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COMMUNITY NEWSLETTER



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Noon until 5pm



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**The opinions expressed herein do not
necessarily reflect the views of the
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SPECIAL INTEREST

Denman ART Studio Tour, 2025 edition

The organization for the Denman ART Studio Tour is in full swing and this year we will once again have an amazing tour. Twenty-three artists are getting ready to show you their studios on August 16&17 from 10am to 4pm...yes, 23!!! Please add also to your calendar the dates for the Preview Show at the Summer Art Gallery : opening reception on July 10 from 7pm till 9pm and then openings of the gallery from July 11-16 from 11am till 3pm.

Thank you to our sponsors who are making the Denman ART Studio Tour possible with their generous donations: Denman WORKS, Arts Denman, Sure Copy Courtenay, Jordan McDonald, BC Ferry, Crooked Warden Cider, The Denman Island Tea Company, Eden Therapy Clinic Studio, Corlan Vineyard & Farm, Denman Island General Store, Earth Club Factory, Denman Island Hardware Store, Atlas Café Courtenay, Denman Craft Store, Friesen Family Construction, Donna and Jenessa Tuele at Tuele Real Estate Group & Abraxas Books and Café.

**Denman
ART
Studio Tour**
ESTD. 2009
2025
August 16 & 17
10-4pm

SPECIAL INTEREST

Registration for Summer Camp Is Open

This year Denman Community Programs is planning 7 weeks of summer camps! Everything from digital music making to weaving, chef camp, dance camp, and even soccer if there's enough interest. Take a look here: dices.ca/current-programs/summer-camp for information and to register. Deadline to register is now July 1. Contact dices.communityprograms@gmail.com for more information



2025 Farmers Market Coupon Program

by Denman Community Programs

We are happy to announce that the registrations for our 2025 Farmers Market Coupon Program are now open!

The Farmers' Market Nutrition Coupon Program (FMNCP) is a healthy eating initiative that supports farmers' markets and strengthens food security across British Columbia. DICES provides coupons to lower-income families, pregnant people and seniors participating in their food literacy programs. Coupons can be spent at all BCAFM member farmers' markets that participate in the FMNCP, and can be used to purchase vegetables, fruits, nuts, eggs, dairy, herbs, vegetable & fruit plants, honey, meat and fish.

Each household enrolled in the program is eligible to receive a minimum of \$27/week in coupons. The program runs throughout the summer months when produce is most abundant across the province.

Coupons can be used now until December at the Denman Island Farmers' Market and any other participating BC Farmers Markets.

Redeeming coupons is easy! Just treat them like cash at your favorite stalls at the farmers market.

Places are limited and not all applicants may be eligible, however they may be included on a waitlist in the event we are able to expand the program.



To apply for this program, contact DICES by email at dices.communityprograms@gmail.com or pick up your application at the Denman Island Food Bank on Thursdays from 4 - 7 pm, at the Denman Island Farmers Market Coordinator's Tent on Saturdays from 9:30 - 11:30 am, or at the free post under "Market Coupons"

Questions from vendors can be directed to Olena at denmanmarket@gmail.com.

This program is delivered by the BC Farmers Market Association, with financial support from the province of British Columbia. On Denman, the program is being coordinated by DICES, and we are thrilled to have been awarded 30 placements this year. 🍷

TIDE TABLE

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

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
2025-06-27 (Fri)		
Time	PDT (m)	(ft)
02:08	3.529	11.6
06:31	4.332	14.2
13:57	0.138	0.5
21:25	5.059	16.6
2025-06-28 (Sat)		
Time	PDT (m)	(ft)
03:03	3.358	11.0
07:27	4.133	13.6
14:38	0.457	1.5
22:01	5.020	16.5
2025-06-29 (Sun)		
Time	PDT (m)	(ft)
04:01	3.140	10.3
08:25	3.874	12.7
15:18	0.889	2.9
22:35	4.959	16.3
2025-06-30 (Mon)		
Time	PDT (m)	(ft)
05:02	2.875	9.4
09:28	3.583	11.8
15:57	1.405	4.6
23:07	4.875	16.0
2025-07-01 (Tue)		
Time	PDT (m)	(ft)
06:03	2.572	8.4
10:42	3.310	10.9
16:35	1.967	6.5
23:37	4.764	15.6
2025-07-02 (Wed)		
Time	PDT (m)	(ft)
07:02	2.254	7.4
12:20	3.147	10.3
17:13	2.531	8.3
2025-07-03 (Thu)		
Time	PDT (m)	(ft)
00:05	4.629	15.2
07:55	1.950	6.4
14:40	3.238	10.6
17:56	3.052	10.0

