

# SUM

STUDENT UNION MAGAZINE



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Tveka inte att höra av dig till oss!

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# SUM Magazine Issue #111 Neutrality Autumn 2023



Cover by Jonathan Gartmark

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# EDITORS' FOREWORD

It is widely understood that neutrality is crucial because it provides a platform for impartial decision-making, a vital counterbalance to the biases and prejudices that can permeate various aspects of our lives. However, viewing neutrality solely as synonymous with impartiality is a reductive perspective on this multifaceted concept.

Neutrality extends beyond mere absence of bias; it encompasses a nuanced interplay of values, cultural context, and the ethical implications of decisions. In complex, real-world scenarios, true neutrality often demands a more comprehensive understanding that recognises the broader ethical and societal dimensions at play. Rigid impartiality can oversimplify the web of influences that shapes our choices and responses, making it essential to appreciate the depth and intricacy of neutrality in various contexts.

In writing, for example, achieving complete neutrality is a formidable challenge, as language inherently carries biases, values, and cultural influences. Even apparently objective texts can inadvertently convey a viewpoint. Likewise, in customs and traditions, achieving true neutrality is elusive, as every society's norms and practices are deeply rooted in their history and values.

The consequences of assuming a neutral stance on any subject can vary. While neutrality can promote fairness and inclusivity, it may also lead to a lack of decisive action when confronting issues like climate change, social justice, or human rights violations. Additionally, it may be perceived as indifference or complicity in the face of injustice.

Ultimately, the concept of neutrality raises important ethical and practical dilemmas, making it a subject of ongoing discourse and critical examination across diverse domains of human experience. So, in this issue, we have asked our contributors to weigh in on this discourse and offer their take on neutrality, and we are hoping that you will leave our pages with some food for thought. Enjoy!

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# SPOTIFY PLAYLIST



NEUTRALITY SUM #111

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 Neutrality.

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# ARTIST'S STATEMENT

Text: Jonathan Gartmark

## Defining strokes of Neutrality

Neutrality could be described as a state of mind where the choices given don't impact you enough, or the choices given are too hard to choose from. Whatever the reason for this state of mind, neutrality is always a choice. It could be a good or a bad choice, both or neither. Life could, therefore, be defined as constant questions presenting you with the choices of neutrality. The beginning of every day starts you off with those questions and forces you to keep taking stances in regard to neutrality. Do I speak my mind or do I stay neutral? Should I wear the shirt of neutrality? Is my life neutral enough? Choosing sides of neutrality defines the very strokes that shape us and create the environment we live in, much like how the strokes of a brush or a pen can create an artistic expression.

# NEUTRALITY

Writer: Pari Hame IG: pariame Logcast: pari  
Photograph: Samuel Ian McCarthy IG:samueliandmccarthy

To be neutral, neutral like the other girls. That's all I wanted. All I wished for.

I wished to fit in, and, although I always felt Swedish - I mean I was born and bred here - I was never Swedish enough. And I always dreamt about how things would be if I looked like my friends: I would finally be enough.

I wished I also had long blonde hair and fair skin. Blue eyes and a "normal" house. Maybe then I wouldn't be so different and stand out. Maybe then the boys would like me, too, and wouldn't make fun of me for having darker hair on my skin. If I was neutral like them, maybe people would find me beautiful, too. Maybe teachers wouldn't make fun of my last name and have trouble pronouncing it. If I was neutral like them, I wouldn't have to educate them about me.

So, I started to live in denial. Convincing myself I was just as enough, lying to myself that I had the life I wanted, that I was in fact half-Swedish and not just a Swedish-born child of immigrant parents. That I too was a little bit more neutral like the country of neutrality. And lies lived on, and I lived in fear. Fear of having my lie come out. But, also, in hope; hope that maybe if I pretended a bit longer, I could, indeed, fake it till I made it.

Nevertheless, I couldn't escape my reality. The reality of how I looked. I was olive-skinned with dark brown hair

and eyes dark as the deepest night. I was tall, too tall "for a girl," and yet I had curves in just "the right places" as my family would say. But these features were seen as ugly next to my pretty and light-skinned, blonde and petite friends. I was the ugly friend in the group that never got flirted with or asked out. Boys used me as the DUFF, asking "my permission" to talk to my friends. Only if they got rejected by the girls did I start becoming interesting enough to them. And it slowly killed every part of me. I would never be the first choice. Could I be neutral to that? If I was not as neutral as the rest of my world, could I be neutral to my destiny?

So, I rolled up my sleeves and went to the closest chemist. I bought two packs of bleach and went home, mixing all the chemicals together to make them work their magic on my hair. The strong smell fills the apartment, and my eyes start to itch and get watery. I start putting the purple paste in my hair, feeling the burn in my scalp. I bleach the hairs on my face, my stomach, my arms, my back. The hair on my head comes out orange like a chicken's hair, whereas the rest actually looks like natural, fair hair, just like the pretty, neutral girls.

But no one can know.

No one can know that it is all fake. But, silly girl, of course they will know! They will see right through you. They will know that you are anything but neutral, and how can they see anything else when you won't be neutral to yourself?

# ÉIRE THE WAR OF NEUTRALITY



Text: Amy Brennan  
Illustration: Finnick Wächtler

Neutrality has been a defining feature of the Irish republic for decades now. Yet with the increasing pressure to join the growth of militarization within Europe and NATO, criticism has been doled out from both inside and outside the state. Many see neutrality as sitting on the fence, standing for nothing, for fear of being on the chopping block. However, I do not agree with this perspective. Ireland is an island that is haunted by a past of colonialism and violence, so many, including myself, see Irish neutrality as an act of courage, not a source of embarrassment or weakness. Members of the European Parliament like Clare Daly and Mick Wallace have utilised their position on the European stage not just to defend Ireland's right to neutrality but also to criticise the overall growth of militarization in Europe.

While Ireland has historically been more concerned about appearing neutral than actually practising an orthodox view of the idea, with the state clearly favouring the allies in 'the emergency' and allowing American military planes to land in Shannon airport, the shocking eagerness of the Irish government to further loosen their reigns of the policy and bend the knee to imperialist practices is cause for great concern. The Irish reputation as peacekeepers is one the nation holds with great honour. To turn our backs on such a highly esteemed reputation will be nothing short of devastating. It is no surprise that the current Irish government is scratching at the doors of Europe, whimpering like a dog begging to be let in. NATO and the EU have taken the Russo-Ukrainian conflict as an excuse to coax the island away from its neutrality. But those living on the isle are all too aware of the continued push from certain parties to cosy up to militarization far before this war. To have neutrality so publically undermined by leading politicians, shows a weakening and division of Irish politics and identity that the state has always struggled with. Given that today's Ireland is a country crippled by the cost of living, homelessness at staggering rates, and huge wealth disparities, it would be remiss not to question the motives of politicians who would prefer to spend money on increased militarization. Why house someone when you can ship them off to war? The pursuit of peace and unity is one that has not fully found itself onto the shores of Ireland; to move away from neutrality would undoubtedly only further this goal.



Ireland had 64 peacekeeping missions through the UN last year. It is a country that is happily a part of the EU and thrives socially and economically because of it. The Irish people's refusal to allow neutrality to be stripped from our identity is not from a hatred of supranational bodies; it is not from a fear of getting our boots dirty and entering into war-torn conflicts. Neutrality is a steady beacon of hope; let this country, tucked away in water, be a burning light of inspiration. Let us not minimise the cost of war. Men and women shot like cattle in an abattoir, the cries of battle called by those nowhere near the front line. To be clear, I am not arguing that some causes are not worth fighting for, but to say that taking a neutral position is taking a weak stance is naive. There is great courage and skill in sitting and speaking to those whom you do not agree with. Compromise, understanding, and a willingness for negotiation and open conversation is not a light cost, but it is certainly a more appealing alternative. No?

So I ask you not to agree with me but to take my words as food for thought. Protecting borders and people is and forever will be a priority. The human need and right to safety is after all the most fundamental thing. But in a world that is increasingly more volatile, where guns are easier solutions than words, where there is no interest in hearing voices that do not echo your own, sit and think what the repercussions of this are. I could ask you who you believe the winners of war are, but are there really any? While you bury your son, rebuild your home and economy, will you be grateful that one small Island abandoned an identity of neutrality? Do not see neutrality as a refusal to take a side but instead as firmly planting oneself on the side of peace. In the words of every frustrated parent, just because everyone is doing it doesn't mean you have to. When I fly home and see rolling green hills soaked with rainfall, I would like to be proud that we fought, fought for our land and fought for an end of violence. Those green hills have seen too much blood, too much imperialism, so let there be no more.

# CHOOSING NOT TO CHOOSE

Text: Mafe Volponi Email: mafernandahecht@gmail.com  
Photograph: Tilde Lazlo Kungs IG: Tildekungs

Have you ever felt like you were not fitting in? I bet you have!

I always say to people around me that I'm extremely adaptable. I enjoy being surrounded by different views, contrasting ideas, and new feelings. I have been trying to remember, especially when stressful environments are consuming all my energy, that life is unique. Being able to feel anger, love, sadness, solitude, confusion, affection, tiredness, and hope means that you are actually alive, and living. As some would say: it's better to feel pain than nothing at all - and it is obviously easier to recognize that when your mental health is stable and your life seems to be okay.

In the past, however, I used to associate adaptability with being neutral, a belief I strongly disagree with today. The impossibility of being neutral is already widely accepted in the sociopolitical environment, but not as much as I would like it to be. Regarding any matter, even if you *don't* choose a side, you are stating your point -- you are *choosing not to choose*. It's interesting to explore the concept of neutrality in various situations and understand that achieving true impartiality is often impossible.

My skill for adaptation, therefore, did not mean an absence of position or personality to fit into particular places, as I had earlier thought; rather, it meant choosing which part of me was going to prevail. This thought may sound weird and you may ask: how come you are not being yourself completely in this era where you may feel a little bit more comfortable to be who you really are? I'd like to think that I have different personalities, opinions, and feelings according to where I am, who is around me, and how life is going. I do not have only one identity; I can be more than one thing.

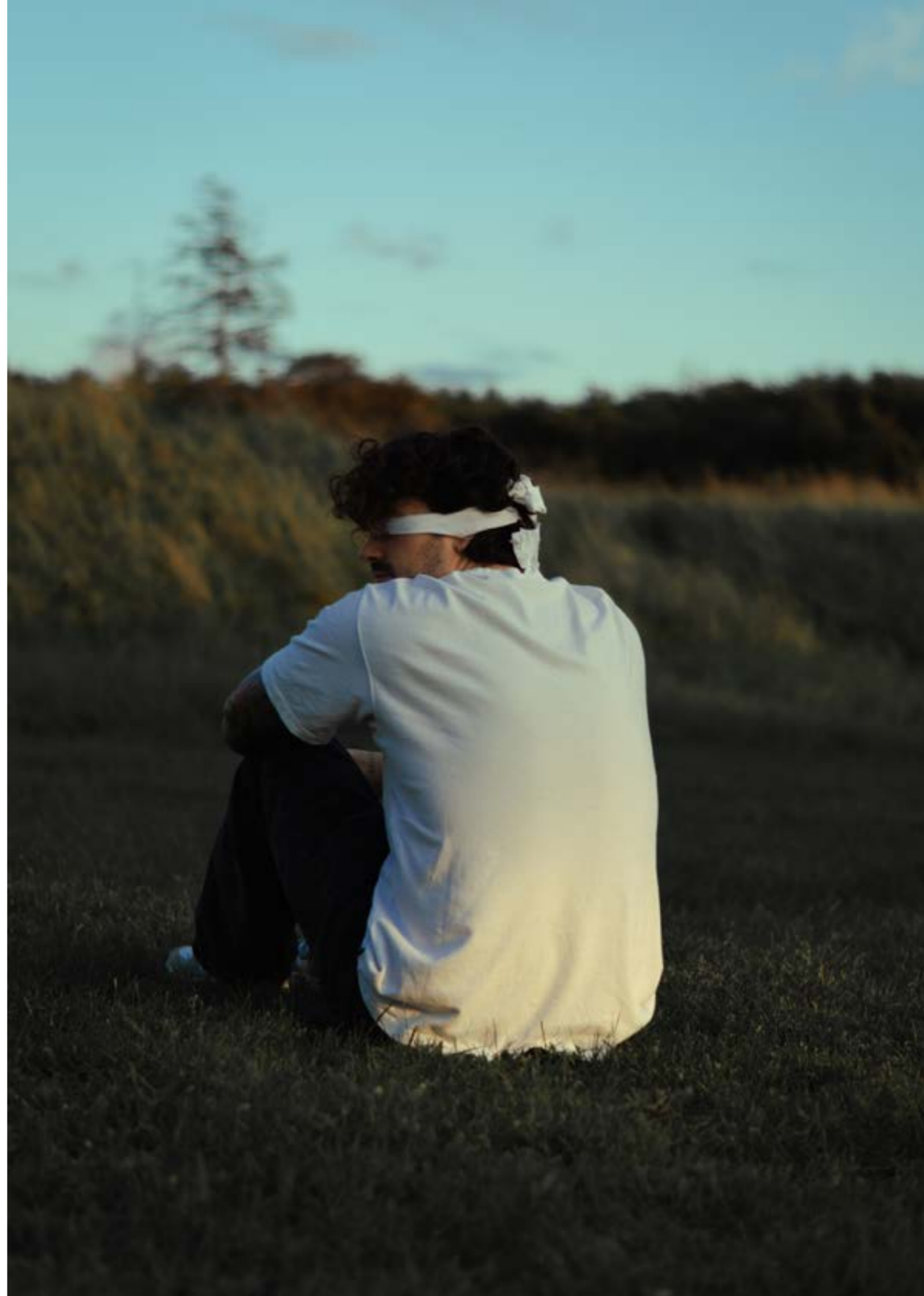
The narrative shifts as I come to realise the challenges of being entirely honest about my ideas. Stating my point of view is difficult, especially to my inner circle, owing to the fact that the majority of those around me already include themselves in the "open minded," "eco friendly," and "activist" box. Nevertheless, I think this box they have created is not big enough.

I do not wish to use an egocentric, rude, or accusative tone, and judging individuals is not the point of this text. My intention here is to understand why I *choose not to choose* to let them know how heartbroken I feel to know that activism is not really part of their lives. If you knew me, you would understand how protective I am of people's choices. I truly recognize that everyone is doing their best, and we must not judge someone's life; who am I, really, to question why people are not moving their asses? I just do not possess the energy anymore to watch people's lack of action, even if they are friends or family.

In addition, I came to realise that I have the right to be angry, in particular when I am pointed out - sometimes in an accusative tone - as *radical*. When was the exact time that being active for basic rights became a *radical* act? If you love animals, as many would claim, then you do not hurt them with your non-vegan diet. If you admire activists, you do not only *support* Greta Thunberg. If you want social justice, you cannot express an indifference towards capitalism as a system. Some things do not make sense! And do not get me wrong, I am including myself in this critique of hypocrisy in our tiny little daily life acts. I know how easy it is to give explanations of why we are not doing more for the planet, for marginalised groups, and for us: no time, no money, no energy.

While embracing multiple identities may bring comfort, adhering unquestioningly to societal norms is certainly not an identity I aspire to embrace. It is more preferable to make the environments around me uncomfortable than it is to hold my ideas back. I believe I am allowed to be more than one thing, but my sense of criticism must remain intact.

It is incredibly challenging, if not frustrating, to have spent my entire life believing that my attempts at neutrality were, in fact, instances where I refrained from expressing my thoughts and instead opted for passivity as a human being. This false neutrality when thinking about confronting my friends regarding direct social actions is also a critique of my choice not to face my social circle. Even though questioning the world around us is fundamental, we can't forget that we are also part of it, and so the critique must include ourselves, must start with us.



# Shape

Text: Stephanie Seng  
Illustration: Lia Popaz

Darkness and light.  
Two opposites that cannot exist  
without each other.  
Two companions swaying in harmony.  
Life and death.  
Past and present.

A tight grip, a strong movement, a deep inhale, and then the squeaking of metal.

A little girl, just about 10 years old, stares in awe at her newfound playground. An old apartment complex. It was once a home. A place full of laughter, life, feelings. Now, nothing but a shadow of its former self. And yet, for the little girl, it is a place of wonder. She wanders around and about, each of her steps bouncing with joy.

