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NEXUS

camosun's student voice since 1990
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OVERHEARD AT NEXUS: "If you do go to one of their parties, don't wear sandals."

editor's letter

100 Ways to Improve Your Writing

You can take for granted good writing if you discard the author from its creation. You can take it for granted if you assume no struggle of it. When you misunderstand writing, it becomes increasingly simple to conclude that good writing needs no real author, that art does not require a narrator, that computational systems may just as well produce the task. And when you’ve done so, art is just a product of the task, appreciated only through customer satisfaction slips.

In Gary Provost’s book *100 Ways to Improve Your Writing*, he writes that what is committed to paper needs possess a quality only found through conversation. Not a replica of it, of course—words in conversation lose focus, lack intention. In real conversation, words run dry, stumble

Good writing demands the vulnerability, the potency of the spirit. Good writing hurts the reader second, but the writer first.

around, and even when a large thought begins to form, bringing with it great strength in vocabulary and insight, the words may cease entirely, stopped in their tracks by the speech of another party. This would be no good committed to paper. However, he says, “what they have going for them is human contact, the sound of a human voice.” The human voice is foremost the marker of good writing. Good writing demands the vulnerability, the potency of the spirit. Good writing hurts the reader second, but the writer first.

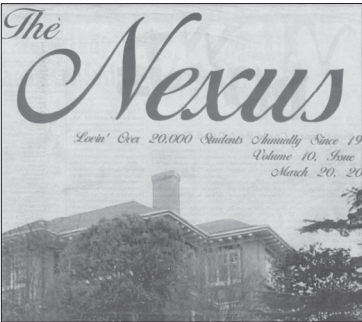
It is true, what spills out of ChatGPT with a single command is well structured, uses fine grammar, translates an idea into four paragraphs in the matter of a few moments. It is seductive to those awake until the crack of dawn still begging themselves for the right word. Why take hours writing if the internet will do so in seconds? This is tough to argue, and depends on the circumstance.

But the question of whether or not it is appropriate, or even desirable, to use artificial intelligence as a means for artistic expression neglects art’s very value. And what we’re seeing when we collectively decide the inclusion of it is that we’ve agreed to replace our own thoughts, experiences, pains with its. What we lose here is everything. We lose the sound of a human voice.

Lydia Zuleta Johnson, student editor
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flashback

25 Years Ago in Nexus



LYDIA ZULETA JOHNSON
STUDENT EDITOR

Nice-T: Never meet your heroes; they can only disappoint. They’ll sass or glare or offend. Their pompous attitudes, which come often coupled with stardom and a record deal, show no mercy to dedicated fans. But, like in Ice-T’s case, they can even deeply trouble the soul of a fan, forcing them to reassess their role in complacency. In our March 20, 2000 issue, we covered the objectionable behaviour shown by the rapper during a local performance, leaving *Nexus* writer Wendi Davies displeased with the state of 2000s sexism. In fact, the rapper (and this is nothing surprising), used the word “bitch” instead of “women,” and used them as props on stage instead of people. Music, as a way one connects to others, has a profound ability to move individuals, rally them to act in good conscience, and expand their view. Unfortunately, it would seem, Ice-T is just a pervert with a microphone.

Crash Override: All emails are a nuisance, but some more than others. Some, before spam-filtering in 2000, were ubiquitous virus emails, looking for their next naive victim. Similar to the hackers in the 1995 movie *Hackers*, students at Camosun were facing the then-growing virus industry. (Who can blame the industry leaders? Their only true crime is curiosity.) In this issue, we covered the small virus plaguing Camosun with a pesky cold. The Pretty Park virus does no real damage to a computer, but still aggravates the user by emailing itself to all email contacts listed on the computer system. It is unfortunate, but not dire. Nonetheless, email users at Camosun were cautioned about Pretty Park’s troubling tendencies.

Single or taken: Before apps, there was school to help young people fall madly in love with one another. In fact, poll results in this issue reveal 38 percent of students met their second half on campus, the rest meeting through friends, work, and bars. But it isn’t easy finding “the one.” In this issue, we covered a roundtable discussion on relationships. Pickup lines, personal ads, breakups. With much back and forth on the topic, it would seem romance is contentious. But the verdict of the conversation: best chance to find love is at the smoke pit. Indeed love requires sacrifice. Even of the lungs.

open space

Students left behind when college goes offline

EVELYN DANIELS
CONTRIBUTING WRITER

Apparently, COVID is over. Never mind those still sick or suffering; instead, rejoice! For in the year of our lord 2025, we have decided COVID is gone! With the end of COVID, we reached the end of our so-called “new normal” of online work, online school, and pajamas all day.

So it’s just normal now. Yes, the pandemic was miserable and it was hard work, too, but we worked together putting so many things

late the night before and tuned into a lecture barely dressed and barely present. Is this any different from the rate that students skip classes without online options? Have we honestly been any less lazy since going offline?

We should think carefully before tossing aside the convenience of having nearly everything from a class available at a moment’s notice. We’ve forgotten the ability to be enraptured in a lecture not overly concerned with taking notes, knowing we can re-listen to it later.

We did so much work and for what? So that just a few years after the pandemic we could throw all of it out, of course.

that were previously not online onto the internet. We created sites and apps streamlining everything so we could all continue in our day-to-day lives with the minor add-on of never leaving the house.

We did so much work and for what? So that just a few years after the pandemic we could throw all of it out, of course.

This seems to be how things are going now. Amazon has ordered its employees back to work, and so has, ironically, the star of the pandemic, Zoom. Most universities and colleges have followed suit and stopped putting all but essential information online. Recordings of lectures, a large portfolio of online classes, and, really, everything but the textbook has left the virtual world.

Never mind those of us who were left with lifelong conditions from the infectious disease. Never mind the disabled who finally could partially relax knowing they wouldn’t miss anything critically important from class when they were too sick to come in.

Complaints have returned to normal, too. Much fuss was made during COVID over the apparent newfound phenomenon of lazy students. Yes, we all had a day where we drank too much or stayed up too

This is to say nothing of those who are sick or chronically ill, and those, who through no fault of their own, have to miss many classes during a semester. Do we now just toss them aside, allowing many online resources and lectures to be nonexistent?

With online resources made optional, overworked instructors have to go out of their way to add them, making every class a gamble as to what the professor may choose to put online.

I understand that recording lectures, posting slides, et cetera, is an extra workload, but surely we have solutions. For example, we can have a student set up a cell phone with a group Zoom call so those who can’t make it in to class still have an opportunity to learn.

Losing online services means losing students who pick other universities who still offer those services, and it means losing students who cannot come in person every day.

So I say bring back online classes, bring back online lectures, bring back my COVID-given right to stay out too late drinking, get horribly sick, and listen to a lecture recording while cuddled up in bed regretting my life choices.

Something on your mind? If you’re a Camosun student, get in touch with us with your *Open Space* idea! Email editor@nexusnewspaper.com. Include your student number. Thanks!

correction

In “Film festival focusing on disabled voices to be held at Interurban” (March 5, 2025 issue) we misspelled both Hannah Glasspoole’s and Asha Rao’s last names. We apologize for the mistake.

NEXUS

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**Something on your mind?
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student politics

Camosun College Student Society gets ready for spring elections

“As you may know, the college is in a bit of a financial crisis due to the changes to international student regulations and the fiscal capacity that the province has. What is going on now matters. So the CCSS is in the midst of responding to that.”

