

Small Pleasures

#110

# SUM

STUDENT UNION MAGAZINE





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# SUM Magazine

## Issue #110

### Small Pleasures

### Spring 2023



Cover by Beatrice Toreborg

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# Editor's foreword

When the world is split by war, icecaps are melting and people's rights are revoked, what do you do to stop yourself from spiraling? These past few months I have been relishing the radicality of turning it off. Not paying any attention to the world and instead focusing it all on the smallest, littlest things that I would usually take for granted. I stopped reading the news with my morning coffee. I stopped replying to texts when I'm reading or picking up the phone when I'm walking. I, very selfishly, indulge in all my small pleasures and draw boundaries that I force the world to respect. That's why in this issue, we invited our contributors to share their perspectives on the theme – Small Pleasures. From a coffee break to body positivity, from clubbing to masturbation, we cordially invite you to explore those pleasures with us.

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# Small Pleasures Playlist



Scan the QR code and listen to the Spotify playlist put together by our contributors for the full experience. Sit back, relax, and take your time exploring Small Pleasures.

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# Artist Statement

Text & Illustration: Beatrice Toreborg  
IG: @OsillySchool, @Beatoreborg

We're coming into the months when it feels like the winter is endless. It's cold, it's wet and you wake up every morning seeing the frost outside and you wonder when spring is coming... Then, one morning you hear the chirp of a robin and you know spring is on its way



# Coffee Break

Text: A.Elmi

Illustration: Beatrice Toreborg

IG: @OsillySchool

what's the time?  
endless is the flow down  
the streets.  
shoes, bikes, e-scooters  
buses, cars, and trains.  
the flow's the law.  
don't stop the flow,  
or curses we'll throw.  
when are we there?

come now, hurry, hurry!  
shoes clatter, click and clack.  
bikes swish, rattle and clunk.  
e-scooters whisper, whisper and  
chime.  
buses drone, rumble and fart.  
cars hum, rattle and squeal and  
honk for space, space, space.  
trains hiss, screech, and chug-chug.  
when are we there?

what's the time?  
traffic lights switch,  
burn yellow,  
flicker,  
blacken.  
speeds slacken,  
the noise drops as everyone,

everything stops.  
mouths twitch,  
souls itch until

the signal's returned, and  
black turns green.  
shoes, wheels, and engines scream.  
red, yellow, green – the flow's back.  
when are we there?

come now, hurry, hurry!  
you're all in the chase.  
sometimes you forget your face.  
who are you outside this race?  
and what's the prize? is it death?  
where is it? who knows?

coffee steam rises to my nose,  
and I pretend it's all a dream.  
in my mind, the steam clears,  
and everything disappears.  
an image of silence appears:  
miles of empty road all around,  
all the people on meadows outside  
town,  
their noses pushed into the sun,  
and the smiles on their faces  
telling me we've finally won.





# Happiness: the importance of simple pleasures

Text: Julie Inksmith IG: @ju.li\_5

Photography/Illustration: Julie Inksmith @ju.li\_5

As the world is being plagued with war, economic crises, and a pandemic, it's hard not to stress over the predicament that we are in on top of our personal problems. Recent research has shown the importance that simple pleasures have for our overall well-being as unhappiness is at an all-time high. It's crucial for us to take the time to indulge in our personally chosen simple pleasures like going out for a coffee, watching a movie, going for a walk with a friend, etc. It's a journey of patience, trial and error as well as self-reflection.

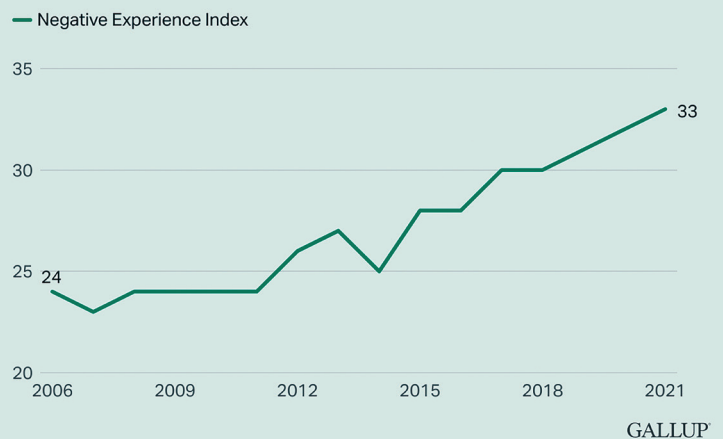
## The problem: The rise of unhappiness

Everybody has noticed the rise of unhappiness, especially during the pandemic. However, according to The Gallup, "unhappiness has been steadily climbing for a decade" and "is at a record high". They argue that it's due to the rise of wellbeing inequality. In 2006, they conducted a global research regarding subjective wellbeing, "happiness", where they asked people to rate their life from 10, the best, to 0, the worst. When the study was first conducted the results showed that 3.4% answered 10 and 1.6% answered 0. Recently, when asked again, the numbers showed that 7.4% answered 10 and 7.6% answered 0. Their conclusion was that the world is becoming increasingly unequal. In addition, they concluded that the people on top are "fulfilled by their work, have little financial stress, live in great communities, have good physical

health, and have loved ones they can turn to for help" while on the other hand the people at the bottom "don't have a quality job, their income is not enough to get by, they live in broken communities, they are hungry or malnourished, and they don't have anyone in their life they can count on for help" which in turn increases their unhappiness.

## The Global Rise of Unhappiness

Anger, stress, sadness, physical pain and worry reach a new global high. Index scores range from zero to 100.



Take a  
deep breath



## What even is happiness?

It is hard to pinpoint what exactly happens in our brain and body when we feel happy and with the complexity of our brains many things, like happiness, are still abstract concepts. Thus far researchers have narrowed it down that when we feel happiness, our body mainly produces the signalling chemicals: dopamine, serotonin, endorphins, and oxytocin. Dopamine, also called the “happy hormone”, drives the brain’s rewards system. Serotonin balances our mood and aids in general wellbeing, for instance, it regulates sleep and wound healing. Endorphins are known as our body’s natural painkillers and give support when overcoming stress. Oxytocin is not exactly a “happy hormone” like dopamine; however, it plays a big part in encouraging social interaction which in turn helps us feel more of those “positive hormones”.

The hormones that stimulate the sensation of happiness are essential for both our physical and mental wellbeing. Research shows that “happiness can improve your physical health; feelings of positivity and fulfilment seem to benefit cardiovascular health, the immune system, inflammation levels, and blood pressure, among other things” (Psychology Today). Additionally, research has shown that it aids in longer lifespans.

Tell yourself  
how amazing  
you are

Do something  
you love today

## The solution: simple pleasures

Simple pleasures can be defined as “experiences that are brief, positive, emerge in everyday settings, and are accessible to most people at little or no cost” (Psychology Today). Simple pleasures are highly subjective, and thus, one person’s simple pleasures may not be appropriate for another. What matters most about

simple pleasures is that they are catered to our own personal preferences. And that they bring **you** happiness as they are crucial in buffering the harmful effects of stress. Additionally, some research has shown that they play a role in helping us effectively regulate emotions through the practice of deploying attention in the “anticipation, savouring, and reminiscing of pleasurable states” (Frontiersin). Our happiness is within our personal control, but as the majority of things, it’s easier said than done as “finding happiness will always be an ongoing process. As people strive to create a meaningful and joyful life, cultivating certain behaviors can help, including meaning, authenticity, optimism, gratitude, compassion, and generosity” (Psychology Today). Simple pleasures can look like a regular indulgence of Starbucks coffee, cooking a nice meal, taking a Zumba class, taking a walk, watching your favourite movie, or partaking in concepts like mindfulness, hygge and ikigai.



Mindfulness is a concept that involves focusing on the present by paying attention to thoughts and feeling that one might feel with acknowledgement without judgement. Mindfulness isn't about being happy all the time, but rather to be present from moment to moment even if it's sad or happy, painful or joyful, difficult or easy. This is no easy task; it takes time and practice like it does to build a muscle skill or habit. The most common practice of mindfulness is meditation which raises our dopamine levels, making us feel happy.

The Danish concept of hygge is "is about cosiness and surrounding yourself with the things that make life good, like friendship, laughter, and security, as well as more concrete things like warmth, light, seasonal food, and drink" (Scandinavia standard). This concept was used to describe how the Danes would survive winter by lighting candles and drinking hot chocolate or alcohol. But the concept can be applied to all seasons, for example, hygge can look like ice cream on the beach or eating fresh strawberries in a park in the summer. The hygge feeling arouses comfort which helps our bodies release oxytocin which then releases serotonin.



Taking a look into the eastern side of the globe we come across the concept of ikigai, "*iki* meaning *alive* or *life*, and *gai*, meaning *benefit* or *worth* (...) is a state of wellbeing that arises from devotion to activities one enjoys, which also brings a sense of fulfilment" (positive psychology). It is believed that we all have an ikigai, and an intersection of passions, talents, as well as the potential to benefit others. Similarly, to find the simple pleasures that suit you and bring you happiness, you need to go on a sort of journey to find your ikigai which may take a lot of time, effort, and self-reflection. Ikigai is commonly shown as a diagram that illustrates overlapping spheres with the following titles: what you love, what you are good at, what the world needs and what you can get paid for.

In short, unhappiness is at an all-time high and we need to take measures into our own hands to make ourselves happy through simple pleasures.



Don't be afraid to take a deep breath, take a small break or go for a walk because who doesn't want to have better physical and mental health as well as live longer? Hopefully, his article has provided you with tools - mindfulness, hygge and ikigai - which can aid you in your journey to a happier and healthier life. Now it's in your hands to pursue what fits you best with research, trial and error as well as reflection. And remember - it's not a race. It's a marathon.

Chat with a friend

Don't forget to take a break

Make yourself your favourite drink

Straighten your posture

Cook yourself a good meal today

Tell a friend how much you appreciate them

What are you grateful for?

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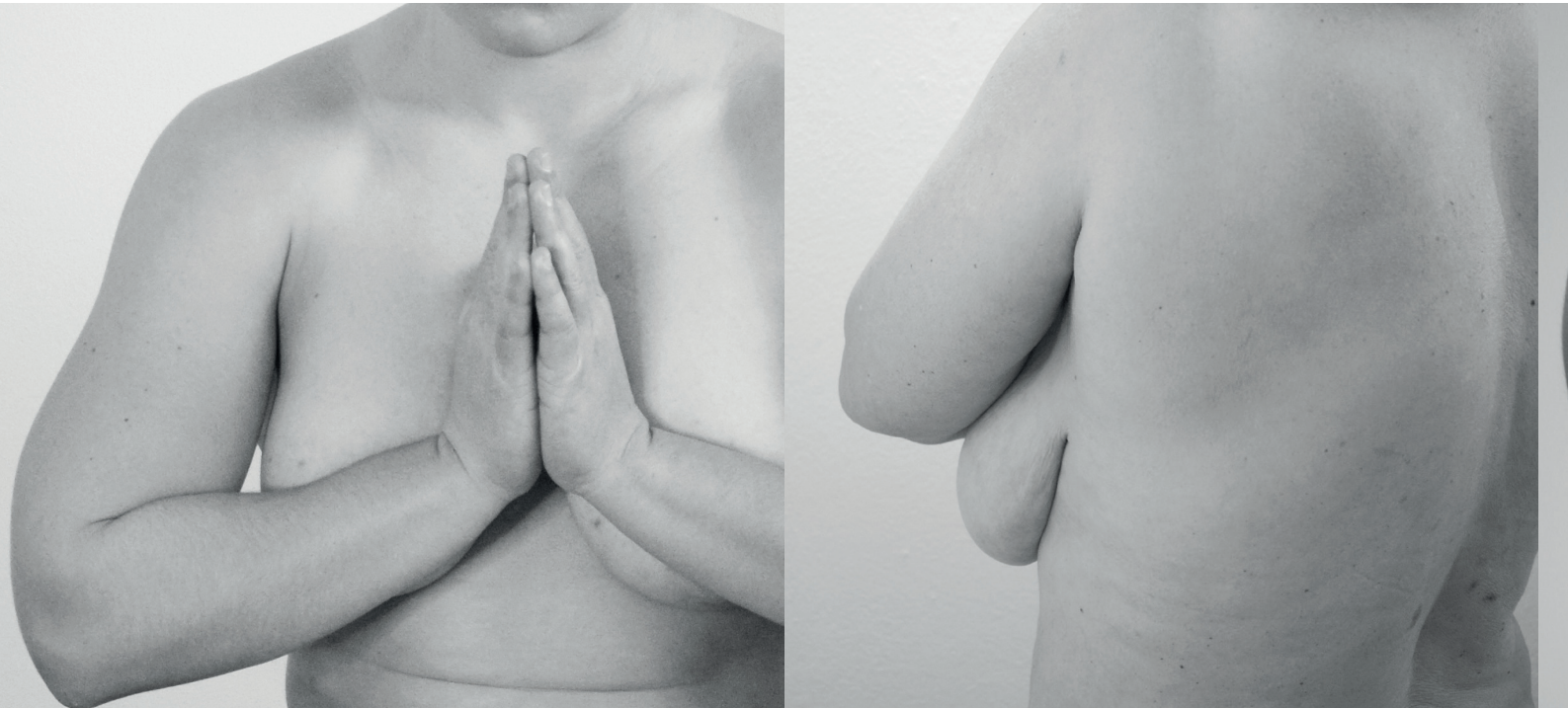
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# Celebrate Your

Text & photo: Georgina Laskari IG: @la\_georgina\_ph

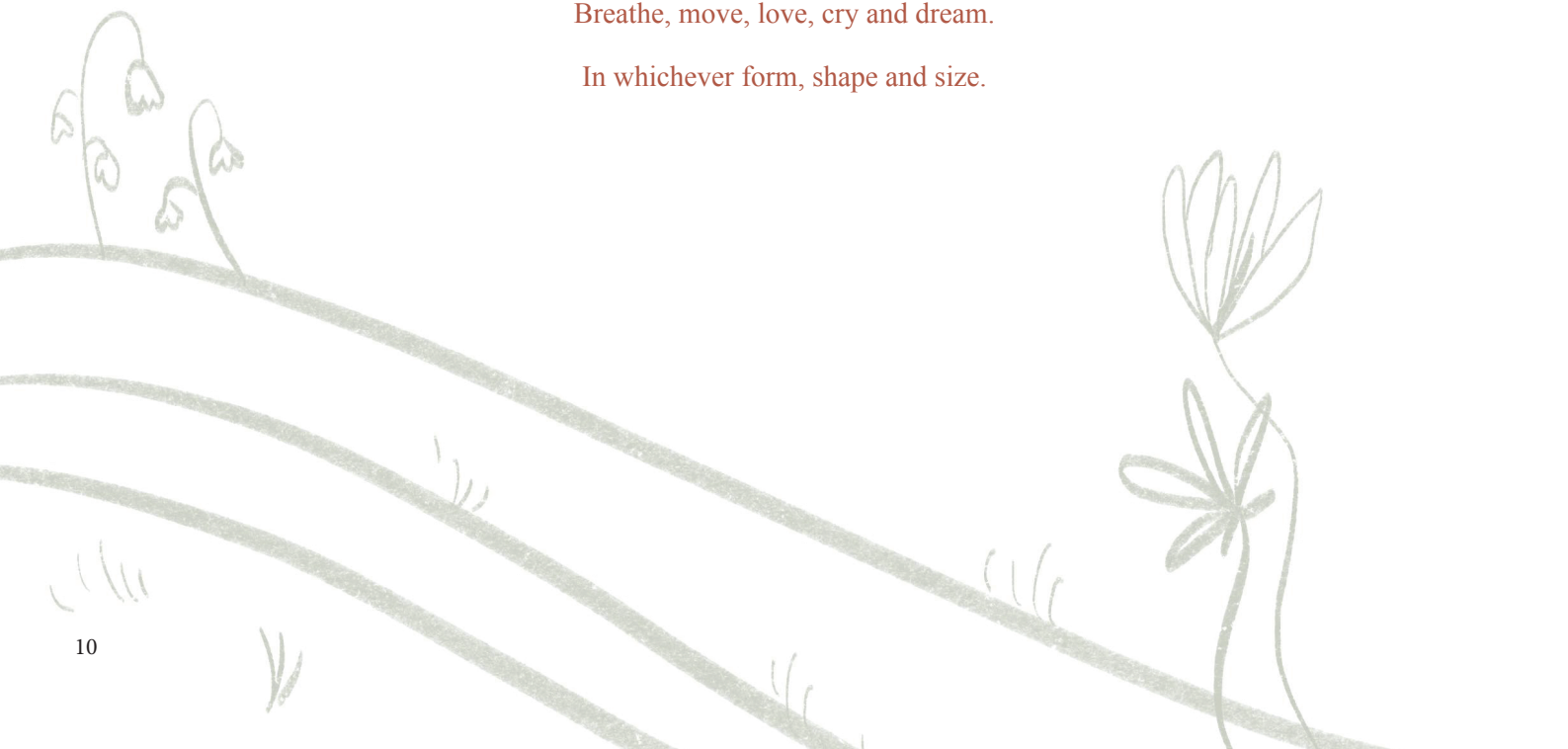
Illustration: Beatrice Toreborg IG: @OsillySchool



Your beautiful body is the reason you live.