Broken walls flood the rooms with light revealing every inch of the forgotten memories.

Vibrant plants make their way through the crevices and entwine the ancient furnishing; old wooden rocking chairs sway slightly in the breeze as the soft cushions of a sofa bear blossoms of unknown flowers. Dust, just revived by a new movement, dances in the light.

The wind caresses her face. The sun warms her skin. The smell of flowers and greenery and old masonry fills her nose.

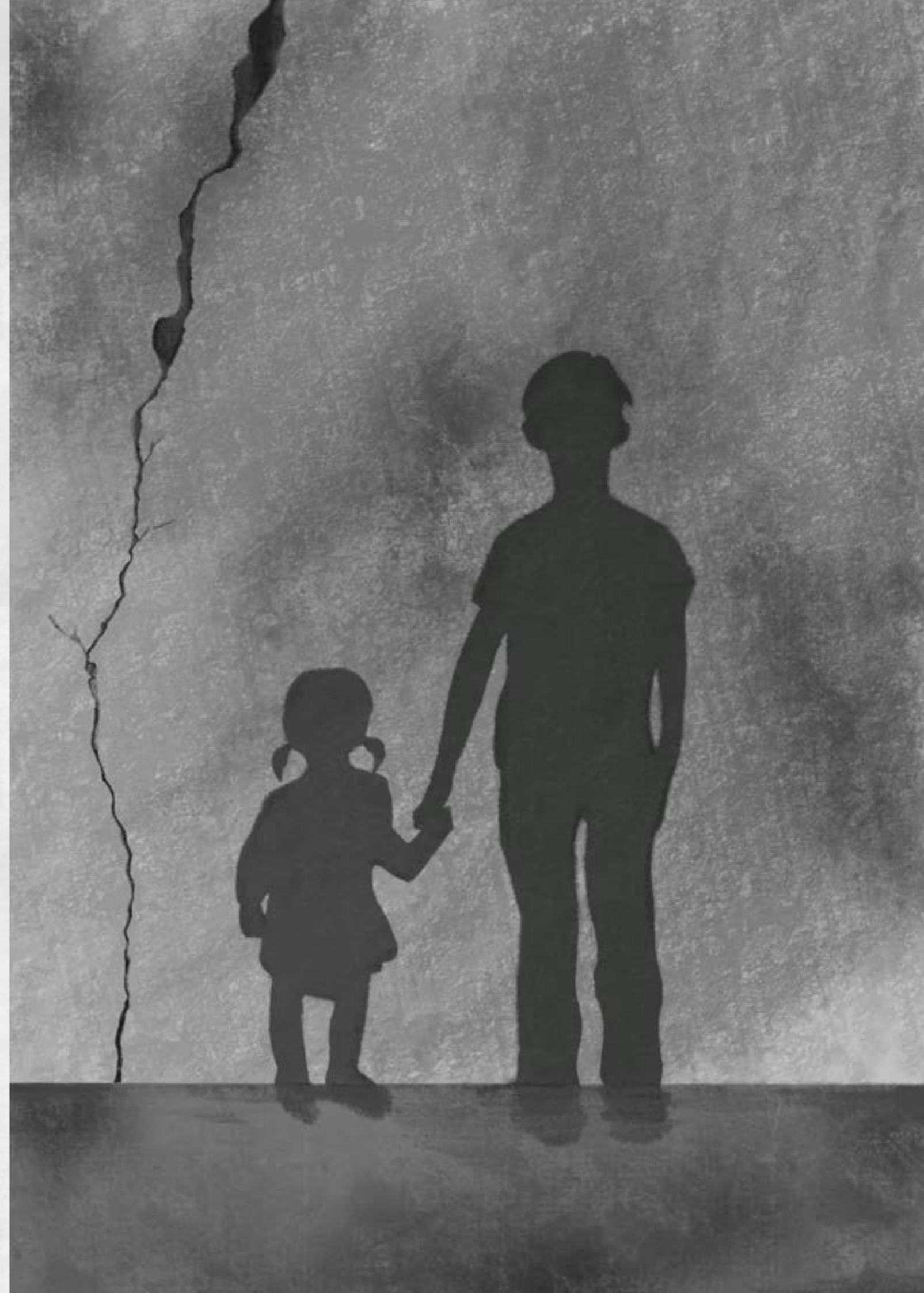
Her curious eyes wander across the rooms to take in all of the new impressions.

Then she stops. Takes a step back. Looks again. Stops. There, in the far corner of a nursery, beside a gaping opening in the wall, she sees a curled up shadow. A friend, perhaps? Another curious child frightened by her sudden appearance?

“Hello?” she mutters. “Hello? I am sorry, if I scared you! We can play together, if you want.”

No response.

She slowly draws closer, afraid to startle the small silhouette again. But when she finally reaches the shadow, she finds no one there. Just the outline of a child huddled against the wall, holding in its arms something even smaller.



# THIS IS NOT A POEM

## I. This is not a poem

Text: Katarina Jumppanen  
Photograph: Samuel Ian McCarthy IG:samuelianmccarthy  
Illustration: Jonathan Gartmark IG: Art.J.Gartmark

In the light we look to those  
who get and go  
on the shiny canvas  
of image flow

ceci n'est pas une pipe

as water springs  
a man could fail  
to be or not  
in between  
the stream

ceci n'est pas une pipe

Kafkas nausea: White neutral  
to enter the sphere  
I turned into a deer  
as the night would fall  
I would cry for all  
I held dear  
through whom

I used to bleed

until  
the ticking of the clock  
the march of the collective dream  
the chatbots in the  
room a few feet  
away  
from the row of  
coffee cups

Until  
the concept

of being  
the promise of

belonging

one day  
in the future

turned  
away

from

Now

ceci n'est pas une pipe

to enter what is concealed  
softly has the mirage been killed  
in high definition  
With no guilt:  
Today, another sequel.

ceci n'est pas une pipe

With presence  
of none  
rise with beat of the drum  
unheard of.  
dance the night away, kafkas!

## II. This is an attempt for a passage

The concentration - slow my teeth and nails dull by  
dispersion  
station

drops of muzak  
for a background  
for the hygiene of

interviews,  
auditions,  
doctors,  
blind dates,  
house views,  
news  
trips for those who succeed

in  
ID  
controls

until  
I fight the walls of fail, succeed, consume  
at a bus stop. What a story

Just in front  
of  
a supermarket:

your  
muted voice  
your  
new name  
refugee  
in the trench of your sea,  
lost from poetry

you and me

carried  
each

other  
at a station

and the space outgrew  
the margins  
two bodies  
turned away  
from the public  
to a timespace  
ahead of  
theories

you sang:

culpa tua non est  
culpa tua non est  
culpa tua non est

Maybe it was not in our hands.

this time mend  
the  
child  
of the  
stardust!

in silence  
we stepped  
away  
from the light  
surrendered to our destinies  
black hole rose

with earth  
time spiralled  
in snails pace  
in the day of the night

we know: jesus did not die for our sins.



### III. This is entrance

In the wake of our encounter  
I dreamt of continuity  
alchemy

if the black suns around every corner  
it takes  
if distorted reflections to swallow  
it takes

For the peace today,  
it would take  
to meet  
the gravity  
the entropy  
it takes to  
secrete  
the divine  
at the risk of being  
turned

denied

access

the end of trial:  
I lay down  
the bench  
lifts up  
eyelids alined  
with the dream of life:

a panting creature enters  
with a sky full of stars  
a whacking tongue

I turn to you and your flapping earlobes,  
my dance,  
your tail  
sculpting

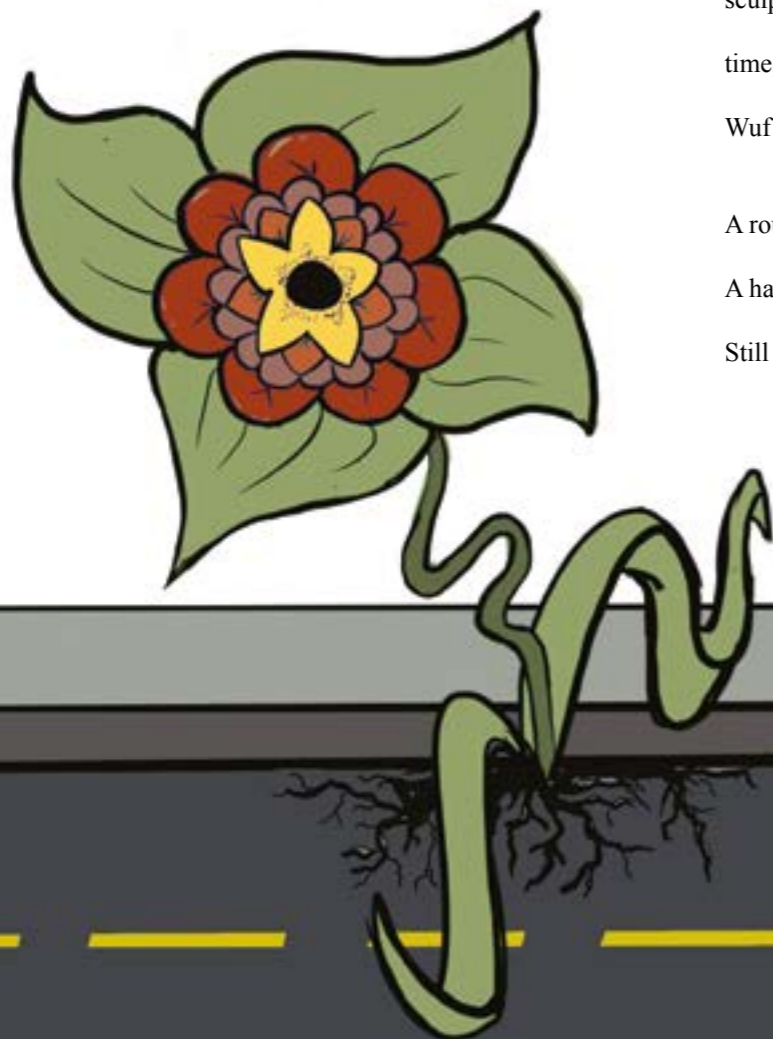
time, time!

Wuf wuf!

A rough hand on your soft belly.

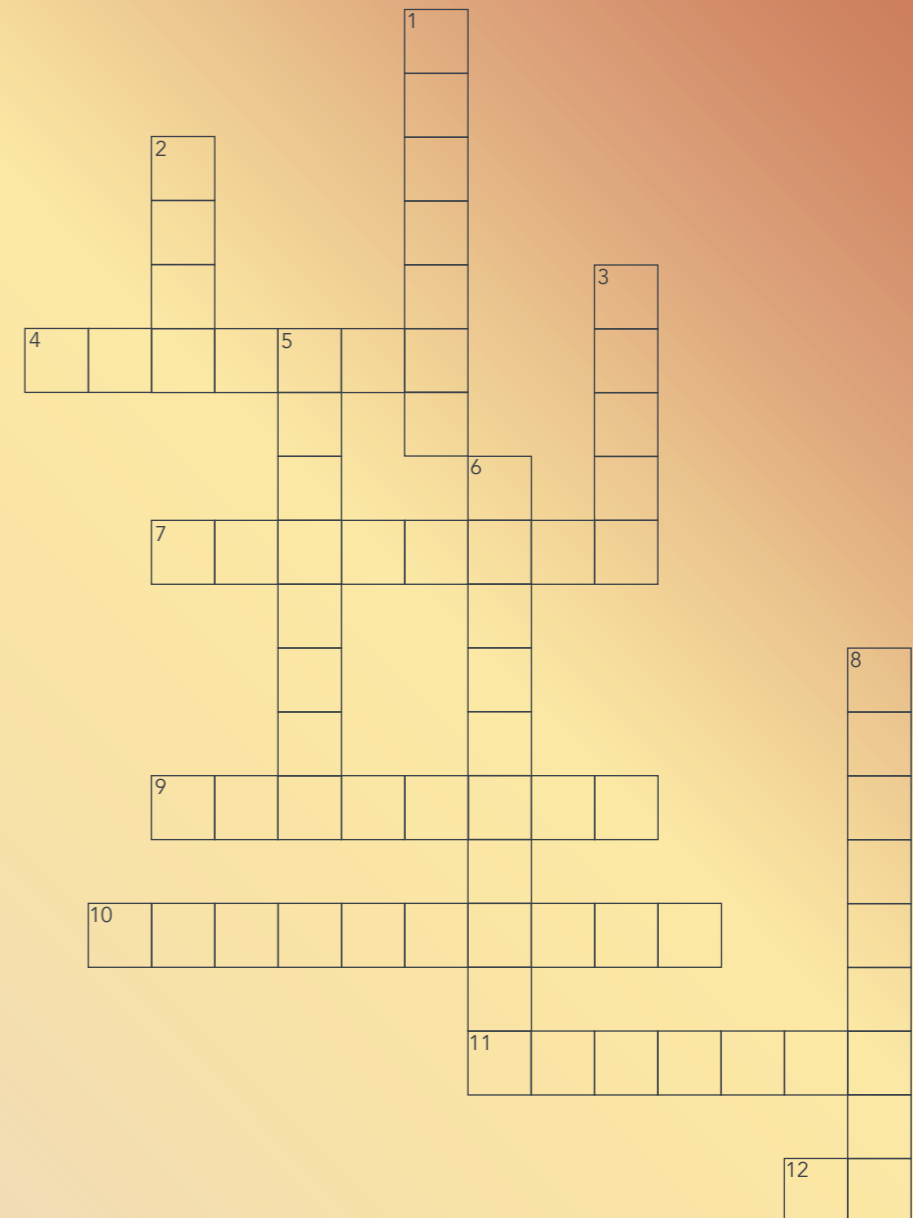
A hand.

Still a hand.



# SUM CROSSWORD PUZZLE

## Neutrality in Academic Writing



### ACROSS

4. The opposite of an active sentence
7. Usage of these differs between disciplines
9. Don't be biased; be fair and\_\_
10. No questions like these unless you're an oracle
11. Omit these types of adjectives
12. This pronoun can replace 'I' statements

### DOWN

1. Use these to support your claims
2. Another word for partiality
3. Place an emphasis on\_\_
5. Language that rhymes with abnormal and should be avoided
6. Objective writing can be contrasted with writing which is\_\_
8. Phrases like 'I think' or 'I believe' express\_\_

# STUCK IN SPACE

Text: Hanna Wallström IG: lowallstrom  
Photograph: Samuel Ian McCarthy IG: samuelianmccarthy

Flashing lights and a thundering headache are what I register as I wake up. My vision is blurry, and the weightlessness disorients me. Involuntarily, I let out a moan of pain. The sound is muffled, and a ringing noise takes precedence in my ears. Clearly, my ears have been damaged in some way. I smooth back the hair that is floating around my face.

Slowly, my eyes adjust to the scene in front of me. The room I'm in is in disarray. Broken objects float around me, and I see several shattered monitors with loose wires that used to be stuck to the walls. Ahead of me, I can see out of the windows, and the surrounding blackness swallows almost every star. But there is no mistaking it. This ship has crashed. Big chunks of stone outside indicate a giant meteorite collided with this broken spacecraft. Or maybe the spaceship hit it? Either way, The Prima Donna V seems to be absolutely destroyed.

"At least I can breathe," I say out loud, trying to focus on the crucial parts. "The ventilation system seems to work for now."

I slowly make it across the brig, floating through all the debris that drifts about in zero-G. Luckily, I can make a clear path toward the control panels while at the same time avoiding the bodies that litter the room. I intentionally avert my gaze from them so I don't recognise the victims. The years of training instilled in me keep me focused, never straying from duty. Instead, I first check the ship's state on the somewhat functioning screens. I curse to myself as I see that the vessel has not a long time left before it starts to shut down. Electrical malfunctions are emptying up the reserves. The Prima Donna V is on its last leg.

Next is the search for life forms on the ship. There has to be another survivor somewhere, I think to myself. The screen loads, searching for other crew members, but it only shows one life form after a minute. Me. One life form? That can't be right. Statistically, there should be at least some more survivors. Right? I can't be the only one alive... I nervously spin my name tag, an old habit I had never gotten rid of. Audie Leighton, it reads. The only survivor? No, don't think in the negatives yet, Audie.

