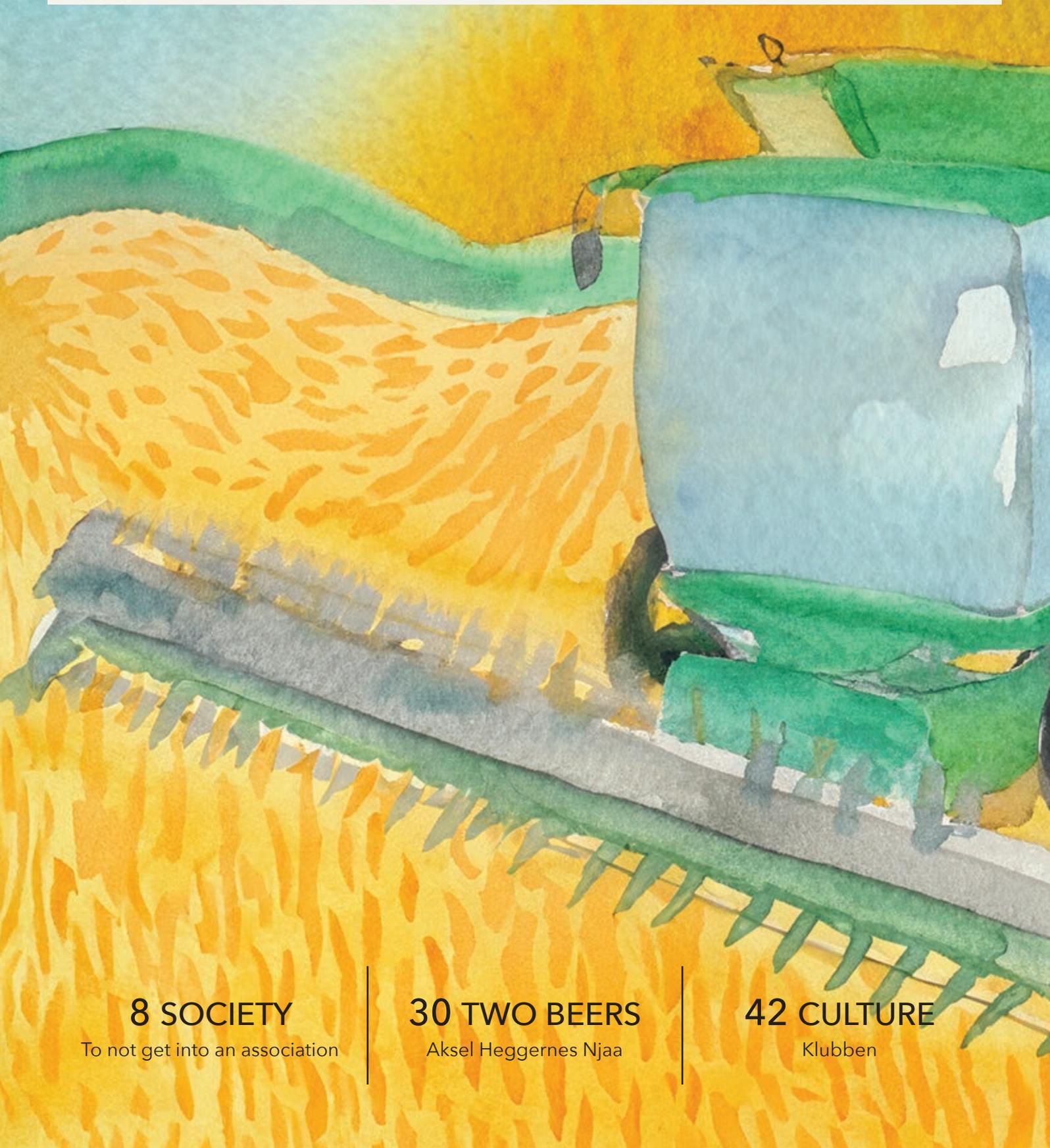


TUNTREET

Part of Studentsamfunnet i Ås

NO. 08 \ 19.10 2023

Tuntreet Volume 78



8 SOCIETY

To not get into an association

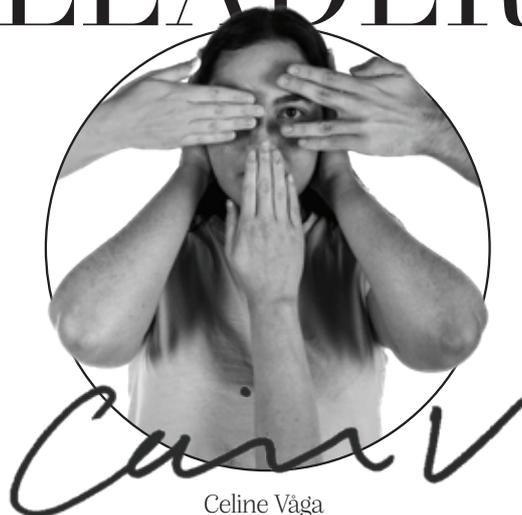
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Aksel Heggernes Njaa

42 CULTURE

Klubben

LEADER



Celine Våga
Editor-In-Chief
tuntreet@samfunnetiaas.no

Did you hear that there is war in our world?

Did you know that there is war out in the world, and that both civilians and soldiers are dying as you are reading this? You might remember that the war broke out between Russia and Ukraine a while ago. And then, maybe you forgot about it? Well, at least I did. It has been over a year since the whole world's media announced that there now is war in Europe, and I (and maybe others) have not felt the consequences of it since.

It is an awful realization, but an honest one: to most Norwegians, violence and the horrors of the world are something distant. Yes, we are constantly reminded and shaking our fists at the foolishness of war and conflict. But then, life continues as it always has. Writing assignments, planning dinners, and visiting family for Christmas. Life continues as before, and war in the world is not a part of our lives.

What is it that makes us neither hear nor care about such misery in the world? I do not know about you, but the headlines about school shootings in the US do not even make me flinch. We are bombarded with news about war, violence and crime from every direction, and then continue to scroll through cat videos the next second.

Maybe we have just become too numb, or just lock ourselves into a safe bubble to not have to think about these tragedies. Ignorance is bliss, right?

Don't get me wrong, there are probably plenty here who feel the world's wars and misery, both up close and daily. Many probably have friends and family who are affected by that or maybe are affected directly themselves. But most likely, war and uncertainty regarding your own future was not the first thing on your mind when you woke up today. And that is not wrong either, is it? We live in a county where, luckily, there are no conflicts or wars, and where our problems are on the scale of winter tires and electricity prices. Simply luxury problems.

I know that I am not the only one to forget about the war and trouble in this world. But I also suspect that this "ignorance" and forgetfulness also is self-inflicted. We choose not to get engaged in these issues because we don't dare to disturb our everyday life, or because we don't see a point in doing so. After all, what difference does it make if we actually listen to the screams and watch the horrible videos; probably the same as if we had forgotten all about it. I really hope someone can prove me wrong about this.

TUNTREET

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WHAT THE F*CK ARE YOU DOING ON THE STAGE?

The stage is set, the actors are nervous and the band is ready. It's time for an Association Revue. The room is, hopefully, filled and the atmosphere is great. Most of the people here are ready to enjoy tonight's show, but a group of people in the room are readying for something else entirely.

Most associations exert significant resources and a lot of time to present a revue for their fellow students. It involves writing, coordinating, inventing, solving, and organizing an entire ecosystem of creative antics and sketches. The performance on stage may vary, but we cannot undervalue the fact that those on stage have truly shown some courage. They have performed, and some may be fully outside their comfort-zone's thick and safe walls. And those who have organized the revue deserve genuine praise. Imagine managing and tending to a group of left-footed baboons for a week (or more). And let's not forget the band that has been in the scorching spotlight all evening. It is only fitting that when the curtain falls, tonight's entertainment should be applauded, and praise should be given.

But here is where the ship hits the iceberg, and the whole shebang sinks. In that golden moment when honors and praises are to be bestowed with applause and snaps, the stage is hijacked. Whether they were invited or not, I have no idea. What I do know is that this group hasn't sweated in front of the stage lights, or sung sour notes,

or choreographed the clumsy waltz, or played the drums until their ears bled—at least not during tonight's show. But there they are on stage as the curtain falls and applause rains down. The point of such a coup is not easy to discern. Is it meant as a 'Look at us! Don't forget that we exist too!' or simply that they saw it as absolutely necessary to steal the spotlight from the inept actors, singers, and drummers?

I sincerely hope that this takeover is planned and clarified with the association hosting the revue, and that there is indeed a purpose in seizing the stage. That's the only explanation that isn't completely ridiculous. Because what the fuck else are you up there for? Perhaps it can be called 'tradition' in certain circles. But maybe it's time to retire this kind of tradition, much like whaling and pancakes with tomato soup.

My applause goes to the guitarist who played incredibly well tonight. Or to the actor I saw becoming so good once he got into the groove. It's not for you, who pulled yourself up on stage at the last moment just because you saw the opportunity. Hijacking the stage as the band is being thanked for tonight's effort is extremely unnecessary and incredibly destructive for those who actually put in an effort tonight. The applause is not for you, so get back to your seat in the audience where you belong.



Celine Våga
Writer



Ida Haraldstad
Translator



— Student Parliament 5 —



Tobias Waage Bremnes
Journalist

The student parliament gathered for the fifth time on the 9th of October to discuss and address issues affecting students' daily lives. Among the engaging topics were Vollskogen, the Health Station and the hiring of a fourth AU-member.

The Student Democracy has a Long-Term Strategy with goals for what the Student Parliament and the Student Board (AU) should work towards in the coming years. This includes proposals to mention artificial intelligence, building maintenance, and the hiring of a fourth AU member.

The last proposal, in particular, sparked much debate. The reason for proposing to hire a fourth member is that the AU feels they are stretched thin due to a lack of capacity. However, this raises the question of where to find the funds for this. After all, the Student Parliament is over 50,000 NOK in deficit due to the salaries of the AU.



Olina Søyland Bru
Illustrator

The reason for the deficit is that their salaries are linked to the basic amount in the National Insurance Scheme (G). This is not a fixed sum and increases each year. One suggested solution is to increase the tuition fee at NMBU, which is currently the third-lowest in Norway. NMBU has also indicated that they will cover the AU's salary.

The Student Parliament also discussed the Action Plan for Student Democracy for 2024. The plan lays the foundation for the Student Parliament's work in the coming year and is actively used by the AU. Nearly all faculties mentioned in the plan that they want student democracy to work with Ås municipality to prevent Vollskogen from being cut down and to improve the Health Station. Other points included the desire for recorded lectures and lower cafeteria prices.



Ida Haraldstad
Translator

The Environmental Policy Document was also discussed by the Student Parliament, highlighting transportation, buildings, and the management of NMBU's properties as important areas. Wishes included a direct bus to Vinterbro, more train departures, better connections to Fredrikstad and the rest of Østfold, and limited building height on Campus Øst.

Last but not least, a new set of instructions for the Buddy Week General (the Buddy Week program leader) was adopted, where, for example, the Buddy Week Secretary got a name change to Buddy Week Brigadier, and the establishment of two Buddy Week Brigadiers instead of one.

Overall, it was a good meeting. There was no cake at this meeting as LANDSAM had forgotten that it was their turn. This was brought up several times in the meeting evaluation.

Interview with Oline Sæther

NEW LEADER OF NSO

She is 27 years old from Skiptvet in Østfold, has watched *Frozen* 17 times, and represents 260,000 Norwegian students in her interactions with the country's top politicians. Tuntreet meets the new leader of the Norwegian Student Organization (NSO), Oline Sæther.

Tobias Waage Bremnes
Journalist



Vegard Sjaastad Hansen
Translator



Photo: NSO, Skjalg Bøhmer Vold

The Norwegian Student Organization works to safeguard the interests of students and advocate for their causes in national politics. They do this by participating in debates, writing opinion pieces, and meeting with politicians to influence them. Some of the issues they work on include increasing student grants and constructing more student housing. NSO also serves as a meeting place to build networks and exchange experiences. For example, the Student Parliaments at NMBU and NTNU can meet and share information about the important issues at their respective universities.

Before the summer, a completely new executive committee was elected in NSO, and Oline Sæther was chosen as the new leader. She is joined in the committee by International Affairs Officer Jens Bartnes, who many may know as the previous year's student board leader at NMBU.

Tuntreet meets Oline Sæther in Østbanehallen, near Oslo Central Station, in the late afternoon. When we meet her, she is enjoying a fresh pastry from Kanelnsurren café. Around us, many people are chatting and savouring freshly brewed coffee and pastries.

The new NSO leader mentions that she has completed 3.5 years of her medical studies but is currently on her fourth year of leave. She shares that from a young age, she knew she wanted to work in healthcare: "It all started when I spent twelve days in the hospital at the age of 5, on the verge of death from a snakebite. I found the nurses very kind, and I wanted to become a nurse after that," Sæther says, continuing: "In middle school and high school, I liked science subjects a lot and considered becoming an engineer, but I felt there wasn't enough focus on humanity. So, I settled on medicine as a mix of everything."

In her first year of studies, Sæther began to get involved in student politics. She was in the cafeteria when the Student Committee was looking for a new leader, and she was



Photo: NSO, Skjalg Bøhmer Vold

curious about what the committee did and how it operated. Not long after, she decided to run as a representative. After all, she had opinions about the quality of education and how it could be improved.

In the following years, her involvement grew, and she has recently been a part of the Student Parliament at the University of Oslo, first as the Study and Learning Environment Officer and then as the leader of the Student Parliament. Now, she's ready to give her all as the leader of the Norwegian Student Organization.

Sæther mentions that her key issues are student participation and improving the financial situation of students. She wants students to be more involved in developing the curriculum.

"I believe that when we participate in discussions on how things should be resolved, that's when the best solutions that work for both teachers and students are crafted," she passionately says.

She also emphasizes the importance of improving students' financial situation. An NSO survey reveals that students go NOK 6,407 into debt every month if they solely rely on student financial support.

"Students are working more and spending less time on their studies. This means that the low level of financial support affects students' ability to prioritize their studies."

She also mentions the SHoT survey, which assesses students' health and well-being. This year's survey, for the first time, looked at mental disorders among students, and the report reveals that one in three students may have a mental disorder.

"This confirms a trend we've seen over many years. Students are struggling more and more with mental health. It's the students who report financial difficulties and poor finances who also report having poor mental health," Sæther explains, continuing: "We need to ensure a secure environment for student life. This means having financial support that allows you to prioritize self-care, studies, and not worry about going into debt this month."

To address this issue, Sæther believes that the student grants should be increased and a good learning environment should be established as a preventive measure. She also thinks that there should be a welfare system in place as a safety net for those in distress.