Breathe, move, love, cry and dream.

In whichever form, shape and size.



# Body



Your body is here for you.

Your body is you.

This Year Celebrate Your Body.

This Year Celebrate You.





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# Daddy Dj, What Happened to the Party?

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## What Malmö's Venues, Bookers, DJs, Artists and Politicians Owe to Each Other

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Text: Evangelina Nicole @gina040  
Photography: Julie Inksmith @ju.li\_5

Big shots from Berlin nightlife, the Night Mayor of Tallin and a representative from the Swedish government. On the other side of the table; a small collection of representatives from some of Malmö's alternative cultural output; Inkunst, Hypnos Theatre, Retreat Radio, NGBG Festival, Anomali and my collective FNGRLCKN. We had all been invited by the cultural platform SHAPE+, an initiative funded by the "Creative Europe" program of the European Union, to attend a workshop where the goal was to collate the movers and shakers of Malmö and inspire us to develop proactive ideas with those on the other side of this table, to make lawmakers recognise the importance of culture (beyond opera and ballet). Instead, the intended workshop opened up the floodgates of bitter souls, tired of fighting for recognition and respect in a politicised world of blame games and hostile structures, impossible to climb without previous initiation. The conversation was recorded for SHAPE+'s archives, and I'm pretty sure it caught my voice shake when I spoke of the struggles FNGRLCKN had faced.

In the mid 2010's I'd just returned from abroad studies, and the short time spent back in Malmö made me exhausted of the scene. You could be in completely different clubs and still have the music and Dj be the exact same. The queer scene was even more homogenous, if possible. I can't say exactly what, but there's something about hearing a sloppy in'n'out fade mix of Zara Larsson's "Lush Life" booming through crumpled mass-produced pride flags one too many times that breaks a person. After that, I decided I wanted something different and was lucky enough to be at the right place at the right time and found a mentor in Vanessa Marko. Marko co-founded the music collective Femtastic, a musical powerhouse comprised of female creatives of varying disciplines at the height of Sweden's feminist wave in the early 2010's. Thanks to their cultural efforts as part a political campaign called FATTA, organising events, concerts, workshops and the like, they were a driving force in raising awareness for and getting Sweden to pass the Law of Consent. Femtastic has not been active since 2016 but FATTA ended up becoming an independent organisation and is still very much an active part of Swedish politics.





DJ NANDA



I was immensely inspired and it eventually got to a point where I, in my own way, wanted to carry on the legacy of creating powerful spaces for the ones of and in the margins. I wanted more than a safe space. I craved an environment where competent and driven creatives would further each others genius, where we would dare each other to brave new ground in genre and expression. That's what I achieved together with my amazing friends and talented colleagues in the collective FNGRLCKN, est 2017. It's been a few years since the start, we've gone on to release ep's and songs, perform internationally and collab across borders and genres. But what about collabing across generations? My circles are adamant about breaking down borders of any kind, but I rarely notice any grey hairs amongst us, at least not one that hasn't been dyed.

"Our past defines us" I hear the echoes of my professors sound out while I write this thing that, compared to my academic efforts, feels so pointless and frivolous. Aren't we all just substance abusers, listening to weird shit by weird people at weird hours of the day, trying to make sense of it all and hand it in before canvas closes submissions and the coffee turns cold? But what is the history of Dj'ing? Who and what are me and my contemporaries at that table a few weeks ago defined by?

To help me bridge the gap, I met up with two of the longest active Dj's I could find - Dj Nanda and Dj Nos, who both started their musical journeys in the glorious decade of the 90's - the very same decade that I was born. Coincidence? I think not.

## DJ NANDA

Dj Nanda began her career in the nineties Chilean mountain ridges as a party organiser and vibe decorator.

"I was with a group that arranged chillout techno parties that we called Fullmoons, or Fullmoon Liberations, up in the mountains in Chile. It wasn't at all what you would expect from an underground party nowadays. We played pagan psychedelic music and created a very cozy vibe with fire, chai and cushions. There would be a maximum of fifteen to twenty people, so it wasn't a big thing at all. We tried to keep it pure, you know, no drugs or alcohol or loitering. We were there for the cleansing experience, for the moon, the music and the fire."

As Nanda reminisced, she tells me how it all,

unfortunately, had to end for safety reasons and describes it as follows:

"When the electronic scene started to boom around us in the mid-nineties and word started getting out, we had to shut the parties down... People were starting to deal and use drugs, and we didn't want that energy. The mountains are a wild spot, and things happen! People get drunk and lose their senses, something serious could have happened. Then we would have been discovered and banned by authorities and we didn't want it to end like that.

*"What did you do after that? How did you start Dj'ing?"*

"I was doing chillouts for other organisers and one night in Brazil something had happened to the other Dj, don't know what, and they asked if I could play. I was like "But I don't know how to play!" and they were like "yeah, but you have really nice music anyways," and then I played for 6 hours. I don't remember what I was doing, but I was playing with four decks, and I was just mixing all the channels. I was very carefree, very "whatever maan", and people were really fascinated by it."

At the end of the millennium, Nanda moved to India where she performed in exchange for chai and food in chai shops. She met travellers who she traded cassettes, cd's, and vinyls with and misses the organic exchange of musical mantras. Dj Nanda feels that streaming platforms changed the entire premise of the profession.

"It killed the scene. After India, I eventually relocated to Sweden thanks to some artists that wanted me to run a label right here in Malmö. I had a position as Dj Representative in Europe for the Canadian label Interhill Records from 2005 to 2007. We called it Chillosophy. Unfortunately, those years was right in the transitional period from physical to digital so all our efforts in curating the music were wasted when the industry became digitised with streaming platforms. The business went down after that."

I feel like I'm starting to find the answer to my question of what happened to Malmö's party-scene, as Nanda said, the switch from analog to digital seems to be the culprit. At the end of Chillosophy, Nanda moved to Copenhagen where everything quieted down for a while.

*"How do you feel about the scene now?"*

"The scene is, in general, very male, always been, and the disrespect is still tangible in modern day. They display a sort of idiosyncratic behaviour, treating women like we don't know what we're doing technology-wise because it's all a boys club, especially with technicians. They switch equipment

on female and queer artists in the last second or ignore our tech requirements. They don't do this with men because they take care of their own. Now there are lots of women playing, more than ever, but it doesn't mean it's easier and it doesn't mean there's fair compensation. We managed to incite some change with MeToo, but there are still very few female arrangers and bookers and deep down, the scene is still organised and manipulated by men. But we still depend on these organisers and bookers to consider us as part of the movement and not as objects to fill space on a poster for the sake of 'exposure'. Because of that, there are still people playing for free. Back in the day we did it for the love of the scene, because we were building it up, together. Now, it's because venues, especially in Malmö, act like victims, begging for mercy on their bare knees to manipulate artists and DJ's into charging less and less, saving that money to then book a high profile name in the same season. I'm sorry, but if you can't afford to pay all artists fairly, there is something wrong with your business. I'm not trying to generalise, but I've been in this industry for too long to be objective about this."

*"What made it change?"*

"It was when people started making loads of money. Festivals and clubs shifted all the funds to the big names and treated the alternative acts like shit. That has nothing to do with being male or female. It's about the hierarchy of the scene. I once got paid 1600 euros for 6 or 12 hours and I felt like I was stealing because I knew some small name was probably getting nothing. I understand the organisers for wanting to make money, but when you create an event you need to realise that you're not booking acts to fill spaces. You, as an organiser or booker, are there to create a sense of atmosphere. Otherwise, it becomes a battle of egos when it should be about the community."

*"How do you feel about the newer generation?"*

"Well, there is a lot more technology and opportunities for young people, but it's still not professionalised. It's still very much an underground scene and it's been like that forever."

Both me and Nanda agree that it's in this vacancy of professionalism in the industry where bookers





and venues enter to take advantage of us. There, they occupy space to act like they're part of the underground and the fight against the mainstream, when in reality they're the ones in charge of constructing these parallel societies and movements.

*"What should the focus be for the future of djing?"*

"We need to professionalise the scene and come together as one. My philosophical approach is that we are doing something for the bigger picture, and there's no room for egos on that canvas. And I feel for these young excited people that come in like a doe eyed puppy, doing it all for free, and they get taken advantage of. We can't let that happen. We need to protect each other by staying connected and keeping a discussion going. By staying informed, we stay protected, I always say this."

*"What would you say makes a good Dj?"*

"A good Dj doesn't have to play everything, that's not how this works. I've been berated by men for not having an extensive portfolio, saying I should be prepared for any occasion and whatever but I'm like "listen, this is where I specialize, and that's it. I don't need to cater to everybody, I don't need to be a request Dj." I don't need to prostitute myself the way they do, even though I love that for them, that's not my style. There's also a lot of technically fantastical Djs that can create a vibe, but that's completely different from creating a scene. Maybe I'm old school, but to me it's not about the drugs or the conspiracies of the dancefloor. It's the community that creates the party."

*"Why do you Dj?"*

"Because I love the feeling of being part of something bigger than myself. It's not about the particular gig but rather the whole experience."

*"Thank you so much for this, Nanda. The final question is quite simple; what would you have appreciated as a new DJ in the game? Any tips for ones starting out?"*

"I would have loved to have gotten more chances to play and make mistakes and to get feedback on those mistakes to help me find my way! That's what I would recommend, dare to ask for more from your local Dj-community. Be keen to share more than music. Cancel your Spotify subscription and start supporting artists on Bandcamp, do the work for yourself instead of letting algorithms decide for you, get lost in the collections of others because they might have a whole other perspective of the genre that you wouldn't have found out if you didn't venture into the unknown for yourself and don't be frightened of what you want to play. If you like it, do it! Be curious, find

your ways, and don't isolate yourself. Listen to how others play and make an effort to listen to new music. Don't follow the mainstream, because then we're all gonna end up sounding the same, and that makes for a very boring scene."

Nanda provided a very interesting and international perspective of our world and now I wanted to turn to a more local one, that's why I met up with Dj Nos who's moved in and around the Skåne scene as a graffiti artist and Dj.

## DJ NOS

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Dj Nos started his musical journey in his mid teens and for that he credits Public Enemy:

"What was playing on the radio didn't interest me at all, and that's why I feel like I was a bit of a late bloomer. But I'd never heard 'real' music before! You know what I mean? I was surrounded by boring radio music, and out of nowhere, Public Enemy came on... 14 year old me was just in awe, thinking "wow, this is fantastic!" I got really into hip hop and then electro funk, then when techno came along I had a graffiti friend that started selling these techno records he'd picked up in Germany. He'd go round to different collectives in Skåne, like, visit us personally to sell them to us. There was no record store that was carrying techno by then, this was around 1993. He'd usually palm off some of the records to me that he didn't manage to sell to others, things that were considered garbage and un-hip, but that I loved and still consider as my favourite records today."

*"What happened after Public Enemy and Hip Hop?"*

"Well, it all went by so fucking fast. From feeling like funk and electro was closer to heart, it just switched, and then trance and techno was even closer to the human spirit than the carnal funk. But genres didn't hold the same social power then, as it does today. There wasn't the same discussion. You had one label that would release everything. It was like the fall of Babylon in 1995 when labels started becoming genre specific. Segmenting the music like that ended up separating the scene. But it's gotten a bit better now. I've seen people meeting each other again, and maybe now it's even better than it used to be. But I've noticed that people are preferring to play the "right" music, instead of good music, and that's not what's important to me."





**DJ NOS**



*“What do you mean? Right music vs Good music?”*

“Well, to me it was such a fucking awakening. I came to a point where I just got so sick of it all. Everybody was saying the same phrases everywhere and festivals sounded like one and the same song playing all the time. And then I saw Mike Maguire perform. He was playing with cassettes and vinyls, mixing like people used to do in the beginning, meaning no beatmixing. He was doing every technical mistake and hopping from one genre to the next - playing completely wrong, but doing it exactly right. That rekindled my spirit and I felt like it was so fucking fun to dance again. He inspired me so much, giving me more energy and faith in myself, I realised I can play whatever the fuck I want, and that’s what’s important: to have fun.”

*“How do you feel about the scene nowadays?”*

“I feel more stressed now. Well, the parties feel more stressed now compared to how they were in the good old days - when they breached into the epic, when you could have a deeply introspective personal

journey in the middle of the dancefloor because there was a calm part in the set. Those moments demanded something different from the person on the dancefloor, a moment of careful release from their body so they could enter the sentiment of the song, so they could experience a mental ecstasy rather than a physical one. I don’t think the contemporary party-goer is capable of that, and that’s why I often refrain from playing certain tracks, even if I love them dearly.”

*“Don’t you think that if you play those kinds of tracks, that you’ll give what Mike Maguire gave to you all those years ago, when you’d lost hope?”*

“Yeah, its a cowardice of mine for sure. But Dj’s in general aren’t taking chances anymore, the audience aren’t interested in entering a new state of mind and bookers and promoters don’t put in the same effort as before, either. It used to be so beautiful, decorated to the max with all these secret rooms... It’s not like that at all anymore. In the stress that the internet and smartphones has brought into our lives, it’s too easy to take out your phone and go somewhere else in the universe. When before, parties would have different rooms and alleyways inside the venue, and





I was very much into the chillouts - that's not around anymore."

And that was true. I have been organising parties since 2015, and going to them since 2010 - and I'd never heard of a chillout until I conducted these interviews. What happened to that environment of community, connection and variety inside the club? When did it get lost? Nos suspects the digitalization of human connectivity is to blame.

"Phones have caused us to lose our ability to be present in the moment."

*"Do you hate phones?"*

"Well, I wouldn't say hate, but I don't think it's healthy. I'm not a religious guy, but I believe that the digital is Lucifer incarnate. If one looks at singular moments of technological advancements then sure, there's been amazing progress made, but all in all, it's broken down much more of humanity than what it's built. I see the stress it's brought into our lives. I began noticing it when the first mac computers came and completely annihilated human craftsmanship. But no, life is a fairytale and I can't hate anything in a fairytale. We have an opponent, an antagonist. We all have our roles to play, and the digital is a puzzle piece in the story where good eventually wins."

*"What's your role?"*

"My role? My role is to... To give space to a certain kind of presence. Even if I make my own music, it's always based on the potential I see in it to connect different circumstances and communities. I'm not interested in it for my own sake, it really can be any and everything, because it's made for humans in moments. It's a two-way-communication between my function in a context and the people inside of it. It's a sort of medicine-man-character that's gone lost in our world."

*"Like a musical shaman?"*

"Really boring to use those terms, because the role doesn't exist in our world anymore, not as a part of modern society at least. I believe it's incredibly important. In every civilisation and culture there's been this shaman that's devoted their lives to help people transit to different states by immersing themselves in different states, if i'm to put it in some way. To me, it's about doing something with others. I don't want to say its out of complete selflessness, I am doing it just as much for my own sake as well, and that's where what borders me from other's gets blurred out. Together, we enter a state of presency. We're part of a musical feed, and I have the

responsibility of riding all of us into a nurturing place to be."

*"What does that entail?"*

"Well, I lead the dance, but after about two hours I want to hear what others have to play. That's why I'm always on site before and after to dance and feel the vibe of the crowd to get into the vibe. It's partly because I respect the ones playing before me and partly to feel in what the mood is before I start."