With a frustrated sigh, I float away from the monitor.

I'm rationalising that the sensors must be broken like the rest of the ship. Surely, more crew members are alive. I need to reboot the computers, and do so quickly, see if others are still living and, also, if there are spaceships nearby that I can contact before the power runs out completely on the whole ship.

I go to the next monitor, looking at a map that shows the ship. Red highlighted parts of the map indicate damaged portions of the ship that are not obtainable. There are a few yellow areas of the spaceship that seem promising. But as I look closer at the map, I realise that the med bay and engine rooms are all marked in red. Shit, shit, shit. This is bad.

I glide back over to the main controls of the brig, where the AI is located. Several warning lights blink red, but I hope that it changes when I reboot the system. I wait impatiently as the computer is restarted, making me nervous that the whole ship will fail before I can actually be saved.

There is a faint ping coming from the screen. I exhale a long breath at the sound. Finally, something that goes my way. The screen lights up with a blue sheen, giving the all-clear to use the AI.

"Computer, search for a nearby ship."

"There is a spaceship heading toward The Helix Nebula," resonated the calm female voice of the AI.

"Great, that's actually really great," I search my gaze along the vast expanse beyond the front window as I run my hands hastily through my hair. At first, I can't find the oncoming spaceship, that is, until I see a speck of white in the distance. A tiny object with blinking blue lights surrounding it. It can't be anything but a spaceship.

"Yes, yes!" I cry, grabbing the panels until my hands turn ghostly pale. "There it is. There's help! Computer, attempt to communicate. Send out an emergency signal for The Prima Donna V."

"Error. Attempt to communicate has failed," the AI responds, "Retry at a later date for a different result."

"What? No! I can see the other ship right there. Attempt to communicate!"

"Error. Attempt to communicate has failed," the voice says again in the same calm manner.

“What is the error, computer?” I ask, trying to stay calm, hoping it is a simple fix.

“Error 275, satellite damage outside of the spacecraft. Repairment is needed. A bot has been deployed.”

“There are no repair bots! That part of the ship is destroyed.”

I start to pound my fist on the console. Damage be damned. Panic starts to fill me, making it hard to breathe. It has to work. If I can’t communicate with the other spaceship, I will be stuck here indefinitely. I have to leave this failing piece of shit!

“Attempt to communicate. Attempt to communicate. Attempt to communicate!”

On the last sentence, I start to sob. The despair overtakes me. I cover my hand over my mouth to staunch the sobbing. I need to save my energy and not use too much oxygen. One step at a time. First, slow down your breathing. Second, find other survivors.

“Computer, open the intercom.”

A light tune rings out through the brig and throughout the ship. I hold my breath, waiting.

“Hello? Anyone there? Can anybody hear me?” a strongly accented voice comes through clearly from the intercom.

I gasp as I hear the words come through. The relief floods through me at hearing another person’s voice. For a few precious seconds, I can’t seem to form any words. I stumble a little over my words as I try to answer.

“I can hear you! It’s Audie Leighton from the brig. Can you read me?”

“Audie! It’s Finnigan Drake from the cargo bay. What’s happened? The last thing I remember is the warning lights before everything went dark. Then, when I woke up, the ship was damaged and had no way of contacting anyone.” Finnigan’s voice vibrates throughout the brig, his Scottish cadence soothing amidst the chaos.

“Thank the stars you are alive, Finnigan. I don’t know exactly what happened, but it seems like Prima Donna V got hit by an undetected meteorite. There are bits of rock circulating outside of the bay, and the monitors show a rock embedded into the ship. By some error, the sensors never registered the meteorite in time.”

“What? How is that even possible?” Finnigan inhales a breath, likely collecting his thoughts after the outburst. “Never mind that at the moment. How many are you? There were only a few crew members in the cargo area and, thankfully, only a couple perished.”

“I’m the only one alive on the brig...” The reality hits me like a concrete wall as I utter that sentence. The bodies that swerve around me hold the faces of my crewmates. My friends. And they’re all dead.

I try to control my breathing like before, but the stinging in my eyes won’t ease this time. I press my hands over my eyes to staunch the tears that try to break free. I refuse to succumb to the sorrow that tries to overtake me. I push it down, and yet a broken sob escapes me.

The world is quiet as I feel myself try to break through the hold grief has on me. I don’t fully register Finnigan’s words as I look over at the bodies hovering before me. Sweet little Judy looks like she’s sleeping, even though the top of her head is caved in. Peter floats beside her, but his

face is frozen in permanent pain. The expression they wear tug at my heart.

“Audie? Audie!” Finnigan screams my name. His panicked voice finally reaches me.

“I’m still here, Finnigan, still here,” I avoid looking at the bodies again. “Listen, we need to get an escape pod online. Can you do that?”

“Aye, we can get one working. At least two pods can be used after we fix them up.”

“Great to hear. There is another spaceship heading to The Helix Nebula as well. We need to deploy the escape pod towards the ship so they can rescue all of the survivors. But it has to be done quickly because I don’t know how long the ship has before it crashes completely.”

“We’re on it, Audie.” I distantly hear Finnigan shouting commands to the others. “We will need some time, though.”

“I will try to give you as much time as I possibly can.”

And with that, I start to work. Being the second in command of this ship, I have enough knowledge to navigate myself. I look at the ship’s systems, trying to establish the best way to filter as much power and oxygen to the cargo bay. The seconds tick by fast, and I don’t know if there is enough power to get an escape pod working and have it deployed. Unless...

“Finnigan, how much time do you need?”

A few seconds pass before his voice fills the space again.

“By my estimation, we need an hour to get one of the pods working, and that’s me being generous.”

“Shit, okay. I can diverge power from the med bay and some from the engine room. They are completely destroyed. I will also try to give you more oxygen.”

“Do what you can do. The cargo bay is large enough to house a plethora of people, so we have enough oxygen for now, but that might change when we start up the machinery. Although, being sure that we can breathe can’t really hurt.”

I laugh at that. The sound is dreadful in this desolate room, and it feels like I am desecrating the dead with it. I shake my head again, chastising myself for getting distracted. There is time for honouring the dead later. Surviving is my first priority.

“Keep fixing the pods, and get back to me with any updates.”

“Will do, captain,” he says swiftly before leaving the intercom.

My eyes stray at those words to the chair that occupies the space behind me. The captain’s chair. My chair. It became mine as soon as the captain died. I stare at that spot. Oh, how I longed to sit in that chair and be a captain in my own right, but I didn’t want the chair by the death of Captain Rolfe. I never really considered that I would be the commander of this vessel.

I clench my hands into fists, using the pain to further get myself out of this spiral that threatens to consume me again. Inhale and exhale. Remember your training. I just need to endure a little longer.

Forty-five minutes go by with no words from the cargo bay. During that time, I have located more survivors, but their position is too remote from the cargo bay to be of any help.

I have redirected power to the locations with confirmed living crewmates, keeping them alive, and then I’ve been waiting. Just waiting.

“Captain, we have a problem.”

“What is it, Finnigan?”

“We don’t have a lot of oxygen left,” Finnigan’s voice has a finality to it. “We don’t have enough time to finish. The tools have been using much more electricity than what was first anticipated. And the air has become thinner in the process.”

“Fuck,” I slam down hard with my hands at that, and an imaginary weight slams down on me despite the buoyancy. “I don’t have any more to redirect. I can barely give enough oxygen to the others on this ship.”

“We’ll try our best, Captain,” the sigh sounds heavy, but Finnigan has had the same training as me, and we know that we need to work despite the hopelessness.

I go back to my earlier thought. My part here is done. I can’t do anything else from the brig. Plus, the pathways are blocked anyway. There’s nowhere for me to go. Thinking logically, I just have to enter the coordinates of the spaceship going towards The Helix Nebula.

“I can shut down the brig.”

“Audie, no! That’s suicide.”

“There’s no time for arguing. Do you have enough to finish if I diverge the power from the brig to you?”

“Yes, but...”

“Then nothing. Continue fixing that pod and save the rest of our crew, Finnigan... It has been an honour serving with you.”

I leave it at that and turn off the intercom as Finnigan shouts at me to reconsider. His words only solidify my decision. I am swift with my fingers as I configure the pod’s coordinates to the other ship’s location. After it’s done, I start to shut down the brig. I don’t reflect any longer on my predicament. The captain goes down with the ship, and that’s precisely what I’m doing. Lights go out simultaneously. The ventilations quiet down, and then it’s just my breathing that can be heard.

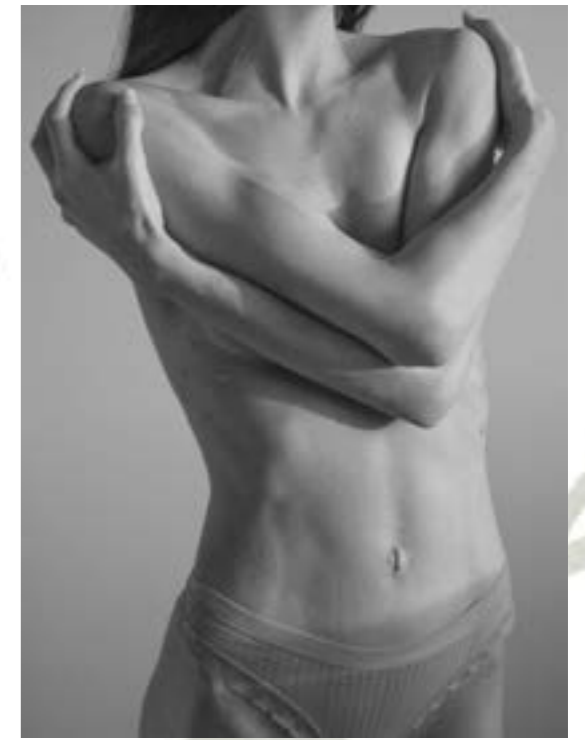
Now, I wait for the temperature to drop to the freezing point. I try to calm my mind and comfort myself with the fact that I may have done enough. No, I have done enough. I am saving the last of our crew. The weightlessness is a soothing feeling in all of this, and I enjoy that sensation as I close my eyes and think back to my time with my crewmates, the room getting colder by the minute.



# BODY NEUTRALITY



Text & Photograph: Georgina Laskari  
Illustration: Beatrice Toreborg IG @beatoreborg



**As a portrait photographer focusing on female figures, my interpretation of Body Neutrality is that every female figure can be an inspiration and a model for me regardless of age, colour, shape, or size...**



**I believe that Body Neutrality is interpreted differently by each and every one of us, based on what we have within us. We all look at the same photos but we see different things.**





# WHAT DOES HOME FEEL LIKE?

Text: Evangelina Nicole IG: gina040

## TRIGGER WARNING

**The following story contains scenes of self-harm which some readers may find distressing. Readers' discretion is advised.**

My worn-out silver spoon delicately scrapes against his hand-me-down IKEA porcelain, scooping up the remnants of the lunch I prepared from yesterday’s leftovers. The white heat marks on the vintage dinner table have multiplied since we brought it home from the flea market. We’re both on our lunch break while working from home, and the midday light fills the apartment in shy tones, saluting the end of summer. He appears in the seat in front of me, facing left with eyes burrowing on the floor and shoulders uncharacteristically hunched forwards. I greet him with a warm smile, and he says:

“I…”

A chill bites down on every inch of my skin…

“… don’t think I want to be in a relationship anymore.”

… and degloves me in half a breath. Now comes that familiar feeling of cold, sharp, metallic cuts that call forth the heat of rushing white blood cells. I was bleeding without a wound.

I had no script for this, so I pulled out the clichés:

“What? What? Wh… What? Are you serious? Why are you doing this? Isn’t there anything I can do? Please don’t do this. Is there any hope? Are you sure? Is it really over?”

It sounded so fake. Like I’d made a mashup out of every scene where someone gets dumped. What else could I say?

“I don’t see a future together… We’re just too different…”

“You figure this out *now* after two years together? Are you serious?”

“Yes.”

I rise and start pacing between the kitchen and living room in a frenzy to find some air, but somehow it keeps escaping my breath. *What am I going to do about this apartment? I can’t afford it by myself. I’ll have to call my dad for cash again. What will our friends say? What will I do without him? Now I can finally sleep with the people I told him not to worry about. Who will he sleep with? I’ll fucking kill the bitch that makes him come the way I do. Where do I*

*find a roommate? Should I move out? I can’t move out. He can’t leave me. I can’t be alone again. I refuse to be alone again…* The colors start to fade from the periphery as I circle back to the kitchen table where he’s still sitting, eyes drilling a hole in the left-side parquet.

Staring him down like my gaze was a gun, I utter “I can’t believe you’ve done this,” hoping the words hit him like bullets.

I move out of the kitchen and hide in the second bedroom that we remodelled into a home office. Taking a seat by my cluttered desk, I immediately call Darla: “I thought I’d found home, I thought I could stop fighting, I thought I was safe,” is what I gulp out between drowning breaths. “I know, baby… I know. I’m so sorry.” What else can she say? We hang-up.

I strike my desk, imagining it’s me, and he enters the room. He’s afraid I did something to his table, which is standing opposite mine. It’s filled with several hard drives, cameras, and memorabilia… Like that trashy souvenir cup with pink letters that’s gushing out a generic “I Love You” that I bought. I tell him I didn’t touch his stuff, but he still looks worried and refuses to leave. I try to pull my hair out but then I remember I’m 28 and already thinning, so I resort to hitting myself in the face instead. He secures my arms, and I try in vain to hit his rock-hard chest. I’m not sure if this would hurt more or less if he wasn’t so fucking beautiful.

“Darling-“

A surge of white-hot anger overpowers me completely and all color dissipates from my sight.

“What, FUCKING, darling?!” I close the window as I scream. “How fucking *dare* you “darling” me after what you’ve just done? You’ve ruined EVERYTHING. EVERYTHING. I give you my best years, and you rip my fucking heart out during a lunch break? I have no respect for you. I have no FUCKING respect for you. How fucking dare you-“

“I’m sorry! It was just out of habit-“

“You will NEVER get me back! This is the worst thing you could have EVER done to me! You’re going to die alone,

do you get that? The *shit* I’ve done for you, the *boundaries* I’ve completely broken down to accommodate *you*, the fucking *opportunities* I’ve sacrificed for this relationship are things nobody else would EVER-“

“Haven’t I sacrificed things, too?” he interjected.

“Well…” he hadn’t, “… yeah, sure, but not as much as me,” not even half. “Whatever! Can you fucking leave?” He shakes his head, “You need to fucking leave! After what you’ve done… you need to leave me the fuck alone!”

After some convincing, he leaves. As he closes the door after him, I try to see if there’s any air to breathe if I walk in circles in *this* room instead. I try to go back to work. I can’t. I lie to my colleagues about an emergency and sign off. I fall to the floor and somehow flip over a trashcan and find myself lying on the rug my dad gave us, covered in a mix of crumpled papers and dried banana peels.

The shy summer air came back into the room after a while, like it was checking to see if I was ok, and brought some color back to the fringes. The deep breaths of air helped me get enough strength back to get up, the trash falling off me as I climbed to my feet. I regain my composure and walk towards the door to open it as I hear him crying. I look around the corner where he’s sitting on the green couch we bought together from Facebook Marketplace, burying his face in his hands. He stops as soon as he notices me. This makes it the third time he’s cried since we met… I’ve been crying myself to sleep for a while now. I take a seat next to him and apologize. I tell him I will never understand why he chose to do this, but let’s make the best of it. I tell him we might even be able to still live together, and he agrees. He cries… and I hold him.

After he helped me bring up my solo bed from the basement, I went out to drink with Lois and Weronica who kindly listened to me wholly blame him for my cocaine addiction last year. I hit on the bartender. He hits back. I chickened out and left for home piss-drunk and cut my wrist for the first time in three years. The distance alcohol imposed between me and reality naturally made the bite of the blade less imposing. It still let me enjoy the rush of adrenaline as the blood slowly seeped out of the crevices… like it was waiting for me to release it. Cutting always felt like home. Even though I had been cut-free for so long I

always knew I would return to it… I was longing for it, just looking for an excuse.

While the calm of the cut settled in my core, I smeared the blood on spots around the apartment where I knew he’d see it… and then I immediately cleaned it back up again as I realized how fucking stupid that was. I remember deciding to patch myself up and go to sleep before I got the chance to do any more damage.

