



Friesen Family Construction

Building for the future

Alan Friesen

250-898-4392

Local Licensed Builder

Design

Custom Homes

Project Management

2-5-10 New Home Warranty

friesenfamilyconstruction.com



Antoine Auger

Tree Removal
& Mobile Sawmill

250-207-3884

augeranto@gmail.com

www.denmanislandtreeservice.ca



*Traditionally once again
Corlan Vineyard will be hosting
Canada Day at the Vineyard
on McFarlane Road.*

*Live music with Rgm Sudama's Trio
charcuterie boxes available to order
and of course
our award winning wines.*

*1 - 5 pm,
lots of safe parking at the vineyard and
please no dogs.*



General Store Hours:

Monday to Thursday: 8 - 6:30

Friday: 8 - 7

Saturday: 9 - 7

Sunday and Holidays: 12 - 4

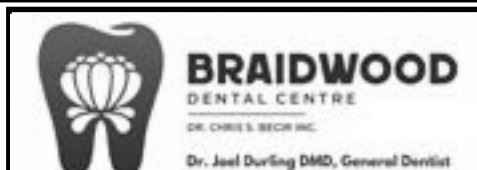
Post Office Hours:

Monday to Friday:

9 - 12 & 1 - 4:30

Saturday: 12 - 3

Sundays and Holidays: Closed



**Accepting
NEW PATIENTS**

CALL US TODAY!

250.338.0809

12 - 204 OLD ISLAND HWY
COURTENAY, BC V9N 3P1

BRAIDWOODCOURTENAY.COM



**Open 12pm to 8pm Wednesday - Sunday
(Pizza after 3pm Friday-Sunday)**

Beef & veggie burgers (gluten-free buns available), fries & poutine
(gluten-free vegan gravy available), Korean-style fried chicken,
pizza, panozzos, and rice bowls. Try our signature Caesar!

Licensed - Dine-in & Takeout

**3646 Denman Rd (the old bakery) - TakeoutNearYou.com
(250)335-1099**

CONTENTS

ISSUE NO. 1689 • JUNE 19TH, 2025

• PRESS RELEASE •

- 2 • National Indigenous Peoples Day
CVRD Press Release

• SPECIAL INTEREST •

- 3 • Wild Haven Performing Arts Camp
By Shel Brodsgaard
- 4 • Blackberry Lane Preschool Society AGM
By The BBL Preschool Society Board
- 4 • Two Duos, Two Islands
By Kenton Loewen
- 8 • Transform The Day, Ignite The Night
By Ron Sakolsky
- 10 • Shucking Oysters: Prolapsed Rectums
By Alex Allen

• LITERARY •

- 6 • How I lost my Religion.
By Gabriel Jeroschewitz

• OPINION •

- 5 • Phoenix Riting!
By Phoenix Bee
- 11 • We Must Oppose War With Iran At The Top Of Our Lungs
By Caitlin Johnstone

• 12 • LETTERS TO THE EDITOR •

REGULAR FEATURES

- 3 • Tide Tables
- 16 • Gary's Toon
- 14 • Crossword/ Sudoku/ Grumpism
- 15 • Classified Ads
- 16 • Business/Services Directory



Cover image:
The Dead Can Dance

by Mark Prior
printartphotography.ca

THE ISLANDS GRAPEVINE

- DENMAN: 850 • HORNBY: 520 •
- E-SUBSCRIPTIONS: 105 •

2550 Lake Road
Denman Island, BC
V0R 1T0

theislandsgrapevine@gmail.com
www.theislandsgrapevine.com



Publisher/Editor
Mike Van Santvoord



Associate Editor
Keith Porteous

The opinions expressed herein do not
necessarily reflect the views of the
Publisher.

National Indigenous Peoples Day

CVRD Press Release

The Chief Councillor of K'ómoks First Nation, the Chair of the Comox Valley Regional District, and the Mayors of

Comox, Courtenay and Cumberland, have jointly issued the following statement in support of National Indigenous Peoples Day:

The local National Indigenous Peoples Day event, hosted by the K'ómoks First Nation in collaboration with local governments, cultural and community partners, will be celebrated on Saturday June 21, from 12 noon till 9 pm at the Comox Valley Exhibition Grounds.

In the Comox Valley, we are grateful for the privilege to live, work, and play on the unceded traditional territory of the K'ómoks First Nation and we acknowledge the rich culture of the people of the Pentlatch, Ieeksen, Xa'xe, Sathloot, and Sasitla tribes.

We look forward to gathering to learn, share and strengthen our relationships as we celebrate and honour the strength, resilience, and diversity of Indigenous Peoples. In doing so, we respect and remember that these lands have supported Indigenous communities for thousands of years before the arrival of settlers to their territories.

Local governments in the Comox Valley have embraced the United Nations Declaration on the Rights of Indigenous Peoples and have formally committed to reconciliation. With the support and guidance of K'ómoks First Nation, we are on a journey together to build a culture of meaningful engagement between our organizations.

This year's celebration includes live music from acclaimed indigenous artists, workshops and knowledge sharing, environmental walks at the Tsolum River, Youth and Elder Zones, food and craft vendors and more. Cultural Partners for this year's event include Wachiyay Friendship Society, MIKI'SIW Métis Association, Kumugwe Cultural Society, Queneesh Indigenous Community Society, and Upper Island Women of Native Ancestry. For more details on the event details, community sponsors and more, visit www.komoks.ca/nipd-2025/

One of the best ways to move forward together is to work together and learn from one another. We encourage residents of the Comox Valley to take part in this free family event for the entire community. Community members are also invited to participate as volunteers in a variety of capacities and volunteer applications are available now on the event website.

On behalf of the K'ómoks First Nation, Comox Valley Regional District, City of Courtenay, Town of Comox and Village of Cumberland, please join us in celebrating together the contributions and unique cultures of First Nation, Inuit and Métis communities in the Comox Valley and across Canada.



The Kumugwe Dancers

Wild Haven Performing Arts Camp

by Shel Brodsgaard

This summer, from August 25–29, 2025, we are thrilled to offer the first annual Wild Haven Performing Arts Camp. A week of dancing, music-making, and creative exploration, housed at beautiful Camp Elkhaven on Denman Island.

Wild Haven is a performing arts camp for shapeshifters and noisemakers, for dancers who might become singers, and musicians who might suddenly start to move. It's five days of movement, music, lake swims, paint on your face, glitter on your shoes, and messy, joyful creativity that makes space for a wilder more expressive you.

Wild Haven was dreamt up by Quinn Lundberg, Bethany Ireland, and Shel Brodsgaard, alongside a small constellation of guest artists and mentors from the island who will help light the creative fires throughout the week.

