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I feel like I am amongst many other University students who feel pressured with this question and as if it is expectant of us

J

Many University students listen to music whilst studying. The choice in music among students reaches various genres and styles.

I wanted to investigate this further, and see what ways students find music whilst studying to be beneficial. I was also curious as to what genres students prefer while studying. To collect some of my own data, I created Instagram polls and conducted a few interviews with University students.

A 2013 study looked at the pros and cons of studying with music. After having students take a variety of tests with and without music, the study concludes:

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Leaving school, I still had no idea what I wanted to do with my life and I chose my sixth form subjects based on what I enjoyed and what I could actually excel in. But the pressures of picking subjects just to occupy my year left in further education, for me, I would have judged myself as one of 15% who have a part time job, a hobby and a positive attitude.

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The Annual of ARU's Student Newspaper

Edition 2



Welcome!



This is the Second Annual Edition of the Ruskin Journal Newspaper. The articles written in this Journal are by students of Anglia Ruskin University and the Ruskin Journal Society 2018-2019.

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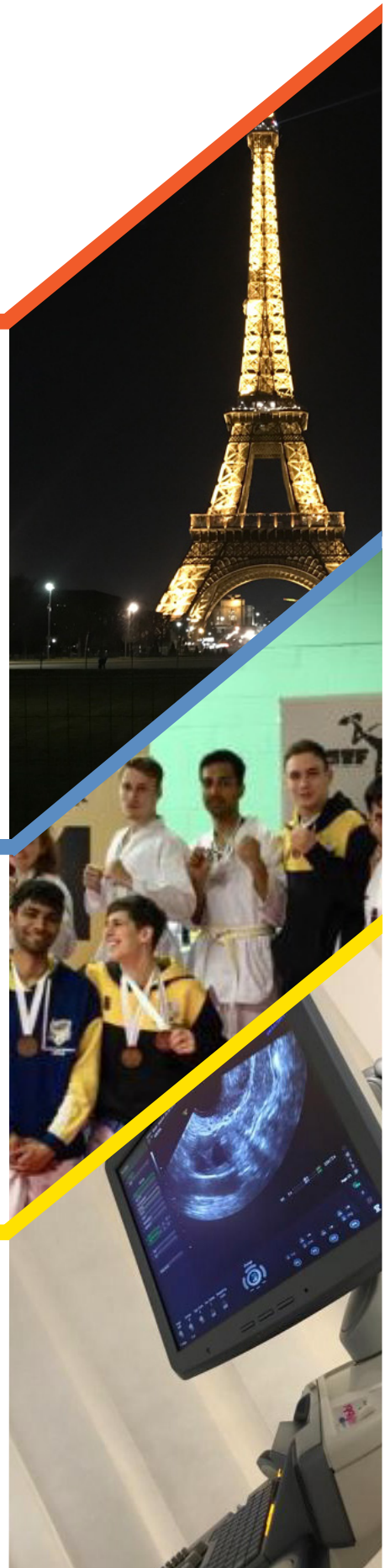
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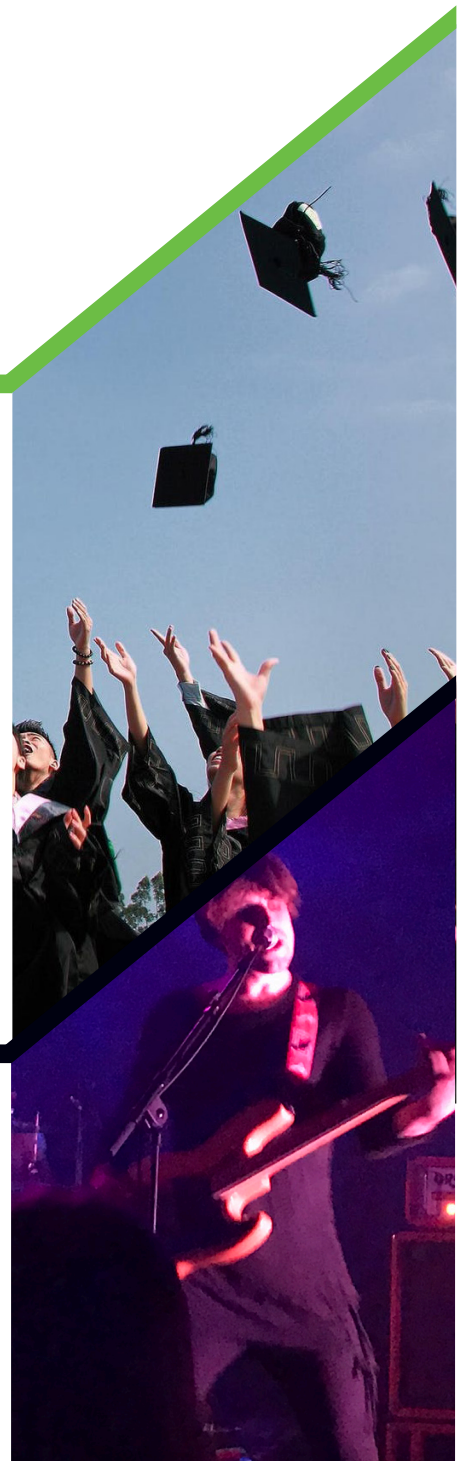


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Travel on a Student Budget

Written by Brontë Taylor

Wanderlust can be a very expensive addiction. Especially if you're a student! But if you're anything like me, travelling is a must. I have a few tips and tricks to keep the price down on your next adventure. As a frequent traveler, I have learnt the best ways to pick up cheap deals and enable you to keep checking off your Travel Bucket List.

The first and most important tip to put into practice before you even begin searching for your next destination: put your browser on Private browsing or Incognito. Sites save cookies on your computer, this allows them to know what you have searched previously, meaning that you might not get the best deal if you go back to the site. Private browsing stops websites from doing this.

Okay next, save yourself time and go straight to websites that compare flight prices and show you everything you need to know to book a flight. My go to websites are, Skyscanner and Kayak

These sites are great; not only do they compare prices of flights for you but you can sign up for email alerts. So, if you have somewhere you want to travel to, but the flights tend to be pretty

pricey, you can get weekly alerts so that you know when the prices are increasing and decreasing. Not only that, but you can also get weekly emails that show you the cheapest destinations for the week; which means if you are ever feeling particularly spontaneous, you just need to check your weekly email and BOOM you have the cheapest flights of the week in your hand. Obviously, if you want to fly for cheap then companies such as RyanAir, EasyJet and PrimeraAir are probably the best providers, although there's no guarantee you'll get the best service.