Two Duos, Two Islands

By Kenton Loewen

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>



Old School Heat Pump Update

by the Old School Committee

and Denman Island Climate Action Network

As you know the Old School committee and DICAN are fundraising to replace the oil furnace in the Old School with an energy efficient heat pump. The estimated cost of installing the heat pump is \$30,000. Currently we have raised \$23,750 in donations and pledges. We want to thank everyone who has donated or made a pledge thus far.

Now we need to make a final push to reach the total so the heat pump can be installed before winter. To that end we are appealing to anyone who has been thinking about making a donation or pledge to please consider doing so ASAP.

We will be at the Saturday market on June 28 and will accept donations or pledges at that time. We will also have some pieces donated by members of the spinners and weavers for sale. All proceeds will go to towards the cost of the heat pump.

As a reminder, there are three ways to contribute:

1. Send your pledge commitment of \$_____ along with your name and telephone number to: denmanoldschool@gmail.com
2. Send an e-transfer to denmanoldschool@gmail.com with Heat Pump Project along with your first and last name in the message area.
3. Mail a cheque, made out to Denman Old School Committee to Gloria Michin at 1733 Dalziel Rd., Denman Island, V0R1T0

Thank you for helping us make this important improvement to the Old School.



Shucking Oysters: Their Home and Native Land

By Alex Allen

“We were not perfect, but we had no jails, we had no taxes...no wine and no beer, no old peoples’ homes, no children’s aid society, we had no crisis centres. We had a philosophy of life based on the Creator. We had our humanity.”

- Art Solomon, “Songs for the People: Teachings on the Natural Way”

June is National Indigenous month. But instead of one day or a month, we should be recognizing and celebrating their culture every single day. I don’t think I need to share residential school atrocities or the names of missing women from the highway of tears, or how many first nations are arrested and marginalized. We all know, and if we don’t know, that is even more distressing.

Reconciliation is the buzzword. Think about it. To reconcile means to pacify, to content, to agree. Does that sound like a healthy partnership or are there shades of colonialism? And then the term: Free, Prior and Informed Consent. The UN seal of approval that allows indigenous communities to give or withhold consent to a project that may affect them or their territories. Once again, the wording is unfortunate. “It’s not rape it’s seduction, so just lie back and enjoy it,” PM Lester B. Pearson, glibly said in response to Americans buying up Canadian businesses with reckless abandon in the 1970s.

Gary Snyder wrote in *The Practice of the Wild*, “native people everywhere are conducting an underprivileged and underfunded fight against unimaginably wealthy corporations to resist logging or oil exploration or gold mining on their own land.” Corporations look at everything, from human beings to the natural environment, as exploitable commodities. When we start to see land as community rather commodity, maybe we just might begin to treat the Earth with love and respect.

We are visitors that have overstayed our visit. It’s their home and sacred land. Unfortunately, the struggle to resist the temptation to sell out, to take the cash and run, or stay and surrender, must be huge. But there are some who resist, as Joe Martin of the Tla-qui-aht First Nation, explained, “one of our teachings is that mother nature will provide for our need, but not our greed. And it is our greed that’s destroying many things nowadays.”

