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camosun's student voice since 1990

college

Camosun eyes potential Interurban film studio

KATE WOOD
STAFF WRITER

Camosun College is working with Vancouver-based construction company Lexi Development Group to discuss the feasibility of building a film studio, sound stage, and related educational facilities at its Interurban campus. This could lead to new programs for students in film-specific trades such as carpentry, metalwork, hair and makeup, and 3D animation. These discussions are still in the early stages, but those involved are unanimously confident that it's the right time for a fully operational film studio to emerge on the South Island.

Camosun vice president of partnerships Geoff Wilmshurst says that some of the educational programs that would use the studio would focus on fine-tuning the trades skills that are involved in film production.

"I think it's going to be in a few different areas," says Wilmshurst. "One will be really Continuing Education add-ons for trades, where there's specific needs in the film industry for a trade, but with a particular kind of skill set."

Aside from these trades skills, Wilmshurst says that another educational focus involving the new studio would be based around technology.

"3D animation and special effects, those kinds of jobs are in huge demand, and they require a very specific kind of training," says Wilmshurst. "And while we have a great computer science set of programs at Camosun, we do need to develop something that would be specific to the industry."

Saanich mayor Fred Haynes says that this is an opportunity to create jobs for creative professionals on Vancouver Island.

"It's not just about economic development and education," says Haynes. "It's also about giving a whole range of new types of careers right here in the region—careers based on creative intelligence, script writing, the love of art, the love of being involved in creative digital media. The wardrobes, the hair-dressing, it talks to all the creative side of our brains, as well as, of course, the engineering and the mathematical side."

Camosun College Student Society (CCSS) external executive Fillette Umulisa says that the CCSS is excited about the potential for



PHOTO PROVIDED

An overhead diagram of Camosun's Interurban campus, showing the proposed film studio location.

Camosun students to branch out.

"It's a good opportunity for us and our students to have something that's going to create more opportunities for students," says Umulisa, "just diversifying areas in which students can study. The film industry is going to be one thing that brings more students to Camosun; it also helps the ones that are currently at Camosun diverge into different areas."

Wilmshurst says that film productions on Vancouver Island often have to employ people from Vancouver or Los Angeles in order to equip their sets.

"Everyone that we've spoken to in the film industry just loves the idea," says Wilmshurst, "because the big challenge is actually finding people who have the skill set to be able to work in film, especially in a place like Vancouver Island, where, typically, people are imported either from Vancouver or from LA to do film work. If they had a built-in set of workers it would make things much easier and much less expensive."

According to Haynes, because there is not enough work on the island, many of those who work in film have to relocate in order to find a job.

"Many of our best talents have to go to Vancouver to apply their trade, or elsewhere," says Haynes. "We have some of the great talents

here on the island, but they can't find local work."

Haynes says that the average salary for professionals in film is high, and that this studio would allow young people to find a good career on Vancouver Island.

"The average salary is like \$100,000," says Haynes. "So when I talk about creative people being involved in wardrobe, artistry, and set design, they all get really good salaries. It's this kind of economic expansion that would be wonderful

to help retain our young people here that graduate from Camosun and other places. They don't have to travel away if we can secure this."

According to Wilmshurst, Camosun is on the radar of technology companies like Sony Pictures Imageworks, where the demand for skills like 3D animation is high.

"I've had conversations with Sony Imageworks, who are really keen to see some kind of a program developed at Camosun that would allow them to hire our students,"

"The film industry is going to be one thing that brings more students to Camosun; it also helps the ones that are currently at Camosun diverge into different areas."

FILLETTE UMULISA
CAMOSUN COLLEGE STUDENT SOCIETY

says Wilmshurst, "because they just have huge demands for 3D animation and other kinds of film work."

Aside from the direct economic impact of this studio, Haynes says that there would be echo effects on industries such as transportation.

"People have to arrive on set really early," says Haynes, "usually 6 to 7 am, and then they stay on set until midnight, so that means that the travel to work is off peak... So it actually adds extra ways of bringing forward economic renewal and diversity on the same road infrastructure but at off-peak times."

According to Haynes, Victoria is already on the map for film producers seeking production locations.

"An exciting thing I've heard through the grapevine is that when the movie producers are looking at places to film now, there's a label saying 'Victoria studio coming,'" says Haynes. "So it's clear that we're getting the attention."

eyed on campus



GREG PRATT/NEXUS


Construction continues at The Alex and Jo Campbell Centre for Health and Wellness last month at Interurban.

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OVERHEARD AT NEXUS: "If you say 'ugh' one more time I'm going to kill you."

SPEAK UP

What are your thoughts on Camosun potentially opening up a film studio?

BY ADAM MARSH



HEATHER MOREY
"I think that's really cool for the arts community."



HIRA MIAH
"I think it's good for students; they'll get to know new things."



JEN HOLLAND
"I think it's a great idea because it's something that I've dabbled in. I don't see any reason why not."



AMBER BARTLETT
"Awesome. Why not?"



KATERINA HAMANN
"I think it's a great opportunity. There's a big film industry, I guess, and to offer students more opportunities to go to Camosun is a great idea."



IAN KILLOUGH
"I don't think I would, myself, be affected, but that sounds amazing to have. More diverse arts options is always good."

student editor's letter

Entitlement is not enlightenment

There is an escalating trend plaguing Camosun students. The details might change from person to person, but the nuts and bolts of it are the same. It goes something like this:

I'm the most important person in the world. Everything on this earth revolves around me. It's 2019, so if the world can't bend over backwards to accommodate my needs, then it's everyone else's loss because I'm just that awesome.

Just because past generations disregarded emotion in the name of work ethics, continuity, and inertia doesn't mean it's okay to overcorrect by constantly disregarding those very things.

Self-care is important—very important—but if your health and well-being suddenly become your boss' daily problem then I've got some news: the world isn't that vain and, more importantly, doesn't care if you are. If someone needs to incessantly adjust their agenda because their cat had a hairball, the gas station line-up was too long, or they misplaced their wallet and keys, they're not caring for themselves right.

There's something to be said for being part of a bigger machine. At a decent job, you contribute to society in a meaningful way; it's not that society contributes to you. Everyone has a friend or acquaintance whose face flashes through their head when they read the words *you're not that important*. It's not my responsibility to remember how you like your coffee. Put the cream in yourself, and don't complain when it runs out. Go to the store and get more.

If I died tomorrow, like, 12 people would care. When you have a job to do, no one gives a shit what is happening in other areas of your life. If you tell someone you'll do something or be somewhere, have the pride to follow through.

Close the social media thread about who is the most woke (side note: if you think you're woke, that in and of itself means you're not); lose your commitment to narcissism. Be proud to be a part of something bigger than you.

Adam Marsh, student editor
adam@nexusnewspaper.com

25 Years Ago in Nexus returns in September



open space

Stop romanticizing romance

TIEGAN SUDDABY
CONTRIBUTING WRITER

College is, apart from a place of study, the centre of building relationships. Small classes, group activities, and asking to borrow notes or a pen from the cutie beside you are all contributors to socializing in Camosun's community-college environment. I myself admit that after watching numerous rom-coms and dramas, I always expect the next person to walk through the classroom door to be my soulmate.

Yet, if I see anyone in public holding hands, hugging, kissing, partaking in any sort of romantic interaction, I feel sick with loneliness. Unfortunately, this loneliness

Worst yet is the loathsome phrase "you'll find someone," as if I don't have myself to be with. Being alone has given me more room for my own identity, which I can learn to love.

The majority of my friends are single. We jokingly call ourselves bitter spinsters and often share our woes of being alone.

But we end every conversation about relationships with the general theme of "at least we have each other." I'm endlessly thankful for that. So what if I'm not experiencing the joy of texting a hot goth prince about how my day was? Who gives a damn about butterflies in the stomach? At least I have friends

Currently, I'm not looking forward to bearing emotional or physical responsibility for another person. I'm busy, young, and not in the right mental state to have a romantic partner. Finding and losing someone is all too agonizing to go through.

is born from more toxic feelings: jealousy, embarrassment, and overall selfishness.

When we are lacking in our basic desire for romantic stability, we fulfill our needs by engaging in activities that open up our communication. We casually date, use apps like Tinder or Bumble, call our exes, and fantasize about having a relationship where you and your dream partner adopt a rescue dog together. The problem with putting emphasis on a desire that requires another party is that we become completely dependent on romance, to the point where we lack personal identity. When our "need" to fulfill this desire is not satisfied, we feel that we are incomplete.

How many times do I have to deal with people's posts celebrating their six-month anniversary? Or questions like "are you and so-and-so still together?" Making romance a priority leads to burning through relationships. Breaking up is considered a "defeat" as opposed to a healthy mutual agreement. Fighting with a partner is seen as a weakness in a relationship instead of a test of emotional maturity.

who already know who I am and what I like.

