too loud for his ears accustomed to silence.

Inside the glass walls, Anthony closed his eyes and let the warm flow of water caress his face, hair, skin.

Blending in with the droplets, tears ran down his cheeks. Was it joy or sadness? He wasn't sure. What would he do with all that free time on his hands?

The piano notes still haunted his thoughts. Maybe he should go back to playing piano. His keyboard has been in a box in the garage for years. Or the electric guitar in the spare bedroom. What about that foreign language course he bought online when his daughter moved abroad? Or the bathroom restyling he planned after buying that flat almost a decade earlier?

The list of possibilities was endless. The lack of passion in all those things too.

"What are you going to do now that you're retired?"

"I don't know yet. I'll keep going to the gym, visit your grandma more often. Maybe I'll come visit you too soon enough."

"That would be great, dad."

That conversation from the day before rolled in his mind until interrupted by the ringtone of his phone, left in the other room. Who could it be? What was happening?

Anthony grabbed the towel and rushed to pick up the phone buzzing on the bedside table, a sequence of unknown numbers filling the screen.

- Hello, this is Anthony. Who's this? -

- Hi, Anthony. We were hoping you'd answer... -

# Happy Wife, Happy Life

Text: Evangelina Nicole Dimovska IG: @gina040  
evandimo@gmail.com

The vegetables moved more than the animals. The air was like perfume compared to the stale spices. A cucumber held more culinary finesse than whatever oblong-shaped anxiety was presented to her by the frozen sands of this backside resort. But you could never say that it wasn't interesting to juxtapose gasoline tickling your nostrils next to a poster of a pigtailed girl promoting sustainability with the twitching of a carcass that promised her the world before it had tried to leave her.

"The chef's special, madame." She nodded, never looking the server in his eye. He didn't know he was in a rotting corpse, both of a planet and body, and she didn't want to see how the divorce between his chin and jaw was going any more than she had to. "Thank you." The warmth from the climate helped with the decay and made everything slightly sticky, so the thumb stuck to the clean plate was expected. She hadn't been that keen on getting leftover fingers from the servers back home, but here, she saw it as little local delicacies and gulped it down. The server must have burnt himself a few times because the nail had an easy crunch, which went well with the melting flesh. The bone stayed behind; it hadn't joined the rest of its constituents. It looked so naked and embarrassed, all alone on the server's hands, surrounded by the other covered fingers.

"It was caught just a few hours ago, madame." She quickly turned to look at him. Did he mean

his finger? "And the sauce on top is made by its fins and scales. Our chef uses every part of the body." She breathed out the image of future repercussions and looked down at the plate, trying not to think about how ugly things can get in a divorce. She couldn't believe that this was supposed to be fish. What was sauce and what was solid? However, 'solid' might be a bit of a stretch. She looked up to share her disbelief with her husband, who should have been sitting straight across from her, but in his place was only air in a rotting wood chair with gunshots and black, glistening blood.

She knew she had come here with someone. Confusion felt worse than disbelief. She didn't want to be alone in this place. Solitude weighed as heavy as company. The other screams from beyond filled the void left by the body that was supposed to be there for her. She fists the 'fish' into her mouth so hard she knocks out a few teeth. The food had little to no taste, so she really did herself a favour by at least spicing things up with metal. The blood tickled her collarbone when it trickled down from her mouth as she opened it wider and wider until she suffered a divorce of her own. The server appeared next to her and gave her a napkin. In little pulses, she hurled out spit and blood from her gullet; it was supposed to be a laugh. She would always be taken care of. Here. At least.

# Swallows like Fighter Pilots

Text: Laia Sepúlveda Garcia IG: @laiyasepulveda  
laia.sepulvedagarcia@gmail.com

It is Sunday morning. I am sitting on the terrace kilometers away from you. Swallows leader the sky like fighter pilots under the warm light of September. The morning dawn sticks on my face. But the warm coffee cup between my hands makes the breeze bearable. This moment will finish when I drink the coffee, and maybe then, the sun will be plenary awake and shine as if autumn were not close. An illusion of the last summer days.

I break the cinnamon bun in two. And when I get it close to my mouth, the sweet cinnamon aroma brings me back to the day we were standing in the middle of the frozen lake. I haven't told you. But that day, I was hoping that I could capture every detail to remember it forever. Just like when I stare at a canvas, and I want to remember every color shade and paint stroke, I wanted to remember every gesture from yours, expression and word. I was hoping that moment would last forever.

Do you remember that day? We woke up early to see the sunrise. I was too tired to leave the bed. And I had no willpower to wake up. But you knew we had to do it. So you shared with me your will even though you also wanted to keep sleeping. And with lazy clothes, we drove to the lake to see the sunrise. There was nobody else

around us. We were standing alone in the harbor. Just you and I. We looked at the purpled sky and after a few seconds staring at the misty horizon, you looked at me as if your eyes could suddenly speak and say "well, we missed it." Then you took from your pocket a plastic bag, with a couple of cinnamon buns you had baked last evening. We ate them and we went back home to bed, to keep sleeping for as long as we could before I had to leave. Now, what is really in my mind are the things I wanted to last forever but didn't. This is about the seconds before the last minute. The minute that you want that feels long, that minute that should stay frozen in time but like a dream, it is now a vague image in our memories.

I eat the middle of the bun. The last few seconds of flavor melt and vanish with a slip of coffee. I look at the birds for the last time before they disappear on the skyline. I look at them as if I could take a picture by staring. Like if I didn't know by now that I can't remember every detail. But I will try to remember this picture as best as I can, so the next time we see each other, I can draw for you swallows like fighter pilots with words. But I fear that I don't remember it as it is, like a puzzle with a missing piece, and a few of them mixed.

# Focus

Text: A. Elmi

Kaynaan halted in the doorway and peered through the shaft of sunlight falling across the clutter in his bedroom. He might've tried to impose some order, except that he knew it was useless and shouldn't bother doing more than sweeping the objects aside with a foot as he passed them. The thought sickened him. He sunk into the chair by his desk and stared at the open textbook on architectural theory. Like the room, the book also seemed to glare up at him, mocking his inability to summon the focus to absorb its meaning.

He heard him before he saw him, his silent arrival followed by an audible gasp. Kaynaan twisted back and took in Dad's dilated gaze as it roamed the room. He'd paused at the threshold, as though entering would destabilise his perfectly orderly life.

'Dad,' he said, turning his chair around, 'it's my last chance to pass the exam. Give me study tips or help me make some sort of study plan, please.'

If anyone could mentor him, it was Dad whose patience was matched only by an owl's. He noticed with some surprise, therefore, that Dad fought an impulse to escape by clutching on to the doorframe.

'There are too many objects in this room,' Dad said, voice strained. 'It's too full, too loud. A person who flees a crowded place can breathe much more easily, you know?'

Kaynaan searched his memory for alternative rooms in the house. 'Should I go to your study, then?'

'Go anywhere that isn't here.'

He grabbed his textbook and made to rise from the chair.

'Leave that!' Dad barked, then rubbed his face too violently, as if in self-rebuke. 'Don't take anything with you,' he said gently. 'You don't see the fleeing person telling the whole crowd to follow him, do you? Leave alone.'

'I can't do that.'

'But I think you can.'

Kaynaan hugged the book to his chest. 'All I need is a mentor,' he said quietly.

'What you need is peace. And the things and places that can't bring us peace are better off abandoned.'

He knew Dad meant well, that he wanted Kaynaan to stop tormenting himself with study failures and find peace. But his advice had been about as hurtful as if he'd told him plainly that he was a failure, his dream hopeless. In truth, nothing relieved him of life's pressures quite as much as drawing buildings. It may have taken him too long to complete a drawing, but his skill was undeniable. The problem was his focus. And he fancied he needed someone to step inside his mind and show him how to clear the clutter, release his buried focus, and render him attentive and efficient. Now Dad had abandoned him, however, he had to wonder if he really wasn't in over his head. Maybe failure was inevitable for someone like him and his thought to obtain a mentor just him grasping at straws again. He gave a great sigh, as if this moment was as miserable as any he'd experienced. Years later, when he received a diagnosis, he took some comfort from having had the focus to capture that one thought, Mentor, to have got that one thing right, even as his mind had failed him in everything that mattered.

# Burning Flag & Aching Heart

Text: Natalie Karimi  
kariminatalie@gmail.com

Illustration: Yulu Zhang IG: @mushroom:\_.bee

My sandals barely touch the ground as my head thuds like a bobble head against the window of the crowded bus. The guy sitting beside me with long auburn hair in a ponytail pushes the bridge of his round glasses up his nose, as he licks his index finger and swifts the page of his newspaper. Sun strays sting my right cheek closest to the window as I glance down at the broad fonted title of the newspaper "Save our children from homosexuality, AIDS spreads like wildfire". The rumbling of the bus tires blends with the sound of shouting from afar. Shouting that bounces in the back of my mind like a basketball, turning the slight echo into a booming chaos. Shouting that is no longer afar but like a roar in the ear. A roar

not from a single lion, but from a pack, hungry to attack whoever comes near their territory. Aroma of sweaty old socks is interrupted by the scent of distant flames. Few fire particles fly their way into the window of the bus and into the nose of passengers. My head turns to my right as I see the beautiful flag that does not belong to a country, but symbolizes the beauty in all people. The red and purple stripes of the flag turn to black holes as a middle aged man with no hairline waves the flames in the air. Flames run across the flag like a parasite, consuming it until it is left in debris, holes and black nothingness.

Fingertips trace the window and gently caress it, hoping my touch will reach the suffering flag.