I wake up and my arm is sore from last night… but I have a studio session so I leave the apartment quickly. I don’t make any music, but I do compose a letter asking him to gather his shit and leave before I’m back. I tell him he has to delete all my nudes, plus that tape we made, and to never contact me again. As I send it, I’m completely at peace with the way things are turning out. I’ll be alone again, sure… but is that worse than being with someone who would end a two-year relationship during a lunch break?

It’s empty when I get back. After my shower, I rest on my bed that we put up in the office, setting up my Tinder profile and listening to Taylor Swift while strategizing the order of my pictures. Then I hear the lock turn in the front door.

# Shifting Neutralities

Text: Dylan Casamatti Email: d.malmo.universitet@gmail.com  
Photograph: Tilde laszlo Kungs IG: Tildekungs

girl-like. They couldn't figure me out. When they lost interest, they ran to their tents to have dinner. I stared at the sky in front of me and then I walked back to our tent, slipping into the comfortable routine of my grandparents getting ready for our evening walk.

Everything was as usual. The dances at the mini-club, the carousel rides with my sister - as many as we wanted - and our grandparents reading on the bench, patiently waiting for us. At nine, Cala gave us the sweatshirts she kept in her purse, and we walked home. Like every night, my sister and I ventured through the campsite's darkness, chatting and carrying our toothbrushes and soap in our hands. Our grandparents were reading by a warm light outside of the tent: the football field had by then become a blurred, distant memory of someone who was not me. Just a glimpse, an unreachable question, caressed me once I was almost asleep. It was a feeling of me, floating in a neutral space that no one could define. But in my sunny, beautiful world, surrounded by a family that adored me, there were no words to express something so dark.

## Unwillingly neutral

My little sister, loyal playmate of a lifetime, had always known. And when Cala, in a rare moment of weakness, asked her if she was sad about not having a sister anymore, she answered, "No, I always had a brother." My mum put her whole self in the mission of making my life easier, navigating the headwinds of bureaucracy with the courage of a sailor. Dad was less prone to practicality, but his presence was steady and comforting. And Grandpa took over the tedious task of driving me to therapy every week, patiently waiting in the car with his book until seven, when I would come out of the building and sit beside him again.

This tight circle of love saved me from many sufferings, but I was too young to start hormone treatments and puberty had brought changes in me that I had to painfully fight. Although I tried, I looked androgynous, neutral. Many times I overheard people saying: "She's



neither one nor the other; she's in between." I was troubled, hurt, but somehow I never surrendered to sadness. The sweet memories from those childhood evenings at the campsite, and many other more, always kept me afloat.

Despite my shyness, I was loud, in every way I could be. My appearance was neutral, but on the outside I was enraged, exaggerated. I went to every meeting and parade, engaging in excruciating conversations with right-wing demonstrators, I hung signs and wore pride t-shirts. It was my way of helping people like me who suffered even more, who were kicked out of home and didn't have memories to hang on to. We all shared a big sense of community. But at night I would go home and play with my sister by the fireplace, and my parents would say goodnight to me with the name I had chosen: with bitter relief, I knew I was privileged.

## Neutral by choice

I came to Sweden when I was almost twenty. The year before, I had flown to Spain with my family for my top surgery. By that time my name was legally changed, and I had been on hormones for three years. When we came back from Spain, my mum placed the folder where she kept every document about my transition on the table. She

looked at it and said: "It's done." We hugged, and she was crying. For years her life had revolved around that folder. I felt her tears on my shirt: that was the day a part of her stopped being a mother. She was right, though. Everything was done. In late August, my sister, now a teenager, was sitting by the campsite pool, by herself for the first time. I was on a plane, and I know we both cried that night. But, in the morning, the sun was shining, and I was in Sweden. I took a bus and went to the seaside for a cold swim. While I was mindlessly taking my shirt off, I realised that this was the life most people lived, a life without the invisible obstacles of being transgender. And this was what I had missed. But no one knew me now, everything felt brand new, and I dove deep into my new life.

None of my new friends knew about my past, and I stayed away from meetings and parades. Now I could understand why I had felt a rush of excitement that day at the football field. It was exciting to be neutral, invisible, not to raise any doubt, not to make anyone uncomfortable. Sometimes I'd now find myself uncomfortable, weirdly ashamed, when I'd see kids being loud like I once was. And, slowly, I stopped thinking about that part of me.

## Balancing colour

Sweden is a neutral country. Babies are not wrapped up in blue or pink clothes like in my home country. People don't stare at you; they just keep walking. Not even the groups of teenage boys turn around to shout or ask questions. This neutrality protects me, allows me to blend right in; at the same time, it makes me afraid of standing out, of being the loud voice I once was. And this is a guilt that I feel every day, the guilt of having abandoned my community. Becoming invisible, forsaking the fight to live a life I deeply needed, but that other people like me would never get.

But I gradually noticed many people who were just like me. They were waiters, students, cashiers, bus drivers. In my country, being transgender is a job in and of itself: it becomes the only cause you're known for. You cannot dream of a life where that is not considered, unless you can hide very well. But where there is normalisation, there is the possibility to live like everyone else. And that was what I was doing, experiencing the freedom of a normal life. But the transgender people around me were not hiding. They wore pins, or had flags on their bikes, or talked freely about their history, and the neutral society seemed to embrace them. And, suddenly, I felt the need to be visible again. Not with the rage of my adolescence, but with the truthfulness of my young adulthood.

One day, when I am ready, my friends will know the part of me I'm hiding, and I won't be ashamed of my complexity. And on another day, very far in the future, everyone will get to live neutrally without having to be neutral.

# PLACES TO EAT IN MALMÖ



Text: SUM contributors  
Photograph: Hanna Wallström IG: lowallstrom

We have compiled a list below of different places to eat, recommended by our great SUM writers and illustrators! If you're ever in need of a good place to eat or want to try out new cuisine, try one of these places to broaden your palate.

## GRÖNT O GOTT

Neptunigatan 26

4 stars

Great salads for cheap prices and a variety of things to choose from. It's incredibly close to Niagara, which makes it a perfect place to go and get a healthy lunch between classes. It is made for students and you can also download their app to collect stamps to get a free salad. Opening hours: 10-15 every weekday.

## LOTTA LOVA SUPERFOODBAR

Davidshallsgatan 25

4 stars

They offer a great selection of smoothie bowls, sandwiches, smoothies, coffee and weekly lunches at a good price. They are fully vegan and have a big passion for healthy and sustainable foods. If you like smoothie bowls then this place is for you! It's DELICIOUS!

## PEAS AND HONEY

Stora Nygatan 19

3-4 stars

A quaint little place a minute from Hansa with great selections of wine and beer, with a menu for both the carnivore and the vegetarian. A little on the pricy side, but still worth checking out. Board games are included.

## BAO BAO

Claesgatan 8 (Mitt Möllan)

4 start

Perfect food for lunch, not too much, not too little. The wait is not too long and they have vegetarian options as well as chicken, pork, etc.

## MALMÖ SALUHALL

Gibraltargatan 6

4 stars

This is a great place for you to choose from different restaurants in one place. Choose between poke bowls, sandwiches, hamburgers, falafels, ice cream, salads, local fish and much more!

## HUMMUSSON

Södra Förstadsgatan 43

5 stars

Everything is vegan and the place is homey, warm, and family-run, with the best hummus ever. The main dish is 130 SEK and delicious, but there are also cheaper options. It's really worth checking out when you're taking a little trip through the Triangeln shopping centre.

## BALKAN ETNO

Östra Förstadsgatan 18

5 stars

This humble corner side restaurant serves proper Balkan food and drinks at an insanely affordable price. The staff are incredibly warm and welcoming and will take the time to explain every dish on the menu to the uninitiated. A favourite of theirs is the mixed platter that they recommend for two people to share for 300 SEK. Two people the same size could order it, eat their fill, and still have leftovers for a few meals afterwards. We strongly recommend trying the traditional Macedonian hard liquor "Loza" which will go down as smoothly as concrete and rock you all night long!

## DASHI

Holmgatan 4

4 stars

Ramen and bao restaurant. Cheaper during lunch. They have a very nice staff and a fun interior. They can usually make all dishes vegetarian if needed.

## WRAP HOUSE CAROLI

Kattsundsgatan 20

4 stars

They offer a healthier version of wraps with an assortment from Mexico to Marrakech. If fresh wraps and salads with exotic flavours are your thing, give Wrap House a try.

## JORD

Falsterbogatan 1

4 stars

Delightful vegan cafe, perfect for brunch, with great coffee and is laptop-friendly.

## MR FALAFEL

Nobelvägen 34

5 stars

Delicious vegan falafel wraps for an extremely good price (49 SEK) + if you eat in you get a bonus falafel to taste usually.

## COCONUT

Gråbrödersgatan 5A

5 stars

This restaurant offers great sushi and Thai food for great prices. And if you come in during lunch with your student card, you get 10% off of your food.

## MANTO

Nobelvägen 4

5 stars

Amazing quality vegan food, Asian fusion with a twist.

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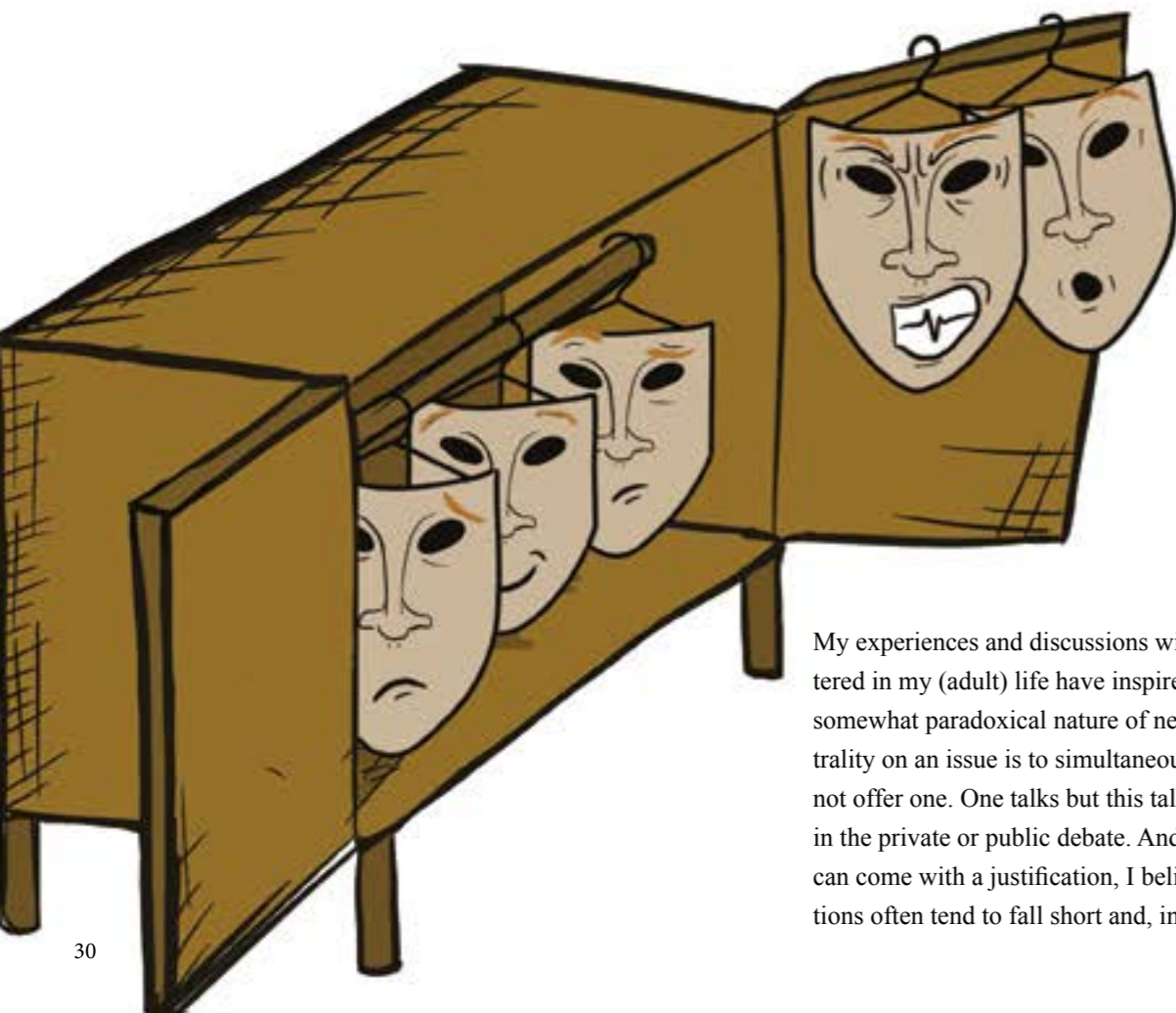
# UNPACKING NEUTRALITY

Writer: Stevi Emmanouilidou  
Illustration: Jonathan Gartmark IG: Art.J.Gartmark

If I had to pinpoint the time around which I started to realize that I am entering ‘adulthood’, or at least the feelings of growth and increased responsibility that are usually associated with it, my answer would probably be, ‘The time when I realized my opinion matters’. Of course, our opinions matter even when we are six or seven years old. What changes is that the discussions to which we contribute no longer revolve around the domain of our immediate personal environment; our output now contains sentiments and echoes concerns connected to the world, the public sphere, the matters whose impact is big, and which may or may not directly affect us. These very issues and discus-

sions, we slowly realize, constitute the bigger picture. And in this picture, after the general egocentricity of puberty bids us farewell and the social and political anxieties start to formulate, we are called to find our place. Soon enough, our opinions become actions, lifestyles, stances.

The world we live in today is not devoid of debates on social and political issues which create a public discourse that is heated and, at times, overwhelming and intense; and because of that, it is crucial that we listen and, when it’s time, talk. So, where does neutrality come in, and what role does it play?



My experiences and discussions with people I’ve encountered in my (adult) life have inspired me to consider the somewhat paradoxical nature of neutrality: declaring neutrality on an issue is to simultaneously offer an opinion and not offer one. One talks but this talk makes no difference in the private or public debate. And although this neutrality can come with a justification, I believe that such justifications often tend to fall short and, in some instances, can be

a cover for something else. Neutrality regarding important public matters relating to equality, freedom of expression, human rights, social issues, to name a few, becomes a synonym for passivity. And this passivity is conscious.

A person’s choice to be passive, describe themselves as ‘neutral’ when asked for their opinion, is, of course, not necessarily the product of malicious intentions; it can simply be due to a lack of knowledge on the subject and a fear of saying the wrong thing, offending, coming off as ignorant. And this is a very valid reason to remain silent: it can denote integrity and even act as an incentive for someone to educate themselves further, which of course presupposes that the person has the willingness to do so. This ‘neutrality’ is perhaps not even true and pure ‘conscious’ neutrality. The people who remain silent when they do not know are not the same as those who *do* know but choose to remain silent. It is important to remember that most people do not enter public discourse with ready-made answers, with made-up minds and steely, unshaken opinions because this is not the goal; quite the contrary, the goal is to create democratic discussions, raise questions and exchange views with mutual respect. Staying neutral blocks this dialogue completely.

The true issue with neutrality essentially begins when people who *do* understand what is at stake, people who have in their minds formed an opinion, choose not to articulate it, out of fear, out of uncertainty, and proceed to substitute these unspoken beliefs with the word ‘neutral’, as if to say, ‘Let us not make this political, let us not create tension. Let us stay in the comfort of what we can agree on, what we can easily solve. But when instances of discrimination, unfairness, and oppression, resulting from these debates we refuse to speak on, are rampant around us, the silence connected to our neutrality becomes interrelated with refusing to act and even outright siding, consciously or unconsciously, with this very oppression which, perhaps, in the privacy of our own minds, we have already sided against. Neutrality does not bring about the peace and reconciliation it may promise; it perpetuates abstinence from public matters and enforces passive acceptance.