MICHEL TURCOTTE
CAMOSUN COLLEGE STUDENT SOCIETY



SANTIAGO VAZQUEZ-FUERTES
SENIOR WRITER

The Camosun College Student Society (CCSS) spring elections are just around the corner. The elections allow students to choose the people that represent them and a chance to participate in their post-secondary experience. Online voting will be open from 9am Tuesday, April 1 to 11:30 pm Thursday, April 3. The CCSS provides services for students like health plans, dental plans, and bus passes. It also campaigns and advocates to ensure that the rights of students are respected at Camosun. Supporting students within the college remains a key focus for the organization, says CCSS execu-

tive director Michel Turcotte. The student society aims to empower students as they navigate their college life, he says. “[We are] making sure that students’ rights at the institution are respected and that there’s fair processes when students encounter challenges,” says Turcotte, “because we want to make sure that students are treated fairly or that they at least understand their rights in the various processes that they may find themselves in.” Students will be able to vote on the following positions: external executive, finance executive, Interurban and Lansdowne executives, Indigenous director, international director, pride director, student wellness and access director, sus-

tainability director, women’s director, and Lansdowne and Interurban directors-at-large. An email notifying students about the upcoming elections has recently been sent out. However, personal connections remain an effective way to encourage students to vote, especially for candidates. “There’s also some information on our website, the college website, there’s some information in the *Nexus* as well that we seek to get out there, and on social media,” says Turcotte. “And the best way to get word out there too, for candidates, is by word of mouth.” One of the biggest issues the CCSS is encountering at this time is the external pressures affecting the college, something new candi-

dates will be forced to confront once they’re elected. “The CCSS is going through a bit of a change period because there’s a lot of things that are going on in Canada and the world that are having an impact on us,” says Turcotte. “As you may know, the college is in a bit of a financial crisis due to the changes to international student regulations and the fiscal capacity that the province has. What is going on now matters. So the CCSS is in the midst of responding to that.” Turcotte believes that it’s important to participate, whether it’s a school election or a federal election, so that voices do not go unheard and decisions that affect their life are not left to a small percentage of people. “The student society is a

democratic organization run for students,” says Turcotte. “There’s a professional staff, but there’s also a board of directors made up of about 20 elected students who help set the direction and what events go on and what the CCSS focuses on.” Turcotte emphasizes the importance of student engagement in shaping their educational experience and campus life. He uses the US elections as an example to point out that participation is essential. “Well, if you look across the border,” he says, “you’ll note that they had a rather low voter turnout rate in some parts and I would say that’s one of the biggest illustrations of what can happen if people do not exercise their electoral franchise or their ability to vote.”

NEWS BRIEFS

Camosun celebrates Pi(e) Day

On Thursday, March 13, pies made by Camosun Culinary Arts students were used in a pie eating contest to celebrate Pi. The world’s most famous irrational number, Pi’s first three digits are 3.14, which is why March 14 is known as Pi Day. The delicious day took place at the Centre for Business and Access at Interurban. Camosun honours Open Education week The Camosun library and the college’s Centre for Excellence in Teaching and Learning recently celebrated Open Education Week. And continuing throughout March, the libraries on both the Interurban and Lansdowne campuses will feature a display of open education resources authored by Camosun instructors. Available resources will also include information on how students can access open textbooks and what they provide. Open education is an initiative to provide students with more

zero textbook cost courses, allowing for affordable learning. Camosun students volunteer for Goddess Run Students in Camosun’s Sport Management program volunteered for the Goddess Run, a charity run which raises funds and awareness for Victoria Women’s Transition House and Victoria Hospice, this year. On March 2, 850 participants ran five or 10 kilometres around Saanich’s Elk and Beaver Lake Park. Since 2012, the annual run has raised \$280,000 for charity partners with the support of over 15,000 runners. Athletic and Exercise Therapy Clinic celebrates 10 year anniversary This March, Camosun’s Athletic and Exercise Therapy Clinic (AET) marked 10 years since its establishment. Located in the Pacific Institute for Sport Education on the college’s

Interurban campus, the AET clinic supports the Athletic & Exercise Therapy program with a learning environment tailored to students’ needs within the program. Students of the program provide clientele with appointments within the clinic regarding immediate care, reconditioning of musculoskeletal injuries, and health assessments for prevention and management of chronic disease. VIU students’ union advocates for removal of university president The Vancouver Island University Students’ Union board of directors has called for the immediate removal of Vancouver Island University president Deborah Saucier. The student union blames Saucier for “severe financial mismanagement, failed capital projects, and a leadership approach that has isolated students, faculty, and staff from decision-making,” according to a British Columbia Federation of Students press release. The student union

says it is calling on the university’s board of governors to initiate a transparent, inclusive, and open process to appoint new leadership. Saanich prepares for earthquakes After experiencing three earthquakes in the last month, the District of Saanich wants residents to feel prepared. The Saanich Emergency Program, a division of the Saanich Fire Department, is offering free virtual emergency preparedness presentations to help community members plan practically for potential larger shakes. Residents can join the next meeting, happening from 7:00 pm to 8:30 pm on Thursday, April 10, on Microsoft Teams. To register, contact sep@saanich.ca or phone 250-475-7140. Saanich launches new council voting tool The District of Saanich recently announced the launch of a new online council voting dashboard tool. With the tool, residents can

see how each councillor voted on specific topics at specific meetings. While this information was previously available, the new dashboard presents it in a more clear and transparent manner. See saanich.ca/agendas to view the dashboard. Victoria names new Poet Laureates The City of Victoria has named its new poet laureate and youth poet laureate in Kyeren Regehr and Shauntelle Dick-Charleson, respectively. The two serve as literary ambassadors in the positions, “sparking creativity and meaningful conversation across the city in 2025 and 2026,” according to a City press release. See victoria.ca/poetlaureate for more information. –LYDIA ZULETA JOHNSON, STUDENT EDITOR AND GREG PRATT, MANAGING EDITOR GOT A NEWS TIP? EMAIL US TODAY! LYDIA@NEXUSNEWSPAPER.COM

memoir

Dear life: Dealing with loss on the court

WILDER SIMPSON
CONTRIBUTING WRITER

Basketball has long taught me about life.

Today, I’m a student in Camosun’s Athletic and Exercise Therapy program and a student athletic therapist with the Camosun Chargers. But 10 years ago, I graduated high school and entered my first year of college with limited attention paid to academic growth, and a whole-hearted focus on collegiate sport. I was a woman then, seemingly cisgender and straight, emerging into adulthood, living alone, dating handsome men, partying and playing with the team who would become something akin to family, and doing my very best to belong.

Collegiate sport is a uniquely intimate experience. Strangers gather in the early season with a burning energy and a common goal: to win. Rookies fresh from high school and players midway through their eligibility are recruited and enter the arena (Theodore Roosevelt’s metaphorical arena, that is). Veterans better grasp the depth of it all; there is often a fiery sense of urgency behind each game, practice, moment, because they know they’re close to the end.

Eligibility is finite, as is the body’s capacity to perform with consistent excellence through such rigorous physiological and psychological conditions.

Elite sport and deep vulnerability are enmeshed. There’s a prerequisite of emotional exposure required to wholly dedicate your mind, body, and spirit to a craft, and to be witnessed doing so by team, coaches, and crowds. There’s a personal and collective expectation (and requirement) of unwavering intensity. It’s a poetic paradox. A vigorous passion burns to the pinnacle of a win, and the

equal magnitude of emotion is felt in a loss. The burden of the rise is known in the fall; losses provoke a sense of the unbearable, tearing apart the spirit as much as a win strengthens it.

Hours in the arena blend to days to weeks to months. What begins as a group of untethered players becomes a cohesive, focused force. The transformation from team to family happens along the way: it’s subtle. It creeps up on you, and suddenly they’re your siblings. When one falls in pain during a practice, an invisible but palpable string is plucked among the group.

The cohesiveness is so present that any minute rupture shakes the whole. This is the beauty of sport—the collective perseverance is transcendental, uniting the team far beyond the game. You inevitably leave with the experience of having become a part of something bigger than yourself.

This was the state of connection I was a part of 10 years ago with my team, when, on her way to school, a teammate’s vehicle drove off the road, rolled several times, and left her unconscious and brain dead.

We didn’t know she was dead yet. All we knew was she had been flown by helicopter from the scene and was hours away at a larger hospital. So that evening when we gathered in the centre of the court to hear an update, and our coach said, “She isn’t going to make it,” I thought, No kidding, she’s several hours away in the hospital; of course she won’t be at practice.

It wasn’t until my teammates—my family—clasped their mouths, released primal wails, and fell to their knees like dying leaves that I understood: she died. My body turned around, took three steps away from the group, and collapsed. I was acquainted with death at this

point of my life, so I immediately grasped the unbearable finality of it. She was gone, forever. Our coach kept speaking to us, but I was underwater, inside the ocean of grief and shock, and couldn’t hear him. If minute ruptures could shake the whole, this could devastate.