She emphasizes that she believes the state should provide sufficient funding to student welfare organizations to offer good welfare services to students. She also thinks that municipalities can contribute to ensuring good healthcare services, such as low-threshold services like health centers.

The new NSO leader concludes the interview by saying that she enjoys her job. She believes that the best parts of her job are the variety it offers and the opportunity to meet politicians who are interested in listening to what students have to say. Nevertheless, she admits that it's a demanding job.

"There's a lot to do, and I don't have much free time. I work well over 100%, and I'm fine with that. So, I'll give it my all this year and hope that the effort I put in leads to a better situation for Norwegian students," Sæther concludes with a twinkle in her eye.

Tuntreet wishes Sæther good luck in her role as the new leader of the Norwegian Student Organization and has confidence that she will do an excellent job representing us students.



TO NOT GET INTO AN ASSOCIATION



Marie Tjelta
Journalist

Anna Bjørke
Illustrator



Sofie Palmstrøm
Translator

In Ås, the student association life is flourishing like never before. There is something for everyone, from those who dance to those who sing, from those who drink to those who knit, and even those who love to dress up as pirates. A truly unique world of opportunities, but is it really open to everyone?

“ They will look at you thoroughly to see if you’re good enough for them. ”

Behind the lively association facade, there is a backside that is not always visible. The traditional and well-established associations keep a close watch on their ranks, and they themselves decide who gets to join the fun and who must remain on the outside. With a growing student population, the chance of becoming a part of these exclusive circles has become increasingly slim.

Even though the majority of those who apply to these associations get rejections, it remains a highly stigmatized topic. We now want to give a voice to those who have received the bitter rejection and did not get into the association of their dreams, and explore how this affects student life in Ås.

Those Who Were Rejected

We got in touch with three different students who have experienced rejections from associations. Two of them wish to remain anonymous, while Synne Louise Stromme has chosen to provide her full name. We’ll refer to the anonymous ones as “Nora” and “Emma.” Synne and Nora were interviewed together, while Emma answered the questions in writing.

Why did you want to join an association?

“For the social aspect, simply put,” says Synne. “To expand the social circle, for the security of being part of a group and experiencing new things.” Emma enjoys singing and, therefore, applied to one of Ås’ choirs as it offered a nice combination of

being social and meeting people with the same interest. “The opportunity to be a bit peculiar with a group of people,” Nora laughs. She describes club life as a bubble within the social environment in Ås. A bubble within a bubble.

How did it feel to be rejected, and how did it affect you mentally and socially?

Synne says she applied to the same club twice. The first time, she didn’t take it too hard not getting in because she was new and just threw herself into it. Besides, she had other responsibilities and engagements. However, the second time was much harder than she had expected. “Now, I’ve completed several volunteer positions and was looking forward to joining a social club where the focus was mainly that, but then you get a rejection, and you’re left thinking that “now I don’t belong to a group anymore””. It’s not as easy to dive into all the weird stuff happening here in Ås when you don’t have a group to hang out with.”

Nora and Emma also share that receiving the rejection itself is very painful. Emma had already envisioned her life in that association, so getting rejected felt like a blow in the face. “You spend the whole day waiting and waiting, and when it finally arrives, you’ve built up thoughts in your head, so it can be very heavy when you finally get the rejection,” Nora adds. Moreover, it becomes difficult and embarrassing to meet the club members again when they know

you didn’t make it. “How open can you be with them about how disappointing it was, in a way?”

Synne also mentions that it can be especially hurtful because you’ve given so much of yourself. In the initial interviews for many social associations, they set the bar pretty high. “You’ve opened up and exposed yourself, and then you get the rejection on top of it, and it becomes a bit extra difficult... you’ve been vulnerable in front of some people, but it ultimately didn’t matter,” Nora adds. “You can feel from some associations how strict this admission process is. They will look at you thoroughly to see if you’re good enough for them”. Synne concludes, saying that even though it’s supposed to be fun to apply, it can be quite taxing on a person.

Emma says she had a good time studying with many close friendships in Ås despite not being part of an association. However, she feels like she’s missed out on a small part of the student experience at Ås. “Are you in any associations?” It almost feels a bit embarrassing to say I’m not, even though I have friends and I’m active in other aspects of student life.”

*Do you still want to apply to an association?
Has the rejection affected your motivation?*

Nora says that in the first few days after the rejection, she was very down, but eventually, motivation and enthusiasm returned. “Fuck no, I’ll try again, I’ll make it, I know what I need to work on.” However, after a few weeks back in normal life, Nora wonders if this is what she truly wants. Instead of focusing on what’s wrong with her for not getting in, she’s taken a step back and asked herself if it’s the right thing for her.

For Emma, the answer is no. “In the years after I was rejected, I didn’t have much desire to apply again. I had the mindset that if they don’t want me, I don’t want them.”

Synne says she feels torn about applying again. “I’m a bit hesitant about trying again, but I also know that there are other associations that might suit me.” Nevertheless, life goes on, and it’s difficult to control what will happen during the semester while waiting to apply again. Suddenly, you end up with new responsibilities because you needed something to fill your time, or it’s time to write a bachelor’s or master’s thesis.

Nora further notes that the long gap between admissions held each semester is very demotivating. Over the course of half a year, you see the club having a lot of fun, and you can’t help but feel like an outsider. “I catch myself thinking: oh, now they’re doing that, I could have been there and

been a part of it, but instead, I’m on the other side... it pushes me in the opposite direction... I just want these feelings to stop.” Moreover, the fear of facing another rejection can also hinder the motivation to apply again. If you put in even more effort the next time, it becomes even heavier to face rejection.

Do you have any advice for other students in the same situation who have been rejected?

Both Synne and Nora say that talking to friends helps. “Just be straightforward and say it sucks.” Speaking about your feelings and getting positive feedback from friends can greatly help with self-esteem and mental health. “It’s important to use the support network around you,” Nora continues.

Synne points out that it’s important to distance yourself from the situation and look at it logically. “It’s hard to remember, but associations have limited space. One has to keep in mind that they can’t accept everyone who applies every time; otherwise, it wouldn’t be an association anymore.” Nora adds that there are often practical reasons for not getting accepted, such as not needing more people of a certain gender or not having a need for what you can contribute.

Emma emphasizes that being part of an association is not mandatory for a meaningful student life. “You can volunteer in the community, attend events with a study association, or maybe join a sports

team. And if you really want to join, there’s no shame in applying again, even though I didn’t dare to.”

Is there something the student community should change?

Synne points out that associations should consider how they promote their admissions. Many associations go all out during the recruitment period, trying to get everyone to apply. They can make you feel special, and that the association wants you. She emphasizes that this can lead to not having a realistic view of the admissions process and can result in even greater disappointment if you receive a rejection. “It’s a huge blow when you don’t get in, especially when you’ve been encouraged by everyone in the association to apply.” Nora adds that associations could consider giving hints about how many members they need and what kind of people they’re looking for.

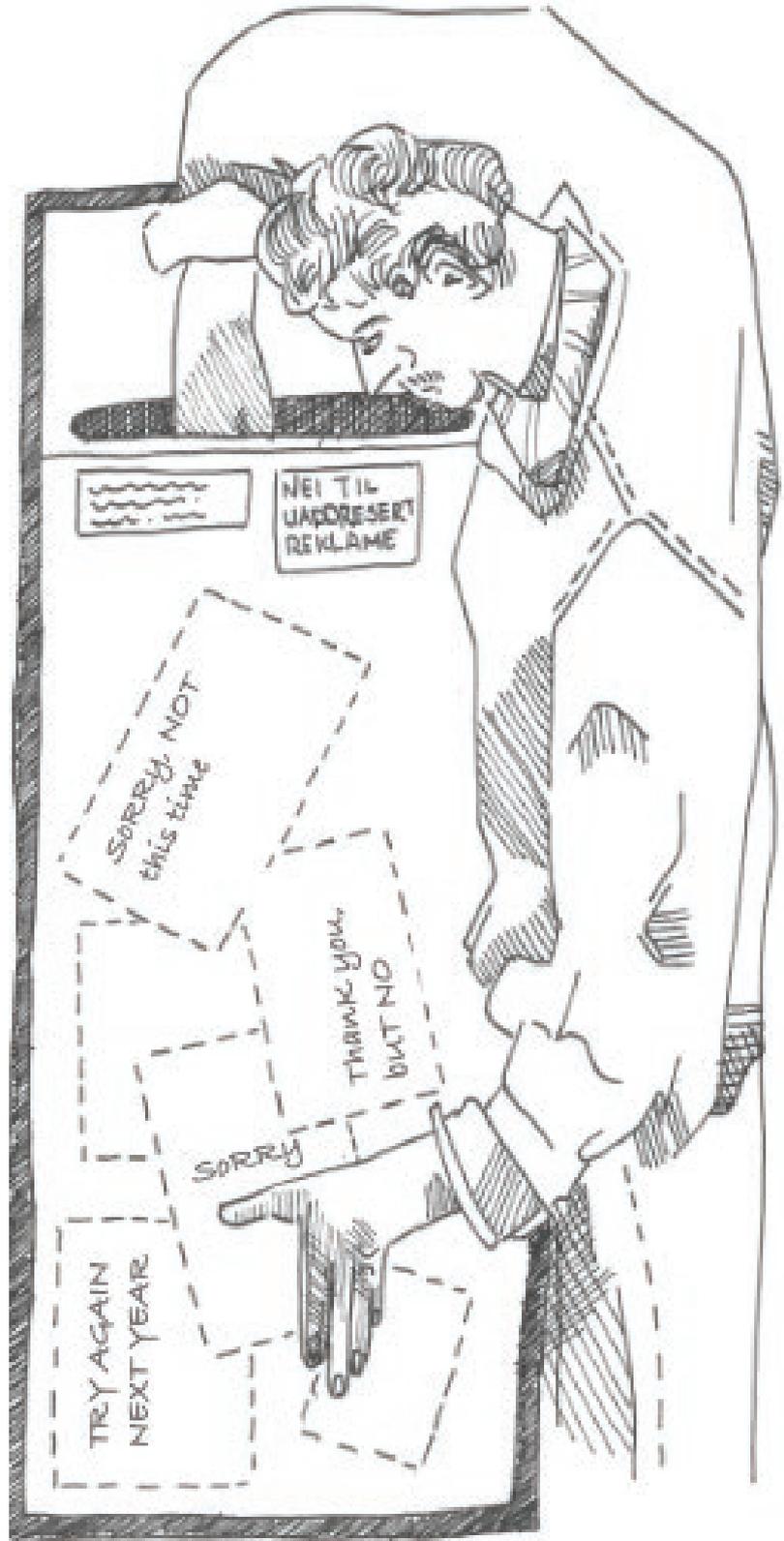
The student community should also promote the idea that it’s okay to start your own initiatives. “If you feel like you don’t have a place where you belong, start something yourself!” encourages Synne. Associations should primarily be places where you can find like-minded individuals. Moreover, it should be easier to join activities without being part of an association, adds Emma. “There are many events mainly for associations; maybe it should be made more accessible and acceptable to sign up as a group of friends.

“ Last year, 72% of those who applied were accepted, but this year, there were many applicants, so we could only accept 37% of them. ”

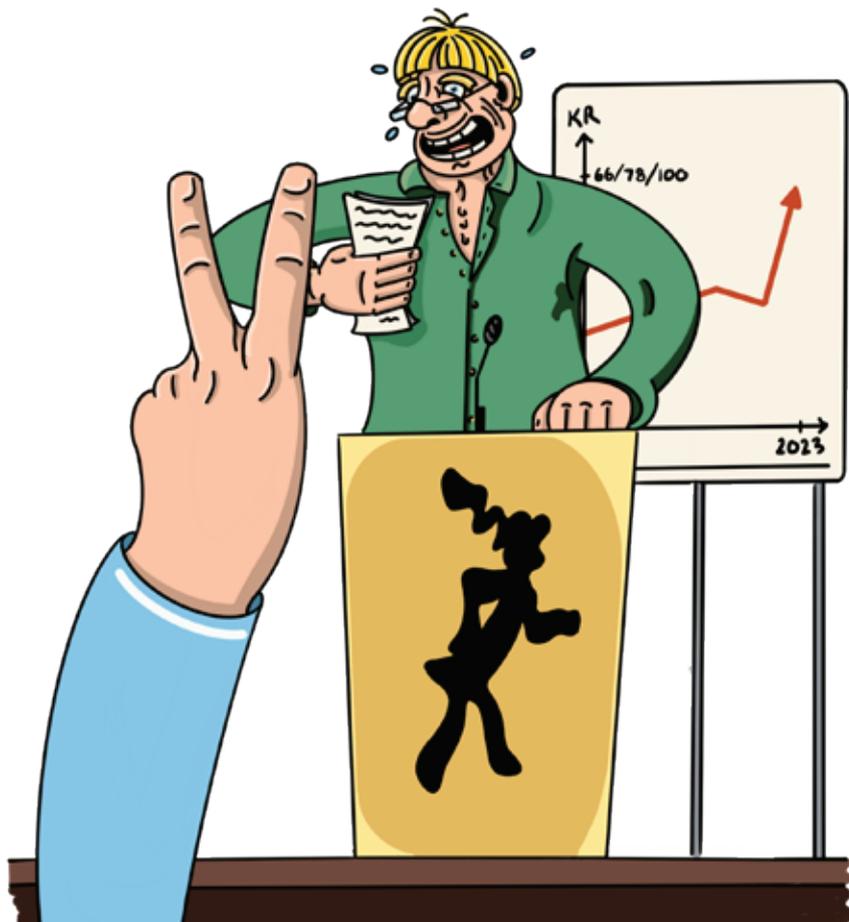
SiÅs Student Life Center has also noticed how clubs affect students' daily lives and health. Student Life Coordinator Marit Raaf has actively worked to promote more "open associations." She explains, "I think many students carry experiences from the past of not being good enough, not being popular enough, not being part of the right group, or not being on the coolest "russebus". She goes on to explain that moving away from home offers the opportunity to start anew. Both new friends and activities are on the horizon. Therefore, experiencing another rejection, even if there's no other explanation than not fitting in with the others, can be very challenging.

Both Raaf and Onsaker mention that there are many so-called "open associations" on campus without admission tests that are eager to have more members. They believe these associations are important and should be promoted. In collaboration with AU and Samfunnet, the Student Life Center launched the "Open Association" project during the spring. From the autumn semester, the open associations have their own stamp in Thorvald and Tora, and Samfunnet's website provides an overview of all open clubs.

It's easy to forget those who fall into the shadow of the vibrant association life in Ås. Far from few receive rejections; in fact, most applicants are turned down. Nonetheless, it feels lonely and heavy. Should this be changed, or is it simply a result of having associations in Ås? Regardless of whether you stand on the outside or inside the association threshold, perhaps it's time to start talking about it.