Quinn Lundberg is a dancer, teacher, and one of the founders of the Inner Island Dance Collective, created to offer a vibrant, body-positive, and community-centered approach to



movement on Denman Island. With a background in professional dance, choreography for stage and film, and studies in Jungian psychology, Quinn brings a deep respect for the wild wisdom of the body — and an irrepressible joy for creative risk-taking. Bethany Ireland is a musician, teacher, and integral part of the Denman Island creative community. Through years of teaching music to local youth and performing at nearly every major island event, Bethany has helped weave music into the heart of Denman life. She brings to Wild Haven her passion for nurturing young artists, her vibrant energy, and her commitment to making music a shared, living experience.

Shel Brodsgaard brings decades of experience coordinating immersive overnight camps that blend athleticism, leadership, and community spirit. A longtime organizer and connector on Denman, Shel provides the logistical backbone and steady guidance that allow the creative magic to unfold.

Campers will stay at Camp Elkhaven, eat three hearty meals a day (plus the required in-between snacks), and spend their mornings and afternoons rehearsing, creating, and discovering new parts of themselves — all building toward a live performance at the Denman Island Community Hall on the final night. By the end of the week, every camper will have helped create an original show that is part dance, part band, part beautiful, chaotic, joyful expression.

Need more info?

Email Shel at sheldano@telus.net.

If you would like to help sponsor a shapeshifter or a noisemaker to join us, we would love to hear from you. We are offering two bursaries and welcome community support to help as many young performers as possible take part.



TIDE TABLE

• Secondary Tidal Station Ford Cove •
• Source: tides.gc.ca •

2025-06-19 (Thu)		
Time	PDT (m)	(ft)
00:37	4.622	15.2
07:55	2.201	7.2
13:31	3.300	10.8
18:33	2.555	8.4
2025-06-20 (Fri)		
Time	PDT (m)	(ft)
01:09	4.603	15.1
08:42	1.646	5.4
15:27	3.601	11.8
19:44	3.031	9.9
2025-06-21 (Sat)		
Time	PDT (m)	(ft)
01:44	4.596	15.1
09:27	1.102	3.6
16:48	4.026	13.2
21:01	3.397	11.1
2025-06-22 (Sun)		
Time	PDT (m)	(ft)
02:23	4.596	15.1
10:13	0.621	2.0
17:48	4.422	14.5
22:15	3.622	11.9
2025-06-23 (Mon)		
Time	PDT (m)	(ft)
03:07	4.595	15.1
10:59	0.246	0.8
18:38	4.729	15.5
23:22	3.719	12.2
2025-06-24 (Tue)		
Time	PDT (m)	(ft)
03:54	4.582	15.0
11:45	0.002	0.0
19:23	4.929	16.2
2025-06-25 (Wed)		
Time	PDT (m)	(ft)
00:21	3.720	12.2
04:45	4.545	14.9
12:30	-0.098	-0.3
20:06	5.034	16.5
2025-06-26 (Thu)		
Time	PDT (m)	(ft)
01:15	3.652	12.0
05:37	4.467	14.7
13:14	-0.051	-0.2
20:46	5.069	16.6



A Life Well Told

- Let Your Story Live On

Unique local opportunity to have your life story recorded in your own words. Share your memories with your loved ones in a high quality audio production. A fun and inspiring tailor-made gift that lasts forever. Professional and confidential service in your own home.

Visit WWW.ALIFEWELLTOLD.CA
Or contact Cornelius on
☎ (+1) 778 585 7788
✉ ALIFEWELLTOLD@GMAIL.COM



Blackberry Lane Preschool Society

AGM

*By Denman Island Pre-school
Society Board*

The Denman Island Pre-school Society warmly invites all parents, caregivers, and community members to attend our Annual General Meeting (AGM).

Date: Sunday, June 22nd

Time: 2:00 – 4:00 PM

Location: Blackberry Lane Children's Center, 1100B Northwest Rd.

This is a wonderful opportunity to:

- Learn more about our licensed children's programs and upcoming plans
- Review our year in reflection – including financial and operational updates
- Elect new board members and discuss future goals
- Share your voice and support early childhood education and licensed childcare on Denman Island

Free childcare will be available on site, so you can participate comfortably!

We'd also like to take a moment to extend our heartfelt thanks to all the volunteers who have supported Blackberry Lane this past year — your time, care, and energy have made a real difference.

Whether you're a parent, grandparent, educator, or community supporter, your participation helps us grow stronger together. Everyone is welcome! If you are unable to attend but would like to support our efforts, donations of any amount or kind are always appreciated!

Email denmanislandchildcare@gmail.com for more info or call 250-335-1029. We hope to see you there! 🍷



Two Duos, Two Islands

By Kenton Loewen

World renowned American Drummer, Gerry Hemingway has been creating and performing solo and ensemble music since 1974. On behalf of No Horses Society we have the wonderful pleasure of presenting him duo with the inspiring Japanese pianist Izumi

Kimura on both Hornby and Denman Islands, June 29th and 30th respectively. Opening up both shows will be celebrated west coast musicians Tony Wilson and Kenton Loewen for our presentation of Two Duos Two Islands.

Hemingway is a Guggenheim fellow and has received numerous commissions for chamber and orchestral works. He is well known for his eleven years in the Anthony Braxton Quartet, his ongoing participation in projects with Reggie Workman including the collective trio Brew, along with his work with some of the world's most outstanding improvisers and composers including Cecil Taylor, Mark Dresser, Anthony Davis, Derek Bailey, Evan Parker, Wadada Leo Smith, Frank Gratkowski, Simon Nabatov and many others. He currently lives in Switzerland, having joined the faculty of the Hochschule Luzern in 2009 and continuing to 2025.

June 29 Hornby Island New Horizons

June 30 Denman Island The Hall

Doors 7:30 Music 8:00 Both Concerts

Tickets at Doors suggested \$20

<https://gerryhemingway.com>

<https://gerryhemingway.com/kimurahemingwayduo> 🍷



Phoenix Riting!*By Phoenix Bee*

It's happening again. Every year, the same. When the sun finally comes, it does so all at once. No creeping edge of gold on the horizon, no gentle knock at the door. Just bam, light in every corner, heat drying the moss, air suddenly full of intention. It's like someone turned the island inside out and hung it on the line to dry. It's coming...it's almost here, that dizzy moment when June folds itself into July and the ferry lines stretch out like a parade. The forest exhales, and so do we, or try to. But it's a short breath. There's so much to do!

While visitors unwind, we wind the clock, change sheets, upgrade trails, harvest garlic, juggle propane tanks and part-time jobs. We ferry elders and recycling bins, host unannounced friends-of-friends, tend gardens that bolt too fast in the sun. We navigate the awkward intimacies of island summer life, strangers who feel like friends, friends we barely see, baring skins and souls to sea, sand and sunshine.

There's beauty in all of it. The island glows, not just the water, the sandstone, the slow golden evenings, but the people too. Eyes shine. Laughter rises in surprising places. People playing music, toddlers dancing barefoot, artists lifting new pieces into the light. Let's not forget the joy of someone finding this place for the first time, that look of awe as they realize how wild and alive it really can be.

