

SUM

STUDENT UNION MAGAZINE



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.

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Vi vet att studietiden kan vara en kamp av många skäl. Många gånger behöver vi någon att anförtro oss åt och att tala med.

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Sofia Tunebro präst i Svenska kyrkan
Monica Alhbin pastor i Equmeniakyrkan

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SUM Magazine Issue #114 Sweet & Sour Spring 2025

Cover by Ellen Gemback

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EDITORS' FOREWORD

Hello and welcome to the 114th issue of the Student Union Magazine! We proudly present a printed issue of our magazine every semester and this time around the theme is "Sweet and Sour". We went with a broader theme to give our contributors the opportunity and freedom to interpret it in their own unique ways—and they delivered as they do every issue! As the winter seems never ending and its darkness taking a toll on us all, we wanted to have a brighter issue that mostly evokes hope, nostalgia and warmth. "Sweet and Sour" captures contrasting parts of life: the joy and hope of cherished memories, the sting of more bittersweet moments, and the high anticipation of spring's return. It's warmth, colours and sun that we all look forward to so much. So, come join the journey of our pages by immersing yourselves in brightness and hope.

We wish you a happy reading!

Julie Inksmith & Hanna Wallström
Co-Editors-In-Chief

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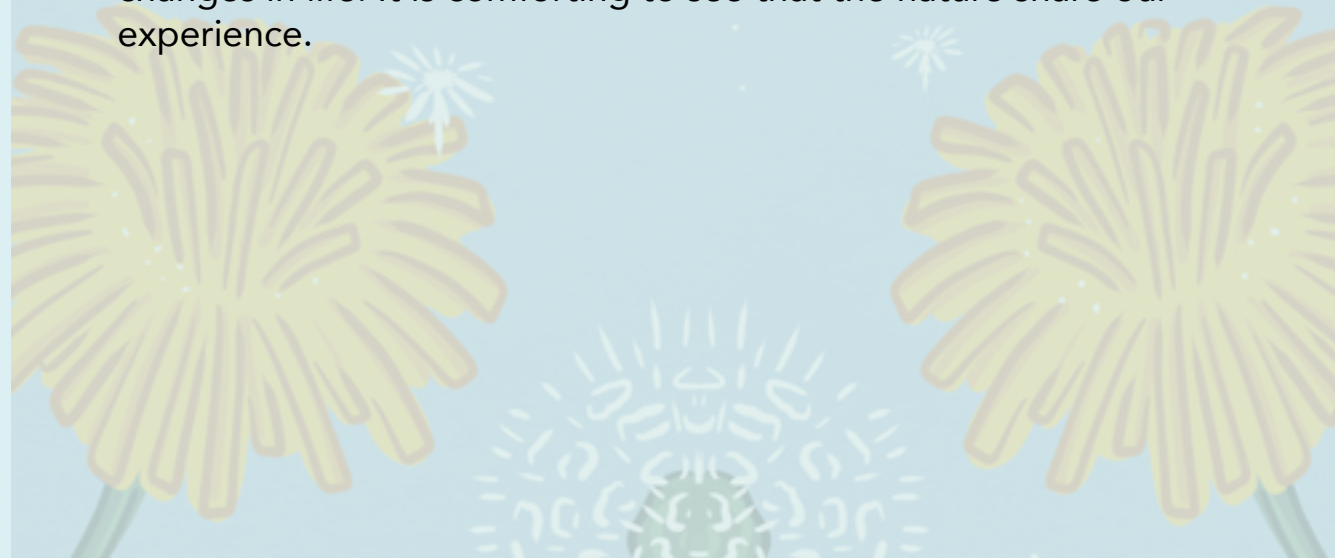
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ARTIST'S STATEMENT

Text: Ellen Gemback

THEME SWEET & SOUR

As this issue was concerned with changes and contrasts I decided to draw a dandelion taking on its different forms. To connect the illustration to the issues actual name, different candies, sweet and sour, were also added in the composition. We all go through changes in life. It is comforting to see that the nature share our experience.



SUM
Playlist #114

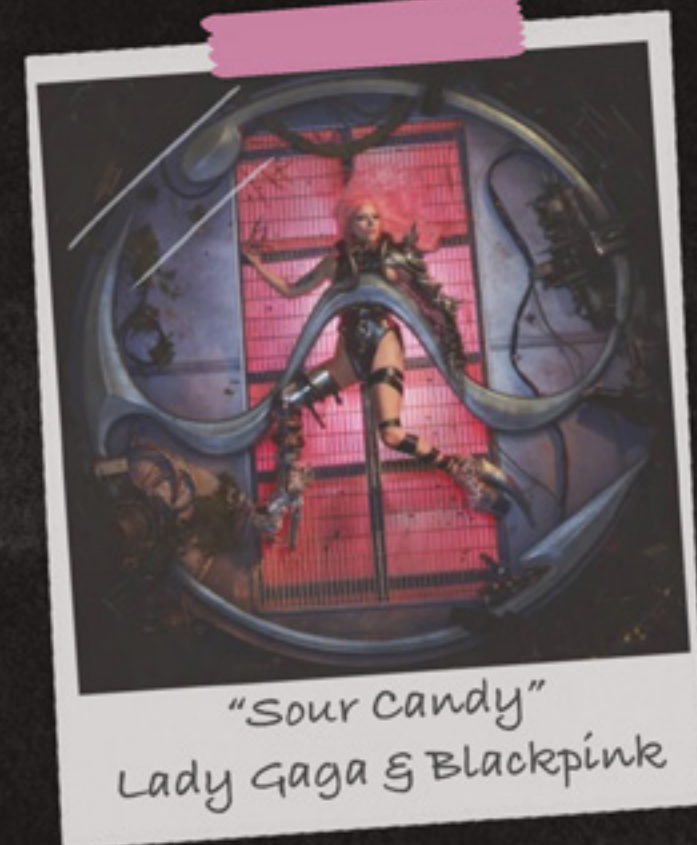


SCAN ME?

Visuals: Julie Inksmith IG: ju.li_5



"Ordinary"
Alex Warren



"Sour Candy"
Lady Gaga & Blackpink



"Too Sweet"
Hozier



"Nothing Breaks Like A Heart"
Damiano David

LESSONS FROM SISTERHOOD

Text: Ebba Ewertz IG: @ebbaewertz
Visual: Anna Lau

While I was listening to a podcast episode called *Lessons from 2024*, one thing caught my attention and made me listen more carefully. The host of the show started talking about how we never would want to change anything about our friends, because we love them unconditionally, and we would never want to be one to dictate what they should, or shouldn't do. The host continued by mentioning how she feels bad about saying such things to her brother, which despite not intending to, only hurts him or makes him feel like he has to change. This in turn makes him feel like he's not good enough.

She mentioned this quote, "When you try to change someone you don't really love them", which made me think about my own sister, who I love so much, and who I think is the coolest person ever and is so great, but who I've also been so harsh to. Oftentimes during our childhood we both have tried to make each other more or less of something, such as 'ugh get better manners', 'don't chew so loudly' or 'be more politically correct'. The fact that we say things to our siblings with the intention of making them feel like they need to change, even though we love them and would never want them to actually change, made me reflect on the sister relationship.

The sister dynamic is something unique, spontaneous and fragile. A sister is someone who you can hurt so easily, because you know what triggers and irritates them, but they are also someone who you love so dearly. I've come to realise this as I've grown older, and my sister and I have become much closer.

For a long time, we fought constantly. I wasn't allowed into her room, and she would throw me out of the house when she wanted to throw a party. Then I hit nineteen and, just like that, we were best friends. We weren't fighting like we used to, we could talk about anything and our sisterhood grew into a friendship. It was like we had known each other all our lives but only now we really got to know one another.

Through these years of our sisterhood and friendship, I've obviously learnt a few lessons; some were sweet, and some were sour.

One of the many lessons I've learnt is that there is no one that is going to be as honest with you as your sister. Whether I like it or not, my sister is my biggest critic (and vice versa). I'd call that a pretty *sour* one. But I've grown

to accept it and I'd like to think she has good intentions in mind, whether it's hurtful or not. This lesson has also led to many disagreements, some good, some bad, often ending with someone leaving the dinner table. This has led to someone getting hurt, and often ended up with both of us feeling sad. Feeling sad for hurting them, or just frustrated at the other person because you can't stand them in that specific moment. The next day, however, we wake up and everything is back to normal again. When I was a little girl, I would never tell my sister when I was wrong or when I had acted badly toward her. Now that we're adults, there's no point in being mad at each other for more than a night, so now when I wake up I tell her how I feel, and everything is fine.

However, I also appreciate this honesty. I can always trust and rely on my sister to give me an honest answer, for example, my parents would only praise me and tell me that whatever I'm doing is great, be it school, activities or relationships. On the other hand, my sister would scoff if she heard the way my parents praise me, she knows I can always improve and do better in everything I do. When I was younger I'd be annoyed by her honesty and misinterpret it as negative criticism or an unprovoked, personal attack. Thankfully, that is no longer the case... For the most part.

Sweet lessons. My sister is someone I can always rely on for support, and she is the first one I'll call whenever something is on my mind or if I need advice, and of course when I need to hear the hard hitting truth. For instance, when I was in high school and started experiencing anxiety for the first time in my life, my sister was the first person I called. She lived in a different city at the time, but I knew she would understand and support me in that situation. My sister is my best friend and there is nothing I can't talk to her about. How honest and vulnerable we can be with each other is beautiful and something I value deeply and won't take for granted.

I'd argue that sisters have the greatest love of all. It might not always be the best of times, there are fights, arguments and disagreements, but sometimes they are necessary in order for us to grow even closer. A sister is both a blessing and a curse. They know about your hopes and dreams better than anyone else and also know precisely what to do in order to wind you up.



The nightingale’s cinnamon wings shed a shadow alongside the rooftop. Wings that stand in front of the orange, lava sunrise, welcoming the morning. A song that has not yet been sung; the performance only takes place once the sun sets. The kids in the village pleading for an encore, the stars putting on their own show in the sky. A sky filled with constellations that only the brightest of people know their shapes and names. Galileo Galilei has written down a few but only those with interest actually take the time to read through them. Constellations such as metallic fish fryers from a fast food restaurant, or Ursa Major, as educated people refer to it.

Imagine if the mind could float all the way up to those stars and reform their shapes and sizes, how that would change science. The church would think it was God’s work, but scientists would spend years to prove it was the deed of the man sitting on the moon, smoking a cigar. He got bored and had no more Cubans left, so he closed his eyes and fingerpainted the sky in strips of yellow and white circles, The Starry Night.