The transcendental capacity of adversity multiplied (and was realized) in the weeks that followed. Her body was kept alive by machines for three days until six different people received her organs: lives saved and transformed by her sacrifice. While she was on life support we all got on a bus to play our final game of the season, and we needed to win to secure our place in the playoffs (which felt frivolous given our new reality). I would normally stretch out across the bus, laying my feet in the lap of a now-empty seat. We always did a head count before leaving campus, and this time we left with one person missing.

I was shocked at the collective ability to keep moving forward, which in retrospect was a forced, rushed lesson of simultaneity. Two things could be, and had to be, true at once: she was dead, and our season continued. Grieving as a team who had consistent practice at enduring challenging conditions together was immense. Our entirety was felt in waves of grief that, when washed over one of us, rocked us all. The game became a source of stability, an anchor.

Grief is a culmination of energy and the game gave us a place to put it. We won that game with an empty seat on the bench. I held my crumbling sisters and sobbing coach in my arms. We cried

through a long moment of silence observed by our opponents, holding on to each other for quite literally dear life.

A week later we each laid a rose



PHOTO PROVIDED

Megan Kondor's passing united competing teams on the college courts.

on her casket before it descended into the earth. Her funeral was beautiful and agonizing, exactly as ought to be for the sudden loss of a beloved 18 year old. Our bus carried us from her casket to the playoff banquet the same day, a relentless procession. Every single team present donned T-shirts in her honour. Speeches were made in shows of support. Players Sharpied her number onto their skin and their sweat would rub it onto ours as we faced each other on the court. Playoffs are traditionally a space of elite competition, but this was a triumph of collective spirit. The death of one united the whole. How devastatingly inevitable it is that vast transformation is so catalyzed by loss. And did we ever lose. I don’t

recall where we landed in the ranks, but I do recall my final moments of that sport transporting me some place beyond the court. This was the arena; we strove valiantly; we dared greatly.

The capacity to hold two true things at once became the skill that would calcify as essential as I waded through the world. Suffering—or loss—and evolution would continue to coincide. The human experience, it turns out, demands sensitivity. The capacity to feel is a superhuman power, informing and forming everything.

I write this on the nine-year anniversary of her death. When I walk into the arena and hold a basketball in my hands, it will feel—and it will be—bigger than the game.

lecture

PhD student to deliver talk on shipwrecks on Indigenous shores

ACACIA TOOTH
CONTRIBUTING WRITER

The history of Vancouver Island relies heavily on the ocean, but what remains regularly travelled is something locals take for granted. The previously unknown stories that lay under the waves can make their way ashore, revealing remarkable adventures and people.

University of Victoria PhD student Jesse Robertson has done the work deep-diving beneath the surface and on local beaches along the coast, and he’ll be bringing what he’s learned to a talk on March 27.

“When we think of colonialism, often we think about the seizure of land from Indigenous peoples,” says Robertson. “The ocean is actually also a really important space of colonialism.”

While researching archives from British Columbia to California, there was no shortage of information to gather, he says. But managing travel, securing funding, and

finding downtime during COVID was still tricky.

“I started the PhD six months before the pandemic and so that changed the experience of being a PhD student,” says Robertson. “Being a PhD student is lonely work at the best of times, and lonely in the academic sense.”

Now being called upon by the Victoria Historical Society to deliver the presentation *Dragged from the Surf: Shipwrecks and Rescues on Vancouver Island’s Indigenous Shores, 1859-1906*, Robertson is excited to share his knowledge with others.

“I’m talking about shipwrecks,” he says, “so a lot of dramatics and stories within that, and I think some of them are surprising.”

Robertson, who was born on Vancouver Island, says he’s always had a fondness for the ocean and a love of finding peculiar objects that wash ashore. He says it’s been a pleasure to come home to gather

more information on the place that started it all.

“I love history that’s local to the region, and I love reading about people who... lived in Victoria in the 19th century,” he says. “I’ve walked past the sites of shipwrecks on the West Coast Trail... It’s sort of deepening my perspective for the history that’s happened here.”

His new perspective shines a light on Indigenous histories and how the knowledge of the original stewards of this land helped people navigate to safety in unknown waters.

“When we think of colonialism, often we think about the seizure of land from Indigenous peoples. The ocean is actually also a really important space of colonialism.”

JESSE ROBERTSON
UNIVERSITY OF VICTORIA PHD STUDENT

there that’s worth understanding in this day, too,” he says.

“We are seeing Indigenous people who are making big strides in terms of ensuring that they have a voice at the table when there’s decisions being made about traffic going through the marine territories.”

What makes this seem like a big step in the present has been fought for in the past.

“It looks new; in many ways it is,” he says, “because they have more power in the colonial system than they have had over the past century.”

Dragged from the Surf: Shipwrecks and Rescues on Vancouver Island’s Indigenous Shores, 1859-1906

7:15 pm Thursday, March 27
\$5, James Bay New Horizons
victoriahistoricalsociety.bc.ca

sustainability

Two different approaches to sustainable fashion

How to find clothes you like

EVELYN DANIELS
CONTRIBUTING WRITER

Step 1: Cry to a friend

Hour three of my shift at the thrift shop, a woman comes up to me crying. In short, she had a voucher and another location of our supposedly charity shops had refused to help her. She had a job interview next week. She wanted to look hireable. She wanted to look like who she was—a professional, a veteran, a woman of value, not someone who is living out of her car.

We talked for an hour that day. I helped her pick out a bag, a blazer, and some pants. She mentioned my earrings, my bell-bottoms, and my makeup, all of which were over the top and all of which she complimented me on.

She walked past a few of my co-workers to come to me. I think her first words were “You look like someone who will listen.”

Step 2: Buy the thing

You’re in another thrift shop with me; this time, we’re shopping. I’m throwing things into our cart haphazardly for the both of us. That’s my preferred method of thrifting: throwing anything at all that catches my eye into a pile to sort through later, hoping to find a gem amongst all the garbage.

And then you see it. Whatever “it” means to you. The perfect piece of clothing. It’s daring or revealing, it’s absolutely in your size, and it’s made by your favourite company. Don’t make me sneakily buy it for you—instead, take it in your hands,

try it on, and see just how amazing you look in it. You do look amazing in it. Of course you do.

Step 3: Reflect

The thrift shop has taught me about waste. Carts loaded full of men’s sweaters, women’s T-shirts, old shoes, and earrings that just need some love and the right person are all thrown out. A full truck of things that, at best, will be taken to another charity or, more likely, ground down into usable cotton or polyester.

So much waste you start to question if new things need to be made at all. “Surely we have enough,” I think while throwing another pile of “vintage” shirts into a bin.

So, dig through your closet, do the patented “does this spark joy?” test, and throw the rest in bags. Curate your clothes, throw out, donate, or sell anything you second guess. Ask yourself “Will I be happier when I wear this?” and “Will the kind of people I want to compliment me go out of their way to tell me they love this?” Toss the rest.

Recently, every Salvation Army had a sale on all sweaters, \$3 apiece. Facebook has plenty of groups for clothing swaps, which is where all my good earrings are from. Your dad never wears his old suits and your mom holds onto dresses that don’t fit her anymore. Wear all of these with pride.

Please, if you go thrifting, buy the thing. If you don’t, you should hope someone else will. I’ll throw it out all the same.

It might need a new button and a few stitches but it’s your size.

The way to sustainable fashion

JILLIAN STRACHAN
CONTRIBUTING WRITER

Fashion has long been one of the greatest ways to express yourself. Having signature colours, patterns, or clothes textures is the fun that comes with finding personal style.

Trends are a driving force of the fashion industry, be it seasonal colours and designs or different ways to style accessories. When discussing these trends it’s important to consider that what is in mode will come and go.

And when discovering personal style and experimenting, sustainability should be forefront.