Romance is a gamble that will often start with a persona of insecure perfection and will often dissolve in messy emotional fallout. You have to deal with the pressure of being an ideal person on a first date. You might find a fatal flaw in your potential partner; they may not care for facts on Italian architecture in the Renaissance, or for model trains.

Currently, I'm not looking forward to bearing emotional or physical responsibility for another person. I'm busy, young, and not in the right mental state to have a romantic partner. Finding and losing someone is all too agonizing to go through.

However, I am in the healthier process of realizing that some goth prince isn't going to sweep me off my feet any time soon, and that's more than fine. Why latch on to the first attractive person we meet as a source of emotional security? Instead, we should celebrate the love we have for other relationships, and make peace with our independent selves.

Something on your mind? If you're a Camosun student, send *Open Space* submissions (up to 500 words) to editor@nexusnewspaper.com. Include your student number. Thanks!

student politics

Camosun College Student Society integrates UN goals into work



PHOTO PROVIDED

Camosun College Student Society women's director Shayan de Luna-Bueno (left) speaks at a United Nations conference in New York.

ADAM MARSH
STUDENT EDITOR

It's easy to think that the world is doomed and that there's nothing we can do about it. But Camosun College Student Society (CCSS) women's director Shayan de Luna-Bueno says that it's important that students understand that they can always make a difference. The CCSS is trying to make a difference right now by integrating the United Nation (UN)'s sustainable development goals into the work it does for students; de Luna-Bueno recently went to the New York High-Level Political Forum, a UN conference in New York where the goals were discussed.

"A lot of what the CCSS does has been already aligned with [UN sustainable development] goal four: quality education," says de Luna-Bueno.

At the New York forum, De Luna-Bueno was able to talk with Canada's Sustainable Development Goals Unit.

"The theme of it was inter-generational equity," says de Lu-

na-Bueno. "A big emphasis was on community engagement in youth, which is already what the CCSS is doing with our student society... Governments and political societies really want to push for more of a youth voice."

It's important that, with all the social change happening in the world today, institutions have students at the table while having conversations, says de Luna-Bueno.

"The Canadian government was also looking for more push for student and youth voices as well," she says.

Whether the issue is quality education, climate justice, or equity, the onus falls on this generation, says de Luna-Bueno.

"Honestly, we wouldn't be having these conversations if it wasn't for our previous generations—having to pick up their work, and essentially fix the mistakes," she says. "Hopefully when we're pushing for more in the future these things don't happen again and we don't have to have these conversations."

The main thing, says de Lu-

"There is still that opportunity for change. It's still out there, no matter how serious the situation may be."

SHAYAN DE LUNA-BUENO
CAMOSUN COLLEGE STUDENT SOCIETY

na-Bueno, is actually getting student voices heard.

"A lot of big, high-level organizations or high-level government officials talk about, 'Oh, yeah, we want to include you, we want to include students,' and they just... I really want actual meaningful discussions that we're not tokenized, or that when we are there, it's accessible to people there," she says.

The conversations at the forum were full of "big academic political jargon," says de Luna-Bueno, who found that, because of the language, it wasn't accessible to everyone. There were discussions at the forum about not leaving people behind, which she found ironic.

"There was all able-bodied

people, [and they] were already leaving people behind," says de Luna-Bueno. "Accessibility is a huge thing for me... It's so hard to be taken seriously as students."

The CCSS collaborating with other organizations is key to making politics more accessible for students, says de Luna-Bueno.

"Students need to try to get on the ground as much as you can," she says. "When we talk about social change, it seems like, for our generation, like it's the end of the world: 'Climate change is happening, we can't do anything, we're all going to die anyway.' There is still that opportunity for change. It's still out there, no matter how serious the situation may be."

-ADAM MARSH

NEWS BRIEFS

Camosun to offer three new technology programs in September

Camosun College is offering three new courses in technology this September. The one-year Interactive Media Developer program will prepare students for work in game application, web development, graphic design, and user interaction. The Electrical Engineering Technology—Marine and Industrial diploma program will prepare students to enter marine or industrial electrical jobs. Graduates will then be able to apply to Engineering at the University of Victoria. The Certified Medical Laboratory Assistant program will train students to work in medical labs collecting physiological data.

New member appointed to Camosun College board of governors

On July 31, Tanya Clarmont became a member of the Camosun College board of governors. Clarmont works as the director of management services at the Victoria Native Friendship Centre. Her term with the college board ends on July 31, 2020.

Camosun instructor gives digital mapping presentation in Japan

On the week of July 29, Camosun Civil Engineering instructor Perry Peterson presented his solutions for a digital map of the Earth that gives information about the surface of the whole planet at the International Geoscience and Remote Sensing Symposium (IGRSS) in Yokohama, Japan. The IGRSS is a gathering where interdisciplinary scientists and engineers discuss their findings regarding remote sensing of the Earth, oceans, and atmosphere. Peterson is working with other engineers on making the information in the "Digital Earth" accessible.



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college

Camosun president travels to Vietnam, speaks about college's work



PHOTO PROVIDED

Camosun president Sherri Bell (right) and SEAMEO's Ho Thang My Phuong.

ADAM MARSH
STUDENT EDITOR

As chair of the British Columbia Council for International Education (BCCIE) board, Camosun president Sherri Bell travelled to Vietnam in July to deliver a keynote speech at the Southeast Asian Ministers of Education Organization (SEAMEO) conference. At her presentation, Bell shared how Camosun embeds student learning in local businesses and community.

"I went through our community partnerships, our Indigenous community partnerships... The last part of it, I talked about our overall mission statement at Camosun—we're an applied, relevant learning institution," says Bell.

As second nature as this philosophy is to Camosun, Bell says that it's a novel way of thinking about education in Vietnam.

"That's the place where they're at right now—trying to figure out

how what we're doing can be replicated in their country," says Bell. But with the drastically different styles in education, Bell says that there were takeaways that can better Camosun as well.

"I heard a presentation from a woman from Australia," says Bell, "and she was talking about just how they track student involvement in other kinds of things outside of the classroom, so that they can be credentials for them."

Bell met with the speaker after her speech and asked if she could see the system they use.

"Over the summer sometime, I'm going to get into it and look, just to see how they're doing it," she says, "because it is something that, when you look at the world of education right now... We have at Camosun certificates and diplomas and degrees; students are looking for other alternatives."

These alternatives include "badging" and "micro-credentials"; in other words, packaging the life experiences that students have had, says Bell, so that it counts for something.

"It's something that I've been researching with other institutions," says Bell. "I had a conversation with BCIT about what they're doing and this kind of fed into something that

"The major focus we've had in international education is to diversify, not to increase our numbers tremendously."

SHERRI BELL
CAMOSUN COLLEGE

was of interest to me to research, so here I was in Vietnam listening to someone from Australia, and now I have a connection."

Another aspect of the trip for Bell was outreach; she says that Vietnam is the market that has improved the most for drawing students to Camosun, although she says the point isn't just to get international student numbers up. "The major focus we've had in international education is to diversify," she says, "not to increase our numbers tremendously."

There are students at Camosun from about 75 different countries, says Bell; the college doesn't have a lot of students from Vietnam, but over the last four years, the number has been steadily on the rise.

"It's a country that we're working pretty closely with, both in my role as president at Camosun, and as chair of BCCIE," says Bell.

Bell says that the most memorable part of the trip was a conversation she had over dinner with SEAMEO center director Ho Thang My Phuong.

"I learned about where she went to school, where she grew up, just her journey," says Bell.

Part of that journey was getting posted to her first university teaching position, says Bell.

"I said, 'What do you mean, 'posted?'" She said, 'The government tells you where you're going to go work.' We got into a conversation about the country, and where it's come from the 1970s until now—what she's proud of. It was an individual opportunity to build a relationship with someone who's doing a similar job to what I do in a completely different country. The most interesting thing that you come away with are what people give you."

know your profs

Biology instructor Brooke Cameron passionate about science, equality, portobello mushrooms

KATY WEICKER
STAFF WRITER

Know Your Profs is an ongoing series of profiles on the instructors at Camosun College. Every issue we ask a different instructor at Camosun the same 10 questions in an attempt to get to know them a little better.

Do you have an instructor who you want to see interviewed in the paper? Maybe you want to know more about one of your teachers, but you're too busy, or shy, to ask? Email editor@nexusnewspaper.com and we'll add your instructor to our list of teachers to talk to.

This issue we talked to Biology instructor Brooke Cameron about navigating the sciences as a woman and her possible *Magic School Bus* connection.

1. What do you teach and how long have you been at Camosun?

I've been teaching in the Department of Biology since 2018. I've taught non-majors Biodiversity (BIOL 102), non-majors General Biology (BIOL 103), Anatomy for Sports Education (BIOL 143), and AP Biology (BIOL 116). What a treat!