Unless you're doing a day trip, you're going to need accommodation! The best way to save money is to stay in a hostel. Hostels aren't as scary as you may think, personally, I've stayed in quite a few and they've quite honestly been better quality than if you get a cheap hotel. Hostels are a great way to meet other avid travellers and to socialise. The website I always use for hostels is hostelworld.com, here you will be able to search for hostels in any city. I always check the reviews for these hostels because they may have high ratings but if those that have stayed there had issues, then I like to know. These reviews really help me make my decision and find the best accommodation for my trip.

Alternatively, AirBnb is also a great option if you want to keep accommodation cheap or you can always get great deals on websites like lastminute.com, where you can get flights and hotel for one cheap price. In March this year, I managed to travel to Paris for three days, (in a 4-star hotel may I add) with train included for about £150! So, it is still possible to get some luxury on a student budget if hostels aren't your thing.

Another great way to save money while you are travelling is to plan out where you want to go and what you want to see. Most entry prices are listed online, therefore you can prioritise what you want to see and work around those prices. It'll make it a lot easier to budget your days and control your spending while you are away, if you have a general idea where you want go and how much it will cost. A lot of tourist spots, like museums, usually have student discounts, as long as you can prove that you are a student, some places may even let you in for free.

So those are a few of my tips and tricks to travel on a student's budget, I hope these help you reach your travel goals.



Hiraeth

Written by Heather Macbeth-Hornett

Photo by Heather Macbeth-Hornett

Illustration by Maisy Ruffles

Timeless challenge, but I'm only 54 ½.

“Hiraeth” is described by Reddit as “a homesickness for a home to which you cannot return, a home which maybe never was; the nostalgia, the yearning, the grief for lost places of your past.”

35 years ago, I became a student at Cambridgeshire College of Arts and Technology (CCAT). I studied for a degree in English Literature and European philosophy and literature. I remember how nervous I was when I started, not knowing anyone. The person I found myself standing next to for the start of the year group photo I am still in touch with and she became my son's godmother.

Yesterday I went back to register to be a student again, this time on a Master's degree course. CCAT has become Anglia Ruskin University. The site in Cambridge has changed. Shabby buildings and a covered walkway have been replaced with smart new buildings. The Mumford Theatre still exists in the middle of the site, this is where I used to go to lectures, volunteer and where my graduation ceremony was held.

Yesterday I saw vending machines

and recycling bins and several cafes. 35 years ago, there was a choice of 2 places to eat: a canteen, or a smoky café called The Batman. I walked around unfamiliar buildings, then suddenly spotted a familiar view, the back or side of a building I remember from when I was 19.

I still have my old student cards from the 1980s, when I was slim but thought I was fat, when my hair was still bright ginger. I permed it in the 80's, I had a spiral perm to give myself big hair. Today's fashions are for hair that isn't so big and curly. Some clothes have come back into fashion today, blue and white horizontally striped tops, yellow waterproof jackets, and light blue jeans.

Technology simplifies life if you can use it, but I was struck by how much has changed. I wasn't given a paper copy of a timetable, or a library card, everything was done electronically. I didn't notice an obvious presence of librarians. I remembered the librarians from my student days, one was always very helpful, others liked to shush people. The library has moved location and is spread over several floors. The ground floor of the library had signs up reading “Where are all the

books?” where you can talk, whilst other floors contain books and are silent. It was an odd feeling. Being somewhere that used to be so familiar and being somewhere different at the same time.

I met up with my friends from my student days in several reunions. The last was on my 50th birthday. I hired part of a café overlooking a lake, and we all sat out on a balcony on a hot sunny day in May. One of my friends from my student days didn't know if she'd be able to go to the party. She was very ill. Then a few days before, she said she was going to come. Her husband drove her hundreds of miles. She was still very beautiful, slim, kind, and laughed a lot.

We all talked about the past and laughed as the wine flowed and the sun shone in a cloudless sky, and for a moment we were all teenagers again. That was the last time I saw her. Why do the best, kindest, most beautiful people die young? A few weeks later I was at her funeral, with other friends from my early student days, numb and shocked but I will never forget my kind, beautiful friend and her laughter. I won't forget our student holidays cycling to Amsterdam one year and inter-railing around Europe for a month the following

year.

I had bitter-sweet memories yesterday, of the happy times from my student days and of the loss of a friend. I have confidence that I didn't have at 19, but my body is ageing. I have a house, but when I was young, I enjoyed living in a house with friends. We learned how to cook, how to manage our money, but we didn't have to

borrow to be students. It was easy to live cheaply. I had a black and white TV to reduce my license fee and used coins in the phone box nearby if I wanted to ring someone. I wasn't tied into an expensive mobile phone contract; people didn't have mobile phones. You had to pre-arrange to meet someone at a pre-arranged place, like under the big lion in Lion Yard and waited for them if they were late. I hand wrote my essays

in my first year and bought an electric type writer in my second year, with a red and black ribbon so I could type in two colours. To look up information I had to go to the library, I couldn't quickly look things up on a mobile phone or laptop. There is a smart bookshop on campus. 35 years ago, there wasn't. There used to be an excellent bookshop, Browns, on Mill Road nearby but that



“ We all talked about the past and laughed as the wine flowed and the sun shone in a cloudless sky, and for a moment we were all teenagers again. ”

has gone. The shop used to stock my course books. Mill Road is smart and trendy, a very popular street in Cambridge now with a collection of individual shops, cafes and restaurants. In the 80's it was a little shabby and you could buy a terraced house for under £20,000. Today's prices would be worth at least 40 times more.

After I got my student card yesterday I went to look at charity shops nearby. This is something I first started doing when I was a student, looking for clothes or objects that I could buy cheaply. I suddenly realised that I have been doing this for 35 years and it goes back to student days. So does my love of gardening and enjoying browsing bookshops. I still stay in Youth Hostels sometimes when I go away, and this goes back to my student days and inter-railing.