Joe, who is a lead carver, shared what a totem pole represents. In western culture, we have always looked at the totem pole as a representation of one’s status, depending on how high or low we are in relation to others. In the traditional worldview of Joe’s people, the totem pole is all about interdependence, inclusion, and integrity, where each animal crest depends on the others, all the while being valued for its own function and significance. “The top crest of the totem pole, in our tradition,” explains Joe, “always represents the sun or the moon. Those things are important, because everyone’s life is influenced by them...it teaches us self-respect and respect for other living beings.”

Ever since the BC NDP took power eight years ago, when the government needed to have “nation to nation” talks with Indigenous leaders, it met with First Nations Leadership Council (FNLC). And yet, for whatever reason, the Eby government chose not to consult with the Council on Bills 14 or 15, which will fast-track all infrastructure and renewable energy projects if passed. The executive Chiefs have called Bill 15’s proposal to bypass environmental assessments and issue automatic permits an affront to their rights and title.

“We need you to understand that there are 204 First Nations in British Columbia and, while you may find support among a select few who we wish well, your refusal to withdraw the bills will have serious impacts on the FNLC’s and many First Nations’ relationships with your government,” read an open letter to Eby released in June.



Reading the book, *The Idiot*. At the same time, the TV is blaring in the background, about President Trump's newest nightmare.

By Gabriel Jeroschewitz

Wednesday, June 11th 2025. Abridged

LITERARY

The first crack appeared subtly, a hairline fracture across the polished surface of reality. I saw it, perhaps, because for months I had been living inside another mind, one that mapped the fault lines of the soul with a terrifying precision. Fyodor Mikhailovich Dostoevsky had been my unreliable guide, specifically his Prince Myshkin, from "The Idiot." I had approached that novel like the prompt described,

drawn by the terrible beauty of a house fire, knowing it would consume me. And consume me it did, leaving me raw, exposed, and hypersensitive to the world's inherent brokenness.

Prince Myshkin, I had learned, wasn't a gentle saviour, but a catalyst. His goodness, pure and blinding, didn't heal the corrupt world he entered; it *destroyed* everyone around him, exposing the rot, the lies, the unutterable shame that clung to every interaction like a shroud. He was a moral hurricane, and I found myself morbidly fascinated by the possibility of a modern equivalent, a force entering the already fractured stage of contemporary life that, through its sheer alienness to the established rules, would tear everything apart.

Then he arrived. Not a prince of Christ-like goodness, but something almost its inverse. A man built of noise and bluster, gilded surface and, it seemed, an utter lack of self-doubt or reflection. Donald Trump, the man who, the prompt suggested, tried to break the world. I watched him, initially with a detached, scholarly curiosity, as one might observe a strange specimen under a microscope. But the detachment didn't last. The Dostoevsky lens had warped my vision, heightened my perception of the underlying currents of chaos, and I began to see something horrific unfolding, not just in the political sphere but in the very fabric of the collective psyche.

He crashed into the established order like a rogue comet. Like Myshkin's innocent truth, his chaotic energy, his blunt disregard for convention, and his inability-or refusal—to speak the language of diplomatic facade had an immediate, shattering effect. The "world built on lies, greed, and moral compromise," as the prompt described Myshkin's Russia, recoiled, shrieked, and began to unravel.

I saw, through my Dostoevsky-tinted glasses, the modern equivalents of the Epanchins, the Ivolgins, the Rogozhins. Pundits, politicians, journalists, academics, ordinary citizens – all caught in the gravitational pull of this disruptive force. And exactly like Myshkin's effect, this force didn't inspire unity or reasoned debate; it exposed the underlying hypocrisy, the performative virtue, the desperate clinging to social games that held our world together, however tenuously. Those who postured as paragons of morality revealed their venom; those who feigned sophistication descended into primal rage; those who claimed objectivity were stripped bare, their biases screaming from their pores.

It was horrifying. Not in the way of a monster under the bed, but in the profound, existential dread that settles when you realize the shared reality you thought you inhabited was a fragile construct, easily shattered. This figure, this agent of disruption, seemed to wield chaos not as a weapon of conscious intent, but as a natural extension of his being, much like Myshkin wielded unconscious destruction through his inability to lie or manipulate. Both forces, in their way, were incapable of playing the game, and their presence revealed the game itself to be a necessary, if corrupt, glue. Without the glue, everything fragmented.