2. What do you personally get out of teaching?

I love when my students express excitement or interest in a course topic we covered in class. Receiving articles that students have found on ancient jellyfish or the latest research on genetic technology gives me such a buzz! Nothing feels better than watching my students find

intrinsic motivation for the course material as the semester progresses or even after the semester is over. I adore seeing students find value in what they are learning and get just as excited as I am to talk about topics like nematodes or osteoblasts. Did you know that bone tissue is constantly being created and destroyed in your body? How cool is that? Life is beautiful.

3. What's one thing you wish your students knew about you?

I try very hard to offer as much support as possible to have my students succeed academically and emotionally. Formative assessment (feedback not for marks), office hours, review—you name it. A lost mark on a small assignment is an attempt to motivate learning and correct small missteps so that for larger value assessment pieces, students are well prepared to succeed. Some students may view that as a lot of work for not a lot of marks, but I see it as a chance to shape and encourage their learning. I want each and every one of my students to grow and thrive at Camosun and onward in their careers.

4. What's one thing you wish they didn't know about you?

I'm secretly Ms. Frizzle? No, I kid (but keep your eyes out this Halloween). Honestly, being a woman in the field of science can be tough—your authority can be more easily questioned, as well as your ideas and input. Sometimes I may take a sterner or straight-laced approach due to my history with previous

peers, colleagues, and students. I don't want my students to see that attitude come across as anything but a demonstration that women deserve to be in the world of science and are still pushing hard today to be heard properly. I will continue to ensure that my students and I do not have to work in an environment like that of Rosalind Franklin.

5. What's the best thing that has ever happened to you as a teacher here?

Nearly every day that I spend at Camosun is the best day—I mean it! My colleagues and students are a dream and each day I get to spend teaching and learning with them is a gift. I appreciate all the learning opportunities that Camosun offers to their faculty, such as the TELFIN TEE WILNEW course on Indigenous worldviews, and I know I will get to continue to grow and thrive here for years to come. Equally as moving is getting feedback that tells me that students appreciate what I am doing with them. I will constantly strive to make sure my students feel heard and encouraged in my courses, because their success is my own.

6. What's the worst thing that has happened to you as a teacher here?

As mentioned earlier, sometimes it can be hard not to feel stepped over or unheard in academia as a woman in science. The community at Camosun College, however, has been overwhelmingly positive in my experiences so far.

7. What do you see in the future of post-secondary education?

I see a better blend and transition from secondary to post-secondary institutes. Right now, the secondary-school systems in BC are going through a major revamp of their curriculum. I hope post-secondary institutes in the province follow suit so that there is consistency for students who transition to college from high school. There is a concern that at post-secondary institutes we tend to "teach to a test," when, in reality, we should be trying to get students to think critically about the world around them and develop the skills they need to succeed in their field of choice—which may not even exist yet! We are all learning and growing as educators, and I see that to continue to take place. Additionally, I see a continued movement to decolonize and Indigenize our courses and curriculum, incorporating Indigenous worldviews and engaging with the land with a more authentic and community-based relationship. Our world desperately needs that right now.

8. What do you do to relax on the weekends?

I am an avid rock climber, backpacker, and performer in improvised theatre. To really relax, though, I need to be taken to a Nordik Spa for the day. Oh, those are so lovely. Have you ever been?

9. What is your favourite meal?

Up until a few years ago when I reduced my meat intake, my favourite meal was a medium-rare



PHOTO PROVIDED

Camosun's Brooke Cameron.

steak smothered in Béarnaise sauce with mashed potatoes, peas, and a glass of nice merlot. Now, I suppose you could swap the steak out for a nicely BBQed portobello mushroom and I'd be just as pleased.

10. What is your biggest pet peeve?

Most folks do not take the time to truly listen to each other, especially when opinions differ. I wish we were better as a whole at recognizing different perspectives and acknowledging that where we are all coming from is unique and valid. Most of us just want to be good people and receive kindness in return, but insecurities can make us defensive and unwilling to learn from one another.

stage

Victoria Fringe Fest addresses the complexities of human emotion, life



In *Ireland We Rented a Car from Criminals* (left) and *Letter to Myself* are both being performed at this year's Victoria Fringe Theatre Festival.

ADAM MARSH
STUDENT EDITOR

Most of us can remember a vacation that's gone horribly wrong. Flights get delayed, papers get lost—whatever it is, it's the furthest thing from funny when it happens. In retrospect, however, the laughter often comes echoing through the cracks to make a good story.

"I've compiled different stories to get that comic arc," says playwright Rod Macpherson regarding his play *In Ireland We Rented a Car from Criminals*, which he is bringing to this year's Victoria Fringe Theatre Festival.

From the narrow, stone-walled streets of the Irish countryside to driving a standard with the wrong hand, all the things that tourists experience in another place, says Macpherson, can make for hilarious stories. But the play's main character, Mary, has more trying motives that at times make the play a dark endeavour as well, which, when it comes to Irish history, is no laughing matter.

"Once you get to the famine graveyards, then that's where you get sort of comic elements up against the very serious reality of what happened to people and how badly they were exploited," Macpherson says.

Comedy and drama often stem from the same things, both in the original Shakespearean sense—where the only real difference between a comedy and a tragedy was the ending—and in Macpherson's play. Illustrating the close relationship between comedy and drama, Macpherson draws on a story he heard of going out on the water to spread someone's ashes, a situation that is, typically, far from funny.

"The example that somebody gave me," says Macpherson, "they were out on a boat in a lake and the wind blew the deceased's ashes back, covering everybody in the boat."

Macpherson once decided to take a trip to Ireland after finding out he had ancestry there. But that connection was hard for him to feel, as the ancestry is so far back.

"That makes me ask," he says, "what is the reality of that connection when you go back six generations? Is that valid?"

Playwright and actor Ryan Scramstead says that he is okay with the audience members being slightly confused at the end of his play, as art is a collaborative process. In Scramstead's play *Letters to Myself*—which he calls "semi-autobiographical" and which is also going to be performed at this year's Fringe—each voice in his head is a different character, and transparency is at the forefront of the performance, something that he says many people are afraid of.

"To be so vulnerable that you are actually talking openly about 'I've got one voice that says this,' I think we're almost afraid to come across as schizophrenic or like we don't have things figured out, and it's a very vulnerable thing to admit," says Scramstead.

But things are always changing, so it's only natural to not always have things figured out, says Scramstead; a key in creating this play was for him to be comfortable with that.

"The openness to have that discussion can produce such strength, especially in connecting and empathizing and sympathizing with other people," he says.

Contrary to Scramstead's phil-

osophy, Macpherson says that he tries to keep his own experience out of the script.

"Because you're so invested in it personally, it never quite comes off as authentic if you use something really personal without sort of filtering it through the viewpoint of another person," says Macpherson. "But that's just my own way of working."

Macpherson strives to keep himself out of the material, which he realizes is counterintuitive to a lot of writing approaches.

"People who say you've got to write what you know... [That] leads to a lot of confessional writing and a lot of really solid first-person narratives," he says. "In a play, I'd rather try and inhabit three completely different people."

The idea for Scramstead's play came to him when he spent six months overseas in 2018 doing humanitarian work, during which time he wrote, as the play's title suggests, letters to himself.

"What our team leader got us to do was to write these time-capsule letters to ourselves," he says. "We wrote one at the beginning, we wrote one halfway through, and we wrote one at the end, and then we would receive them three months later as this time capsule."

When Scramstead received all three, he realized some commonalities: he frequently used imagery to describe an unintentional arc—wandering through tall grass to try to make sense of the voices, for example. So he started writing, using the letters as bookends for the script.

"The letters are very much a reflection within the show," says Scramstead. "The pivotal moments



PHOTOS PROVIDED

he says, "but it's not a matter of 'I don't like this so I'm gonna go hide it,' it's a matter of 'Okay, this is in me. But I think this is also in everyone.' It can be dangerous, but it's a matter of understanding that it's really things that we all deal with."

Victoria Fringe Theatre Festival
Wednesday, August 21 until
September 1
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LAKE OF BROKEN GLASS

By Adam Marsh, student editor

STRUGGLING ON THE FRONTLINES OF MENTAL HEALTH AT CAMOSUN COLLEGE

Truth be told, you were all that was on my mind most days for the better part of two years. Not in a pining, bullshit-fairy-tale kind of way, no. Not anymore: by the time the winter semester rolled around in January of 2017, I feared for you.