I went to Tai Chi classes as a

19-year-old student. I have been to several different Tai Chi classes over the years since, and hope to be able to join the classes at ARU. I only discovered Tai Chi when I was a 10-year-old student because a friend wanted to go. The classes were in an old art studio. I giggled during the first class, finding it funny. Then I started to love it, and found it very relaxing. Life is still an exciting adventure, but I have become invisible. It's a long time since I've been a slim young woman with long permed ginger hair and a flat tummy. I'm middle aged, overweight and my hair is going white on the outside, but still feel the same inside. I still like adventure. I sailed across the channel in my early 50s in an old wooden fishing boat, with a crew of competent sailors and I've sailed to the Shaint Isles in the Hebrides on another former fishing boat.

My heart goes out to two young

women I spoke to yesterday, Freshers, in the same queue as me. I remember 35 years ago being nervous, not knowing anyone, not knowing how to cook or look after money. They seemed much more self-assured than I used to be. My advice to them would be to work hard but enjoy yourself. Join clubs and societies, make friends. An adventure is waiting for you, the start of your adult life. If you are as fortunate as I was you'll make some good friends who will be your friends for a long time and you're about to have three excellent years.

Today I went to Fresher's Fair, a middle-aged woman. I have started to become invisible as I am ageing. I spotted my niece, a student, with her beautiful ginger hair. She reminded me a little of how I used to look. When I was young I was always noticed, although I didn't want to be. My long ginger hair caught



people's attention. I was pleased when the sun bleached it in the summer and it faded a little. Then the white hairs came, and people who met me for the first time mistook the white hairs for blonde. I have put on weight, shrunk and my fatness makes me look shorter. People spoke to me, I talked to people from the philosophy society about their favourite philosophers, and I felt young again. They liked Hume, Camus, Satre and a Hungarian philosopher I didn't know but who sounded interesting. I looked at all the new things I could join as a mature student, it seemed exciting, but I felt alone. I didn't have my young, excited friends from 35 years ago. I wasn't about to explore my life and see how it turned out. I felt a sadness for my youth, lost years, lost friendships and a lost beautiful friend with happy smile, a kindness and gentleness, and who always liked a good party. We danced at her

50th birthday party, 80's style, in a row, lifting up our legs to Dexy's Midnight Runner's "Come on Eileen", like a half-hearted can-can. A few days earlier I was remembering my student days and went to a café for a cup of tea. There was an exhibition of children's book illustrations on the wall, and I sat at a table in front of two pictures. Two women asked if I minded if they looked closely at the paintings on the wall. One of them called out my name and I realised she seemed familiar but different. It was a former art student I used to share a house with, with the same soft voice, but short hair, no longer long and her face looked different. She was still slim and looked an athlete. As a housemate, she was forever jogging on the spot in her room or going on a 40-mile bike ride. I'd preferred a more relaxed approach to live. She had kept her fitness but I had lost mine and was slowly becoming a hippo. She

was familiar but different. We kept in touch until our mid 20's and have not been in contact for 30 years. Our conversation was of the young women we'd shared a large house with posters by Matisse and Picasso on the walls. I can still remember what they looked like as 19-year-old girls. They are becoming old like I am but in my mind, they belong to a past, distant and perfect. Perhaps it wasn't how I imagined it to have been.

Local Vagabond Max Bianco Impresses Cambridge by Nearly Selling Out His Art

Written by Heather Macbeth-Hornett

Max Bianco looks and sounds like a man born rather in the wrong decade. He seems about 50 years late to the party but always appears to be making the best of what he must assume to be god's little typo with some humour. The Hartlepool born singer-songwriter, with his huge hair and 70's New York fashion sense is one of those rare people who can wear sunglasses indoors without looking like they are trying too hard.

The choruses to his tunes are sung in the pubs, clubs and afterparties of the Cambridge music scene, whether he is present or not.

Apparently not content with this, Max decided to paint an exhibition's worth of impressionist and abstract art, for a month-long exhibition in the Six Bells. Late last year, I came to chat to him in his natural habitat, the corner of this 'musicians pub' over a pint of Guinness, to find out why he'd made the change from recording artist to, well, regular artist.

ROBINS: So obviously you're known musically for the very successful Jar Family and the increasingly successful Max Bianco and the Bluehearts, but it is little known that you're an actual

artist, artist. With an almost sold out art display, is this your first step or have you done this kind of thing before?

BIANCO: Nahh this is the first first FIRST man. See, how it all started, I was busking around Europe recently, and my mate took me to see a Vincent Van Gogh display in Amsterdam. There was this display of his tree's in bloom, from winter to spring, from when he was in France. This one picture struck me man. I was staring at it for ages, and the fireworks were going off in my head. It was magic man. I found out 10 minutes before I saw this that he'd shot himself. It added to how hard it



struck me.

ROBINS: So, from leaving the gallery that you decided- right, from now on, I need to do that, I am an artist.

BIANCO: (laughs) Course not, I had some busking to do. Nah I was always into art; it was the only thing I ever scored at in school. I remember my old art teacher, Sharon, she'd give the class the brief for the day, then after that I'd basically just hang out with her, she showed me the Velvet Underground, Bob Dylan, and got me into all the music I'm into now. And I would just doodle something that had

nothing to do with class.

ROBINS: So, your musical education came from your art teacher?

BIANCO: Yeah, like the rest of the class are doing 3D sculptures and we're just talking about how wasted Lou Reed used to get. I was never included in the class and I loved it because it grew me MAX2 as a person. Her classes were a one-to-one tutoring on growing up, in the right way, finding what you really care about and just going with it. Her classes were the only classes I ever put a hundred percent into, when I did do the work (which wasn't a lot). Seeing the Van Gogh reminded me of her and made me want to go back to that time, when art was really important to me.

ROBINS: How long would you say you've been painting for? Or how long since you started again since your days with your art teacher?

BIANCO: Well I left the country around May and got back in September. Now soon after seeing the Van Gogh exhibition, I asked the owner of the Six Bells if I could have the art exhibition. Then I got back and was reminded I'd booked the exhibition for December.

ROBINS: So, when you booked the exhibition, you hadn't actually made any artwork?

BIANCO: 'laughs' That's pretty much it, yeah, was bit of a shock to come back to. Being reminded that everything was booked and I had two months and no work. Ronnie, a mate of mine who drinks here, gave me the kick up the arse I needed to get it all in on time, he was showing poems, loads of artists I've never heard of to get me going, he took me to a few galleries... Then he bought me this set of oil pastels and said 'crack on with them man'. And most of the pieces ended up being with them.