Text: Natalie Karimi
Visual: Lia Popaz

Nightingales would know the truth; it was the storyteller that reshaped the stars and turned them into a painting. One that would outshine Van Gogh’s The Scream. Why would a man scream in the vicinity of color and beauty? Only a man trying to figure out if it is the world screaming at him or if he is on psychedelics, screaming at himself. As the baby blue sky becomes pale, almost fainting, it slowly camouflages itself with the white clouds. The villagers sleep soundly. Not a single pot or pan hits stove tops as the mother goes to the hens’ cage and grabs two eggs for omelets. A favorite breakfast on Saturday mornings.

The whale in the lake is nonchalant to the smoke coming from the hut beside its home. A caramel beak pecks at the whale’s head, the rest of the fawn-colored body resting on the whale like a beach lounge chair; oblivious to the croaks coming from the green, ivy petals. Men raise their rifles towards the clouds and shoot at whatever moves in the sky, sharing laughs amongst bullets.

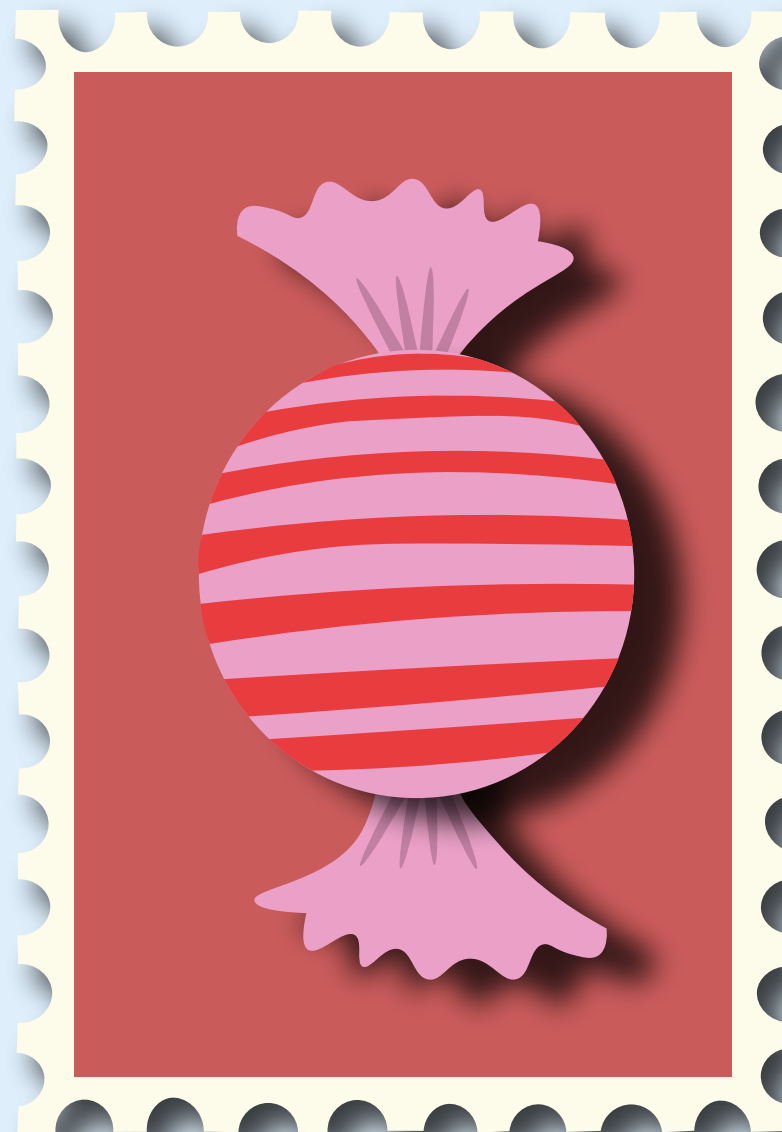
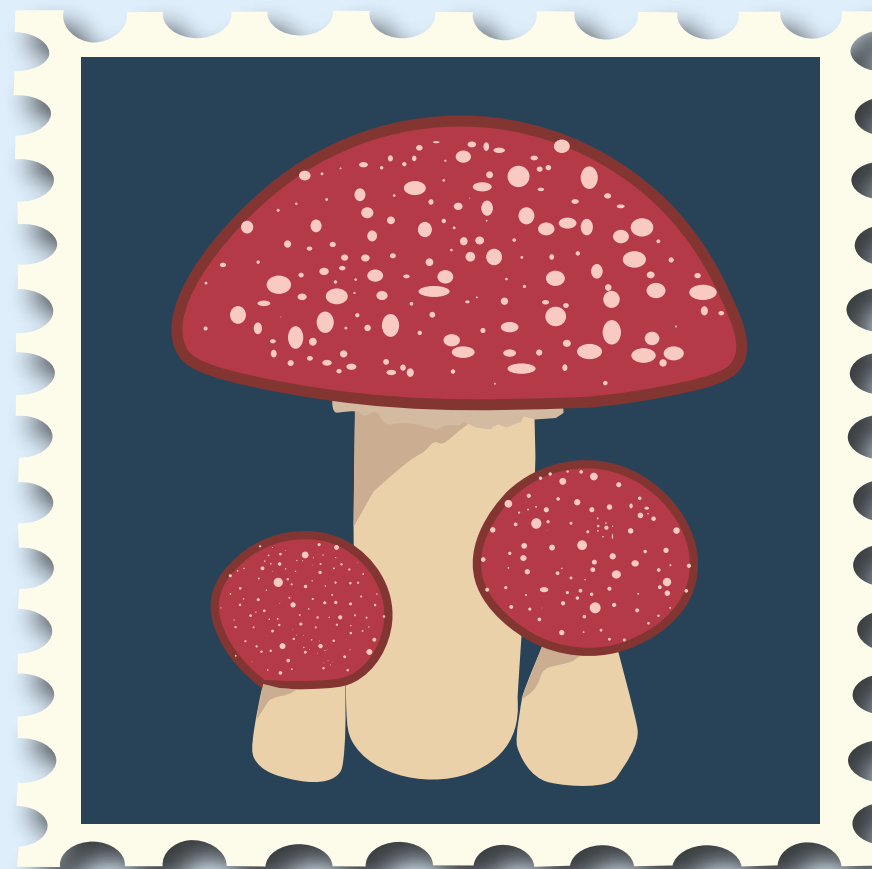
The sky screams and the lake shudders for a moment.

A frog leaps into the air and into a pile of bushes. The whale sinks its body under water in a peaceful manner, as if someone is tugging its fin, saying “time for dinner.” A nightingale soars into the sky, only one wing supporting its weight. Black eyes dart at the sides of its body, in shock of the absence caused by the arrow. Cinnabar red drips down, sprinkles like rain as the wing flaps. Gravity does not make exceptions for its own laws. It sternly shifts the bird’s weight to the left, dropping it from the sky and into the lake.

One less nightingale will sing tonight as the sun is met with applause from the villagers, pleading for an encore, but the next act must be brought to stage. Stars and constellations allow kids to mock their appearance by calling them a fish fryer instead of Ursa Major. Scientists nor believers can prove that the change in skies was the idea of God or the man sitting on the moon smoking a Cuban. However, the idea belonged to a nightingale missing a wing, singing in the sky; befriendng a lonely man with a drooping cigar, tipping at the edge of his lips.

NIGHTINGALE

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THE SWEETNESS OF DREAMING, EVEN WHEN LIFE FEELS SOUR

Text: Engla Björnevik IG: engla.bjornevik
Visuals: Ellen Gembäck



As children, our imagination was limitless. When asked what we wanted to be when we grew up, the answers could range from astronauts to ballet dancers to prime ministers. But somewhere along the way, life's sour realities often threaten to ground those dreams. Setbacks, doubts, and societal pressure made them seem like a thing of the past. So when life gives us lemons, are we foolish for craving lemonade - or will it help us discover the perfect recipe?

I truly enjoy asking people about their dreams. It's like watching a spark in their eyes ignite as their imagination spins off, being welcomed to a part of their brain not many will ever see. While researching for this article, I asked classmates, friends and family about their biggest aspirations. It felt like knocking on a well-hidden door, only to be greeted by a world of infinite possibilities. While one is dreaming of editing a top magazine in London, another wants to write a crime novel, and a third is aspiring to become a design researcher. Their answers brought me back to the sweetness of childhood, where nothing besides the school bell would disrupt our dreaming.

Nowadays, the school bell seems to be ringing a lot more than it used to. Fears of failure, responsibilities, or lack of money can all overshadow our former dreams and aspirations, making us question how realistic they are to hold onto. To dare to dream can seem frightening, so we settle for something safer, like lemon water, even though the lemonade is what we truly desire. To go for the safe choice may seem like the reasonable thing to do, slowly closing the door to our inner child and the dreams they carry with them. But when looking back on life, will we ever be truly happy with never trying a lemonade recipe?

As we all know, creating sweet lemonade is possible with the right recipe, however sour the lemons are. To get a professional outlook on the subject, I contacted one of our student counselors for advice on approaching one's dreams. Viktoria Brännström, student counselor for K3, told me

that allowing oneself to believe in the dream and research the first step is a great start. "Don't just think about it, discuss it with other people and get it down on paper to make sure it's a doable and defined first step. Implement it, and based on the lessons and experience that gives you, think about your next step." She continued by telling me that it's important to keep an open and curious mindset, and that setbacks are a part of everyone's journey. "Don't hold it in, allow yourself to react to them. And if needed to move on, maybe talk to a friend or counselor. Practice dealing with the unpredictable by imagining different future scenarios, so that it becomes natural for you to always have many alternative paths." Lastly, Viktoria emphasized the importance of networking. "A rich and varied network is valuable for everyone to have! Be open and invest in getting to know fellow students and others you meet during your studies. Get to know students from other programs by getting involved in the union, student newspaper or as a student ambassador. Create added value by writing your essay abroad (and apply for a scholarship!) or in collaboration with an external actor."

It's not always easy to dream, especially if the dream may go against the norm of what one should do with their life, or if it goes against the wishes of loved ones. But at the end of the day, it's *your* life. And with a good support system and some kind of back-up plan, you should go for your dream for your own sake. Even when the sour thoughts try to conquer, dare to try the lemonade! And if you don't succeed, you'll always know that you dared to try, and that is a wonderful accomplishment all in itself.