As professors scratched Expo markers over whiteboards and students clogged the hallways of Fisher and sweated their demons out in the Young Building basement gym, your face skidded its ghostly blur in and out of my mind, illuminated by those opaque ocean-deep eyes. The truth's always in the eyes, Claire, and yours were tear-swollen and vacant with the kind of emptiness that only sadness can bring, a sadness that no one else can quite understand as it yields to surrender. You tried to surrender, and if there's one thing I want you to remember through all of this, it's to never, ever surrender. Let nature do its thing. I understand that this will be as hard for you to read as it will be for me to write, but please, never, ever surrender, ever again.

The biggest lie we tell ourselves as the black well of depression landslides itself away from distant emptiness to downright frightening, impish nuggets of devilish decorum is that taking care of it—a bullet in the head, a mangled shadow dangling from the loft rafter, however you do it—is the only way out. Know that it's a fucking lie. It's not the lesser of two evils, and it won't make it better. The most it ever does is hand the pain to the living, but let's be real here: who really lives? There are a handful of moments in our lives that we look back on and can honestly say that we really lived through. The rest is robotic resilience, unless a slot of the day—every day—is devoted to digging deeper, and I know you're just like me: most of the time you don't have the energy to do it, and when you do, you don't like what you find. But repetition builds resilience. You might not like it, but in time, you learn to tolerate it enough to change some of the results.

I don't look back on those years of my life with regret or sadness, or even remember the freshly fallen snow that hid the tarmac on that cold January day you attempted surrender. The truth was this: if nothing else, fear did its deed, giving me a reason to live and bleed as it picked away at the muscly meat of a heart while it bled out, bright red in the freshly fallen winter snow dust. The truth was this: you didn't want to die. Not then and not now. You needed an out, a reset, to tag up and catch your breath.

So did I.

Fear kept me alive, fear killed me, and fear lit a firecracker under my ass just in time.

When no one looks

There are few people I respect more in society than those with invisible illnesses, people who appear to the eyes of passersby to be like everyone else, and are, in all ways but one. What sets them apart is how hard they fight, the war behind each smile, the shields thrown up in laughter, and the tears they shed when no one is looking.

I'm a yeller, or at least I was back then—a real piece of shit of a human being at times. I'm still that way now. If the spade is sharp

enough, shit can always be dug up, even if you're the damn pope.

Like many people living with or near mental illness, eventually I stop noticing things: the leaves changing colour, the spewing rumble of the number 14 bus as it pulls away from the stop outside the Jubilee Hospital. How, I think, is this the same person who was stuck in bed a week ago, in the back of a cruiser the week before that? Blue strobe lights flash red as I watch you on your morning promenade that, in every sense, speaks to cohesion: morning coffee, double splash of cream, two sugar, eggs; dip the toast in the yolk; avocado and orange juice to wash it down. Eyeliner darkens bright eyes, lip gloss glistens, and high heels tap. This is a person who—today—is unstoppable by bigot bosses and tall twisters that rip farmhouses from prairie ground in the height of summer.

But tomorrow always comes.

No matter how much pain anyone in your life is in, somehow, you have to show up to work and pretend it's all okay. The next day, you call in sick. You've told me stories of past suicide attempts, but so far so good: it hasn't gone beyond a few days in hospital, and I'll take good care of you, love. I will. It won't get to that. As I head off to work, I feel like a right jerk for leaving you behind in peril. At a spotlight on Finlayson, a seagull shits on my windshield. *Fuck you*, it seems to say.

Just before quitting time, I get a call. Words are lost in inaudible pools of syllables; tears, gasps, and fits of snot crackle into yellow-tinted Kleenex crumpled to the size of a small ping-pong ball. I catch no words, only emotion. I tell my boss I'll finish the day from home, and on the way out I wonder, if my job were inflexible, whether self-sufficiency would be learnt.

There are no thoughts that night given to anyone but you, and it has to be that way. It is a matter of safety, of love, of white-knuckle determination channelled through empathy's damp, dark caves of self-neglect. I sit next to the tub and put a meditation app on full volume as you plunge yourself into cold ice water. There's a system to this, and you submerge yourself with a certain rhythm and conviction that flows out of you. It tells me you haven't lost the will to fight, as the best of us sometimes do. But not tonight. You fight harder than a Spanish bull choking on cigars and rancid cognac finding the red. You're a beautiful work of art of a human being, always smelling faintly of chamomile-spearmint and a mischief managed; what kills me most on nights like these is that you can't see one ounce of the gallons upon gallons of unpasteurized beauty. But it's there, love, and tomorrow it might let you find it.

As the sun falls, I give you an anti-psychotic, a sleeping pill, too, then take my own meds.

We're both a little broken, and that's why we're a well-oiled machine of compassion.

"Thank you," you whisper, your eye patches perched on your forehead like a skier's goggles. They remind me of the many days of positive adventure to come.

When your breathing slows, I kiss your stringy, thick hair goodnight and get out of bed. Before I set out to do the night's work, I stand under a streetlight and smoke, thinking of the strange sense of calm focus that comes after crisis, like caffeine setting in when sleep is scarce.

The vibrations that reverberate up my spine, down into my lungs, and die in shaking forearms tell me that I'm in too deep.

Atonement. Corrupt morals. Selfish prick. A thousand self-deflating thoughts are flooding my skull on the way to work the next day. The morning is spent starting at a screen, pretending to type now and again. I can't eat lunch. At noon, you see your counsellor for an hour; like clockwork, I get a call at five after one telling me you've been admitted to the Jubilee psychiatric unit.

There's nothing to fill me now; no reason to leave work. No one there when I get home except the dog. I take her for a run to blow off steam, but she won't budge an inch past the threshold of the driveway, not without her mom.

"I know, girl," I say. "Mom will be okay."

The dog's soft brown eyes shut, open, and shut again. She looks to me, then back at the door, and whimpers.

A select few

The elevator dings. At a glass door with brown trim, I press a finger to the intercom button and wait. It's just after dinner and the smell of disinfectant and bad decaf coffee erodes my plastic cups. The intercom shines from red to green. A lock clicks with my boot heels. Linoleum shins and lithium lingers; most of these people are the mark of survival fading. But there you are, in your blue Island Health jumpsuit, a sheepish smile resting at the corners of your mouth. I know you're sorry for being here, and I'm sorry for letting you be. But there is no place for a discussion around failed love when it comes to mental illness. I didn't fail you and you didn't fail me, not once.

"A few days," you say, when I ask how long you'll stay. "Just a..."

"Reset?"

The sheepish smile grows. "Sure."

I move your blue diary from the armchair and put a hand on your leg, the same way I always do when we're driving down the highway on a hot summer day, windows down, and a top 40 playing on the radio. I catch your eye, and for a moment, just a moment, we pave a highway of our own, right here in the ward.

Get through the bad, focus on the good. That's my motto. It's gotten us this far and it'll get us farther.

That night, as the fans blare and the moon stares, I start to cry. Wherever you are, whatever you're doing, I hope those hospital nurses are being good to you, in every way you deserve. The dog hears my broken gasps and moves up close into the banana bend of my withered figure.

A siren blares, coming up Blanshard Street from downtown. When I think of others in this city who are in crisis, my breathing slows. There's nothing overly special about me, about us, but there is about you. You're the only person I've ever met who can still manage to look half decent in a jumpsuit.

I wonder where we'll be in five years. Perhaps riding bicycles in the

French countryside, back tire baskets full of cheese and baguettes, or on a Maui beach, dancing our way through a fire-lit luau. Or maybe we'll be idling in the parking lot outside Emergency, adding another Jubilee parking stub to the growing dashboard collection. Either way, we'll be together. I won't give up on you, like everyone else but a select few seem to have done; the fact that they've all given up on you is far sadder than any number of hospital visits, nighttime tears, or French countryside fantasies that, from the get-go, seem a little too far off.

The finish line

I'm in line at By The Books next day, adjacent to the library, and thinking of how much of a sucker you are for puns when my phone rings. One thing about this business is that when your phone rings, you damn well answer.

"Right now," I say.

"Don't you have class?"

"I can skip."

You don't give an answer, and I see now that you didn't want me to. I did lots of things you didn't ask me to, and lots of things you didn't want me to. There is a difference between being a nice person and a good one, and being good to others doesn't always mean being nice to yourself, and vice versa. And I don't doubt that you didn't need me to do the things I did. Just because someone struggles with mental health doesn't mean they can't be self-sufficient, lead a normal life, and give as much as they get.

No one ever gives anyone enough credit. The subtext of skipping class seems now to be nothing short of an insult, as though you require a babysitter 24/7. But you don't, not any more than anyone else might on a bad day. Caregiving is a marathon, not a sprint, and I often catch myself thinking that if I hadn't exhausted myself so early on we might have made it to the finish line.

The truth—two years later

It's pretty easy to blame the alcoholic for the divorce, the crook for the crime, the cook for the bad meal. It's easier to feel anger than it is fear, especially when you've never had to be scared before in any real sense of the term.