*"Do you prepare a lot before a show?"*

"When I first started out i'd prepare a fuckton. I was so conscious of tonality, key, transitions - everything, and i'd do it for hours. And sure, they were technically great mixes, but it wasn't fun. I was playing at a gardenparty in town and I was thinking "alright, let's just play some disco, there crowd is mostly old timers and they're not gonna be looking for any wild night" and then all of a sudden we're all sweaty as all hell and I remember that I'd brought some of my technorecords. I dared to try it out and fuck what a great time it was. The best show I ever played. After that night, I thought to myself that i'd never again prepare for a set. So now, I might prep 10 minutes on gathering records, I make sure not to play it too safe, but I do bring the ones I know work well in any situation and play those when appropriate. But the level of prep nowadays is much more relaxed and intuitive."

Dj Nos tells me how his several stints with covid-19 has left him mentally drained, impairing his ability to reach a deeper level of connection with the music that he needs to perform.

"I create my own music so I've had to almost quit playing altogether. Spinning records is something that's so incredibly based on emotions, if I don't feel anything then I can't create anything. I know I'm not alone in these feelings. Corona made it too easy to exist."

We talk for a bit about how the pandemic made life hard in the sense that everything became too simple. What used to be life's little joys in the midst of a hectic consumerist existence turned into mundane struggles of the painstakingly slow everyday. Humanity became encompassed in tristesse. In simplicity, there was no friction, no pain, and when there's no pain then we as artists have nothing to say.

*"What would you say separates a good dj from a bad one?"*

"I'd say a bad Dj is one that's not having fun. If you're not having fun, and you don't know what to do



to make others have fun then...”

(He makes a gesture I can only interpret as “Then it’s pointless to be in this industry”)

“... Sure, when it’s about dancing there’s different facets to it, but there has to be emotion, some form of joy and not just play the right shit. I feel like I have a world record in hearing the “right” music against my own will.”

*“Thank you so much for this, what do you say we wrap this up; what would you have said to yourself as a new Dj? Any tips for the ones starting out in 2023?”*

“Well, hmm.. That’s to try things out, a lot. But also to hone your technical skill as much as possible so that you can reach a point of total release, and not mind it at all. If you don’t have the technique down, it’s hard to start playing around. But if you’re good enough at the technical, you start to relax and then you can start to incorporate the emotional. But if you just play with emotion, you’re not gonna have any idea of what you’re doing, and it’s gonna sound fucked. Don’t just mind technique and correctness, but also what you yourself think is fun - and ask yourself why you like certain things - analyse yourself, and maybe you’ll enter into something that’s not as bound by genre or style.”

Talking to these two prolific yet secret characters was like discovering a forgotten sunken city, an Atlantis of musical culture, and they were the only survivors to tell me the story of our ancestors. I don’t want it to be like that. The disconnect in our communities is what allows ignorant lawmakers to enter the vacant slits in our discourse and decide what’s good for a world they have no nuanced coherency of. With my article and the perspectives of Nanda and Nos I hope to bridge the gap that we as Dj’s in Malmö feel between each other. I want to highlight that we are not rivals, but colleagues, and as such we need to start respecting and supporting each other because otherwise bookers and venues won’t see the need to do so themselves, which will give rise to unnecessary animosity which will become misdirected. We need to professionalise, take each other seriously, and give respect and props to the ones that paved the way before us by engaging in discussions and sharing knowledge and friendship across platforms and ages. That is what I believe SHAPE wanted us to initiate that dreary january night, and at least we’re continuing the conversation. It’s the least we can do to get the ball going, for now.

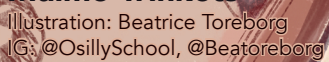
And hey, maybe I’m hoping that somewhere someone with actual power will read this and realise that we’re not these debaucherous drug-fueled studio-rats of Sodom, but actual professionals with

empirical skill and a loving community with a deep and comprehensive culture and history beneath the showy flim-flam and confetti of it all. That this is something that’s just as valid and important as any of the classical arts, and just as deserving of acknowledgment. We all owe each other to at least listen to one another, because even if the scene is dying, that doesn’t mean the need for one is dead.

Thanks for reading, and I hope to see you on the dancefloor!

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# Walking Metamorphosis

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Illustration: Finnick Wächtler  
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ENTRANCE



Walk along with me  
So you can feel what I feel  
A random smile looking at the sea  
A random shiver, smelling the wind; hugging a

tree

Hot

Cold

"Please, just one cup of tea"

I am not full of surprises

I enjoy being surprised

By the water

By the change

By the feeling

By the beauty of being free

See?

It is about embracing your soul

How you do dance around

How you do laugh loud

The small things

Never too old

Never too bold

To appreciate the cold and the hot

Every small pleasure can be taught.

It is not a big deal, they say. Laying down on the floor,  
listening to your favorite song; feeling the wet moss  
on your forehead, breathing the fresh air; biking when  
the rain comes, going for a swim, embracing your next  
dream. Ok, I am going to stop with the rhythm, but I  
swear! The words just easily came to my hands when  
starting this text. Oh gosh.

People who know me know that I am all smiles. I  
laugh loudly, I am randomly moving (or dancing),  
I am weird, but most important here: I am excited  
about those small things, those tiny, little, mini details  
that can change the color of my heart, the depth of  
my soul. I enjoy greeting the moon, thanking the  
universe, and looking for Jupiter in the sky to chat  
a bit. Yes, sometimes I just look up to the sky to say  
some nice things about my favorite planet. I admit that  
this paragraph sounds a little bit silly when reading  
again, but if not silly, if not light, if not simple, how  
are we humans going to be able to live this life? We  
do not need crazy experiences, wonderful moments,  
expensive trips, food, or materials.

*Those small things...*

I remember, from memories of when I worked

in theaters, the greatest, but literally, the smallest  
pleasure was to be able to touch the wood of the  
stage with my feet. I remember the shiver going up  
my body, I remember the smell of old wood and the  
sound of snapping when taking over the stage with  
my various characters. Feeling the stage was also  
connected to my peaceful days in the forest, camping,  
hunting waterfalls, and lighting a fire inside caves.  
I believe nature may sometimes fulfill the dark days  
everyone has already gone through at least once. The  
necessity of appreciating small things exists when  
you realize that there is a need for someone to come  
and pull you out of the fire, to bring you up from your  
lowest, taking you higher, when nobody can see you  
through the ashes and the smoke.

*Those small things...*

Your people. The ones who can make you close  
your eyes and feel safe, the ones who can make you  
smile unconsciously feeling the flow of serotonin  
being transmitted into your body when you imagine  
moments together. Do you know those people? Do  
you know this person? Someone with the simplest,  
most loving, and true look that makes you believe  
it is possible to love. Ok, too cliché. However I  
must highlight that love can also be a small feeling,  
sometimes it has always been there, in different forms,  
for different reasons, and someone or something, we  
were not expecting.

*Those small things...*

The power of feeling everything: happiness, anger,  
fatigue, pleasure, sadness, euphoria, demotivation,  
peace. Isn't it a privilege to be able to go through so  
many different emotions? Imagine that one of the  
reasons why you live in this piece of rock floating in  
space, is to be able to go through every small and big  
experience. Alongside billions of other stars, other  
trails of galaxies, within countless different universes,  
there comes a time when numbers lose their meaning,  
they just exist, and being able to feel the power of  
different feelings being a small piece of immense  
grandeur is an enormous tiny pleasure.

It is incredibly magical to analyze how our heart  
changes from time to time. The different pleasures  
we have during life metamorphose as we live, as we  
meet new loves, and as we discover new desires. I  
adore being this walking metamorphosis, feeling too  
much about everything, and changing ideas all the  
time. I would say that being able to change feelings,  
behaviors, and beliefs is the small biggest pleasure I  
can experience. **Life itself is a metamorphosis.**



## Find the small pleasures

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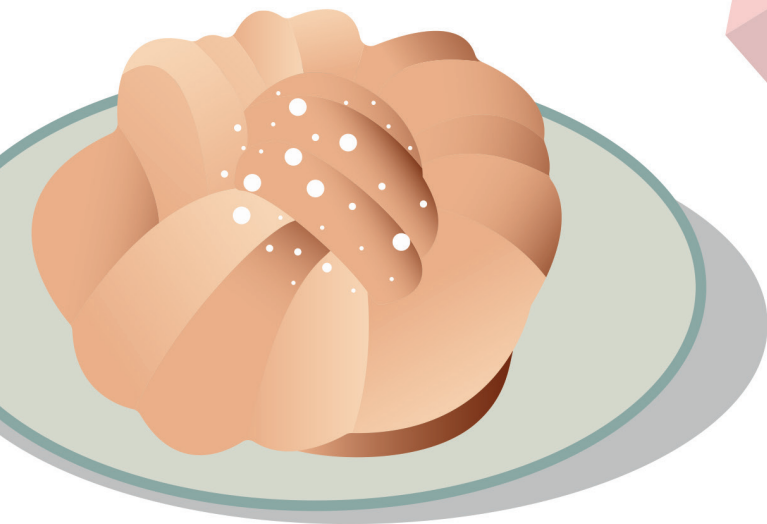
Words are hidden → ↘ ↓

ART  
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PINT  
SPRING  
TRIP  
WEEKEND  
CHOCOLATE

COFFEE  
TIVOLI  
PET  
BOOKS  
SEMLA  
COPENHAGEN

Fika?



Always!



**Fika**

Illustration: Lia Popaz  
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# Small Pleasures

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Illustration: Jonathan Gartmark IG: @art.j.gartmark

Model: Gemila Hansson

After days of great warmth, that morning seemed to bring some relief with its slightly colder breeze. For as long as I have memory, summers back home were always dry and warm, and a splendid sun would spread out in the sky for months.

If you had any errands to carry out, you would have to get up and go out very early before the heat would raise, or you would have to wait until the sun finally sunk in the horizon. Anyone who knows me, knows that I do not function in hot weather, and that during summer I only leave the house when it's dark. Maybe. For me as a little girl, it did not really matter – for me summer meant freedom, it meant the end of school and the immense joy of going back home, it meant the smell of cherries and warm asphalt in the city and of salt and cotton candy by the sea. It was not until I grew up that I realized how hot that country gets in the summer. I do not remember


suffering any warmth  
as a child playing  
out in the  
street with  
the other  
kids for  
hours,  
and

during hours  
when now I  
would not dare to  
even put my nose out of  
the window. Going back there  
as an older version of myself,  
therefore, meant adaptation, and  
new realizations, but my spirit  
and joy of being home remained  
unchanged. That morning, moved by  
some melancholy and most importantly  
by the slightly cooler weather, I decided  
to take a long walk around the big city  
and retrace the streets and places  
I walked through as a child. For  
the first time, I did not bring  
my headphones with me and  
preferred to be present and enjoy  
every single sound the city made. The  
busy streets were a symphony of sounds:  
voices, cars honking and speeding through lanes, a  
small shop selling CDs playing Balkan music, right  
next to a neighbor bar broadcasting a local soccer  
match through a small television, and vendors on  
sidewalks loudly inviting you to buy their grilled  
corns or ice cream.

I walked for a good hour before reaching the suburban  
neighborhood where I had grown up. Everything  
was the same as I had left it. I lifted my head to look  
up at my building until my eyes met my apartment's  
balcony, and I instantly smiled at the memory of my  
grandfather sitting there and smoking his handmade  
cigarettes. I slowly turned the building's corner,  
laying my fingers on the old, warm bricks and  
mindlessly tracing along. When my fingertip met an  
engraving, my breath stopped for a moment, and a  
memory flashed in my mind even before I read the







incision: summer of 2002, me, Samuel, Helda, and Sid writing our names on a high brick, standing on our toes. A smile formed on my lips again: all of a sudden, I felt as if it was 2002 and there were all those children around me and the neighborhood's square was lively and loud, even if I was actually standing there all alone. It was nap time, and after-lunch naptime is sacred to us.

I kept walking and went around the building, anticipating the feeling of going to my favorite place on earth, and after a few steps, there it was: the garden. It wasn't an actual garden, more of a piece of lawn circumscribed by some half-dried hedges, where some residents would plant flowers or herbs of different kinds. To us though, it was the most beautiful garden on earth, and it still seemed like that to me that day. I sat on a chair and closed my eyes. Breathing through my nose I inhaled a strong smell of mint and there it came again: it's mid-afternoon and my grandmother is sitting down on the grass with the other older ladies, and they chat animatedly. Meanwhile I am focused on burying a small firecracker to prank Helda and Sem who are busy picking up mint leaves to stick up their nose or chew. It was again a flashing memory, a brief passing image, a quick travel in time, but it filled me with up with a sensation of peace and joy that went from the center of my stomach and through my whole body. I did not want that sensation to end, so I opened my eyes very, very slowly. With a lighter heart, I stood up. The dizziness and sudden sun in my eyes made me realize that it was 2 pm. To my surprise, I realized I had not paid any attention to the weather. **For the first time in my adult life, I had not realized that it was incredibly warm.**



# Masturbation:

## a pleasurable time

Text: Hanna Wallström IG: @lowallstrom  
Illustration: Hanna Wallström IG: @lowallstrom



What's so great about masturbation? It feels great and has a lot of benefits. Firstly, masturbation is a way of getting to know one's body and learning what you like. Secondly, it has an essential role in sexual health development. It can reduce stress and help you feel confident. Thirdly, you can, of course, go solo or do it with someone you trust. And most important of all, it's fun!

When we start to get aroused, blood flows down to our genital area, which turns the glans of the clitoris and penis to become engorged and makes the area more sensitive. That's a normal bodily function that often activates when the impulses are transmitted from the brain. The most visible reaction of arousal is lubrication and erections. Touching ourselves is a way to relieve ourselves of sexual arousal and also a way to get to know our bodies better, and how we feel our own bodies is entirely up to every one of us. By using hands or toys to masturbate, our bodies create dopamine and serotonin, which help reduce stress, and are natural pain relievers which are very helpful for people with cramps. Also, during the action, the brain releases various substances that can make us feel better and happier, alleviating the experience and heightening the pleasure we experience. In the end, some aim to have an orgasmic release, although it isn't always a requirement. Just focusing on the pleasure at hand when masturbating.

To actually have an orgasm, it's essential to be aware of the body's signals and to be sensitive to how the body responds in various situations. Using hands and/

or toys on erogenous zones can make the experience pleasurable, with or without an orgasm. Exploring can be fun while masturbating, and it doesn't matter how long it takes. It's all up to you, but it's still important to actually know your body, and understand how it works. It can be empowering but make sure not have too much pressure while exploring your body, anxiety has a way too kill the mood. After all, it's not a race, and the vital part of masturbation is to simply savour the sensation. Enjoy the moment.

We can all talk about the benefits of masturbation forever, how it releases tension, enhances sleep quality, boosts concentration, elevates mood, alleviates pain, relieves menstrual cramps, prevents anxiety and depression, and improves sex. Still, we should also be aware of a few potential dangers of masturbation. With too much masturbation, it can easily result in an addiction, which mostly interferes with everyday life. So how does one know if they are addicted to masturbation? One of the symptoms is that touching ourselves comes in the way of work or school and affects relationships negatively. It can consume us in ways we can't really control. If it has become an issue, try to replace masturbation with other activities. When the urge comes, one can try to go for a run, write in a journal or spend time with friends. If that doesn't help, then it's time to consider getting help from a doctor or counsellor to find other ways to cut down the sessions. Another "side effect" is death grip syndrome, usually happening to people with a too-strong grip on their penis. Too much

stimulation of the penis can decrease the sensitivity and result in difficulty finishing during sexual intercourse. Similarly, by using a too-high frequency on toys, the clitoris can become too desensitised as well. A way to mitigate that is to try changing the technique and loosening the grip and pressure when masturbating. Guilt is also another effect that can come from masturbation for religious or cultural reasons, but it shouldn't since it isn't anything immoral or wrong to have an orgasmic release. But speaking with someone you trust or talking with a therapist can help alleviate the shame and help you move past that feeling.