NIGHT OF THE MAD CAT

Comic: Amr Abbas
First Published on Cálce Magazine (April 2023)



SHORT STORY COMPETITION WINNERS

THEME: NOSTALGIA



IN COLLABORATION:

SM

Cálce
Magazine

REMEMBER THE RIVER EUPHRATES?

Text: Sara Al Husaini
Visual: Amr Abbas

There was a time when the light shone bright; when you smiled in a manner that brought the Sumerian inside you out, the great curls like the Hanging Gardens of Babylon that took wing with the wind. We are not near the river Tigris, the great Euphrates—we lost it, our country. I lost it, spilled it like milk.

No one likes opinionated women, or so they tell me. We all have our reasons, right? We had to go and leave it all behind.

We walk near the Malmö canal—not a river, nor our country, but home, kind of. Your hair flows freely, the curls gone with the wind like little black clouds, so visible against the blue sky, and dark eyes that capture it all. “This is nice,” you say.

Not Euphrates, but the Malmö canal.

Now I’m not with you, but alone. I look at the dark canal water, the neverending stream of people strolling with their dogs, and the great trees along the path. Someone has attached a white heart to one of these trees; it says ”kärlek till alla” in red.

Sister, do you remember when we walked this same path carved by the very same canal? You asked me that day, “Remember the glittering river Euphrates? Remember the dark red tea we had?”

“Of course! I still taste the cardamom in the tea,” I answered. I feel the clenching heat in my neck, the palm trees carved in my corneas, your laughter, the fine sand creeping through my open-toe sandals. But, little sister, now I am here. This is Sweden—not my home, but my future.

Sometimes this means walking alone, crying alone, and making only one cup of tea.

Sometimes I play pretend, close my eyes, open them up again, and see the canal turning into the river Euphrates. Swedish begins to sound like Arabic, our southern dialect, but the Malmö sun is shy; it hides behind the clouds, her rays awfully kind. My toes are wrapped in warm socks, inside my black sneakers. I realize that imagination is defeated by memory; my senses are in Iraq, but I am here—not home, but kind of.

The photographs hurt—you with our smiling parents far away, the rivers of our ancestors. But I manage, away from these thoughts and the canal. I order a latte in Djäknegatan, smile like Mom and Dad, say ”tack” to the barista, and sit down.

The sounds fill the café—none of them mine, none of them yours. My phone lights up; you have sent me a message:

Hi! How’s it going, all good?

All is good.

I send you a picture of the latte. I hope you’ll believe I’m doing fine, that I didn’t cry last night. I miss you, but not enough to tell you, not enough to worry you.

Nice, you say, and heart my picture.

You went back, your curls hidden from the sun, the sky, and the eyes. I understand, but I can’t stop missing you.

I wish I was there, I type...and erase.

You got a heart from me, little sister.

There’s no need for more, not now—no theaters, no masks, just distance and pasts.

This is Sweden; I’m home now—sort of.



A Bed of My Own

Text: Noha Ratouit
Visual: Julie Inksmith IG: ju.li_5

I hear him crawling into his bed, only a few meters away. During the day, the sound of the cicadas covers everything, but now, only the far barking of the dogs can be heard. The sleeping bag brushes the mattress as he finds the right position, places his pillow, and lays on his side. The dimmed lights of the camp allow me to distinguish the features of his face. Even in the darkness, every grasp of his lips, every piece of his nose that I catch reminds me of his beauty.

I know he can also see me, but not as well. I have been in that bed, I have laid where he lays. I know how much my friends could read of me when my face was enlightened like his is now. I still always felt so hidden and safe, in open beds among the enclosed tents. The thin cover that they provide are only a façade for us to think a rest of intimacy is left. In reality, every movement, every sound, almost all our thoughts mix and intertwine during the day, the night, under the tents, or outside. His respiration became calm and regular. He is always fast asleep, everyone is, exhausted by the sand and the sun. I also used to fall asleep within seconds, only living the reminiscence of my current happiness. But not anymore.

These beds, witnesses of dreams and immense joy, have become the escape of my own tent. I look at him thinking of her, I know she is largely spread out on our deflated mattress, I know she did not even notice my absence. She told me she felt lonely and I agreed. I pushed away the memories of my friends, of my tent being my home, of the beds enlightening my stories. I pushed it all away and took all her loneliness. Would it be a lie to say that I only realized after? That I didn't know what I was doing?

Now, she changed the sounds of the dogs, so they prevent me from falling asleep. She led the cicadas, so they would sound louder for me than for anyone else. She made the light of his face turn grey and the life of his lips fade away. I let her make me a refugee in my own home and saw myself finding excuses as to why I was flying away. She acted, and I complied. She came to disappear in the place I had come to existence, and I foolishly joined her way.



The Metromone

Text: Sravanthi Sunkaraneni
Visual: Julie Inksmith IG: ju.li_5



He fell asleep to the ticking of a metronome, my great uncle. He also carried with him his favorite music everywhere he went. It blared out of his chest pocket from a tiny cassette player, slightly muffled and with a crackle now and then, as if the cassette had been played a few too many times.

I remember standing in his backyard one day, trying to peer through a wall of netting in the middle of the yard to see what was on the other side. The strings of the net were too close together, making everything beyond it hazy and infinite.

"What is in there?" I asked him.

He didn't answer immediately, taking in another puff of the cigarette he was smoking.

Then he leaned towards me as if to whisper the answer in my ear, and I rose onto my toes, eager to hear what appeared to be a secret. I moved my ear close to his lips. They were cracked and dry and also moist and blood-red from the betel leaves he was chewing. Through warm breath thick with the smell of tobacco, he said, "There is a tiger in there."

I recognize now, in the memory, the hint of laughter in his crinkled eyes as he answered me.

But at the time, I had looked at him in alarm and run into the safety of his house while he shouted after me, laughing, "It's coming for you!"

After that, I avoided him for the rest of my visit, hurrying away if I heard the music that always preceded him. Instead, I spent my time with my great-aunt.

I liked her. She would give me a little snack if I went into the kitchen while she was cooking. It was always a little wet when she hugged me, and she smelled like the fuel cakes she used for cooking. Smoky but with a freshness. It was how I imagined a green sapling would smell if it were burnt.

On my first morning at their home in the country, I started to run out into the yard barefoot. A twinge of revulsion stopped me as soon as I stepped over the threshold. My feet, so accustomed to the tiled or concrete surfaces in the city, had sunk a tiny bit into the ground. My weight shifted the soil, which filled up unpleasantly in the spaces under and between my toes. Like I was standing in wet mud. If mud was spread out, leveled, and a little green. I moved carefully, gingerly, on this strangely flattened mud, trying not to disturb it.

Every night, we would sleep in the yard under the sky in beds that could barely be called beds.

Wooden frames with strips of colorful cloth weaved together and stretched from end to end. Mine would sag under my weight as I got into it, making me cringe at the image of the legs denting the soft, flattened ground I so carefully protected.

Once we all lay in our beds, my great-uncle would start the metronome, which would relentlessly tick through his always-playing music as we waited to sleep.

As the same music played on my phone today, a couple of decades later, amidst the rush of memories, the fear of the unseen tiger, the smell of fuel cakes, and the green mud that repulsed and intrigued me, the ticking of the metronome washed over me.

I was used to a clock, that always ticks forward, irreversibly transforming every moment of the present into the past. Each tick urged me to move with it.

But the metronome moved in place. It did not freeze time; instead, it suspended me in a fluid present, oscillating an inch into the past and the future but never more. It was the peace of stillness and symmetry. And I longed for it.

WANT TO TAKE PART IN OUR NEXT COMPETITION?

Visual: Hanna Wallström IG: lowallstrom

For our next competition, instead of a written one, it will be an illustration challenge. The theme will be Comics. Keep a look out for the announcement on our Instagram at: @SUM_magazine and @calicemagazine.



Oil paintings made by artist Ellen Hermanson. Follow along these three works of art to truly look into a unique kind of Sweet and Sour.

FREEZESCARE

Visual: Ellen Hermanson IG: impressthemind



RECIPE FOR THOSE WHOM EAT THE STARS

Visual: Ellen Hermanson IG: impressthemind



SUCK IT'S STUCK

Visual: Ellen Hermanson IG: impressthemind



SUM
#114

Sweet!