Truth be told, I broke us up more than your illness did. Truth be told, I started acting like a prick because I couldn't bring myself to leave you for something that was out of your control.

Somewhere along the line, the morning routine got hard. Silence stung and seemed to follow like a sickly ghost in sandbag barricade everywhere it went. I stopped making your eggs, and you stopped asking for them. You left hours early for work.

"Because I can't be around you," you said when I asked.

If I didn't have to be, I wouldn't have been either. When I talked, I yelled, and you didn't deserve it. Not once, not even the first time.

When I yelled, I didn't speak; I forgot how to do that, in a proper interpersonal way. I just yelled and waited. I stayed too long, and it got too dark.

It's hard to remember the end; I think I blocked most of it out in self-preservation, but I remember the yelling. So much so that my throat was sore for a portion of most days.

No one deserves abuse; even Satan himself doesn't. Now, I've learned to keep quiet, to dig deeper into myself, and to smile.

I waited too long, the way everybody does.

People hate waiting. We're horrible at it. Yet we choose to do it constantly: fiddling with the radio in rush hour, waiting until the cough brings phlegm before phoning the doctor, and leaving love.

It was a rainy October morning, and I had followed you out to the driveway in nothing but my underwear and socks in a steaming blackout rage, bellowing so loud that crows vacated nearby branches.

"Don't follow me out into the driveway," you had said, but I did. That's the last thing I remember. I was a real prick.

Something about being too tired to go to the grocery store, I think, was the start of the fight. I was awful to you in our final months; I'll give you that. The logistics of mental health will shatter any boundaries of molten brick and stucco, and I yelled at you too much for not being able to vocalize it. I deserve to rot in hell for what I said to you; I really do. I was really yelling at myself for not respecting myself enough to get out before a shard of broken glass found an artery. Who says loyalty, forgiveness, compassion, and empathy aren't sins?

I was strong enough to stay, to leave scars that shone under thick, snow-heavy skies, and to tread water on the summer days when I fell wakesurfing behind your dad's boat on the lake; but I never swam, never even tried to, and for that I'm sorry.

We had our tough nights, and often stared out at the pebble beds that surrounded the backyard as the morning light seeped its shards of blood into the fading darkness of another night. Darkness always fades; that's one of the best damn things about it. I wanted nothing more than to make you breakfast in the dark one last time, hug you, feel you, catch you, thrill you; but you weren't the one in need of catching. I yelled, and couldn't stop, as if the intense release of energy was the last tot of rum below deck. If I stopped, I'd have to feel the fear of coming home. I steamrolled downwards into barren ground and thought of the incredible things, of each moment, I was tearing away from us.

I don't look back on it now in injustice or indignation because I see it for what it was: an incredible, fearless trial of the heart. Two people who gave all they could to each other, who got trampled on, and now, have gotten back up.

I could focus on the shame hiding behind the facts—that I was strong enough to stay, but not strong enough to leave in time—or I can focus on how blind and dumb and fearless we were, and laugh with you about it now. The shot we took was a good one, a fierce one, a loving one, and those three things are the best anyone can really hope for when they wake up each morning beneath the sun. The chances we take as humans is something I think about a lot.

When it's all said and done, I can say I'm thrilled to have taken the shot, thrilled we're both still here, and thrilled to remember all of it.

music

Toronto electronic duo LAL create safe spaces with music

“When we perform, we want that place to be a safe space. We want to create a safer space for the community.”

ROSINA KAZI
LAL



PHOTO PROVIDED

Toronto's LAL explore satellite sounds and safe spaces on their new album, *Dark Beings*.

JESSABELLE GREENWOOD
CONTRIBUTING WRITER

Toronto-based electronic duo LAL tackle very down-to-earth social issues through their music, but for their new album, *Dark Beings*, they took inspiration from something out of this world. The two members of LAL—Nicholas Murray and Rosina Kazi—got motivated by listening to NASA satellite sound recordings and tried to recreate those sounds on the album using synthesizers.

“The direction we’re trying to travel into is like some sort of celestial beings,” says Murray.

And the members of LAL are taking that interstellar inspiration and bringing it back down to earth with a powerful message. With safe spaces being torn down by organizations and institutions, Murray and Kazi have built their own: UNIT2, a radical arts and community space in Toronto. Creating that safe space ties in with what the band explore on their new album.

“*Dark Beings* is about what happens with that energy and how we transcend our physical bodies when we’re in those places of safety, euphoria,” says Kazi.

The lyrics on the new album deal with environmental issues, racism, and sexism in the queer and trans communities and remind the listener that despite what has been taken away from certain people, we have the power to stand strong, and by the power of our imagination we can transcend the physical world and our bodies.

“Our music is a reflection of what we’re already talking about as a community,” says Kazi.

The two have been performing together for around 20 years, spreading their stories and creating a small sanctuary in every town they play in.

“When we perform, we want that place to be a safe space. We want to create a safer space for the community,” says Kazi.

Murray wants to eventually take

the band further around the world, mentioning Japan as one place where he’d like them to go.

“I want to travel and explore the natural world before we destroy it,” adds Kazi, “so wherever our music can take us, I’m down.”

Murray says that it’s important to give back to the community and that he feels like it’s one of his mandates; Kazi echoes the community-based sentiment.

“I refer to us as being part of an ecosystem,” she says.

There is no resentment or hate in the songs on *Dark Beings* (which got a spot on this year’s Polarix Music Prize long list), but Kazi says that the two had those feelings in the past.

“A lot of us get left behind,” she says. “I’ve realized the difference between a music industry or arts industry and then an arts ecosystem.”

That realization has helped them to move ahead. The term “industry,” to Kazi, has the implication of being wasteful, and of people being treated poorly and unjustly. We’re all part of an ecosystem, and Murray and Kazi know how connected we all are.

“We grow—it’s like a garden or a forest,” she says. “Every creature, every living species... Every one of our spirits relies on each other.”

Murray and Kazi are grateful they get to meet many amazing folks who are interested in the topics the band explores, and who are up

for discussing them. The duo’s ecosystem is not limited to just artists; there are people from many disciplines and backgrounds.

“Their intention is to really support our community and themselves,” says Kazi, noting that it’s amazing that there are people “coming together to create a better world.”

Murray agrees, expressing his gratitude for the community that the two get to be involved in.

“We’re lucky enough to be a part of it,” he says.

LAL

7 pm Thursday, August 15
\$20, Victoria Event Centre
lalforest.com

stage

New play explores music, technology, and pop culture of generation X



IRINA LITVINENKO

BOOM-X dives deep into the sights and sounds of generation X.

KATY WEICKER
STAFF WRITER

In 2015, *BOOM*—a one-man show written and performed by Rick Miller about the legacy of the baby boom—came to the Belfry Theatre. Miller, a musician and devoted music fanatic, initially used *BOOM* to explore the early evolution of rock and roll, but it quickly evolved into something more.

“It was about music at first, and when I started diving into it, I realized you can’t talk about the history

of rock and roll without bringing in the technology of the time, and even the culture, you know, styles—the trends and the fads of the time,” says Miller. “So, I realized this was getting to be a broader topic overall, and then my dad started sending me these stories—kinda like little pieces of an autobiography of his life when he grew up in the war, during World War II. And they were such fabulous stories that I had never heard before that were so different

from your typical baby-boomer story from the TV shows that I’d seen that I thought, well, why don’t I try more of a personal documentary but still bring in all of the historical, technological, political, cultural events as well? And that’s how *BOOM* came about.”

This summer, Miller is back to continue the narrative with the second part of what will be a trilogy, *BOOM-X*.

“I always knew I wasn’t going to stop at the baby boomers,” he says. “I wanted to talk about today, but to do that I had to break it down into three sections.”

BOOM-X focuses on Miller’s own generation: generation X. On this journey, Miller will perform a total of 100 voices to represent the evolution of gen-X. Several factors—what music he could get rights to (grunge in particular proved challenging), what would work with his own voice, how to create a show that would appeal to multiple generations—went into the decision-making process when creating the catalogue of music for the show. Miller was also careful to not let his own nostalgia get in the way.

“I realized there’s a certain sweet spot when we’re 14 years old, or 15, and we have a real emotional attachment to the music and culture of that time. That’s sort of where we figure ourselves out,” says Miller. “For me that was the mid-’80s. I realized how hard it was to be more objective of

“I realized there’s a certain sweet spot when we’re 14 years old, or 15, and we have a real emotional attachment to the music and culture of that time. That’s sort of where we figure ourselves out.”

RICK MILLER
BOOM-X

the era when everything you live is by nature subjective, and I realized the music I liked, the one-hit wonders... were not necessarily [liked] by all gen-Xers—partly because it’s subjective, but also partly because that gen-X era is characterized by this complete lack of cohesion and really deep polarization between politics and cultural extremes.”