But it's also true that living here through summer can feel like trying to meditate during a parade. We love the sound, the energy, the motion, but we're also a little frazzled, trying to keep our center. We forget to go to the beach. We forget to finish our coffee, even what day it is. We say yes to too many things because so much needs doing, and it all disappears so fast.

This summer, though, feels especially full. Maybe it's just me, or maybe it's something in the air, but it feels like the island is stretching, opening wider, finding new ways to hold us. One of the brightest new arrivals is the much anticipated new Hornby Island Arts Centre, which will open its doors with quiet ceremony, blessed with sacred ritual (with Elder Barb Whyte on June 24th), art and prideful parties. This is not going to be just a building. It's to be a gathering place, a hearth for a strange, beautiful family of creatives, dreamers, and curious wanderers. A place where the community can root itself more deeply in imagination, grow more alive and connected.

Among many other exciting events this summer at the Arts Center, the one that most makes me squee is Stephen Fearing coming back in July. It seems he liked it so much when he was here last, he couldn't stay away! And he's not just giving a concert (though that alone is worth celebrating), he's also offering something that feels much more intimate and rare: a songwriting workshop. I'll be there, you bet, probably a little nervous, definitely inspired. The opportunity to learn from someone like that, in this place I call home, feels like catching lightning in a jar. It's Stephen Fearing.

We're beyond lucky to be here! I don't forget that. Words like 'privileged' don't work. I think of it as blessed. We live in a place people dream about. In summer, those dreams can be loud, crowd the shoreline, leave us feeling like ghosts in our own story. But they're also beautiful. They remind us what we have. They remind us how to share.

And maybe that's the trick: not try to hold our breath until September, not to hold off our lives until we have our island to ourselves again. Rather, to find small ways to be here with it all. To keep a part of ourselves turned toward the sun, even while the other part runs errands. To make art in the middle of the swirl. To swim even if it's only for ten minutes. To meet the moment as both host and guest.

Because in some ways, aren't we all visitors? Passing through this season, this moment, this life? Tide comes in, tide goes out. We have now, island and sky.

So welcome, summer. Welcome, visitors. Welcome, late nights and tired feet and watermelon and jazz and the buzz of bees in the blackberries. Welcome, joy and mess and beauty and all.

We're here, ready or not. We'll find our rhythm, even if it's a little offbeat. That's the way music works. Here, summer sings.

That's me. What do you think? I welcome input: phoenixonhornby@gmail.com 

How I Lost My Religion

By Gabriel Jeroschewitz

May 29th, 2025

Abridged version. A true story.

My name is Gabriel, and I'm here to tell you a story, a true story, mind you. It all started when my family landed in Canada in 1960. I was just a wee lad, barely six years old, and suddenly, I was thrust into the solemn world of altar service. Now, you might think being an altar boy

is all about pious devotion and angelic behaviour. But trust me, there was plenty of room for mischief, especially when you're an eight-year-old boy navigating the confusing rituals of the Catholic Church.

By 1962, I had the Latin Mass down pat. Every 'Et cum spiritu tuo,' every 'mea culpa, mea culpa, mea maxima culpa,' rolled off my tongue with the practiced ease of a seasoned orator. I felt like a tiny, robed Cicero, ready to declaim before the congregation. Then, bam! The Second Vatican Council happened. Suddenly, everything was changing. The Mass, the very bedrock of my liturgical knowledge, was switching to English. It was like learning a new language all over again, a linguistic earthquake that shook my little world.

But this story, this tale of ecclesiastical woe, began on a Friday night. It was sometime in the middle of '62, and we were doing the Stations of the Cross. Picture this: a dimly lit church, the air thick with the scent of incense, and three figures making their way around the sanctuary. There was Father O'Malley, our long-suffering priest, Michael, my partner in crime and fellow altar boy, and me, Gabriel, the unintentional agent of chaos.

My primary responsibility? Bearing the Long Triumphant Cross. This wasn't just any crucifix, mind you. This was a six-foot-long behemoth, a weighty symbol of faith topped with a rather stern-looking, embossed brass Jesus. It was heavy, unwieldy, and, as I was soon to discover, a potential weapon of mass (pun intended) destruction.

Michael, bless his mischievous heart, was in charge of the thurible. That's the fancy incense holder that swings on three chains. He loved that thing. He'd swing it with gusto, sending plumes of fragrant smoke billowing through the air, sometimes a little too close to the parishioners. We were a well-oiled, albeit slightly unhinged, liturgical machine.

Now, my cassock, the long black robe we wore, had seen better days. The hem was torn, the unfortunate casualty of a particularly enthusiastic football game in the churchyard before service. Playing football in vestments? Oh yes, we were dedicated alright, dedicated to fun, even when dressed like miniature undertakers.

For those unfamiliar, the Stations of the Cross are a series of fourteen images depicting Jesus' final journey. We'd stop at each station, Father O'Malley would recite the prayers—a mix of Our Fathers, Hail Marys, and "We adore You, O Christ, and we bless You"—and Michael and I'd genuflect, a deep, respectful bow, before moving on.

We were about halfway through, somewhere around the sixth station, where Veronica wipes the face of Jesus. Father O'Malley finished his prayers, his voice echoing in the cavernous space. It was my turn to shine, to execute a perfect genuflection. But fate, as it often does, had other plans.

I bent my knees, my pointy winkle-picker shoes squeaking against the cold stone floor. Then, disaster struck.

The tattered hem of my cassock caught under my shoe. I stumbled, lost my balance, and like a felled oak, I went down. But I wasn't alone in my descent. Oh no, I took the Long Triumphant Cross with me.

With a sickening thud, the brass Jesus made contact with the back of Father O'Malley's head. He crumpled to the floor like a discarded newspaper, sprawling across one of the pews.

Silence.

Then, a collective gasp from the handful of parishioners present.

My heart hammered against my ribs. Time seemed to slow to a near standstill. I was convinced I'd killed him. I was eight years old, and I was pretty sure I was going straight to hell, no questions asked. The church, with its stained-glass windows and imposing architecture, suddenly felt like a medieval dungeon. A gothic fear, as you say, gripped me.

But then, a moan. A weak, pathetic moan.

Father O'Malley stirred. He reached into his pocket, pulled out a crisp white handkerchief, and dabbed at the back of his head. When he pulled it away, it was stained with a crimson blossom.

The parishioners looked on in horror, their faces a mixture of shock and morbid curiosity.

He wiped his head again, took a deep breath, and, incredibly, waved us on. "Let's... let's continue," he mumbled, his voice a little shaky.

...continued on P.7...

...continued from P.6 We finished the Stations of the Cross in a daze. I was so traumatized that I barely registered the remaining stations. Jesus falling, being stripped, nailed to the cross – it all paled in comparison to the image of Father O'Malley splayed out on the pew, bleeding from his bald spot.