Eyes that burn with hatred, staring into one's soul like a demon, meet my emerald eyes trapped behind my velvet glasses. His brown eyebrows raise a slight millimeter as his eyes widen. "He knows", I think to myself. The thought spreads to every neuron in my mind. The middle aged man throws the flag on the ground surrounded by crushed pieces of glass and stomps on it with his foot. "He knows that flag symbolizes a part of me". With that realization, he continues stomping, threatening my freedom and right underneath his brown long boots that probably have dog feces under them. A huge clump-like stone grows in the back of my throat and falls to the pit of my stomach, right beside my urge to scream "I'm gay" at the very top of my lungs. To scream so loud that flocks of birds would soar across the sky to flee from the sound. To scream so loud it will echo in the ears of the middle aged man who seems to be unexhausted from abusing the flag. To scream so loud, that all the anti-LGBTQ+ priests of the world will fall silent to my prayer of being heard and respected. Heard and accepted. My voice will not be neglected. My left hand finds the keychain swinging on my backpack, where a flag with the mighty colors of red, orange, yellow,

blue, green and purple form into a heart. The rubbery keychain flashes with sweat as I stick it to the window, where the monster man glances upon it. A smirk grows like weeds on his face as he shoots up his middle finger.

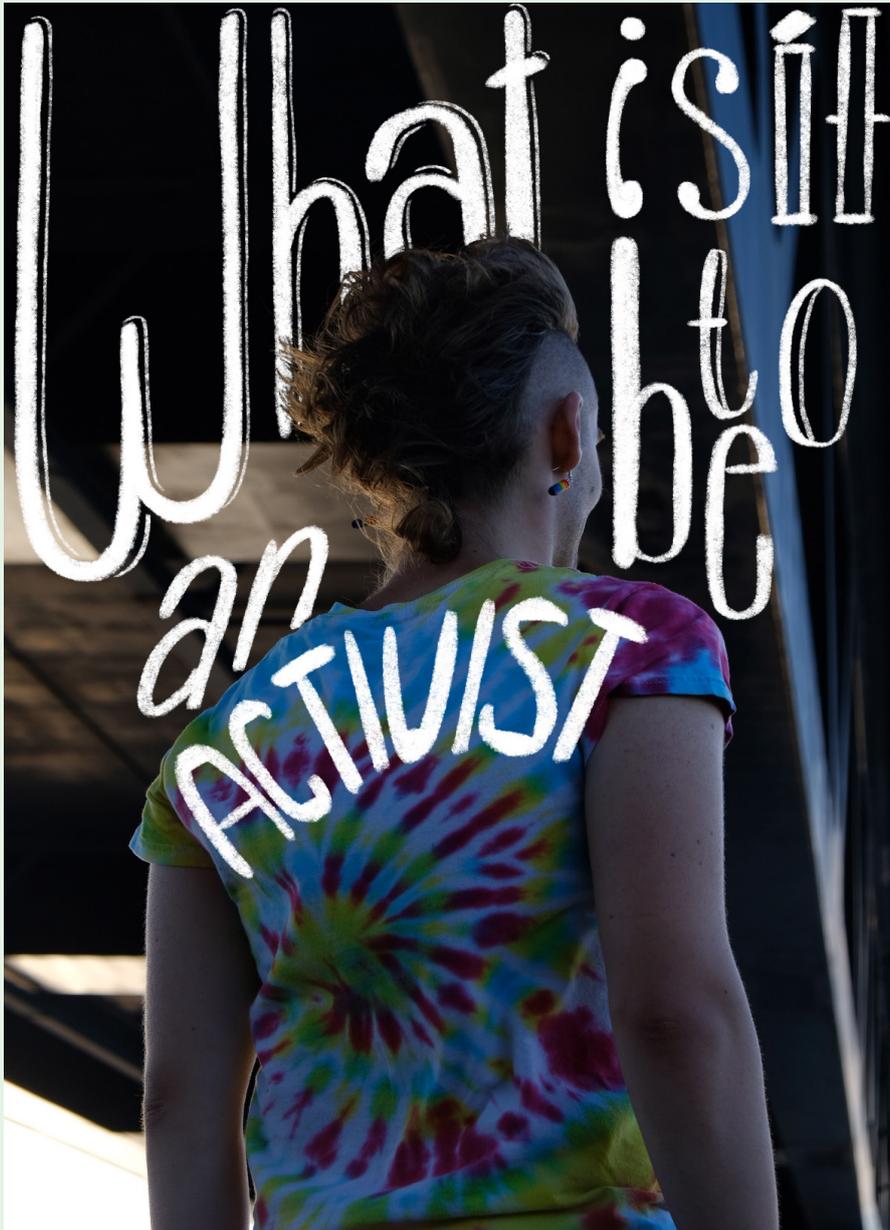
"Show me your hatred and I will show you our resilience", the idea spins like a ballerina's silhouette. My feet move but my mind is still. The yellow, outdated bus doors push to the side as I breathe in the diesel air emitting out the buses rear end. My feet move but my mind is still. I grab my dad's dry and ashy hand as I strangle the lighter from between his fingers and push him off my flag. My knees meet the cement and glass, where they burn from the gravel underneath the scorching sun. My feet are still but my mind races, wishing one day it will be easier to live and love freely. I grab a ripped piece of the flag and stuff it in my pocket, hoping one day this won't hurt the same. As the flag burns, my heart aches.



**Infinite**

Illustration by Pernilla Nadie  
Instagram: @permillanadie

# Let It Rain



Text: Anonymous  
Photography: Finnick Wächtler IG: @w.finnick\_peter

Are activists only activists due to their desperate and deep feeling of hope?

It is primordial to touch on the concept of activism. What is it to be an activist? Who are these people? What do they want? How do they feel? Are they one of us, one of you?

As you can already see I have always been more of a “question” person than someone who arduously looks for answers. Answers are important, of course. However, answers are related to a sense of certainty and certainty is something that activists do not have.

I can guarantee that this text will not answer those questions, but maybe it will bring different perspectives, thus more questions can be made.

Activism. Its concepts can vary. If you google it definitions related to social, economic, political, and environmental interventions are going to be found. Some people would also conceptualize it as a mechanism to oppose or support certain matters. Afterward being connected to this weird world and trying hard to be part of it, I would like to bring my interpretation. Activists or as I would say, people of hope. It sounds

beautiful, doesn't it? However, people of hope do not only mean that activists have high hopes about their fights, their futures, and ideologies, but also how hard it is to have hope when you are around social fight environments.

My story with activism started when I was 14 years old. “Pretty young” - some people can say, but today when I look back, I feel that it would have been nice to be those kids or even babies who join the actions with their activist parents. I did not have activists in my family, no one to show

me the horrendous parts of this world or the fascinating possibilities for a new social structure. Fact is: realizing by yourself that activism is more than an occupation, but part of who you are and what defines you as a political individual, is hard.

How do you explain to your family that their 14 years old child wants to practice civil disobedience, wants to give speeches about the lack of governmental financial responsibility in science, research, and education, and believe me, the most shocking part: the child wants to become a vegan. If nowadays this conversation would have already been complicated, imagine some years ago, when vegetarianism was not even a trend.

Honestly, I need to confess that it has always been exciting to discuss politics with people around me that do not agree or believe in the same things that I do. I feel this is the best opportunity to demonstrate my arguments, and my passion and maybe bring one more to our side. In the end, it is always nice having the opportunity to explain what being an activist means to me.

As I stated before, my “politically active life” started when I was young. I remember my first protest, remembering feeling fear, excitement, and pride in myself. Just to give you the background, the country I am from is not the safest place to organize actions against government policies or pretty much against anything, therefore I could not say differently, but how immensely and purely happy I felt when being around those people. Do you know when you just can not stop smiling, can not stop looking around, and feel at home? I felt like a spark ready to ignite everyone around me.

Time flies and I am in Sweden right now. A vegan, politically active, and a human being with a daily alternating level of hope in this world. It is crazy comparing how activism changes from place to place, from person to person, but it also keeps its glow no matter where you go. Sweden seems a whole different universe, the safety, I guess, is the biggest discrepancy. Insane is being able to feel safe in an illegal action, especially as an immigrant woman. The anxiety, apprehension, and also panic I experienced during any legal or illegal protest in my home country, have not even crossed my mind in Sweden. The Western privilege, I would say.

♥ **lärarförsäkringar**



Unik försäkring för lärarstudenter: Studentförsäkring Leva

# Inga andra studenter har något liknande

Studentförsäkring Leva hjälper dig om du råkar ut för både små och stora olyckor. Råkar du till exempel ut för ett olycksfall eller en sjukdom som gör att du inte kan studera på ett tag, och du förlorar ditt studiemedel, får du ersättning från försäkringen.

Besök vår webb eller kontakta oss så hjälper vi dig.

0771 - 21 09 09 [lararforsakringar.se](http://lararforsakringar.se)   

I have not participated directly in illegal actions after moving to Sweden. Despite feeling more comfortable, it is still scary imagining being arrested in a country that is not yours, in a language that is still weird. Yes, I am also going to talk about the illegal part. Being arrested. WOW. To be fair, the civil disobedience part is not my favorite to talk about. Not because I am not proud of my actions or my ideologies, but because the fact that individuals care way more about illegality than about the cause itself is sad. When around family and friends it is never about how important the social cause is, but always with the questions: "Have you been arrested? How was it? Why? Are you crazy? What about your future?". It is interesting how they worry more about my police record than about my social-political goals and hope. It is hard realizing that they do not care, and sometimes this is the question most asked by activists: who cares?