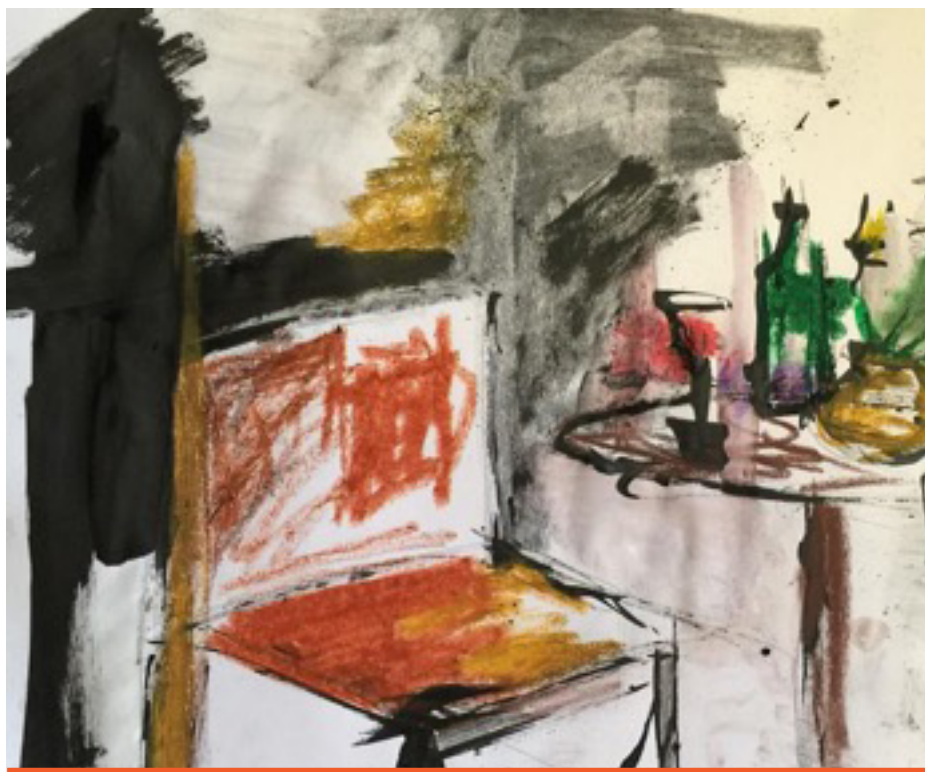
ROBINS: How did you find the creative process, was it as easy as writing songs?

BIANCO: Well it's like when you first start writing, you have

all these different ideas to start that all branch off in different directions, and before you have time to finish that idea you get another idea that you'll have to start or you'll lose it, it's just a mess. You get into this weird mind-set where everything's on fire all of a sudden, you don't know what you're doing yourself. I remember being sat around my place with like, 15 pieces strewn around the floor, I'd be flitting around the room, doing a bit on this one in charcoal and a bit on that one in oil, it was madness to be honest.

ROBINS: Do you find it easy to finish work? As typically songwriters have trouble with that.

BIANCO: Not really man, when it comes to songs, I've always been good at concluding stuff, cos I always knew what I wanted to say when I started it. But, as you know, the trick with writing songs is to separate the ones that aren't really working from the ones that are hard but really worth the effort and the ones you've just got to bin. I'm not as experienced in this medium so I found it a little harder to make that distinction.



Coasts Farewell Tour

Written by Tyla Brine

Photo by Merel van Schooten

After 10 years, the five-piece English rock band have decided to split. An Instagram post was written announcing the split and their tour dates saying, “It is with a heavy heart that we have decided to end Coasts. This is one of the hardest decisions we have ever had to make but we ultimately feel that it is a positive one.”

The members of Coasts, Chris Caines (Vocals), Liam Willford (Guitar), James Gamage (Bass), David Goulbourn (Keyboards) and Ben Street (Drums), met at University in Bath. Shortly after they moved to Bristol where they formed their band. They achieved two UK Top 40 albums as well as Zane Lowe’s ‘Hottest Record’ in October 2014.

Coasts performed at Cambridge Junction on Wednesday 24th October, alongside Only The Poets as support. I feel as if I have been late to the party with this band, having only discovered them this summer, but their show certainly did not disappoint. They performed singles such as “Stay” and “Oceans” and despite being their smallest audience so far, the atmosphere was incredible.

In their announcement post, the members concluded it by saying, “We started this band as five best friends and we’ll finish it as five



best friends. Coasts has been our lives for the past 10 years and we wouldn’t have had it any other way.”

Only the Poets joined the stage to support Coasts on their farewell tour. Although the venue wasn’t necessarily packed out, the crowd filled out the empty space with double the noise which created an exciting atmosphere.

The indie pop band from Reading made this their first major tour and they filled the room with their catchy tunes and had everyone moving. Their set included songs from their EP such as ‘Even Hell’

and ‘CeaseFire’. As someone who has never heard of them before, I’ve found myself listening to their EP on repeat since the gig and they are definitely a band to watch out for. You can find them on Spotify and they have some upcoming tour dates available for sale now.

Team ARU Men's Hockey

Written by Tom Smith



Anglia Ruskin University V
University of Leicester

Score: 4 – 2, WE WON!!

Goals:

Callum Carter

Hamish Leslie

Tom Burrows

Herbert Jrn Mudzamiri

The boys knew they had to win this game and that's **PRECISELY** what happened. They started

well with Hamish dribbling into the D and slotting the ball through the keepers legs. The team then scored a potential goal of the season, with Alex Johnson flinging an aerial and Callum taking it in the air and smashing it past the keeper. We pressed on, Callum scoring our third goal, which was then somehow bizarrely ruled out by the umpire who 'didn't see the ball go in the goal'. This caused a little bit of 'discussion' amongst

the 2 coaches, but it didn't affect the game and Burrows scored our third goal after a short corner. ARU got slightly complacent and Leicester scored from their first short. It could have been worse had goalie Ben not been sharp off his line to prevent another goal.

We came in at half time knowing the game was nowhere near won. Our boys nearly started the second half badly, Ben kicking a ball that had been hit from the Leicester half, straight back to their striker. Luckily this didn't result into a goal. We did however concede a 2nd goal, after a mix up between Henry and Rolland. After they kept strong and kept moving the ball, and it paid off. Herbert securing all 3 points with 5 minutes to go after good work down the right hand side from Tom Burrows. The boys ran and gave everything for the team. A massive shout out to Miles Fiddes who in his first start, and second game had an absolute worldy. Playing all positions on the park, trapping aerials, slapping balls with quality into the D, and defensively class. Burrows a close second for MotM with 2 assists and a goal.