After the service, Father O'Malley, looking a little green around the gills, called me over. "Gabriel," he said, his voice surprisingly calm, "what happened?"

I stammered out an explanation, my voice trembling. I told him about the torn hem, the pointy shoes, and the unfortunate trip. I apologized profusely, my eyes brimming with tears.

He listened patiently, then sighed. "Alright, Gabriel," he said, "accidents happen. Just be more careful next time." And with that, he let me off the hook. No extra prayers, no stern lecture, nothing. He was a better man than I was.

You'd think that would be the end of it, right? A near-death experience for the priest, a brush with eternal damnation for me. However, my story doesn't end there. There was, as they say, a sequel.

A few weeks later, I was back at St. Basil's, serving the 11:00 Sunday Mass. The service went smoothly, surprisingly so. I was feeling almost confident, almost redeemed. My assigned task after Mass was to tidy up the altar, wipe away any spilled water or wine, close the missal if it was open, and then, most importantly, turn off the microphone in the pulpit.

I climbed the steps to the pulpit, the same pulpit from which Father O'Malley delivered his sermons with such booming authority. I reached for the microphone switch, my hands still slightly damp from cleaning the altar. And then, ZAP!

A jolt of electricity shot through my body, causing me to reel in shock. I yelped, my voice cracking with shock. And then, without thinking, without any filter whatsoever, I bellowed, "Oh, FUCK!"

The church went silent. Again.

Time stopped. Again.

The collection of ladies in their black veils, the ones who always seemed to be there, counting their rosaries and muttering prayers, all turned and stared at me. Their faces were a tableau of shock, horror, and, dare I say, a hint of morbid fascination. It was like I'd just dropped a bomb in the middle of their Sunday serenity.

The look on Father O'Malley's face was something I'll never forget. It was a mixture of disbelief, disappointment, and a weariness that suggested he was seriously reconsidering his career choices.

He didn't yell, he didn't scream, but his words were ice-cold. "Gabriel," he said, his voice low and dangerous, "I think you need to take a break from altar service. Six months. Think about what you've done."

And that was it. My career as an altar boy, which had begun with such promise and Latin fluency, ended with a shocking (literally) exclamation in the middle of Sunday Mass.

And you know what? That's when I lost my religion. Maybe not entirely, but something shifted that day. The magic, the mystery, the sense of awe – it all fizzled out like a damp firework. I continued going to parochial school, but the church never felt quite the same after that.

So, there you have it. My true story of liturgical mishaps, priestly injuries, and a shocking loss of innocence. It's a reminder that even in the most solemn of settings, life can be unpredictable, and sometimes, all it takes is a torn hem and a faulty microphone to send you on a completely different path. And perhaps, that path, however profane, is precisely where you were meant to be. 🍇



Transform the Day,

Ignite the Night!

By Ron Sakolsky

I first encountered the elusive Poète Maudit 16 years ago as a result of my authorship of a book entitled, *Swift Winds*, which first saw the light of day in 2009 in the catalogue of Eberhardt Press, a shoe-string anarchist publisher in Portland, Oregon. Sole proprietor and master printer, Charles Overbeck, suggested an artist to do illustrations for the book who was then known as Anais La Rue, and I was floored by the surreal radiance of the black and white scratchboard art that was created to introduce each chapter. Since then, Eberhardt Press has published 2 editions of the book and has gone on to become the most prolific surrealist publisher in North America. Meanwhile, in their nomadic Poète Maudit persona, Anais is now based on Denman Island and has become a vital part of the Inner Island Surrealist Group which has led a subversive underground existence here on the rock for the past 20 years. Though this is their first gallery show on Denman, Poète Maudit is no stranger to the island with their art work magically having appeared here, there and everywhere in recent years, erupting unexpectedly from the unruly margins of subsistence in sudden energetic bursts of color and freshly overflowing creativity blazing a path way beyond the comforting stereotypes of “island art”. And this year, the Poète is collaborating on putting together a joint show with Denman artist, Mike Malley. As outlaw art accomplices in this Transform the Day/Ignite the Night caper, the illuminatingly disorienting experience that they have conjured up is alchemically designed to crack open a marvelous portal to another reality amidst the usually staid contours of the Denman Island Art Centre.

32
This upcoming event is inspired by the ongoing radical innovations of the surrealist art movement which just celebrated its 100th anniversary in 2024. In spite of many premature burials over the years at the behest of clueless art historians who have dismissed surrealism as a mere style (think melting clocks) or as just another passé school of art in the grand historical cavalcade of avant-gardes; surrealism continues to flourish in the rich diversity of its many incarnations as an ungovernable revolution of the mind being most often associated with visual art as a particularly revealing form of expression. In essence, surrealism has always been characterized by a passionate resistance to the impoverished version of reality on offer. Rather than seeking to escape reality, as is the case with fantasy, surrealism seeks to deepen reality by creating a more expansive notion of what is possible. It is a visionary approach that desires to dismantle and eliminate the artificial dichotomy between dream and reality in seeking to manifest a world (or worlds) where people have the freedom to live more poetic lives. In the process of challenging the deceptiveness of the dead-end borders which define the spiritual emptiness of the authoritarian dreamscape of surveillance capitalism that currently envelops us in a toxic technological web of socially-mediated relationships, surrealists defiantly refuse to pull the wool over their own eyes.

Faced with a mainstream political culture that offers only the mind-numbing options of “com-

mon sense”, mutual acquiescence or pseudo-rebellion, surrealism prizes uncommon sense, mutual aid, and total revolt. In light of the surrealist quest to re-enchant the world, the insurrectionary art of Poète Maudit undertakes the most delirious voyages into the uncensored territory of the imagination and/or courageously engages in disruptive defiance of the constipated notions of normality enforced by the reality police. With the latter including not only the cops in the street but the cops in our heads, along with the institutional gatekeepers of the psychiatric establishment.

Whether valiantly plunging into the bleakest darkness with their own skin in the game or irreverently taking direct action toward undoing reality in the name of desire, Poète Maudit champions the insurgent imagination as the key that can unlock the revolving doors of transgression and transformation while avoiding the trap of permanent despair.

Whether in their paintings, drawings, collages, poems, pirate radio broadcasts or the outsider art objects that they often endow with a pungent dose of black humor, Poète Maudit grapples with the primal forces of Life and Death that most people (many artists included) ignore because they are too busy “getting with the program” and/or are too immersed in the shadowy netherworld of their addictive devices of mass distraction to crave walking the tightrope of the surrealist adventure. Yet, like all poets worth their salt, Poète Maudit dares to imagine a life worth living in all its joy, pain and exhilaration, directly confronting the robotic logic of the algorithmic non-solutions to life’s problems that are thrust upon us daily. In affectively delving deep down to the bone of human existence with their art and in their life (which are inseparable), Poète Maudit is one of the bravest people that I know and one of the most provocative artists at large to dauntlessly explore the farthest shores of the inner island of the unconscious head-on with no guard rails in place.