What different kinds of techniques are there? A session can be done in many ways, so start using your hands, toys or miscellaneous and safe objects around the house. The only limit is your own creativity. For example, you can massage, knead, rub, press, slap, or squeeze different parts of your genitalia. The approach can vary depending on how aroused you are and what you are in the mood for. If you want to do the same thing you always do when you masturbate, there's nothing wrong with that. Of course, alternating between a few favourites or trying many different techniques are also viable options. Adding extra lubrication can, for many, be helpful while masturbating, and then you can use water- and silicone-based lubricants or your own saliva, whichever suits your needs. Also, there is nothing wrong with enjoying a softer touch one time and wanting it a bit harder the next. Sometimes the body needs different things, so listening to what the body wants is essential.

Using toys is also a great option since they can vibrate, suck and reach parts of your body that are hard to reach with only your hands. For the clitoris, which has over 15 000 nerve endings, using a vibrating or sucking toy can expedite sexual release. Strokers and vibrators can help penises accomplish the same goal. Dildos and plugs are great for vaginal and anal penetration to reach the G- and P-spots. The G-spot is a few centimetres inside the vagina, can feel rough to the touch, and can harden when stimulated. Usually, you need to use a pressing motion, like a massage, with a finger to stimulate the G-spot, or use different kinds of dildos to achieve orgasm. Sometimes when the G-spot is being prodded, the need to pee can arise, which is a normal sensation that usually turns into a pleasurable one. The prostate gland, also named G-spot or P-spot, is located five centimetres inside the anus of people with penises. It can also be felt through the perineum, producing part of the seminal fluid. Finger, dildos or buttplugs are often used to reach the P-spot for sexual pleasure. Prostate and G-spot stimulation, as well as clitoral and glans stimulation, can give different sensations to different people. No orgasm or experience is the same.

So give it a go, either if you are a beginner or an experienced masturbator; you might find something new you like. By your lonesome, with someone. Maybe with a vibrator or two. Enjoy the ride and have a pleasurable time.

## LIST OF RECOMMENDED TOYS:

The Best Vibrator:

Magic Wand Rechargeable

The Best G-Spot Vibrator:

Lelo Mona 2

The Best Couples' Vibrator:

We-Vibe Sync

Best Prostate Massager:

Lelo HUGO

Best Affordable Masturbation Toy:

Tenga Egg

The Best Discreet Vibrator:

Lovense Exomoon

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GQ: The best sex toys for women. <https://www.gq.com/story/the-best-sex-toys-for-women>  
GQ: The best sex toys for men. <https://www.gq.com/story/the-best-sex-toys-for-men>





# the world according to small birds

Text & Illustration: Alva Bexell







# 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

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

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





# A leap into passion

Text: Kim Svedberg @trollbunden  
Photographer: Kim Svedberg

Filip Tripkovic is one of most forthcoming programmers in his year, his games often shown as an example of excellence to the younger classes. Despite the bad rep that coding sometimes has as being square, Filip thinks it is creative and filled with problem solving.

"I spend almost all of my spare time on my coding projects because I just find it so fun!"

The soft hum of computers, accompanied by tapping on mechanical keyboards, fill the library in Orkanen. Sitting at a desk is 21-year-old Filip Tripkovic, third year student in the Game Development program at Malmö University. Sunbeams flow through the large windows and if you look outside, you see that campus is covered in snow. The screen in front of Filip is showing something equally as charming and surprising as the first snow in Malmö, which is the map generator he has created for a game called Reflected, his last large scale group project this year. The other group members and their respective responsibilities were Valter Lindecrantz; player character and bosses, Gustaf Larsson; AI and enemy spawning, Kevin Wilken; enemy behavior, Pär Ångquist; terrain generation and decoration placement, Marcus Sköld; collectibles and power ups and lastly Emil Pässe; user interface.

Before Filip tells me more about their project, he tells me a little bit about himself. His story begins with a small pleasure in itself – finding a passion by chance.



The program he currently attends was actually a third or a fourth choice on his list, but he ended up being accepted to it. Not knowing what life will bring can be terrifying but sometimes you take a leap of faith and find something perfect for you.

"I tried coding in high school and it didn't catch my interest at first. I like games though, always have, so I thought I could try it out," he explains with a smile growing on his face. "But I realized that it was completely right for me!"



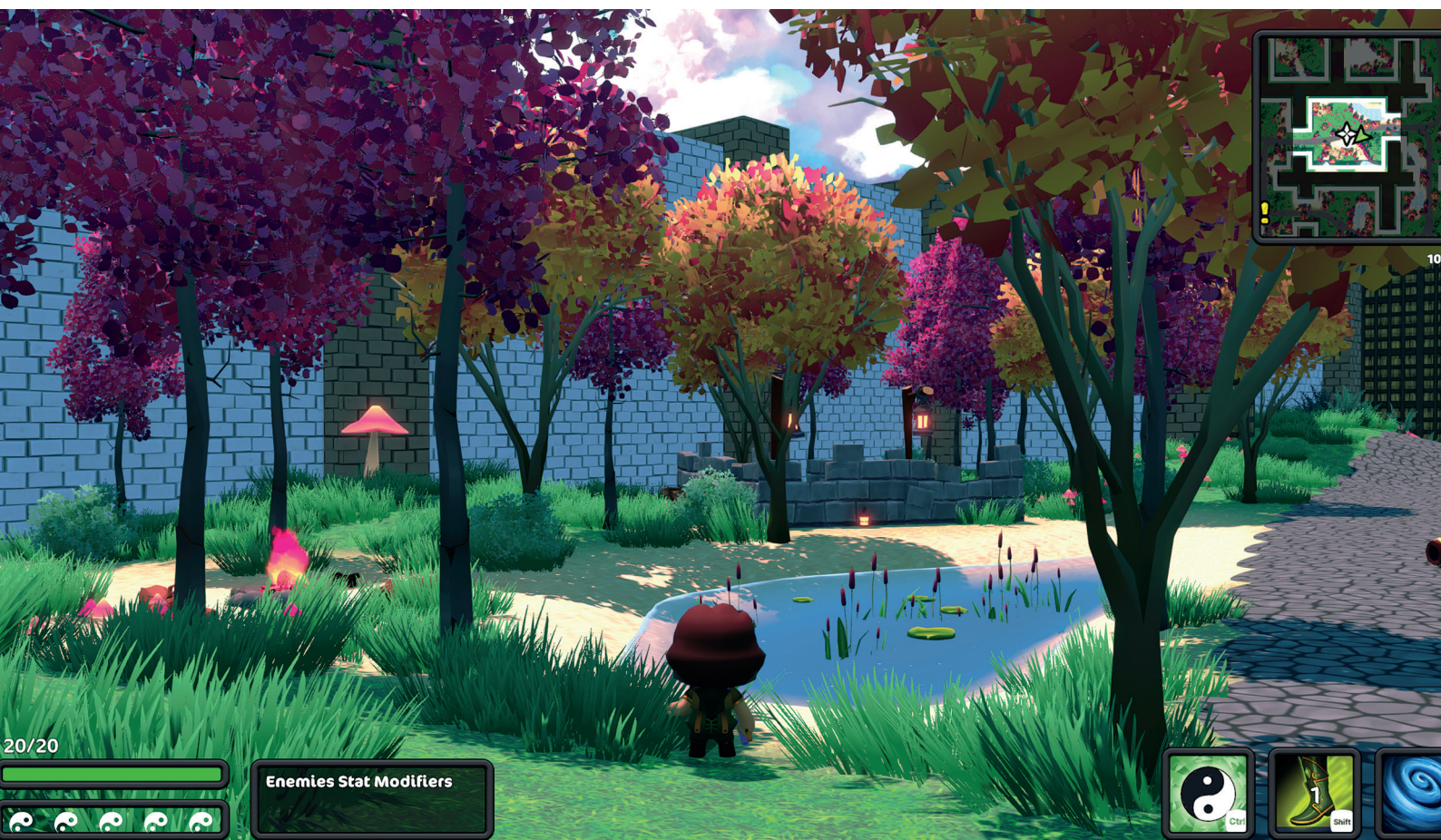
One of the things he finds most enjoyable about game development is the creativity aspect. There is something very special about creating something, whether in group or alone, that can be enjoyed both by the creators and the players. The world of Reflected is not only a product of creativity, but also allows the players to explore creative solutions and strategic thinking. The game contains two dimensions, one more grim and dark and the other light and playful. Players can choose whenever they want to change between the two in order to gain different power-ups and abilities. Filip highlights the fact that they didn't want to force the player to do anything but rather encourage meaningful exploration. His eyes gleam with excitement as he talks about the picturesque landscape filled with winding roads, rushing streams and verdant trees. His main contribution for his game, the map generation, impressively creates a new environment each time you start up the game.

"Once you are a skilled enough programmer you can basically create anything you want. I prefer to work by myself and to show the group what I have been working on once I am ready, which means that I have a lot of liberty to do it the way I like it."

We sip on our coffees and the bright young man in front of me admits that he used to be more prone to working alone, but his perspective changed since he started working on Reflected. He explains that there is felicity in discussing your ideas with like-minded people.

"Time was short and it would have been impossible to create a game of this quality alone. I couldn't have done it without the others."

However, working on the game wasn't always easy. The group only had a week to come up with a concept and it was hard to agree on only one idea. Eventually, they went with something simple and decided to expand on it during the development process instead. The game is now only a few days from being finished. The problem solving aspect, both communicative and technical, is intertwined with creativity.





"The rush of solving a tough problem gives you a bit of an ego boost", Filip laughs. "There will always be bugs and problems when creating a game. Personally I enjoy the challenge."

Schoolwork, as all university students are aware, can feel daunting and overbearing at times. It is however very important for our wellbeing to embrace the pleasures in learning and creating something beautiful; no matter if it is mathematical, artistic or communicative. The saying 'choose a job you love and you'll never have to work a day in your life' is applicable, not because you will love your work every moment but because your work will have many moments that you will love. Most of us aren't fully aware of our talents, but we may stumble upon them

like Filip did. Us students still have so much ahead of us and that is, again, a pleasure in itself. When asked if he would recommend the program to others, Filip ponders for a little while before responding.

"It can be difficult. I have seen people struggle before because they don't really know what they signed up for, and I think you need a certain type of mindset to like it. When stuff is too hard you often lose interest. But it's a fun industry and it was right for me, so yes, I would recommend it!"

The consensus is that people have different qualities and interests, but the gaming world is inviting for everyone no matter if you are a developer or a player, and it may grant you many small pleasures regardless of your role in it.





PETITS PLAISIRS

CREATIVE  
WRITING

#110



*Amberley Condon*



# Creative Writing

## Introduction

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

## Artist Statement

### Petit Plaisirs - Small Pleasures

Text & Illustration: Jonathan Gartmark

Searching around for something to do with this semester's theme, small pleasures, I stumbled upon 18th century french art nouveau styled alcohol commercials. The way that the lines move and how the different frames take shape gave me quite a visual satisfaction - correlating with the small pleasures theme. The french culture also strikes me as a culture of small pleasures, atleast that's the vibe I got during my visits. Lastly I do believe that drinking champagne in your birthday suit definitely is one of many virtues every human should indulge themselves in as un petit plaisir.





# Oscar's Dung Beetles

Text: Sean Collins

Usai is a dung beetle. Not a very big one, nor very small. He is the perfect copy of his siblings—six-legged, dark and industrious. They are built to do one thing and do it well. Roll dung. You may think it amusing, even a little pointless. But to a dung beetle that is all there is. All there has been. And all there will ever be.

Each morning, Usai rises and races his brothers and sisters to the pile. Dung is gathered and carefully shaped into a ball that dwarfs the sculptor who makes it. There is bickering, fighting, and boasting. One of Usai's sisters does not ware the shadow overhead and is gone in an instant. He crawls from shelter but can shed no tears. Soon, she will be forgotten.

He crafts his burden with haste, eager to be off. The sooner he delivers, the sooner he can return to build the next. The sooner the day will pass. Another tries to steal his dung ball, cursing and clicking when he is too quick for them.

The sun rises and sets, and still, the work continues. Their children are hungry, always. Little dung rollers to-be, tiny and fierce. He hungers himself and must stop to feed. His sister asks him, as many have, why he changes paths once the dark comes. He does not have an answer she will understand, but he tries to explain anyway.

"You are a fool", she clicks.

Perhaps he is.

Dung beetles, you see, roll in perfectly straight lines.

Always. By day or night. They are guided by starlight, by the sun, and then by the great swathe of galaxy that

stretches across every night sky. Usai and his siblings have always known this, from the very moment they hatched. And yet, come the night, Usai alters his course. He goes left, where his siblings go right, up a little hill that crests just above their hatching grounds. It slows him, to climb this hill, and he knows he does not have much time to waste. Beetles, sadly, do not live that long.

But something pulls him, ever upward, even as the effort causes him to stumble and fall. At times, his burden slips, and he rushes down the hill in dismay. To roll his dung ball back up again. Some nights it takes him a dozen tries, just to reach the summit.

Lately, since the cold came, it has taken him many more.

Soon, he fears, it will take him everything he has.

But he will still climb. For atop that little hill, he can see the stars, all of them.

But so can his siblings, you say. All dung beetles can, from the very moment they hatched. Right?

Right.

But the difference is, standing now above his Tartarus, the stars can also see him.

He is clicking to them, his forelegs raised, his burden left aside.

We see you, they say. We see you.

And for Usai, little dung beetle, that is all there is. All there has been.

And all there will ever be.





# Small Pleasures

Text by Valentin Gramatikov

They always say that small pleasures are what make one's day. My circumstances are no different. I start my day with a refreshing shower. It brings clarity to my mind. Then I make my coffee and enjoy it along with a croissant or some cookies. With that done, I head to the office. Although traffic is terrible and I am often stuck for over an hour on the road, at least I get to enjoy my favorite songs and podcasts on my radio along the way. Although the workload is nothing to scoff at, it does not bother me. In the middle of it, I get to enjoy my lunch break. My choice of food includes my favorite dishes: Chinese spaghetti or rice or fish and chips. No such delight exists as this simple satiation. It brings me the energy I require to keep going. Then on, my boss shares feedback, and although he seems like he does not quite appreciate my full effort, he still lets me know that there is an opportunity for promotion if I try harder. Hope is the key to continual effort. Afterward, I have a beer or two with my colleagues and head back home. Once there, I get to enjoy my favorite shows and movies. Sometimes I doze off while watching. And in my dreams... my circumstances are not so pleasurable. I dream of more than that. Or rather, I simply wish my life was better. In all honesty, the shower brings me no clarity, but it merely braces me for more of the same struggle each day, similar to a cold and shocking reminder of my inability to escape. And the coffee... I need no coffee every day. I do not even like it, but it is the only means through which I can always stay awake yet sleeping, and the pastry another with it being

just another trick of the trade on my health. And the traffic is so sickening. The jungle of concrete is inescapable, and it only continues to expand till it inevitably will envelop my entirety. All the while, my radio brings to my attention over and over a hidden message, an ulterior motive. One that does not calm me or brighten my mood, but one that sedates me and keeps me in check. Moreover, something terrible that I cannot comprehend, as if lurking in the deeper tunes of the music and hidden subconscious message of the words. I shudder to assemble the real meaning and tune, so I intentionally keep myself believing that I do not notice any of it. And my lunch, all the processed food, and takeout make me sicker and more unhealthy, yet I wish to eat nothing else for I am dependent on the pleasure it brings and I have no time nor will to cook for myself, for I have not the time. And how tragic that is, even though it may not seem like it. Deep down, I also know that to my boss I am just another expendable pawn, used to be worked to death and thrown away. I have no real emotional connections with anyone, for my work has consumed me and my friendship with my colleagues is only superficial. I mean nothing to them. And at the end of the day, I return to my abode to sedate myself once more with the dull media I consume. And even in my dreams, I find naught but what I dread. But hope remains deep within, untouched by misfortune. For the small pleasures distract me from true fulfillment no longer.



# The Immoral Promiscuity of Art

Text: Fredrik Sjöman

I remember, we used to visit the fields, you, me, mum, and dad. You'd want to stop at every one of them, but they wouldn't heed you, and instead took us an hour's walk in, to the loveliest field. They'd arrange the blankets, which I'd promptly sit on, leaning against a flowing willow or a stoic oak, watching you run out and wildly pluck one flower after another, indiscriminately. Daffodils, harebells, narcissi and violets adorned your collection, but dandelions and grass were more common. Each you'd present to us and say,

"See here what grows on this field! Though I were to pluck another thousand here, I could cross to the next and pluck a thousand more. Yet all in spite, let us keep this one safe and place it in a beautiful vase at home!"