Team ARU Taekwondo

Written by Jessica Marie Baloso

A very early start for the team driving to the Jean Brown Indoor Arena in Ilford. We eagerly waited for the weigh-ins to start. A number of universities had also started arriving and some students had been exercising to burn off any excess weight to ensure they met their weight requirement. Other competitors were also practicing for the first set of competitions known as Poomsae, which is a distinct pattern of attack and defence actions.

The world weights division for sparring began around noon and Team ARU athletes were warming up, stretching, and practicing kicks before their fights. There were some issues with more than one of the team members' matches happening at the same time. Therefore, those who were not yet competing were split all over the place, supporting as many of the team members as possible. The coaches too were doing an incredible job of managing multiple members of the team, one after the other as everyone's matches were close together.

Every single member of the club performed very well and scoring a number of points and all at advancing the semi-finals as a minimum. A valid kick to the trunk is two points but four if it



is a turning kick, and a kick to the head is three, but five if it is a turning kick.

After a lunch break to rejuvenate the athletes, the rest of the matches for the first session continued and soon came to end, and the Olympic weights division followed. Despite losing some matches, the team had a 100% medal rate and were able to take home 18 medals. The full results were:

- Maria Michael: x2 Silver, Bronze
- Jessica Marie Baloso: x2 Silver
- Lidia Iazzolino: x2 Gold
- Piyush Dattatray Dixit: Bronze
- Miranda Ventrella: Bronze
- William Moore: Gold
- George Dennis: Bronze
- Abdul Khan: Silver

- Muhammad Shoaib Shahid: x2 Silver
- Alexina Oladipupo: Gold, Silver
- Neuza Nunes-Cossa: Silver, Bronze

The Taekwondo club has improved greatly over a short period of time, from the number of members signing up, down to the progression of the hard-working individuals. The new committee members have been actively involved with their members of the group and supporting one another through running Mondays' training sessions, as well as promoting the club with a new Instagram page being set up. The club has also gained an extra training session at a new facility at North Cambridge Academy.

Miz Cracker Comes to Cambridge

Written by Brontë Taylor

Miz Cracker is a well known drag queen from New York, most known from Season 10 of RuPaul's Drag Race. On February 12th she came to Cambridge and gave a talk at Emmanuel College Chapel and then later in the evening (much later in the evening) performed at Cambridge's Vinyl nightclub.

The 'In Discussion with Miz Cracker' talk was hosted by Emmanuel College Chapel but

wasn't largely promoted as it was booked very last minute. But if you happened to find it as an event on Facebook like I did and had ZERO plans for the day, then you would have turned up to a really insightful and educated talk by a drag queen. On entrance to Emmanuel College Chapel, Miz Cracker was standing at the centre, all attention on her. She was wearing an elegant, figure hugging dress with a powerful working woman vibe and elbow

length leather gloves and started her talk by self title-ing it "A Wig of One's Own", before she delved into the history of drag and how this might shape the future.

She started her talk by self title-ing it "A Wig of One's Own", before she delved into the history of drag and how this might shape the future.

She stated that drag is currently reaching a tipping point, where drag was previously hidden in the shadows but now is most definitely in the spotlight. After the success of RuPaul's Drag Race, attracting 4 million viewers in its last season, drag carries a lot of potential to make money and a lot of people are trying to exploit this. As a result, Miz Cracker suggested that the core values of what Drag is, is being lost. She later spoke about how new drag queens, who are just starting out, aren't aware of the history of drag but stated that she did not care because young queens should be able to create in any way they want but the history is forgotten by most queens. For those not performing drag, there is nobody studying the current stage of drag, there are no



academic essays that are current, most previous academic essays are 30 to 40 years old and so people aren't being given a well rounded education of what drag truly is.

Miz Cracker spoke about the history of drag and how there is a broad misconception that Drag is age old, however she believes that drag is only about 100 years old. Cracker mentioned that she believes that drag truly came from New York (although she may be a little biased) during what she called 'the pansy craze' where straight people would go out to see people dressed in drag at speak-easys.

Her overall narrative stated that drag is a way of empowerment and it is okay for gay men to share drag so that women can feel empowered, strong and be able to be anything that they want to be as well! Miz Cracker spoke very eloquently throughout her talk and tackled every question that was asked with great insight and care for what she was saying.

Miz Cracker later performed at Vinyl and I was privileged enough to meet her. Although

our meeting was short, she was very humbled and grateful to her fans while, of course, maintaining her witty banter. Miz Cracker was enthusiastically received by everyone in the club as she took to the stage (if you can call it a stage, it's more like a step) and lip synced to Rehab by Amy Winehouse. To get the crowd going she then invited people on stage to take part in a dance battle.

I was very privileged to be able to not only see Miz Cracker perform but also hear her speak about what she does. Miz Cracker opened my eyes to what drag truly is and the power it has for people. The main message I took away from it is exactly what she wanted me to, empowerment! Whether it's through being dressed in drag or just watching it, drag can be empowering to everyone to show them that they can be whoever they want to be.



I Donated My Eggs and Here's Why I Think You Should Too

Written by Jessica-Lucy Weal

I first decided to donate my eggs when I was sat in my student house kitchen with two of my flatmates, an advertisement for the London Egg Bank had popped up on my Facebook feed and I was immediately intrigued. Donating my eggs was something I had thought about before but never really looked into it, I had spoken about it with my sister, who had the time was also interested in donating her eggs. It was pretty straight forward to apply and they asked you simple questions. Are you between the ages of 18-30? Yes. Do you smoke? No. Are you healthy? Physically yes, emotionally... let's move on.

I didn't jump at the chance straight away. I clicked onto the website, scrolled through it and then respectively closed it. Was I really ready to give someone my eggs? It wasn't as easy as somebody donating their sperm; this

included a hospital visit and me being put under. It was a big deal for me and took me months and several targeted advertisements (damn you, cookies) before I decided, I'm going to donate! I called, booked an appointment and they sent me a very very long questionnaire asking me questions like my height, weight, sexual orientation, eye colour, have I ever had sex before, am I married, have I taken drugs, what drugs? Do I drink, how often do I drink? How many family members do I have? Basically, it was very long.