Sadly, due to the inflexible nature of Denman Art Centre scheduling, I will not be able to personally attend the opening party for the show on Thursday, June 26 because I will be out of the country on that date, but you can...

IS One.

will



Shucking Oysters: Prolapsed Rectums

By Alex Allen

Instead of being in an uproar over Wayne Gretzky and his questionable ties to Lord Rump, we should be in an uproar over his wife, Janet Jones. Not in her behaviour but in her looks. Do you even recognize her? It's not some new phenomenon, women have been modifying their bodies for years, from nose jobs to boob implants. But now, more and more, we have the generic fat filled lips and faces. What a sad state we have become when genuinely attractive women choose to mutilate themselves only because that's the way it is.

Why? Why are women spending tons of money to look like a not-so-distant relative of the giant grouper, an 800 lb coral dwelling fish with lips to match? Why are women choosing to Botox every hint of expression from their faces making them appear doll-robot-like? Is it societal pressure or do men truly find the look (and feel) attractive?

The lips are the worst, because they are so in your face, as it were. Lip injections are still the rage and don't appear to be going anywhere soon. Demand for lip fillers really surged back in May 2015, thanks to the photogenic Kardashians. Following much media speculation about her plumped-up pout, Kylie Jenner, the "queen of bee-stung big lips," confirmed suspicions that she'd received lip fillers. Despite initially denying that she had lip injections at just 17-years-old, she finally addressed why she had undergone the cosmetic procedure at such a young age.

"It has been an insecurity of mine all my life," she shared. "This guy I kissed was like, 'Your lips are really small but you're a really good kisser. I didn't think you were gonna be good at kissing.' "It was so rude. From then on, I just felt like I saw guys staring at my lips. I felt like no one wanted to kiss me." But when you look deeper, is that really how all guys feel? Do men really equate small, thin lips with an inability to kiss well, let alone look good? Are "pouty puckers" actually desirable?

Liquid silicone was first used for lip augmentation in the 1960s, but this method was soon abandoned for obvious reasons and surgeons began using bovine (cow protein) collagen instead. However, this method was not without its flaws either: an allergy test was required three weeks prior to treatment and patients would have to wait weeks before any effect could be seen. Currently, injectable fillers containing hyaluronic acid (which last 6 to 15 months) are the go-to products for "aesthetic" practitioners. Hyaluronic acid is more user-friendly, a naturally occurring polysaccharide that is present in the skin and cartilage.

You wouldn't know it from many celebrities' selfies, but duck lips are actually an accident. Cosmetic dermatologist Dr. Karyn Grossman notes that "when you repeatedly enlarge the lips – pumping them up as big as possible – the filler can act as a tissue expander, permanently stretching the skin, and causing the lips to sag and deflate when the filler eventually degrades, leaving you in worse shape than when you started." The best way to imagine what they look like is to think of a deflated balloon. According to Grossman, this can have long-term effects, meaning you either have to commit to lip fillers for the rest of your life or undergo lip reduction surgery to achieve a more natural look once you've sworn off fat lips for good.

In a survey of 1,500 aesthetic practitioners, 72% reported having to dissolve and correct lips from patients who had procedures done elsewhere. The problem has become so common that many experts now advertise "duck lip correction" as a specialized service.

According to the American Society of Plastic Surgeons, more than 14 million women had lip augmentation in 2023 compared with a mere 27,000 in 2015. Breast augmentation remains the favourite procedure for women, but surgeons are also seeing a trend toward smaller implants for a more balanced body. Breast lifts also continued to grow with a 7% rise (pun intended) in 2023.

But are fuller lips actually more attractive? A University of Cambridge study found that plumper lips can cause a "26% increase in perceived attractiveness." To measure exactly how lip enhancement affects perceived attractiveness, researchers conducted a study involving 47 women between ages 27-42. Before and after images were then presented to a panel of 312 evaluators (156 men and 156 women) who rated overall facial

continued on P.11...

...continued from P.10 attractiveness on a 10-point scale. Participants with enhanced lips saw their average attractiveness ratings increase, with 89% of participants receiving higher attractiveness scores after lip enhancement. Sorry, there's a difference between pleasantly plump compared to huge, epic and corpulent.

As consumer demand for non-invasive lip enhancement continues to grow, the market has responded with several alternatives that promise fuller lips without procedures: peptide-infused lip serums; hyaluronic acid lip masks; electronic lip plumping devices; lip plumping glosses with vasodilators; and microneedling.

And even less evasive, lip plumpers: Cellexia Advanced lip plumping formula; Buxom full-on plumping lip cream; Dior Addict lip maximizer plumping gloss; NYX Filler instinct plumping lip polish; and Too-Faced Lip extreme lip plumper. The brand names seem to say it all...vacuous and hollow.

It's not easy being a female celebrity having to constantly maintain their highly photographed faces. Victoria Beckham owes her intense beauty to dehydrated nightingale bird poo. Kim Kardashian, sheep placenta. Katie Holmes, snail slime. Kate Middleton, bee venom. Do I hear salmon sperm mixed with spider poop? 

We Must Oppose War With Iran At The Top Of Our Lungs

*By Caitlin Johnstone
June 16th, 2025*

President Trump is reportedly returning to Washington early from a G7 summit in Canada and has told his national security council to prepare for an urgent meeting in the situation room, apparently to discuss Iran. The US president has taken to social media to terrorize Iranian civilians, telling Tehran's millions of inhabitants that they must immediately evacuate the city and saying "Iran should have signed the 'deal' I told them to

sign."

Weirdly, the strongest indication that Trump has made a decision to attack Iran might be a recent post on Truth Social about former Fox News darling Tucker Carlson.

"Somebody please explain to kooky Tucker Carlson that," IRAN CAN NOT HAVE A NUCLEAR WEAPON!" the president posted.

Carlson has been an outspoken critic of warmongering toward Iran, and was reportedly responsible for personally talking the president out of his Iran brinkmanship in the first Trump administration.

Antiwar's Scott Horton is reporting that, according to his sources, the Trump administration has already decided to join in Israel's war.

Capitol Hill is clearly worried that a war with Iran is imminent, with numerous lawmakers in the House and the Senate scrambling to get legislation in place that would stop the president from ordering such a war.

Benjamin Netanyahu has been speaking to the western press to argue in favor of assassinating Iran's Supreme Leader Ali Khamenei. I keep thinking about the Mad King in Game of Thrones who went nuts and kept ordering everyone to be burned, until a member of his own court decided enough is enough and slit his throat.

A full-scale US war against Iran is one of the worst things that could possibly happen. Full stop. It would likely entail millions of deaths, massive worldwide economic suffering, chaos and devastation throughout the middle east unlike anything we've ever seen, and could easily wind up with an Israeli nuclear weapon exploding in Tehran. There is a reason even a lot of otherwise war-happy swamp monsters in Washington have resisted going down this path. I really, really hope it doesn't happen.