GENERAL ASSEMBLY



Tobias Waage Bremnes
Journalist



Andreas Kinnari
Illustrator



Rebekka Berg
Translator

What is the General Assembly?
The General Assembly (GA) is the highest body at Studentsamfunnet i Ås. Here you will be informed about how Studentsamfunnet operates, and you will be able to influence it. You can also take up issues you are passionate about and run for various positions. This autumn, a new long-term strategy towards 2023 will also be adopted, so here you have great opportunities to influence the direction of the entire Studentsamfunnet i Ås. This year's general assembly is on Monday 6th November, and is open to everyone. Nevertheless, only the members of Studentamfunnet have the right to vote in elections

How do I raise a case?

Is there something you are passionate about that you would like Studentsamfunnet to mention? Or perhaps you have an idea for how the Studentsamfunnet should

be run? You can then submit a case for consideration at the General Assembly. The deadline for submitting another case is Monday 16th October, and is sent by e-mail to administrasjon@samfunnetiaas.no.

Matters that can be processed at GA are:

- Changing of bylaws
- Resolutions
- Other documents
- Other cases

How do I run for a position?

At the General Assembly you can run for a position and there are several positions up for election. Running for office is incredibly fun and educational, and you get many new experiences.

If you want to run, you send a candidate presentation in advance - both in Norwegian and in English. In the candidate presentation, you write a little about yourself

and why you are well suited for the position. Please attach a picture of yourself. The candidate presentation must be submitted before Monday 30th October, and sent by e-mail to: valgnemnda@samfunnetiaas.no. At the General Assembly itself, you get three minutes to introduce yourself. After the short appeal, there will be a round of questions from the audience. It may sound scary, but it is important to know that you do not have to know everything in advance, but that you learn a lot along the way. If you suddenly feel like running during GA, then just volunteer yourself or others!

IMPORTANT DATES:

- Monday 16th October: Deadline for submission of cases to GA, sent to administrasjon@samfunnetiaas.no
- Monday 23rd October: Publication of case papers
- Monday 30th October: Deadline for submission of candidacy, sent to valgnemnda@samfunnetiaas.no
- Friday 3rd November: Publication of the candidature booklet
- Monday 6th November: General Assembly

AUTUMN 2023 IS THE FOLLOWING OPTIONS:

The Board of Samfunnet:

- Head of Bodega (2 terms)
- Head of Marketing (2 terms)
- Head of Administration (2 terms)
- Concert manager (2 terms)

Tuntreet:

- Editor (2 terms)

Board of House and Finance:

- External representative (4 terms) - 2 pcs

The Business Committee at NMBU:

- Leader (2 terms)
- Administrative officer (1 term)
- Marketing manager (2 terms)
- Sponsorship manager (2 terms)

Election Committee:

- Representative (2 terms) - 2 pcs

**1 term is one semester, however, the length varies from position to position.*

ALUMNI: MARI S. AUSTIGARD

Education: Forestry, majoring in wood technology

Ferdig: 1998, PhD 2010

Jobb: Senior consultant at Mycoteam



Martin Hansebråten
Journalist



Tuva Hebnes
Photographer



Rebekka Berg
Translator

A smiling and eccentric lady walks in through the door of the Tuntreet office on a Saturday morning and introduces herself. It's Mari Austigard! In fact, the first female wood technologist who also has a background in Forest, Environment and Industry. She is actually going to a PB event, but has taken some time to talk to Tuntreet about life after her studies.

TT: *How was the path after university and how did you get your job?*

Austigard: Yes, for many the path is a bit here and there. I worked for a year for the Swedish Timber Industry Association, and then I worked for a while for the Norwegian Building Engineering Agency. Before I was back in the construction industry's national association, where I dealt mainly with HSE. I then started a PhD. During my PhD, I found out through people I know that Mycoteam existed and that there was a vacancy there. It is also partly because one of my supervisors had a connection to Mycoteam, and it fit the profile of my PhD very well.

TT: *What does a normal workday look like for you?*

Austigard: Mycoteam works with damage in buildings; primarily moisture-related things. My working day is very varied. It can be about me being out all day and doing an inspection of a building - that building can be anything from a stave church from the 12th century, to a completely new building in solid wood. Mostly it has something to do with woodwork. Since I am a wood technologist, I get a lot of them (the projects). Or it could be that I sit in the office and write reports and attend meetings. As you have been in a place [a job] for a while, you wear many different hats and suddenly find yourself in a lot of meetings.

TT: *What made you land your dream job?*

Austigard: It was partly coincidental. I knew someone who works there and was advised that if I want a part-time job in Mycoteam, now is the time to apply. There were many people on maternity leave at that time, there was suddenly a lot to do and a lack of people. Plus, my doctorate is a great fit. It concerned water absorption in wood, with and without surface treatment - considering the risk of rot. I basically had all the theory they needed. I really just needed to learn how to go out on inspections, and to use a knife to check if it's rotten or not. It was simply a combination of the right direction on education and networking.

TT: *What were your interests during your studies, and has it influenced your work now?*

Austigard: Yes, it has! When I studied, I probably had the most weighted numbers [credits] at Samfunnet, if I'm going to weight it as a subject. But there was little to do with serious matters, such as politics and the Board of Samfunnet. I was in the girls' choir IVAR and took part in the revue in 1994. As I was in IVAR for several years, it meant that I got many roles. I was a leader for a year, I was a conductor for a year and things like that. You gain experience in managing something and experience in organizing. Plus, my interest in singing only grew from being in a choir. It's not very relevant to the job like that, but it still gives me a lot

TT: *Has the study time contributed to anything else?*

Austigard: There is a surprising amount of what happens outside [the lecture hall] that you will find use for. You should learn and learn from other people. Dealing with other people is a surprisingly large part of working life. You must be able to adapt to different people and you don't learn that very well in a lecture hall. You can perhaps learn something about it in a colloquium group, but it is mostly about life outside.

TT: *What were your best memories during your studies?*

Austigard: In general, I remember that whole period as a good time. A time where I made friendships that I still have today and got a girlfriend that I have to this day. But as a single memory, I want to highlight the revue. Being part of the acting group in a revue is absolutely fantastic and immensely educational. I was lucky enough to live in a small house, down towards Korsegården, together with two other girls and just that setting, that house and those people are some of the most important things that remain as good times.

TT: *Do you have any future plans?*

Austigard: I probably envision myself being where I am, even knowing that my job is quite physical. I have to go out to the building a lot and to a large extent crawl in the attics and crawl down into the basements. It requires the body to be fit, but I feel very comfortable there. It is very open to new ideas and fields of interest, the reaction is not "no", we don't have the



opportunity to do that. Rather "Yes, but try". It gives great freedom. In addition to the fact that it is very interdisciplinary, and I learn from everyone I talk to at work. You develop your head all the time.

TT: *Do you have good advice for new students?*

Austigard: My main advice is to study something that you are interested in, and not something that you think will get you a good job. When you come out, the vast majority of people get a job that does not fit right into the framework of their education. Do something you think is fun. Don't be afraid to live. Feel free to take on a position, and if you get the opportunity to take on a bigger position - then do it. It provides tremendously good experience. And join a union, preferably as a student, but at least when you start working.



CAREER DAY

FALL 2023

Celine Våga
Journalist



Even Amandus Haslund
Photographer



Ida Haraldstad
Translator



All of Samfunnet's nooks and crannies are filled with stands, merch, and eager businesses. Career Day of fall 2023 is being held this day, and a staggering 81 businesses are invited. Everyone is hoping to grab some of NMBU's impressive students. Tuntreet is lurking in the halls before the opening and has chatted with some of the businesses - to answer the question: Why have businesses decided to attend the Career Day at what was previously known as a school for agriculture?

NMBU as a university for sustainability

The days of the agricultural college have passed, and NMBU now attracts businesses who desire expertise in sustainability, environment, and energy rather than agricultural technology and breeding. The reputation that NMBU holds in sustainability is one of the factors drawing businesses to Ås. Several companies are looking to expand their sustainability teams, while others have recently started initiatives in sustainability and want to expose their company to the right students.

NMBU students, locally, regionally and nationally

Among the many companies present today, the majority are relatively local businesses. The proximity to NMBU is definitely a key factor influencing which businesses participate at Career Day. NMBU students represent a good, local, and competent workforce, which is highly attractive to several nearby companies.

Other companies have travelled a greater distance to attend the Career Day. For businesses outside the Oslo region and across the mountains, there is a somewhat greater threshold to visit. These companies mention a preference for travelling to local universities like Bergen and Trondheim, as they feel a stronger connection there than in the Eastern part of the country. However, companies like "Haugesundregionen" highlight that, in response to the students' requests from the home area, they have made the journey to Ås. They see that students want a broader representation of companies from outside the Oslo region at career events. The companies express that by having a stand at Career Day, they aim to convey to students that there are attractive and exciting workplaces beyond Oslo.

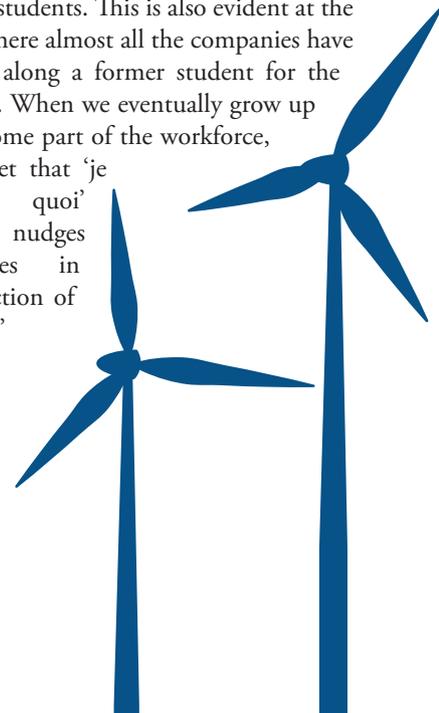
The difference between NMBU and NTNU

Multiple of the businesses we talk to highlight that there are differences between the students at NMBU and NTNU. The depth of knowledge is one of the things that are highlighted. The NMBU students show a greater depth in some fields like construction, infrastructure, and environment that students at NTNU do not have. It is the range of study programs and the academic depth at the universities that distinguishes the students from each other. Another aspect that is pointed out is the angle that the studies at the two universities have; NTNU has a technical angle, while NMBU has a practical one. What companies prefer varies, and both perspectives have their advantages and disadvantages.

That "je ne sais quoi"

A recurring theme in conversations with companies is the 'little extra' that NMBU students possess. All the companies we spoke with mentioned that they have heard a lot of positive things about students at Ås. NMBU students are engaged, competent, and of the 'highest caliber.' It's a reputation that attracts companies from the big cities down to Ås. Several companies mentioned that they were encouraged to participate in Career Day at NMBU by other companies that have had positive experiences from previous years. Such a reputation is invaluable and often elevates an applicant in the stack of many applications.

The last, and perhaps most crucial, factor that draws companies to NMBU is the employees who were former NMBU students. Some of the companies are almost biased when asked if they like Ås, as many have a significant portion of their workforce consisting of reliable former NMBU students. This is also evident at the stand, where almost all the companies have brought along a former student for the occasion. When we eventually grow up and become part of the workforce, we all get that 'je ne sais quoi' that nudges companies in the direction of NMBU."





CANCEL YOUR MEMBERSHIP AT SAMFUNNET, IT'S TIME TO STRIKE!

It is a fact that the good study environment at NMBU is due to student volunteering being such a central piece. Most of us are members of Samfunnet and get involved in everything from working in the bar to being a journalist or photographer. Nevertheless, I now want to call on each and every one of you to cancel your membership in protest.

... No, I don't actually think that we should cancel our membership at Samfunnet, but I am, on the other hand, angry at our politicians for how they treat volunteering. Despite the fact that last year was the year of volunteering, where society should thank those who work without pay to make the world a better place, there were few new proposals to promote volunteering. On the contrary, tasks continue to be assigned to volunteers. Volunteerism is often painted in a glossy picture, but behind the facade of happy children selling home-

made apple pie, a dark reality is hidden. Volunteering is no longer voluntary. What was previously intended as a good-hearted supplement to the public sector has now become a poorly compensated necessity for many processes in our society. More and more often, politicians are delegating tasks to volunteers, without rewarding or funding the work.

An example of this is species registration. It is the municipalities that are responsible for the management of the areas, and it is they who decide what is built and how it is to be built. There are often major conflicts of interest, and usually between growth and protection. There are several examples I can point out, but a burning issue from Ås is the demolition of Vollskogen in order to accommodate more family homes.

One of the prerequisites for being able to conserve in a good way is to have sufficient knowledge of the areas being managed. Nevertheless, there is far too little information about species and how they have developed over time. This is absolutely central information for the public administration, but unfortunately species registration takes place mainly on a voluntary basis.



Østfold Botanical Association is an example of volunteers who use their spare time to survey and collect important information. For over 19 years, they have mapped the flora in Østfold, one municipality at a time. They have now received a grant from Viken county council and an assignment to map the whole of Viken. The work they do is invaluable, and I wish such comprehensive species registrations were paid.

Another example where the public sector is completely dependent on volunteering is food service and entertainment in the healthcare sector. I know that many people happily serve food to the elderly and want no reward for it. Nevertheless, I believe that it is a big problem that food service often goes from something voluntary to a form of compulsion.

In the healthcare sector, you do not work with products, but with people, who are often in a very vulnerable situation. When you know that the elderly will have to go to bed hungry if you don't show up and serve food, it quickly means that you have to downgrade other important things in your life, in order to volunteer. If you are in a situation where your voluntary effort is what is decisive for the quality of an institution, it is no longer voluntary, but coercion.

I cheer for everyone who works voluntarily so that children, young people, and the elderly can have a better life. But it is time we recognize that our welfare state depends on voluntary efforts. We cannot accept it when volunteering has to fill a vacuum that the public sector cannot manage.

It is time for volunteers to speak up and for politicians to listen. It is time that those who take on social responsibility without payment are recognized and rewarded. It is time for politicians to stop ignoring this problem and start taking action. We cannot allow the Norwegian model with volunteers as a supplement to become an excuse for disclaiming responsibility. Volunteering must If we do not take action now, we risk ending up like the American

welfare state, where the efforts of volunteers in cultural life, schools and care for the elderly take over the responsibility of the public sector. Where volunteering is not a choice, but a necessity and a responsibility.

We are not going to opt out of society or stop volunteering, but there has to be an end to volunteering being tasked with responsibility that the welfare state should really be doing. The spirit of hard work and volunteers who stand up for their sports team are important, but one cannot expect our welfare state to be run on voluntary efforts. Then you've crossed a line.