Sustainable fashion is a way that we can help the climate and keep waste out of our landfills. And there are different ways that clothing can be sustainable. Luckily, there are many second-hand stores in Greater Victoria worth exploring. Whether taking a walk downtown or wandering through Oak Bay Village, hidden gems await. Buying second-hand gives new love to old clothes and allows someone to experiment with a piece of clothing that wouldn’t normally be their style. Visiting these stores is also a wonderful way of supporting small businesses.

Similar to curated second-hand shopping, thrifting is a very popular way of being sustainable. Thrifting can be time consuming; sometimes it can take patience and dedication to really find items you love. But going with friends, going in the mornings, and going with an open



LYDIA ZULETA JOHNSON/NEXUS

Thrift-store shopping is one way to stay sustainable with your fashion choices.

mindset are three aspects that make all the difference.

Organizations like The Salvation Army have multiple locations where donations are accepted, keeping the cycle alive. Donating clothes is an effective way of cutting down on pollution as well as making sure that there are accessible options for everyone.

Local businesses are really what makes Victoria the city it is, with select stores even specializing in making their own clothing. This is a creative way of staying sustainable. Stores like Ecologyst and Leka Design have excellent spaces and studios where they use their own resources to design and produce clothing. Both stores have amazing messages and business values.

Staying sustainable can be expensive; it isn’t always accessible to everyone all of the time. There is, however, a joy in having an article of clothing that is timeless and can even be passed down to future generations. Thrifting or second-hand shopping is something everyone should try; not knowing what you’re going to find is what makes it so enjoyable. Exploring what works for you is important; style is personal, so the way you shop should be, too. The way you recycle, care, and clean your clothes also can be a part of being sustainable, such as donating old clothes and fabrics to thrift stores or fixing your clothes when there’s damage. All of these ideas will help you create a stylish, personal, and sustainable wardrobe.

food

Plant-powered plates: Victoria’s best vegetarian and vegan eats

RAY NUFER
CONTRIBUTING WRITER

Green Cuisine: Veggie hippie heaven

Conveniently located in Market Square, Green Cuisine offers an entirely vegan menu that will satisfy even the most discerning plant-based eaters. The buffet-style U-shaped counter lets you fill your plate (or box) with fresh, flavourful options, and you pay at the end based on the weight of your meal. If you’re on a budget, be mindful of how much you pile on—those buffet portions can add up. A great deal, and my personal staple, is the daily rotating soup with cornbread, priced at just \$6 for a filling and delicious meal. You can’t leave without a treat, either; I’m obsessed with their Earth Balls.

Rebar: Pesca-perfect

I might be biased, because I went on my first date with my fiancé and partner of almost four years here, but I believe Rebar is truly the best. There isn’t a single thing on the menu that isn’t scrumptious. Rebar is pescatarian, not fully vegetarian, as they have a couple of fish dishes—but worry not, as my fellow vegetarians will be delighted by their veg dishes. Rebar can be pricey—but, thankfully, you’ll be going home with leftovers. I won’t lie: I’m planning to have my wed-

ding dinner here. Be sure to give their plethora of smoothies a try.

Bunny’s Nook Kitchen: A community favourite

If you’re in Esquimalt, Bunny’s Nook Kitchen is a must-visit. This charming spot has a rotating selection of vegetarian and vegan dishes, so you’ll never get bored. Personally, I could eat their vegan breakfast sandwich every single day and be happy for life. The owner, Bunny, and her family are incredibly kind, talented artists, musicians, and passionate advocates for the community. Dining here feels like supporting a vibrant, loving family—it feels as good to visit as it does to eat at.

Odd Burger: Indulgent and vegan-friendly

This place may not be healthy by any stretch, but every once in a while a little fast-food treat hits the spot. What I love about Odd Burger is the fact that the entire menu is vegan—meaning there’s no need to worry about hidden animal products like gelatin or meat gravy. The range of burgers, breakfast sandwiches, and poutines keeps me coming back for more. And if you’re a fan of seitan, you’ll love how they incorporate it into their dishes—It’s such a delicious and underrated vegan protein.

Fern Café & Bakery: Brekky and baked goods galore



LYDIA ZULETA JOHNSON/NEXUS

Green Cuisine, located in Market Square, is one of Victoria’s classic restaurant choices for vegetarian dining.

While Fern Café & Bakery might be on the pricier side, the food is delicious and the location is perfect for a post-meal walk around the town. Their vegan breakfast options are the standout, with the Jackfruit Scrambler (made with turmeric-spiced tofu for that perfect “eggy” yellow color and texture) being a favourite. On top of that, their ever-changing selection of fresh baked goods is to die for. If

you’re in the North Park area, this is a great spot to treat yourself.

MeeT on Blanshard: The covert vegan spot

When I first visited MeeT on Blanshard, I had no idea it was a fully vegan restaurant. The menu doesn’t advertise it outright, so I had to double-check with the server. I was pleasantly surprised to discover that everything on the menu is completely vegan. It’s not every

day you come across a full-service restaurant that offers plant-based cuisine, so, while it can be a bit pricier, it’s definitely a reliable go-to for my partner and I. If you’re dining with family members who aren’t vegan or vegetarian, MeeT is a perfect spot to introduce them to plant-based dining. They may not even realize they’re eating vegan food—and might change their perspective after trying it.

“In the 2025 budget, the BC NDP pats itself on the back for its investments when in reality it has continually cut funding in the past, along with every government before them.”



“If people can’t afford an education because the government has chosen not to properly invest into education, who will fill the jobs they create?”

THE FUNDING DESERT

How Budget 2025 leaves post-secondary stranded

The provincial government's Budget 2025 ignores what students are up against. A crisis of funding brought on by international student enrolment caps, increasing numbers of layoffs at post-secondary institutions across BC, and closing campuses have left students floundering in the midst of their education. The future workforce has been decidedly neglected. But this is nothing new.

For decades, students have felt the squeeze of the government's lack of post-secondary funding. Specifically, trades programs got the raw end of a reorganization deal in 2003, and international students in particular are pushed around.

In September 2023, the British Columbia Federation of Students (BCFS) wrote *Fund it. Fix it.* In the report, the BCFS details what's happened and makes recommendations for repairing decades of damage caused by inadequate funding to post-secondary education, changes to trades programs, and amendments to legislation to protect international students from unregulated tuition fees. It's an eye-opening read.

I've been in and out of post-secondary institutions for 30 years. Over that time, I've seen the BC and federal governments cancel interest on student loans (which not all provinces have done), and tuition fees go up, and up, and up.

However, before my time, in the 1980s, the government funded 80 percent of the operational costs of colleges and universities in BC; in recent years it's dropped to 41 percent. Students pay the difference through tuition and ancillary fees, with international students facing most of the financial burden.

International students are attractive for aiding with decreased government funding most particularly because they pay higher tuition. In fact, these students paid 426 percent more than domestic students in 2022/23, based on tuition and fees. International students don't contribute to taxes that the government uses to pay for post-secondary education—something that's often used as justification for their high tuition—but they're still used as cash cows.

While domestic students have a two-percent annual cap on tuition fees, international students do not. There's no limit to their increases. In 2022, Emily Carr University increased fees for new international students by 30 percent and returning ones by 10 percent to balance their budget.

Unexpected increases cause international students to scramble to pay their tuition; it also puts their visas in jeopardy if they cannot pay the increase. The remedy is simple: BCFS recommends a cap on increases for international students. Post-secondary institutions have been able to get away with using international students as banks to balance their budgets, rather than having the government properly funding the institutions. Budget 2025 doubles down on this system.

Former premier Christy Clark paved the way for over-reliance on international students back in the 2010s, when the sale of education to these students at a profit became part of the funding model. The goal was to recruit 50 percent more international students (40,000

students) to combat an aging workforce. This funding model needs to change. Colleges and universities cannot be reliant upon international students to pick up the tab for the province's inability to properly fund post-secondary education.

In 2015, students began contributing more than the provincial government to the operating costs of post-secondary institutions. In the 2025 budget, the BC NDP pats itself on the back for its investments when in reality it has continually cut funding in the past, along with every government before them. At least now there's a freeze on cuts, but still no new investments into keeping colleges and universities afloat.

Budget 2025 says that the province has made investments to "help close the skills gap many businesses are facing." But the government's track record isn't promising. Let's talk about how it helped "close the skills gap" for nurses during a nurse shortage.