You were a child then, but no longer. With a fuller chest and a taller stature, your form assigns you the title of woman. All the same, each excursion, just as today, you play the errant knight of flowers, and all your income you spend on beautiful vases.

As am I, the older sister, no longer the girl who wouldn't pick any flowers, choosing to languish under the trees.

"Say, sister, may I select a single of your vases? I'll replace it when we get home."

"Of course. My, a dandelion! How majestic its golden mane! I believe I see it roar!"

Sister, I dare not say, but I need only a single vase in a day. See you not the others I've made? Oh, silently I scream, "Look to me! See that in this one vase I put a bouquet!"

And now, as I crouch in the field and look through the mass, there I see, beside the idiosyncratic blades of grass swaying uniformly to the beat of the wind, beside the proud little dandelions colonizing green territories in a yellow march, and splash of other colors, an Anemone. I see you now, little pleasure. What do you hide, in your particular shades and shapes? If I put you next to the other little things, what will you look like? Dear Anemone, what is your story?





# Small Pleasures and The Paradox of Their Existence

Text: Marcelo Fernandes Innecco

Life as such is as paradoxical as the eternity. We can see galaxies the same size of ours. Their planets surrounding a magical center, gambling with spheres like an ornament, a tree with its fruits, a rotational earring.

As well, a point of view outside our galaxy would see it as dots and our little planet-place as a grain of salt, if not invisible, by the edge of the lightning coin rolling in a mathematical spiral. The same way we contain our cells, this Planet we live receives us while we are alive. Which one is little, and which one is not?

It may be that the Ancient Greeks have called our Galaxy ‘The Salty Way’, instead of ‘The Milky Way’, and somewhere in time the translation got lost through many languages. Little salt grains. In a time that salt was used as money, even before or together with the existence of coins, would there have happened a conscious conflict to make The Salty Way, The Milky Way?

Little grains of salt make more sense than the milky option. Is it a little difference? Is it a little thinking to consider that we live dealing with salt or milk as a way, both a path of a manner? What strange thought it seems to be! Nonetheless, the movie “The Spice of Life. (2007)” brings a dialogue between a grandson and his grandfather that calls for this concern.

Yes, the oceans can be seen as little as bright popcorns from distance, and nothing brings the sensation of size more than distance itself. But oceans are also made from salt and these particles, even been considered little to our human bodies: aren’t they essential for our physiology to work? If so, how could such particles be considered little?

Nevertheless, here are the words and their letters. One could say that the pixel is the atom of the image as the letters are the atoms of the word. There are the dots and the space between the dots, almost as invisible as the planet we live in for the ones traveling around the galaxy. Should we wait until we would be able to reach this point in Science Studies in order to start reconsidering the name of the Galaxy? It would take too long!

How would have been our planet if it had a salty way, instead of a milky way? For example: would we have had so many wars and violence? Would the cities and countries have taken other directions in their existing time? It is easier to pay attention to little things when you go through the salty one, it seems easier to go thoroughly. Would have the milky one made us more animal, or even more irrational as rational animals than we would have been if we had followed the Salty Way as a path to life while living in this Galaxy and Planet?

If dots can make words, and they can, they must be aligned to offer understanding to those who are able to appreciate the language. And if the dot does not look tangible while constructing words, since we are the ones who are aligning them while writing or drawing, the importance of the strength of the dots has to be brought to our visions as a common point of view: from our window we can see bright dots in the night sky: they also can be galaxies. A galaxy in a dot is a dot in the sky.

No, a dot in the sky cannot be anything, as well as the trace that makes letters.



# A Cats Catch

Text: Caitlin Reinhart

Watch!

A fat, black cat crawls,  
tracks a small rat,  
calm – a marksman.  
Tall grass in dark dawn,  
sharp claws, small paws.  
Clash! Clank! Crack!  
A catch – a rat, and all that.  
Fat, black cat yawns.

# Boy on swing

Text: Zarah Virtanen Windh

I am  
the boy on the swing.  
A pendulum of time, where forward is April  
and backwards is October.  
I rush through time to the one pivotal moment,  
I stop.  
Trees bud and rainwater collect  
in asphalt dips,  
lady's mantel leaves  
and I have only time to blink  
then let out a yelling laugh before my body is jerked  
back into fall, to first snow in stranger's hair  
and cold's teeth biting my fingertips.  
And when I stop then, forward seems so far away  
like maybe it'll never come,  
but I swing  
and spring swells before my eyes  
once again.

# Today Was A Good Day

Text: Caitlin Reinhart

Today was a good day,  
one of those days where the coffee tastes just right,  
the world is dressed in white and  
as I stand up my back snap-crackle-pops,  
reminding me that I'm alive.

Today was a good day,  
one of those days where the sun waves hello,  
time moves neither too fast nor too slow and  
alone isn't quite so lonely  
as it has been before.

Today was a good day,  
one of those days where a stranger smiles at me from  
afar;  
I'm reminded of how wonderful the people in my life  
are and  
the sky is a museum of art –  
swirls of grace and beauty.

And if all else fails,  
if every door remains sealed shut,  
at the very least I can bask in the knowledge  
that today  
was a good day.





# Tiles and All

Text: Markos Kollias

In the mornings, the breeze was freezing cold.  
The bathroom window was cracked and hanged precariously ajar.  
The showerhead was running, and water drummed onto the tub floor.

“Are you done soon?”

“What?”

She banged the door. Three times she did.

“Hey, hold up. I’m almost—”

It slammed wide open as she barged in, robed up, eyes saggy, one pink sock missing, the other holey like cheddar cheese.

“Fuck’s sake, Diddy. I said I’m out! I’m out!”

“I don’t care, I’ve to places to be.”

She yanked the cabinet door and took out a small, yellow brush and plastered it with toothpaste.

“You’re doing it too hard.”

She glanced up, clenching the soap then letting it fall so the little dish it rested on clattered onto the ceramic sink. He shrugged and pulled the curtain.

“What you two on about?” Her brother walked in, taking a drag, and exhaling in the center of the room.

“She’s doing it wrong.”

She spat, sprinkling all over the mirror, smearing what real estate wasn’t a half-peeled off sticker of some place long gone to shite.

“Can you fuck off?”

“What? The window’s open, there’s a nice breeze.”

She groaned as he lifted the toilet seat.

“Too nice.”

“Asshole.”

“Are you ready? We’re going.”

He peeked behind the curtain. “Can we get something on the way?”

“Are you fucking with me?”

“I’m hungry.”

“We’ll get something after.”

“But I’m hungry.”

“Fuck, fine. We’ll get something on the way! Now, make space.”

“What? No. Wait your turn.”

“There’s no water and we don’t have time. Make space.”

He took off his shirt, visibly yellow around the armpits, before taking off his jeans. She gazed at herself in the mirror, carefully drawing on her second wing.

“You two are seriously messed up.”

“Nobody asked.”

“Maybe get a real job.”

“This is a real job.”

“Let’s ask mum if she thinks so.”

“Let’s ask mum if she thinks what?”

“Hey, mum.”

“Hi, Madelyn.”

“You kids need to get the fuck out of my bathroom, and you need to go home.”

“He can’t. We have a thing.”

“Your thing better not involve me bailing you out.”

“Bailing who out?”

“Hey, babe.”

“Morning, baby.” Maddie gave her boyfriend a kiss. He was a large, muscular man with an expensive car. That much they knew. The rest was up for debate.

“How’s everyone doing?”

“No. Don’t engage with them. I’m late for work. Everyone out!”

“Gee, mum.”

Liam jumped out of the tub and grabbed a towel by the washing machine covering his genitals, glancing at Diddy on the way out. Then Josh came out and picked up his jeans.

“There are pastries on the kitchen table. Take something before you go.”

“Alright.”

“And try to stay out of trouble.”

He nodded down at his feet—one step at a time.

“You too, Diddy.”

“Fine,” she said packing up her make-up bag.

“Leave your stuff out, I’m out of mascara.”

“Mum—”

“I don’t wanna hear it.”

Then she turned to him.

“Could you go and see that they’re okay?”

“They’ll be fine.”

“I know, I know. But I’ll feel better if you’re around.”

“Yeah, of course.”

“Thank you. And could you please shut the door on your way out?”

She lowered the toilet seat and sat on the rim, pressing her face against her knees.

It was getting cool, and the breeze dashed through the open crack, permeating the air.

A sliver of sunshine reflected off the plastic rocks sewed onto the side of the make-up bag.

And in that very moment, she could hear everything.



# Dreamt

Text: Amr Abbas

dream / drim / noun

a succession of images, thoughts, or emotions passing through the mind during sleep.

Dreams. What are they?

Are they signs towards a path yet untaken? Are they truths or lies that we tell ourselves, or mere manifestations of unkempt thoughts that scatter in our conscious but stick within like that piece of gum on the green bench?

That dream in particular kept me awake. It was not particularly scary, at least in my admittedly twisted mind it was not. Perhaps the dream brought me the only source of

μουσα (Ancient Greek)

Muse / myuz / noun

the goddess or the power regarded as inspiring a poet, artist, thinker, or the like.

inspiration that I could have possibly needed; a muse. My thoughts scattered about as the pencil in my hand began to etch on the papers. Now that I think about it, there was no reason for worry. It was just a moment of inspiration that helped reshape the world around me.

To tell you the truth, it was as if I heard a calling from above; my name whispered with the devil's silver tongue that even the world around me had taken another form; a form which I can only describe as unworldly. I remember the stories that I heard in my childhood about 'El- Naddāha' who would call upon men and claim their souls that when they return, they are never be the same. Their minds dissolve, their memories fade, and all that remains would be the shell of their bodies and a blank gaze.

النداهة (Arabic)

The Caller

an Egyptian folk-legend of a naiad-like female spirit who calls upon men to the Nile or the desert, most likely to their death, disappearance or madness.

While I yielded the pencil, it was not I that was in control. As if an invisible hand had taken control over my own, I continued to sketch. My eyes were blinded by the darkness about that I could not even make the strokes of my pencil. Like a lullaby, I was struck by the music that echoed in my ears. It was almost as if I was experiencing a Fata Morgana. The strokes of the pencil finally stopped and as if I hit a restart button, my vision had returned to its origin. Around me, I saw the orange and red leaves of Fall flailing in the

Fata Morgana (Italian)

fairy Morgan (literal)

originally referring to a mirage in the Strait of Messina between Italy and Sicily and attributed to Morgan le Fay.

air; spreading on the muddy ground and even the faded green bench I sat upon. All of the sudden, I felt cold; cold that pierced my bones and my soul as if all the warmth in the world had been taken away. I felt an emptiness, no, a void, similar to my understanding of what postpartum is. I had finalized the pencil painting of the muse that was in my dreams and all of the sudden, I felt as if my soul had parted my body. Not even the tears could bring warmth to my heart at that moment, the moment I had finished my work and used up all my inspiration.





# The small Pleasures of Life

Text: Erik Rosenstrale

Hi! My name is SalesMANTM! Do you enjoy the small pleasures of life?! If so, I've got some news for you! Did you know that evidence from an inconclusive, semi-biased source, that is unfamiliar with how data works, states that 95.75666% of successful and influential people have their own 'Personalised, Extendable, Nylon, Infused, Stick'? Shortened to 'S.P.I.N.E.', by the department of coherently wrong acronyms, and used in the phrase 'Grow a 'S.P.I.N.E.', coined by my neighbour Bill (who is convinced that I invented the world's most transparent ring, which I wear on my middle finger, and let him admire my crafty work on a daily basis). 'S.P.I.N.E.' is officially the most important necessity as far as anyone knows, closely followed by the will to live.

Everybody knows that with a 'S.P.I.N.E.', you are automatically seen as more superior, than people without. It can fulfil literally any desire or need you could ever have, with such precision that it's almost funny. Everyone with a 'S.P.I.N.E.' uses it purely to their advantage, improving every situation regardless of what is happening or how they use their 'S.P.I.N.E.', for we suspect, it has a mind of its own.

All owners of the device are incredibly proud of their purchase. If you were to ask to see someone's 'S.P.I.N.E.' they would whip it out with enthusiasm, for you and everyone around to admire. Though only around 50% of the population has purchased a 'S.P.I.N.E.', the other ignorant 50% just laugh and state that they don't see the appeal of owning one themselves, simply because the 'S.P.I.N.E.' requires the purchaser to carry the product everywhere to maximise usefulness and impact. This problem is easily solved due to the simple and ingenious concept of making it extendable; now it is compact when you are not using it.

The first prototype of the 'S.P.I.N.E.' was made by a close cousin of Abraham Lincoln (no relation to the president), only it was known as 'P.I.N.S.' because they didn't have the technology to make it extendable. It was a worldwide sensation, almost as popular as half sliced bread (fully sliced bread was not yet invented). This revolutionary item was to change the world forever, and yet keep everything the same. So get yours today! Just call this numb... \*BEEP BEEP BEEP\*

But as his alarm blared, Johnny woke up, and realised it was all in fact a very convoluted and unnecessary dream... for his subconscious to convey one thing... that he hates men.



# An Eyeless Bat

Text: Miranda Wedberg

She had gotten used to the little figurines crawling through her body. They were loosely humanoid, but face-devoid, like old ceramic statues dug out by archeologists, with all the smoothed features and none of the dust or cracks. A horde of egg-colored icons.

The small ones had the misfortune of looking like maggots from afar. Sometimes it still chilled her, the sight of disgusting worms slithering through what should have been her completely normal hand. How long had it been? Two months?

The biggest of the lot had large enough of a head to fit right into a monopoly top hat piece, which she knew because it had been too tempting not to try putting one on the little guy. It was unreasonably funny when the metal hat proved too heavy and its wearer toppled over.

Strangely, size made no difference to their odd transportation method. The figurines could walk right on ahead through her skin and flesh. It tingled, but it never hurt. She had been worried they would creep around in there biting her nerves off or something just as bad, but no. They were just there, jumping in and out, squeaking, waving their stubby arms to catch her attention. It was like company. Good company. They were so energetic and in such awe of the world around them. They thought sparkling sunset raindrops were worth gaping and pointing at, and when they smelled newly baked bread, they were in her face, patting her nose with their tiny fists to ensure she smelled it, too.

It wasn't conventional, but she was in no mind to question it. Soon after they had started appearing,

something whooshed before her face, around it somehow. She had taken it for her hair in the wind, but she was in her bedroom, staring at an angry bat creature. Its face was turned away, but she knew it had fangs. The sort of fangs that could carry deadly diseases. It flapped through the air, almost caressing her cheeks, tangling her hair into knots. That dread never disappeared. No more than the bat.

They were there, her little friends, whistling a song. She started humming along to some silly pop song in her headphones, and the shrieking bat was less audible. Less harsh and shattering. The figurines bubbled through her cheeks, and the bat didn't menace them with its wings. It settled somewhere, resting.

The figurines and the bat were decidedly enemies. It became a game of demanding her attention. The bat would swat at her as she drifted off to sleep, waking her up in a panic. Then the figurines would travel down her chest, and it was warm and peaceful.

The figurines were no warriors, though. They always played and distracted. The bat had no issue plucking them from her side and consuming them. She did catch glimpses of its face in those moments. Never the eyes, but the sharp, long fangs were there, somehow grinning. Now it had ripped out another one of those pests. Now it would be easier to get to her, to settle on her back, to melt into her skin and leach her life until the wings were big enough that it could fly away with her into the dark sky it loved to swoop through.

She had a few friends left. A few good things. A few tiny rushes of energy and excitement. Maybe the bat would get bored.