Tobias Waage Bremnes
Journalist



Signe Aanes
Illustrator



Rebekka Berg
Translator



Internæasional æffairs: BLINDER'N



Martin Hansebråten
Foreign Correspondent



Tord Kristian F. Andersen
Field Photographer



Natalie Nazareno
Translator

Kristiania, a mysterious and ungodly place. The joyful green colour that encompasses the woods, fields, and parks of Ås is replaced with grey tarmac and paved streets and an unmistakable smell of particulates. In the middle of this jungle, we find Blinder'n. The school which certain people of Kristiania consider the best in the country, however, is this school really what it claims to be? This is what myself and my faithful colleague Tord™ would find out!

The trip started at Ås station. The train to the big city, or der Großstadt as the Germans call it, was three minutes and forty-three seconds delayed. Further, the train ride took another eighteen minutes and thirty-three seconds, until we arrived at Kristiania Central station. I do not know much about this place other than someone dying here in the nineties. More than that, I do not know, as I have never read the book.

The first challenge of the trip started here; the public transport system of Kristiania. For a farm boy who considers bus five-one-zero to Ski as a main travel route, the Großstadt network of buses, cabs and trams only seemed like an obstacle. My faithful companion Tord™ navigated the big city's not-so-narrow streets with virtue and care so that we reached our destination.

We arrived at Blinder'n. I thought that those who went to Blinder'n were blind, however, that was clearly a misunderstanding. Blinder'n was as grey as I remembered it. When I, myself, went to the prestigious school Dokka High School, I actually visited Blinder'n. I remember the experience as grey, but otherwise nice. I had now returned to this place.

The buildings were of the sixties institutional building-style. There were so many bricks and I would not be surprised to observe a marmot if we looked long enough. It's the squares and rectangles that govern this location. This gives a good structure of the area, even if it looks a bit like a movie

about Poland during the thirties. The lab facilities are supposed to be particularly good, however, we did not get to experience it ourselves, as we did not think about arranging entry to the labs in advance.

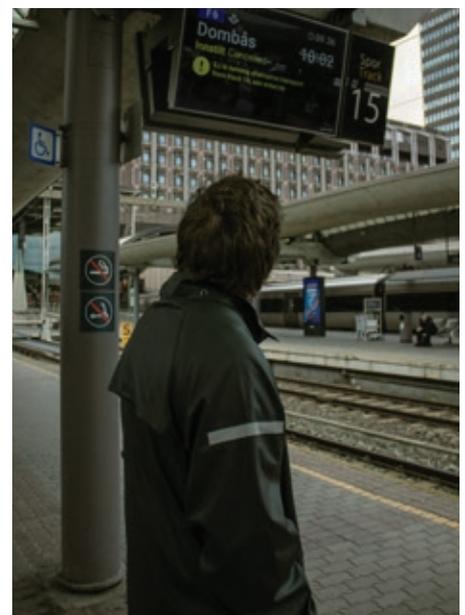
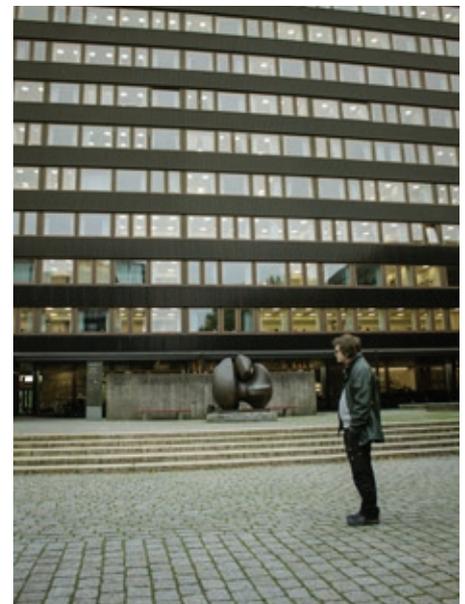
The people at Blinder'n seemed relatively harmless, but as an outsider one gets the impression that the majority of the students feel culturally superior. The student masses are very well dressed, and remind me a bit of the students at HH (School of Economics and Business) here in Ås. This is probably because the majority comes from a socioeconomic class where their mum and dad can afford to pay the rent. I do not know how they otherwise could afford living in Kristiania. That is also probably why everything is grey there, as they cannot afford colours.

But enough about capitalism, life inside the campus itself seems good. The asbestos is barely noticeable, an impressive feat for a building of its age! Nevertheless, it was somewhat sad for an environmental chemist, who has learnt that Kristiania is Norway's 'hotspot' for heavy metals, microplastics and various unknown toxins.

We also met the completely random Blinder'n student Benjamin Faulkner, who studies cultural history at UiO (the University of Oslo). When we ask how it is to study in this area, he answers "It is pretty okay here".

As part of the journey, we also visited our colleagues and occasionally sworn enemies Universitas (pronounced university-ass). Our counterparts here are paid employees, in comparison to us in Tuntreet who work for waffles and cheap beer. If they have the same level of alcohol consumption as their colleagues at Tuntreet was not brought up during the meeting. It was a lovely meeting - if it had taken place.

They never replied to our requests to visit. Neither were there anyone at the



office when we were there. With full time employment, one would think that people would be in the office between eight and four on a workday. That was certainly not the case here. To see if there was anyone home, we tried to call six different editors in total. None of them picked up the phone. Apparently, it does so happen that Universitas falls asleep.

The editors probably had more important things to work with, like writing a review of the new Chardonnay at the Vinmonopol (liquor store) or do an in-depth interview with the jazz-playing, folk musician Per Bertrand Smøttebraathen from Northern Sothern Eastern Hallingdal , and his new record “Rock min verd, du kjære springar” (translated as Rock my world, you dear dancer). This is time consuming and important work, which demands a lot from an editorial office, and it is understandable that electronic mail from the countryside is not their first priority. Tuntreet still wishes to give web editor Anders a shout-out, who we had the most pleasant phone conversation with. Anders, you are the real O.G!

This concluded our visit to Kristiania. On our way home to our dear Ås, I started pondering. I sat and thought about this experience, about the greyness, the asbestos, and the culture clash. Regardless, I still have great respect for this place. What an aura of professionalism, stability, and importance, something that is missing at smaller institutions. Yet, I do not think I could have chosen UiO and their paved squares over my dear NMBU.

For this fantastic piece of deep dive journalism, I expect that my Pulitzer award will arrive via mail. My address is Yourmamaroad 69, 1932 Aas.



JORDBRUKERLAGET: An Old and Discreet but Well-Established Association

Jordbrukerlaget, a name that frequently echoes through the halls of NMBU, often leaving students intrigued but somewhat in the dark. It's one of those enigmatic entities that seem to exist on the periphery of our university experience, never quite stepping into the spotlight or fading into oblivion. We recognize it as the farmer association, yet its activities and presence remain shrouded in mystery. This ambiguity has led many of our fellow students to perceive Jordbrukerlaget as an insular and somewhat exclusive club, primarily made for the children of farmers.

Tpo
Journalist



Ingunn Reimers
Photographer



Intriguingly, there's more to Jordbrukerlaget than meets the eye. Beneath the surface, it boasts a rich history, a profound mission, and an influential role within the NMBU community. Join us for a journey through the annals of this fascinating institution as we delve into its past, unravel its purpose, and uncover the pivotal role it plays in shaping the NMBU experience for students.

A Brief Summary

Established in 1914, Jordbrukerlaget, or “the farmers’ association,” proudly holds the distinction of being one of the oldest associations on campus. Its century-long mission is to serve as a source of information and knowledge in a warm and welcoming community for all those interested in agriculture. Despite some misconceptions that Jordbrukerlaget is exclusively tailored for individuals hailing from agricultural backgrounds, it matters not whether your academic pursuit is rooted in economics, biology, or even philosophy, or whether your family boasts a pastoral heritage; Jordbrukerlaget extends its hearty welcome to all.

Jordbrukerlaget currently has approximately a hundred active members, and within this a diverse community where members can partake in different activities. The diverse nature of Jordbrukerlaget ensures that there is something for everyone. While some members enthusiastically attend conferences, others may be more interested in the social gatherings - each finding their



happiness in the opportunities provided by the association.

It's worth highlighting the association's independence: funding primarily comes from its members, and Jordbrukerlaget is not affiliated with any companies or interest groups of any kind

The Transmission of Modern Agricultural Knowledge...

Jordbrukerlaget is on a mission to make modern agriculture more accessible to anyone who's curious about it. They do this by hosting two types of events.

First, conferences where experts from agribusiness companies are invited, like Alltec was a few weeks ago, together with experienced farmers, to share their knowledge. When it comes to setting up these conferences, Jordbrukerlaget has two options: they can either invite companies to come and speak, or they can consider requests from these experts who want to share their insights. It's quite unusual for Jordbrukerlaget to refuse a request because they wish to encourage learning and sharing in the agricultural community: as long as the speakers come from a serious business, they are welcome.





The second type of events are trips to visit interesting places related to agriculture in the broadest sense. These visits are open to all their members. Even if you are already pretty knowledgeable about agriculture in the modern era, it is a chance for you to get hands-on experience and see how complex and fascinating the agricultural sector can be.

These events can often lead to job opportunities. Companies sometimes offer internships, jobs, or summer positions to Jordbrukerlaget, and the association makes sure to pass on these opportunities to its members. So, not only do they teach about agriculture, but they also help people find jobs in the field.

... and Some Social Atmosphere

In addition to their educational activities, Jordbrukerlaget believes in the importance of fostering a sense of togetherness and fun among its members. They do this by regularly organizing pre-parties held at various locations on campus just before important events. These pre-parties allow association members to build bonds to strengthen the unity of the association. But that's not all – once a year, Jordbrukerlaget goes all out by throwing a big celebration, often taking place at Samfunnet. This annual bash is designed to be the association's highlight of the year, with the

aim of bringing together as many people as possible in a joyful and festive atmosphere.

Now, as Jordbrukerlaget gears up for its remarkable 110th anniversary celebration next year, they are pulling out all the stops. They're cooking up something extra special for February, an event that promises to be more impressive and unforgettable than ever before. The goal is to make a lasting impression on everyone who attends while maintaining an air of elegance and sophistication. Think of it as a grand gala-style soirée where all members can come together. So, mark your calendars and get ready for a truly memorable anniversary celebration with Jordbrukerlaget!

Overall, Jordbrukerlaget's century-long legacy of knowledge-sharing and community-building underscores the enduring value of inclusive learning and connections. As the association approaches its 110th anniversary, it continues to bridge the gap between different parts of our community, offering a platform for all to explore the ever-evolving modern world of agriculture. This association may not be the most prestigious or visible organization on campus, however Jordbrukerlaget is one of the builders of the bedrock of NMBU's student life on which every other group, association, fraternity or choirs built upon.



Grotta

I live in the cave's hum and buzz
Outside is but a constant rush
Concrete sizzles, sound does bite
And sinks are filled with others' spite

I think this evening will be slow
I sit here, thinking of you, you know
I want to go, far away, and flee
From cockroaches, gas chambers, and
school, you see

- Dino H.



Where do you think the bees are now?

Where do you think,
Where do you think the bees are
now?

You don't see them anymore,
They no longer buzz among the
flowers,

Low, glittering wings in the petals
at dawn in May. Can you hear
them, the bees?

Have they gone to a new world
covered in pollen,

Like yellow and black stars,
waiting for our turn?

"Spring is diminishing" is what we
call the collapse,

Insecticides, anthropogenic
warming, loss of habitat,
extinction,

A disease created by our own
being, the way we've always done
it.

So tell me, what do you think
they'll call it when we no longer
hear the buzzing,

When we're all alone, when in a
moment, maybe,

we see before we too one day
disappear.

- Marie T.

A bubble near the needle

It's high time we part our ways,
The evening's too cold to lie still in the grass,
You're too tired to keep pace with my mind, And I
have no more warmth to share.

But if I leave now,
Will you welcome me back when I return?

It feels like I'm a loose thread in your busy life,
Can my goodbye keep us together?

What is my life,
If not loneliness clothed in a young person's
short attention span, soaked in bad beer, can I
miss a smoke? Don't tell me about this evening
tomorrow, Meaningless group snaps, apologies
for being MIA, Aesthetic Instagram carousel, bike
crashes, glitter on cheekbones, Falling asleep on
someone else's couch, Let's discuss world politics,
a hug goodbye, meet soon? I'd like to make time
for you, but I have to go now, Break the phone,
do you want ice cream one day and talk about
the things that trouble you? Just let me know if
you need anything, I'll drink for you tonight, No,
please don't leave, Ås will never be the same.

- etc.

Today I woke up,

My eyes slide open
to a new day.

I think

life is over,

it's not true that I want to live.

My heart beats in my chest,

Even though I'm completely numb.

I know I have to try,

but

Nothing

means

anything.

Everything will always be terrible.

It's not true that

life gets better today.

(Read from bottom to top)

- Margret B.







Do you have odel[scatalog]?

Freedom's discords

To you who said no to a date,
To you I moved away from and you I let move away from
me,
To us, who had to pay for each other's forgetfulness,
To you, I said no to,
especially when I could have said yes,

Because it was probably wise, even though this peace
made me somewhat angry.

One day, I will play you a melody,
That I've been practicing since our parting,
And so far, it only sounds sour.
When I said no, I also said yes to a new God,
To Satan himself, with a tempting offer.
Choosing him was choosing freedom,
Without realizing the price from my new prophet,
And what it meant to become an infernal instrument.

And when the devil gave me the fiddle of freedom,
This freedom I still atone for,
And I accused external forces For its discords,
I finally remembered you,
You who still torment my heart, Who taught me so much,
but especially to surrender myself To a true mentor.

And it's when Lucifer inflates my heart like a bag,
And I feel it's about to burst,
That I understand how much love my heart can hold,
And it's when he squeezes the heart back together under
his arm
With his persistent quirk,
And together, we create the infernal noise,
That I remember the time you taught me
That longing and sorrow are memories of love and
happiness.

And when I let the Morning
Star put his lips against mine, And fill my throat,
And blow up my heart once again,
And squeeze out the most beautiful elegy from my heart's
bellows,

I understand that I am his hellish bagpipe,
In a new existence justification's cage,
And that when I surrender to his rhythm and promises,
So we can play in beautiful symphony without a discord
scratch,
And I remember that you taught me,
That a concert that only plays in major, You might as well
skip.