After coming to Sweden I joined an organization known for its climate agendas, but also known for its practices of civil disobedience: Extinction Rebellion. The organization has been portrayed several times as a terrorist institution, and its activists are not always well seen. However, I can guarantee you that one of my greatest joys, now living in this new country, is to have met this community. Meeting people that share the same smile when fighting together is the feeling I would hope everyone could experience at least once. Finding your people, and finding this love is what brings me hope. I can certainly claim that even though I am not the most hopeful person, hope is what keeps me going and this feeling is only here due to activists I met.

One of the things I am most proud of is certainly something important for any activist out there: boundaries. Know your limits. It is primordial to understand where and how things are going to happen and the consequences of your actions. It is okay to decide not to do it - and I also repeat that to myself every day. A while ago I would force myself to take every action legal or illegal, because the feeling of not helping, even if I felt insecure, was worse than anything. But today I say: respect yourself, you are also important.

This was the first time I wrote a personal text, sharing my feelings. This would be the only way to expose the reality of trying to be an activist, a definition that sometimes I do not feel worthy of holding. This is one of the hardest parts of having a politically active life: it is never enough and it never will be. No matter how much time you give to your

fight, there will always be people doing more, there will always be new problems needing more attention, and new actions happening without your help. I feel the pressure, and I know the pressure is only coming from me. The voice in my head says that I did not dedicate enough, that things will never change if I do not put more effort, yelling that time is running. However, it is not about me. It is not about my fears, insecurities, or my expectations, but about the social purpose that I am willing to achieve in that specific moment. It will also not be about you, in case you choose to join this constant fight.

I do not feel that my experience around activists is enough to write this text, I have been thinking if my words would make justice to this familiar and at the same time unfamiliar world of fight. In the end, I am here, I wrote it because the point is: when would it be enough to write about feelings? I think time is not a must, but understanding how to express yourself is crucial - even though most of the time I also have problems with that.

Finally, If I would have to explain what activism is, I would say that it is like the rain. I love rain. I am that certain person who loves biking and feeling the drops on my face. I enjoy looking up to the sky and watching the immensity falling over me or just smelling it and letting its scent permeate my soul, but I know some people hate it. The rain may ruin your day, it may expose environmental and social structure problems, and it may start out of nowhere, surprising you. Sometimes it is really loud, noisy, and the traffic... oh my gosh the traffic gets crazy when the rain comes, you may spend hours waiting until you can drive again. However, the rain can also be a light at the end of the tunnel, it can show you how good it is to be alive because it is still here, letting us know that the planet is not dead yet.

There is still hope. The rain may wet you, but it does not matter because you know that its purpose is beyond simple annoyances. You respect the rain because it is only doing its job for a better world. Let it rain!

# Because in the future there will still be postcards

Text & illustration by Alva Bexell

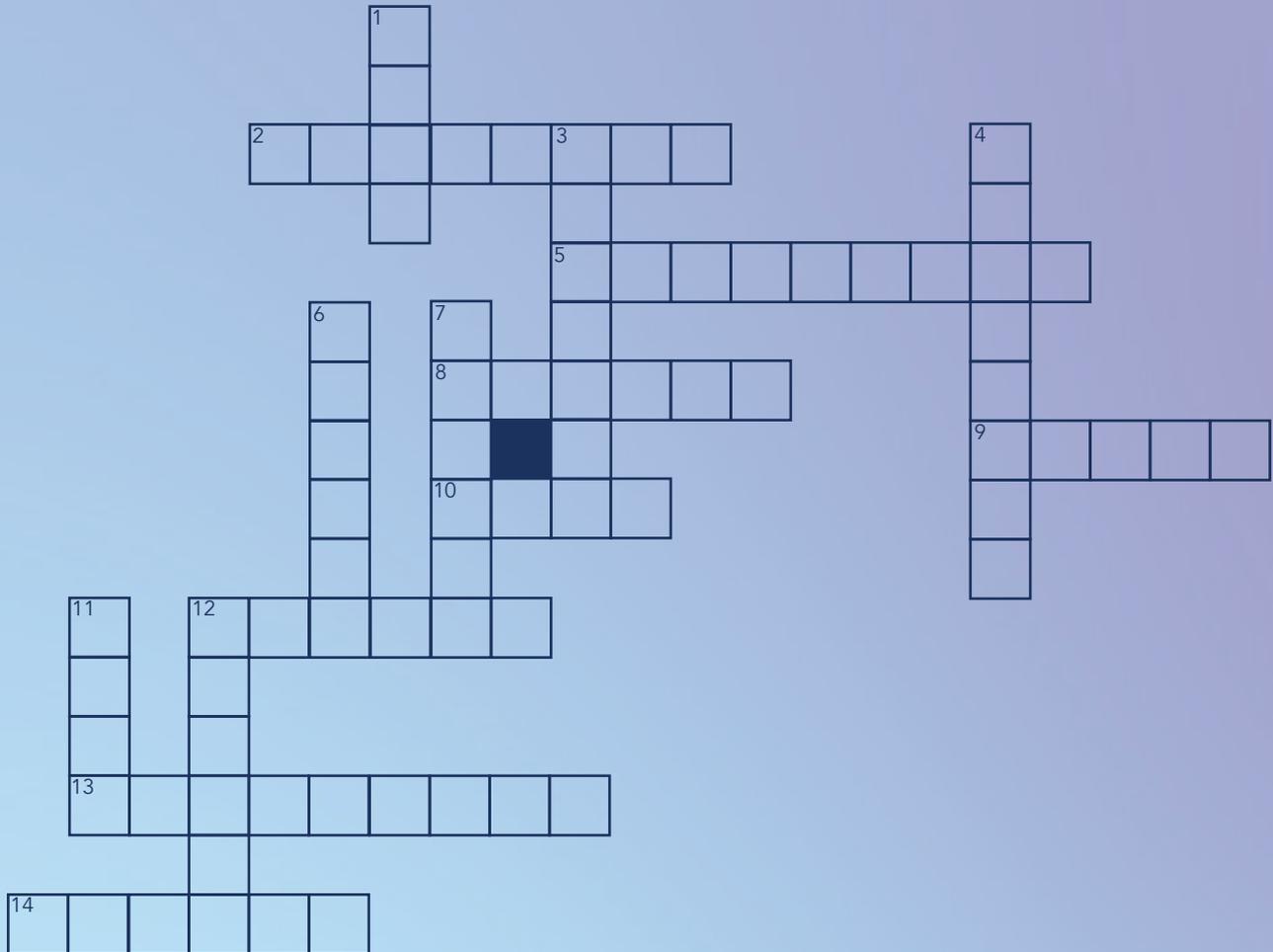
Hello there! I'm on station Laika,  
the food is so-so but the view  
is amazing. Have orbited four  
times already. Earth is so beautiful  
from up here. Did you know they used  
to use fuel to travel to space? How  
Silly! /Love A.B

BY SPACE MAIL  
PAR ASTRONEF

the 12th of october 2122



# Student Union Magazine Crosswordpuzzle



## Across

2. At 23:59 is the...
5. 15 kr on wednesdays
8. Orkanen, second floor, corridor A, room 26
9. The final results are in...
10. The Swedish ritual
12. When you want to learn a little bit more
13. You'll be using this after 16:30
14. To book a room
1. Everything boils down to this

## Down

3. The initiation
4. After three years of (swedish) studying
6. Everything in one place
7. Must be brewed in the morning
11. Lectures while in pjs
12. Cheapest place to have beer

Find the answers on the last page. Hint: the theme is Malmö University

## Find the common words you hear at the university

U O I S B O O K S T L V P A F H B Y  
M D B U N O L J E Y F S W T P V R F  
H C G E V A L E V S V N Q H J H E S  
V A L F P L C U C R T Z U E W R A H  
V M L O I G R K N T L G I S M N K P  
Y P I T I R E D A C U O Z I O O E H  
E U T V G T Y B J D H R T S N T X J  
M S Q W Q E I A X R G X E U E E A Q  
D F S O I N T E R N S H I P Y S M X  
U M K A X G P P J M C E H Y Y E U J  
D I W P Y B C O F F E E H C D N B Y  
A J H G L N U K G D U N X P D V K P

Find the following words

Words are hidden → ↘ ↓

BOOKS  
BREAK  
CAMPUS  
COFFEE  
ESSAY

EXAM  
INTERNSHIP  
LECTURE  
LUNCH  
MONEY

NOTES  
QUIZ  
SNACK  
THESIS  
TIRED

# Asien Trading

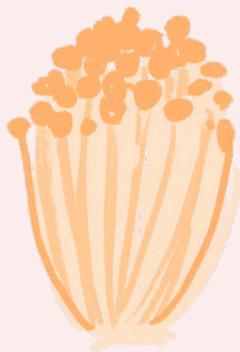
Text: Kitty Cheung IG: @kitscatastrophe, @banana.clit  
Illustration: MARRISA TUANGTHONG IG: @muiha.co, @marrisa.tt



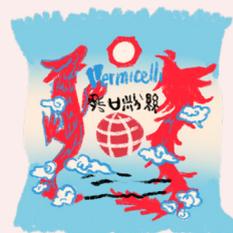
I shuffle through rows of products  
food labels shifting  
from Korean to Thai to Chinese  
within a single stride



from vermicelli to soba to shrimp noodles to  
fish sauce to sriracha to gochujang  
on and on  
glass bottles undulate on the shelf



my feet scrape over stained linoleum  
an exacto knife slices through  
the tape of a newly arrived package  
warehouse gloves shovel packs of ramen onto shelves  
in a cacophony of crinkly metallic plastic



I've been transported into a land of halloumi burgers  
where people argue about the best falafel over fika  
a culture of kanelbulle