On the other hand, another dimension of neutrality, which has become evident to me on many occasions, is one that sneakily reveals itself and has to do with different intentions and motives. I am referring to the act of making the debate itself ‘neutral’. The following example is the embodiment of such a case: ‘I find the term ‘feminism’ outdated and unfair’, we hear, and we immediately know that what is coming will be no better than what was just uttered, ‘because, *well*, I believe in *human* rights...and we should be fighting

for *everyone’s* rights!’ Evidently, we are fighting for human rights if we consider ourselves feminists, but their intention here does not seem to be about universal human rights. Coupled with a good dose of ignorance more often than not, it is always set on diminishing the importance of, in this case, feminism, belittling the struggles that people suffered and still suffer because of patriarchal structures. The issues at hand are diminished to a simple ‘Yes, but what about...’. The essence of the matter for them is now neutral: there is no point in discussing it, and perhaps all of us who insist on doing it even so are only thinking about ourselves.

Ultimately, the feeling that urges me to advocate for that which I firmly believe in, the issues that make me realize my role in the bigger picture, becomes one of the essential things that reaffirm my (social) existence: I am myself and I am part of a whole. I have a voice. The stances we adopt on matters seemingly confined to the public sphere are a very telling reflection of ourselves, of our character. Staying neu-



tral is not the antidote to conflict and tension; these will not go away by staying silent or ignorant. And yes, sometimes we know exactly what we believe in, sometimes we can immediately spot ‘right’ from ‘wrong’, and it is also true that sometimes this process takes effort and time. But the fact remains: when a trace of the urge emerges, this conviction that what we believe in matters and stating it matters, too, then we should find the courage to hold on to it.

# THE ANCIENTS AND MOTHER

Text: A.Elmi  
Photograph: Samuel Ian McCarthy IG:samuelianmccarthy

She nibbled through a plate of xaniid and sipped at her mango juice at Hiddo Restaurant and then dawdled about in Wembley Park. Ambara had done her best to delay her return home from work, and it was now well past nine p.m. Those six pesky ancients who seemed to cling to life only to ambush her should be tucked up in some armchair by now, so she could probably stop fretting over their whereabouts. Some of her worry resurfaced, however, and forced her away from lampposts as her block of flats rose into view. Just when she relaxed, telling herself all was clear, one of them contrived to stand in front of her on the pavement.

Ambara choked back a scream and halted wobbly. ‘Ayeeyo, xagee ka soo baxday? Grandmother, where did you come from?’

Bracing herself on a cane, the lady hobbled nearer and tipped her head back so she could fly her eagle eyes close over Ambara’s face. She had this thing where she turned her face into a chunk of clay and remoulded it into an interpretation of Ambara’s expression. Ambara couldn’t tell what her intention was, but it seemed she wanted either to hijack her face, her identity, and reach into her soul to discover its secrets or to frighten her with her eccentricity.

‘Young woman,’ she said finally and in English, as if to draw a line between them, ‘what are you doing out this late?’

‘I uh . . . was held up at work.’

‘Hmm. Well, I’m sure you’re not lying. You’re a good girl who dresses modestly and speaks passable Somali. But you live alone. That’s not very good, is it?’

Ambara cleared her throat. ‘It’s getting late, Ayeeyo. Let me walk you home.’

She drew herself up and flung her eyes over to the silent street beside them. ‘I’m waiting for my son. He should be here any moment now.’ Sliding her eyes back to Ambara, she added, ‘He’s not married, you know?’

Ambara didn’t know what to say to that, so she pressed her lips together and stared back.

The lady lifted her cane and pointed the handle at her. ‘Who are your parents again?’

‘Keenadiid Magan and Timiro Warsame.’

‘From Bromley! Yes, I remember now. You’re pretty far from home, no? You’re technically Samatar One-Eyed’s Ayeeyo, you know?’ she suddenly observed as if Ambara didn’t already know she was the oldest of the ancients’ elder. ‘I should bring him over for that cup of tea someday soon, don’t you think? Maybe even tomorrow? We could

have a good, long chat about anything you want. I’m sure you have lots to say, lots to share.’ She chuckled to herself and then said, smirking, ‘You see, I’m reminded of the saying, The tongue divulges what the soul hides.’

Ambara was on to all these ancients. Not a day had passed in the three months since her relocation to Wembley but that they offered to call on her for tea and talk. To look at those smiling, wrinkled faces crowned with a fluffy, white cloud, you’d have thought the offer innocent, but Ambara saw past all that, saw to their conviction that she was suspicious and strange because she lived alone. There really wasn’t more to her situation than that she’d moved from home to be closer to work. But the ancients never failed to frown and grin at this, as though it were some flimsy pretext, and then repeat their offer to visit and chat.

Ambara refocused on the lady who was minutes-deep into a fiery sermon in Somali about the importance of leaving a legacy, or some such thing, for Ambara could never be sure what she was saying once she started chattering. The words rushed out too fast for her worn mouth to keep up, her pronunciation loosening and unleashing her full country accent. Listening to her, Ambara recalled the Somali saying, A living mouth doesn’t give up talk. This ancient, like the others, would talk while she could, but Ambara wanted none of it, and more was the pity she couldn’t say so. She had to respect her elders – even when she was technically their elder – bow to their wisdom, and only leave when dismissed.

Ambara was looking out the window in her studio flat a half hour later. The window was uncurtained because the woman in the black BMW parked on the street below had said so three months earlier. At the time, Ambara had had no reason to sniff out an ulterior motive. Shortly afterwards, however, it dawned on her the window was a messenger alerting the woman huddling in the BMW each evening that Ambara was at home. A full hour passed before the woman’s knocks finally fell on her front door.

Ambara threw the door open to a hatted woman in a detective’s coat. ‘Hooyo, Mother,’ she said, stepping aside to let her in, ‘why didn’t you come up sooner?’

Mother brushed past her. ‘Well, I didn’t know what you were doing, and I didn’t want to walk in on something unforgettable, did I?’

She tossed her coat to Ambara, then flounced around the room glaring about and sniffing to make sure there wasn’t some acrobat folded up somewhere hiding. Mother ended

her investigation by Ambara’s bed, which she squinted at with something like apprehension before she ventured to sit on it.

Picking at the bedspread absently, she was a while before she looked up to ask, ‘Tell me, honestly, are you a dhillo, prostitute?’

‘What?’

Mother gestured around as she was shouting, ‘You live alone, you come home late, and your bed . . . it’s very big.’

Ambara was tempted to laugh, but she knew Mother was serious. After all, she presented new theories about her living situation every two weeks. ‘Hooyo, I’m not a dhillo.’

‘Then you’re a khanisad, lesbian?’ she hurried to confirm.

‘What?’

‘You’re thirty-four and without a husband, and you have way too many female friends.’

‘Hooyo,’ Ambara said, ‘I’m not a khanisad.’

‘Good!’ Mother’s eyes flitted between furniture before they landed back on her. ‘You must be . . .’ she scratched her fasoleeti, headscarf, ‘on one of those abs, then?’

‘On what?’

‘Ab, abbbb,’ she said, raising her pitch and stabbing an incomprehensible image into the air with a finger. She kissed her teeth at Ambara’s clueless look and added, ‘Tindin, Matchy Matchy, Bumbly?’

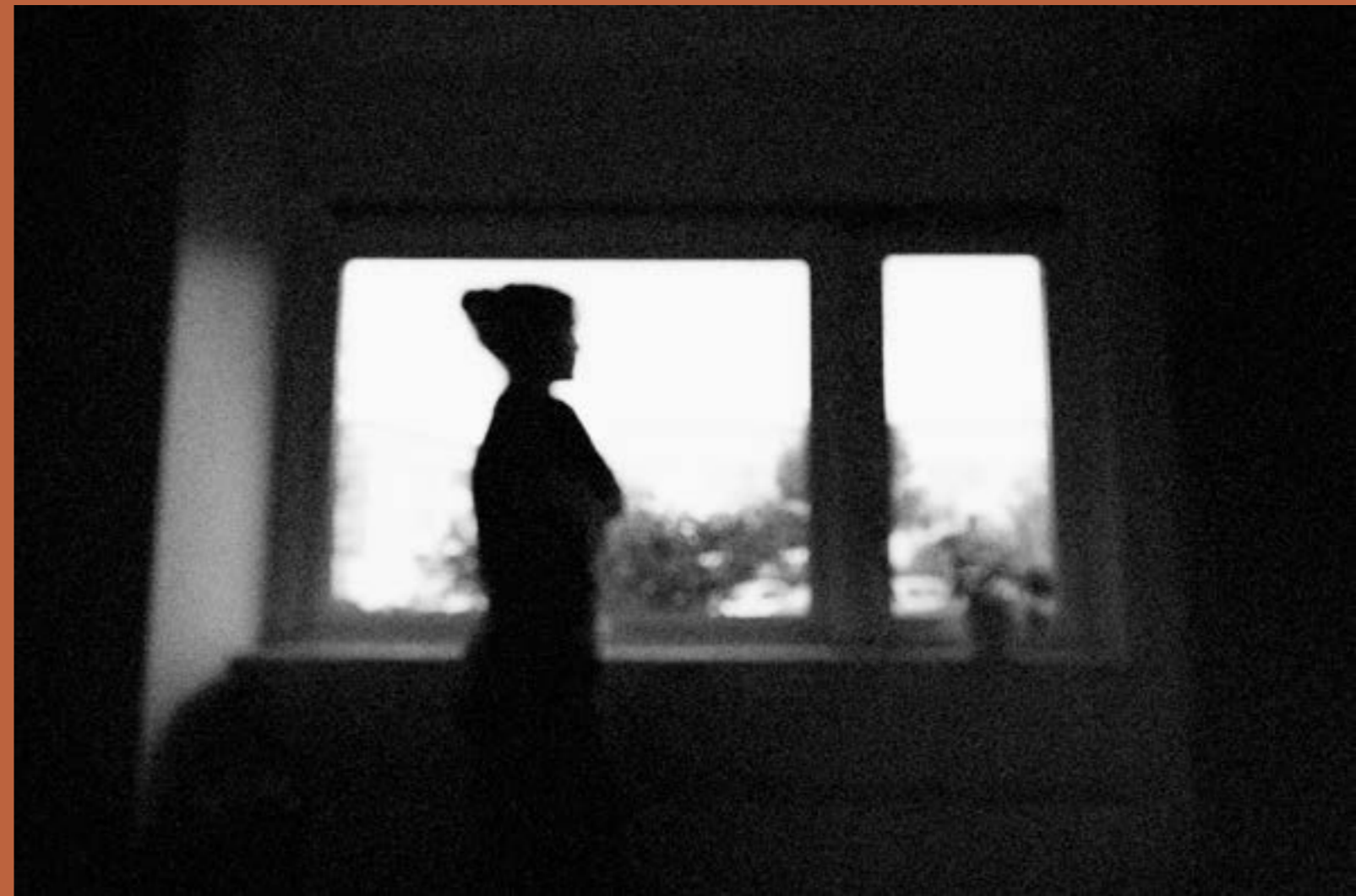
Ignoring her question, Ambara said, ‘It’s almost midnight. Why are you here so late?’

‘What do you mean why am I here? Get my bag, child!’

Ambara hadn’t noticed she was carrying one and was even more surprised at its size and content. Mother had packed everything she’d need to stay over for at least a week.

Mother stayed for two weeks and two days and kept Ambara’s door wide open to the six ancients. Between breathing to speak and speaking, each ancient ran back and forth between Ambara’s toilet, the tea running straight through them all. The ancients made it through this period of intense tea and talk with no signs of dehydration. Quite the contrary, actually, they came out the other end sprightlier and with a healthy shine to their eyes and skin. And it was not until the day after Mother had left that it finally dawned on Ambara why that was so. The ancients had been starving for more than Ambara’s unseasoned and thin answers and had come to her flat expecting more of the same, only to find a whole banquet awaiting them. Mother was the chef they never knew they were looking for, but, once seen, they immediately recognised her potential. She handed them the tea, its sweetness perfectly attuned to each individual palate, and started gesturing, nodding, and purring, making everyone too warm, too relaxed, too comfortable. Tea and talk quickly turned into a venting session for everything that was wrong with this generation, and Mother was beaming as the general opinion could not have echoed her own with more resonance than if she had shouted it inside a cave.

Everyone got what they wanted from their time in Ambara’s flat, except Ambara who had lost much more than a month’s worth of toilet paper, tea, and sugar. She sank into her sofa with a huge sigh and then shook her head. She had to do something; trouble was she didn’t want to stand out. She wanted nothing more than to speak, appear, and act neutral – in a word, to be unremarkable. But staying neutral had made her even more remarkable and, in fact, caused her to lose control of her life.



A sudden rattle from the front door.

Ambara sprang to her feet and froze in place, her eyes fastened on the shifting door handle.

Several heartbeats later, the door swung out to reveal a tall man dripping more profusely than the autumn showers outside. It was nearly midnight, and he was lugging a suitcase.

‘Aabbo, Father,’ she said, tracking his noisy progress inside with wide eyes, ‘what’s going on?’ She peered past him expecting to see Mother prancing along behind him. ‘Where’s Hooyo?’ she asked, seeing he was alone.

‘Hello to you, too,’ he said, making straight for her bed and collapsing on it. ‘Make me a mug of hot milk, child. And make one for yourself while you’re at it,’ he added at length, voice strained by his attempts to pull off his compression stockings. ‘Your Hooyo says you’re anorexic.’

‘I’m not anorexic.’ Ambara took out a carton of milk from the fridge. ‘Where did you get the keys to my place?’

‘From your Hooyo.’

Her head whipped around, and her eyes found the keys sprawled out on her bedside table. They were identical to the spare keys she’d taped to the underside of her only chair. Shaking her head, she asked, ‘You’re sleeping here, then?’

Father was lying on the bed, his arms crossed under his head. ‘On your Hooyo’s orders,’ he confirmed. ‘Are you,’ he continued after a thoughtful silence, ‘really a lesbian prostitute on an app called Tindi’s Bum – Match Me?’

Ambara almost dropped the mug she was holding. ‘What?’

Father waved a hand, dismissing his own question. ‘So, why aren’t you married yet?’

‘I don’t have time.’

He seemed satisfied with her answer. ‘Ever heard of the saying, Been fakatay runi ma gaarto, The truth can’t catch up with a lie once everyone believes it? Word around town is something’s wrong with you and that’s why you live alone. “That one won’t leave a legacy,” is what they’re saying. “No one wants her.” You can’t let them go on like this, maandhey, dear daughter. You must do something.’

Although her own thoughts had taken a different route, they had arrived at the same conclusion. And it was more reassuring than she had thought possible to find Father echoing her own conclusion that she had to act. She suddenly shook her head thinking that as soon as you’ve solved one problem, another problem is sure to arise. The original problem of not acting was solved; the new problem lay in determining the best course of action: what should she do?



# CREATIVE WRITING

Once again, we have invited creative writing students to extend our readers’ journey through our pages. So, in this section, you will find two short stories with vastly different readings of the theme. Enjoy!



# Yours, Alexander

Text: Kristel Dosti  
Illustration: Lia Popaz

In a town nestled between rolling mountains, adorned with modest houses and cobblestone streets, the Bohlem family, composed of generations of clockmakers, had for years been in charge of the town's majestic clocktower.

Each Saturday afternoon for decades, a Bohlem would ascend the clocktower's 541 steps, unlock the wooden door with a creaky key, and attend to the clock's meticulous maintenance. Recently, this tradition had been passed on to a young woman, not yet twenty, obsessed not only with her craft but also with the concept of time itself. During her peaceful days, spent reading both reparations and philosophy books, her attention invariably turned to the imposing clocktower outside. She would check that it was fully functioning and, at the same time, use it as a constant reminder of the ceaseless march of time.

One cloudy Monday, her third glance of the day of the clocktower disrupted her routine—the clock had stopped entirely. The strange occurrence inspired a mixture of worry and fascination, hurrying her to close her shop and climb up the clock tower. What she found inside the room that held the clock's inner workings left her bewildered.

The clock's gears were moving; in violation of natural laws, though, they turned backward. She was sure it was a mechanical glitch and spent a frustrating half-hour scouring old manuals for answers. Dejected, she sank into her chair, her gaze fixated on the aged brick walls.

Suddenly, something grabbed her attention; between two bricks, a small folded letter was slightly sticking out. She climbed onto the chair, plucked out the letter, and unfolded it with caution. The words it held sent a chill down her spine:

"If the calculations are accurate, you will discover this letter in what you believe to be the year 1939. It will then travel back 20 years, and forward again, in a repeating cycle, ensuring that, my dear, you won't witness any horrors.  
Yours, Alexander."