If this is the direction the empire chooses to go, expect mass-scale psychological manipulation on an entirely unprecedented level to dupe the public into going along with this thing. Expect far more lies. Expect far more propaganda. Expect psyops. Maybe a false flag attack or two. It will be bad.

Don't buy into the lies. Oppose their warmongering at the top of your lungs, with everything you've got. I will be doing the same.

Anyone who supports this war is an enemy of the human species. 



Letters To Development versus Nature **The Editor**

Private property rights are held in high esteem in our culture. You can "develop" your property for any number of reasons, and clear-cut forest on your land as long as there is no direct impact on riparian zones. BC Timber Sales uses the term "developing" when they talk about how they use taxpayers money to "develop" a cutblock, which is code for building roads in order to make logging easier for the logging companies. But I digress.

If you have been out to Morning Beach in the last few years you have seen the on-going destruction of a privately-owned, previously forested slope along The Point Road AND YOU MAY HAVE BEEN SHOCKED BY WHAT YOU SAW. According to Islands Trust bylaw officer, Warren Dingman, the slope is not steep enough to be deemed a potential environmental hazard. I walked that slope and saw widespread evidence of erosion and water runoff, which will hamper any regenerating vegetation growth and may eventually wash out the public road. Denman Conservancy has filed a resource violation report with the province because the owner dug a reservoir beside a covenanted marsh. The owner has recently applied for a water license; the process can take up to 5 years. In the meantime, a private citizen has also sent in a complaint that indicates that water is being used on site, despite the lack of a proper license.

This slope was clear-cut, the best trees sold for profit and the remaining logs piled up and left behind; a typical practice for the cut and run crowd. According to John Waters, a BC forester, the dryness of a clear cut slope has a significant influence on the speed of a spreading fire. Decades of wildfire research shows that wildfire spreads rapidly in areas where there is an abundance of dry, fine fuel or unburnt piles of slash accumulations. barren land exposed to the full strength of the sun lowers air humidity and causes any available ground moisture to evaporate. Clear-cuts also create drying winds and higher temperatures, negatively influencing adjacent forests and local weather patterns. Dry hot winds can spread fire quickly.

If any of this sparks your need to take action, I suggest you contact Islands Trust and ask them to send out a team to survey the damage and the potential for further damage. The lot number is PID 006-662-307. Please visit this link to report a concern:

<https://islandstrust.bc.ca/mapping-resources/report-a-concern/>

Once your online form submission is successfully sent, you will receive an automatic reply email indicating that "your bylaw enforcement e-mail has been received!" If you haven't received this email message, then you haven't successfully submitted your complaint.

Eartha Muirhead



"Words cannot express the gratitude I feel for all I've been given since fire destroyed my home. Family, friends, acquaintances and total strangers have gifted me with labour, site clearing, electrical restoration, furniture, appliances, clothing, food, shelter, very generous monetary donations and hugs. I especially want to thank the amazing firefighters who worked so hard to save the forest and my small cabin. All my love and thanks!

Phyllis Fabbi"



Wicked Shovel Excavating and Landscaping

Clearing and debris removal,
post pounder, auger and custom
fencing
Stump grinding, tree transplant,
ditching and drainage, custom
landscape design, trail building-
beach access

Doug Schmidt 250 222 8076



It's with great sadness that we announce the death of our beloved Michael White. Michael was born in London, England, and was a Cambridge man at the London school of architecture. He specialized in hospital planning and helped plan many hospitals around the world and that is why we ended up in Vancouver BC where Michael was invited to be part of the team that designed Vancouver General Hospital. Michael was my partner, my lover, and my best friend for 59 years. He loved music, poetry, singing, and art and was an amazing cook. He designed and built with the help of Alex his son our own beautiful home here, as well as bringing his design skills to many other's projects. He hosted many amazing dinner parties, sang in the community choir, and held a weekly drum circle! Micheal loved Denman Island and the beautiful people he met here.

I'm filled with gratitude for all for the wonderful food and care that has appeared daily in my kitchen, for the care that doctor Jody Taylor gave Mike, Autumn Bradford for skills and organizing home care, and for Jeremy Cartier for his kindness.

Every day Michael and I would walk out on our deck and say we live in paradise. Michael was lucky to die at home where he wanted to be with his dog, his daughter and me by his side.

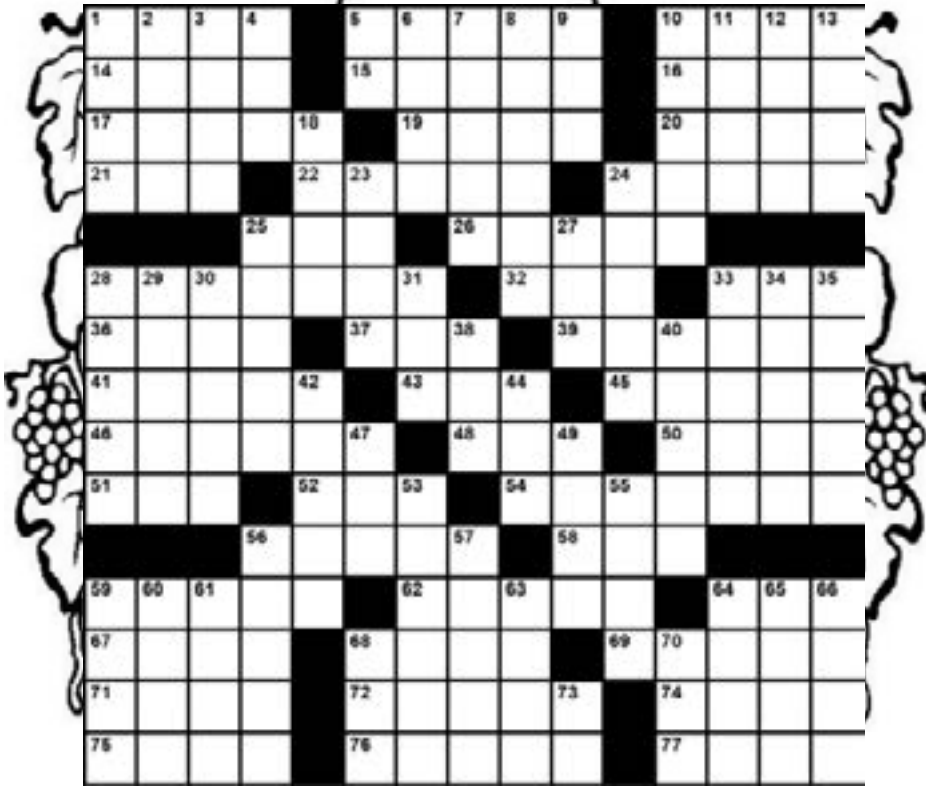
Michael leaves behind Selinda his wife, Belinda his daughter, Alex his son, Autumn his daughter-in-law, and wife to Alex, and his grandchildren, Daniel, Ocea, and Miles. He will be terribly missed, but we trust his contributions, beautiful 'bass-booming voice', and a long wonderful life of memories will continue on in our hearts.