Möllevångstorget offers a glimpse of home  
returns me to the T&Ts and H-Marts of Vancouver

at Asien Trading, the Yakult  
comes bundled in plastic bags  
DIY'd into their own 8-packs



I walk past a shelf of phin and my mouth puckers  
at the memory of Vietnamese drip coffee, the bitterness  
cut through with the cloying richness  
of condensed milk

washed over in the mechanic hum of refrigeration  
I long for the frozen gyoza, fish balls, chicken feet, bao  
chuckle at the multiple attempts to anglicize dim sum  
is it shaomai or siu mai? ha kauw or har gow?

my heart is captivated by guava  
cushioned in mesh foam pillowcase  
spiky rambutan  
vibrant bok choy green  
soft egg tofu



I slide open a door of cool glass  
pick up a bundle of enoki mushrooms  
mouth watering over the prospect of  
hot pot for dinner

all these tastes and textures  
familiar and foreign



in between the clangs of krona in tills  
the cashiers seamlessly flow from Vietnamese to Swedish to  
English  
my ears perk at the Cantonese

one cashier playfully teases a poh-poh:  
*leng lui, what are you doing dressed up so nice today?*

*just out shopping with my granddaughter*  
she replies in her baby blue pantsuit and pearls

once it's my turn at the till  
I smile at the cashier  
*and say 唔該晒*



# Seven

Text: Charline Wolf

Illustration: MARRISA TUANGTHONG IG: @muiha.co, @marrisa.tt

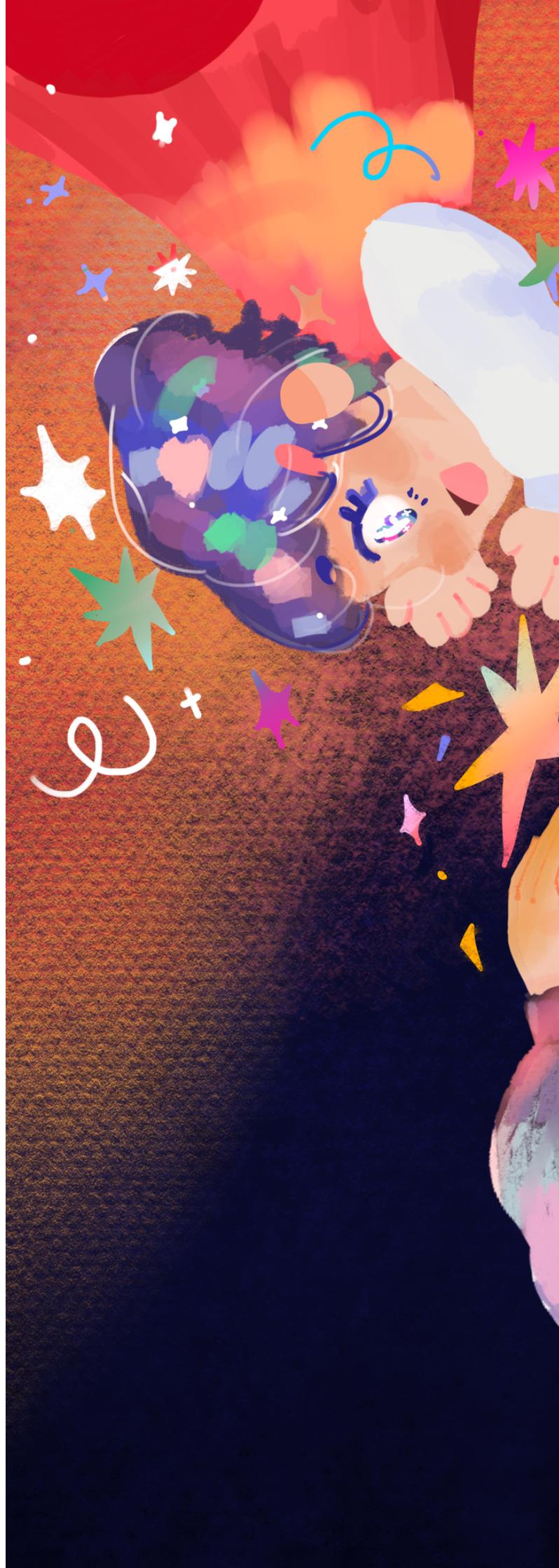
Seven.

Raindrops pouring onto the roof of a car, every single one like a drum, tiny puddles merging into one, an ever-going beat. Church bells ringing, people talking, voices muffled by rain, the metal frame of the car, and the shouting inside it. A seven-year-old, praying to God. *If you're there, please make them stop.* He doesn't. A seven-year-old losing hope.

Pale yellow classroom walls and washed-out blue curtains, cold hard chairs and desks with pencil drawings. An overhead projector humming along to a teacher's high-pitched voice speaking of pollution and poverty, of climate and catastrophes, of unchangeable facts and unsolvable issues. A twelve-year-old losing hope.

A tiny dark room, no windows, a slit under the door leaving the faintest bit of light in. Five minutes, cold feet, something to prove or something to try. An innocent first kiss, pulling back, putting on a show and crying in bed. A thirteen-year-old losing hope.

*What's up? Nothing. Why are you crying? Silence. We can't help you if you don't say what it is.* How do I explain? Racing





thoughts, dry mouth, silence. A bite on the tongue, a blink of an eye. A sloped, wooden bedroom ceiling, the only witness of tears. A fifteen-year-old losing hope.

A sweaty hand inside an icy one, the smell of cider and beer, dark walls, dim lights, music blasting through the room. A self-made situation for a long-due confirmation. *I don't want to date men again.* A nineteen-year-old losing hope.

Heavy breath and heat and sweat. People after people after people passing by, names on their backs, numbers on their bellies, fourthousandsixhundred. Excitement, anticipation, exhaustion. Around a corner, a hand gripping tight, a split second, a miracle it didn't happen earlier. A twenty-three-year-old losing hope.

If I could hope like a seven-year-old, maybe I could believe that everything will be alright. Maybe I could look at the world in wonder, maybe I could allow myself to dream. But the bittersweet aftertaste of reality brings me back to my senses. How much hope is there left to lose, and when it's gone, am I done growing up?

# Starting a business is the yellow brick road to a hustler's lifestyle, but is that the reality?

Text & photography: Julie Inksmith  
Intragram @ju.li\_5

Who doesn't wish for financial freedom and stability as well as working with something you are incredibly passionate about? I want it, you want it, we all want it. We all want to wake up and look forward to the day ahead, going to work with a spring in our step. Then get home in the evening and feel fulfilled about our day's work. Spending the rest of the evening with family and friends.

On the other hand, what exactly do we have to sacrifice to get there? Do we have to sell our souls to the devil? All good things come with a multitude of obstacles and

sacrifices, which at times can feel like the better option is to give up. For example, if you have a small business and sales drop due to inflation. That's a big obstacle, but what do you do? Give up or adapt? You adapt, learn and continue to improve yourself as well as your business. With the popularisation of the hustle culture in our generation, it seems that the "ideal" process to achieve self-fulfilment requires us to sacrifice what seems like everything because that's what a hustler does.

Build a  
trustw  
multidiscipl

Define your own success!



A hustler grinds all day, has no social life and has little to no enjoyment besides working a 15-hour day because that is what the path to success looks like for them. This is not helped by our generation's tendency to brag about who's more stressed, who's got the longest to-do list and who's had the least amount of sleep. We are supposed to wake up at the crack of dawn and hustle every minute until ungodly hours as that is something a hustler does. With this lifestyle, our only destination will inevitably be – burnout.

The influx of messages saying that our generation needs to hustle, have multiple sources of income and start a business is overwhelming. It's also not for everybody. You have Elon Musk's tweets that say, "There are way easier places to work, but nobody ever changed the world on 40 hours a week". Then you Gary Vaynerchuk, also known as Gary Vee, who is a prominent figure in the hustle culture and is the biggest advocate for work over personal life. In a YouTube video, he says, "hustle your face off 15 hours a day to get people to care". So, 15 hours of work plus 8 hours of sleep, which gives us 1 hour to eat breakfast, lunch and dinner? He proceeds to say:

"People talk about the hustle, but then you're talking about your 6 O'clock happy hour drink, or your video game, or this or that. And here we are in the holidays and everybody's going to their holiday party, and I've got one meeting coming up right now, two meetings after that [then] reviewing my emails. So, while everybody's drinking some goddamned eggnog, I continue to hustle."

Reasonably, we all have to work hard to

achieve whatever dreams we might have. We can work eight hours a day, go for drinks with our friends on a Friday night, play a video game on a Wednesday evening to wind down and have the weekends free to relax. THAT'S WRONG! Well, at least according to the hustle culture. You have to hustle 15 hours a day, even on weekends. Going out with friends on a Friday night or having time off...forget about it. But, in reality, everything is about balance because hustling like that for a couple of years or decades will only leave you with regret of not spending your youth having some fun. You can still work more than 40 hours a week, but don't feel guilty about having some free time to do whatever you want.

The opposite stands as well. You can't just have fun every day with no work, then you'll spend your older days working hard with bad joints. "Hustle is the most important word," says Garry Vee, but recently more people, who believe that the hustle culture is getting toxic, would beg to differ. So, how does it look to start a small business? We can get an inside look into two co-owners/co-founders of small businesses/startups here in Malmö.

Joanna Liwanowska is the co-owner of a small business called Gram, which is a zero-waste store here in Malmö. Before becoming a co-owner four years ago, she was a customer and heard from the founder and co-owner, Rowan Drury, that she needed an extra pair of hands. Joanna, with the same dream and hope as Gram and Rowan of "trying to make a difference in people's life by reducing their plastic waste", and as Joanna described she decided to go for it. Joanna talked a lot about "defining your own success" and "what is success to you."

strong,  
worthy,  
binary team!