She sank back onto the desk, her mind in turmoil, the name "Alexander" resonating in her head. A mix of images overwhelmed her—world war, the town's devastating bombing, and Alexander's ascent up the clocktower.

For twenty years, it had been rewound from that pivotal moment each second. The townsfolk lived in blissful ignorance of world-changing events, their existence oscillating between past and present. The clocktower, the epitome of impartiality, remained untouched by the events in turmoil. Time had transformed into a mute observer of Alexander's audacious experiment, inevitably reshaping the town's destiny.

As she pondered this profound revelation, she questioned the meaning of it all. What role would she play in this endless cycle, and could she unearth a way to liberate herself and her town from the relentless grip of time's impartial march?



# How To Shoot a Polar Bear

Text: Lara Asmus IG: lara\_luciee  
Illustration: Lia Popaz

I was staring into the endless white that was stretching out ahead of me. I was wrapped in so many layers that I had lost count. The only thing I could see other than masses of ice and snow were the clouds of breath that were floating before my eyes. They felt weirdly detached from my person. I was moving my feet and heard the light, satisfying crunch of ice on ice. The eternal ice made me feel like I was part of the landscape, a being other than human. The day before the tip of my nose had been so frozen that I feared I had lost it. When I ran into the camp clamouring for help, my colleagues countered my alarm with empty stares. The people here were as cold as the landscape. The leader of the glacier excursion had reprimanded me harshly along the lines of amateur scientists thinking the Arctic is Disneyland. I thought that she did not like me very much. With my silent, almost subservient, behaviour I was very different

from the other expressive, cocky students who managed to secure a spot in the sought-after excursion. I did not think she thought me capable of having the inquisitive mind of a scientist. Maybe I was not a scientist; maybe my reasons for being here were more idealistic than cynical.

The absolute absence of sounds made me more aware of myself than I would have liked to be. The silence out here makes one easily forget the sounds of human voices. I had no idea how far the rest of the group had come. I had been left behind to watch out for potential danger, meaning wildlife. One of the others had pressed a gun for self-defence into my hesitating hands. Now, it was placed just far enough away that I could forget about its existence. I had kicked it from me with all the force I had. All my life I had been someone who was overly scared. I was scared of eating too much cake and getting a diabetic shock. I was

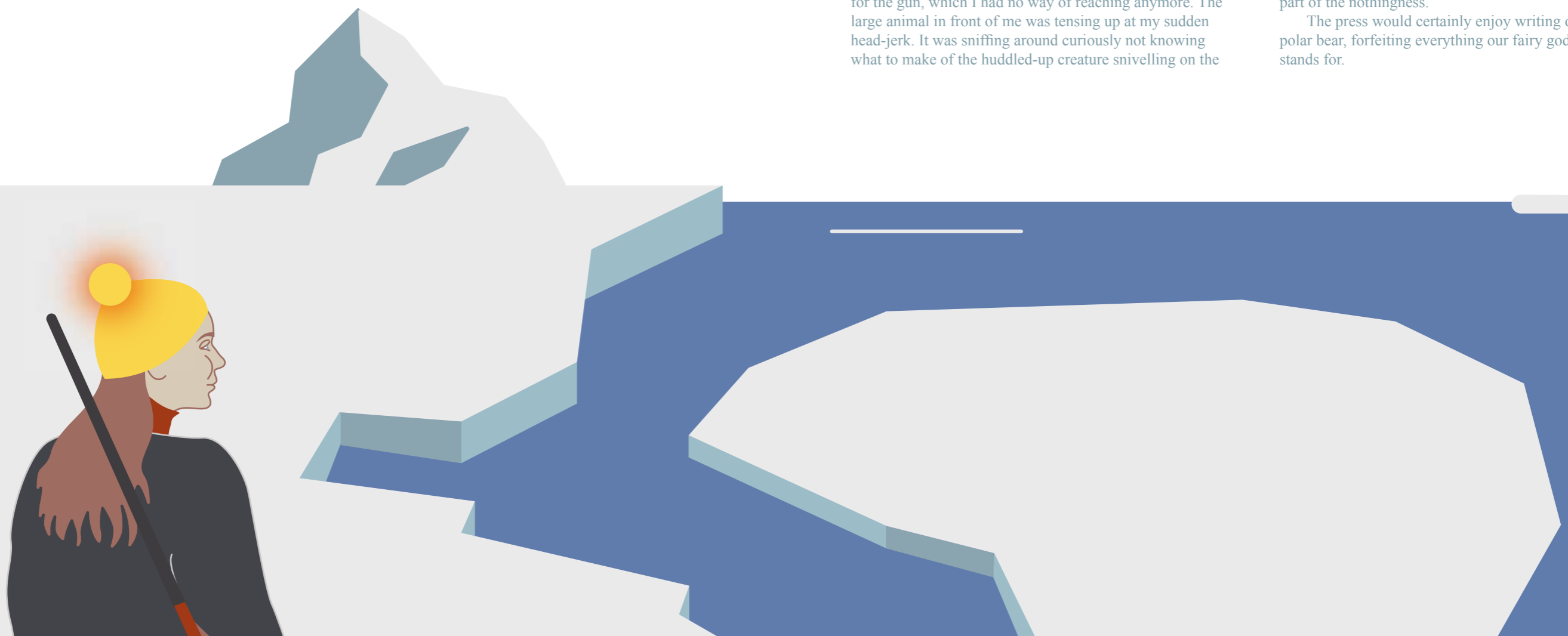
scared of slipping on an ice rink and breaking my neck. I was scared of accidentally getting stuck in a restaurant bathroom for eternity. My brother used to joke that I was scared of my own shadow. Being easily daunted made living hard, which was why I struggled to overcome my scaredness. This daunting excursion was part of it. That's it! I could no longer bear the godforsaken silence. I took my headphones out and let myself be comforted by the mellow noises of an Indie cover band.

After a few more hours, my wakefulness fully gave out. More than fearing my surroundings, which I had done continuously since I set foot in Svalbard, I was scared of the excursion leader finding me crouched down, my teeth shivering, the tip of my nose deeply frozen, and, worse, endangering everyone's life by not doing the one thing I was told to do. Watch out for polar bears. I did not think I would be lucky enough to see one. I was condemned to live a life of mediocrity with nothing important ever happening to me. As I was indulging in self-pity, I suddenly heard a noise and my head jerked up. I was instinctively reaching for the gun, which I had no way of reaching anymore. The large animal in front of me was tensing up at my sudden head-jerk. It was sniffing around curiously not knowing what to make of the huddled-up creature snivelling on the

ground. The creature was not scared. It was fiercely putting its snout towards me. Standing completely still, its small black eyes seemed to be intensely focusing. I felt like I could see the future in their pitch-black darkness. The polar bear's eyes held the only colour in the drained landscape. I could feel my breathing intensifying; fear was inhibiting my body. My body was acting by instinct to secure survival, daring me not to make a move. Still transfixed on the polar bear's eyes, my mind was too slow to catch up with what was happening. The bear seemed to communicate with me. It was not threatening; all I could feel was its curiosity.

Suddenly, a gunshot disrupted the silence, and the bear launched forward, crashing into me with its full weight. I heard the ice crystals clanging below me, only that ice could not break that loudly and the noise did not explain the pain shooting through my entire body. As quick as the scrawny polar bear appeared, it was even faster disappearing. As I let my head sink into the white surface, I lost consciousness. The last I could see was a shadow growing smaller, merging into the landscape and becoming part of the nothingness.

The press would certainly enjoy writing of the big evil polar bear, forfeiting everything our fairy godmother Nature stands for.



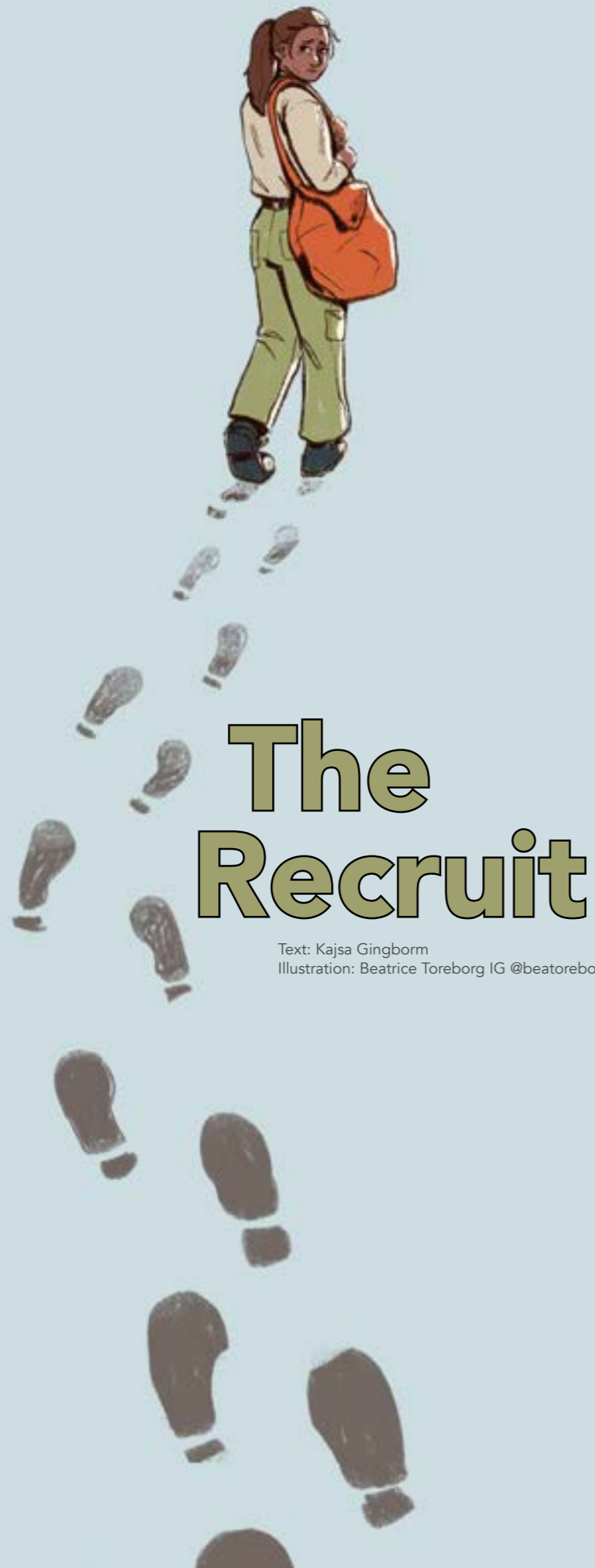


**||** *Polar Bears' New Source of Nutrition - Mutant Polar Bears Feed on Human Flesh*

**||** *Hapless Girl Fed on by Carnivorous Polar Monster*

**||** *David Against Goliath - The Girl Who Fought a Polar Bear With Her Bare Hands and Won*





# The Recruit

Text: Kajsa Gingborm  
Illustration: Beatrice Toreborg IG @beatoreborg

They were late as usual. She had to go through with this alone, just as she'd expected. She glanced at her wristwatch with a frown. Two more minutes, then she would go on without them. It was a gray day, the air heavy with the prospect of rain. But, still, she stood there in the cold, waiting with the needle-thin hope that Sam would show up at the last second. Two minutes passed and there was no time left; otherwise, she would be late as well, which always left her with a stomach-ache. Sam knew this was an important day, and them not being here made her fumble. With a breath that shook her chest like a baby's rattle toy, she took her things and started down the empty street. The bag of clothes was slamming against her leg when she walked, creating a rhythm of *step..thud..step..thud..step..thud*.

It felt eerie walking through the city, as its streets were never this empty. She looked around at the shops lining the streets. They had been abandoned. The doors stood wide open; she imagined the stoves were still warm and that the registers were left with all their cash still inside. She took a deep breath, which made her feel cold, and then let out all her warmth in a white puff. She did not want to do this, but she had no choice. Her thoughts traveled to the thick black envelope that seared a hole in her bag and that compelled her with machine written words to do her duty for her home and country. A country that had left her to fend for herself when she was too young to even tie her shoelaces. She rounded a corner and continued on to Main Street.

In the distance, she could see the silhouette of a person walking in the same direction as her. As she gained some ground with her steady pace, she noticed that the stranger wore similar clothes. Government-issued. She imagined this person was also feeling like they were being dragged by an invisible rope closer and closer to the pitch-black void. Or maybe they walked with a spring in their step, proud to serve their country. She was begging all the gods to help her out of this. She thought of her friend Sam who never showed up and imagined that they were probably running far, far away from this. A traitor to their home! How she longed to be running, too! *Step..thud..step..thud..step..thud.....* Her feet refused to move. She could do it. No one was close enough, no one could see her. She could leave her bag on the street and run as far as her legs could carry her. She could be anywhere but here. The uniformed stranger ahead of her wouldn't turn to see, she still had a chance to get out. And no one would ever be the wiser. But, no, they would find her, hunt her down like an animal,

and drag her back to the front lines. *Step..thud..step..thud..step..thud*. She continued down the cold and empty street. Flyers littered the pavement, full of propaganda: Fight For Glory, Be A Hero, We Can Do It, We Want You! A bit cliché, but compelling. They made it seem like it was a question of choice. In actual fact, it was through a sense of obligation and fear that the government forced new recruits to fall in line with the constant threat of persecution. She arrived at the station, which was crowded with families and new recruits saying goodbye. She walked through the throngs of people silently with her head held down. With no one to see her off, she was on her own. Trying not to look too closely at the emotional farewells of families being ripped apart as she squeezed through, ducking under arms and sidestepping tearful hugs. She felt like an intruder, wishing her friend was here, so she could at least have someone with her. Finally, she reached the officers and handed them the black envelope; she was then escorted onto the train. Once she took her seat, she looked out the window and thought that it was too late to run now. The procession would take her to a secret location where new recruits were trained and prepared to die for their country. The soldier who followed her onto the train seemed to be there to make her comfortable and show her the ropes, but, in reality, he was tasked with making sure she stayed on board. Cadet Michelson was telling her all about her new life and all the fun new skills she would acquire. But all she could hear was the crying mothers outside telling their children to come back safe. All she could focus on was the fact that no one would wish for her to return safely. Not even Sam would say farewell.

While in her seat, her mind began to race, images of what her future might hold flooding it. Destruction and lost lives, new friends who met their end, all while she watched. She couldn't do this; it was too much! She flexed her legs in order to stand just as the train began to move. Slumped down in defeat, she watched as her city began to move outside. The city where she grew up, the dirty streets and the soot-covered walls, the vendors who shouted in the streets. It was the place where she was abandoned and found, a place she hated and loved at the same time. It all began to disappear before her eyes. She promised herself that she would see it again, no matter how long it took for this war to drag on. She would return to her home one way or another. Her eyes didn't leave her city, until it was just a speck on the horizon, etching the image into her memory, and then finally disappeared from view.

# IS AI DOOMED TO BIGOTRY?

Text: Kim Svedberg IG: trollbunden  
Illustration: AI generated art via Hotpot.ai

**The question of morality and ethics has always been intertwined with technological development.** A good case in point are science fiction works as they are usually filled with highly intelligent robotic beings that perform dubiously moral actions. These books and movies usually depict AI as sentient life forms that have learned the ways of evil. In our current world, we do not possess such advanced artificial intelligence, but the question of AI bias is still relevant due to its developers. Can humans truly code something completely neutral, or is it bound to be marked by its creator's ideals and views?

**What is meant by biased AI?** Complex algorithms do not grow on trees. They are carefully produced systems that “make decisions based on training data, which can include biased human decisions or reflect historical or social inequities, even if sensitive variables such as gender, race, or sexual orientation are removed” (Manyika et al., 2022). Biases can come in many different shapes and forms, but they can be particularly harmful to discriminated groups. In 2016, Amazon had to shut down its recruiting AI tool; it was actively rejecting women for software engineering and other IT-related jobs because of their gender. This was due to it having been trained to choose top applicants based on people already hired by the company over a 10-year period, most of whom were men (Dastin, 2018). Other similar instances include AIs performing racial profiling (Larson et al., 2016), underestimating black patients' needs in healthcare (Obermeyer et al., 2019), and spewing racist ideologies on Twitter (Victor, 2016).