Ola KUO-Rydzyńska

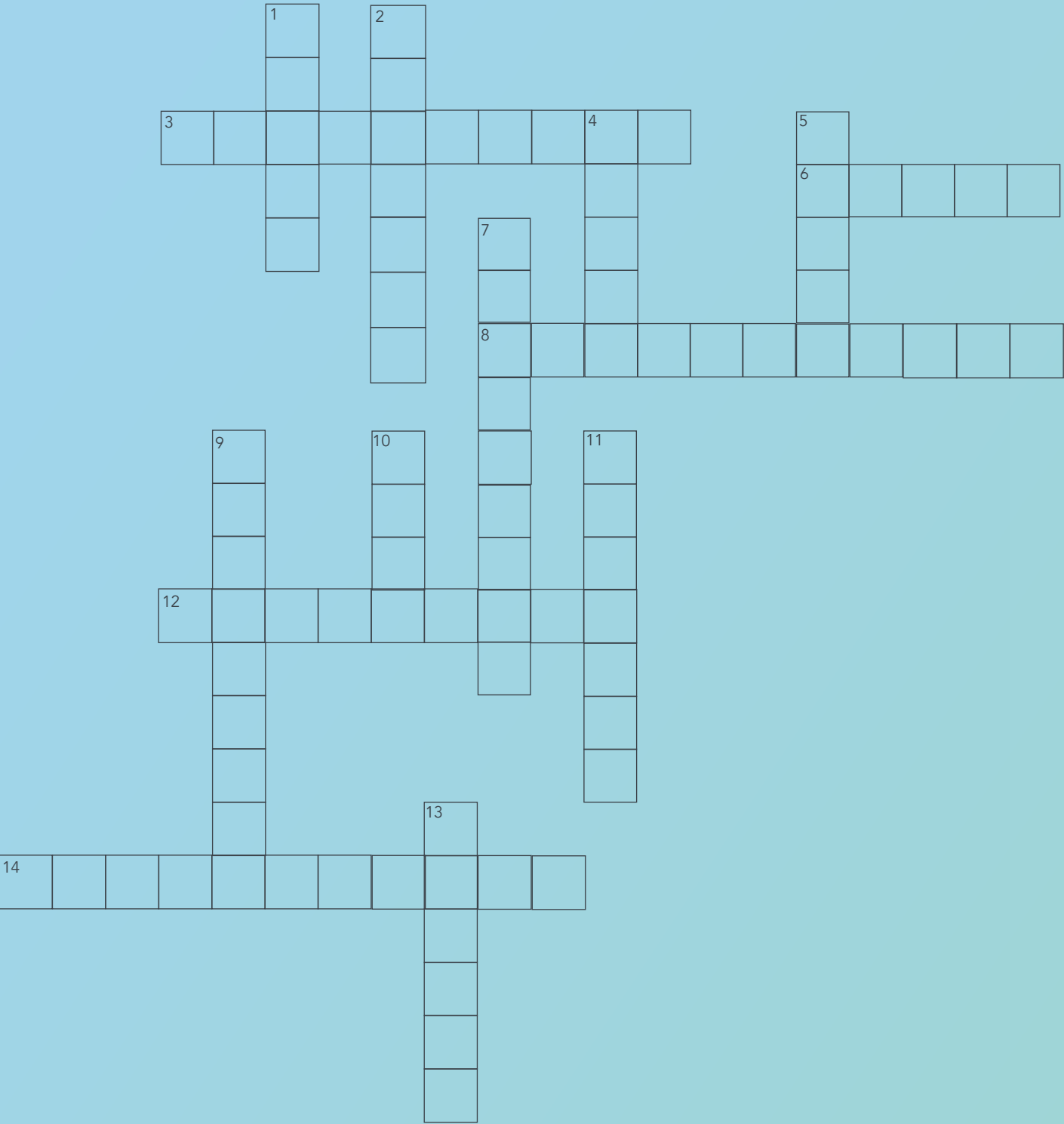
Finnick Wachtler



2025

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

SWEET AND SOUR



ACROSS

- 3. The balance between seetness and bitternes in decision-making
- 6. Produced by bees
- 8. A lucky acident that brings unexpected sweetness to life
- 12. A message of truth where sweetness of illusoïn meets sourness of reality
- 14. A mix of joy and sadness

DOWN

- 1. A sour citrus din drinks and desserts
- 2. a golden, melted delight often drizzeld over desserts.
- 4. A common sweetner
- 5. A spicy ingridient used in sauses
- 7. A memory that can bring both comfort and sting
- 9. A tropical fruit that in the microscope looks like needles.
- 10. A lingering effekt, like a taste that refuses to fade.
- 11. A desire that is both sweet hope and sour in absence
- 13. The sourness that follows a moment of indulgence.



Är du
försäkrad under
studietiden?

Unika försäkringar för dig som studerar till lärare

Det är viktigt att du är försäkrad under din studietid ifall något skulle hända dig eller ditt hem.

Läraryrsäkringar en del av din medlemservice. Vi har tagit fram två billiga och unika försäkringar som är speciellt anpassade för dig som studerar till lärare, Studentförsäkring Leva och Studentförsäkring Bo.

I Studentförsäkring Bo ingår bland annat 365 dagars reseskydd och med Studentförsäkring Leva får du ersättning om du till exempel råkar ut för ett olycksfall eller en sjukdom, som gör att du inte kan studera på ett tag, och du förlorar ditt studiemedel.

Läs mer på vår webb eller kontakta oss så hjälper vi dig.

A GOOD LIFE

Text: Kevin Winkler
Visuals: Jaro Mettinisson IG: Jaromettini



It was a long journey, yet it felt so short.
In hindsight, so precious - I realised that late.
All the experiences, happily lived, now exist only
as memories.
Beautiful memories of which I am their keeper.
Soon, that will change.

What was it all for? My dear wife is long gone.
She had a good life. I had a good life. We shared
a good life.
That's how I remember it.
Soon, no one will.
Does the journey matter more than the
destination?
Is the end simply another beginning?
Is it about savoring each moment?
Since you never know when it will be your last?

But in the grand scheme of things,
maybe none of that truly matters.
What matters is that I am content.
I have no regrets. I tried to live fully.
Now, all I can do is treasure what was.
I enjoyed the journey, even though it was too
short.

They extend several floors into the sky and carry a beacon of light at the top to mark ports and observe sailboats. But a lighthouse is more than just a structure that can be broken down to bricks and stone. Between them are cracks of history, and in the lantern above, culture is illuminated along with the waves. In modern times, a lighthouse is used as a symbol of security. These beacons are more nuanced than that however; the balance of life dictates that with security, comes danger. So as effect, lighthouses have provided both shelter and exposure; these man-made towers have made and unmade mankind.

One of the best-known lighthouses in history is the lighthouse of Alexandria. The tower, constructed in the third century BC using blocks of limestone and granite, stood for centuries on the island of Pharos, which was connected to Alexandria. The influence of the tower is so great that, Pharos, the land it stood on, now means lighthouse in many tongues. At over 100 metres tall, it became one of the seven wonders of the ancient world, upon which a furnace burned to help guide ships over the rocky bay of Alexandria. By 1323 AD, three earthquakes had damaged the foundation of the Pharos of Alexandria enough for the wonder to turn to waste.

Though the riches turned to rubble, the great towering feat found on Pharos is written into history books. Not only was its tall structure a pinpoint on a map, but a pinpoint of invention: through its triangular shape, it was the highest tower in the world for over a millennium, a staple of architectural aptitude. Through the fire and light found at the pinnacle of the tower, it became the pinnacle of Alexandria: the city became more accessible, allowing the people and library within to develop into a prospering place.

The Cape Florida Lighthouse, however, has a darker history. In the early 1800s, Florida was under Spanish rule, in which people of colour had greater liberty. In 1819, the Americans took over, and as strong supporters of slavery, they destroyed the slave refuge found upon arrival. As a result, a large movement commenced, where people of

colour migrated from Florida to the more liberal Bahamas. This large movement was known as the Saltwater Railroad, which allowed the oppressed to escape. That is, until 1825 - at which point the lighthouse became established; with its efficient beam exposing the boats at sea, the Saltwater Railroad soon vanished like crystals into water, dissolving the safe road that had once been.

They say “a tree falls the way it leans”, which is applicable to lighthouses here too. Although vertical, the Cape Florida Lighthouse, when put out of order, fell onto the wrong side of history: with its machinery operated by human hands, structures can be twisted into weapons with which innocent lives have been quenched. Although made of stone, the inanimate object has been an animate symbol of persecution, whose height looms over the people.

So, lighthouses in their own way, have communicated without tongues: they have hinted of hope, threatened exposure and protected our shores as a brooding soldier would. It is important to remember their duality, because every light casts a shadow. And if lighthouses really *could* talk; if the bricks shuffled like teeth and the beam of light twisted like a tongue, it would say: *I have lived for hundreds of years, looking out, watching. They built me by the sea, and the waves look at me in spite everyday, trying to regain its shore. I have seen them sail away, and return, docks heavy with things. I see them walk along the water, throwing rocks, holding hands, running and getting sand in their hair. I have been their hope in rocky weather, their beacon. I have been a snitch. I have stood by, I have lived, I have lit up the sky.*

Sources:

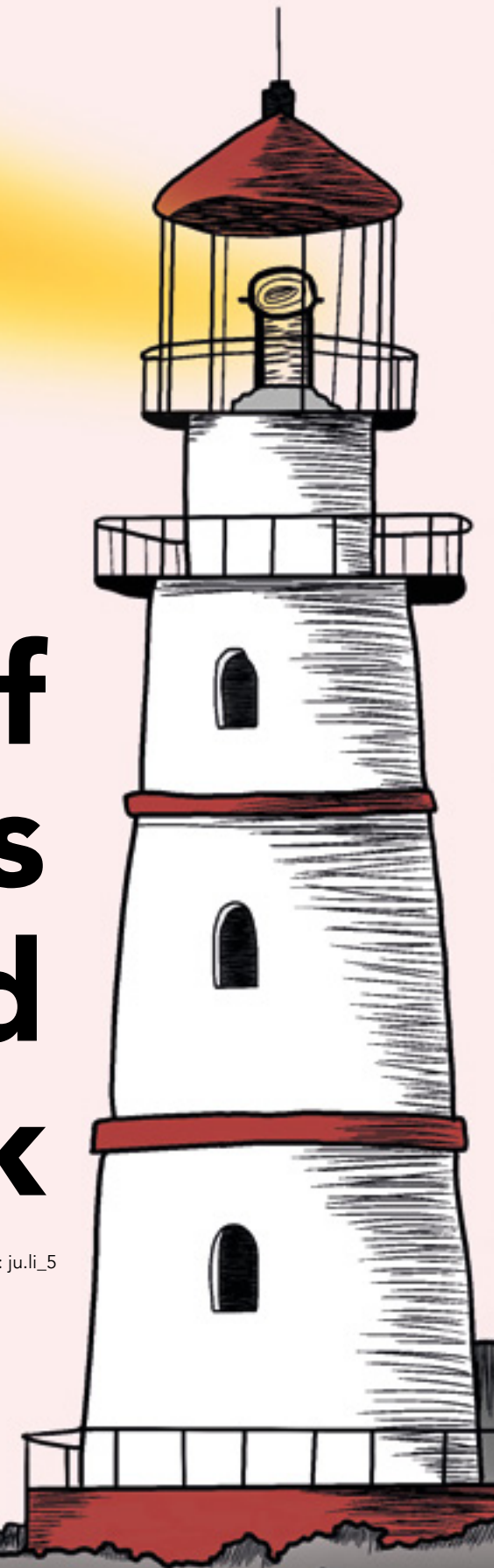
https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Lighthouse_of_Alexandria

<https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Lighthouse>

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Cape_Florida_Light

If Lighthouses Could Talk

Text: Sally Cedergren
Visual: Julie Inksmith IG: ju.li_5



Does Music Make Me Happy?