In an effort to expand health-care programs at Okanagan College, the provincial government cancelled their Bachelor of Science in Nursing in 2023, forcing current students to complete their degree at the University of British Columbia Okanagan. Nursing students who were currently enrolled not only were forced into larger classes at UBC Okanagan, but they had to pay approximately \$4,000 more in tuition and fees for the last two years of their degree. How is higher tuition for a nursing degree helping close the skills gap? This has only made becoming a nurse less affordable, deterring individuals less economically fortunate from entering the field.

The provincial government claims in Budget 2025 that their *Future Ready Action Plan*, aiming to build a secure, sustainable, and strong economy, "works for everyone."

First off, the plan intends to add one million jobs over the next 10 years. However, the majority of those jobs require post-secondary education. If people can't afford an education because the government has chosen not to properly invest into education, who will fill the jobs they create?

Budget 2025 also addresses "improving access to post-secondary education by expanding grants and scholarships, creating more tech seats and increased student loan maximums."

What they haven't addressed is how the government will expand grants and scholarships without increasing funding over the next three years. Indeed, it is the bank that will now support students, leaving them stranded when their Liberal Arts degrees don't pay them back.

There's a false assurance of good news for those of us with student loans—we get tax credits. Unfortunately, this is superficial. The BCFS recommends that the government take the \$75 million in tax credits and add that to grants to aid with tuition and books. If the government can afford to give students tax credits—which may give a boost to a tax refund—then why not just give it to them in a grant with their student loans? A refund is kind, but so is less debt.

Another industry with a "skills gap" is trades. According to the BC Federation of Labour (BCFED), this was caused by changes made back in 2003, when the Industrial Trade Authority was established. Apprenticeship supports were discontinued, and there was a lack of compulsory trade certifications.

While getting students into the workforce quicker may appear advantageous, BC also has the highest workplace injuries out of any province. Even with decreases in workplace accidents in recent years across the country, BC still holds the top spot. The difference is that other provinces have stricter compulsory certification requirements. BCFED says they believe there's a link between less education and injuries.

The lost apprenticeship supports make it more difficult for people to explore trade options prior to school as well as find apprenticeships while in school. This contributes to lower enrolment and a decrease in certification completions.

Budget 2025, with its lack of attention to loud concerns on campus, serves as a reminder that students are affected, some more than others. But all students, instructors, and future employers will feel the strain with the continual and unaddressed deterioration of the post-secondary system. We're all losing. What's worse: it's been a long, predictable road to this current crisis.

Story by AJ Aiken, contributing writer

Graphic by Lydia Zuleta Johnson, student editor; image by Noah Wulf

review

Baroque Festival 2025 another spectacular musical feat

LANE CHEVRIER
CONTRIBUTING WRITER

In an era of YouTube, Spotify, SoundCloud, and Soulseek, it’s easier than ever to find music, and audio technology has advanced to the point where listening to an album on a set of closed-ear, noise-cancelling headphones with 20,000 Hz drivers is almost as good as the real thing.

Almost.
Early Music Vancouver dabbles in classics from an era where music was a communal experience, where musicians wielded real, analogue instruments made to resonate in frequencies that enveloped and swept away the listener. Add to this an environment constructed with acoustics in mind, such as downtown Victoria’s Christ Church Cathedral, and simple sound becomes a breathtaking experience.

The Pacific Baroque Festival Ensemble, led by artistic director and violinist Marc Destrubé, has partnered with soprano Dorothee Mields, organist Aaron James, and the Christ Church Cathedral Schola choir, directed by Donald Hunt, to present the 2025 Pacific Baroque Festival, entitled *Peace, Friendship, and Joy: Music from the German Baroque*.

The first two concerts in the week-long lineup featured James, a lifelong player of the modern pipe organ, an imposing structure with dozens of buttons, knobs, petals, and keys that makes a regular piano look like a Fisher Price toy. These

Often, classical music is perceived in the terms of the music itself, but it must be acknowledged that the years of toil and dedication required for an instrumentalist or singer to produce these incredible and classic scores should be celebrated and admired.

solo concerts were named, and themed, *Home* and *Abroad*, and celebrated, respectively, the music of home, in the cozy St. Barnabas Church, and the grand, expansive music of 17th-century Europe, in the huge and resonant Christ Church Cathedral.

I’ve never heard a pipe organ solo show before, and I’ll admit that, at first, I was a little overwhelmed. Usually, classical music has a blend of both gentle and strong sounds, but the pipe organ bellows every note to the heavens, vibrating the stone foundations of the church, and everybody present.

As a particular treat, someone had the brilliant idea of rigging half a dozen cameras that gave a variety of viewpoints of the organ, which normally is hidden from the congregation.

For the entire time, I was fascinated at the expertise with which this massive infernal machine was masterfully commanded by James,

who, without looking, was able to operate an intimidating number of buttons and pedals with his feet, all while playing simultaneously on four stacked keyboards.

The following three concerts—*Peace, Friendship, and Joy*—were held in the intimate setting of the Alix Goolden Performance Hall and more closely followed the structure of classical music that most are accustomed to, with a small ensemble comprised of viola, viola de gamba, violin, oboe, cello, violone, harpsichord, and organ, played by the Pacific Baroque Festival Ensemble.

Alone, this ensemble is capable of producing sublime and delightful classical music from the golden age of classical, but these showings were graced by the vocal talent of Mields, who electrified the venue with her piercing, powerful voice. While I found her singing to be impressive, I did find myself wishing that one of these three concerts had opted to have a solely instrumental per-



PHOTO PROVIDED

Soprano Dorothee Mields performed at the 2025 Pacific Baroque Festival.

formance, which would also allow the audience an opportunity to really focus on the individual melodies created by the ensemble’s myriad instruments, as well as providing a slightly more relaxed, lower-energy experience than one receives from operatic soprano. Alternatively, the inclusion of a male bass or baritone vocalist would also help to balance out the intensity of the high notes.

The final concert returned to the Christ Church Cathedral, for *Reflect*, a choral evensong service. This powerful performance highlighted the majesty beheld by combining many individual voices into one victorious instrument. As always, the additional treat of watching

live choral and instrumental music is the performers themselves, each looking smart and regal in their evening attire while lending their own style and personality to the music they are creating.

Often, classical music is perceived in the terms of the music itself, but it must be acknowledged that the years of toil and dedication required for an instrumentalist or singer to produce these incredible and classic scores should be celebrated and admired. I, for one, will always opt to turn up and support the artists devoting their souls to live classical music, rather than settle for a digital MP3 download, and so should you.

review

The Little Prince proves itself to be delightful opera for all ages



TIM MATHESON

The Little Prince would be a great production to introduce children to the majesty of opera, says Nexus writer Lane Chevrier.

LANE CHEVRIER
CONTRIBUTING WRITER

Even if we never see it, our golden sun will dip beneath the horizon thousands of times throughout our lives. Within the vast universe there are countless immutable beauties which exist despite and beyond us, and the reality is that we lose sight of simple pleasures and joys as we grow up, and our flight through the clear skies is blinded by the sandstorms of responsibility, trauma, and inescapable age.

Thus is the plight of a lone pilot

in *The Little Prince*, a children’s novel written in 1946 by Antoine de Saint-Exupéry, and adapted for the musical stage first in 2003; it was showing at the Royal Theatre, through Pacific Opera Victoria, in late February. The pilot, originally enraptured by the wonders of the natural world, draws a simple picture as a child, which is scorned by his grown-ups. He is chastised and directed to focus on more productive endeavours. Obediently, he works hard toward success but eventually finds himself flying above an infin-

ite, empty desert, beneath searing sun, tossed about by blinding sandstorms. Eventually he is overcome, and crashes into the rolling dunes.

There he meets a little prince, who has journeyed far from the little asteroid he calls home, which is constantly under threat from mighty baobab trees, from which the prince must protect a beautiful rose. Overwhelmed, the prince is challenged by the rose to search the universe to find the wisdom needed to protect her. Upon his journeys to neighbouring planets,

he meets several misguided grown-ups, including a king, a vain man, a drunkard, a businessman, and a lamplighter, all who are in some way lost amidst the frigid blackness that spans the light years between each little star in the vast universe.