Alex said, "I suddenly remembered hiding in dad's closet when I was 5, and my feet swimming in his big shoes."

Beloved Michael, you left us some big beautiful shoes to fill.

We love you.

• GRAPEVINE CROSSWORD •



• ACROSS •

1. Childlike one
5. Old saw
10. Harmony
14. Forest ox
15. Grieve
16. Gimlet or screwdriver
17. A butterfly
19. Amatory writing
20. Before mobile or mat
21. According to
22. Cliff hanger
24. Flagged
25. Close a duffel bag
26. Different in nature
28. Household cleaning item
32. Census form question
33. African serpent
36. Hang over
37. 1/20 of ton, abbr.
39. Elk
41. Cover story
43. And also not
45. Korean city
46. Boat basin
48. Blade
50. Code word for A
51. Bauxite bonanza
52. Cold weather malady
54. Tummy
56. Brothers of fairy tales

58. Black gold
59. Cold-weather drink
62. Bombards
64. Air pump meas.
67. Retired
68. Assistant
69. Gold measure
71. Bagel or Bialy
72. Light bender
74. Agalite
75. Feel sure of
76. Back comb
77. Fallacy

• DOWN •

1. Astronaut's org.
2. Type of thermometer
3. Greek letter
4. Weldon or Wray
5. Be
6. Building entrance
7. Of sound
8. Waves to, perhaps
9. Mil. rank
10. Flight part
11. Not mine
12. Commercial paper
13. Hunk of dirt
18. Monsoon weather
23. Big story
24. Big state
25. Voodoo slaves
27. Cut with an ax
28. 1836 battle site
29. Drilling site
30. Rippled fabric
31. Barley bristle
33. Garlic mayonnaise
34. Material
35. Rice dish
38. Excessive
40. Bailey or Buck
42. Structure starter
44. Aries animal
47. Actress Macgraw
49. Civil unrest
53. Diamond authority
55. Vertebral connectors

56. Devout
57. Kind of coverage
59. John Dickson or Vikke
60. Chinese horn
61. Cabal unit
63. Decreasingly
64. Ask for a miracle
65. It's good in a pinch
66. Craving
68. Astute
70. 24/7 cashier
73. Yours truly

• TEST YOUR MATH SKILLS •

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

• Last Week's Answers •

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

GRUMPISM

“ I told my doctor I thought I was a caterpillar. The doc said not to worry I would soon change.”

• Last Week's ANSWERS •

S	L	U	N	K		A	S	I	D	E		C	W	T
A	E	R	I	E		U	P	S	E	T		O	H	O
W	I	N	D	Y		R	A	L	P	H		Y	O	
					U	R	E	A		A	L	I	P	O
C	O	U	S	I	N					M	O	C	K	U
A	R	M				N	U	M	B		Y	A	H	
R	I	B				G	R	E	A	T		L	A	N
G	E	E	K			E	R	R	O	R		N	A	A
O	L	L	A	S		E	G	G	O	N		V	I	S
					Y	E	W		E	S	P	Y	A	R
I	G	N	O	R	E	S				E	M	P	L	O
N	A	E				R	A	W		U	S	P	S	
C	B	S				A	V	I	A	N		H	Y	E
U	L	T				T	E	M	P	I		E	C	L
R	E	S				E	S	S	E	X		T	H	Y

• **SERVICES** •

Exterior cleaning service. Offering cleaning solutions for your windows, gutters, roofs, decks, driveways, chimneys, siding, awnings, etc. Reasonable rates with professional results.
Call or text Bjorn for free estimate.
250 465 8645

GUTTERS seamless, supply and install also repairs, for free estimate contact Kevin at 250 335 1986 or cell at 250 667 3233. Serving All Areas.

MR. FIX-IT PLUMBING & All household major and small appliances. All large and small machinery. Yard machinery, chainsaws, outboards, automotive, sharpening, welding and fabricating. Call Rick Graham 335-0954.(HI)

• **FOR SALE** •

+APPLIANCES FOR SALE. Ranges, washers, dryers, fridges, dishwashers, gas/electric range. All fully restored and come with a full six month warranty. Call Rick Graham 335-0954.

• **CLASSIFIED ADS** •

Denman Island local cedar kindling sales. Wildcrafted. Artisanal! Damn Cheap! Your fire will thank you! By burning!!

DISCLAIMER: "Denman Island natural cedar kindling" is not intended to diagnose or treat any medical condition. For external use only.
250-897-8184

WAGNER FIREWOOD. 2 cords to Denman, \$680 plus GST. Hornby, \$720 plus GST. Text or call Scott at 250-334-7323

• **HELP WANTED** •

The General Store needs a part-time employee. Must be 19 or older. Please call Jennifer at 250 335-2293 or leave a resume at the front till.

• **COMMUNITY NOTICES** •

COMOX VALLEY TRANSITION SOCIETY EMERGENCY CRISIS LINE:
250-338-1227 or Text: 250-218-4034
For more info visit <https://cvts.ca>

NEED HELP? Alcoholics Anonymous
250-338-8042



ISLANDS GRAPEVINE EDITORIAL POLICIES

Opinions expressed in the Grapevine do not necessarily reflect that of the Publisher.

Inciting violence, hate speech and pejorative language will not be tolerated.

Whether covering events that entertain us, presenting issues that concern and affect us or highlighting the many interesting and gifted people we call neighbour, the Grapevine celebrates the diversity and inclusivity of our shared island life. The following is our policy on content:

- Profiles of individuals, history, reviews and op ed are published free of charge.
- Literary content including poetry, stories, belle lettres are published free of charge.
- Promotional content for products, services, programs, and events will be published at going advertising rates.
- Public service announcements, notices of meetings, and news releases will be published for a fee. Exceptions will be made for emergencies where the public is immediately endangered.
- With regret, no exceptions can be made for non-profit status.
- Letters to the Editor are published free of charge.

The Grapevine is happy to provide an open, public forum for all islanders to speak and be heard. We are steadfast in our commitment to uphold freedom of expression.

As the record of our times, every issue of the Grapevine is a compilation of that week's submissions. We do not editorialize content, nor do we censor. We ask that writers moderate their own content. The Grapevine reserves the right to edit for brevity.

We are open to contributions from all Denman & Hornby Islanders. If you've something to say, send it our way! No copy and paste submissions. In your own words, please!