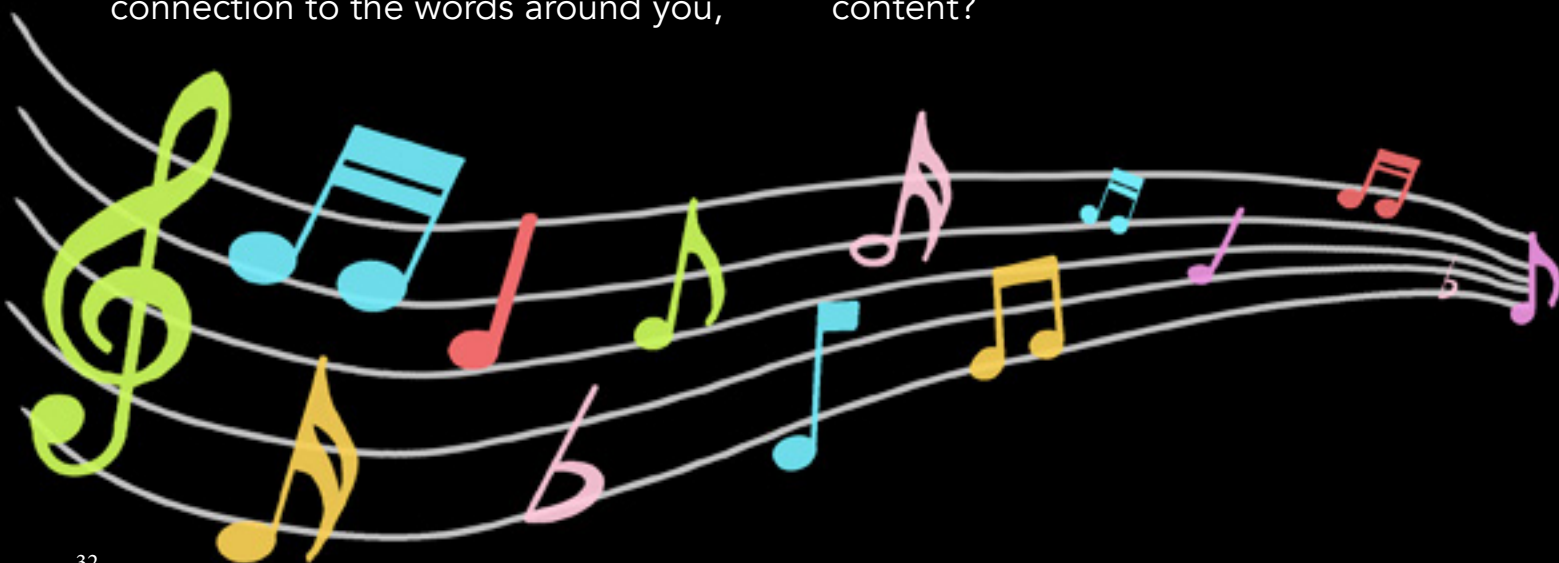
Text: Ellen Hermanson IG: impressthemind
Visual: Julie Inksmith IG: ju.li_5

How do people look at you when you mention artists and bands that inspire you - or do you mention them in conversations? How do you feel when you tell them about your inspirations, are you content with the knowledge you hold? The image it provokes? Are you really sure that you feel anything at all - when you listen. Do you feel like the world around you gatekeeps the very intention of what you are hearing?

How's the community surrounding the genre, or do you listen to a couple too many? Do you feel a sense of connection to the words around you,

or are you only listening to the beat? Are you feeling empowered or sad? Do you listen to cry and does the tears help you breathe, or are you stuck in an endless loop of CDs? Do you care at all about the creators behind, or do you separate the two until you find what you like?

Often I think; "Am I this way because of the music, or do I listen to the music because of me being this way?". The context of the sense of happy is brutally massacred and bent, happy is a state, so let me alter and ask you again; Does music make you content?



FOR VINCENT

First Published on Cálice Magazine (August 2023)

Text: Amr Abbas
Visuals: Merle Emrich

"He enjoyed this spot for contemplating the fragility of sanity and the allure of the abyss." – Unknown

The turning wheels of the bicycle slowed down onto the gravel. There were but a few wandering souls. A storm was brewing, but whether it would strike hard or not was unknowable.

The unknowable, what a fancy word to describe that which we cannot predict.

I got off the bicycle and looked about. A few dogs were barking, and a few people were talking, but none of that mattered. Afar, a lonely bench existed, exiled from all. I walked there and stood for a moment. Being unnecessarily particular about particularly unnecessary things, I inspected the bench. There, a small sign in bronze read "For Vincent".

Vincent liked this place.

I sat where he used to sit and glanced upon the flailing branches of the forgotten trees. They were magnificent, swaying like a dancer to the melody of the wind.

He would walk down this garden every Saturday morning.

It took me a moment to realize that I was sitting where a man once sat, a man who was no more than dust at this point, or a rotted corpse in a grave somewhere.

He would greet the dogs, but he would avert his gaze from the humans that walked them.

I didn't know who Vincent was. I didn't know him; I didn't know who built this bench as a memorial for the man.

He would get to this particular spot and sit.

Perhaps the bench upon which I was sitting was falling apart. Perhaps it was old and torn and worn like Vincent's body was in his old age, or like his mental state with the

world colliding through the previous decades. This bench was restored for him.

He would contemplate.

I thought of Vincent whom I never knew. I thought of how he would look at the world. A world that had failed him as it fails all else. I thought of how he would only enjoy the view of chaos ahead; the trees as they swung dangerously from side to side, the clouds as they accumulated as the storm drew nearer. I was holding my breath as the thoughts of what Vincent may or may not have thought came rushing.

He would smoke tobacco from his pipe.

And then a serene moment touched me as I finished rolling my cigarette between my fingers. I put the end between my lips and lit it up. The sweet aroma of the burning tobacco eased the rushing thoughts. For a moment, I felt dull, diluted as if I was washed down by a gentle stream of water. The harshness of the thoughts that Vincent's ghost had brought had eased from my mind and instead, I lay back, opened my arms and stretched my legs as I smoked the cigarette.

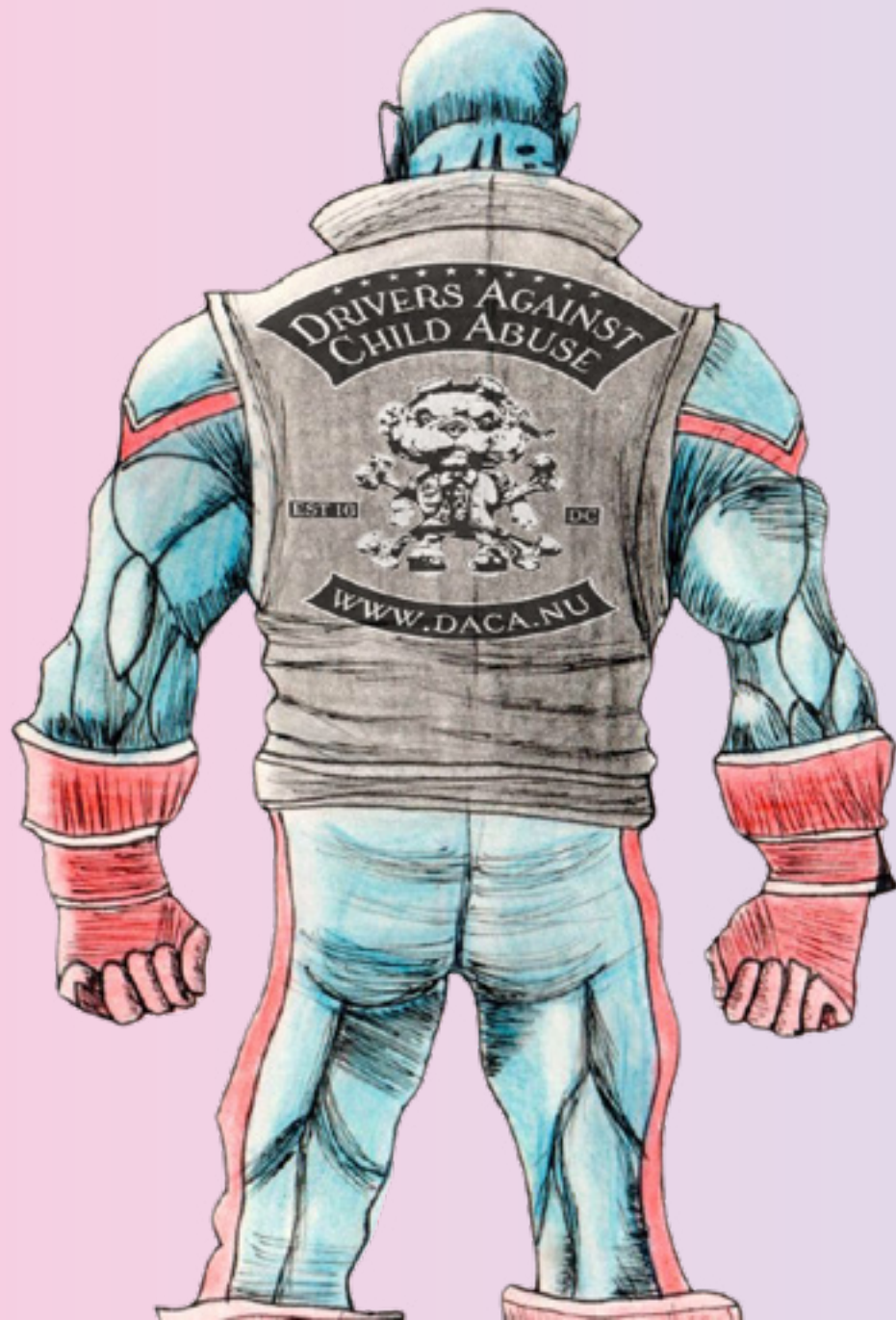
He would rest.

When I had finished the cigarette, I stood up. I smiled as I looked down upon the bench and bowed my head to the ghost of the man who once sat there.

I imagine that his ghost saluted me as I got onto the bicycle and moved away. Perhaps, I would visit him again to contemplate the fragility of sanity together. Perhaps, one day when I am worn and torn, I will stare into the alluring abyss with Vincent.

NOT ALL HEROES WEAR CAPES... SOME RIDE MOTORCYCLES

Text and visual: Julie Inksmith IG: ju.li_5



Have you ever wished you weren't needed? That is the wish of Jesper Svensson, the President of D.A.C.A in the south region of Sweden. There are too many children, in Skåne alone, that struggle with abuse and neglect, luckily D.A.C.A exists and stands as a lifeline for these children, offering help, protection and hope. The organisation is not just another safety net, they are a movement committed to ensuring that every child, no matter their circumstances, is offered the opportunity to have a brighter future—something every child is deserving of.

D.A.C.A strongly aligns its efforts with the principles of the United Nations Convention on the Rights of the Child, which include:

- Every person under the age of 18 is considered a child.
- All children have equal rights and value.
- The best interests of the child must always be the top priority.
- Children have the right to protection from physical and psychological violence.
- Children must be safeguarded against all forms of sexual abuse, exploitation, and pornography.

They also operate with a fundamental principle that members wear vests not as a symbol of power,

but rather as a sign of their commitment to assisting these at-risk children and youth while also extending aid to single parents facing financial challenges that may affect their children's well-being. D.A.C.A collaborates closely with schools, helping each other to support these children. This, however, comes with more challenges than one would expect.