Miller says that there’s nothing that unifies gen-X (“That’s why it’s called ‘X,’” he says), using punk and disco as examples of this polarity.

“They both came about the same time, both crashed and burned at the same time, and you were not one and the other, right?” he says. “You were one or the other, or neither. And politically it was kind of the same thing.”

The play will take music lovers from the early ’70s to the mid-’90s, from the battle of communism versus capitalism through the Cold War to the political divides Miller believes we are seeing today.

“You couldn’t be Liberal and

Conservative, you couldn’t be Democrat and Republican,” Miller says. “There was no middle ground at all.”

Miller explores the grey areas within that black-and-white mentality of gen-X in the play. He should know all about that sort of tension: he grew up in Quebec at a time when it wasn’t clear if the province would separate from the rest of Canada.

“I’ve grown up very much a Canadian, but, you know, wondering what that means,” he says, “and constantly reinventing myself because I figure identities are not solid. They’re—like today—they’re constantly changing.”

BOOM-X

Various times, until Sunday,
August 18
Various prices (student
discount available).
The Belfry Theatre
belfry.bc.ca

music

Montreal’s LENOIRE collaborates, experiments, get harmonious



MARTIN RONDEAU

Montreal's LENOIRE offer up an upbeat and modern take on the blues.

TIEGAN SUDDABY
CONTRIBUTING WRITER

With their upbeat, modern twist on the blues, Montreal’s LENOIRE go with the flow while performing. They are a band built on harmony. A genuine relationship is key in making music together and, for LENOIRE, always comes first in the process.

“We don’t normally have a routine, we just hang out and chill together,” says bassist/vocalist Carolyne Lemieux. “I would say that’s the routine; we make sure we’re chill and we’re all united, and

that’s it... It’s good because we’re always together.”

Their easygoing attitudes and love for improvisation was what brought them to each other in the first place.

“We were in different bands, the three of us,” says drummer/vocalist Gabriel Larose. “We were supposed to go to New Orleans with this band, so me and [vocalist/guitarist] Antoine [Laroche] went on our own... and we decided to start a new band. We started in Montreal, and then Carolyne naturally came in.”

One of the best aspects of touring

for the members of the band is the onstage experimentation they like to partake in.

“We had a coffee [shop] gig and there was a grand piano on stage, and we were so excited, we really used it a lot,” says Lemieux. “We switched instruments... sometimes I went on the piano, Gabriel went, I went to the drums. It was really spontaneous.”

Blues as a genre particularly speaks to the members of LENOIRE, because of their influences and because of the freedom that comes with performing the style.

“I love playing it,” says Laroche. “I think it’s so much fun to play, and you have so much liberty when you’re playing blues. There’s that whole history behind it of rawness and spontaneity.”

The members’ love for improvisation and mixing together old and new musical sounds led them to where they are now. But blues has always been at the beating heart of their inspiration.

“We don’t really have a choice. We love old blues and R&B, but we’re influenced by new hip-hop and everything,” says Laroche. “We work with a lot of electronic and hip-hop producers, so I guess it goes with kind of that collaboration. The person who did the mixing and matching on our last EP, *Satisfaction*, he’s a French hip-hop mixer, so that definitely helped bring in that more modern sound into it.”

Kate Taeuschen, the filmmaker who worked on the band’s video for the song “Oh Girl,” captured the essence of beautiful confusion in their music.

“We had so much footage from that shoot, and so little music to put it over,” says Laroche. “She really worked hard and did a fantastic job to just try and pull those strings all together to get the kind of semblance of a story... I think a lot of the inspiration for it just came from spending this time together.

When we were doing the shoot, it was kind of hectic, and the song’s kind of hectic. I think chaos is a bit of an influence there.”

That sense of community extends to other areas of the band: LENOIRE has cultivated a strong bond with other members of the Montreal music scene.

“Over the last two to three years, we really built a community around us, and we’ve gotten to know so many people and just build really great working relationships with other musicians in Montreal, and producers and mixers,” says Laroche.

Post-tour plans are already in order—soon enough, LENOIRE will return to following the flow of the music, this time back in the studio.

“We have to get back to Montreal for some recording sessions,” says Laroche. “We’re working on a new record right at the end of the tour, so that’s a big thing that’s coming up for us. And then we’ll see where it takes us.”

LENOIRE

Saturday, August 10
\$8 student tickets, Vinyl Envy
Sunday, August 11
Free, Gorge-ous Coffee
lenoire.band

what’s going on

by kate wood

UNTIL SUNDAY, AUGUST 11

On the way to the Roxy

A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum might have debuted in 1912, but this play tells a classic story—it’s inspired by ancient Roman playwright Plautus, and it tells the story of a slave named Pseudolus and his plan to find freedom by helping his master win the girl next door. For showtimes and tickets to the play, which goes down at the Roxy, visit [bluebridgetheatre.ca](#).

UNTIL SATURDAY, AUGUST 24

Worth more than a moment

Jeremy Borsos’ *Just a Moment* is being featured at Deluge Contemporary Art until August 24. The exhibit features Borsos’ series of painted aluminum and plastic sculptures, which are titled by the year of the source material. For gallery hours and more information, visit [deluge.ca](#).

FRIDAY, AUGUST 9
TO SATURDAY, AUGUST 24

Get Jurassic in the park

The Victoria Film Festival is bringing back The Free-B Film Festival, free outdoor movie screenings at the Cameron Bandshell in Beacon Hill Park over three weekends in August. Movies include *Legally Blonde*, *Dirty Harry*, *Rotten Scoundrels*, *Hook*, *Jurassic Park*, *Mrs. Doubtfire*, and *Harry Potter and the Prisoner of Azkaban*. For a complete schedule and more information, visit [freebfilmfest.com](#).

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 21
TO SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 1

On the fringe

It’s the 33rd annual Victoria Fringe Festival! The fest starts on Wednesday, August 21 with the Fringe Eve Preview in Centennial Square from

3 to 9 pm. The extensive lineup for this festival includes, to name just a couple plays, *A Little Crazy*, about the tricky relationship between an 84-year-old Russian immigrant and his great nephew, at Congregation Emanu-El, and *Battery Operated Boyfriend*, where an artificial intelligence designer and her AI boyfriend are called upon to save the human race, at the Victoria Event Centre. For schedule, tickets, and more information visit [victoriafringe.com](#).

UNTIL THURSDAY, AUGUST 29

Share the spirit of Canada

The BC Maritime Museum’s featured art exhibit this summer is *John Stuart Pryce: Spirit of Canada*. Pryce developed a passion for drawing and painting at an early age. His work as an architectural engineer has been used in projects around the world. Pryce now focuses on painting and hosting workshops, striving to share an understanding of the world through art. For more information, visit [mmbc.bc.ca](#).

THURSDAY, AUGUST 8

Get hip at Hermann’s

The John Lee: Next Generation Jazz Collective is performing on August 8 at Hermann’s Jazz Club. The collective is a group consisting of Vancouver Island’s finest young jazz musicians, led by multi-instrumentalist John Lee. Student tickets are \$15; the show is at 7:30 pm and doors open at 6 pm. For more information, visit [hermannsjazz.com](#).

THURSDAY, AUGUST 15

A Spoon full of freedom

Rae Spoon, Kimmortal, and LAL are coming to the Victoria Event Centre on August 15 to launch Rae Spoon’s new album *Mental Health* and celebrate the long-list Polarix nominations for Kimmortal’s *X Marks*