• BUSINESS DIRECTORY •

• (H) Hornby • (D) Denman • (UB) Union Bay •
• (FB) Fanny Bay • (C) Courtenay/Comox •

• ACCOMMODATIONS & RENTALS •

• Denman Activity Centre (Seniors) Rentals 335-3027 (D/H)

• REAL ESTATE • INSURANCE • FINANCIAL SERVICES •

• Jordan McDonald • Oakwyn Realty • 604-616-1137 (D/H)

• Tuele Group, Royal LePage in the Comox Valley,

Jenessa & Donna 250 335 1720

• BUILDING • CONSTRUCTION •

• Excavator/Backhoe/Tandem Gravel Truck & Transfer Trailer

Kenny Mather • 250-703-6512 (All) • John Isbister • 250-335-2565 (D)

• Tandem Gravel Truck & Transfer Trailer • Lora Mercieca

• 250-650-9986 (D/H)

• Wicked Shovel Excavating & Landscaping • Doug Schmidt •

250-222-8076 (ALL)

• SERVICES •

• Peter T. Mason • Land Surveying 757-8788 (All)

• Able & Ready Septic Pumping Service • 250-338-8822 (D/H)

• Bottled Water Delivery • DenmanWater.ca • 250-228-7161 (D)

• True View Tree Care • Wild Bill - Senior's Discount • 250-898-7246

• HEALTH & WELLNESS •

• Good Medicine Massage • Carly Woolner • (250) 879-0979. By Appt. (D)

• Physiotherapist • Acupuncturist • TCM Herbs • Carmen RPT, RTCMP

www.spectrahealth.ca 335-2260 (D/H)

• Physiotherapy • Christopher Mainella 250-335-2260

• Massage Clinic • 2796 Northwest Rd. • Leyah Kelly 335-2584 (D)

• Acupuncture • Jenny McCartney, R.Ac • 250-508-8160

Skeeter scene



rumble.com/stewmongo

garypiercy.com



AUTO/MARINE

*Custom Lighting
*Custom Audio
*Custom Video
*Custom Fiberglass
*Custom Paints
*2Dials/10000
Innovative

Jason Rasmussen

Call or text 250-504-1833

New home builds or renovations, small
or large projects

Servicing Denman & Hornby Islands

• FREE QUOTES •

HOME

*Air-Exp Generation
Systems
*Custom Home Audio
*Custom Home Video
*Custom Driveway Services
*Custom Fencing Services
*Custom Lighting

FORTNIGHT EVENTS

THURSDAY 19

• Dora Drinkwater Library 1:30pm-3:30pm
• RECYCLING CENTRE 1-5pm
• BOTTLE DEPOT 1-5pm
• CAP SITE Hub Comm. Hall 4-7pm
• FOOD BANK Hub Comm. Hall 4-7pm
• FREE STORE 3-5pm
• Hornby First Edition Deadline 11:59:59pm



FRIDAY 20

• Dora Drinkwater Library 1:30pm-3:30pm
• AA Meeting DIUC Gathering Place 7pm
• 'The Flagstone' July submission Deadline

SATURDAY 21

National Indigenous Peoples Day
• Dora Drinkwater Library 1:30pm-3:30pm
• RECYCLING CENTRE 9:30am-5pm
• BOTTLE DEPOT 9:30am-5pm
• FREE STORE 9-12:30pm
• FARMERS MARKET Old School 9:30-12:30

SUNDAY 22

• Blackberry Lane Preschool AGM 2-4pm BBL
Children's Centre

MONDAY 23

• Dora Drinkwater Library 1:30pm-3:30pm
• AA Meeting DIUC Gathering Place 7pm
• Employment Services 9am-3pm DAC

TUESDAY 24

• Dora Drinkwater Library 1:30pm-3:30pm

WEDNESDAY 25

• Dora Drinkwater Library 1:30pm-3:30pm
• RECYCLING CENTRE 1-5pm
• BOTTLE DEPOT 1-5pm

THURSDAY 26

• Dora Drinkwater Library 1:30pm-3:30pm
• RECYCLING CENTRE 1-5pm
• BOTTLE DEPOT 1-5pm
• CAP SITE Hub Comm. Hall 4-7pm
• FOOD BANK Hub Comm. Hall 4-7pm
• FREE STORE 3-5pm
• Summer Art Gallery Opening - Poete Maudit &
Mike Malley 7pm D.I. Art Gallery



FRIDAY 27

• Dora Drinkwater Library 1:30pm-3:30pm
• AA Meeting DIUC Gathering Place 7pm

SATURDAY 28

• Dora Drinkwater Library 1:30pm-3:30pm
• RECYCLING CENTRE 9:30am-5pm
• BOTTLE DEPOT 9:30am-5pm
• FARMERS MARKET Old School 9:30-12:30
• FREE STORE 9-12:30pm

SUNDAY 29

• Two Duos, Two Islands 7:30pm New Horizons

MONDAY 30

• Dora Drinkwater Library 1:30pm-3:30pm
• AA Meeting DIUC Gathering Place 7pm
• Two Duos, Two Islands 7:30pm DI Comm. Hall

TUESDAY 1

CANADA DAY!
• Dora Drinkwater Library 1:30pm-3:30pm
• Canada Day at Corlan Vineyard with the
Ram Sudama Trio 1-5pm (See ad on cover)

WEDNESDAY 2

• Dora Drinkwater Library 1:30pm-3:30pm
• RECYCLING CENTRE 1-5pm
• BOTTLE DEPOT 1-5pm
• FREE STORE 9-12:30pm

THURSDAY 3

• Dora Drinkwater Library 1:30pm-3:30pm
• RECYCLING CENTRE 1-5pm
• BOTTLE DEPOT 1-5pm
• CAP SITE Hub Comm. Hall 4-7pm
• FOOD BANK Hub Comm. Hall 4-7pm
• FREE STORE 3-5pm



THE
ISLANDS
Grapevine
EST. 1991
HORNBY ISLAND & DENMAN ISLAND
COMMUNITY NEWSLETTER



5875 Central Road
Hornby Island, B.C.
V0R 1Z0

Phone: 250.335.1121
Fax: 1.888.288.6460
admin@hornbycoop.com

Join the Hornby Island Co-op Team This Summer!

We're preparing for a busy season and looking for **Seasonal Store Clerks** to join us for **June, July, and August**, in cashier and stock roles. If you're a dependable team player who enjoys helping customers and thrives in a busy, collaborative environment—we'd love to hear from you!

What We Offer:

- A welcoming, supportive team atmosphere
- Opportunities to learn new skills
- Starting wage of \$18.00/hr. (up to \$20.27/hr. with experience)
- Plus \$3/hr. summer bonus (June 29 – August 23)
- 4% vacation pay
- Flexible scheduling (12 to 32 hours/week)

What We're Looking For:

- Dependable, positive team players
- Willingness to learn and help out in different areas
- Physically able to lift up to 25 kg
- Comfortable working with the public in a busy retail setting

Union Information

The Co-op is a unionized workplace (UFCW 1518). All new hires are required to join the union as a condition of employment.

How to Apply:

1. Download the application at www.hornbycoop.com, or pick up at Customer Service
2. Drop completed application off at Customer Service, or
3. Email your completed form and resume to **admin@hornbycoop.com**