The psychological complexity was nearly driving me mad, much like the prompt had warned about in *The Idiot*. I saw "Nastasya Filippovnas" everywhere – wounded, magnificent souls, damaged by the world, yet paradoxically drawn to the chaos that validated their internal torment. They couldn't process conventional orders; they either thrived or perhaps self-destructed in the maelstrom. And "Rogozhins" – dark twins, consumed by passionate obsession, jealousy, and a terrifying potential for violence, mirroring the disruptive force's energy, amplifying it, turning the latent rage of society into volcanic eruptions.

Watching the interaction between the disruptive force and the world felt like witnessing Dostoevsky's terrifying portrait of human nature writ large across the global stage. The tenderness of the Myshkin/Rogozhin relationship found a dark echo in the strange, fraught interactions between the disruptive force and his supposed rivals or allies – moments of unsettling intimacy born from shared antagonism or cynical ...continued on P.7...

...continued from P.6 transaction, always underscored by the threat of betrayal, the metaphorical knife waiting under the pillow.

The constant stream of news felt like Dostoevsky's party scene, endlessly repeated. A figure speaking absolute truth one moment (however *his* truth might be defined, it was *his* truth, unfiltered by convention) and utter falsehood the next, to a room full of people invested in a different set of comfortable lies. And the reaction was always the same: not conversion, but immediate, visceral social destruction, a collective gasp of outrage that quickly curdled into homicidal rage, albeit often expressed through screens and keyboards. Prophetic truth-telling, or even just disruptive noise-making, in a corrupt society, Dostoevsky showed us, doesn't inspire conversion; it provokes violent rejection.

What haunted me most was how this era, viewed through the lens of Dostoevsky, refused to make sense or offer comfort. This force didn't heal anything; it exposed wounds that perhaps would have been better left covered. Its inability to navigate social complexity didn't make it pure; it made it dangerous. When I saw lives, careers, and relationships inadvertently destroyed by this chaotic presence, I began questioning everything I thought I knew about leadership, stability, and collective sanity.

The Dostoevsky theme of money and class pulsed beneath it all. The scramble for wealth, influence, and power became more desperate, more exposed. The system's corruption, always present, felt laid bare, raw and ugly. The cynical transactions, the prioritizing of profit over principle, the way economic desperation turned everyone into potential participants in the chaos – it was Dostoevsky's savage understanding of corruption, amplified to a terrifying scale.

And then there were moments, often in the dead of night, scrolling through endless cycles of outrage and despair, when I felt something akin to Dostoevsky's exploration of epilepsy. Not a medical event, but a spiritual apocalypse. Moments when the veil between worlds – the world of manufactured reality and the terrifying world of raw, exposed truth – felt thin. The pre-seizure aura, described by Myshkin as a moment of perfect understanding and harmony, in this context felt like an unbearable intensity of discordant truth. A sudden, horrifying clarity about the depth of division, the fragility of institutions, the unsettling ease with which shared reality could be fractured. It wasn't harmonious; it was like hearing the universe scream. In those moments, surrounded by the fallout of the collision, I found myself wondering, with terrifying sincerity, if madness might be the only appropriate response to a world this broken.

The spiritual void felt palpable. In this seemingly godless age, where authentic connection often felt replaced by performative outrage or tribal loyalty, the very idea of genuine spiritual experience seemed absent, or perhaps, if it existed, it would appear as madness, idiocy, or something profoundly alien to those around it. This disruptive force, whatever else he was, was profoundly alien to the polished, secular norms of public life, and his reception mirrored that – he was often labelled insane, idiotic, outside the bounds of reason. Was his "simplicity," his bluntness, his defiance of conventional wisdom, just intellectual limitation, or did it represent some distorted, dark mirror image of that spiritual sophistication that looked like regression?