And one day, I will play you a melody,
That I've been practicing since our parting,
And so far, it only sounds sour,
But it's starting to show its value,
And carries a true message,
And then you will understand that whether you see the tree
fall or not,
It's equally beautiful, And you will always get to walk in the
forest again,

But first, I just need to learn The complex harmonies of free
will,
And understand tragedy as freedom veiled,
And I hope my melody can be a piece of time,
And maybe you have your own flute,
But I also hope that if you don't come,
I've learned to be glad for our moments that are now
silenced.

“
- Thomas R. B.



A book report



Kråke
Writer



Tuva Hebnæs
Photographer



Eva Szemes
Translator

The autumn has arrived in the landscape of Ås, I have pulled the armchair out of the closet and the bookshelf out from underneath the bed. I settle in front of the window, where I can watch the withered colours of nature from the safety and warmth of my own living room. I open my book and get the feeling that it will be a good Sunday. The peace of mind ascends in me like the steam from the cup of tea I have made. A happy mixture of sugar, honey and no less than five sweeteners that turns the melancholy of autumn into never-ending nostalgia.

But what is this?! Hot tea sprays out of my mouth and into the room like a fountain. The heat fogs up the window, and my book has turned wet and sticky. A typo? In a book written by a well-established author, published by one of the biggest publishing houses in this country? Outrageous. I stand outside of Ski Police Station. It is ten minutes to ten, and it turns out it is difficult to enter the police station. The sensor on the automatic sliding door does not acknowledge my existence, and I have to resort to other measures.

I crook my hands into binoculars and lean towards the glass pane next to the door to block the sunlight. I catch a glimpse of a new door and behind it – not a soul. I position myself in front of the door to try again and discover that this is not at all an automatic sliding door, but a door with a handle. I reach out and the moment I touch it, the door opens. It was automatic after all. Door number two turns out to be much easier to get past than the first one, as these doors are connected in a series circuit.

A receptionist is sitting around the corner. He looks up from his computer screen and into the room soullessly. When his eyes lock onto me his soul awakens, and he doesn't look too happy. He lifts his arm and slides the plastic screen in front of him to the side.

With a fake smile he says "Hello" before he scraps the idea of being nice as quickly as he got it and continues in a darker voice: "Do you have an appointment?" I reach into my bag and pull out the book containing a typo. "I wish to report this book!"





Two beers with Aksel Heggernes Njaa

Two cold beers are placed on one of the tables on the Pergola. On the other side of the table sits a well-known character. A guy you might have seen with a whistling clarinet dressed in a Norwegian knit cardigan (lusekofte) or a yellow dressing gown, singing with gusto wearing tails and a funny hat or proclaiming vocabulary in Nynorsk from the inside of a dark hood. Who is Aksel Njaa?



Åsmund Godal Tunheim
Journalist



Ben Børildsen
Photographer



Eva Szemes
Translator

A suburb lad

In order to understand who is hiding behind the pleasant and handsome appearance, we have to travel back to the year of 1997, the year Aksel was born. After a couple of childhood years in the suburbs of Oslo, his family moved to Lørenskog when Aksel was about to start year 5. Here, he grew up among tower blocks and single-family homes.

Even though Aksel has always been fascinated by animals, it was in secondary school the dream of becoming a veterinarian started taking root in his mind. This was also around the time he started playing the clarinet. But as he points out “in your teenage years, you think everything’s cheesy”, and it was the frequent encouragement from his family, who is more musical than average, who saved the clarinet from a silent fate on the shelf.

The springboard

The high school student Aksel was an insecure young man trying to figure out who he was and what he wanted to become. At Lørenskog, the culture of the “russetid” was dominating, and the environment was characterised by grouping and a strict social hierarchy. He could never really come to terms with this, and he was not among those who cared the most about where he belonged.

At school, he had high expectations for himself. His parents did too: “When we first moved to Lørenskog, I was a bit negative towards school, a bit like a protest against the fact that we had moved, so I think they wanted to constantly push me that one bit further”. With a bit of help from mum, in his first year of high school the dream of becoming a veterinarian formed into more than just a crazy idea. He decided to make the Veterinary Medicine studies his goal and put his head down in the books.

A young university student

Aksel was offered a place at Veterinary Medicine in 2016, but at the same time he had to do his national service in the military. The studies were put off, and after a year of freezing fingers and snowmobile driving on the border towards Russia in the south of Varanger, he started his studies at Adamstuen. “I probably wouldn’t have been accepted if X and Y was not written in my cells”, he remarks. In 2017, the gender points were removed – and he was saved by

the fact that he had applied the year before. Aksel tells about a convoluted start: “Oslo was a big city, and Campus was a jungle of concrete with strange Soviet-like brick buildings and even older buildings made of shale. And then there was a lot of girls.” But nevertheless, the social environment at Adamstuen was small and tight-knit, a good thing for a man who was still a bit insecure and in the process of getting out of his shell and finding himself.

At Adamstuen, the social life was built more around the studies. “We got drummed into our heads that we would have the same courses and become colleagues, so getting to know each other is important”. Aksel and many others took this to their hearts. A lot happened, and the quite wild parties came one after the other. Adamstuen was a place with few rules, an “oasis free from everything called liquor laws”.

After a school-focused autumn, he joined Veterinærmedisinsk studentforening (VSF), the study association arranging parties and other events. He describes this as his ticket to the social student life.

But VSF was only the beginning of Aksel’s broad commitment and expression in different student associations. Throughout his time as a student, Aksel has spent two years with a position in VSF, been the leader of Den Norske Veterinærforenings studentorganisasjon, he has been the “førstegjetar” of Promosjonskollegiet (Collegium Promovendi), been active as a singer and conductor in Mannschoiret Bjældeklang and playing the clarinet in both Corpus Luteum and Flatlusa Spelemannslag. Now, he has also stepped into the world of student choirs and turned himself into a Lærke. “It is important to be committed”, Aksel comments.

The musical drive of veterinary science

Aksel has been a part of Mannschoiret Bjældeklang from the beginning, as it is mandatory for the guys at VET, after all. Here, he has also contributed with conducting and writing music. Aksel explains his active participation in the choir by pointing out some important core values: The value of a strong camaraderie among the few guys at VET, and the opportunity a lot of them get to be pushed out of the comfort zone by using their voice and performing for an audience.



He has been a part of the veterinary marching band Corpus Luteum since his second year, but only playing the clarinet and as 'Solanum tuberosum', or in other words a "potato". Still, he has not been able to keep his hands out of the game completely, and he has, among other things, made the association part of the national student marching band community.

With VET on his mind

Aksel got a grand total of 3.5 years at Adamstuen before he moved to Ås. He describes the transition as crappy. Their plan was to have a lot of cool farewell parties and have a dignified celebration of the end of an era, but this was wrapped in a chokehold by the pandemic. "Things were kind of in a rough shape when we were all of a sudden moved to a new environment", he says. Nevertheless, Aksel felt the drive to preserve the culture of the veterinary science students.

According to Aksel, the veterinary student associations have done a good job with keeping their head above the water, while still getting inspired: "Through good cooperation with actors like NMBU and Samfunnet, we have managed to both keep our best traditions, integrate, and to top it off, add something new." Still, he thinks it's important to acknowledge the fact that a lot of people appreciated the nice, tight-knit community at Adamstuen, especially because of the lack of rules.

A fresh start

In his fifth year at NMBU, still his first year in Ås, Aksel started the research line, where

he studied calves' respiratory infection: "I spent many hours swabbing calves' noses, and in the lab, doing cultivation and testing for antibiotic resistance." The social life was extra important this year, as this was the year that he established himself in Ås.

The combination of relaxing restrictions and a new campus resulted in a new drive, and Aksel was captivated by the student environment in Ås: "Here, I found what I might have wanted more of at Adamstuen, namely the strong interest in student associations." Among other things, he took the opportunity to join Flatlusa Spelemannslag, after massive advertisement by a certain Løk from Sunnfjord named Ida Beate: "Y'know, it is possible to 'ave a clarinet there, too."

Aksel took the chance and joined the open practise. There, he was met by pleasant people, a relaxed setting and learning by musical ear. Musically speaking, this was very different from what he was used to, but the social aspect made him stay. With time, his interest for folk music has grown big and passionate. He adds that in Flatlusa, it was "very refreshing to have conversations with people about other things than veterinary-based stuff, because there is a lot of that among veterinary students, you can bet on it!"

The driving force

Aksel sees the value in the student culture and has wanted to work towards strengthening it and keeping it alive: "It has been my cornerstone, especially after I moved to Ås." On the question of what makes him have such an extensive commitment, he mentions his big love for music among other things: "The music is a very nice contrast to the heavy everyday life as a student of veterinary science." Another driving force is his fondness for partying, drinking and all things crazy. He says he has been attracted towards the places with fun parties, fun events and fun people.

Time is... plentiful?

Surprisingly, Aksel has more than enough time to himself. He quotes his old music teacher, Wolfgram: "Time is not something we have, it's something we take." This reminds us that we really have time for a lot of things. It's all about what you tell yourself. Aksel gets inspired by people who manage to combine many different things and "make it work". At the same time, he points out the importance of not taking on too much: "You have time for more than you think but trust your gut feeling. Do things because you want to, not because you feel you have to."

The foam is sitting lonely at the bottom of the beer mugs. With Aksel's quote still resounding over the flagstones of the Pergola, we bring the nice conversation with a real legend of Ås to a close. A legend that from here on out will just finish his studies and enjoy the music, something we think he will fully master.



Greetings for Aksel

Dear sAksel!

It is really noticeable when you enter the room. You fill the air around you with (usually) well-made and accurate puns, clever and witty comments, and importantly clear tones and beautiful harmonies from your lips, with or without an instrument. We, the members of Flatlusa are so lucky to have both you and your woodwind instruments.

You are known as a world champion in combining things, and it is a true honour to be prioritized among the other things you are doing. We never hear you complain about too much stuff going on or that you have too little time, on the contrary you seem to have energy and a wish to contribute – always.

You are an unusually nice and musically talented chap, and few can match you as socially steady. May your commitment always burn with a fire as hot and lively! You make the Ås bubble a more colourful, playful place to be.

Love from Flatlusa



Vyrde!

A Høvedsmann with a capital H. Dear Aksel! You wandered in at Lærsetet at Fåvitsbakken in 2017, and with an exceptionally good mood, determination and as an unusually good gjætar (student at NVH), you left a mark. After the big emigration to the land of Aas, you have thrown yourself into the joys of student life, and you have become a well-known character. At the same time, you have achieved a legendary status at Hippusgarden as Notarius in Det Blandede Mannschoiret Bjældeklang, Høvedsmann in Promosjonen, initiator and maker of a good atmosphere. You stitch together the traditions from Adamstua and the traditions of Ås with your perfect stitches in an ongoing mattress suture. The marks you leave behind in Ås will be big. Hippusgarden and Åsgarden will for sure never be the same when you in a few months' time put on your hiking shoes and wander on. And the place where you end up should count their lucky stars.

All the best from Collegium Promovendi, Collegium Ordinis and Egil Storskald



Dear Notarius Emeritus Aksel Njaa,

With a belly phull of nectar, the sound of your voice has gone far. With countless practices, you have led the novices well. Been extremely patient with us, made fermate an everyday thing.

With scrotum wrapped in the sock, it is soon your turn to leave the school behind. You are a man of distinctive quality, complementary tones and with word poetry at the tip of your tongue. A true joy phor all of us. On your journey from Adamstuen to the land of Aas, you never shied away from a quick swig, but you have brought us together once again. Yes Aksel, you are our harmony.

Thank you again for your great contribution, we will never forget you.

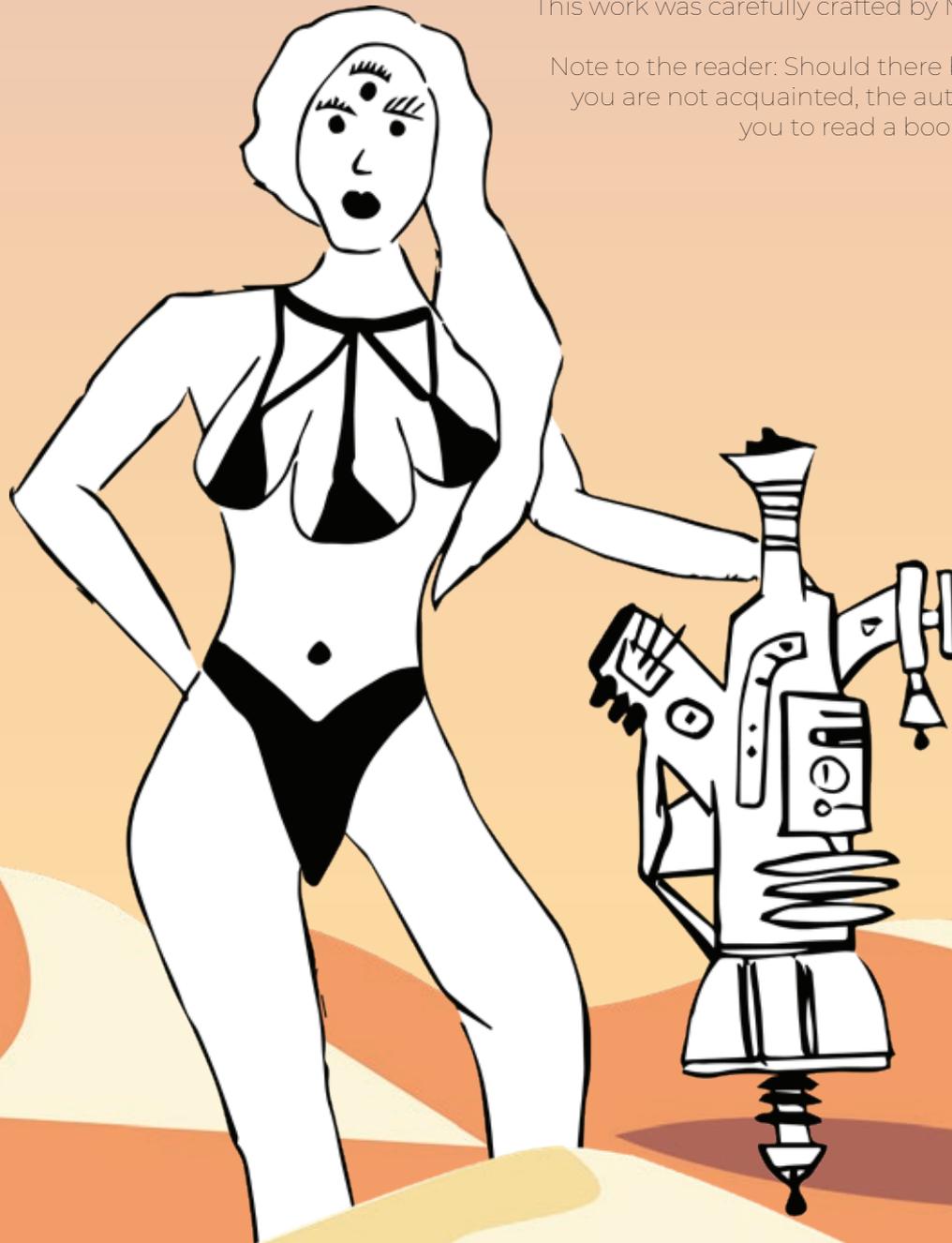
Our biggest greetings
The grateful owners of scrotums
Det Blandede Mannschoiret Bjældeklang

TRI-NEBULA

THE TALE OF THE TRI-SOLARI NEBULA AND
THOSE WHO FUCK WITHIN IT

This work was carefully crafted by Mr Word and Miss Smith.