Having learned no wisdom from these fools, the prince journeys onwards, until he lights upon Earth in search of knowledge and understanding. One year later, he happens upon the beleaguered pilot and shares his adventures.

Adapted to the stage by Nicholas Wright, composed by Rachel Portman, and directed by Brenna Corner, *The Little Prince* is masterfully brought to life by a team of talented artists. The score is performed by the Victoria Symphony and conducted by maestro Giuseppe Pietraroia.

The most stunning aspect of the production is the stage, which, although simplistic in design, uses shifting set elements to portray a wide array of fanciful settings. Thoughtfully designed lighting with beautiful patterns and brilliant, gentle colours transforms a set of wood and paint into myriad imaginary locales. The costume design is equally as spectacular and allows a minimalist set to be embellished by the imagination. The cast includes several talented actors and singers and is backed up by the Victoria Children’s Choir.

Weary and dehydrated, the pilot listens to the tale of the little prince, who eventually finds a vast garden of beautiful roses. He is discouraged to discover that the stunning rose he left so far away is actually quite ordinary. However, a friendly fox reminds him that genuine friendship is about true connection: anything really worthwhile cannot be seen or touched, only felt by the heart. Although his own rose is not unique, his love for it makes it special.

The pilot, who, throughout his life, had always been searching for something that cannot be seen, had been led astray by the distorted thinking of the grown-ups in his life. Through the little prince, he learns that “anything essential is invisible to the eye.”

Of critical note, many of the prince’s encounters, while brief in the book, are somewhat dragged out by the necessity to sing every syllable. Additionally, some who attend without the benefit of nostalgia may have a difficult time engaging with the narrative simplicity. As adults, sitting through a two-hour long children’s story might be somewhat taxing. However, if there were ever a production to introduce the majesty of opera to children, this is it.

Although a little long, *The Little Prince* is charming, beautifully brought to life, and makes for a wonderfully fanciful evening, with a wise underlying theme.



PIECES OF PERFORMANCE

BY ACACIA TOOTH

Queercrip dream monster Boy Gorgeous continues drag takeover

“These communities are full of rad people who refuse to let their disabilities and trans identities be boiled down into nothing more than a sterilized, medicalized existence. We don’t look or act the way you expect us to, and we refuse to.”

BOY GORGEOUS
DRAG PERFORMER

The queercrip monster of our dreams, Boy Gorgeous, is always here to make a statement, share their story, and just have a good old camp time slaying any stage they can find.

Starting their drag takeover in 2021, they’re not only part of the amazing TeaHaus drag family, they’re also a producer and host of the bi-monthly show *They/Them/Theirs* in Nanaimo. With strong ties to community, this disabled and capable human takes pride in opening spots for queer youth to be able to try drag at Café Runway shows, performed on the last Saturday of every month at Café Fantastico.

Accessibility takes on a whole new meaning when they’re in charge.

“[I want to see] more accessible venues, with producers that prioritize disabled performers and audience members,” they say. “I want more COVID awareness, less strobes, less stairs. We deserve more than being an afterthought.”

Being a disabled performer,

there’s an underlying frustration when one needs to access a space to perform but their body won’t allow them to make it there.

“I’ve been involved in performing arts my whole life and wasn’t able to continue for a long time due to my health,” they say. “My partner Olive ThisTea helped show me that drag was possible as a disabled, transgender individual.”

The most memorable number they’ve been able to perform takes inspiration from the queercrip and cripplepunk movements, and—boy, oh boy—was it a ride.

“My all-time favourite [is] ‘Monster’ by Skillet. It’s a performance that plays with my relationship with my health and medical horror, [and] I play with a black and bloody IV bag, which I rip out of my arm and suck on until my mouth is black and gross,” they say.

What do they really want the audience to feel from their numbers?

“Cathartic release,” they say. “I want to get a reaction out of both the audience and myself. Whether



KATIE ZEILSTRA

Boy Gorgeous makes waves in Victoria’s drag community.

it’s disabled solidarity, horror and discomfort, joy and laughter—the emotional release is the entire point.”

In their day to day life, Boy can be found producing beautiful works of art for others and making them permanent at the Brass Iris tattoo studio, which welcomes all and has become a safe haven for those that are immunocompromised and wanting to be tattooed. Creating welcome and accessible spaces, they say, has gone hand in hand with their own process toward healing and self-love.

“Drag has instilled in me a confidence in my body, gender, and expression,” they say. “I understand myself and the people around me on such a deeper level because of drag.”

Boy has lived within and outside

the bounds of being disabled, but has an inspiring and important message for others, modelled after the communities they look up to.

“These communities are full of rad people who refuse to let their disabilities and trans identities be boiled down into nothing more than a sterilized, medicalized existence,” says Boy. “We don’t look or act the way you expect us to, and we refuse to.”

Managing to find time to prioritize self-care while being on the grind has led to this monster’s positive and devilishly delightful takeover as the madness and lover boy of our nightmares.

Want more of Boy Gorgeous? Follow their socials at @boygorgeousdrag, @thisteahaus, and @erynalexanderr.



New Music Revue



Tate McRae
So Close to What
(RCA Records)
2.5/5

Canadian pop star Tate McRae has released her highly anticipated third studio full-length, *So Close to What*.

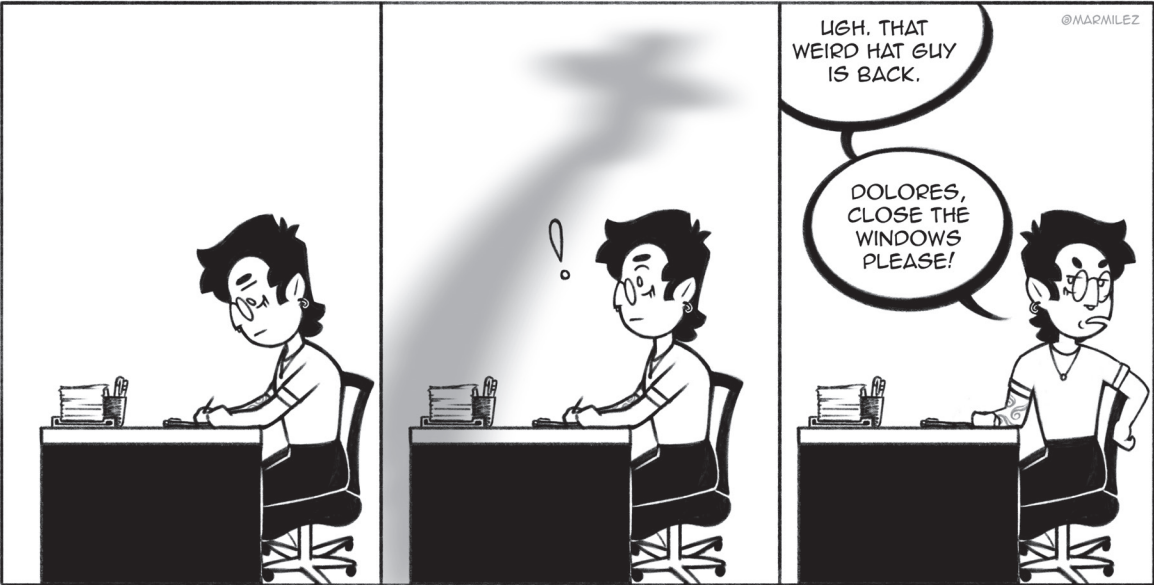
The album is more ambitious than her last, 2023’s *Think Later*. The production is much better this time around, with more interesting beats and sounds, however, her vocals again feel a bit lazy and sleepy.

The highlights on *So Close to What* are the lyrics, which are more complex and rewarding to follow than her last record, and there are definitely better choruses. But emotional inconsistencies fall flat throughout the album. Consistency would make this record a much more pleasant listen.

So, even though the album is a big step up from her last two, *So Close to What* is still not great. But at only 21 years old, she can become a great artist with the right guidance.