My first appointment was just sitting down and talking through my form, taking about the process and what it will entail. Here is when I discovered I would need to have internal scans, injection myself for just over 2 weeks and have my vagina wall cut open... I felt a whole array of emotions here. I also found out that a new

law had been passed meaning that if the child born from my egg wanted to find me when they turned 18, they legally could! My second appointment was where it started to get real, I had to write 2 letters: One for the parents and one for the child when they turn 16 and one for when they turn 18. The first letter was a 'pencil portrait', where I basically had to describe myself, what I look like, what I do, what I study, what my job is, what was my dream job, my personality. I could really write about anything as long as it was to do with them getting a feel for me. So, I basically ended up talking about Harry Styles and the strong dislike for my nose. The second letter was to the potential child when they turned 18. This one surprised me with how emotional it made me. What do you put in a letter for a child you will never know, that you have no emotional attachment to? This was probably

the worst part, I felt like I was giving up and child and I had a very heavy heart afterwards. My letter basically was telling them to be kind, good people and follow their dreams and more cliché stuff.

Now, here comes the fun part.

During my second appointment I got taken upstairs to the clinic and had blood taken, had to give a pee sample and had my first ever internal scan, which was basically a probe with lube on it. They checked my fertility and she told me I was very fertile and had loads of eggs (this is good I guess). After this I had to have an hour-long session with a therapist who was checking I was doing this off my own back, not being forced into it, doing it for the right reasons, to me, it seemed as though she was trying to actually try and get me to back out, which I of course didn't.

After I got the go ahead, I just had to wait for my next period. So, I waited and waited then I missed a period, then I went on holiday, then my period fell on a wrong day, then I missed another period, then I went on another holiday, then it was Christmas, so the place was shut. Then in January while I was driving to uni, I finally got my period... and my car seat is still stained because of it.

I emailed and booked an appointment straight away, then a week later I had to have another internal scan while I was bleeding which was not fun, let me tell you. The lube mixed with my blood was messy and honestly, I just felt sorry for the doctor. It was the same process as before, they put a probe up my vagina, counted my eggs, measured them and then gave me my injections. The injections were to be taken once a

night until my neck appointment, which was Monday. They sat me down and talked me through everything, where to inject myself, how to inject myself, and so on. It was surprisingly easy! I injected myself every night for four days before my next appointment.

It was the same system each time, scan, count eggs, measure eggs, get more injections, make an appointment for the next week, go home. So, I was pretty used to it when my injections went up to two a day, one in the morning, one at night, for 6 days. The morning injections were a lot more painful than the evening ones, and I found myself dreading doing them! But I powered on and soon got used to them!

Throughout all these injections, I could feel my body changing, I was getting pains in my stomachs, headaches, bad back,

I was constipated, and very over emotional (almost cried at an episode of Great British Bake Off in a lecture, so that was fun).

By the time my last appointment came around, I wanted it to be over and just wanted the eggs out of me! So, when I went in on Monday and they told me I would be donating on Thursday, I almost cried out of relief! I was given more injections again, two I had to take on Tuesday, and then the trigger injection on Wednesday which I had to take at 8pm on the dot! On Wednesday I had no injections to take and it felt like it was the first time in forever I wasn't injecting myself! My stomach was bruised, I was in pain, but it would all be over soon!

I had to be at Harley Street by 8:45am for my 9am appointment. I was told to take out all my jewellery, no make-up, no perfume, no nail varnish and I couldn't eat or drink anything after 9pm the day prior. I was given a gown to put on and was taken to my little section with a bed and chair for my mum to sit. Since I was the first appointment of the day I was seen pretty quickly, the cannula was put in my arm (it bloody hurt a lot more than I thought it would) and then by 9am I was taken to the room for the procedure.

I put my legs in the stirrups, and for the first time I realised "they are really getting up close with my vagina!". That feeling didn't last long, because soon I was given an anaesthetic and put under. Then about 20 minutes later (felt like 2 seconds to me), I woke up and started talking about 2Pac. Yep, you read that correctly,

the first thing I thought of when I woke up was the conspiracy that 2Pac is alive and living in Cuba. I was put in a wheelchair, wheeled to my little corner of the room and put in bed. Almost threw up so I had to get put on a drip. Then about 20 minutes later I was given biscuits and tea.

My nurse was amazing and I loved her. She sat me up and talked me through everything, telling me they put a pill up my butthole (to which I asked "bum bum or front bum", mum still laughs about this), she told me they had taken 17 eggs, and everything went okay. Within an hour and a half of me getting there, I was leaving. A cab was called, and I was on my way home to be looked after by my granny.

I stayed in bed the whole rest of the day, and the next day, really just milking it at every opportunity to be honest. The clinic had sent me a bunch of flowers, which was a lovely cheer up. Then a few days after that I had a nice £750 paid into my account.

A few weeks later I had my follow up appointment. Where yet again they done another scan, and I was told I was healing pretty well. I had no stitches or anything like that as the vagina is self-healing, so I had no uncomfortable issues there. Out of the 17 eggs they took, 14 were useable, which I was told was amazing, and because of this I helped two families.

Honestly, being told you are the reason why two families can now have children is the greatest feeling in the world and in no way did I think it would give me the

feeling that it did. I felt so proud of myself and so excited for these people that I don't even know! This feeling gave me confidence to do it again. And I have plans to go ahead and do it again.

People always ask if I worry about a child turning up on my door step 18 years later asking for help (my mum and dad are the number one people asking this), but honestly no. And if they do they do.

I am proud to know that I helped someone, and I encourage everyone to do it as I promise you, there is no better feeling than being told a family can have a child now because of you.

I donated through London Egg Bank (www.londoneggbank.com) but there are many other places that could be in your local area.





The Orchard Project

Written by Izzy Woodcock

The initiative was set up by ARU's Sustainability society with the aim of enhancing the connections between Anglia Ruskin students and the local community, as well as enabling sustainability at a local scale in Cambridge. The project is being made possible by a grant from Change Agents UK, an organisation that supports university students with a passion for making a difference to their local environment and community. The onsite orchard will consist of 9 fruit trees, chosen and planted by Year 7 pupils at North Cambridge Academy, and nurtured by the school. The project is a true community endeavour, with students receiving a 25% discount on the cost of

the fruit trees from local garden centre, Scotsdale, and a donation of 12 posts (required for stabling the trees) from Cambridge's Midsummer Common Community orchard. The planting will take place during the months of February and March, as this is the optimum time for tree planting.