**So is AI always biased?** As previously established, the reason for biases in AI is not because they've grown sentient and now exhibit bad behavior, but rather because their behavior is a direct reflection of the data being fed into them by their human creators. Despite being a pattern of mathematical calculations, machine learning is still dictated by what humans “consider suitable, (...) which information is relevant, and (...) the outcomes they consider best—ethically, legally, and, of course, financially” (Fitter & Hunt). Everything from the original designers of the model to the collectors of the data pool will have an effect on how the final program learns and adapts. It is, therefore, not the

machine itself that is to blame (for it has no opinions of its own), but the responsibility of creating good models lies in the hands of data scientists. “The key question to ask is, *Is my model biased?*, because the answer will always be yes” (McKenna, 2019).

**A better question is, “Can it reduce human bias?”** Misunderstandings as well as expectations of fault-free algorithmic predictions could be harmful, as they “can result in unnecessary AI fear in society, exacerbate the enduring inequities and disparities in access to and sharing the benefits of AI applications, and waste social capital invested in AI research” (Zhai & Krajcik, 2023). There is research that suggests that machine learning can be used to minimize discrimination. Fitter and Hunt (n.d.) create an example of how a business can create a model that analyzes gender-biased language and adjusts it to encourage a more diverse pool of applicants (Fitter & Hunt, n.d.). It can also be argued that since AI itself isn't biased, it can expose already-existing biases that were previously implicit. To further exemplify how recruitment bias could be solved with AI, there are already existing tools such as Knockri, Ceridian, and Gapjumpers that “remove or ignore characteristics that identify gender, national origin, skin color, and age, so that hiring managers can focus purely on candidates' qualifications and experience” (Gow, 2022). It would, therefore, not be wise to completely discourage research in this field because computers' blindness to human differences can be utilized with the correct datasets and models.

**In conclusion, the moral dilemma of technology is as muddy as one might imagine.** What really constitutes AI neutrality is hard to know. While an algorithm does not perceive the world, it is still shaped by it. It is consequently very important to consider the type of data that was used to create an AI tool, as an answer may appear to be factual without actually being factual. Just because a computer doesn't inherently have opinions, it will never be completely neutral because its creators are humans who can never be completely impartial. Think about that next time you ask ChatGPT or any other AI about your homework. *Who are you really asking?*



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# Let them be: A short essay about emotional neutrality

Text & Illustration: Marysia Smorczevska  
@marysia\_smorczevska

Probably, I wouldn't be writing this piece if it was not for my own experience. Sometime in March 2022 I found myself in a very poor emotional state. The feeling of sadness was so strong that it dominated everything. It was waking me up, accompanying me while I was falling asleep, giving me no break no matter where I went and what I did.

But the worst part of it was that I was living the life for which I had worked, cried, and begged for the last two years of high school. All my relatives and friends knew how much I wanted it. Telling them I was unhappy seemed like disregarding all of the hard work they put in to bring me to where I was. And admitting it to myself seemed like a betrayal of my dreams. The happiest time of my life but no happiness. I felt like a bad person because I was sad at the wrong moment, so the vicious emotional cycle started: sadness, guilt, and more sadness.

This personal example, surprisingly, is not only there to create sensation. As it was hard for me at the time, I would like to use it to analyse why it can be hard for people to remain neutral in the face of their own emotions. Additionally, I would like to explain why, despite being challenging, the strategy of emotional neutrality can be beneficial. In hindsight, I know that this is what would have helped me to move on at the time. That is why I have decided to share my insight with the help of friends and other students who agreed to talk to me about this topic. Through those conversations, I identified different facades of neutrality, and I would like to put them in the context of emotions. Perhaps someone will recognize themselves in one of them.

## Indifference

Indifference is the word that I heard a lot while talking to my friends about neutrality. It mostly appeared in the context of choosing to either remain neutral or politically engaged. Not reacting to the wrong that is happening around us could be considered as disadvantageous or, at very best, a morally grey form of neutrality. Nevertheless, what I also noticed is that this approach seems to be translated into the attitude towards our own emotions. In our modern-day society, emotions are not free from being put into certain frames.

There seems to be an appropriate time to be happy, sad, angry, lonely, or even jealous. Certain rules of social etiquette which dictate when and what to feel. Obeying those grants us a place in the category of good people, ones that are happy for their friends, don't get jealous of their partners, and never doubt their moral values. We tend, as we do on the outside, to police the emotions which are out of place and uncomfortable. We consider it shameful not to react to a display of bad behaviour and similarly we often deem it unacceptable to have negative feelings about people we love. The question is if those instances are truly comparable. Emotions on their own do not cause harm and our expression of them doesn't have to either. We are not bad people if what we feel in the moment doesn't align with our values, social norms, or even our general attitude towards someone. The control we have over our emotions is limited, and as we cannot really choose what to feel, maybe we shouldn't be punished for it.

## Acceptance

As indifference doesn't have good connotations, acceptance for sure does. But how does acceptance play out in terms of emotions? From my personal life I know that accepting the fact that I regretted certain decisions was a crucial turning point for me. The months of crying in the bathroom after a day of convincing myself that I am happy finally stopped when I started voicing the fact that I am, well... quite sad. It did not make the situation better, but it gave me the opportunity to finally think about why I was like this. There are so many factors that can exacerbate an emotion, and if it becomes unbearable, it is time to react. Covering it up because it doesn't match the situation will only postpone this process.

And even if the emotion is not chronic, it can still signal something about us. Maybe we are not happy for our partner who's landed a better job, because we have some insecurities regarding our own employment? Maybe we are angry (even when we can't be angry) because we are just stuck in a situation we shouldn't be? Or maybe we do not feel satisfaction with our successful project because all the exhaustion from completing it hasn't worn off yet? Either way, we will not know "why" if we choose denial over acceptance. One of the things I learned from studying psychology was that many emotional states have quite "trivial" roots. Tiredness, stress, hunger can all be triggers. And, as we know, those are beyond our control. If we saw someone shivering, we would also not expect them to change their mind because the weather seems warm, as we do not question others' physiological sensations. And knowing that people can react very differently to the

same temperature maybe could help us to be more open and accepting when people feel differently about similar situations.

## Freedom

As bitter as it was, allowing myself to be disappointed with my life unlocked much-needed space in my head. It gave me space to look at my life critically and break down this sensation of disappointment. When I accepted my emotions as they were, I was finally able to see small things which were adding up and gradually making me less and less content. It was difficult to face, but I got to the point where I was no longer able to tolerate it. I couldn't stop feeling like this, even when I was trying to lie to myself. A point of no return.

During the conversations I was having, I was told something important about neutrality: the less control you have, the more neutral you should be. Difficult emotions can also be compared to pain. Pain is neither good nor bad; it's just there, and perhaps it can be dealt with somehow. It can tell us that something is wrong so that we can help ourselves. Emotions are needed: they are here to help us recognize our needs and our fears, sometimes through sadness or jealousy and at other times through anger. And despite how overwhelming they can become, at the end of the day, they also give us joy, pride, satisfaction, and love. They are not our enemies: they are just there. And it is not to say that emotions cannot lead to actions. However, I would argue that the first step towards dealing with an emotion is to feel it.





# Does neutrality even exist?

Text: Stephanie Seng  
Illustration: Lia Popaz

Neutrality is its own science.  
“The study of neutrality [is] a concept in international relations, sociology, international law, diplomacy, political science, security, and history.” \*

\*(Oxford Encyclopaedia)

It is a frame of reference, a guideline set by human kind. Psychologists, politicians, researchers and more strive to be neutral, are defined by the rules of neutrality. But what does neutrality even entail? Isn't neutrality the absence of influence? The antagonist of partiality?

We are born into a world in which our environment has already been defined. Born into a world in which our environment has already been defined by gender, skin color, family background, and political structure. These and other factors influence our upbringing, our perception, or perspective. Even if born into a void, where there is neither sound nor light, we would adapt to the nothingness, which would constitute our source of reference and inform our understanding.

A camera captures a scene, but does so in the eye of the beholder.

A judge follows a set of rules, but passes judgment with their nature.

A doctor makes a decision and saves a life, but loses another.

Nonetheless, neutrality seems to be the desired state of mind. A sublime trait. Sophisticated.

So what would happen if neutrality or at least impartiality actually existed? Is it truly a flawless quality? An aspirational attribute? Or might it prove to be dangerous in its different forms and contexts?

What we do know, however, is that neutrality is but a concept of the human mind.



# OPEN A WINDOW FOR THE DEAD

Text: Amy Brennan  
Visual: Finnick Wächtler

I work hard to be easy, I am quick to please, so happy to be anyone else. But being silent does not come naturally to me: a Cheshire Cat smile makes my cheeks ache far quicker than it does to most. Walking the pier, I see those vicious waves crashing against daggered rocks, the force, the aggression, the startling pull of them, and it's there I feel at home. More frighteningly, that does not scare me. I take silent joy from my storm-cloud eyes, of how my voice sounds like those waves beating the rocks. I quietly relish in my ferocity. Yet I cannot summon that intensity, for anyone else. Perhaps there is a balance between sharp and soft? But I am so heavy, to be light I must gut myself like a freshly caught trout. Rip out my guts and feed it to the eels. What's inside isn't wanted, anyway.

Monday after class, hunched over scheduling a doctor's appointment, I knew there was nothing wrong with me physically, yet as I listed my symptoms that were caused by something that medicine could not fix, I watched the doctor's concern grow, her steady eyes glancing down to a screen, ordering blood test after blood test. Two days later Dr Perez called to confirm nothing was wrong, it was all fine. I would have preferred a diagnosis of doom, of worrying results that could, nevertheless, be fixed with the right course of treatment. However, the road towards treatment is a far more obscure one. One where I take the long route home, allowing myself an extra ten minutes of cycling to let my lungs burn a bit more, to let my mind wander to old moments that I have painted over in pink. There is a saying: hurt people hurt people. But I think there is another creature in that species. One who has lost the stomach for revenge, who is simply too beaten down from its pain to even want to raise a sword against another. On days where I have nothing to do but reflect, I am annoyed at my inability for anger. I think it would be easier to wage war on those who brought their blades to my neck. But instead, I lock myself behind a door, letting them keep their weapons and only asking that the mess from brutal betrayals is washed away after.

As a teenager I fought until my voice cracked, a steadily pointed finger in the face of injustice. I spent years erasing that young girl, swallowing any sound above a whisper and transforming shouts of displeasure into downward glances. I was so proud of this. Proud I purged that emotional girl and all of her convictions. I became a mirror instead of a mural. But now I wonder, did I distance myself from her? or in desperation killed her to flee? It takes bravery to be honest with yourself. To allow your mind to wander along its darkened corridors. I am not a brave person. Where some have built passageways, I have built walls. Where some have found comfort in honesty and openness, I have found nothing more than a sympathetic look, a loss of words to a story barely divulged. With each passing day I grow frustrated with my neutrality, my fear of cementing myself. The qualities that I craved, a diplomatic disposition I held so highly, have taken its toll on me. But I can still feel her sometimes, I swear it. When I killed that formidable girl, I opened no window to release her soul. She whispers around me now, her spirit pricking like pins on my nerves. So in a desperate hope for salvation, I wonder if she will come. With each passing day, I hear the selkie scream from the waves, and I am stuck wondering if, like my ancient sister, I am trapped, too? So when I begin to stand too close to jagged cliffs, when my eyes begin to rumble like the most vicious storms, when the angered hoards once again lay claim to my land, I pray it will be her ravenous spirit that saves me. Like the shock of cold waves, can I ask that she wakes me from the chains of my daze?





## THE SON-FATHER

Text: A.Elmi  
Illustration: Hanna Wallström IG: lowallstrom

Father was tracking his eyes over the empty wall, face creased in thought. As Diric drew closer, Father dropped into a squat and planted a splayed hand on the wall, swept it across the surface in a wide arc, and paused. To anyone else, he must've looked like a sprightly old man looking for an outlet for all his energy, a new project. But to Diric, who knew better, there was no telling what was going on. Moments passed before Father unfroze and spared Diric an affectionate glance. He rose with a soft groan and brushed his right hand down the front of the shawl draped about his body, leaving a broken trail of dust on the coarse fabric. After a mildly annoyed grimace, Father twisted round to point his chin at the yellow piece of paper on the low table behind them.

Diric's eyes wandered over the neat script on the paper. 'Wall cabinets and a TV bench,' he read aloud, then lifted his eyes at the sound of Father's whispery footfalls.

He was entering the adjoining bedroom, his shawl coming off and swirling into a pile on the floor.

'So much work but so little time,' Father said from the bedroom. 'When do you reckon it can be ready by?'

Diric's gaze flitted between the note in his left hand and the empty wall, his mind juggling numbers with the skill of an armless juggler. 'When will the furniture arrive?' he finally asked.

'Seven days after the homing pigeon's arrived at the store.'

'What?' he asked.

The wait for a clarification stretched into a silence. Diric squinted into the dark bedroom and seconds later saw Father striding out wearing a grey three-piece suit. He was playing his fingers over his limp curls and darting his eyes about, searching. Diric knew what he was looking for, what he was preparing to do, and a chill descended over him at the realisation he was being abandoned to the task at hand.

'Your comb's right there,' he said with a gesture at Father's breast pocket.

He gave a twitch and jerked his head down. 'Right! What would I do without you?' Father drew out the small comb and raked it through his curls until they fused together, swelling into a little, black cloud.

'You're off to makhaayada, the men's club, then,' Diric stated.

Father tucked away the comb, smoothed down his

clothes, then marched out of the front room. 'Order everything on the note, dear,' he shouted before closing the front door.

Diric's eyes alighted on the note again: a comfy sofa, a stylish table, lush curtains and matching pillows, fluffy rugs, plenty of soft and colourful things. . . Father was known to be as unreadable as a sheet of paper teeming with overlaid letters and symbols, his behaviour and words as mind-bending as history's toughest riddles. Yet, for once, Diric found it no more difficult to understand what Father intended than if he'd actually been told it in clear, simple language, since all these items meant but one thing. Diric had always compared Father's life to a river's, always flowing, never stopping, only pausing when winter froze it. He'd turn 67 in two days and was too old to live another year like a nomad, migrating to the next campsite when the warm spring winds announced it was time to pack up and move. True to this lifestyle, Father had never owned more than he could fit into a rubbish bag. But now. . . Soft and colourful things. Diric chuckled to himself. He replaced the note on the table with reverence and looked around with a gleam in his eyes. He would turn this place into a home.

Diric spent two weeks dressing the skeleton that was Father's flat with very soft and very colourful flesh, turning an interior that drew visible wince from every visitor into an inviting retreat. He was researching the best method for maintaining the sofa fabric when Father appeared at his side to peer at the computer screen.

Father gave an appreciative grunt before saying, 'Translate those instructions, son. She doesn't speak English.'

Diric twisted around in his chair and fixed him with a puzzled look. 'She?'

'Yes. The woman. . .' he trailed off, fumbling for words and flicking a hand, vaguely indicating the whole flat.

Diric surged to feet and faced Father fully. 'Aabbo, Father, you've applied for home care?'

'Not exactly,' he said with a nervous laugh and retreated a couple of steps. 'You can call her a maid, except she's not a maid per se.'

For the past twenty years, Father had trusted Diric to keep his life tidy. The work this required left Diric frazzled most evenings. Nonetheless, he never complained, remained neutral towards Father even in his private

thoughts, though Mother took it on herself to complain for him. Father had a way with people, she'd shout as he lay in bed tired, turning them into donkeys who pull wagon after wagon for him without questioning the burden, not until years go by and the sweat drives them mad. The problem was his character, a perfect blend of authority, good manners, and incomprehensibility, which made it hard not to agree unthinkingly. He saw some truth to this description, save that he didn't see himself as yoked to Father. What he wished was not to be released, as there was nothing to be released from, but for Father to show interest in him beyond what he could do for him. And now, with a maid of sorts on the way to take over Diric's old duties, Father was indicating that he was ready to value him as his son.

He'd devoted so many years to ensuring Father's comfort that it was something of a novelty to think of his own needs. How would he use his extra hours?

Mother was happy to find him staring at the floor with a blank expression and withdrawn eyes. She was glad to see him idle for once and told him people longed to do absolutely nothing in their spare time.

'So, people stare at floors, then?' he asked her seriously. 'This is an activity?'