—Santiago Vazquez-Fuertes

Dr. Mythic - Miles Roever



Meanwhile... - Nelson Bath



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Ruby Rioux and the Bats from Saturn - Ray Nufer



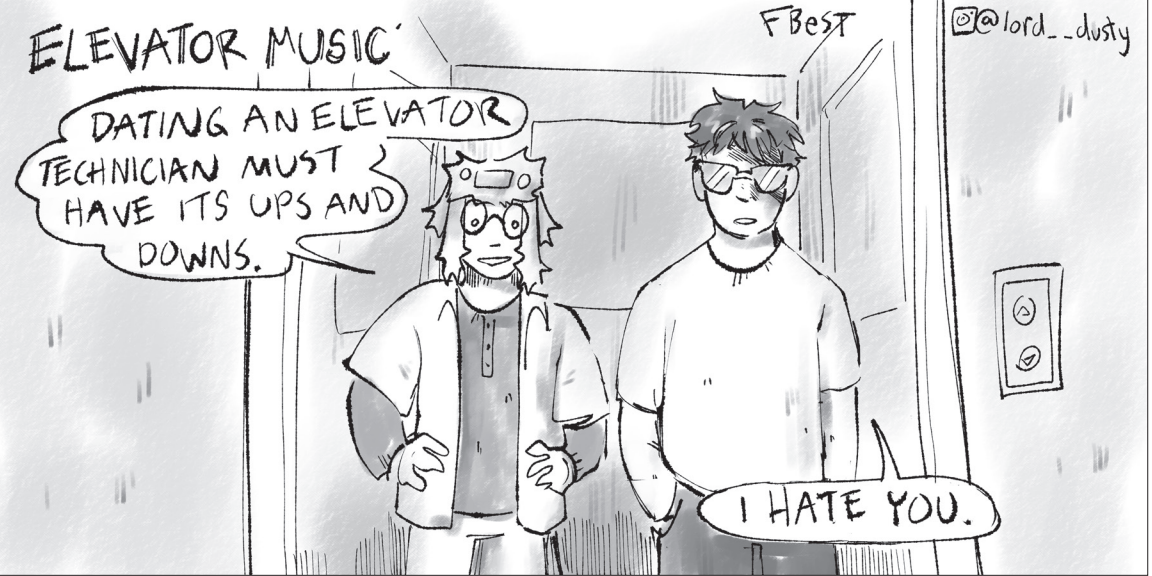
Natural Selection - Emily Welch



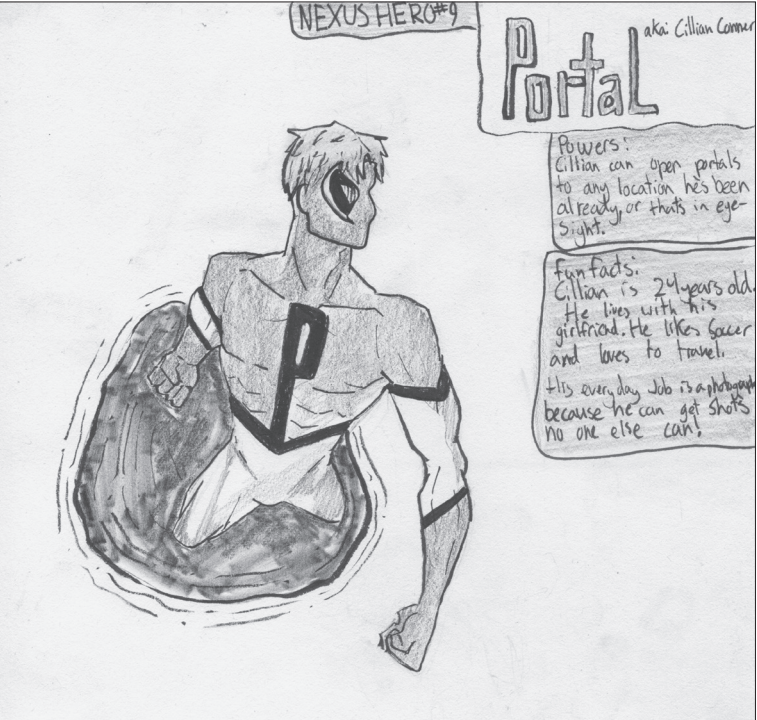
Localtoast: The Daemon That Lives at Localhost - Ben Belland



Weird Dog Ink - Felix Best



Nexus Hero - Declan Reilly



Tile Crawler - Jay London



ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING
OF THE NEXUS PUBLISHING SOCIETY
THURSDAY, APRIL 10, 2025, 4:00 PM,
TO BE HELD ONLINE;
EMAIL EDITOR@NEXUSNEWSPAPER.COM FOR LINK

AGENDA

- I CALL TO ORDER
- II INTRODUCTION TO RULES OF ORDER
- III APPROVAL OF AGENDA
- IV APPROVAL OF MINUTES FROM PREVIOUS AGM
- V REPORTS
 - 1.) PRESIDENT'S REPORT
 - 2.) FINANCIAL REPORT
- VI ADOPTION OF FINANCIAL STATEMENT
 - 1.) ADOPTION OF MAR. 31, 2025 FINANCIAL STATEMENT
 - 2.) ADOPTION OF APRIL 1, 2025 TO MARCH 31, 2026
- PROPOSED BUDGET
- VII RESIGNATION OF CURRENT BOARD OF DIRECTORS
- VIII BOARD OF DIRECTORS ELECTIONS
- IX ADJOURNMENT

PLEASE SIGN IN ON MEMBERSHIP
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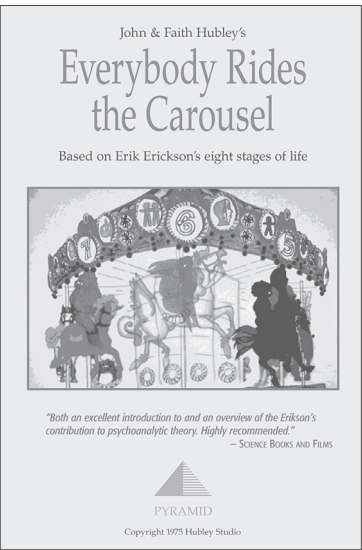
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LYDIA’S FILM CRITIQUE

BY LYDIA ZULETA JOHNSON

Everybody Rides the Carousel



If one is so lucky, they will be granted all eight stages of life. They will weave through the grandeur of age collecting landmarks of maturity and, even often, losing them simultaneously. They will ferment, find themselves, find each other, learn to love, learn to care, and then, when nothing more could be left to become or modify, they will lay their heads in complete finality. All eight stages, beginning from one’s very birth, according to psychoanalyst Erik Erikson, and portrayed in John Hubley’s animated film *Everybody Rides the Carousel* (1976), form the collective carnival ride one must endure in the course of the often cruel, often splendid psychosocial human development.

An entire life cycle is told over 72 minutes in *Everybody Rides the Carousel*; it teaches its audience the theory in watercolour animation,

An entire life cycle is told over 72 minutes in *Everybody Rides the Carousel*; it teaches its audience the theory in watercolour animation, painting onto the screen a world made out of washed-out bright colour and smudged edges.

painting onto the screen a world made out of washed-out bright colour and smudged edges. It is the unrelenting murkiness to one’s orbit, slugging through unshaped desires and thick fogs of variables.

Several different muddy characters play out the individual stages during the film, divided by segments introducing the proceeding stage and their respective key principles. It is instructive in that way, setting the tone for a surrealist classroom of funhouse lecturers. The carnival barker a scholar.

Characters perform dialogue seemingly unscripted, mumbling through lines in the film still capable, if not more accurately, staging conflict and negotiation of newly developed, difficult to manage, milestones. Little animals dance around animating the conditions. A green rabbit is shame; autonomy a roaring lion. They jolt and relent in rhythm to the horns of Dizzy Gillespie. We are creatures of perpetual friction, we learn this way. First we trust, then we mistrust.

Next, we shapeshift identity, but lack a coherent placement.