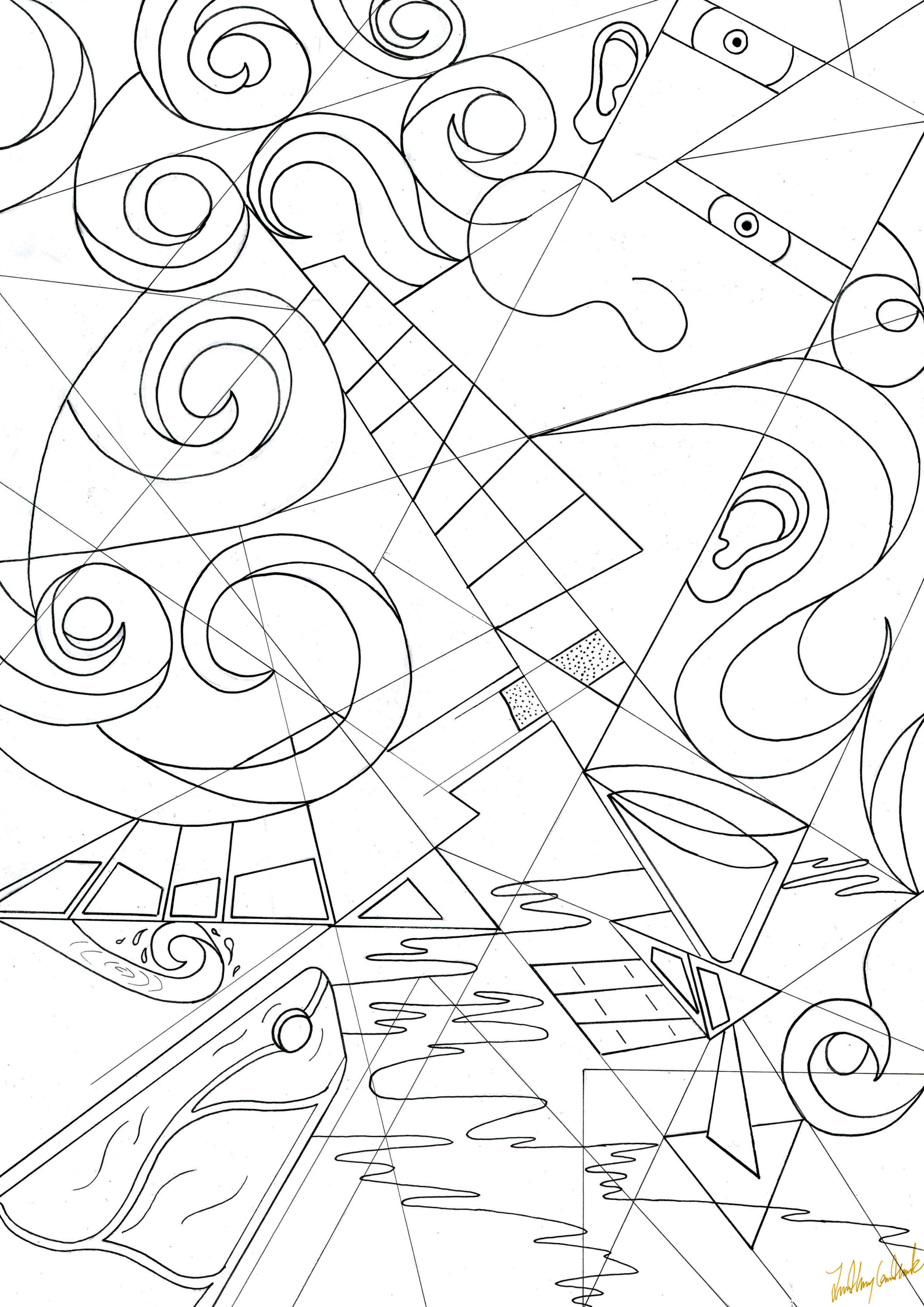
# Colouring page

## "Wonky Wild Wine"

Illustration: Jonathan Gartmark IG: @art.j.gartmark

Unleash your creativity! Throw some colour on this black and white illustration and bring it to life. Send your finished product to our instagram account and get a shoutout and a post.

IG: @sum\_magazine





# Alone, that's find

Text: Amy Brannan @amysvoice\_  
Illustration: Kristina Gustavsson @krigsz

Is it awful to say that I like it, that I relish in the company of myself? I find it no coincidence that it is only in the privacy of my own mind that I feel sane. That my speech lessons, my voice a slow drip. The parades have gone home; there are no screaming crowds to wave to now, I can finally stop. It's an awful pity in some ways, that my dearest version of me only comes when I'm alone. Sometimes I wish others could meet her. See who I truly am, but in another way she's safer with me. Not corrupted by the pelicans pecking at her for scraps.

I grew up watching women at war with themselves, tearing apart their bodies and minds in the hopes to give pleasure to someone else, in the hope that others' validation would make them strong. I lived like that for so long too. I existed with such miniscule moments of deep meaningful pleasure because I relied on others to provide it. I sat on a curb and hoped someone would bring me water before I died; never once did it occur to me I was allowed to walk to a well. That I could strip myself of all of that hatred and shame, all of that fumbling awkwardness, that I was allowed to sink inside myself. That life could be a dark velvet couch, that my laugh could be for my own jokes, that the steps I took could lead to where I choose. I find it disturbing how we view happiness. Like some destination most of us will eventually land. A pot of gold at the end of your own personal rainbow. Why can't happiness be a sense of self? What if all those small meaningless moments



# where you'll me



we are so quick to ignore are it? That day your hair was just right, when the weather was fresh but not cold, when someone gave you their seat. Those don't have to be small moments of joy; if you sit on it, let it brew up in you. Those can be your happiness. When we look away from the crowds of clambering hands and voices, when you step back and gain self control. When you stop breathing for other people doesn't the air feel so much better? I am laughing and you are smiling but are either of us happy? I am no saint. No deity of wisdom. I often find myself blushing at a compliment, at the thought of what someone else sees in me, but I try. I try not to let myself be swept up in the assurance of others. When I step outside I will decide if I like the weather.

I am the type of person that enjoys the crunch of leaves, the way coffee coats your tongue after you've finished it, I love the feel of ocean spray on my face and how my hair curls after a day on the beach. The smell of old books and leather is a world I want to escape to. And there is so much more. There are a million small things that fill me with pleasure, and I will not be ashamed of them. I will not be a woman who tears herself apart to build others up. I am imperfect in so many ways, frankly in more than I am good; but by god will I drink my burnt coffee and smell those old books and I will enjoy every moment. Closing my eyes and letting my senses take me. I will let go of the gaze of others and succumb to the pleasure of it all.



# Pleasure as the driving force of life

What is the best way to live a happy life? Many answers to this question would include some iteration of the phrase “doing what one enjoys the most”. Those would be unaware of practising the philosophy of hedonism.

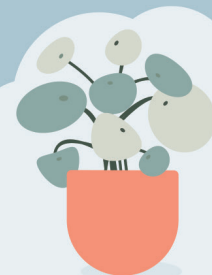
A brief history of Hedonism: it was born with the Greek philosopher and student of Socrates Aristippus of Cyrene, who believed the end goal of people’s actions to be the pursuit of pleasure, while avoiding pain at all costs. This early idea of hedonism wasn’t popular and got quickly forgotten, until Epicurus redefined it. Unlike Aristippus of Cyrene, who connected pleasure to a state of ecstasy and excitement, Epicurus focused on pleasure as a state of tranquillity, in which there wouldn’t be any fear of death.

The theory of hedonism has evolved and grown into many different ideas of what this philosophy really is about. The one most faithful to the original Greek definition is now **folk hedonism**, the belief that hedonism only focuses on pleasures like sex, drugs, and alcohol, disregarding their effects on the future self.

**Value hedonism** is the idea that pleasure holds intrinsic value, that it is valuable for its own sake. While objects, for example, hold instrumental value and are only valuable because they can be used to acquire other valuable things, intrinsic value is only value in itself. Such pleasures can be happiness, knowledge, and virtue, abstract concepts that bring something positive to our life.

**Motivational hedonism** theorises that all behaviour is ruled by the wish of feeling pleasure and avoiding pain, both consciously and unconsciously. One example of this can be connected to one’s ego, being unconsciously the ruler of one’s actions. Another example can be the pleasure we find in certain foods. When we connect pleasure to eating chocolate, for example, our brain will unconsciously make us hungry for chocolate when we see it or smell it, in pursuit of that pleasure once again.

**Normative hedonism** believes that happiness should always be pursued, and it is the single criterion to determine the moral rightness or wrongness of an action. With its rare consideration of the other in this kind of pursuit of pleasure, normative hedonism is often regarded as an egoist version, connected to what is called hedonistic egoism, the theory that, morally speaking, we should do whatever is most in our interest.



On the opposite side of the spectrum we lastly find hedonistic utilitarianism, the theory that the right action is the one that produces the greatest happiness for all concerned, without adding intrinsic moral value to, for example, justice, truth, and relationships. This branch of hedonism is far from hedonistic egoism, as it pursues at maximizing overall well-being.

One of the big debates of hedonism is in the pleasure of helping others. Is it really altruism, when one helps another when the real reason behind it is to feel gratification, and not the pure wish of helping for someone else's good?

So, the final question is: how can we safely be hedonists

in our daily lives? It's all about balance. The main idea to remember is *memento mori*. Death is inevitable and can happen at any moment, so what's the point of sacrificing the ourselves of the present for a future self who we are not sure will be there? Well, there is a point, but it shouldn't be all we focus on. Working for a better future is good, but enjoying the moment is just as important.

Practise conscious hedonism: indulge in the small pleasures of life that you enjoy (e.g. eating your favourite food, reading a book, having coffee with a friend) without forgetting to work on the other aspects of your life that you get to have but don't seem so pleasurable.

Text: Alex Sandoni IG: @alexsandoni  
Illustration: Lia Popaz IG: @lippo.ai





# Beauty in the mirror

Text: Natalie Karimi IG: @nataliekarimi  
Illustration: Jonathan Gartmark IG: @art.j.gartmark

Six blackhole eyes stare right back through the water surface. Eyes that circle around the bald head, getting a clear three hundred sixty degree sight of its surroundings, as it glances up and down speculating its body.

*Do my eyes point towards different directions when I look around?*

A body that crawls on four legs with hooves as feet. Fifty kilogram hooves stomping the ground, can destroy cities and turn them to napalm.

*Are my hooves too big?*

Fur that feels like cotton candy runs straight streams

down the animal's body. The chocolate milk color floods the body with occasional white spots as it leads up to the ladder like- neck.

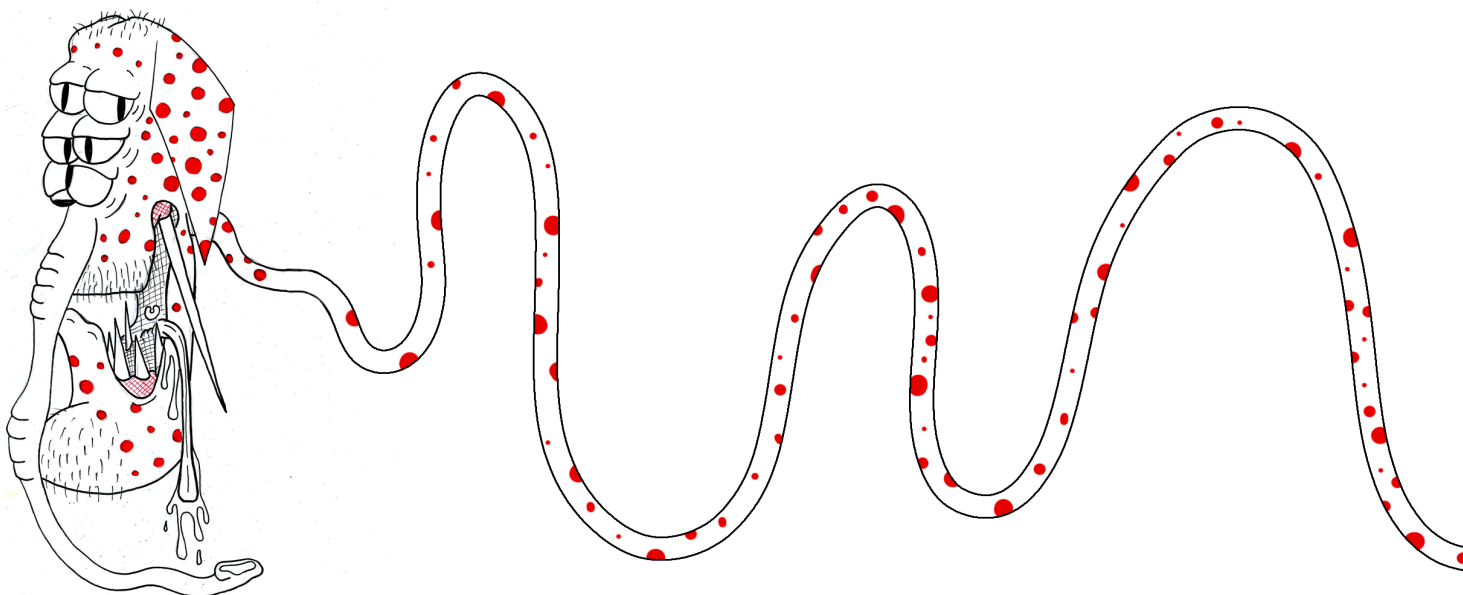
*Does my fur look weird? Is my neck too long?*

A hefty, curly tail with polka dotted color of brown and white form to a little puffy ball at the end.

Does my tail stand out from all the others?

Wings spread in the bright reflection as the eight eyes inspect the under wings. The see through, lined wings lift, stiff hair appears under them. A different texture from the rest of the body hair. Each of the eight eyes judge the gray hay like hair poking out from underneath the wings.

*Am I too hairy?*



The creature bends its oval shaped face towards the surface of the water, its round pink snout blowing fog to the glass. An attempt at a smile grows along the surface, where two rows of sharp, yellow knife teeth that could cut through tree trunks, stare back.

*Are my teeth too yellow and sharp?*

From nowhere, a miniature copy of the beast stands a meter behind. You look lovely the way you are.

Tears shudder through each eye where it slides down the narrow cheek. As are you lovely the way you are.

The younger creature leaps and flies into the water, splashing the reflection that was bullied. Followed by the young one, the older one flies a few meters then plops its wings down, and lets gravity do the rest. Splashes of water hit the grass, giving them a nice drink of the breezy October water. Together they swim into the depths of the lake where they search for algae and tuna. After thirty minutes of searching for enough food, they gather it in their wings and stomp back to the wooden stray nest, where they munch on the food, leaving no crumbs.

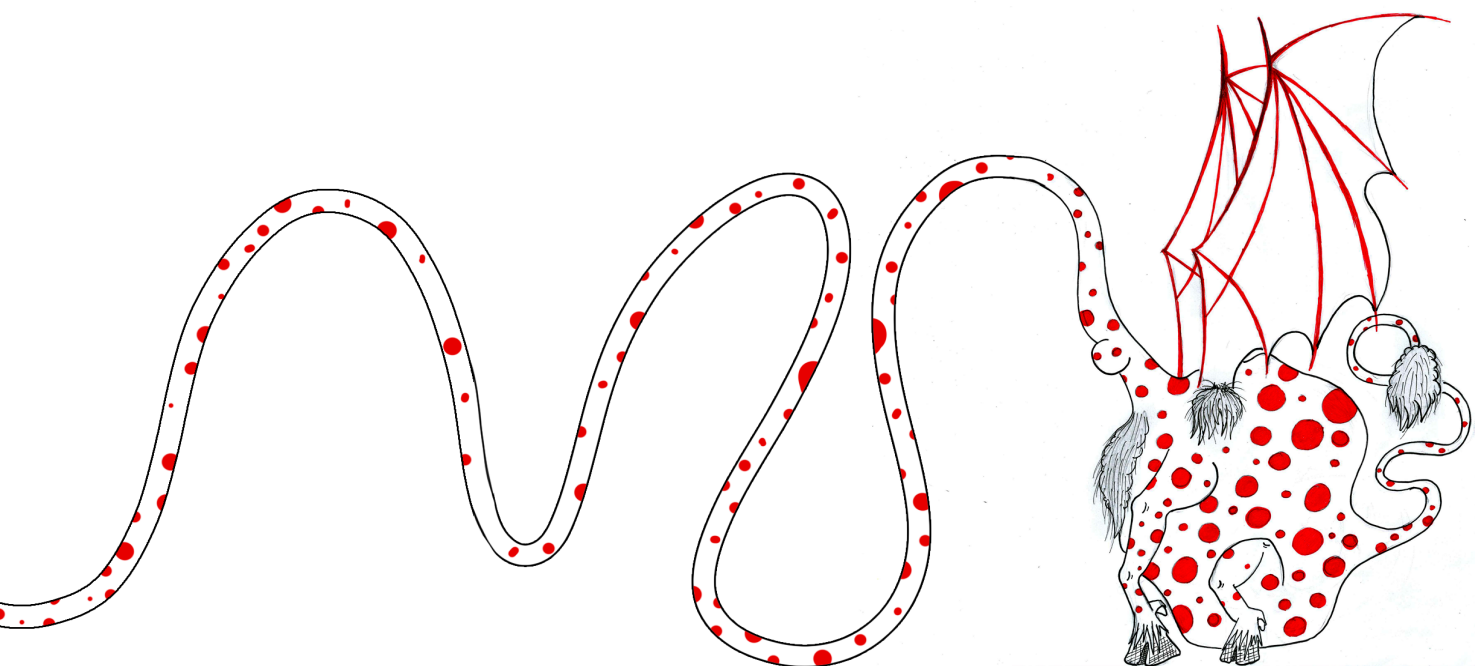
I know you heard me being unkind to myself today. I think you are the most beautiful being in the world, and we look very similar. So I think you are right. I am very lovely, just like you are.