As Jesper explained in our interview: "They just see our motorcycles and patches, but the schools who have let us in, we've had a very positive collaboration and results with". Some schools appreciate D.A.C.A's work, but, as Jesper said, some schools just see their motorcycles and leather vests as something negatively affiliated with other violent gangs. This concept of not judging a book by its cover is nothing new in society, yet it's still around and is having a negative impact on non-profit organisations like D.A.C.A who just want to combine their love for motorcycles with a good cause.

One thing I have learned—and I hope you have too—is that heroes come in many forms. The D.A.C.A members may not wear capes like heroes do, they wear a leather vest and ride motorcycles. And most importantly, they are the unsung heroes of our local community. So, if you can, go support them at; www.daca.nu!



BITTER NO SWEET GOODBYE

Text and Visuals: Hanna Wallström IG: lowallstrom

17 July 1943.

Dear Penelope,

Let this letter find its way home. It has been a long time since we talked. I know that a lot has been left unsaid. Believe me, I think of it every day. If you can find it within you to forgive at least a part of what this stubborn man has said, I can rest easy knowing that it has been all worth it.

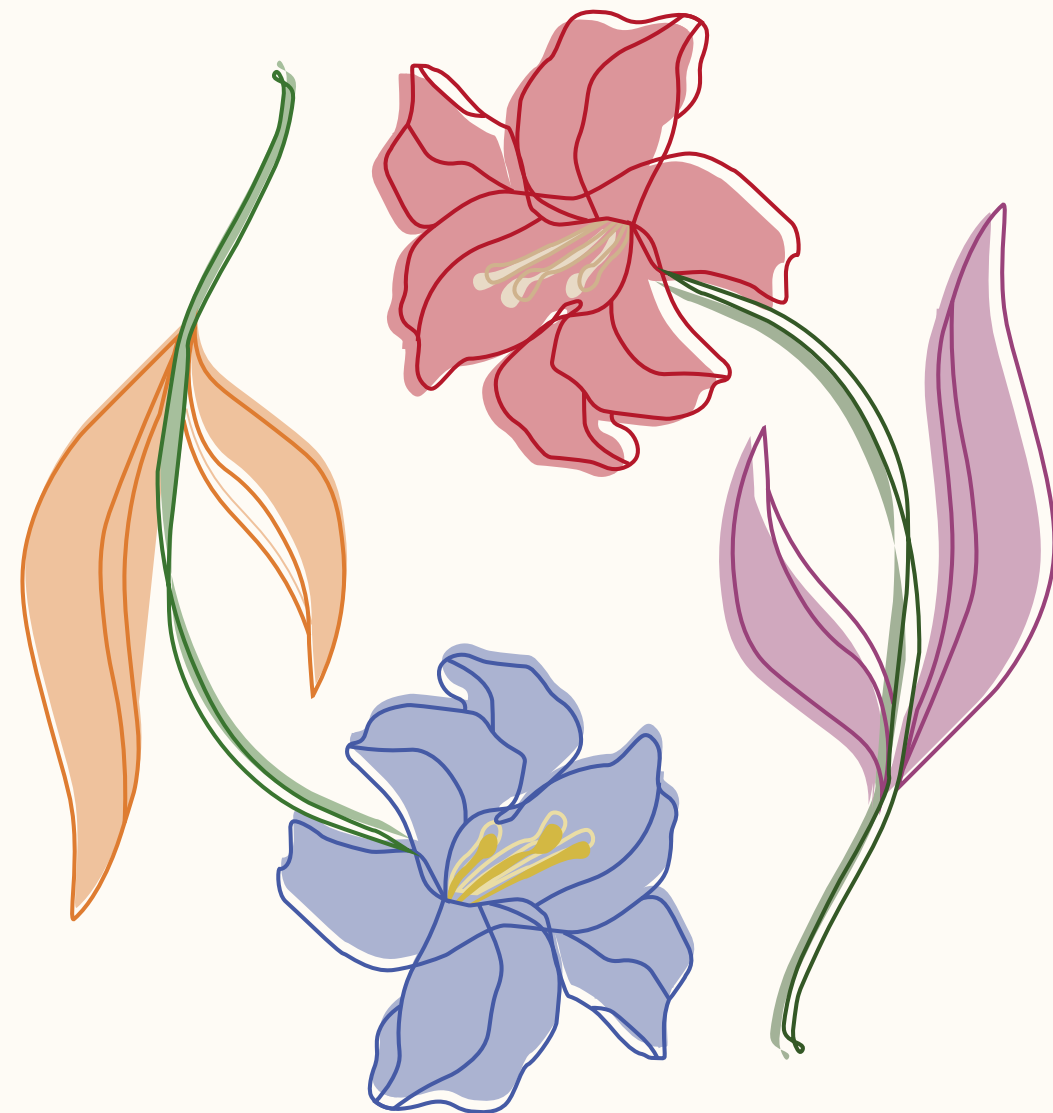
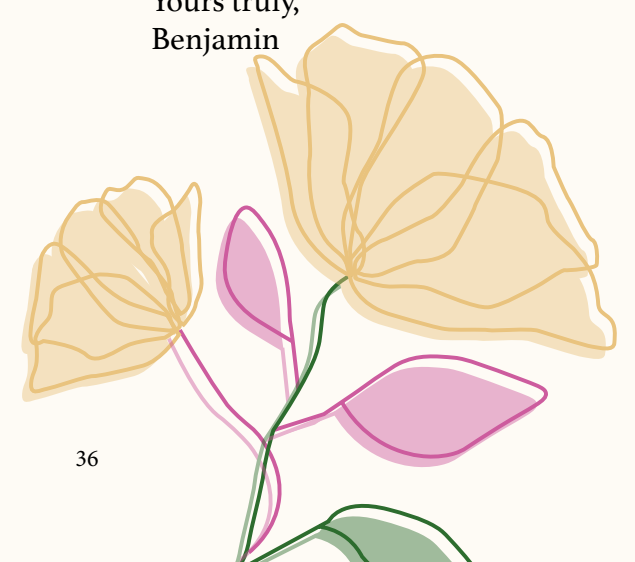
I know you worry, even more so at night. I wish I could say I would find my way home soon. But my unit has been commanded to go to the front lines. I promise I will do whatever in my power to find my way back to you. I promise, Pen, even if it kills me.

But how lucky are we? To have had this time together. I still remember that first smile you gave me at the train station. I know you always found your teeth too small for your face, but I only saw how it made you shine brighter when you truly smiled. Your laughter even more so.

Even in another life, I choose you. And through my whole life, there is no one else. I only wished we could have walked down the aisle together. To say yes for a happily ever after. Even now, I can still smell the flowers on your skin. Do you still garden? I like to think you are around the soil every morning, coaxing the flowers to grow.

I love you, with all that is me, to the beyond.

Yours truly,
Benjamin



CORRESPONDENCE TO PENELOPE EVANS

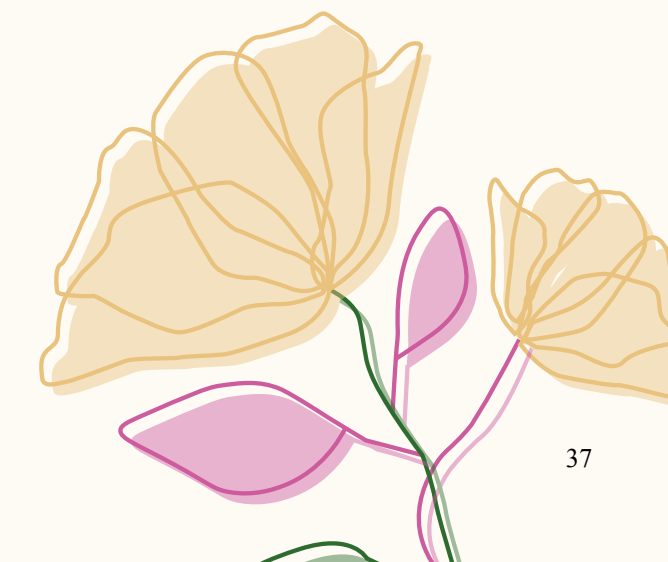
21 July, 1943.

Dear Ms. Penelope Evans

I have just read with profound sorrow of the loss of your fiancé, Benjamin. It is really tragic that you have been forced to pay for the country's defence with the life of a partner.

Please accept my deepest sympathy in your sorrow. I hope that the time will come when women like you will not have to make such sacrifices.

Very Sincerely yours,
Joel L. Fletcher,
Louisiana Institute President.