Note to the reader: Should there be any words with which
you are not acquainted, the authors strongly encourage
you to read a book. Or do a Google search.



The Contessa De Puppessa breasted the crest of the desert dune. Her figure enveloped in the lazy rays of a setting sun contrasting her into a sharp yet softish relief. Her multi-auburn hair swirled around her head, slightly obscuring her third eye, the TRI-EYE, but the Contessa de Puppessa had other matters to ponder.

Her minion scrounged up the hill to stand next to her. This loathsome specimen of a man stood a measly 179 cm from the soil of the dirt under his feet, thus marking him as serving class. He simped by her side, and lapped up the remnants of milk in the corner of his mouth. He only now recognized what the Contessa De Puppessa had seen so many seconds ago. "Lo! What flies beyond yonder ridge? Be this primitives, pirates or pranksters?" he cackled. Deigning not to answer the cretin, the Contessa de Puppessa kept her thoughts privately in her head. "Lo, indeed", she thought. The spacecraft currently landing on the crest abreast of her own space-pod was strange. The cigar shaped rod carrying the pilots in the engorged head of the craft spewing forth calibrating rocket steam was unconventional at best but what caught her attention were the engines.

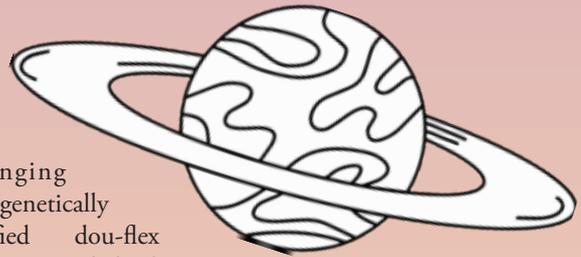
"Only two?" she thought, huskily, "I thinkest we are entering curious times, in the future". She shouldered her space gun that she had had the entire time and adjusted her three pocketed bralette. Time, to make contact.

In the dour duality of the cockpit, the Deuxasminians Deflaticus Miserera and Boringidus sat in untense silence. Having struck out in their spacecraft dully named "The Ship, Halcion Associated Firm Technicians" they left their sad excuse of a solar system behind. The goal of their mission was to preach the message of their uninspiring god. A plea of chastity and dualism to woo the masses of the unlawful but very sexy Tri-Nebula. And finally they had arrived.

Unhinging their genetically modified dou-flex carburetor seat belts they slithered down through their ship and stepped onto the shifting sands of the planet. The sun beat down on them and they could both feel their bodies going moist.

"Oh, how warm this godforsaken planet is" Deflaticus exclaimed. "Yes, I'm almost tempted to remove my ceremonial, total woolen all skin coverer™" replied Borinigidus, "You could not, it would be sacrilege to expose your bare skin to me, a member of the opposite sex. I would not dare to think what such a sight would do to my senses!" screamed Deflaticus. It was at this moment they heard a huskyish voice behind them. "Drop your weapons and your clothes".

They spun, orienting themselves towards the origin of the voice. They let their eyes take in the information of the sight that lay before them. A woman calmly but firmly gripped the shaft of her longish plasmatically calibrated kembo-flux blaster rifle, the muzzle eagerly pointed towards the pilgrims. She was tall and muscular, her well toned thighs tanned and erupting from a tactical micro mid-sectional garment. Her bare abdomen glistened with the late evening dew and an ornate belly button piercing of purest ruby sparkled in the setting sun. Her bralette, barely covering her supple yet firm triple bosom, was filled with ammunition and other desert essentials. But what captivated the forefront of their limited minds was the TRI-EYE, its purpleish iris regarding them with ancient technological magic.



Suddenly, from the swirling vortices of the TRI-EYE, a projection projected itself on the screens of their minds. They were cast into a trance where what they saw left a lasting imprint that which they could never unsee. They saw the lie of their religious chastity, the oppression of the flesh and the mind. In a flash they saw what they and every person on their planet could be; entangled in a holy conjunction of moist and aroused meat. It was so beautiful that it made their loins tingle.

Ejaculated from the wonderful visions of the trans, Deflaticus cast a surreptitious glance towards Boringidus. At first she had been disgusted by his potential for sin, implied by the mere presence of his sex. Now she saw him in a new light; as a vessel for carnal pleasure. But she was nervous. Never before had she lain eyes upon an unclad member of her species - as she had not yet been inseminated in a ritual of defloration. She had, however, heard rumors of such ceremonies. Whispers of strong, pink salmon, swimming up a newly flooded river delta. She felt her blood surge hotly through her

veins. Suddenly, her gray total woolen all skin coverer™ was stifling her. Which made her think about her own body. How would Boringidus react to her own naked flesh? As he was a devoted believer, she doubted that he had seen the treasures with which she were bestowed. Her slender, yet formshapedish body. Her slim waist, the perfect bridge between her large and ample breasts (currently covered by a perspirable biotex double D thorax supporter) and her soft and round bottom. During prayer, she was often prostrated, her cheeks pointing proudly towards the sky. Oh, how she loved to praise the allmighty God!

But under the steady gaze of the three-eyed creature, she felt her faith, usually hard and firm as a rock, waver. She felt her bonds of celibacy loosen in the same pace as her clothes - rapidly. Before she knew it, she tore open her thorax supporter, doffed her gray total woolen all skin coverer™ and let loose her aching breasts, her nipples like two alluringly centric eyes. Her ghostly pale skin instantly pinked under the baking desert sun, and she blushed a little at her untouched and never before seen nakedness.

She heard the thud of clothing falling to the ground next to her as well and turned to see the exposed flesh of Boringdigungus. His sex rapidly responding to the raw carnal presence of the women before him, rising like an alabaster obelisk towards the sky. The tension was palpable and at the sight of the vascular appendage of a surprising size she came aware that her holy cave had become an oasis of joy. She turned towards the foreign creature and spoke "You unholy creature of unspeakable desire, we came to spread the word of our lord, but now I must instead spread my legs and ask you to show me the word of love".

The Contessa De Pupessa slithered seductively towards Boringdidus, and seized him by the hips. With a firm grip, she directed him towards the anticipating body of Deflaticus - his eager member showing the way. "Get on thy knees" sounded the commanding voice of The Contessa De Pupessa. The command was so direct that Deflaticus could not but obey, sinking to her knees, her oral orifice opening in an O of omittance. The perfect target for the intercontinental missile headed her way.

He fit perfectly inside her mouth; like two pieces of a jigsaw puzzle, or like two legos - conjoining with a click, as her teeth met his neon green super-ionized metal ball cage. Gyrrating on his propagator, she felt it tingle her musculus uvalar and



heard his ululations over her own gulping sounds. As she took him close to climax she felt the throb of his penal veins engorge against her hard working lips. But then, his meat flute was rudely janked from her slobbering maw. She let out a moan of frustration. She had not finished her song! "Calm thyself unpopped one" the Contessa De Puppessa breathed "Get on thy back and become the ocean where infidels drown". Deflaticus lowered herself onto the scorching sand, as The Contessa De Puppessa took Boridingus, carefully and consensually, by the nape of his neck and pushed his face into her damp pussy. Boridingus, a competitive eater of pies, devoured it. The taste was different to his regular pies - it had a sour tang. But he liked it, and lapped up her sweet creams. Within a matter of several minutes, she felt her entire body contract with joyous ecstasy. She arched her back and sang out in a perfect 261 Hz C4. After all, she had the role of lead soprano in the religious choir.

Again the lustrous voice of the Contessa De Puppessa rang out "Thou hast both had thyne appetizers, but now ye shall indulge in the main course". As they looked over towards her, they saw her deep in her own appetizer. The minion was balancing upside down on his smallish hands, his legs parted in a perfect split. His member was concealed, as he thrust inside the professional mouth of the Contessa De Puppessa. She herself was seated on the ground, legs awide, hosting his tongue in the royal court of her female folds.

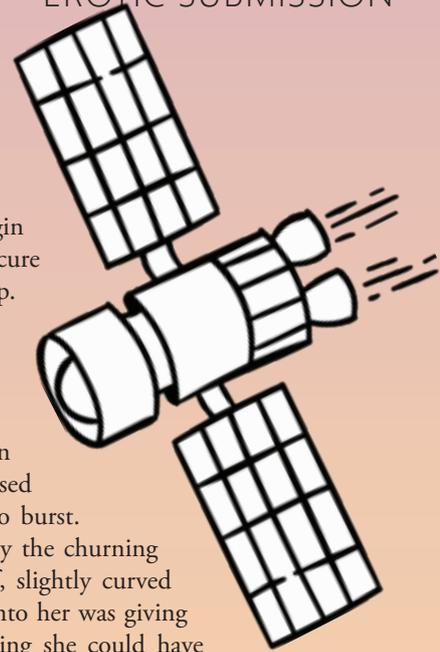
Finally, the time to fuck was nigh. Boingidingus detached himself from the clitoral bulb on which he had been gently suckling and surveyed the shadowed Valley of Pleasure below. He felt the beat of the hooves of thunderous arousal gallop from his mind, down his central nervous system into his ramrod. Just like the inexorable march of time towards the heat death of the universe, he felt his hips move towards the unexplored depths of Deflaticus. Then; for the second

time in his life, he was inside a woman, albeit, this time he was not exiting but entering.

Upon entry into her virgin blossom he felt welcome; secure in her warmish vaginal grasp. He now saw that he had been searching for this feeling all his life, secretly yearning for that which he came from. As he rammed into her again and again, he felt his encased balls tense. They were ready to burst. Deflaticus was overwhelmed by the churning of her internal juice. The stiff, slightly curved stave that she had welcomed into her was giving her more pleasure than anything she could have imagined. The continuous rocking edged her towards the edge of possible pleasure, and then; beyond. An explosion of sensation, originating from her loins, sent her tumbling into what seemed a kaleidoscopic high. She floated in a twisting sea of broken doctrines, unfulfilled lust and broken bonds for what seemed like an eternity; or; only seconds. Her wild musings were broken by the screech of The Contessa De Puppessa:

"Cum on her tits!" "Cum her face!" "Make her remember thyne taste!"

Boridingus, more than ready to obey the call, climbed over Deflaticus' trembling legs, now straddling over her stomach he let his ejaculate fill the air, like rain on a long neglected field of roses. She felt the warm chunks of life-carrying seed Space Jackson Pollocking her, coating her skin in a thick, sticky layer. Deflaticus gazed up at the erect monolith,



in stark relief against the beating desert sun. She ushered it towards her, her tongue, although dry with dehydration, traced the length of his coarse wood, slowly lapping up the last sweet droplets of fluid life. She had found her God anew, and it was high in zinc, protein and water content.

Boridungus collapsed on the ground next to Deflaticus. His snail slowly retreated into its shell. He could hear clapping and when he raised his head he could see The Contessa De Puppessa standing, stoically masturbating herself and watching her gimp. Boringidus now understood that the clapping sound was coming from the gimp pumping his meat. As the frequency of his pumping increased, he reached a mildly satisfactory, yet oddly spastic, climax, unloading his dick juice unto his own facial features. Boringidus was shocked that such a voluminous roar could originate from such a small and fragile body.

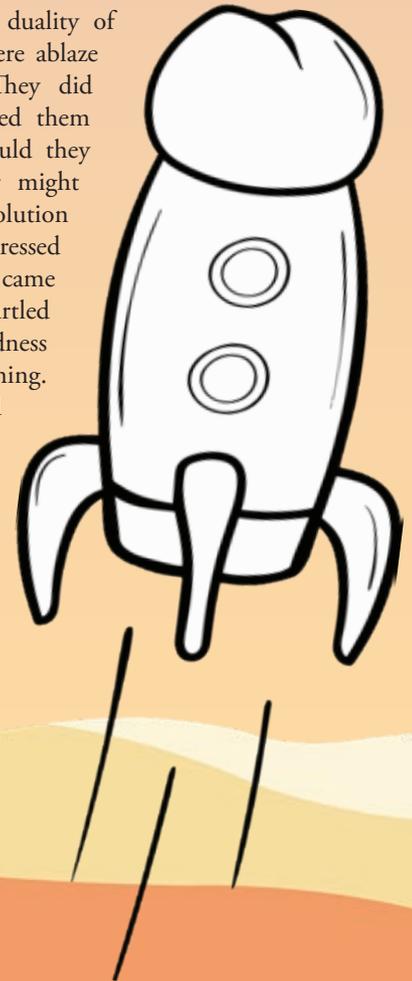
Calmly, and still stroking her clam, exposing a perfect pearl, The Contessa De Puppessa looked upon the two would be missionaries and spake thusly; "Take what yee learned here and spread it to thyne somber galaxy. Thee haveth just scratched the surface of what lust may yield. I am not even at more than two quarters arousal from this novice display of pleasure, but then again; I am a master of the craft of interloping". As she continued, her TRI-EYE again sparkled with the glimmer of truth. "Now, yee musteth removeth thyselfes from this planet, as I shall remove myself from thy

simple company. For now I must seek release in the embrace of our mythical DICK TREE. Godspeed yee fucks".

It had only been ten minutes since the missionaries set foot on the hot planet, but they were forever changed. Now, going through boring safety procedures and making the spaceship ready for takeoff, they were already envisioning ways in which to explore their bodily orifices further. Suddenly, the joystick wasn't only a means of controlling the ship, the straps of the seatbelt, not only for safety and the yoga swing, not only for one person.

Later as Borungidus and Deflaticus sat in the, now not so dour, duality of the cockpit, their minds were ablaze with visions and ideas. They did not know what fate awaited them on their home planet. Would they be hanged? Ridiculed? Or might they lead a sexual revolution amongst the religiously oppressed Deuxasminians? No answer came to them, but as they hurtled through the brutal coldness of space they knew one thing. The world may be cold and unforgiving, but sex? Sex, is Hot.

THE END





Tpo
Journalist



PB revue

In my series of articles where I discuss Norwegian shows while understanding the language as well as a Spanish cow, I am reasonably pleased to introduce you to the PB Revue...