We have six eyes that point in different directions. All the better to see the beauty in life.

We have humongous hooves that stomp around the ground, letting the world know how powerful and strong we are, but do not forget to be gentle with that knowledge. We have fur that keeps us warm and beautiful colors that soar on us. We have long necks where we are able to see the sunset from afar.

We have a curly tail and a furball at the end of it as a bonus for our exquisite beauty. We have hair underneath our wings as a sign that we have grown from cubs to adults.

We have teeth we hunt with, but also nibble on algae with, and let us not forget about our joyful smiles we use with them. Overall, I want you to know we look beautiful.







# All the books I read in 2022,

Text: Wiktoria Grzybowska, grzybowska.wa@gmail.com  
Illustration: Beatrice Toreborg IG: @Osillyschool

ranked and reviewed

My greatest pleasure last year was hitting my reading goal for the first time since I was thirteen years old. What follows is a list of all the book I read, for pleasure or for school, ranked from my least to most favorite and reviewed in two sentences each.

***The Sentence* by Louise Erdrich**

Featuring world's most boring ghost, this (shockingly) Women Prize for Fiction-nominated novel is an attempt to retraumatize its readers by recounting all of 2020. This book is about the pandemic, the Natives, teen pregnancy, Black Lives Matter, about a reformed criminal... what is this book about?

***Visitation* by Jenny Erpenbeck**

Read for a course, this tiny little novel reads like slower than a thousand-page textbook. The author is such an extraordinarily gifted writer that she puts you to hard work for every little piece of information.

***As Good as Dead* by Holly Jackson**

The last book in the "Good Girl's

Guide to Murder" trilogy goes down a slope in terms of quality compared to its predecessors. While still an enjoyable narrative, it's naïve while attempting seriousness and ends in a way that will make you roll your eyes.

***We Are All Birds of Uganda*  
by Hafsa Zayyan**

This book is, in theory, nothing short of great as it explores themes of colonialism, identity, love and power. It's weakest point is the protagonist, who the novel needs you to root for, but who is the most annoying and unlikable main character I ever did see.

***Good Girl, Bad Blood* by Holly Jackson**

The sophomore book in the Jackson series is marginally better than its younger sister. It's an easy, pleasant enough read, but some books are better left as only children.

***On Writing: A Memoir of Craft*  
by Stephen King**

Don't read it if you're trying to learn how to write. Read it if you're a fan of King's and want to find out about his beginnings as a writer.



***At Night All Blood Is Black*  
by David Diop**

This 2021 International Booker Prize winner takes place during the World War I and is a dark, gut-wrenching novel about the most despicable parts of humanity. While masterfully crafted and a modern classic in the making, it was a whole work to get through it.

***The Last Thing He Told Me*  
by Laura Dave**

This suspense novel has a plot twist on plot twist, mysteries and an adult trying to bond with a teenager. It's good enough entertainment but left no lasting impression.

***The Maid* by Nita Prose**

This classic closed-door whodunnit with an odd yet lovable protagonist is a simple pleasure through and through, even if the plot weakens at times. A film adaptation with Florence Pugh is in the works, which is reason enough to reach for it.



***Loveless* by Alice Oseman**

A sweet and easy campus novel about a girl discovering and coming to terms with her asexuality while juggling friends, new school and trying to fit in. A somewhat idealistic representation of the college years, but it's a nice read nonetheless.

***A Good Girl's Guide to Murder* by Holly Jackson**

The first installment in the trilogy is also the strongest and probably best read as a stand-alone. This novel is targeted at younger audiences which excuses its slight naivety and is a pleasant, non-gory but suspenseful mystery about a true-crime obsessed geek.

***The Silent Patient* by Alex Michaelides**

This psychological thriller features a psychiatrist obsessed with one of his patients, a previously famous artists who killed her husband and has not said a word since. It has an ending you won't see coming and a main character that will infuriate the living hell out of you.

***We Were Liars* by E. Lockhart**

A distinguished family coming from old money avoids, conceals, and straight out lies to their teenager who can't remember what's wrong with her. It's a gripping maze of flashbacks, family reputation that is interesting enough to forgive the foreseeable ending.

***Clap When You Land* by Elizabeth Acevedo**

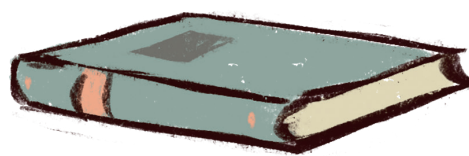
After a father's death, a secret comes out that shakes two separate families – one in New York and one in the Dominican Republic. This lovely book explores a feeling of loyalty and betrayal, privilege and family, ambition, and trust.

***Kim Jiyoung, born 1982* by Cho Nam-Joo**

Kim Jiyoung, a typical Korean millennial, goes absolutely crazy one day and this book will tell you why, supporting its narrative choice with statistical facts in the footnotes. It a study of sexism that has pissed me off as I was reading it, so get ready to be angry.

***Crying in H-mart* by Michelle Zauner**

This memoir is an absolute tear-jerker that talks about grief in a profound yet accessible way, exploring how imperfect relationships shape our lives. While personally I couldn't find it relatable, it's a love letter to food and how it's a fundament to memory and identity.

***The Island of Missing Trees* by Elif Shafak**

This novel features an anthropomorphized tree that falls in love with a human and a teenage girl who starts trending for some random yelling. Despite its oddities, it's a beautifully sad novel exploring the themes of generational trauma, xenophobia, and love in times of war.

***Other People's Clothes* by Calla Henkel**

This novel has everything: insane landlady, it-girls, fashion, art, underground parties, and mental hospitals. A drug-fueled mystery that is pure entertainment even if completely unbelievable.

***The Girl with the Louding Voice* by Abi Dare**

A Nigerian coming-of-age novel about a girl who's braver and smarter than any of us hope to be. A hopeful, sweet story that will make you face your privilege.

***The Book of Form and Emptiness* by Ruth Ozeki**

This 2022 Women Prize for Fiction winner is one big book, which makes it seem more daunting than it is. Featuring an unreliable narrator, a deadbeat father and a hoarder mother, it's a gorgeous and sad story that will make you be nicer to your things.

***The Bread the Devil Knead* by Lisa Allen-Agostini**

This novel is written fully in the Creole dialect, which takes some getting used to but ultimately is a great strength. It's a heartbreaking and poignant story about abuse and heartbreak that feels raw and authentic.

***The Secret History* by Donna Tartt**

A dark academia classic – filled with campus mystery, posh kids, lines in French and Greek and tidbits of classical knowledge. You learn early on that someone dies and go on to a long, long adventure to find out how – it's not always a walk in the park, but definitely a position worth reaching for.

***Klara and the Sun* by Kazuo Ishiguro**

From the esteemed Nobel Prize winner comes another novel that will grip your heart and squeeze it out. Ishiguro takes from the long tradition of AI-dramas and makes you wonder about what a person is as you fall in love with one sweet robot.



***Ariadne* by Jennifer Saint**

This re-telling of the myth about the Minotaur flips the perspective from the hero Theseus to the helper princess Ariadne, questioning whether there's more to the stories we learn. Criticizing the macho-masculinity of many Greek heroes and giving agency to the mythological women, this feminist adaptation of one of the most famous myths is a serious page-turner.

***All My Puny Sorrows* by Miriam Toews**

This heartbreaking novel is as funny as it is gut-wrenching as it embarks to tell a story of two sisters, of which the famous and accomplished one wants nothing more than to die. A serious trigger warning for depression and suicide but the book is worth reading despite its tough subject matter.

***Sorrow and Bliss* by Meg Mason**

This is a novel about self-sabotage, mental health, family, and forgiveness, and how we lie to ourselves. Not much in terms of plot, but the character and relationship study is nothing short of spectacular.

***Song of Solomon* by Toni Morrison**

The absolutely masterful Morrison created a coming-of-age story so unhinged it will haunt you for days. She's created for the protagonist a whole literary world so full of weirdness and grime, it's a book you will find yourself reflecting on months later.

***May We Be Forgiven* by A.M. Homes**

Big Book Fear was real with this one and while it takes a while to get through, the pay-off is great. It's a story about insanity and family, completely unhinged at times but leading to an incredibly satisfying character development.

***Of Mice and Men* by John Steinbeck**

The only classic on this list and for good reason – it's short and a breeze to read despite its heavy subject matter. If you want to read some classics of literature, this is a great place to start.

***Happy Hour* by Marlowe Granados**

Forget "sad girl core" and get ready for "party girl core". This novel is like its title – fun and dreamy, a whole vibe and exactly what it feels like to be a twenty-something with no past and no future in a big city.

***Coraline* by Neil Gaiman**

The book that gave us the stop motion classic from 2009 that still scares you even though you're an adult! A seriously creepy story that I can't believe is marketed for children.

***Convenience Store Woman* by Sayaka Murata**

One of the weirdest novels I had the pleasure to read, but with an important message that tells you to shed the society's expectations and do what makes you happy. Screw making a career and go work in that shop!

***Beautiful World, Where Are You* by Sally Rooney**

The latest novel by the now iconic Rooney is a more mature work, but still focusing on vibe and character more than plot, which is something you either love or hate. Her characters are infuriating and pretentious, but that's what makes it work.

***Circe* by Madeline Miller**

Another mythological retelling from the perspective of a female character – this time the witch Circe, whose island Odysseus stumbled upon on his journey. Circe is full of magic and an atmosphere so immersive you won't want to put the book down.

***Rebecca* by Daphne de Maurier**

A classic mystery that will pull you into its old-money world and speak in a transatlantic accent. Don't watch the Netflix film – just read the book.

***No One Is Talking About This* by Patricia Lockwood**

A novel for the age of social media, told in twitter-sized snippets by a person who doesn't demonize technology, but isn't uncritical of it either. Funny and sad, the novel explores the disparity between real life and social media.

***Before the Coffee Gets Cold* by Toshikazu Kawaguchi**

A short and sweet magical realism novel, in which in one coffee shop you get to talk to someone that has died – if you dare. Sweet and poignant, it will get you out of a reading slump as you're sure not to put it down before it's over.





***The Dangers of Smoking in Bed* by Mariana Enriquez**

Shortlisted for the International Booker Prize, this book is a collection of short stories within the horror genre. It's creepy and gross and outright scary at times, presenting horror like you've never seen before.

***I Am Not Myself These Days* by Josh Kilmer-Purcell**

A memoir of a drag-queen that takes you on a wild ride through underground, drug-fueled Manhattan parties, acknowledging both the fun and the destructiveness of the lifestyle. While the book explores some seriously dark themes, it's fun and wit through and through.

***I'm Glad My Mom Died* by Jeanette McCurdy**

Or, The One Everyone Talked About – and yes, it's as good as they say it is. Heartbreaking in how it shows all the nasty behind some of our favorite things but written with so much wit it's impossible to put down.

***Half of a Yellow Sun* by Chimamanda Ngozi Adichie**

The novel tells the story of the Biafran war and is one of the most gut-wrenching war novels I have ever read. It explores the total destruction, trauma and heartbreak that a war brings in some of the most beautiful prose of this century.

***A Room of One's Own* by Virginia Woolf**

An early feminist classic – short and to-the-point. As always, Woolf is a writer that has fun with words.

***Conversations with Friends* by Sally Rooney**

Rooney's debut novel is still my favorite of hers – it's reflective, relatable, and infuriating at times. A classic of the "no plot, just vibes" genre.

***The Vanishing Half* by Britt Bennet**

A book that got me out of a slump when it first came out, so I re-read it with great pleasure. It's a story about family, race and colorism and the weight of the choices you make – it will make you cry, but in a good way.

***To The Lighthouse* by Virginia Woolf**

I re-read this classic to find more in it, and I know there's so much more left. Woolf is an artist of the written word and this book is her Holy Grail.

***Exciting Times* by Naoise Dolan**

A strong contender for the best sad girl core book, it features a young Irish woman making questionable choices in Hong Kong and getting into a relationship that features some serious power imbalance. Recommended for all twenty-somethings who think they're mature.

***Home Fire* by Kamila Shamsie**

This novel is a modern take on the Antigone that is thrilling, exciting, and infuriating as it explores the situation and mistreatment of British Muslims. A modern classic in the making.

***The Bell Jar* by Sylvia Plath**

The OG sad girl novel about a young woman going insane in Manhattan. A beautiful and sad depiction of mental illness that sparked, in its time, a huge debate about female mental health.

***Piranesi* by Susanne Clarke**

I'd sell my firstborn to the devil for a chance to read this book again for the first time. The less you know the better – just read it.

***Hamnet* by Maggie O'Farrell**

A story about the family of world's most famous playwright and especially his mysterious wife. It's beautifully written, completely immersive and will make you fall in love with Agnes Hathaway.

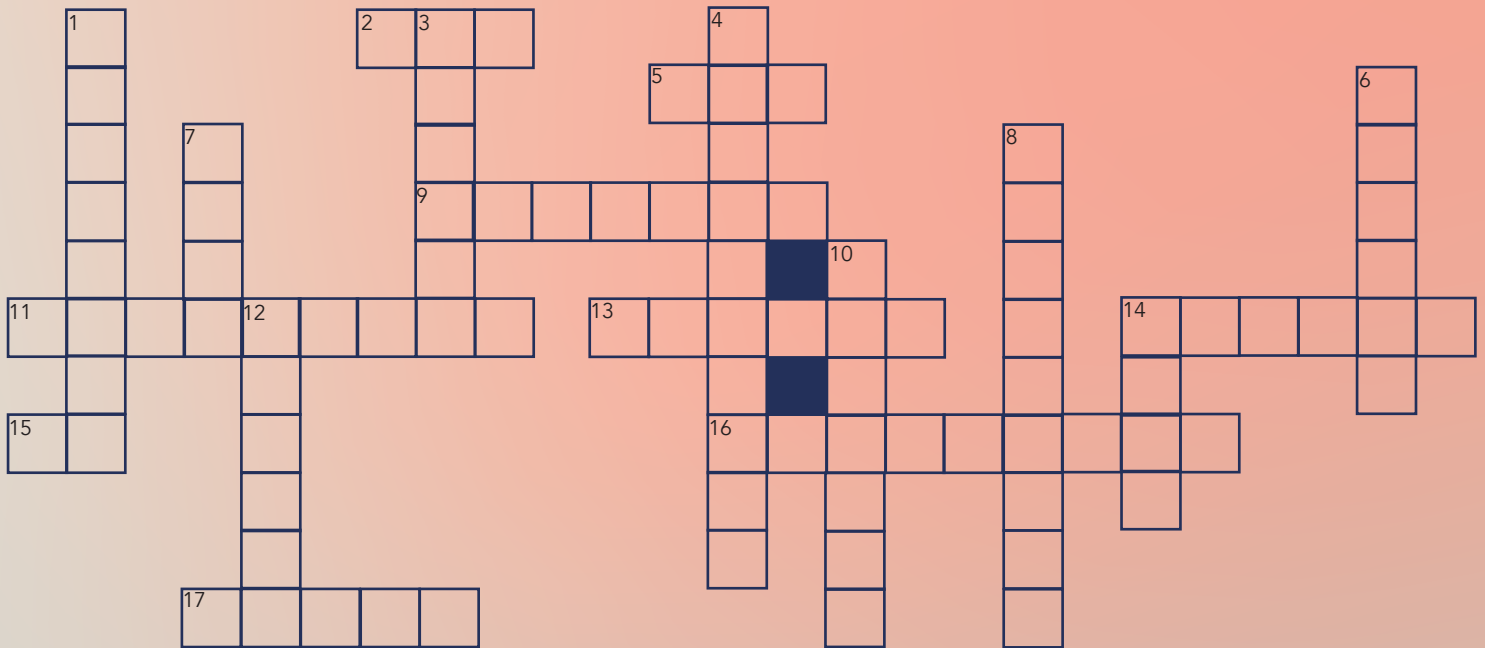




# Student Union Magazine

## Crossword puzzle

Hint: The theme of this crossword is simple pleasures.