Months, even years later, I still carry the wound of witnessing this collision. The world is permanently altered, its illusions shattered, its divisions laid bare. The question Dostoevsky's *The Idiot* forced me to confront – whether virtue that cannot survive contact with reality is virtuous – morphed into a different, equally terrifying question: what happens when a *force* that seems defined by its *lack* of conventional virtue collides with a world already compromised? The answer, observed through this lens of Dostoevsky-esque horror, was apocalyptic.

Reading *The Idiot* felt like psychological surgery; living through this era, viewed through that same lens, felt like being left in the operating theatre afterwards, raw and exposed, staring at the messy, internal workings of a world that had lost its skin. It wasn't just a political drama; it was a mirror reflecting everything—ugly and beautiful, base and terrifying—about the human condition when confronted with a force that refused to play by the rules, forcing everyone else to reveal what rules they truly lived by, if any. It forced me to recognize not just the Christ and the murderer within myself, but the terrified, confused animal scrambling for purchase as the ground gives way. We were no more prepared for this kind of disruptive energy than Nastasya Filippovna or Rogozhin were for Myshkin's goodness – and that recognition remains both humbling and terrifying. The horror wasn't just him; it was us, revealed in the shattering. 

Taxes

By Oakley Rankin

One of the things that annoys me is the overwhelming success of Conservatives in convincing so many people that paying your taxes is a burden, not a bargain. Think of the multitude of services we all use without really seeing—medical, educational, transportation, water and sewage, public parks, etc. We know that private organizations will never commit to make such services available universally, so to believe that taxes are not a bargain is cutting off your nose despite your face.

Of course historically taxation has sometimes become a burden, nearly always under an authoritarian government, but the current belief relies on two extremely suspect pillars: governments are unable to run anything as efficiently as private organizations spurred by greed; nothing good ever comes of co-operative structures, only individuals are responsible for efficient organization. Are private businesses more efficient? In assessing the answer one might keep in mind the average 10,000 business bankruptcies annually in Canada, and anecdotally, the Edsel, Iridium, BlackBerry, and Enron et al. These examples representing both inefficiency and wastage (6 billion dollars in the case of Iridium) should make us question the business chorus of 'Efficiency, efficiency' and 'Incompetent Government'. And just as Conservatives blame the government for wasting 'your' money so these companies also waste 'your' money as that is where they get most of their income. We are all human and incompetency, inefficiency, and wastage are characteristics of everything we attempt, whether private or government. As for co-operative efficiency one has only to look at our armed forces and indeed all the services mentioned above but you can't measure by dollar cost alone.

But many still complain of over-taxation. The only useful figures are comparative: the OECD of 38 nations measures 'All-in average income tax rates at average wage' and places Canada as 20th for single individuals and 23rd for married with two children—roughly the middle of the pack (2022). Among all nations a measure of taxation as a percentage of GDP puts Canada at 33% once again in the middle of the developed nations. The Tax Foundation rates Canada 17th on overall taxation amongst the 38 OECD countries. So if we are in the middle of the developed nations where would the complainers have us be? Should we be the lowest taxed country of the 38? To get there we would have to cut even more government revenue as well as the services for which it pays.

Of course the real problem is 'universality'. No private company will ever promise it because no profit is to be gained from unprofitable parts of the citizen universe. An easy example is SaskPower. It was formed in 1929 to figure out how to supply electricity to everyone in Saskatchewan which the multitude of cherry-picking private companies would not do. Depression and the war intervened and it was only in 1949 that SaskPower bought out the last of the private companies and began to string line all over the province. Although cost conscious and wisely adopting a single line ground return system (as New Zealand had done) cutting the cost of wire needed in half, it did not measure efficiency by cost alone; more important was providing service to the entire population. And, of course the inefficient private producers—inefficient as measured by the thousands of citizens they would never service—did very well; my father's friend who owned the National Light and Power Company supplying Moose Jaw with power, had a 'golden' rule: if you lived 12 miles from his plant you got no power. With the money paid for his company he retired to the Bahamas from whence he sallied forth each year to remind us of his tropical pleasures.