"I know that lots of different activities happen at the school every day, and that it is a central point for many local communities" commented Emilia Idziak, Vice President of Anglia Ruskin's Sustainability society.

From the outside, Cambridge might appear as a thriving city,

but poverty is a huge problem here. With many families without a garden and living in flats, the orchard will provide a green space to connect young people with the environment, and will help to enrich the lives of students at the school.

The simple act of planting several trees in an otherwise bare plot of land can have years of benefits, providing continuous education for generations of students who pass through the school. The trees will produce an abundance of seasonal fruit, as well as helping to facilitate young people's learning about nature in their community. One tree can be home to a huge array of living organisms and can

“The community of Cambridge has come together as part of an exciting new collaboration to create the first orchard at North Cambridge Academy.”



support its own mini-ecosystem. It is hoped that the orchard will become a key feature of the school, with students learning about sustainability as they take care of the trees.

In a world where green spaces seem to be decreasing at a rapid rate, the addition of

one small orchard might seem overshadowed by other negative reports on the state of the environment. Yet, for the Sustainability society, the best way to change the world is to start by setting the example in your own community; by supporting a generation of young people to care for nature, they are certainly

living up to this aim and proving themselves to be inspiring change agents in the process.

My Cambridge Shots

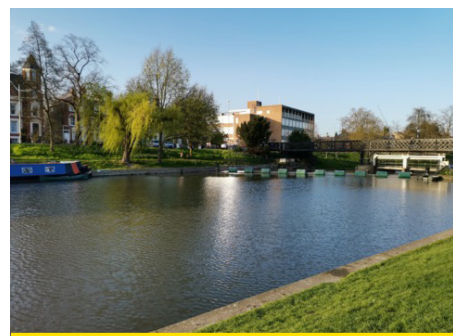
Written by Tawanda Masvikeni

To say I have always been in awe of Cambridge would be an understatement. The city is gorgeous. I particularly admire the way it merges the old and new; an inspiring conglomeration of the antique and the modern. Many people from the UK, Europe, The United States and other developed countries do not seem to share that sense of wonder, which I find perfectly reasonable.

When one has been used to something, desensitisation is almost inevitable. In my case, it took a tragically short time for me to go from looking at buildings that once filled me with a sense of appreciation to hardly noticing them. It is a sad feeling. It is akin to loss yet still having whatever feels lost. When a once ubiquitous feeling starts to slowly fade, one has few ways of remedying it. An option is to accept that nothing, whatever the extent of its grandeur, can be eternally inspiring to behold. I tried that. It was my hope that with the passage of time I would accept it as being an inextricable aspect of the human condition that we lose admiration. That proved to be something I could not simply stoically stomach. There must be a way, I thought to myself, to rediscover the beauty Cambridge

always availed to me.

Without expending too many words on what followed, that is the basic backstory of how I set out to love Cambridge again. This time around, I fell in love with it through photography. Having become a picture junkie of sorts in the past week, I feel the city invite me to play with it each time I am out. Photography has rekindled our love. Here are few pictures that evidence our brewing romance.





The Pressures of

Written by Tyla Brine

“

“What are you going to do after uni?” Is a question asked by my colleagues, friends, family – and even my doctor, who suggests I should do a Masters and travel to Thailand. And it’s a question I don’t think I will ever have a definite answer too.

”

Like most other students, and still to this day, are choosing their GCSE options as young as 12 years old. I didn’t have a clue what I wanted to do and I picked my options based on what my friends were doing, and what I would find easy. Teachers frantically attempted to prepare us for the big working world, meanwhile all I was focusing on at that age was not my future, but getting home in time to watch Prank Patrol and nudge my friends on MSN.

My careless attitude of picking my options was evident in my GCSE results 4 years later. I didn’t feel like I could pursue a career in acting, because I was terrible at Drama, and I certainly didn’t learn anything in French apart from, “je m’appelle Tyla, je voudrais pizza” – But in the end, they always say it’s

good for your CV, right?

Leaving school, I still had no idea what I wanted to do with my life and I chose my sixth form options based on what I enjoyed and thought I could actually excel in. But the pressures of picking subjects just to occupy my years left in full time education, forever clouded my judgment. By the age of 15 I had a part time job, and my attitude towards the whole ‘plan your life out, get good grades to get a job’ baffled me, as I had a pretty sturdy job for a 15-year-old whose employers weren’t actually fazed about the grades on my CV or whether I mastered Pythagoras theorem, but whether I was a good communicator and just a nice person.

Fast forward to final my year of

university, and I’ve narrowed down my many lessons learnt to one subject I really enjoy and that I’m actually interested in. But does that mean I know what I want to do for the rest of my life? Not entirely. I like to think I’m not the only one who is quite indecisive about their future plans. Needless to say, I do have some idea of the different jobs I could see myself in and will aim high for. But I am aware that people change and circumstances change, and what I enjoy now may not necessarily be the same things I enjoy in 5 years time.

I feel like I am amongst many other University students who feel pressured with this question and as if it is expectant of us to graduate and go straight into a job at 21, married with kids by

Post-Grad Plans

our 30's, and then to stay in that industry for the rest of our lives. Some may argue that we have paid this amount to be here so really that means we aren't allowed to do anything else.

I have learnt many lessons whilst at university, whether that'd been in relation to my degree, but I think more importantly what I will take from my experience is the general obstacles of life that I have had to stumble over along the way, the people I've met, and the problems I've faced. University is

a great platform for individuals to learn about themselves and grow, but as the years go by the question hovers over and we start to panic slightly about what's next on the agenda for us. I don't think any of us are really set on our future plans and I think it's safe to say we're all just wingin' it, with some of us being better at hiding it than others.

To be successful and have a dream career doesn't have to be something that's evident on

your Instagram feed boasting #livingmybestlife

But I think it's something that pays your bills, fills your fridge, and more importantly motivates you creatively, socially or intellectually.



Ruskin

Bicentenary:

Letters to Ruskin

Written by Hannah Cox

The ninth of February 2019 marked the bicentenary of John Ruskin's birthday. Since 2005, our University has been known as Anglia Ruskin University, in honour of John Ruskin's work in multiple fields which led him to be regarded as one of the leading art and social critics of the Victorian Period. Ruskin opened the Cambridge School of Art in 1858, the school which has transformed into the ARU we know today.