Yes, usually, writing an article about a Revue is both easy and quick, but that was certainly not the case this time. The reactions, remarks, and feelings I observed in the audience were, to say the least, a little bit mixed. As soon as we left the venue, discussions about the show all seemed to lead to the same conclusion: it wasn't great. And after a few drinks at Johannes' with

elbows comfortably resting on the counter, the words became far less kind towards our beloved cape-wearing gentlemen.

Given that there are few things I enjoy as much as writing an

article that insults some folks, I should have been satisfied... Unfortunately, there was a problem: I quite enjoyed the show. Let's be clear, it wasn't exceptional, but I didn't get bored, I laughed... I was entertained.

Certainly, mischievous minds might ask if it's really a good sign that the guy who doesn't speak Norwegian rather liked the show, but let's not dwell on that; let's get to the heart of the matter.

The performance began with a short video that resembled the opening credits of Mission Impossible or Ocean's 11, introducing the members of PB and their supposed responsibilities in the fraternity conspiring to distort election results. The editing was effective and got the audience quite excited. A short speech from the PB leader later, and the atmosphere had cooled down considerably, but Rockeklubben's musical transitions managed to lift the spirits. The sketches were quite funny while playfully mocking other

fraternities, sororities, and choirs from time to time. Special mention goes to the magic tricks that made people laugh with their deliberate absurdity. The show eventually concluded with the worst rendition of "Gangsta's Paradise" by Coolio that I've ever heard in my life. I can defend the show, but not that part. They are not a choir so we could excuse them for that but because of that rendition, I wonder if I'll ever be able to relisten that song without a Vietnam flashback.

In the end, the PB Revue may not have been universally acclaimed, but it managed to provide a night of entertainment and amusement for those in attendance, regardless of language barriers or critical opinions. Sometimes, a bit of laughter and light-hearted fun can be enough, making the PB Revue a pleasant experience for some, even if it fell short for others.



Photo: Samfunnet i Ås, Thea Samskott



Photo: Samfunnet i Ås, Frøya Torp

Unity -revue:

Asses,
asses,
asses.

Photo: Samfunnet i Ås, Hanne Rabbås

We could have elaborated on the title, but let's be honest... Unity always promises us butts at each of their shows, it's what's expected, requested, and it's what Unity delivered to us in a revue as cheeky as it was fun. A Broderskapet Unity show is like a sure bet: we don't really get any surprises; they deliver exactly what we expect, but it's always just as fun and light-hearted.

But enough of that, let's get into the heart of the matter a bit. The show started with a little introduction set to AC/DC's "Back in Black." The atmosphere was already great, and then (and this is one of those sentences I never thought I'd write in my life) came a video showing the majority of Unity running around nude, riding scooters, all set to Western music with the appropriate stage design. It's in moments like these that you think there are only two possibilities: either it's a stroke of genius or it's terrible. Given the reactions in the audience, ranging from laughter to astonishment, the first option is certainly the right one.

At last, they appeared, in their Adam's clothes as one would expect, and without a moment's pause went straight into a choreography as imaginative as it was full of butts. Impressive acrobatics, a bit of pyrotechnics, gymnastic figures, teamwork to always keep the birds hidden... in short, an entrance worthy of their reputation.

Then came some sketch performances of questionable quality, which clearly didn't win everyone over. I'm usually a very receptive audience, but the 5/10-minute scene with two guys who seemed to be masturbating, only to realize they were cleaning guns in the end... The rendition of "I'm Just Ken" following didn't really elevate the show despite a quality stage direction.

It was the mini strip tease that really got the show back on track with a well-executed choreography. Next came a solid rendition of Linkin Park's "Numb," followed by an equally well-done performance of Cascada's "Every time We Touch."

Unfortunately, quality couldn't last forever, and the show ended on its worst part: a video as bizarre as it was cringe, parodying United Aid with a certain bad taste. It had been a long time since I had felt so uncomfortable. I still don't understand how someone came up with this idea, proposed it, how it was accepted by a whole group without being questioned for weeks, maybe even months, without anyone realizing that there was a problem. The show could have really done without this conclusion.

If we forget that awkward finale, the Unity revue lived up to its reputation as a cheeky, fun-filled spectacle. The energetic and well-executed performances left a lasting impression. Despite the final misstep, Unity's commitment to delivering what the audience expects (butts), sometimes in an unconventional way, ensured that the evening remained an entertaining and memorable experience.

Tpo
Journalist



Feminin & Fornem-revue:

F&F for life



Martin Hansebråten
Journalist



Rebekka Berg
Translator

The association **Feminin og Fornem (FF)** have their anniversary! They're now 15 years old, and celebrating this big event with a revue. I'm generally left with the feeling that it wasn't that bad.

On this occasion, they had filled Aud. Max. so full, you could almost say it was totally packed. Wild cheers erupted when the promo video was shown, which was justified. This video, set to the theme song of the TV show "Friends", introduced all the members of FF in a super awesome way. They also didn't take themselves too seriously, and there was a lot of self-roasting, which created a good atmosphere among the audience.

The older students among us may have experienced some déjà vu moments. This was intentional. As this was an anniversary revue, they had chosen to reuse some of their better sketches. Some previous association revues have chosen to do the same, but that has only been the result of

a lack of creativity. This was not the case this time. This time it was to show off their old arts.

In this revue, FF played a lot on sex. FF had their traditional waffle dance, which is the equivalent of Unity's ping pong thing. The waffles were made of cardboard, so no waffles were damaged during the revue. They also had a time(tits)sketch that had a lot of boob jokes. Some of these were even funny! I don't want to go into more detail, but some of the guys in the bodega afterwards described the revue as a "Thirst trap". What that means? I don't know.

FF had even put on a few song numbers. This can be described as singing in the loosest sense. It was a kind of ode to new and young boy-students at Ås. Apparently, there are some among the older students who have 04s as a kind of niche. Another song number was a ballad to Unity, which can be described as quite loving but undeniably cheesy. This was a big contrast to the Unity revue that was the week before,

which was mostly about the physical aspects of FF. This perhaps says something about society in general. Or, I don't know what it says, but it's definitely something.

Something I miss in the revue is a kind of overarching theme. The title was FF for life, so one should expect more Sit-Com parodies. There were a couple of sketches with a sort of sitcom style, but it wasn't consistent.

It was also Friday the 13th, which they brought up a couple of times in the revue by using the grim reaper. He appeared in a couple of the skits, but no punchline ever came of it. They had a skit where they confirmed that they did not care about having a red thread, however, they were close to something. If not a red thread, maybe a blue thread would have worked. They are on to something, but something is missing, which leaves you with a feeling of something in-between.

Dice roll: sex.



Photo: Samfunnet i Ås, Vivian Jiang

KLUBBEN



Henrik Bakken
Journalist



Thale Jensen Hevrøy
Photographer



Vegard Sjaastad Hansen
Translator

Klubben, on an autumn evening in October. Someone is drinking beer and discussing loudly, a colloquium group is sitting in the corner deeply focused on school and a guy is sitting by himself and working hard on solving a Rubik's cube. To get a better understanding of Klubben and a little about its history, photographer Thale and I sat down for a short chat with Head of Klubben Frida Helstedt Håtveit, who has now served as such for two of her three years at Klubben, and incoming Head of Klubben, Julie Jebens Bakke.

Frida, what is Klubben, and what do you offer?

"It's a very good question, what exactly is 'Klubben,' but it's essentially the meeting place for us students, the students' communal living room. We simply have our own student café, which is a passive offer at Samfunnet. It's open every day in the afternoons and a bit more in the mornings on weekends, and we serve food and drinks, offer games and books. So, it's a gathering place, an arena to hang out with friends, have coffee, do some knitting, well, just about anything."

What got you to go for this position?

"The reason I started was probably because I was here during my Buddy Week to buy merch, and then I thought, "this was cool" and I wanted to be more active at Samfunnet.

What kind of benefits do you feel you've gained by volunteering here at Klubben?

"It's like the students' living room in a way. It's a meeting place for everyone at Samfunnet. If you're here, you'll meet people you might not encounter otherwise or people you haven't seen in a while. You

get the opportunity to hang out with your committee and build a network you might not have had if you weren't involved. So, I've formed many good friendships that I'm not sure I would have made otherwise."

Julie, since you're the incoming Head of Klubben, is there something you're passionate about or want to focus on for the next semester?

"Well, it's kind of continuing with the spirit of Klubben. That it's a pleasant social meeting place for students, a place for us to be that's not the campus or a party. A place where you can come and get something

warm in your body, a nice drink, and good food. And continue to attract even more people to come here, as there are still many who don't know we exist. Basically, just carry on with what we have and, of course, build upon it. Get even more people to come and have a good time!”

The girls then talk engagingly about marketing, how they believe the “jungle telegraph” is the solution in a place like Ås, and a good tip for party nights that they recommend people to take advantage of. You can benefit from “pre-drinks” in Klubben due to a half-hour overlap with the rest of the house. You can buy drinks there until 21:00 and sit there until 21:30, then go down via Uggespranget to avoid the long queue outside and get checked for ID and entry inside instead. The girls seem to agree on Klubben's values and future development, so there probably won't be any drastic changes to expect when Julie takes over completely.

After various changes in ownership and name, Klubben had its reopening in 2020 with Samfunnet as the new owner, as it originally was. The head who was part of this transition was Jardar Lindaas Bringedal, so it was natural to check with him as well.

You have seen Klubben evolve from being called Café Klubben and operated by SiÅs to now being named Klubben and operated by Samfunnet. What would you say is different?

“When I accepted the opportunity to be part of running Café Klubben for Samfunnet, I had a few main focuses along with my good companions, Oscar and Hedda. It had to become a cozier and more intimate space, one that was more user-friendly. A café should, in a way, be an extra living room, and that means it should be cozy. So, we thought about how we could make it more intimate while also being more user-friendly. Bookshelves were a must, along with several smaller tables where one could sit alone or with 2-3 people. It was also important to make use of the large windows and set up bar tables and chairs so that one could sit by the window to watch the world outside, work on a laptop, or read a book without taking up an entire lounge. At the same time, we wanted to transform Café Klubben into a natural gathering

place, a place that students sought out on their own, not just a place they dropped by while waiting for a meeting or something else. The name change would be the clear transition. Klubben had been operated by Samfunnet for many decades and was a well-known institution, but in the late '90s, SiÅs took over the operation and changed the name to Café Klubben. Now that Samfunnet was once again going to operate Klubben, we wanted to mark it by reverting to the old name, ready to create new stories and memories in Klubben.”



HEPP HEPP from COPENHAGEN!

This year, it was the Danes who organized Nordisk Landskamp (a sports championship between the Nordic countries), and the trip lived up to expectations as always. Our loyal bus driver Arild took us safely down to Copenhagen while the party raged on the bus. The atmosphere on the way down was immeasurable; picture 70 excited and eager Norwegians with the flag on their chests and a bottle of Mintu in hand! Priceless. On the first day, we splashed around in the pool and rowed like there was no tomorrow, and guess what? We collected gold medals as if they were apples on a tree. Then came the opening ceremony followed by a night out on the town. A typical Nordisk participant is the same in all countries — they are happy, social, and as tough on the bottle s on the sports field. In other words, it wasn't difficult to make new friends!

Day two felt like a vacation south, and we engaged in athletics, football, tennis, and ultimate frisbee. Horseback riding turned out to have a ridiculous twist, as the Danish version of riding involved jumping over obstacles with a broomstick with a horse's head between the legs. Fortunately, everything goes a bit smoother with a bit of alcohol in the blood. The girls and boys won gold in football, and we showcased our athletic prowess in track and field. That evening, there was a themed party: Cirque de Soleil.

Friday took place in the sports hall where we competed in handball, floorball, volleyball, and basketball. The girls fought their way to gold in the latter. The last themed party of the trip was to dress up as something starting with the initial

letter of one's country. At this point in the trip, we had become such a good group, both internally and between the countries, that the pre-party and the party itself went like a dream. Nothing can compare to genuine Nordic vibes at a party! *chef's kiss*

After the finals and a victory for the ladies in handball on Saturday, it was time for the closing ceremony and banquet. Finally, it was time to crown the best country in the Nordics, and we can proudly announce that the trophy is now where it belongs. NORWAY TOOK GOLD IN THE NORDISK LANDSKAMP 2023! "GOLD AND HONOR, AMAZING NORWEGIANS" and our faithful "Hepp Hepp" were sung echoing through the venue until late at night. In other words, a fitting conclusion to the trip.

Despite having an underground bunker for accommodations and a vegan diet, the Danes managed to organize a fantastic party that lasted four days. I believe most people are left with memories of trying sports they haven't played before, winning medals, making new friends, and reaching a blissful level of happiness every single day. And the memory probably lingers a bit more when you can walk out with the trophy held high above your head. We are already looking forward to next year, and we will do our best to preserve the victory so that Geggen remains proud. Thanks for having us, Copenhagen!

Eline Furseth

Ida Haraldstad
Translator





OFFICE WING

Howdy-dowdy! Now, UKA i Ås has hired all of its heads of committees, and the UKA organization has nearly reached 100 volunteers - woohoo! We are already in a new recruitment period, so now is the perfect opportunity to join in on a fantastic 100th-anniversary celebration! There are several NK and Functionary positions available on the UKA i Ås website. If any of these positions pique your interest, feel free to send in an application! This autumn, you also have the chance to join the UKE Revue itself, and you can now have leave your mark on a magnificent show. If there's something you'd like to contribute to UKA i Ås 2024, don't hesitate to apply. To make the festival a success, we need volunteers like you! Join the fun, apply for UKA i Ås 2024! And remember; where were you when UKA i Ås turned 100?

Since last time, we at the Business Committee at NMBU (NU) have organized the Autumn Career Day. The board is thrilled with how the day turned out and found it incredibly gratifying to see so many engaged and curious students throughout the campus. We hope that everyone had the chance to speak with the companies they were interested in and found the day to be highly informative. Now, we are looking forward to our next event, Women in Leadership, which will take place on the 24th of October at Johannes! This promises to be an inspiring evening with a panel discussion and networking. We hope to see you there! It's also not long until the General Assembly, where there will be elections for the positions of Leader, Administration Officer, Marketing Officer, and Sponsorship Officer in NU. If you are curious about any of these positions, please feel free to reach out to the current team!