Because of her own experiences with Gram she knew that her version of success and her goal wasn't becoming a millionaire from this business, but rather to make a difference in people's lives and in the community. It was for all of us to take a step in the right direction regarding plastic waste, and hoping that Gram would "grow organically." She believes that people really do want to support small businesses that want to make a difference, rather than multi-million-dollar companies. And she was ready to work hard and put in the hours. But, as mentioned previously, everything has its obstacles and sacrifices.

So, what are some obstacles Joanna has had to face along her journey? Well, her obstacles were not in her hands. Not a mistake she made and had to fix, but rather it was the world around her giving her a bad deck of cards. Starting with construction outside the store for nine months, which made customers believe that the store was closed causing the sales to drop. The electricity bills have been rising by absurd amounts, making businesses all over Europe struggle. The state of the world's economy with inflation caused a lot of problems with prices, suppliers etc. As Joanna put it they "are becoming like a luxury that not everyone can afford". With all of these things happening outside Joanna's control, she feels disheartened: "the reason why we do it is so wonderful and uplifting, but, struggle is something that after a while you feel like I've given everything. I don't think I can give anymore."

Don't feel  
pressured!

Change is good,  
even if it's not  
what you thought  
it would be!

With these obstacles how can anyone feel like they want to keep fighting and be positive? That's where the magic of hope comes in. "Gram is not us. It's something that we tried and it was great, but now it's in a different season. And maybe because of the whole situation, we need to scale down and just hibernate for a little bit. So that we can come back and flourish," says Joanna. Just because an obstacle forces you to put your dream on hold doesn't mean you'll never jump back on the horse and continue to chase that dream. Sometimes you just need to hibernate as Joanna said. That's something the hustle culture doesn't talk about. Sometimes no matter how much blood, sweat and tears you put into a business it might not turn out as expected or be "successful" and it's alright to take a step back to brainstorm and re-think.

What does Joanna have to say about our generation's pressure, from the hustle culture, of starting a small business? One, define your version of success and don't let other people or society influence you with their versions of success. Two, have fun and explore life before dedicating yourself to a business as your efforts and time reflect on the growth and success of your business. Even if you have multiple side hustles your small business will grow slowly because of the limited time you have. Three, having somebody you trust to bounce back ideas to and aid you in decision making. Four, change is good even if it isn't what you expected or hoped for at times. Five, don't take things personally, especially when it comes to failure. Failure is good because it means you tried, says Joanna. It doesn't mean you failed as a person; it just means you learned valuable knowledge.

Max van der Mars is a co-founder of Skosh, which is a startup here in Malmö. He came to Sweden from the Netherlands to get his master's degree in industrial design with a specialisation in sustainable product development. During his seven years of studies, he became interested in entrepreneurship and then an opportunity presented itself,



which was an innovation challenge where you had to “come up with ideas for pressing problems”. So, Max “team[ed] up with people with a different skill set [and] different discipline” which led him to team up with his roommate as well as two good friends. With a lot of brainstorming, Skosh came to be with the hope of starting a revolution in the cleaning product industry to “poke the big polluting giant” as he says. A normal cleaning product is ninety-five percent water and five percent product with a lot of plastic packaging. Skosh dehydrates that five percent into a tablet and when the customer gets home, they put it in a bottle with water. And boom! You have a cleaning product that also comes with sustainable packaging. A very efficient as well as convenient product.

Obstacles for startups can look a bit different compared to small businesses, for example, Skosh uses investments that help them survive for a couple of months up to a year. Max explains: “but then within another eight months, we have to consider: how are we gonna do next year? How are we gonna grow then? And as soon as there is a major challenge such as when the revenue has a drop. How do you adapt? How do you quickly not become stressed out, but how do you adapt to the situation?” As he puts it, they are in the stage of short-term thinking, which can be very strenuous due to the uncertainty. “So, one day everything is perfectly fine, you’re doing great and everyone is happy; and then boom! Next week it could be completely different.” says Max. This is the risk of running a startup, he explains. “Maybe you don’t get anything in return money-wise, for example, that your

gets higher or that your career path is opening up” he says, which is just another stressful aspect we have to think about. In the hustle culture, it is almost expected that with your intense effort your salary will increase accordingly, but as Max says that doesn’t have to be the case. What are the good things then, you may ask?

You get to build something from the ground up and that it is valued by customers as well as people within the company. A big part of businesses are

Take your  
time!

Failing is  
better than  
not trying at  
all





Growth > success

customers and making them happy, or making their lives better in some way. “That is the instant gratification I get out of it, that I make a customer happy with a product that is better for the world,” said Max. He talked a lot about growth and how that is the most satisfying and fulfilling part, for example, they have been working to get their product to ICA. Skosh has the goal of changing people’s shopping behaviour as that is something automatic as well as making cleaning fun as it is something we all have to do, and slowly they are achieving that.

Max’s advice is to not feel pressured to follow the current and not be afraid to swim against it because if you do something for that reason you will not feel happy and it will reflect on your business. This is similar to the hustle culture in the sense that hustlers want to swim against the current of 9-5 jobs. While the new trend is saying to swim against the life of a hustler and instead have a balanced life. Max continues to explain that making “sure that you have the right people with a multidisciplinary team, who believe in this idea as well” is crucial. Believe in your idea and define

your own success. Appreciate the process as there is a lot of self-value, growth and knowledge in it. Take your time before following through with an idea because you can start a business at any age. And along the way, there are going to be a lot of self-doubts, but that is natural and there are going to be moments when you are jumping with joy when something is achieved.

So, what exactly is it we are supposed to do in the end with all the hustling? There will always be more questions than there are answers. And, to be a bit cliché, life is YOUR journey, so take it at the pace that fits you and carve your own path of success and growth. Don’t feel pressured to do something you don’t want or don’t feel ready for like starting a small business. Don’t expect yourself or your work to be perfect. You will have bad days, sad days, happy days, days when you’re excited and inspired and days you feel like giving up. What matters is that you keep going, one small step at a time.



Failure isn't bad!

## Sources

GaryVaynerchuk. “The Most Important Word Ever - Gary Vaynerchuk.” *YouTube*, YouTube, 19 Dec. 2014, <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=PIJEIPStJpg>.

Liwanowska, Joanna. “Interview with Gram.” Interviewed by Julie Inksmith

Mars, van der Max. “Interview with Skosk.” Interviewed by Julie Inksmith

Musk, Elon. “There Are Way Easier Places to Work, but Nobody Ever Changed the World on 40 Hours a Week.” *Twitter*, Twitter, 26 Nov. 2018, [https://twitter.com/elonmusk/status/1067173497909141504?ref\\_](https://twitter.com/elonmusk/status/1067173497909141504?ref_)

# Cold Revelations

Text: A. Elmi

Kinsi dusted the snow off her coat with numb fingers and watched the flakes flutter away and vanish, as if swallowed by the warm indoor air. Winter had been around for a couple of months. And while it was a beautiful season, it was so cold it usually made her shield her face and run for shelter. She never so much as lifted her gaze but to look at the nearest buildings and imagine their warmth. So, it was quite odd to her that she had slowed down today and looked round to wonder at how winter had snatched flesh, colour, and height from the landscape, revealing rotten, discoloured, and bent things. The thought came to her as the first snow hurried down to cover it all once more. The snow erupted from thick, dark clouds with the suddenness of an ambush, as though it had been lying in wait for months, waiting for the right moment, waiting for the one day she forgot to check the forecast and surprise her. Trudging with her head bowed against swirling headwinds, Kinsi noted how the ice crystals buried everything and everyone under a thickening coat of white. She was not one to read bizarre meanings into natural events, and yet she couldn't help but think that, for all its naturalness, this cold season was behaving unnaturally, with intention.

As she thawed before the hallway mirror, tracking the return of colour and animation to her face, Kinsi stepped closer, bringing her face to within inches of the mirror. The way the life resurfaced on her skin, slowly and with a sting that made her twist her features, brought to mind Hooyo's face after a joke. Her jokes were all the same and yet different, much as the winds raging outside which were all movements of air but as distinct from one another as a dying wind was to a fresh one. Language play was her forte, but each mixture of malapropisms and jumbled syntax was so fresh it never failed to draw howls of laughter from anyone listening, least of all Kinsi herself. What made her comic acts even more hilarious was Hooyo's delayed reaction, her deadpan mask falling away as she threw her head back to join the laughter. And seeing herself in the mirror now, Kinsi started chuckling at how the reanimation of her numb face resembled Hooyo's face after a joke. Tingling to hear one of those jokes right this

moment, Kinsi left the mirror to go look for her.

She was halted in the doorway to Hooyo's bedroom by the bent creature reflected by the desk lamp in the black balcony windows on the opposite wall. Beside the creature sat Hooyo, bowed over the single piece of paper on her desk.

'Hooyo,' she greeted, drawing up at her shoulder and squinting down at the paper to assess whether she could interrupt Hooyo with her request.

Hooyo adjusted her glasses, then twisted round in her chair and tipped her head back to look up at her. A little unsettled at how Hooyo's eyes played over her face, as though too distracted with thoughts to focus on her, Kinsi reached past her to pick up the paper as Hooyo was saying in Somali, 'Do you have a dictionary, dear?'

The answer was on her lips when her eyes snagged on something on the page. She pursed her lips in concentration as she guided her gaze down the page, swifter and swifter. 'Hooyo,' she spoke finally, slowly, dragging her eyes off the page, 'you wrote this?'

'Yes. Why?' Hooyo asked, wringing her hands together. 'It's bad, isn't it?'