Universality is the one measure private companies will never accede to. For military services, medical services, highways, sewer and water services, postal delivery and public education universality is the abiding measure of public services delivered at the lowest cost to the individual by asking everyone to pay a small portion even they do not have a personal need for the service directly: adults and elders without children, persons in near perfect health, civilians who won't be soldiers, etc. But the service will be there at lower cost if they ever do need it. However to work well it requires a population which can put self-interest aside for communal need. In a culture bombarding us every day with the exceptional individ-

continued on P.9...

...continued from P.8

ual as alone responsible for everything good and efficient, dividing us into so-called 'identity' groups often at odds with one another, and minimizing the obvious creative successes of group effort, the attempt to put communal need up front has become increasing difficult, if not impossible. Suggesting an area of universality which could be attempted brings out numerous 'identity' groups who claim they won't pay for it because they themselves don't want it and won't use it and who seemingly have no compassion for those who do need it, often dismissing them as too lazy to earn enough to pay for the service; i.e. blaming the victim.

Taxes are a government's main revenue and the constant cutting of them by Conservative governments is like asking Ford to eventually sell trucks below cost; cuts are one of the major sources of government debt as bonds are then issued to make up the short fall of lower taxes and to keep the services we have going. And it has been suggested that the conservative clamour to constantly reduce taxes is indeed a method of making public services less and less manageable and setting the stage for a Thatcher-life sell off of public services to private industry. We see nefarious danger in China's government supported 'private' industries building our ferries but seemingly have little problem with the vast inroads private companies have already made into our public services, for example our wonderful Federal Dental plan turned over to Sun Life to run, our BC MSP accounting run by Maximus. or Accenture running BC Hydro's accounting—BC Hydro terminated Accenture's contract in 1917 after 15 years of non-compliance with the performance standards set by the Liberal government and then happily ignored by the same Liberals who touted it as a more efficient than deliver by civil service employees.

Currently we have Canada Post mandated by law to service all Canadians and then expected to compete financially with private couriers who work under no such constraint and would likely withdraw their services if asked to do so. Rather than asking our politicians to cut taxes we should be demanding real accountability and increased taxation to fund efficient universal services.



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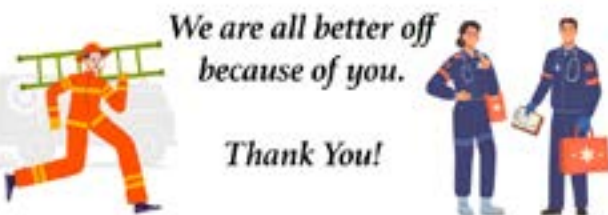
To our valued Firefighters and First Responders

*The Board of DIRA would like to offer
our heartfelt thanks and
appreciation
for your service.*

*The Denman Island community is
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because of your dedication.*

*We are all better off
because of you.*

Thank You!



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July 2025 / juillet 2025

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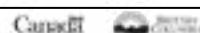
Mondays 9am - 3:00 pm / lundi 9h à 15h

Date	Location
July / juillet 7	CLOSED / Fermé
July / juillet 14	Denman Island
July / juillet 21	Denman Island
July / juillet 28	Denman Island

dominique@ceas.ca / 250-334-3119

www.workbccentre-courtenay.ca

Denman Island: Activity Centre, 111 Northwest Rd / Hornby Island: 2155 B Sollans Rd
Services offered in French and English / Services disponibles en anglais et en français



The support of the Government of Canada
and the Province of British Columbia
in the development of the WorkBC
Employment Services is gratefully acknowledged.

Phoenix Riting!

By Phoenix Bee

The past few days, I've been hobbling around like a pirate with a thorn in my backside. The culprit: sciatica. A cruel little kink in the body's wiring that turns the simple act of walking, sitting, or even existing into a grim sort of guessing game.

Will it shoot lightning down my leg this morning or lull me into false comfort until I reach for something and yelp? I've learned to appreciate the miracle of stretches, a pilates ball and Advil, which take the edge off enough to enable me to move more or less normally.