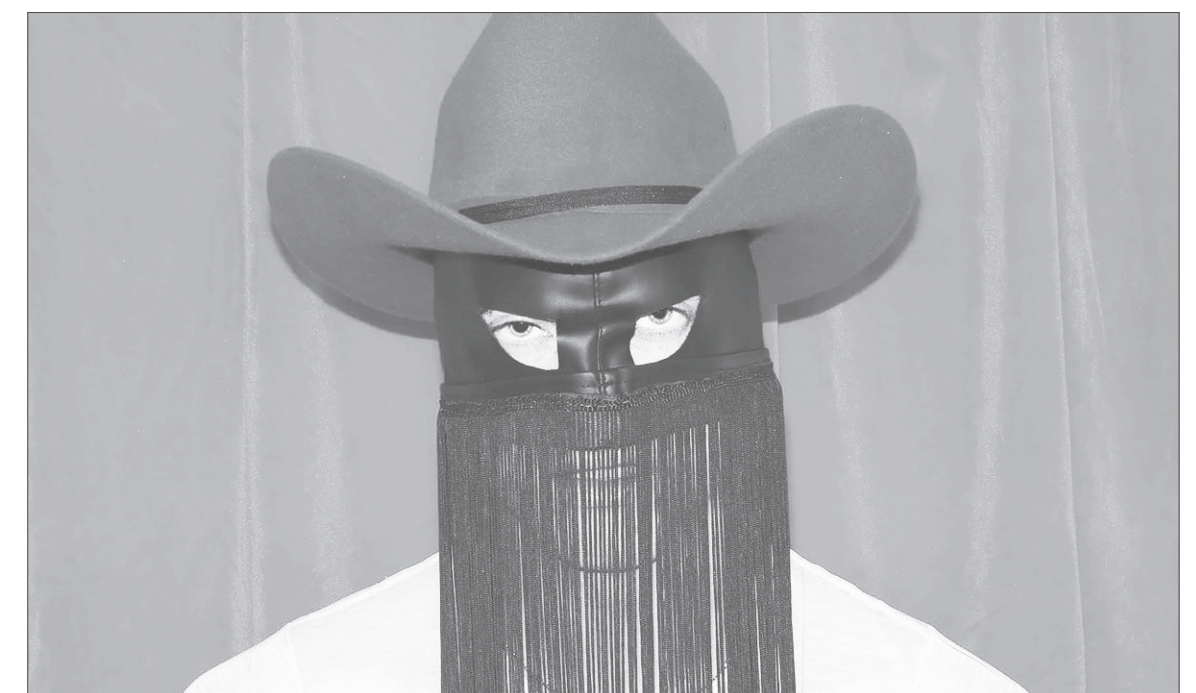


PHOTO PROVIDED

Masked man of mystery Orville Peck is bringing his hip country sounds to town on August 26.

the *Swirl* and LAL’s *Dark Beings*. This event will be inclusive and encouraging for all people and identities, as all three acts have mission statements that challenge societal norms. Advance tickets for the show are \$15 and the show is at 7 pm. For more information, visit [victoriaeventcentre.ca](#).

FRIDAY, AUGUST 23

Ain’t no slackers here

The Courtneys are coming to Upstairs Cabaret on August 23 with Ian Sweet and Teenage Wedding. The Courtneys will bring their self-described “slack-pop” indie rock, while Ian Sweet is Jillian Medford performing hooky indie rock. Locals Teenage Wedding will open the show. Advance tickets are \$12; doors are at 6:30 pm. For more information, visit [upstairscabaret.ca](#).

MONDAY, AUGUST 26

Bring your boots to the ballroom

Orville Peck is coming to Capital Ballroom on August 26. His music combines ambient shoegaze with timeless American country melodies. Peck takes listeners on a journey down a dusty road where they will see a world that is as full of mystery as his masked face is. Tickets are \$27, and doors are at 8 pm. For more information, visit [thecapitalballroom.com](#).

THURSDAY, AUGUST 29

Drink your milk

Canadian electro-pop duo and winners of the 2019 Juno Award for Electronic Album of the Year Milk & Bone are coming to Capital Ballroom on August 29. Montreal’s Laurence

Lafond-Beaulne and Camille Poliquin combine forces to create gentle yet haunting melodies with layered synths and electronic depth. The show is at 8 pm and tickets are \$16; for more information visit [thecapitalballroom.com](#).

COMING SOON:

September 6 and 7, Great Canadian Beer Festival, Royal Athletic Park November 8, City and Colour, Save-on-Foods Memorial Centre November 16, Jim Jefferies, Save-on-Foods Memorial Centre November 16, Rick Mercer, Farquhar Auditorium

Got an event you want to see here? Email editor@nexusnewspaper.com with all the relevant information today!

C'est la Vie by Sebastien Brotherton

AND NOW, A RANDOM THOUGHT FROM YOUR FAVORITE SELF-TAUGHT INTELLECTUAL THAT LEARNS THROUGH TRIAL AND ERROR...

Bubbles by Lia Glidden

STR8TS No. 232 Medium

Previous solution - Tough

3	4	2	1	8	7	6
8	7	1	3	2	6	5
7	8	9	2	4	5	3
6	9	8	7	3	2	1
5	4	7	6	8	1	2
4	5	9	7	6	8	2
1	2	3	6	4	5	7
2	6	3	4	5	1	7
1	2	5	6	3	4	9

How to beat Str8ts - Like Sudoku, no single number can repeat in any row or column. But... rows and columns are divided by black squares into compartments. These need to be filled in with numbers that complete a 'straight'. A straight is a set of numbers with no gaps but can be in any order, eg [4,2,3,5]. Clues in black cells remove that number as an option in that row and column, and are not part of any straight. Glance at the solution to see how 'straights' are formed.

SUDOKU No. 232 Medium

Previous solution - Easy

2			4	3				
4			9		1			
	8	1				2		
	9		3	2	7		5	
2		8	1	6		4		
	8					6	7	
	7		8					9
		5	7					8

To complete Sudoku, fill the board by entering numbers 1 to 9 such that each row, column and 3x3 box contains every number uniquely.

For many strategies, hints and tips, visit www.sudokuwiki.org

If you like Str8ts check out our books, iPhone/iPad Apps and much more on our store.

NEXUS HUMOUR

Norma Jean (Shut Your Mouth: Inanimate Objects Series) By Jenna Cotton

Campus Callosum By Pam Oliver

You draw comics. Get them published.

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Web Exclusive NEXUS

What's happening at nexusnewspaper.com

Week of July 29, 2019, top five most read stories:

1. "Report reveals former Camosun instructor took several hundred photos of Camosun students in bathing suits," June 28, 2019
2. "A matter of maturity: What's the difference between how mature students and younger students approach post-secondary?" July 10, 2019
3. "Know Your Profs: Camosun's Alena Chercover takes offense over plagiarism and gendered children's clothing," July 10, 2019
4. "Let's Talk: Let's talk about Alabama," June 12, 2019
5. "Former Camosun instructor no longer legally permitted to practice nursing in BC, college won't release details of investigation," July 8, 2019

Plus, head to our site to check out web-exclusive stories! Check it all out at nexusnewspaper.com, and find us on Instagram, Twitter, and Facebook today!

NEXUS

The content doesn't end in the paper.

Find web-exclusive stories at nexusnewspaper.com.

Let's Talk? by Katy Weicker

Promise to keep the conversation going, okay?

It's shocking to think that 18 months ago, I wrote my first *Let's Talk?* column. In some ways it seems like yesterday; in others, it seems like it's been a lifetime. From Women's Day to fuckboys, from consent to baking for firemen, from Alabama to questioning the validity of Ross and Rachel, *Let's Talk?* has been a grab bag examining issues I've experienced and observed as a woman over the last year and a half. It's been an honour to produce this column and I'm so sad to write this, my swan-song rant.

The time has come for me to move on from *Camosun* and *Nexus*, but there is still so much more to say. While the tides have certainly turned since I started writing the column and the #MeToo movement was on the upswing, things still happen on a daily basis that I could write a column about, which makes it so bittersweet to say goodbye. It's time for me to move on, but oh, how I wish I could keep going.

So, before I go, I just want to say thank you for taking this journey

This column is where I found my voice as a feminist. Where I learned that I know simultaneously so much more and oh so very much less than I realized. I've been empowered and humbled by this experience. For better or worse, words have power.

Be kind, be fierce, be patient. The world is changing. I know sometimes it feels like it's happening at a glacial pace, but it is changing. I hope 25 years from now, *Let's Talk?* will seem laughably outdated. I hope my daughters will stumble on it and roll their eyes, convinced their mom was exaggerating about the absurdity of a need

First Things First by Tiegan Suddaby

Keeping the positive attitude

When I first had the idea for this column, it was out of pure adrenaline. I think that's how I made most of my decisions in my first year. I followed through with a lot of my first instincts—sometimes it worked out, sometimes it didn't.

That first-day-of-school anxiety was nothing new to me. The transition into college was a weird and rocky ride, and it was incredibly apparent in my fellow new-kid first years. A lot of the younger students wanted to latch on to that apathetic "I don't give a shit" attitude they had in high school. Mixing that with the constant stress of post-secondary became incredibly toxic.

I know, we love to brag about not sleeping and eating salty garbage, but that dedication to treating yourself unkindly will blow up in your face. Whether physically or mentally, it just sucks believing that you need quick efficiency rather than quality treatment.

Of course, I'm the first person to roll my eyes to the back of my head when I hear platitudes like "Stay positive!" and "Good vibes only!" They feel more like cop-out answers to all of your problems. Staying positive isn't going to fix my sleeping schedule.

What is going to help is taking action. Sleepless nights are generally fixed by changing my sheets. Exhaustion at the end of the day can be helped by fruit or protein. And that positive attitude? It's telling yourself that you deserve it.

Don't put your life on hold; don't take your humanity away in favour of an okay grade. Celebrate the fact that you're here now, doing school, and hopefully doing what you want to do. So what if you feel like a stupid baby surrounded by cool people who know what they're doing with their lives?

You'll grow into it, as long as you let yourself do so.