Kinsi stared at her in astonishment for another moment, then pulled her gaze back to the page and began to read out loud. '“The project coming *by 19 days late* is *do to sphere* defects in the software.” And here, “We will *acquire* the following revisions and—” what? What does that say?'

Hooyo stretched her neck up for a closer look, and Kinsi approached the paper to her face and pointed at the word.

'Improvements,' Hooyo enunciated.

'You mean *improvements*?' she asked, eyeing Hooyo closely.

'That's what I said.'

Kinsi returned her focus to the page. 'And here, “The following is *illusion* of the report?” Do you mean *the conclusion*?’

'Yes, yes! The conclusion!'

'Hooyo,' Kinsi said seriously, lowering the paper and meeting Hooyo's eyes squarely. 'Is this an important document?'

She nodded, her short black curls tumbling forward to bounce along her forehead. 'It's a project status report test,' she explained. 'Remember that young project manager who handed in his resignation last month? Henley doesn't like any of the candidates for the post and begged me to apply, but protocol demands he puts me through my paces as well. And this report is supposed to prove that I am capable. If I pass this test, the post is definitely mine, along with the higher salary.'

Hooyo lapsed into silence, her eyes flickering meaningfully between Kinsi's face and the report in her hand.

After another scan of the report, Kinsi nodded to herself, then down at Hooyo. 'Don't worry. I will fix this,' she said, waving the report at her.

Hooyo expanded with joy, then sagged with relief, before bolting up from her chair crying, 'My golden child!' She motioned at the vacated seat. 'Sit, sit! She'll need food,' she mused aloud, her eyes distant. 'Yes. I'll have to run to the supermarket for some ingredients. I'll make her favourite dishes. Oh! And she needs energy, snacks. And tea! No, no! Coffee! She likes coffee.'

Before Kinsi could open her mouth to protest, Hooyo set off at a jog, returned to the flat within the hour with grocery bags, freshly brewed cappuccino, and warm buns, and then set about serving Kinsi for the next two hours, while the air thickened with the scented steam from several pots and pans.

A week later, Hooyo was on her way home from work and crunched to a stop on the snowy pavement to glare down her left arm at her fisted hand. It was clenched around a briefcase that was empty, save a piece of paper with incomprehensible scribbles on it. The briefcase shouldn't have weighed as much as a ten-kilo dumbbell, but it must've also contained all the thoughts that sat with as much weight on her mind for it to feel so heavy. She lifted her gaze with a heavy sigh and let it drift across the street until it came to a rest on the trees lining the cul-de-sac straight ahead. Their crooked branches were inked into the air, a monumental picture of ruined hands, once strong and able, now weak and unable, poised to grab something they could never hope to close their fingers around. Winter had caught her likeness in those trees, she thought.

It was wintertime when Hooyo first discovered just how incapable she was – her first winter, in fact. She had never seen snow before then, and the white substance had looked so much like salt that she'd scooped up a handful of it for a modest bite. It was nothing but very cold water, but so cold it had left her senses sharp, and her hands and mouth numb and tingly. Her mind remained sharp at the language learners' class later that day and took note of how slow and clumsy her hands and mouth were, how totally inept. She had never known herself to be so painfully deficient. Before the war, before her violent flight here, her world had been so perfect, so like late spring with its colours and fullness, that if parts of her were rotting, their stench and being had been too well-hidden beneath all that fragrant richness for her notice. Given how her ineptitude only grew worse over time, she wondered, as she had often, if that first winter had revealed something that was already there or if it was rather that the rot had begun on her arrival here. Regardless

of when the decline had set in, her life here was marked by a struggle against its power to reshape her. It was why she rooted herself in this career where that power confronted her so that she could fight it, but, like a sapling bending to a gale, she always struggled not to let it snap her in two.

Time stretched as she stood out in the cold lost in thought, and as the outside world resolved back into focus, she was rattled by how the whiteness, the silence, and her immobility felt awfully much like white room torture, as if she were held in one of those cells that robs a person of their identity and senses. She jumped into movement, boots punching prints into the snow and breath steaming in the cold air. Everything would be fine. The white cold was confusing her, making her forget who she really was. She was a competent individual. Everything would be fine. She would ask Kinsi to untangle the mess of words on the paper in the briefcase; she would ask her one last time, then she would write, write, write herself. She could do it. The cold world did not rob her of anything, and it certainly hadn't revealed a thing.

Earlier that day, Kinsi kept losing sight of her thoughts in the rough, white winds and so was terribly relieved when she found shelter under a huge oak at the edge of an ice rink. She'd suspended her thoughts on Hooyo's report until she was ready to ponder its significance. Even so, there was one thought that niggled at her. Although it bore the hallmarks of Hooyo's comedy, the report had not made her laugh. Instead, it had filled her with an agitation that had increased with the growing suspicion that Hooyo's jokes had never been jokes at all. A childish shriek rose from the ice rink, and her searching gaze was soon met by a small shape slipping on the ice.

The boy's friends flocked to his sprawled body, and each friend folded into two from wild laughter. The boy's head jerked up off the ice, and, though it lasted only a heartbeat, Kinsi registered how his face froze at their reaction before melting into an expression mirroring his friends'. For Kinsi, this was one of those occasions when one event brings clarity to another, with the boy's behaviour being so alike Hooyo's after a joke that Kinsi felt as though an obscuring mist had cleared. People did this all the time, she realised with a gasp. They made blunders and then laughed to cover them up and make them seem intentional. It was so simple and common that she almost laughed but was brought up short by the multiple iterations of similar events flashing across her mind. Just how many times had Hooyo concealed her language blunders in this way? Like the boy's friends, Kinsi herself must've had a hand in Hooyo's behaviour, laughing and laughing, and forcing Hooyo to laugh louder and louder. A wave of guilt washed over her so abruptly it would've sent her to her knees but for the sudden, bracing thought that she should be more helpful from now on.

And so, she wrote, and wrote some more, till she'd written herself into every letter of Hooyo's texts, a shadow present on every page, a constant reminder of Hooyo's total reliance on her. The letters had become so numerous over the years that Kinsi found herself contemplating her own hands one winter evening, the bruises, ink smudges, and bone-deep ache tokens of five years' worth of writing. Kinsi looked up from her hands as Hooyo entered the room. She crossed the threshold of her sixth decade today, and while most people

leapt over it, she shuffled, her movements straightjacketed by fears. Her snow-white hair fell in thick ringlets around her blotchy face and down to her waist. It shifted as she shambled over, offering glimpses of the bent back and baggy eyes it disguised. Under the milk-white shawl wrapped about Hooyo's body, Kinsi heard the chilling crackle of paper.

'Hooyo,' she said in such sharp tones Hooyo's paper-clutching hand paused in mid-air. 'I can't do it any more.' Showing hands stuck in a claw-like pose, she added, 'My hands hurt.'

She let her eyes travel over her daughter's hands for a time, then carefully placed the paper on the table between them and sank into the armchair behind her, her bones creaking. 'You grow tired of me,' Hooyo said in Somali, her hoarse voice low. 'As your *hooyo*, mother, I never enjoyed that privilege. I was in a new land, had to start over again, learn things anew, and on top of that do a job I hated. I couldn't afford to be tired because I had to work hard so you could reach your full potential.'

'I will work hard too and bring in money, so you can cut down on your hours at the company and attend language classes,' Kinsi recited from the script she'd composed in her mind. 'And I will even tutor you.'

Hooyo pulled the shawl more tightly around her shoulders to suppress a shiver at the thought of returning to school and exposing her incompetence in seminars and tests.

'This language. . .' she trailed off, her eyes finding and fixing on the paper on the table.

'I am a competent person, more so than many of those born and raised here. But how can I prove it without the right words to assist me? The words of this language are too foreign, even after all these years. I think my past is too deeply imprinted on me. It's left paths everywhere in my mind, and this foreign language can neither erase them nor create new ones alongside them. There is so much I want to say,' she continued, tapping a finger on her right temple, 'ideas I want to share but can't put into their words, and it's holding me back.'

'Why don't you do something else, huh? Take up a trade?' Kinsi suggested, trying her best to stifle the desperation in her voice.

The stare she returned made Kinsi shrink back. 'Why should I? Do you doubt my competence? Because I don't! There's nothing wrong with me. The trouble, the *only* trouble, is that I can't speak and write well enough to share my thoughts. But, thanks to you, this is no longer an issue. I can say what I want to say through you. You're the only one who understands what I am trying to say. You're my interpreter. And if you're tired of helping me, your own mother, then how will I say anything?'

'What I'm doing is not helpful, though,' she said, meaning it.

'If you weren't helpful, I wouldn't be where I am today. Back home,' she went on, 'I was the best at this job. But, over here, I seem to be always struggling to become even half of what I used to be. I will not lower myself, as many others are doing, and set my sights on becoming a driver or a cleaner when I'm capable of so much more,' she said, warming to her theme, feeling the surge of agreement within.

'Everything becomes uncertain then, you see, because I must ask myself, Who am I now? You start questioning yourself and your abilities. It's frightening, and no enjoys being afraid. I must protect myself, and you could even say I'm fighting the war back home in my own way, you know? I may not be able to protect my country, but I can protect a piece of it by preserving the person it has made in me. But I can only achieve this if I use the few means that I have, myself and you. Five more years, child; it's all I ask,' she said, her voice and bearing full of need. 'Give me five years, and I will retire in peace with myself.'