'They usually look at things that remind them they're alive,' she replied, amused. 'Look out the window, son. I've heard a shaman say empty floors steal your thoughts if you look at them for too long.'

A week later, Diric sat in Father's kitchen, thinking of things to add to his growing list of feel-alive activities when Father resolved from the shadows of the adjoining room, sliding into the kitchen as though he were on a skateboard. He never walked fast, unless he had someplace to go. You warm up at home, he would say flying about the room wildly, get your limbs all limbered up and ready. But he did not say it today. Diric followed his movements with distrust, sensing a strange energy coming off him.

Father halted and whirled around, his face beaming. 'Guess what?'

'What?' he said slowly.

'Your sister's coming.'

Diric's shock subsided swiftly at the recollection that Father's marriage to One-Eyed Xalan was his eleventh marriage, if Mother's reckoning could be trusted. She, like himself, was terrible with numbers. They were certain, however, of eight marriages before Xalan, the photographic evidence stowed away in a crumpled leather bag somewhere in Mother's closet. He'd entertained the suspicion of a sister or brother somewhere so frequently that over the years suspicion had turned into conviction.

'How old is she?' Diric asked.

'No age just yet. It's like she's in space, a timeless zone, and yet she's here, on earth. But I suppose in Korea or China, she'd be almost one soon,' he murmured.

He jolted as if punched and bolted to his feet, yelling, 'You're having a child! Aabbo! At this age?'

'Calm down, child. It's perfectly normal,' he purred, lips curving into a soothing smile.

'Who's going to take care of her? You? One-Eyed Xalan?'

'Xalan?' Father shook the confusion from his face and said, 'Ah! No, no! Kia. The woman. . .' he broke off, his

brown gaze locking on Diric's meaningfully.

Eyes widening, Diric asked, 'The maid?'

Father shrugged. 'Actually, she's my wife. She lives here, but she hasn't been here yet. Make her feel welcome, her and the child. Son,' he said with an edge to his voice, 'don't abandon your only sibling, and don't abandon your only father. You must help us.'

Three years is a long time, long enough for some to overcome several crises, but Diric spent that time digesting the fact Kia was three years his senior and trying to find the right tone and expression to tell people she really wasn't his sister but, in fact, Father's wife, and that the girl-infant was, indeed, his little sister. Having neglected himself in the sweep of events, it took him some time to notice he'd turned into a third parent of sorts, a son-father for the needy infant and the now-70-year-old Father, who fell, fell, fell, fracturing a bone so often Diric had developed PTSD, his mind crowding with horrific images whenever his mobile blared and the screen brightened with the title 'Aabbo'.

He made no headway thinking what to do to rectify a situation that could only be described as chaotic. He may have been an expert at sweeping away the clutter in Father's life and maintaining a semblance of neatness, but it dawned on him, the work was endless. Feeling trapped, Diric grew restless with the urge to leave and disappear forever. Walking away from Father's building after an hour of parenting, he wondered if he'd ever return.



# PLAYLIST

Illustration: Beatrice Toreborg IG @beatoreborg

# Kårens sidor

## The Union's pages

Presidiumkrönika | Presidium Chronicle

**To be neutral, one must be self-aware, open-minded, and willing to consider many points of view without taking a side. Being impartial does not imply passivity or indifference; rather, it implies actively participating in careful analysis without taking sides.**

However, the issue is how to maintain objectivity when you are a representative of one of the sides. Neutrality is actually challenging. Working as a team player or team leader while being impartial is doable and highly advised. It requires following out your obligations as a leader and employee while treating everyone you interact with inside the organization with the utmost respect.

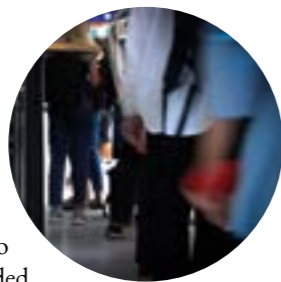
Being impartial in a dispute entails making an effort to draw attention to shared values and objectives as well as the advantages of finding a solution. All of this should be done while using polite and neutral language, avoiding blame and labels, and concentrating on finding solutions rather than identifying the guilty party. However, being neutral as a spokesman of one side results in other forms of neutrality.

Personally I can say that neutrality and objectivity is something I like to strive for in my private life. Neutrality is something that I think implies tolerance regardless of the personal disagreement and different perspective.

As a president of the student union Malmö and representative of all students at MAU I have to say that as much as I would like to be neutral it is quite difficult in the position when representing the student side. I would more than gladly like to be neutral but that is something that is not really possible in my role as student union president. It is my responsibility to defend, speak out for, and represent students and their interests at all times!

### Presidents thoughts

The President of the Student Union Malmö would like to wish welcome to all the students of Malmö university! Both newly enrolled and old ones! I am very glad to have the opportunity to represent you all and see so many of you on campus. It is always a pleasure to see the hallways of the University crowded and filled with students after a long summer break. It feels like everything is coming to life again after a few months of break. This also applies to union facilities that are once again filled with



chatter and laughter of the students dropping by to Kølsvinet in the mornings or in between their lectures for complimentary coffee, study or unwind. We are also very glad to see so many students during weekly soup lunch on Wednesdays as well as student breakfast once per month. I can easily say that the finest part of the workday, both for me and my team, is definitely when we get to talk and connect with the students on a regular basis. We are incredibly excited and happy to interact with all of you and thrilled whenever we get the opportunity to do so.



Though we know that a lot of students are back, there are still others who are unable to come to Malmö due to the difficulties of finding adequate housing matching their economy. The Union takes this problem very seriously and is making significant efforts to address it. As a president I plan to attend a variety of gatherings and activities related to this subject. Just like last year, this year too, Malmö is marked in red by the Sveriges Förenade Studentkårer (SFS). SFS Bostad Report from last and this year demonstrates how challenging it is to obtain an apartment. Both reports highlight concerns and challenges associated with looking and finding an apartment in Malmö. We'll keep you updated, but please know that we're committed to addressing this issue and making sure the students' opinions are heard.

While excited to be back on campus, the Student Union is aware of the challenges students are now facing with their study environment in Gäddan. Although you may already know this, I just want to remind you that Malmö University is leaving Gäddan 8 in June 2024. Even though a big part of the building is under construction and partially being rebuilt for a new municipal high school, MAU are still using some premises in Gäddan for lectures. We are well aware of the issues regarding the difficulties for the students still having lectures there. The lack of space for sitting and space for eating is a big issue and trying to find a solution and communicate this to the university is our assignment. We highly recommend that the lectures held there are as short as possible so that students have the opportunity and enough time to go to Orkanen and Niagara to have their meals before the upcoming lecture.

We are trying to communicate this to the university and together find a solution for the problem. Our greatest desire is that Malmö University will provide each student with a positive learning environment and a high standard of education. Although we know that your learning environment in Gäddan is far from ideal, we hope that you will still be able to get a quality education. Currently our best recommendation to you is that directly after your lecture is finished go to Niagara, Orkanen, or Union house so that you can find a suitable place to study as well as warm up your food. In the meantime, feel free to contact us if you have any questions and remarks.

Now returning to the good news! We are happy to inform you that we will be soon leaving our current office at Orkanen on the 4th floor and moving to the much bigger office space in the library on the 5th floor. This will give us a tremendous

opportunity to be more visible at Orkanen and receive more students in our office. We are so glad that you will be able to come to us more often and engage in our activities and events we are planning. Some of them are hopefully in arrangement with the library. So keep an eye on our channels regarding this because they are coming soon.

Another good news is that we have successfully finished two weeks long Insparken. We merely want to express our gratitude to everyone who made it possible for all the new students to have a fantastic time! Having a possibility to wear overall together with other students dressed the same will continue even throughout the year. So the fun isn't over yet! You will have plenty of opportunities to wear your overalls at the student pub and during other faculty cup events. The patches you can gather by going to the associations' events or the union reception. Don't miss out to join your program sections and be a part of your team and your own department.



Our Music Pub events last term were quite a success, with many students enjoying the different musical styles and having a good time with their friends. We at the Union are aiming for something similar, and we're trying to bring in many great bands for Malmö University students to enjoy and discover. Keep an eye out for our updates regarding this and see you at the first Music Pub-night this semester on November 24th.

*Bijana Drfjaca*



**Ordförande Studentkåren Malmö**  
President of the Student Union Malmö

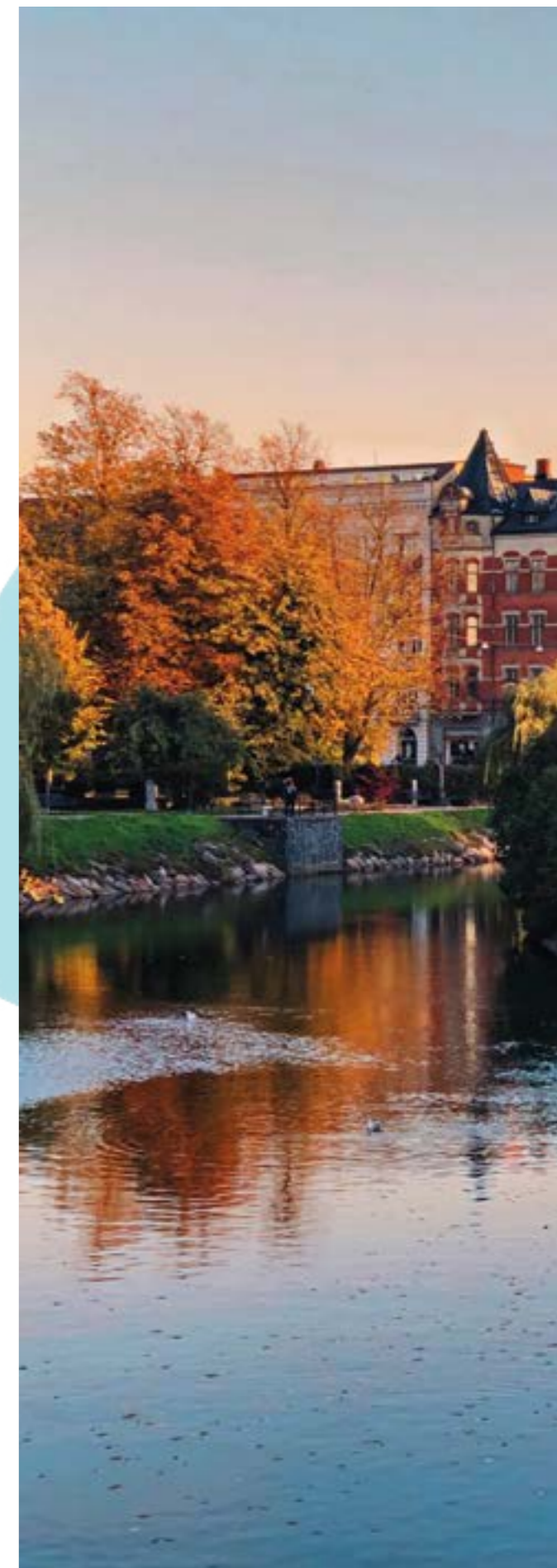


FOTO: Daria Volkova

## Bli delaktig i Kårens föreningar, sektioner och studentgrupper

Vid sidan av plugget behöver man hitta på något kul! Inom Studentkåren Malmö finns ett brett utbud av föreningar och studentgrupper som är öppna för alla medlemmar

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

## Get involved in Student Union associations, sections and student groups

Along with school stuff, you also need social activities. The Student Union Malmö offers a wide range of associations and student groups that are open for all members of the Student Union

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



En av alla våra härliga studentföreningar.

## Engagera dig i Studentkåren

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

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

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

Läs mer på [malmostudenter.se](http://malmostudenter.se) eller kontakta oss på Kåren om hur du kan engagera dig.

## Get involved in the Student Union

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

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

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

Read more at [malmostudenter.se](http://malmostudenter.se) or contact us at the Union about how you can get involved.



FOTO: Håkan Röjder



## Vad händer på Kåren? / What's going on at the Union?



15 SEK

### Sopplunch - varje onsdag

För dig som är medlem i Studentkåren Malmö serverar vi vegetarisk eller vegansk soppa i Kølsvinet mellan 12- 13. Inklusive bröd och kaffe.

### Soup lunch - every Wednesday

For you who are a member in the Student Union Malmö, we serve a vegetarian or vegan soup in Kølsvinet between 12- 13. Including bread and coffee.



20 SEK

### Välkommen till Kårens studentfrukost

En tisdag i månaden får du som medlem i Studentkåren Malmö en utsökt frukostbuffé mellan 09- 11. Tänk dig framdukat bröd med pålägg, yoghurt, müsli, ägg och nygräddat kaffe eller te. Och du. Här finns också nygräddade våfflor med smarriga tillbehör.

### Welcome to the Union's student breakfast

One Tuesday a month, you as a member in the Student Union Malmö, get a delicious breakfast buffee between 09- 11. Here you will find bread with toppings, yoghurt, muesli, eggs and freshly brewed coffee or tea. And hey. You will also freshly made waffles with delicious toppings.

Datum för studentfrukost:  
17 oktober och 21 november



Gör din röst hörd!

### Kaffe med Kåren

Varje månad kommer vi ut till din fakultet. Här får du träffa ditt studentombud och våra föreningar och sektioner. Vi har alltid ett tema som vi fokuserar på, där du kan berätta för oss vad du tycker behöver förbättras på universitetet. Självklart bjuder vi på kaffe och något gott!

### Coffee with the Union

Every month we come to your faculty. Here you can meet your student ombud and our associations and sections. We always have a topic that we focus on where you can tell us what you think needs to be improved at the university. We always offers coffee and something tasty!

FOTO: Malin Palm

Datum för Kaffe med Kåren:

10 oktober, Niagara, 10- 14	14 november, HS, 10- 14
11 oktober, Orkanen, 10- 14	15 november, Orkanen, 10- 14
12 oktober, HS, 10- 14	16 november, Niagara, 10- 14

Glögg med Kåren:

13 december, alla fakulteter, 10:00

## Musikpuben

### Upplev lokal livemusik!

I höst 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!

## The Music Pub

### Experience local live music!

This autumn, together with Festmesteriet, we will have an awesome pub night. 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!

24 NOV

FRITT INTRÄDE OCH ÖPPET FÖR ALLA!  
FREE ENTRANCE AND OPEN FOR EVERYBODY!



24 november  
19:00- 01:00

Studentpuben



## Studentråd

### Varje termin bjuder Studentkåren Malmö in till Studentråd.

Det är en mötesplats där studenter, klassrepresentanter och kursrepresentanter samlas för att interagera, föra diskussioner och uttrycka åsikter om kvalitén om universitetets utbildningar.

## Local Student Council

### Every semester, the Student Union Malmö invites to the Local Student Council.

It is a meeting point where students, class representatives and course representatives gathers to interact, conduct discussions and express opinions on the quality of the University's educations.



Vecka 42 & 48

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

#### Presidiet

Kårordförande/President  
**Bojana Drljaca**  
Tel: 076- 050 95 64  
E-post: ordforande@malmostudenter.se

Vice kårordförande/Vice-President  
Tel: 070- 757 72 62  
E-post: vice.ordforande@malmostudenter.se

#### Studentombud

Teknik och samhälle - TS  
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**Damilare Latinwo**  
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Lärande och samhälle - LS  
**Melker Högborg**  
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Hälsa och samhälle - HS  
**Ana Filipa**  
Tel: 070- 757 75 63  
E-post: ombudhs@malmostudenter.se

#### Reception

Kårhuset, Bassängkajen 8  
Telefon/Phone: 040 - 665 75 65  
Öppettider / Open:  
tis - tors kl. 10- 16, fre 10- 13  
Mail: receptionen@malmostudenter.se

#### FÖLJ OSS I SOCIALA MEDIER:

@studentkaren\_malmo

/studentkaren\_malmo

Studentkåren Malmö

Studentkåren Malmö

Canvas - gå till/go to:  
mau.instructure.com/enroll/9MABRG

malmostudenter.se

# CROSSWORD ANSWERS

## Neutrality in Academic Writing

### ACROSS

4. Passive
7. Pronouns
9. Balanced
10. Rhetorical
11. Emotive
12. It

### DOWN

1. Sources
2. Bias
3. Facts
5. Informal
6. Subjective
8. Judgement

**The editors would like to express our deep-felt gratitude to each talented writer and visual artist who has contributed to this issue.**



**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**