In stage 6, the characters, and I suppose we too, welcome friction with open arms, learning and navigating intimacy. Meryl Streep, in her first film role, voices a young woman, and Charles Levin as a young man delicately together portray how just-barely formed adults carry each others’ fragility and flexibility. In a rowboat, they take turns morphing into older and younger bodies, shrinking and contracting as they enact and require care. Indeed, we alternate roles in intimacy, regressing and nurturing through our profound desire to love and be loved.

The film ends the way, of course, life may: in loneliness or the embrace of a life partner for the last waltz. It is empty or it is fulfilling or it is patient—there are no wrong ways this may come. But in splotches of pigment in *Everybody Rides the Carousel*, one is a voyeur to their own fate, discovering how and who they may become in the circus of transformation.



REASONS TO LIVE... IN VICTORIA

BY ALEX HANUSE

Reconnecting with my culture

Studying at Camosun has inspired me to further explore my Indigenous identity. My *k’wala’yu* (reason for living), my child Frankie, is a daily reminder of the importance for me to reconnect with our Kwakwaka’wakw culture. I’ve started learning some of the language, thanks to online resources like FirstVoices and lessons uploaded by Kwak’wala speaker Pewi Alfred. There are an estimated 200 fluent Kwak’wala speakers, with many more semi-speakers and silent-speakers alive today.

My great-grandparents Chief Harry and Mary Hanuse were Mamlilikala from ‘Mimkwamlis, a sub-group of the Kwakwaka’wakw, or Kwak’wala-speaking people. The famous potlatch of 1921, hosted by Chief Dan Cranmer was held in their *gukwdzi* (Bighouse) in ‘Mimkwamlis. Over 40 people were imprisoned for dancing and gift-giving, and many ceremonial objects were surrendered under duress to avoid imprisonment.

‘Mimkwamlis, “village with rocks and island out front,” was uninhabited by the mid-1900s, with villagers leaving to join larger communities like Yalis on Cormorant Island. My great-grandparents’ potlatch collection can now be viewed in Yalis at the U’mista Cultural

Centre, thanks to the hard work and resilience of the community members involved in their repatriation.

Many stolen Indigenous treasures find their way into colonial institutions, like Victoria’s Royal BC Museum. After many decades of pressure from Indigenous communities, the Royal BC Museum is working to return Indigenous property and correct misrepresentations of Indigenous cultures in BC. The First Peoples Gallery has been closed to allow for this process. Items still held by the museum are in the transition of being moved to a new space in Colwood that will open for viewing sometime next year.

Frankie and I recently visited the museum, as I was keen to experience the Our Living Languages exhibit and Jonathan Hunt House, which have reopened. As we approached Thunderbird Park, located on the traditional lands of the Lekwungen First Nations, we marvelled at the totem poles and could smell the smoke from a ceremony held in Wawadit’la, or the Mungo Martin House.

This *gukwdzi* belonged to the late Mungo Martin, a Kwakwaka’wakw master carver, and is a smaller version of the Bighouse in Tsaxis, where he was from. Martin inspired pride in Kwakwaka’wakw

culture while colonial laws still prohibited potlatching. Wawadit’la now belongs to his grandson, Chief Oastakalagalis ‘Walas’ Namugwis (Peter Knox of Fort Rupert).

We continued to the museum, where in partnership with The First Peoples Cultural Council and their advisors, recordings of many Indigenous languages can be heard with the press of a button, which is especially fun for little ones. Next to this exhibit is the recreation of Chief Jonathan Hunt’s House in Tsaxis. Frankie and I walked into the ceremonial house, which was constructed by renowned artists Henry and Richard Hunt, who are also responsible for many of the works in Thunderbird Park. I showed Frankie how to move their feet around the fire as a recording of ceremonial songs played from beneath the log drum.

Living in Victoria, relatively far from the potlatches and Bighouses of Yalis and other Kwakwaka’wakw communities, I appreciate the thread of connection to my Indigenous culture and language that the museum’s Thunderbird Park and current exhibits offer me. I’m also relieved by the ongoing repatriation efforts of the museum that allow for the return home of invaluable Indigenous cultural property.



FELLAS, LET’S FIGURE IT OUT

BY JAXSON SMITH PETERSON

Call your mom

There is no debating that independence is a cornerstone of the college experience. The freedom that is part of post-secondary education can be empowering and terrifying at the same time. While the newfound independence in college is a rite of passage for most young adults, it can be a tough and scary time for our parents.

No matter how independent you were in high school, you were

Regret that I didn’t call my mom more often.

I know that nobody’s relationship with their parents is perfect, but if you’re reading this on a college campus, chances are the helped pave the way to get you here. Don’t forget about them.

If you’re in college but still living at home, your relationship with your parents has probably changed a bit since high school. My time at

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still there, and I’ve come to learn that life is much different when the time comes to start post-secondary or move away.

I moved away to college when I was 17 years old. Four years later, I’m just starting to realize how difficult that experience was on my parents. The term “empty nest syndrome” isn’t just a cliché thrown around at dinner parties—it’s a real thing.

While I was off enjoying my first taste of unrestricted freedom, making poor decisions in a small town in southwest Minnesota, my moms were hurting.

Now that I’m older, hopefully a bit wiser, and have moved back home for the foreseeable future, I see how difficult that was. It leaves me with a slight sense of regret.

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If this is your situation, I think it’s important to still make time for family. It all comes down to planning around your priorities.

It’s so easy to get caught up in meeting new people, going to parties or bars, and exploring new places that you can forget what really matters: family.

A mentor explained this to me in a way that really changed my perspective. The people who raised and cared for you through the good and the bad love you unconditionally; the people who you met two weeks ago in a lecture hall or on a dating app probably don’t. Prioritize accordingly.

My suggestion here is simple: make time, call your mom.



DROPPING THE NEEDLE

BY SANTIAGO VAZQUEZ-FUERTE

Howdy country

For years, country music had found a home with songs about beers, trucks, and Friday nights—and, to its credit, the songs dominated the radio. But as radio airplay declined in the streaming era, this genre became niche, and was trapped in a cycle of predictable themes, sound, and songwriting.

Then, something changed. Country found a new sound with artists like Chris Stapleton, Luke Combs, Morgan Wallen, and Zach Bryan, reigniting people’s interest in the genre with its unique style, a great sound, and raw storytelling in their lyrics. Recently, even global superstars like Beyoncé and Post Malone have found a home in country, proving that this genre is not only relevant again, but it’s one of the biggest movements in music today.

After the boom of the ’90s, country music started a slow but steady decline. By the late 2000s and early 2010s, it had become a shell of itself.

However, this all changed thanks to Stapleton and his album *Traveller* in 2015. This album brought back to radio a bluesy soul sound with a more complex set of lyrics. But this was only the beginning.

In 2017, Combs came out with his debut album, *This One’s for You*. If Stapleton opened the door for a country comeback, this album kicked it wide open. It’s a fun album from beginning to end and was a game-changer for modern country.

To follow it up, Wallen dropped *If I Know Me*, in 2018, which didn’t immediately make waves, but turned him into one of the biggest stars in country by 2020.

Country made its big return to the top of the charts, which gave way to artists like Bryan to become a household name with his heart-breaking lyrics and folk-induced sound.

In 2024, Beyoncé released an amazing country album in *Cowboy Carter*, which left everyone perplexed as to why a pop star of her calibre would make a switch like that. Her album not only won Album of the Year at the 2025 Grammys but it also challenged the genre’s gatekeeping. She didn’t hop on a trend; she made a statement about country’s roots, especially its Black origins. She reclaimed a space that historically excluded artists like her.

Country is one of the biggest music movements today and is showing no signs of slowing down.



Camosun Student Society

ELECTIONS

CCSS Board of Directors

Apr 1st 9am – Apr 3rd 11:30pm

Get your Information on candidates here:



camosunstudent.org/elections/platform-statements/



1 year term positions

**External Executive, Finance Executive, Lansdowne Executive,
Interurban Executive, Indigenous Director, International Director, Pride Director,
Wellness and Access Director, Sustainability Director, Women's Director**

6 month term positions

Interurban Director 1 position

Lansdowne Director- 3 positions

Terms of office commence: May 1st, 2025 * Position is remunerated an hourly stipend up to 20 hours a week depending on the position