She was a while in answering, but when Kinsi finally gave her promise, she added a reassuring smile even as she felt more uncertain than ever. Five more years meant that Kinsi would have spent her thirties hiding Hooyo's fears with her pen. Taking



Dekorera & måla keramik!  
Nu med 10% student rabatt på  
keramik, torsdagar och fredagar\*  
**CERAMIC AND ME**  
Ceramicandme.com  
Instagram: Ceramicandme\_official  
\*vid uppvisad studentlegitimation.

stock of her life that night and finding she was stuck in a rut, she decided to take a week to ruminate between work and ghost writing about her own future. When that week ended, and she'd made no headway thinking what to do with her life, her plan to give it more time was crushed under the avalanche of Hooyo's ravings.

'I am a genius,' Hooyo crowed, then inhaled the steam curling up from the mug cupped between her hands. 'Everyone tells me so. I am very intelligent. Look at this!' She tossed a folder to Kinsi and nodded for her to open it. 'I produced this chart in a matter of hours, and everyone's positively baffled at how I managed it.'

'Hooyo,' Kinsi broke in, concern thick in her voice, 'you do know you didn't actually make this chart?'

Her bright gaze dimmed with uncertainty. 'I gave you the ideas,' she said eventually, her brows furrowed with the effort of coming up with a counter. 'The ideas are mine. You only gave them words. I am very intelligent, you know? Just because I don't speak this silly little language as well as you do doesn't mean I am stupid. The ideas,' she repeated. 'The ideas are mine, all mine! Call me an idea-generator. Every genius is one. They create ideas. That is their calling. No one really understands what Derrida says, and yet he's a great thinker. No one can say for certain what Bhabha babbles on about, and yet he's considered very clever. It's all in the ideas, my child.'

She was a genius, and she would pull at her white hair, ruffling it so that she looked the part as well.

'This is how Einstein wore his hair,' she would say with a twisted smile that showed rotten teeth.

Her talks on geniuses came and went with her confidence, which surged when the writing load was lighter and plummeted when it was heavier. In those low moments, Kinsi figured her fears probably became so overwhelming they paralysed her thoughts. For she would mumble incoherently until Kinsi inclined her head to indicate she had the task in hand. And she mumbled like this hours into the news of her new promotion three years later. The fear still oozed from her when she shuffled back after having talked Kinsi through a muddled budget spreadsheet, an unintelligible report, and a PC desktop that looked like the night sky, so dotted with documents it made Kinsi's head spin.

Kinsi inclined her head, then quietly rose from the chair, passed through the door not two metres from Hooyo's desk, and entered the freezing cold balcony. She really wasn't one to inscribe meanings into natural events, and she knew now looking at this year's first snowfall why that was. The snow wasn't speaking to her – it never had. It wasn't even aware of her attention. It simply did what it did every year. Its arrival was part of a greater pattern, and that was when it hit her. Reveal, conceal, reveal, conceal. Blunder, laughter, blunder, laughter. What the snow expressed was not a message but a cycle. Perhaps deep down, she had always found Hooyo's jokes strange, and perhaps that part of her had turned to nature for an analogy to explain why that was so. Had she seen the cycle sooner, she may even have known how to break it and might've been released from it by now.

'When will you get started on these assignments?'

Hooyo sputtered from the bedroom.

Kinsi bit back an angry retort and waited until she was calm enough to turn around and say, 'I've been offered a job abroad,' the lie unfolding as she spoke.

Face drawn in equal parts shock and despair, Hooyo inched closer to the doorway. 'You're leaving me?' she breathed.

'No.' Sighing, Kinsi shook her head at how quickly her resolve had died. 'But I will, one day.'

'Why? You're planning to put me in a home?'

Kinsi scowled at her. 'I didn't say that.'

'Then why all this talk about leaving me?'

'I won't do that. I was just... talking,' she said with a feeble gesture at her own head.

Hooyo scanned her, her expression fluid, undecided, until it settled into something like determination. 'Good! We will live together forever, you and I. When I retire, we can travel with all the money I've saved up. I'm thinking a year here and a year there.'

'I can't leave work for that long.'

'Then quit your job and work for me,' Hooyo hastened to say, smiling encouragingly. 'I will pay you handsomely. I make good money, as you well know.'

'I can't do that either.'

Hooyo flapped a hand at her, slapping her words aside. 'Never turn down a deal without careful consideration. Give it a think.' Her eyes roamed Kinsi's body, and her mouth tutted. 'You're way too thin and tired-looking, child. I'm off to the pharmacy to buy you some vitamins, and when I come back, you'll show me what you've done.'

Kinsi watched Hooyo's receding back, her focus gathering on her hair. That snow-white mantel of hair looked so much like the snow outside that if Hooyo had told her she was not a genius but a mass of rotten, discoloured, and bent things buried under snow, she would have believed her. However much she had hurt Kinsi, Hooyo had hurt no one so much as herself. If Kinsi could compare her to anyone, it would be to one of those people who deny help because they presume themselves beyond helping. Their conviction may or may not be true, but the point is they're too afraid to find out, lest it should turn out they had it right, that they truly are 'unhelpable'. This may have been what Hooyo meant all those years ago when she'd said she feared reassessing herself and her abilities. It was probably why she refused to give language learning another go and resorted to concealing rather than facing her problem. The thought gave Kinsi pause. If Hooyo had lost hope in herself, then Kinsi was her only chance at restoration, as it were. Would the old Hooyo reappear, her flesh, colours, and height return, if Kinsi continued to give her what she wanted?

Two more years, Kinsi thought. She could do it – she could. And then, she would take Hooyo to a spa or a wellness retreat, so she could restore her on the outside as she had restored her within.

# Mau Radio

Text: Amy Brennan IG: @amysvoice\_  
Illustration: Beatrice Toreborg IG: @OsillySchool



After a long stint the Malmö University Student Radio is back and better than ever. Hosted by two friends Amy and Mette, the new podcast "Turn On, Tune In" focuses on life in Malmö as a

student - where to find the best fika, how to deal with a stolen bike, and so much more! You can find us on your favourite streaming service.

For any enquiries please contact us at [muradioradio@karen.mah.se](mailto:muradioradio@karen.mah.se) or message us on Instagram [@mau.radio](https://www.instagram.com/mau.radio)



## High hopes for the future

The Presidium of the Student Union Malmö has high hopes for this academic year! We are very excited to have students back on campus. Almost all the old and newly enrolled students are back in Malmö, which makes us very happy. The hallways of the University are crowded with students to the degree that we all forgot about in the last two years. The pandemic has taken a lot from our student lives, but it seems that things are finally getting back to normal. Our premises are once again as visited as ever. During mornings the students come to Kølsvinet for Student breakfast and on Wednesdays afternoon we have a lot of students coming for the soup lunch. We also have a lot of our members dropping in for free coffee during the day and many stay to study or relax between classes. Interacting with the students on an everyday level and in person is once more the highlight of our work day!

Even though we know many students are back, we are aware that there are students who to this day are not able to come to Malmö since they can not find suitable accommodation. This is an issue which we at the Union take very seriously and are working hard to fix. Milena, as the president of the Student Union, is attending various meetings and events revolving around this topic. After Sveriges förenade studentkårer published the SFS Bostad Report 2022, where Malmö has fallen to a red marked position, this has given us leverage to discuss the topic with more stakeholders and fight for the improvement of the housing situation for students in Malmö. We will



keep you posted, but know that we are working hard on this and making sure that the students' voices are heard!

While we are all excited to be back on campus, the Student Union is aware of the difficulties the students are facing at the moment in regards to their study environment. We have received numerous complaints from the students about not having enough space in the classrooms which does not make a good study environment. Likewise, the construction works in Orkanen are directly affecting the ability of students to learn due to noise pollution obstructing classes. We are in talks with the people from the University responsible for this and are trying to fix these issues as soon as possible. Until then, we hope you will be able to receive a quality education. If this is not the case, feel free to contact us!

Back to good news! Malmö University became a part of the UNIC European University alliance which means that many new opportunities will open for Malmö University students. Various possible exchange programmes, internship opportunities and combined education between as many as 10 universities around Europe can make a great difference in your education! We will keep you posted.

## Students' learning environment

With the opening of physical classes in the University, our biggest hope is the good environment and high level of education for every single student in Malmö University. We know that during the pandemic, many students suffered due to not being able to focus on zoom and we are hoping that won't be the case anymore. Furthermore, now that the majority of students are back on campus, we are hoping that the disciplinary errand cases will drop in numbers, as the students will be able to ask questions to their teacher more comfortably during physical classes and that the explanations of the exam/essay will be clearer to everyone.

Something we also have high hopes for is the learning environment of the students, that soon the constructions at Orkanen are going to be finished and the students will be able to work at the library without any noise pollution and that no classes will be disturbed due to it and that all students are going to be comfortable going to their classes without a fear of being misunderstood or not having a spot to sit in class, as education should be available to everyone who wants to learn.

Last term, we had quite successful Music Pub nights, with many students enjoying the various genres of music and enjoying their night. Something similar is what we at the Union are hoping for, we are hoping to get many good bands for the students of Malmö University to enjoy and also discover. Furthermore, we are hoping that our collaboration with Medborgarskolan is going to continue for many more years, and that together we will be able to achieve the best experience for both the bands but also the students, and everyone who works for this spectacular event! Hope to see you all on the 25th of November for our next music pub!