PASSED AWAY

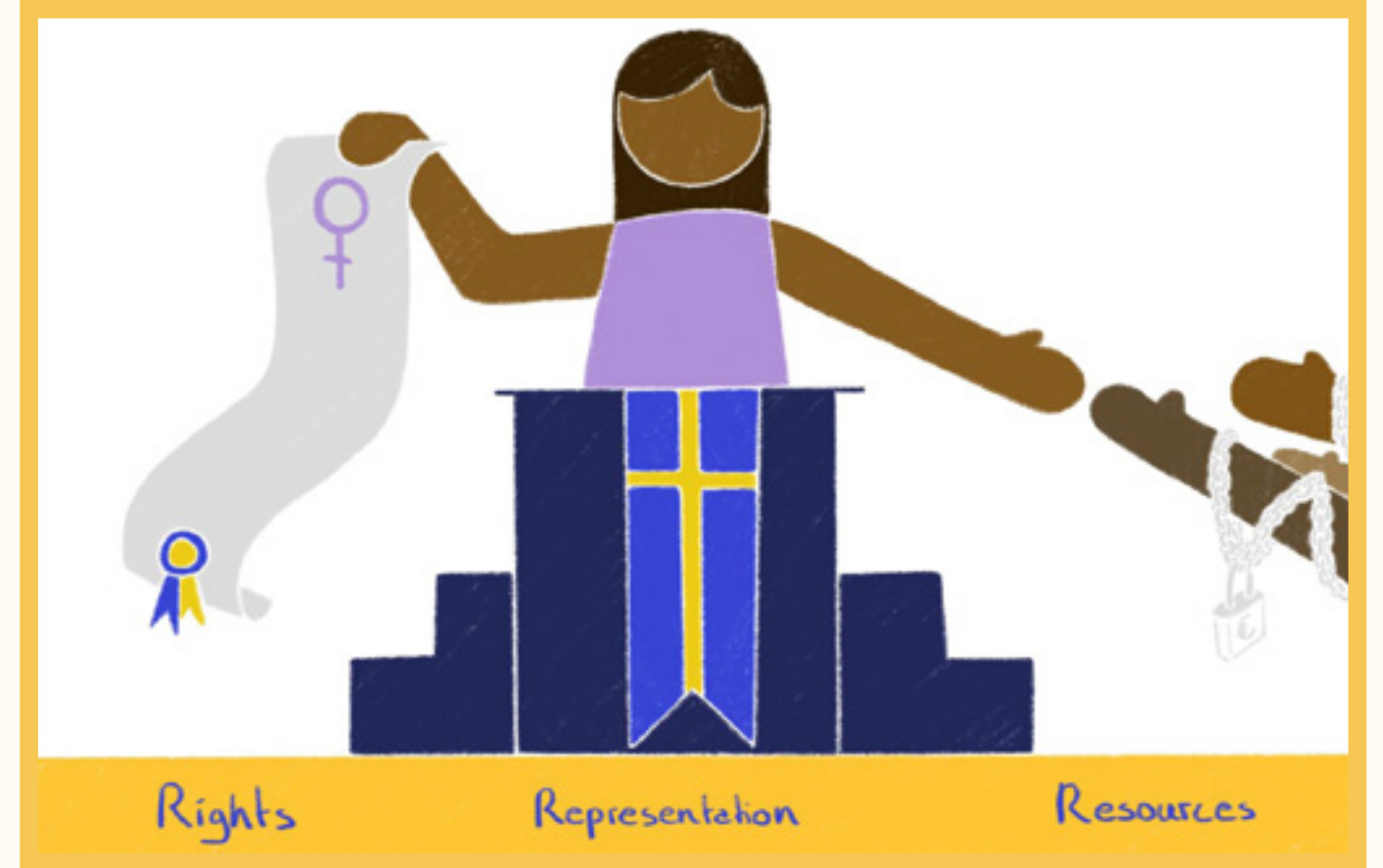
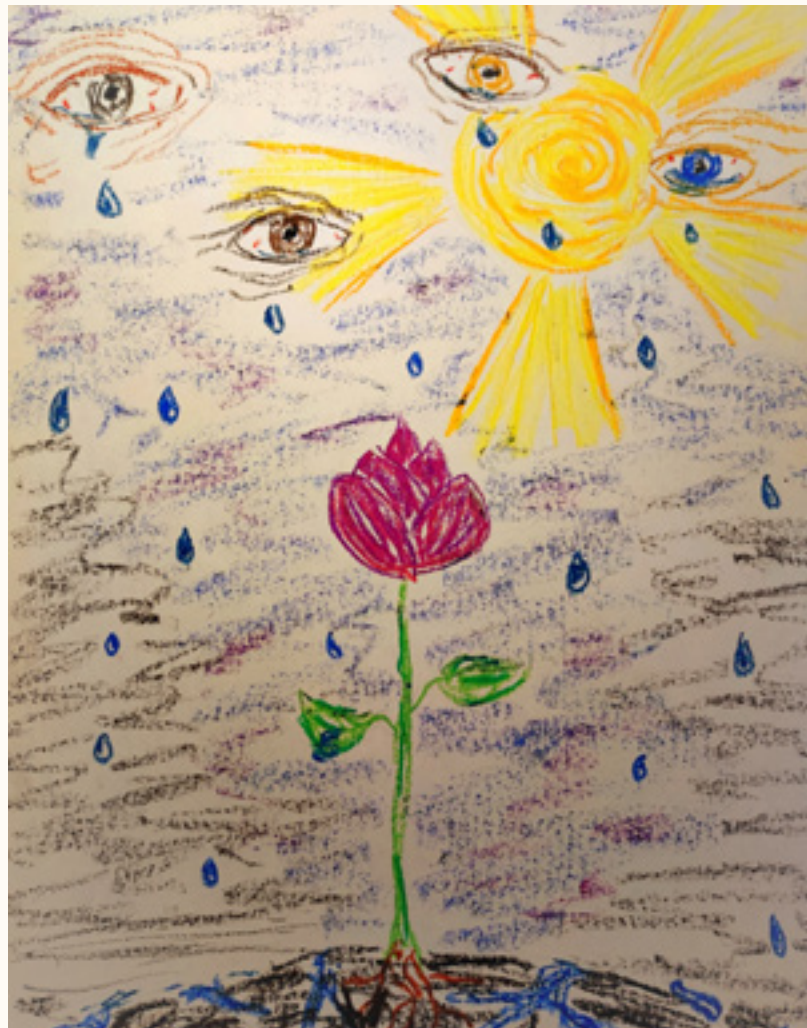
Text and Visual: Nora Naeve

You're gone,
Still, you are here.
During nights in our dreams,
You appear.

Would have needed you,
Right after you left.
Our world turned to chaos,
A complete mess.

You will never come back,
But memories stay.
Keeps our hearts warm,
While our gazes are cold.

You're gone,
Yet you are here.



SWEDISH FEMINIST FOREIGN POLICY: GONE BUT NEVER FORGOTTEN

Text: Belen Bringas
Visual: Finnick Wächtler

First Published on SUM website (May 2023)

The innovative yet controversial Swedish Feminist Foreign Policy has come to an end. In October 2022, the newly elected government decided to ditch the “feminist” from their foreign policy. Tobias Billström made the announcement that the policy will not be continued, claiming that labels often cover up the real content and can even be seen as counterproductive. He reassured that gender equality would continue to be a core value for the government and would remain a priority even without the feminist foreign policy. The reasoning appears to be the government’s concern that its foreign policy should be based on Swedish interests and values and the feminist policy was competing with those.

While the feminist foreign policy is gone, its impact will not be forgotten in Sweden or in the rest of the world. Sweden was the pioneer of this policy when it was introduced in 2014 by former foreign minister Margot Wallstrom. The goal of the policy was to make gender equality a priority in Sweden’s international agenda. The policy presented several objectives including women’s participation in politics, fighting violence against women, women’s economic empowerment, and more, all of these goals centered on the three R’s the policy is based upon: rights, representation, and resources.

Sweden scrapping their feminist foreign policy can be seen as a setback, considering all their achievements since launching the policy. An obvious sign of success is the many countries that have followed Sweden’s example

and implemented their own feminist policies, some of them being Mexico, Canada, France, Germany, and most recently Chile in 2022. Another noticeable achievement would be Sweden’s role in the UN Security Council and its effort to introduce legislation sanctioning gender-based or sexual violence. Sweden’s feminist foreign policy also advocated for women outside of the EU, with Sweden being involved in Colombia’s peace deal in 2016 that included gender equality issues. Sweden also worked with policies in Somalia and Moldova on women’s political representation.

While the policy has gained Sweden a reputation for being a fierce advocate for women’s rights, it has not been free from criticism. For example in 2015 when Margot Wallstrom commented on the situation of women in Saudi Arabia which led to the ambassador being called back to Sweden. This also led to the end of Sweden and Saudi Arabia’s weapon deal and created a strain in the diplomatic relationship between both countries.

Abandoning the feminist foreign policy is a setback for Sweden and it also affects their credibility as the predecessor of the policy that inspired the international community. The reasoning for the removal of the policy is brief and unclear, leaving a lot of room for speculation. Despite no longer having a feminist policy, Sweden has still inspired many countries and will still need to live up to international expectations. Even with the policy being left behind, its impact on the rest of the world will not be forgotten.



Five Date Ideas In Malmö

Text: Kajsa Gingborn & Lara Asmus
Visual: Kajsa Gingborn

First Published on SUM website (February 2024)

This article features some fun date ideas as Valentine’s Day approaches. These dates can be enjoyed with either a partner or a group of friends. Sometimes, a little help with figuring out what to do on a date or a reminder that your relationship needs a date night can be beneficial. Hopefully, these ideas will spark your interest and inspire your next outing, whether it is with a partner or friends.

Road Map To A First Date In Malmö

A first date is always filled with nerves, with the main goal being to get to know each other and determine compatibility. What better way to achieve this than going for a walk! If you enjoy nature and exercise, a walk through Malmö is a great way to connect. It’s a cost-effective option, allowing you to move around and explore all that Malmö has to offer.

Malmö boasts an abundance of parks and charming cafés lining the streets. Consider meeting up at the central station in Malmö, a familiar location for both newcomers and veterans. Take a stroll towards Kungsparken and enjoy a sunny day in the park. There are people milling about, providing ample opportunities for conversation topics. Head to Slottsträdgårdens café for a “fika” and either sit down and relax or continue your walk through the gardens surrounding the café.

Continue your walk towards Trianglen, visit stores along the way, and talk about anything that comes to mind. Once

you reach Trianglen, you can head over to ICA, grab some food from the salad bar, and proceed to Pildamsparken. Pildamsparken is a massive park with lots to see and explore, offering a romantic setting for a bench-picnic with views over the pond and plenty of paths to get lost in together.

A Date for Those Who Want to Test Relationship Limits

For those seeking a challenge for their relationship, testing their strength and ability to work together, this date is perfect. It’s an activity and dinner in Malmö that might lead to a little argument or leave you stronger than ever. But jokes aside, engaging in an activity with your partner is an excellent way to build a stronger connection and feel like you can take on anything together.

You can choose to start your date with the activity or vice versa; the order is entirely up to you. For the sake of this article, let’s start with the activity.

Escape Rooms: There are a few places in Malmö where you can enjoy this activity. In an escape room scenario, you and your partner must figure things out and solve a puzzle to escape the room. It can be quite challenging, testing your patience with each other and requiring effective communication and teamwork. Two popular places in Malmö are ‘The Alley,’ close to Trianglen, and ‘Sherlocked,’ near the central station. You can choose from different scenarios and difficulty levels, with activities ranging from 45 to 90 minutes, depending on the scenario and difficulty.

For dinner, conveniently located near both escape rooms, there’s a restaurant called Benne. They specialize in pasta dishes and offer a great deal of two meals and a bottle of wine, either red or white, for 250:-. If you’re looking to try a new place after your activity, Benne is the perfect spot for romance. Dinner after an escape room is an ideal way to unwind and discuss your shared experience.

Self-Care Valentine’s Day

Sometimes life makes it so that you feel lonely on days such as Valentines. But we have all been there, either by choice or not, it can still feel a little daunting. Here are some tips on how to take care of yourself this year.