Anglia Ruskin's Elizabeth Ludlow and Nigel Cooper hosted Letters to John Ruskin on February fourteenth, joining institutions all around the country honouring the Ruskin bicentenary. The letters, written by university members, reflected Ruskin's own engagement with others' works, leaving rhetorical questions for the author in his annotations. The letters related to a wide range of topics, as did Ruskin's interests which included but were by no means limited to architecture, religion, botany, geology, ornithology, literature, education and art.

Zoe Bennett and Christopher Rowland, authors of *In a Glass Darkly*, *The Bible, Reflection and Everyday Life* attended and Rowland himself contributed a letter to Ruskin. Bennett began by discussing amongst other things, Ruskin's annotations to his Bible and how it had influenced their work. Rowland's letter drew on Ruskin and William Blake's handling of criticism, their madness and their inner worlds. Elizabeth Ludlow

followed with a letter recalling her first experiences of Ruskin as an undergraduate, and the importance of reading his works in context, as he continuously changed his mind. Ruskin changed his opinions concerning women, becoming an advocate for women's education. Ludlow's letter reflected on the value she found within Ruskin's work, despite her disagreements with some of his values.

Nigel Cooper wrote a letter that highlighted a personal resonance with Ruskin and his work. Others wrote letters empathising with Ruskin's ecological values and his issues with industry taking away from the human experience with life and nature. Chris Owen wrote a letter showing how Ruskin's influence continues to impact the Art School's teachings today, something anyone in Cambridge can see come October when art students set about Cambridge to do their observation drawings.

The event ended after a discussion lead by Nigel Cooper. Questions were raised concerning the appropriateness of associating the University with John Ruskin, which yielded mixed responses. Ruskin has arguably been unfairly portrayed in films and literature, and his personal life was one of scandal. However, his works defined him as one of history's finest critics. An admirer of nature and beauty, his views on life and art continue to influence students over a century later.

“

Mostly, matters of any consequence are three-sided, or four-sided, or polygonal; and trotting round a polygon is severe work for people in any way stiff in their opinions. – John Ruskin

”

Ruskin's influence within Anglia Ruskin continues to live on and inspire students! 2019 has many events lined up to celebrate the life and work of Ruskin, which you can see at <http://www.ruskin200.com/>.

‘Everybody Died So I Got a Dog’ Book Review

Written by Lily Brown

I have listened to Emily Dean on Frank Skinner’s Radio Show every Saturday morning for the past few years and I have really enjoyed hearing snippets of information about her eccentric upbringing and about her cute dog, Raymond. When I heard that she had written a book I decided to give it a try as a break from the books on the reading list for my PhD research. However, nothing prepared me for the rollercoaster of emotions I went through while reading it. The book is beautifully written and is extremely honest, Dean does not sugarcoat either her upbringing or the losses of her sister, mother and father in quick succession. The book strikes the perfect balance between exploring the sadness of grief and the humour which came with growing up with a mother who was an actress and a father who would quote poetry in response to almost every problem.

I think being a fan of the Frank Skinner Show, on which Dean is co-host, meant that I appreciated the parts of the book which

included Frank and the impact that he had on her life. I also recognised some of the stories she has told over the years about her parents and her childhood and I felt that I was in on some of the jokes. There are heartbreaking moments as she describes how she navigates the last days of her sister’s life and the pain of their father leaving the family, however these are interspersed with tales of parties in exotic locations and with funny moments from her childhood including her skirt being ripped off by a dog!

I devoured the book in a mere 48 hours, wanting to reach the section of the book where she meets Raymond, her long wished for canine companion. I think it is interesting how she uses pets, and dogs in particular, as a thread to mark the different stages of her story. She has avoided getting a dog herself, not seeing herself as part of a ‘dog family’ but her realisation that this can come in many shapes and sizes means that by the end of the book she is part

of her very own ‘dog family,’ a beautiful ending to the book and beginning to her life as a person who has gone through a lot but come out the other side.

“The book resonated with me on a number of levels as it not only deals with grief but with parental separation, family dynamics and with the expectations that people put on themselves to fit into certain roles within both their own family and in society.”

Dean speaks with candour about seeking therapy and attending a retreat to tackle her ongoing struggle with feeling 'unlovable.' She also acknowledges that recovering from grief and from other issues people face is an ongoing process, that it takes time and that it is alright to have setbacks on the journey. I think her approach to therapy and the way in which she normalises it is so important and may help others to seek out support. At times the book can be hard to read as she describes in detail the impacts of her losses and the raw emotions surrounding the deaths of all of her immediate family members within three years. However, overall the book strikes a positive note and you feel that she must have felt a sense of catharsis in writing this book. I would definitely recommend reading *Everybody Died, So I Got a Dog*, although you may also want to buy some tissues!

Everybody died, so I got a dog.

Emily Dean



'A wonderful and very special book that made me squeak with laughter and had me in floods of tears.'
Adam Kay, author of [This is Going to Hurt](#)

About Us

The Ruskin Journal was founded in March 2017 by Elle Haywood and Hanushka Karnani. It all started in a small cafe in Cambridge opposite the university where we had a discussion about the gap in ARU's student media - and decided to produce an online newspaper. After months of planning, the proposals for the university paper were put forward to the Students' Union and ALSS Department. The society and website were given the green light. The society currently has 53 members including writers, photographers, illustrations and designers. Our website has had over 2,000 views and attracts regular readers via our social media channels. We have covered events run by ARU, allowed students to be vocal about issues that matter to them and sent out support to other students, hereby helping to connect all members of the university. We won Best New Society at the 2018 ARU Students' Union SU Awards Ceremony and were shortlisted for Society of the Year two years in a row.

We would like to thank the following people for all their help, support, and guidance - for without them, this adventure would have never begun.

Thank you to Ian Bennett for your classes which inspired us to build the paper. Your enthusiasm and support was crucial in us finding the courage to even attempt this, and the amazing extra time you have given the society helping to create this print.

Thank you to Meg De Pasquale Crighton for helping us run the society, and dealing with all our requests during the 18/19 year. It was great to have you in our corner.

Thank you to Neil Henderson for encouraging us to run the printed edition, pushing for our funding and being a huge emotional support across the year.

We would also like to thank the amazing Elle Haywood and Hanushka Karnani who laid all the ground work for our committee to build on, and our family and friend who have supported us throughout the process of creating this project.