## The vibe of community



With students back on campus, we finally get the buzz going again! Because when you're in a Zoom class and the teacher says break time, what do you do? You turn off your camera and go get a coffee. You go pet your cat. You talk to your fellow students? Not really - unless you happened to invite them all to your one-room apartment, they're also half-asleep in bed trying to stay awake in the Zoom class. In other words, you're missing out on talking to them in the hallway. Because you talk to the person sitting next to you in class, not the person whose face is next to you on Zoom. You talk to the people who you meet at Insparken. And what an Insparken it was! Finally completely on site again and a full two weeks! We just want to say thank you to everyone who helped make it possible, to get all of the new students an amazing experience! If you've never jumped in a fountain in the city wearing an overall together with other students

dressed exactly the same, you missed out! Luckily the fun isn't over yet! You'll still have plenty of opportunities to wear your overall at the student pub and during other faculty cup events - yellow may



have won Insparken now at the start of the year, but which team will win the entire Faculty Cup in May, after gaining points for your team the entire year? It's also a great opportunity to show off all of your patches. And if you didn't get enough patches, join the associations' events - they may give you a new patch just for joining their amazing events, and honestly, their events are something you want to be at either way. If you on the other hand miss the vibe of hanging out with your fellow students part of your team, then join your section, just for the students at your department! All of this, again possible, and we're so happy for it. We can almost feel the hope fuming out of the chimney - that is, if the university buildings had chimneys. Someone better open a door and let all of you out, before the building bursts open with excitement. We see you all, because we hope that too, around campus and the union house!

Milena Milosavljevic  
President of the Student Union Malmö

Konstantina Klonari  
Vice-president of the Student Union Malmö

Diego Annys  
Vice-president of the Student Union Malmö



## Bli delaktig i Kårens föreningar och studentgrupper

Studentkåren Malmö erbjuder ett brett utbud av föreningar och studentgrupper som är öppna för alla medlemmar i studentkåren. Du väljer själv om du bara vill delta eller om du vill vara mer aktiv i planeringen och organiseringen av aktiviteter. Det är ofta en utmärkt plattform för att lära sig mer. Samtidigt som du får umgås med andra som delar dina intressen och det är också ett bra tillägg till ditt CV! Just nu har vi 14 aktiva föreningar och 3 studentgrupper, men om du är osäker på hur du kontaktar någon av dem eller vill starta en ny, kontakta vår föreningsansvarige på [foreningsansvarig@malmostudenter.se](mailto:foreningsansvarig@malmostudenter.se).

## Get involved in Student Union associations and students groups

The Student Union Malmö offers a wide range of associations and student groups that are open for all members of the Student Union. You choose if you just want to participate in the various activities or if you want to be more active in planning and organizing the activities. It is often an excellent platform to learn more while you get to hang out with others who share your interests and it's also a great addition to your CV! At the moment, we have 14 active associations and 3 student groups, but if you are unsure how to contact either of them or want to start a new one, then please contact our association responsible on [foreningsansvarig@malmostudenter.se](mailto:foreningsansvarig@malmostudenter.se).

### Musikpuben / Music pub



#### Vi välkomnar er till musikpuben!

Tillsammans med Festmesteriet och Medborgarskolan bjuder vi in till en härlig pubkväll där lokala band och artister underhåller oss med livemusik. Ta med dig dina vänner, studenter och icke-studenter och upptäck ny musik i en miljö där maten och drycken är billig och alla är välkomna!

#### We welcome you to music pub

Together with Festmesteriet and Medborgarskolan we invite you to a great pub night where local bands and artists entertain us with live music. Bring your friends, students and non-students, and discover new music in an environment where food and drinks are cheap and everyone is welcome!

LÄS MER GENOM ATT SKANNA QR-KODEN /  
FIND OUT MORE BY SCANNING THE QR CODE



25 NOV  
19:00



STUDENTPUBEN



# VAD HÄNDER PÅ KÅREN? WHAT'S GOING ON AT THE UNION?

## STUDENTFRUKOST STUDENT BREAKFAST

Tisdagen innan CSN var månad serverar vi en buffé komplett med våfflor kl. 09.00 i Kølsvinet.

*Tuesday before CSN every month we serve a buffet complete with waffles at 09.00 in Kølsvinet.*

## SOPPLUNCH / SOUP LUNCH

Varje onsdag 12.00 - 13.00 kan du få en smarrig vegetarisk soppa i Kølsvinet för endast 15 kr med bröd och kaffe.

*Every Wednesday between 12.00 - 13.00 you can get a delicious vegetarian soup in Kølsvinet for 15 kr including bread and coffee.*

## Kaffe med Kåren / Coffee with the Union

Datum vi kommer till din fakultet:

15 november på HS, klockan 10-14  
16 november i Niagara, klockan 10-14  
17 november i Orkanen, klockan 10-14

*Dates we come to your faculty:*

*November 15 at HS, at 10-14  
November 16 in Niagara, at 10-14  
November 17 in Orkanen, at 10-14*



Följ oss på Instagram, Facebook och Canvas för att ta del av våra fartfyllda vardag! Här kan du se vilka evenemang och tävlingar som är aktuella för er studenter.

Follow us on Instagram, Facebook and Canvas to take part in our fast-paced everyday life! Here you can see which events and competitions are happening right now.

## BLI MEDLEM LÄTT

SCANNA QR KODEN  
(FUNKAR ÄVEN MED SNAPCHAT)



# KONTAKT / CONTACT - KÅREN FINNS FÖR ATT HJÄLPA

### Presidiet

Kårordförande / President

Milena Milosavljevic

0760 - 50 95 64

ordforande@malmostudenter.se

Vice kårordförande / Vice President

Konstantina Klonari / Diego Annys

0707 - 57 75 62 / 0736 501 572

vice.ordforande@malmostudenter.se

### Studentombud

Teknik och samhälle - TS

Samuel Bakare

0707 - 57 75 69

ombudts@malmostudenter.se

Kultur och samhälle - KS

0707 - 57 75 67

ombudks@malmostudenter.se

Lärande och samhälle - LS

0707 - 57 75 68

ombudls@malmostudenter.se

Hälsa och samhälle - HS

0707 - 57 75 63

ombudhs@malmostudenter.se

### Reception

Kårhuset, Bassängkajen 8

Telefon: 040 - 665 75 65

Öppettider / Open:

tis - tors kl 10 - 16, fre 10 - 13

receptionen@malmostudenter.se

MISSA INGET / DON'T MISS A THING



Studentkåren Malmö

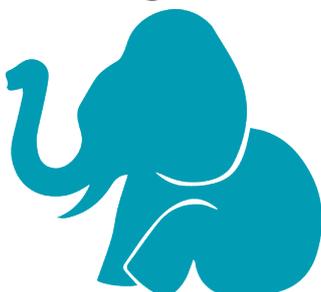


studentkaren\_malmo



Canvas, gå till / go to:

mau.instructure.com/enroll/9MABRG



LÄS MER / READ MORE - MALMOSTUDENTER.SE

# Engagera dig i Studentkåren

Att engagera sig i Studentkåren är inte bara roligt och ett utmärkt sätt att träffa nya vänner på, det ger dig också värdefulla erfarenheter inför ditt kommande arbetsliv. Det finns en mängd olika saker att engagera sig i inom Kåren, välj det som passar ditt intresse bäst så kommer du också få det som roligast.

Som aktiv inom Kåren får du möjlighet att lära känna intressanta personer med liknande intressen och chansen är stor att du träffar vänner för livet. Hur mycket tid du lägger på ditt engagemang väljer du själv. Kårengagemang ger dig även värdefulla erfarenheter till ditt arbetsliv och du får alltid ett intyg på att du varit aktiv inom Kåren. Intyget ger dig förhoppningsvis ett försprång när du är klar med din utbildning och börjar söka jobb, då många arbetsgivare ser det som ett stort plus att ha engagerat sig vid sidan om studierna.

För att göra det lite enklare för dig har vi delat in Kårens verksamhet i två olika delar som du kan engagera dig i. Är du intresserad av att ta viktiga beslut både inom universitetet och Kåren så är studentinflytande och representation något för dig. Vill du hellre bli grym på att planera event och aktiviteter, då är studentliv något för dig.

Läs mer på [malmstudenter.se](http://malmstudenter.se) om hur du kan engagera dig i Kåren.



## Get involved in the Student Union

Getting involved in the Student Union is not only fun and a great way to meet new friends, it also gives you valuable experience for your future working life. There are a variety of things to get involved in within the Union, choose the one that best suits your interest and you will have the most fun.

Being active in the Union gives you the opportunity to get to know interesting people with similar interests and the chance to meet friends for life. How much time you spend on your involvement is up to you. Involvement in the Union also gives you valuable experience for your working life and you will always receive a certificate that you have been active in the Union. The certificate will hopefully give you a head start when you finish your studies and start looking for a job, as many employers see it as a big plus to have been involved alongside your studies.

To make it a little easier for you, we have divided the Union's activities into two different parts that you can get involved in. If you are interested in making important decisions both within the University and the Union, student involvement and representation is for you. If you'd rather be awesome at planning events and activities, then social student life is for you.

Read more at [malmstudenter.se](http://malmstudenter.se) about how you can get involved in the Union.

# Crossword Answers

## Across

2. Deadline
5. Souplunch
8. OrA226
9. Ladok
10. Fika
12. Master
13. Multicard
14. Kronox
1. Exam

## Down

3. Inspark
4. Bachelor
6. Canvas
7. Coffee
11. Zoom
12. Möllan



**The current editors in chief would like to say thank you to the whole team and readers who made this issue possible**

**Framåt då.  
Framåt nu.**  
VI FIRAR 200 ÅR

# Kåren har valt, vilken bank väljer du?

I 200 år har vi hjälpt våra kunder att lägga grunden till sin ekonomiska trygghet och kanske till och med våga satsa på en idé eller dröm, vare sig det gäller att köpa eget boende eller starta företag.

Vi har under hela vår historia satsat på unga och studenter, därför är vi extra stolta över vårt samarbete med Kåren och att de valt oss som sin bank.

Välkommen du också!

Swedbank