Autumn has finally arrived in Ås, but the cold weather doesn't stop Samfunnet from continuing its regular activities. Since last time, we've had several intimate concerts and revues where the student community has showcased some of the best aspects of social life in Ås. Stentorbodega was organized with delightful tunes of "Jeg og n' Thorvald," filling the bodega as usual. Quite fittingly, we also hosted a sold-out Karaoke Night, where the atmosphere was lively, and the selection of songs was even broader! This year's Oktoberfest took place on the first Monday of October, with Aud.Max. once again filled with dancing students in their lederhosen and dirndl. As usual, there was beer, bratwurst, and pretzels! We're already looking forward to the next one. Finally, it's worth noting that there are only 4 weeks left until the General Assembly (GA)!! Exciting matters are on the agenda, including the election of new members to Samfunnsstyret (The Board of Samfunnet). We're excited and hope that you'll consider running for election!!

Ingeborg Tuften
UKEsjef for UKA i Ås 2024



Birte Una Liset
Leder av Næringslivsutvalget ved NMBU



Maja Raz Karterud
Leder av Samfunnet i Ås



STUDENT-THINGS

Congratulations to NMBU's new rector, Siri Fjellheim! Best of luck in your role, and we look forward to working with you to ensure that NMBU continues to have the most satisfied students in Norway! The student elections for the autumn are approaching, and we are in search of many talented individuals who can represent the students in the faculty boards and in the University Board. Do you know someone who is organized, has opinions, and isn't afraid to voice them? Then, please nominate them to the Student Parliament's Election Committee, so they can get in touch with the individual in question. Student democracy is the collective effort of all engaged and capable individuals who dedicate their time to represent the students, and we're excited to meet new faces this autumn.



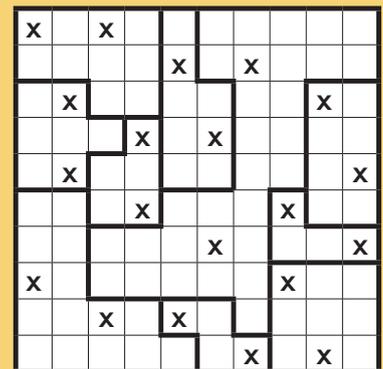
Wilhelm Olav Anthun, Martine Bingen og Camila Noel Moreno
Student Board 23/24



GAME PAGE ANSWERS TT07

Crossword "A message from the bag of empty bottles on your doorstep": Help I am drowning

The gift seremony at Sætra:
 1-I, 2-G, 3-D, 4-B, 5-H, 6-L, 7-J, 8-K, 9-C, 10-G,
 11-A, 12-F,



PRIESTLY THOUGHTS

There is no doubt that autumn is in full swing. The weather varies, it's gray and wet, and occasionally sunny and nice. I'm not particularly enthusiastic about autumn, but even I have to admit that on the chilliest days, when the wind howls around house corners, and darkness descends so I can light candles and wrap myself in a blanket, well, even I can enjoy it a bit.

Many people find autumn to be a heavy time. Everything feels a bit heavier and darker. The days get shorter, our bodies get less sun, and, consequently, less vitamin D. It's natural to feel a drop in mood as well.

This reminds me of one of my childhood favorites, Sesame Street. I loved it, and my favorite character was Alfa the puppet. I can still remember how exciting it was to visit the station - and especially the day my mom made a homemade Alfa costume for me!

I learned many important things from Sesame Street, often through their songs. And here's the song that comes to mind in the face of autumn:

"The good becomes better when it's shared,
the heavy becomes lighter when we are many,
sorrow diminishes among friends,
a joke becomes better when someone laughs!"

The heavy becomes lighter when we are many. When you can share your thoughts with someone, be it worries, sorrow, anxiety, or just the feeling that something is gnawing at you, it can make the burden feel lighter. And when you experience something that's nice or good, it's also great to share it with someone, as if things become even greater when we get to tell someone about them.

I hope you have someone with whom you can share your stories. And if you feel like it would be nice to do so with someone "from the outside", you are always welcome to the student priest. This autumn, I'm the substitute in that position, and I'm available for conversation at the student priest's office, next to the quiet room in the basement of the Clock Building. I won't have fixed office hours, but you can contact me at ingrid.ulvestad.oygard@nmbu.no, and we can make an appointment (the email address may change during the autumn, just Google "student priest NMBU" to find the updated address).

May you have an autumn with as many bright spots and sunny days as possible. And if you need someone to talk to, please get in touch!

Jane Christin, acting student priest at NMBU



Jane Christin is the acting student priest at NMBU. The student priest has their office in the basement to the left in The Clock Building. The student priest is available if you need someone to talk to or discuss with, or someone to give you advice. Appointments are made with Jane: jd352@kirken.no

Sofie Palmstrøm
Translator



THE GAME PAGES



Tilde Milia Skåtun
Creator

NOT HELPFUL	↓	ANGRY SOUND MISTAKE	HAPPY	↓	BRIDLE SCHEMING	↓	EXISTING ABBR. SEXUAL ORIENTATION	BREAST	↓	NOT FOR CERTAIN NOTES ON A GUITAR	↓	WORKS IN AN AMBULANCE YOU AND ME	↓	CONSTRUCT MELODY	↓	SILVER JEWELLERY	↓
→							FROM			BUZZING REPLICATED							
TRANSPORT DOCTOR GREENS-KEEPER	→					READY, SET, ... TRAILER			↗								TOWARD
↓							FAMILY MEMBER NOR. SAME LETTERS					ALTERNATIVELY	CULT				
→			COUNTRY	PRAYER ABLE TO				HAIR-STYLE A LADY					BOMB			FINAL HIT COMPETENT	
NOT AGAINST RUSE						SELF-ABSORBED ZERO											COLOUR
3.141592 6535897 9323846 2643383 2795028	↓	WEATHER ...AND BEHOLD					PIRATE'S YES LANDLUBBER'S NAY					PRO-NOUN EITHER			PUB SYSTEM SOFTWARE		
KING OF THE JUNGLE	↓								↖								
→				RELISH						PIRATES FAVORITE LETTERS			KERNEL				

SUDOKU

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Club Banter



Do YOU want to dance, sing and listen to GREAT music?

Then we in Studentstorbandet ved NMBU St. 1912 have GREAT NEWS!

We are holding a concert November 10th in Aud.Max. And can guarantee a GREAT atmosphere and lots of GREAT music. There will be disco, swing, jazz and pop and maybe even more! So, get your dancing shoes on and get to Samfunnet on November 10th!

Regards from
Studentstorbandet ved NMBU St. 1912



Hey guys!

August flew by with a hectic club program, including grilling, game nights, memorable trips and not least, our legendary Laget-meetings with many new faces.

Although the grilling is over, we in Laget have something exciting going on. Are you wondering how one can believe in a 2000-year-old book? Or how to explain that God is good when there is so much pain in the world? November 8th we're arranging "Grill a Christian" where you are

welcome to ask the questions you might have, to a panel of Christians. We will be in Festsalen in the Clock Building at 12:30. No questions are too big or small:)

And remember, on Thursdays, you're always welcome to Ås church hall at 19:00 for a Laget-meeting. Pop in for a good atmosphere and maybe even some wisdom from the bible.

Best regards from
Laget på Ås by PR-responsible Ragnhild



Cheers FFD!
Cheers Skriver!
Cheers Sparegris!
Cheers Hunkatter!
Cheers Qsturelle and Xklusive!
Cheers Pusekatter!
Cheers Tora and Thorvald!

Foreningen Hunkatten have now had their 63rd Birthday and We wish to share our Experience in making the best Celebration!

You shall have no other Gods than Felix.
You shall always wear your Party Headgear.
You shall keep the Birthday holy.
You shall have a Party game up your sleeve.
You shall not beat to death other than the common Piñatas.
You shall have plenty of Balloons in Qstural Colors.
You shall have plenty of Matrises Temptations.
You shall dance Jenka as if your Life Depended on it.
You shall not covet your Neighbors Gifts.

You shall strive to get one of the best Treats home, so the Fun lasts longer!

Cheers for turning 63 with Flying Colors and Joy!

Qstural Regards from Muskatt Ingrid, PR, Ingeborg, Pusekatt Julie, Pusekatt Turlid and Pusekatt Vishnu



It's been a few busy weeks
And we've been smelling like cowpats
Preparty with Rævne, played many games
Limbo and song, better than most discos

Congratulations to Unity, a fabulous revue
With you, the time just flew
A bunch of handsome men in black
Coming home with a stag

Our own revue is over for now
What dedication we've seen
Hope the review from Tuntreet is good
Or do they prefer PB, I wonder

October 10. was World Mental Health Day
All the snacks handed out gave us salvation
But it's important to remind each other
If you need it, you can always get help

Now were going to Trondheim
as Feminin & Fornem
To visit our dear male member
And give them a hug...



The fall has fully arrived in Ås, and we're steadily approaching darker days.

October 10th, we marked Word Mental Health Day to remind us all of the importance of taking care of each other and creating meaningful moments together.

On the same day was Collegium Alfas birthday, and the 12-year anniversary was celebrated with tapas, cake and the Unity-revue. Hip, hip, hurrah!

Since last time, we've also ran the 3000m beer race, and tested our artistic abilities in nude drawing with Mannskoret Over Rævne.

The girls in gold and black have also finished admissions of new members into the association, and we welcome 5 wonderful girls into the association.

We have lots of fun stuff happening soon, including our "gulltur".

Stay tuned on social media to see where the journey goes – we're looking forward to it!



Maybe Koneklubben sounds like a stereotype, someone who adheres to a outdated ideology. But when it comes to the modern Koneemne, we have some things to say.

Firstly, she is kind, but she knows what she wants. She is not scared to put herself forward, neither is she to formal. She is ready for every occasion, ranging from the proper dress to bringing condoms to reduce diseases!

Yes, you might think that all we do it knitting and botany, but we offer everything from drinking to eroticism.

She does not say no to a party or 10, she smiles kindly to draw the boys out. The problem is maintaining control, with alcohol in the blood, it's hard to separate the prince from the troll!

Best regards from
Koneklubben Freidig by
Nestsjefskoneemne



Fall has arrived in Ås, and with it comes the happening of the semester, well, the decade really - FÅRestilling! With great joy we announce that "Tilbake til FÅRTiden", the show that marks our 10-year anniversary, will take place in Aud.Max. November 3rd. We have been in strict training since we came back from the summer grazing, for this occasion. But – we have of course spent some time on various festivities.

In fact, we have had both a jubilee party and "tapas og kanakas" With Broderskapet Unity. We are very satisfied with both of these evenings, and can report that the Unity-boys actually know how to make good food (who would have thought?). Oktoberfest was according to tradition spent with Mannskoret over Rævne. This year, as last year, it was a successful party. Seeing as our request for BEde to have the whole party at their place was never taken seriously last year, we were obliged to conclude the evening at Samfunnet – where we had a smashing time!

We'll see you at FÅRestilling!

Best regards from
FÅRestillingskomitéen
By Revysjef Helene



Heya chaps and gals!

It's been a while since the last update, and a lot has happened in the Rockclub ever since. Firstly, we have a new board consisting of 5 members! This means we're all able to put our effort into our own field of expertise, and accomplish more than ever before. Furthermore, the club has recently surpassed 50 members!

The new board values the social aspect of the club, which has earlier been partly overshadowed by other aspects of the Rockclub. This far, we've had 2 preparties before different events, and don't intend to stop arranging more preparties anytime soon. Over the horizon, we have an internal event planned at Samfunnet. This is planned to be the greatest event we'll be hosting this semester. Otherwise, we're looking forward to being able to perform gigs in the foreseeable future.

We've also made some great patches, suitable for battlewests and other rock gear, to show the world you're part of the rock club.

If you're a musician, a music enthusiast, or simply enjoy hanging out with music-interested students, we would be delighted to have you as a part of the club!

Until next time!

Vennlig hilsen,
Rockeklubben NMBU
Leder: David Brown

Have you heard...

Best FF revue I've seen

FF says that all of Ås hates Unity? Puh, that's not true... there's just no one who cares about them

bjarne

working with sheep nowadays is really Bjarne

The cow in heat

Not a single seat was dry after the intimate concert with Rævne. Regards woman in heat.

R.I.P

Is the blonde in Skogveien 18B 3rd floor small, ever going to turn of the bass, I wonder?

The autocorrection

the blondes*, and did you forget to change your username? Lol spamming haveyouheard much?

R.I.P

WHERE IS PUSEN BREDE ?!

she graduated

saw her last week, she came back to her first owners

Hungry student

Blow to the psyche that there aren't any muffins outside Clock during the mental health week

Observant reader

Far too few junkies having sex on the street these days

???

Did you know that the reason you can't light your bonfire is your ignorance of the importance of feng shui, during and after lighting the fire. Our tips are pretty colors, pretty sticks or maybe a set of Chinese lion statues. Secret regards

Breaks

Be careful when you discuss old sport legends in the boys restroom in Samfunnet. I've heard that if you say Oddvar Brå three times in a row in front of the mirror, he appears and breaks your neck...

Marius Müller (not ice skating coach)

At this writing, me and my friend find ourselves in front of the charoake at Samfunnet på ås... what the bloody hell... we can hear "forelsket I læreren" but can't get in. An apathetic ucalegon cares not about our additions (I was kicked out; I'm not a member;; paid 140 kr) to the communal accoun of Samfunnet. Cunt.

slay?

A public service announcement to new students and others who don't get it: if you're not a committee/head list in samd, you have NO business being in the committee-/head-list-line when you enter. It's only embarrassing for you to try the wrong line – stop wasting peoples time, learn to read and learn where you have and haven't earned to queue.

Hattrick B8man

I have things to do (drink beer).
I will go where the line is shorter.
Respect the hussle bruh.

Queue-hater

Wish eika had a webpage with "how many are at eika now" so maybe you wouldn't have to stand in line 50% of the session

Queue-hater

Samfunnet should have it too!

Beer lover

Why can't Samfunnet integrate topped bayer in the barmenu???

Campari + Beer = true love

Would rather they served the virtuous drink there is: beer and Campari

Beer hater

Topped bayer? Are you thinking a 0,55 bayer or a bayer with sprinkles on top?

Bottom bayer gang out.

Beer lover

Topped bayer is 50% bayer in the bottom and 50% pilsner on top!!

Uka corruption

It seems like the board of uka only hires people they know

Nephew

It is unfortunate if people consistently are not chosen because of those who just know the right people. Especially if those denied of the position are obviously better candidates. It should stil be mentioned that the community in Ås is small, and engaged like-minded people often find each other before they get involved as board members and head of committees. Knowing someone sais nothing of how they will perform. This is also a problem in the "real world". Don't forget the commotion when Stoltenberg was appointed Central Bank Governor. If you supect systematic nepotism, you can always contact the head of HR, they are working for all of Studentsamfunnet.

Have you thought of...

Similar kids play best! It's no wonder that the social circle of engaged and capable students share the same qualities. The apple never falls far from the tree, but does that make them worse apples?

Correct

Welcome to the real world!