Health with Tess by Tess Syrawik

Time management for your health

If I have freshly relearned anything during my time at Camosun, it's the unshakable value of time management. It's one of those lessons I've had to keep learning over the years, utilizing strong time-management skills while busy and throwing everything to the wind when my to-do list shrinks. Like most students, I work a lot during the school year, resulting in efficiently using the time available to complete schoolwork while balancing other responsibilities (like researching and writing this column).

Without classes this summer, I can be downright lazy after work. Tasks that used to take 30 minutes stretch out to fill the hours during lazy summer days free of essays, discussion posts, and other pieces of schoolwork.

In short, my productivity has decreased and it's bothering me.

What benefits am I missing out on? Is it impacting my health? What about other facets of life?

The number-one perk of good time management is experiencing less stress. Stress can cause myriad health problems, so finding ways to avoid creating stressful situations is essential to maintaining that delicate balance of mental health during the school year (also known as that sinking feeling when two essays are due on the same day and you haven't started either of them, yet and you reach for the chocolate and fries).

In my mind, there are two types of activity: the get-to-dos and the have-to-dos. Often, my have-to-dos spread out and take over all of the time in a day, bumping get-to-do activities off of the day's agenda. One strategy that really helps me complete tasks like cleaning the toilet or studying a blah topic is to

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*Ask us about our FREE student membership program sponsored by the Camosun College Student Society (CCSS)

camosun college student society board members word search

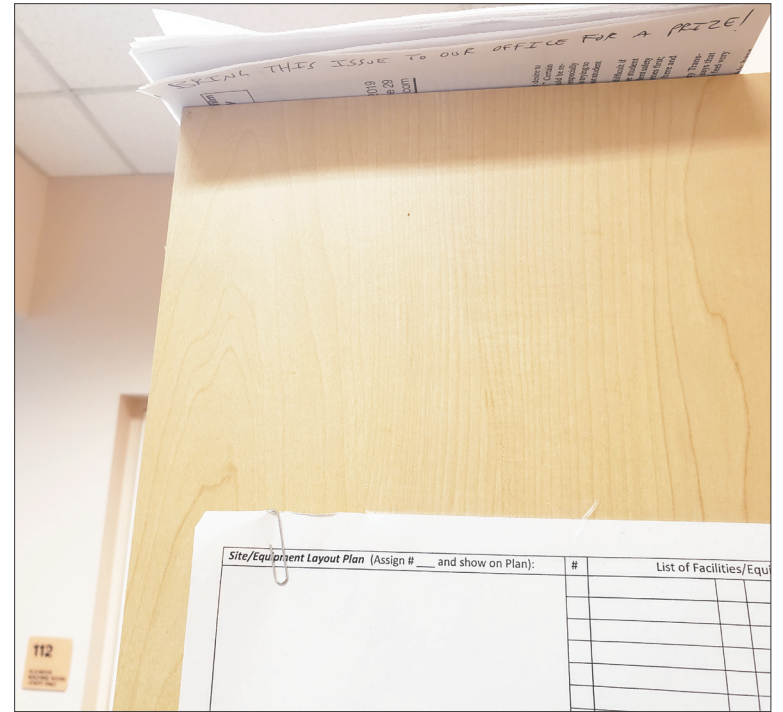
The Camosun College Student Society (CCSS) student board members are here at Camosun for the students; we took the names of some of the current board members and made a word search from their names, just because.

Find the words on the left in the puzzle on the right; as always, stop by the *Nexus* office (Richmond House 201, Lansdowne campus) if you complete this puzzle to pick up something from our pile o' prizes.

ABAZA ANGELA BONSDORF CHOU CHRISTENSEN ELEANOR FILLETTE HAYLEY KARAN LAMB LUNA-BUENO MALCOLM MCLAREN SACHA SHARMA SHAYAN TAMARA UMULISA VANNAN YARA	L N Y D B U S A J R K D I Y A Y X H A F E H D F U Q L I M K W I A R R S A E B E I J G J Q H S A C H A Y L E Y G E X N S Y O V Z B Z A E E T U Q T A H N I G B Z A N A T G O E Z G A P F T P L B R N U T N B K L R B E I W H A M O F D E A T Y M K E V R M C H R U M U L I S A N B M A L C O L M X B F L R H T W T A O D V A N N A N V I Y C H R I S T E N S E N T X W F F E C N A R A K O V U M X M E N J O W A Y J B Z P L B I G Q Q B R G V S W X L G L V V X B
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contest

Find the hidden *Nexus* and win



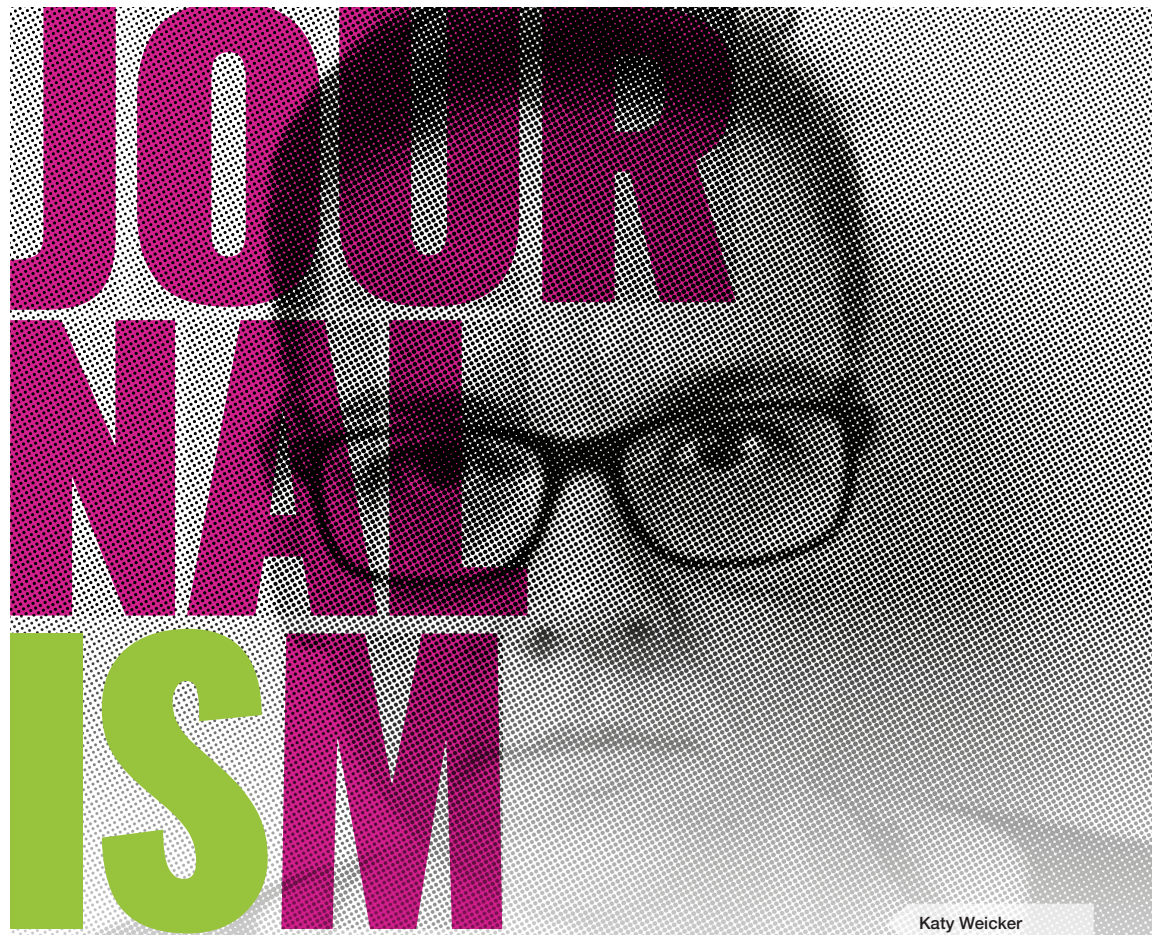
GREG PRATT/NEXUS

Let's see if you can find this copy of a previous issue of *Nexus* that we hid somewhere at Camosun College's Lansdowne campus.

The first person to find this copy and bring it in to our office (201 Richmond House) wins a free prize!

We hid the last copy on top of a row of lockers on the first floor of the Wilna Thomas building.

Bring this copy of *Nexus* to us if you find it; we've got gift cards, shirts, and more for the winner to choose from!



Katy Weicker

Staff writer for *Nexus* newspaper. Her *Let's Talk?* column examines feminist issues, and her stories often look at arts and entertainment through a feminist framework.

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If you're interested in doing some volunteering at an award-winning student newspaper, stop by our offices at Richmond House 201 on the Lansdowne campus, or contact us by email (editor@nexusnewspaper.com) or phone (250-370-3591).

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