To get out all your frustration don’t you sometimes just want to smash a plate against a wall? How about you paint a plate instead? ‘Ceramic and me’ helps you release your inner artist, and you create something beautiful and useful in the process. Take yourself out for a slow Sunday afternoon, let your imagination roam. Why not focus on the beauty of it all and go on to one of the many free art galleries in Malmö like classy ‘Malmö Konsthall’, weird ‘Galleri CC’ or innovative ‘Digitaliseum’. Best to end your self-care day with one of the amazing baked goods in ‘Café Jesusbaren’.

Or you can take a day at home to relax and recuperate after a taxing day of school and work. You could brew up a lovely cup of tea from Paloma, they have some really great blends! Kick back and relax, do you like to read? Splurge on a nice book. There are some wonderful places in Malmö where you could get a new copy of your favorite book or a plethora of libraries around town. Light some candles and try on a new facemask, you can find some fun ones at ‘Lush’ for example, or make one! Who doesn’t love a DIY moment? Take care of yourself and give yourself some love this year!

A Date to Share Silence and Laughter

This one is for those who do not like to chat endlessly, for those who think a spark can pass without many words and the movie freaks. With this you get to check whether the other can compromise between movie genres and whether they will judge you for being a pop culture victim. Why not opt for a weird movie like ‘Poor Things’ with Emma Stone to have many exciting things to discuss? Hands touching in the popcorn basket or discovering the other’s hidden glances in your direction make for a romantic mood.

After having spent a cozy time in the cinema, it is time to wake you back up and get the conversations going. The movie makes for an easy talking subject. ‘Panora’ is a good cinema option and makes you end up in Möllan with many fun bars around. You can go play pool in ‘Interpool’ Malmö that makes for a relaxed spot during the week. Whether you are a pool pro or disaster, the game will make you share some laughs. If you would rather talk and just get to know each other, you can go watch people watching and enjoy Malmö student life in ‘V.E.D’.

A Date for Those Who Want to Impress

Who doesn’t like to present themselves as cultured? Don’t forget to pull out your best turtleneck for a museum date.

From the ginormous swans to the heavenly looking outdoor area in the restaurant, Malmö Castle has plenty of interesting moments. Next to art exhibitions they also present history and prison stories from former castle prisoners. This date makes you learn something new and helps you figure out each other’s interests without having to ask for them. There is no way you come out without having learnt something fascinating, may it be about Vikings or Swedish history. The museum has different flyers which offer you to take a tour that is not the usual route, like the one with the title Queering Art. Also, a tip to impress your date: why not learn a few Viking facts or jokes about Danish people as preparation for your date. The castle walls have many hidden corners for a secret moment of romance. The beautiful hallways make you feel like you are in a historical drama.



Visual: Charline Wolf

WE ARE BACK!

After intense work on this physical issue, we will now start publishing on our online magazine. So stay tuned for the upcoming articles made by the students of Malmö University! We are a small group of students of all fields, working in our free time to do what we love: create. No prior experience needed, we are here for you to learn and have some fun!

GOT INSPIRED TO MAKE A PIECE?

Get in contact with SUM to get the opportunity to have your work published. Get in touch with us through email or instagram, sum@malmostudenter.se and IG: SUM_Magazine.



Kårens sidor

PRESIDIET HAR ORDET / THE PRESIDIUM HAS THE WORD

The power of student's voices!

The Presidium warmly welcomes you all to Malmö University. We are glad to represent you all again this Semester and it's truly exciting to see so many of you back on campus.

Spring in Malmö is a special time. As the days grow longer, the city comes alive with blooming flowers, vibrant parks, and a renewed sense of energy. It's a season that inspires fresh starts and encourages us to take on new challenges.

At the heart of the Student Union's agenda is Student Influence. We strongly believe in the power of your voices to shape and improve education and social life.

This March, the Union Election will be held. An incredible opportunity to take action and vote for someone who will represent you in our Council and questions regarding the University. Between 10th and 23rd of March you will get a personalized link will be sent to you where you can vote for candidates. If you are voting, you can win an iPad. That is cool, right!

We encourage you to challenge yourself — whether being a part of the Union's Council, participating in the student life and in student-led initiatives such as associations, sections and student groupings, or simply sharing your perspectives. Together, we can make Malmö University a world class institution.

Damilare Latinwo
Damilare Latinwo
Vice President of the
Student Union Malmö



Bojana Drljaca
Bojana Drljaca
President of the
Student Union Malmö

On another note, we're still working hard to secure a new student pub space for our student social activities. While we can't make promises just yet, 2025 looks bright as we continue our talks with relevant actors. Fingers crossed!

We wish you all a successful and enriching academic journey. Don't be a stranger reach out, get involved, and seize the many opportunities waiting for you.

Lastly, always check the Union's website and social media accounts for the most fun activities and freebies

Rösta i
Kårvalet
och vinn en iPad!



Vem ska representera dig? Det bestämmer du! Mellan 10 och 23 mars avgör du vem som ska sitta i Kårenshögsta beslutande organ, dess Fullmäktige (FUM) som arbetar för att göra din tid på Malmö universitet så bra som möjligt. Dina representanter tar viktiga beslut som påverkar allt från studenträttigheter och studiemiljö till sociala evenemang och aktiviteter.

På första röstningsdagen skickas en personlig länk till dig. Klicka på de för att rösta på upp till fem personer som du tror bäst kan representera dig och dina åsikter. Länken är unik och du kan ändra din röst fram till den 23 mars när röstningen stänger.

Varför ska du rösta?

För att du har en chans att påverka vilka som driver dina frågor som student. Alla som röstar är automatiskt med i utlottningen av en iPad och grymma goodie bags.

Så här fungerar det:

När du röstar ställer du dig bakom de kandidater som du tycker ska representera dig i fullmäktige. Det kan vara någon med idéer du brinner för, en inspirerande person du ser upp till, eller kanske en vän som kandiderar.

Så, vad väntar du på? Skriv in Kårvalet i din kalender, håll utkik efter din röstlänk och glöm inte att RÖSTA!



Who will represent you? You decide! Between March 10 and 23, you decide who will sit on the Union's highest decision-making body, its the Union Council (FUM), which works to make your time at Malmö University as good as possible. Your representatives make important decisions that affect everything from student rights and the study environment to social events and activities.

On the first day of voting, a personalized link will be sent to you. Click on it to vote for up to five people who you think can best represent you and your views. The link is unique and you can change your vote until March 23 when voting closes.

Why should you vote?

Because you have a chance to influence who is pushing your issues as a student. Everyone who votes is automatically entered into a draw for an iPad and great goodie bags.

Here's how it works:

When you vote, you support the candidates you think should represent you on the Council. It could be someone with ideas you're passionate about, an inspirational person you look up to, or maybe a friend who is campaigning.

So, what are you waiting for? Mark your calendar, look out for your voting link and don't forget to VOTE!



Kaffe med Kåren

Direkt demokrati på riktigt

Varje månad dyker vi upp på din fakultet med vårt fantastiska event, Kaffe med Kåren!

Du kan se det som en mini festival, men med massor av kaffe, härliga människor och häng med våra super-engagerade föreningar och sektioner.

Här kan du ventilera dina åsikter om vad som skulle kunna bli bättre på universitetet – vi vill verkligen höra dina idéer. Varje gång kör vi ett nytt tema.

Och ja, du gissade rätt – det finns alltid gratis om kaffe och goda croissanter att njuta av. Så kom förbi mellan 10:00 och 14:00, fyll på koffeinförrådet och hjälp oss att göra Kåren ännu bättre!

Datum för KmK:

11 mars, Orkanen	8 april, Orkanen
12 mars, HS	9 april, Niagara
13 mars, Niagara	10 april, HS
	15 april, Kranen

Every month we show up at your faculty with our amazing event, Coffee with the Union!

You can think of it as a mini festival, but with lots of coffee, great people and hang out with our super engaged associations and sections.

Here you can air your views on what could be better at the university - we really want to hear your ideas. Each time we run a different theme.

And yes, you guessed it - there's always free coffee and delicious croissants to enjoy. So come by between 10:00 and 14:00, refill your caffeine supply and help us make the Union even better!

Dates for KmK:

March 11, Orkanen	April 8, Orkanen
March 12, HS	April 9, Niagara
March 13, Niagara	April 10, HS
	April 15, Kranen

Häng med oss på studentråd!

Come with us to Local Student Council

Kom på Studentråd

Påverka din utbildning

Studentråd är en viktig mötesplats där studenter, klass-representanter och kursrepresentanter från hela universitetet samlas.

Genom ditt deltagande på studentråden bidrar du till spännande diskussioner där åsikter uttrycks rörande utbildningskvaliteten och frågor lyfts fram frågor om studiemiljö, undervisning och andra aspekter av universitetslivet - du bidrar till förbättrad utbildning.

Under vårterminen äger studentråden rum under vecka nio och 17. Mer information om datum finner du i våra sociala medier.

Local Student Council is an important meeting place where students, class representatives and course representatives come together from all over university.

Through your participation in the Local Student Councils, you contribute to exciting discussions where opinions are expressed on the quality of education and issues are raised on study environment, teaching and other aspects of university life - you contribute to the improvement of education.

During the spring semester, the Local Student Councils take place during weeks 9 and 17. More information on dates can be found in our social media.

Kontakta Kåren / contact the Union

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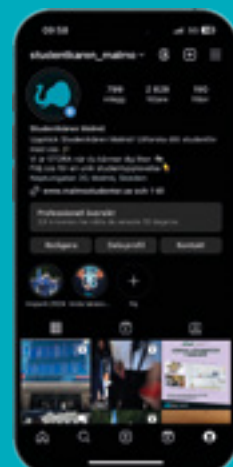
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Öppettider / Opening hours

Måndag/Monday	STÄNGT/CLOSED
Tisdag/Tuesday	10:00- 16:00
Onsdag/Wednesday	10:00- 16:00
Torsdag/Thursday	10:00- 16:00
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CROSSWORD ANSWERS

SWEET AND SOUR

ACROSS

- 3. Compromise
- 6. Honey
- 8. Serendipity
- 12. Reckoning
- 14. Bittersweet

DOWN

- 1. Lemon
- 2. Caramel
- 4. Sugar
- 7. Nostalgia
- 9. Pineapple
- 10. Echo
- 11. Longing
- 13. Regret

THANKS FOR READING!

The Editors-in-Chief would like to express our deep-felt gratitude to each talented writer and visual artist who has contributed to make this issue.



INTERESTED IN JOINING SUM?

We are always looking for new members to help create the next issue. Writers, illustrators, photographers and many more are always needed at SUM.

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= 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 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!

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