### Across

2. Relaxation you pay
5. Leaf-flavoured water
9. Watching on the computer/tv
11. To sit in front of with a good book
13. To go somewhere you need to...
14. The thing you lit with a match
15. Highest marks at Univeristy
16. Photo-sharing app
17. Cosiness, a state of mind

### Down

1. Materialistic spending
3. To do with a blanket outside
4. Ooouummmm
6. Online book
7. Red or white
8. To plat with friends IRL
10. The last thing you eat
12. The time you can affford to go out
14. Talk in an informal way

Find the answers on the last page.

# BILLDAL



Photography:  
Hanna Wallström  
IG: lowallstrom



# Kårens sidor

## The Union's pages

Presidiumkrönika | Presidium Chronicle

### Small pleasures

As people we all have our small pleasures. As students we need them even more, to help us through potential stressful and busy times, writing exams and papers, while also attending the lectures and seminars at 8:15. We at the Union enjoy the little things in life. Because as a saying goes, *Who doesn't honour the small, doesn't deserve the big*. Though we would argue that the small things are what makes the biggest difference. A hug from a loved one, a well-deserved fika, free coffee at the Union house, or even a very small and affordable price for a soup lunch or student breakfast. From here on we will tell you a bit about our small pleasures.

### It's the small things

Not many people know this about me, but I am a big Asian culture enthusiast. There is nothing I enjoy more than watching my favourite anime when I am feeling down. Well, maybe discovering a new good anime also hits the spot. When I don't feel like looking at my laptop screen, I enjoy reading manga. I read everything from romance to horror manga, depending on the day. To indulge myself in this small pleasure, I go to Stadsbiblioteket and pick up a manga to read. If you were not aware of this, the city library has a great collection of manga and comics, so check it out! Another small pleasure for me is successfully making, peeling and marinating a good ramen egg! Wow, what joy it brings me to taste the fruits of my labour when the egg is perfectly soft boiled, with the egg yolk a bit runny. When I succeed in this, I do a little dance as I eat my homemade ramen. My last small pleasure, which I did a lot of during the winter break, is to take a good power nap. Oh my, how refreshing it is to take a quick nap during the day. While there are a lot of small pleasures I enjoy, these four are the top pick for me, and could make any day better. I hope you got to know me a bit more after reading this, and maybe we can chat about



the small pleasures when we meet at the university. See you around!

**Milena Milosavljevic**

*President of the Student Union Malmö*

### Walking from Winter to Summer

Anyone who knows me will say that chocolate is one of my small guilty pleasures. Perhaps it's just because of me being Belgian and growing up in a bakery. Just an example is how I went to visit my family over Christmas with a half empty suitcase, and came back with a full one. That's just what happens when your family gifts you, you guessed it, a lot of chocolate for Christmas. It brings a lot of other small pleasures too, like seeing my nephew and niece.

Because when a two and a half year old little girl wishes you to hold her hand while walking, you take it. My nephew, just half a year old, giggles when you do the smallest thing with him. A very small thing, causing the biggest smiles.

It's been a very nice winter so far, seeing back old familiar places and many new ones. There's just something about walking in the city you grew up in, and seeing how some things never seem to change and other new exciting things are happening. It shows you that change might be a bit abrupt and unexpected at times, but brings so many new opportunities, and you'll always keep the memories.

Even with that nice winter, I'm looking forward to the sun coming out in Sweden. Anyone else excited to hang that winter coat back in the closet, forget where you even put your winter mössa, and to take out the beach towel?

**Diego Annys**

*Vice-president of the Student Union Malmö*

### Moments at the beach

Even since I was a young child, I always remember just how calming the sea was to me, it felt like I would just stare at it and smell the salt in the air and everything would just disappear, so one of my secret small pleasures is just read a book by the beach or if the weather



allows it, go swimming, because even if it's just for even half an hour, everything seems to be better.

Another of my secret pleasures is something I have just recently started doing, during the rare times we see the sun lately, some of my close friends and I just take some chairs from the union building, and enjoy the sun with a nice cup of hot coffee while sunbathing during our lunch break, it's a very tiny part of our routines, yet one that I loved very much.

Furthermore, my third little pleasure is something I don't really discuss much, but I really enjoy reading fanfiction, whether that's on Ao3 or fanfiction.net, it doesn't matter, because as long as it's from one of the many book/tv/anime series

I am interested in and it has a great plot, for me it's a perfect opportunity to just get lost in front of my screen for many hours.



And lastly, my last secret pleasure is something I can only do in my home island Rhodes, and that is spending time with my eldest sister. We don't need to have a specific plan, as we can just hang out and drink coffee at her place or just watch each other put makeup on while commenting on the new products we like, but it is still something I value a lot and miss every time I am away from Greece.

**Konstantina Klonari**

*Vice-president of the Student Union Malmö*

## At last

At the Union our slogan is that the Union is big when you feel small. And perhaps that's what brings us the most joy. To be here for all students who need us, for all the students who feel things should be better. To simply make your time at Malmö University the best it can be! What bigger small pleasure is there than that!

From us at the Presidium, we hope you want to be part of that with us, in our associations, sektioner, our events, or as student representatives. Maybe this could be your new small pleasure.





# Kalendarium våren / Calendar spring 2023

## Februari / February

- 24 - Musikpuben / Music Pub (Studentpuben 19:00-01:00)
- 28 - Studentråd / The Local Student Council, 12:00- 13:00 (KS)

## Mars / March

- 01 - Sopplunch / Soup lunch, (Kølsvinet 12:00- 13:00)
- 01 - Studentråd / The Local Student Council, 12:00- 13:00 (TS)
- 01 - Fullmäktigemöte / Council meeting (Kårkuset 16:00- 19:00)
- 02 - Studentråd / The Local Student Council, 12:00- 13:00 (HS)
- 03 - Lär känna våra Studentföreningar / Association Promotion Event (Kølsvinet, 17:00)
- 07 - Studentråd / The Local Student Council, 12:00- 13:00 (LS)
- 08 - Sopplunch / Soup lunch, (Kølsvinet 12:00- 13:00)
- 13- 26 - Rösta i Kårvalet / Vote for Union election
- 14 - Kaffé med Kåren / Coffee with the Union (Niagara), 10:00- 14:00
- 15 - Kaffé med Kåren / Coffee with the Union (Orkanen), 10:00- 14:00
- 15 - Valmingel med kandidater för Kårvalet 2023 (Studentpuben 17:00)
- 15 - Sopplunch / Soup lunch, (Kølsvinet 12:00- 13:00)
- 16 - Kaffé med Kåren / Coffee with the Union (HS), 10:00- 14:00
- 21 - Studentfrukost / Student breakfast (Kølsvinet 09:00- 11:00)
- 22 - Sopplunch / Soup lunch (Kølsvinet 12:00- 13:00)
- 29 - Sopplunch / Soup lunch (Kølsvinet 12:00- 13:00)
- 29 - Fullmäktigemöte / Council meeting (Kårkuset 16:00- 19:00)



## April

- 05 - Sopplunch / Soup lunch (Kølsvinet 12:00- 13:00)
- 06 - Påskjakt / Easter Egg Hunt
- 11 - Kaffé med Kåren / Coffee with the Union (Orkanen), 10:00- 14:00
- 12 - Kaffé med Kåren / Coffee with the Union (Niagara), 10:00- 14:00
- 12 - Sopplunch / Soup lunch (Kølsvinet 12:00- 13:00)
- 13 - Kaffé med Kåren / Coffee with the Union (HS), 10:00- 14:00
- 14 - Utfrågning: Tillväxtkommission och workshop för studenter (Kølsvinet 09:00-12:00)
- 18 - Studentfrukost / Student breakfast (Kølsvinet 09:00- 11:00)
- 19 - Sopplunch / Soup lunch (Kølsvinet 12:00- 13:00)
- 24-28 - Event tillsammans med föreningar och sektioner / Joint an association and a section event
- 25 - Studentråd / The Local Student Council, 12:00- 13:00 (LS, TS, KS)
- 26 - Sopplunch / Soup lunch (Kølsvinet 12:00- 13:00)
- 26 - Fullmäktigemöte / Council meeting (Kårkuset 16:00- 19:00)
- 27 - Studentråd / The Local Student Council, 12:00- 13:00 (HS)
- 28 - Musikpuben / Music Pub (Studentpuben 19:00-01:00)



## Maj / May

- 03 - Konstituerande Fullmäktigemöte / Constituent Council Meeting (Kårkuset 16:00- 19:00)
- 03 - Sopplunch / Soup lunch (Kølsvinet 12:00- 13:00)
- 10 - Sopplunch / Soup lunch (Kølsvinet 12:00- 13:00)
- 17 - Sopplunch / Soup lunch (Kølsvinet 12:00- 13:00)
- 20 - Utsparken
- 24 - Sopplunch / Soup lunch (Kølsvinet 12:00- 13:00)
- 24 - Kvalitetsdialog (KS)
- 25 - Kvalitetsdialog (TS)
- 27 - Kårpriset / The Union Prize
- 27 - Sittning för Kårpriset och Fakultetscupen / Sittning for Union prize and Faculty cup
- 30 - Kvalitetsdialog (HS)
- 31 - Kvalitetsdialog (LS)

## Juni / June

- 2 - Receptionen stänger / The reception closes

Se alla våra Facebookevenemang för mer utförlig information / See all event at our Facebook for further information.

# Aktiviteter på Kåren? Events at the Union?



## Studentfrukost

Varje tisdag innan CSN serverar Kåren en frukost klockan 09:00 i Kølsvinet. För endast 20 kronor får du som är medlem ta del av en frukostbuffé med mackor, pålägg, yoghurt, müsli, ägg, juice och rykande färskt kaffe eller te! Dessutom finns det en smarriga våfflor med tillbehör!

## Student breakfast

Every Tuesday before CSN, the Union serves a breakfast at 09:00 in Kølsvinet. For only 20 SEK, you as a member can enjoy a breakfast buffet with such as sandwiches, spreads, yoghurt, muesli, eggs, juice freshly brewed coffee! There is also a delicious waffles with toppings!



## Sopplunch

Som student kan det vara snålt med pengar. Varje onsdag klockan 12:00–13:00 anordnar Kåren en sopplunch i Kølsvinet. För endast 15 kronor får du som är medlem i Studentkåren Malmö vegetarisk eller vegansk soppa inklusive bröd och kaffe.

## Student breakfast

As a student, money can be tight. Every Wednesday between 12:00 to 13:00, the Student Union organizes a soup lunch in Kølsvinet. For only 15 SEK, members of the Student Union Malmö get vegetarian or vegan soup including bread and coffee.



## Kaffe med Kåren

Anordnas en gång per månad. Här har du chansen att träffa ditt studentombud och våra underbara föreningar. Du kan berätta för oss vad du tycker behöver förbättras på universitetet.

Varje månad har vi ett nytt tema som vi fokuserar på och det bjuds såklart på kaffe!

## Coffee with the Union

Our monthly event where you have the chance to meet your student ombud, and tell us what you think needs to be improved at the university!

Every month we have a different topic that we focus on and we always offer you coffee!

# Musikpuben / Music Pub

## Musikpuben kommer tillbaka - två gånger om!

I vår kommer vi än en gång tillsammans med Festmesteriet bjuda vi in till en härlig pubkväll där lokala band och artister underhåller oss med livemusik. Upptäck ny musik i en miljö där maten och drycken är billig och alla är välkomna!

## Music Pub is back - twice!

This spring we will once again together with Festmesteriet give an awesome pub night, where we've invited local bands and artists to entertain us with live music. Discover new music in an environment where the food and drinks are cheap and everyone is welcome!



Scanna för Musikpuben den 24 feb.  
Scan for Music pub on the 24th of Feb.



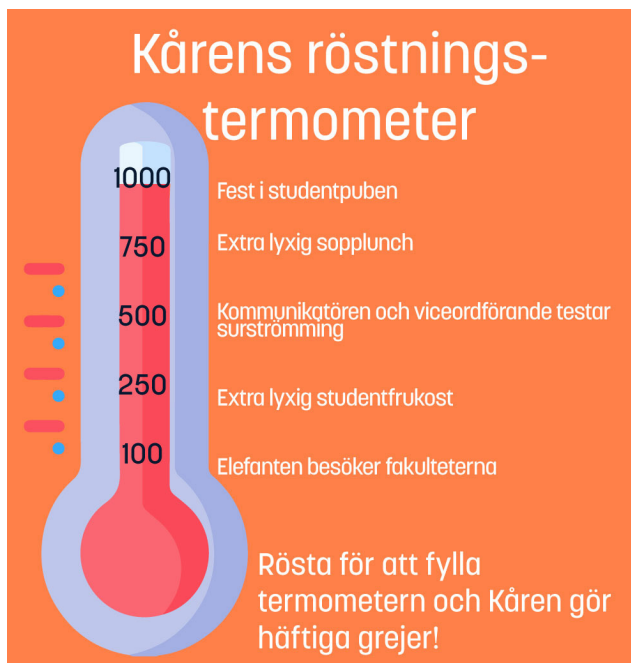
Scanna för Musikpuben den 28 april  
Scan for Music pub on the 28th of April.



# Rösta i Kårvalet 2023 / Vote in the Union election 2023

Mellan den 13 till 26 mars är det dags att rösta i Kårvalet. Desto fler som röstar desto roligare blir det. Se vår röstningstermometer vad som kommer att hända när ni röstar i Kårvalet.

From 13th to 26th of March it is time to vote in the Union elections. The more people who vote, the more fun it will be. See our voting thermometer what will happen when you vote in the Union elections.



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!

SCANNA QR KODEN  
(FUNKAR ÄVEN MED SNAPCHAT)



## Kontakt / Contact - Kåren finns för att hjälpa dig

### 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

**Damilare Latinwo**

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ombudks@malmostudenter.se

Lärande och samhälle - LS

**Bojana Drljaca**

0707 - 57 75 68

ombudls@malmostudenter.se

Hälsa och samhälle - HS

**Gao Jie**

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

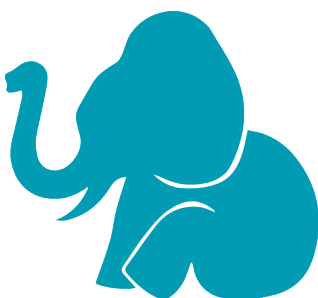


studentkaren\_malmo



Canvas, gå till / go to:

mau.instructure.com/enroll/9MABRG



## LÄS MER / READ MORE - MALMOSTUDENTER.SE

# Crossword Answers

## Across

Spa  
Tea  
Netflix  
Fireplace  
Travel  
Candle  
VG  
Instagram  
Hygge

## Down

1. Shopping  
3. Picnic  
4. Meditation  
6. Kindle  
7. Wine  
8. Boardgame  
10. Dessert  
12. Payday  
14. Chat



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





**Kåren +  
Swedbank  
= Sant**

# Vi fortsätter stödja Kåren!

Vi är stolta över vårt mångåriga samarbete med Studentkåren på Malmö Universitet.

Vi dyker upp regelbundet exempelvis på Kaffe med Kåren, Sopplunch med våfflor och Introduktionsdagar.

Passa på att prata med oss om dina tankar kring ekonomi. Vi har massor av tips på hur du får pengarna att räcka längre och hur du tänker smart inför framtiden!

**Swedbank**