It came on slow and strange, like pain often does. One day I was dancing in my kitchen, the next I was bracing myself just to roll out of bed. No dramatic injury, no noble fall—just the body saying not today, in the way bodies sometimes do.

I missed the first hour of the Hornby Arts Centre opening last Saturday, but I made it in time to be dazzled.

What I walked into was lovely, stunning. The new space is thoughtful, grounded, and beautifully lit. There's a sense that something alive can take root there. The art was excellent, mind bogglingly varied, colourful. This show is smaller pieces, which means a lot of pieces. The call went out, and artists delivered.

The Centre is deceptively spacious. Art is displayed everywhere, including in the bathroom, which is a work of art itself, and there are pants on the wall. Pants can be art; if you know, you know. This is not the sort of work you want to glance at on the way to the snacks. It commands your time, and rewards you for the investment. The show will be open daily until July 1; do check it out.

I didn't stay too long. Crowds are a dance for me. Sometimes I can hold the room, sometimes I need to slip out the side door and find a tree. I was glad I went. It felt like a proper gathering, a real place, not just for us to hang pictures but to be together inside something meaningful. I'm not sure yet how the acoustics will serve, but I hope to find out soon. I am looking forward to singing there, and if all goes well, it might become a regular thing.

You may know I released a CD last fall, called "Late Bloomer," a collection of songs grown from the rich deep compost heap of my life. We tried a launch party then, but the timing wasn't right, for reasons I won't bore you with. The Arts Council has offered support for a second try this September, and I'm hopeful that this one will bloom properly.

June is like this on the island—too much and not enough, all at once. So much beauty it aches. So many events I want to attend, and so many that I know I won't. My spoons are a limited resource. Some days I have one, and I use it to make coffee. Some days I have several, and I try to take care of too many things at once, and end up doing something else entirely.

And the garden! It is exploding with green. Even from indoors I can feel it pulsing, nettles elbowing into the path, peas curling toward the sun, chickweed wrapping its fine fingers around anything that holds still long enough. The air smells like someone left a jar of honey open in the woods. I love this riot of growth, and I also want to yell, slow down! I can't keep up.

This Saturday, June 28th, I hope to be at the Pride Dance Party at the Arts Centre. DJ Pat will be spinning his prideful magic, and whoopee, it's free. All ages, all flavours, all sparkly, wobbly, glorious selves welcome. There's a brand-new sprung dance floor, I haven't tried it yet, but I'm dreaming of boogying pain-free, but even if I have to limit myself to a gentle sway, I'll probably have fun. Swaying is underrated. Whatever works!

As for the weather, well, bless it. We've had a flirtation with summer, but she's been playing hard to get; teasing us with warmth, then slapping us with a chill wind. I dream of heat, real heat that smells like cedar sap and low tide. To swim in warm water, oh what bliss! I have faith in summer; it's bound to happen, it always does.

Here I am, dragging myself around like a mythic crone, plotting art and mischief and music. I'm grateful for the opportunity to write this little column and to share what I can from my scraggly edge of things.

If you see me around, feel free to say hello. I might be slow right now, but I'm showing up, whenever and wherever I can. When I have the spoons. These are exciting times. Interesting times. Terrifying times. All of it. Facing the future with a grin full of gritted teeth, we persevere. Don't forget to breathe, friends. We'll make it through.

Feedback is welcome, email me at phoenixonhornby@gmail.com



**Iran Shows Us Why
The US And Israel
Should Not Be Allowed
To Have Nukes**

*By Caitlin Johnstone
June 24th, 2025*

OPINION

Well it's been a crazy couple of days. Trump bombed Iran's civilian nuclear energy facilities in an attack that CNN reports did no lasting damage, and Iran exercised extraordinary restraint with symbolic retaliatory strikes on US military bases coordinated to avoid American casualties—a move many are comparing to Iran's non-lethal response to the US assassination of General Qassem Soleimani in 2020.

After pumping out deception and fake diplomacy for weeks in order to assist Israel's unprovoked war on Iran and launch an unprovoked attack on his own, Trump took to social media to proudly celebrate his administration's facilitation of a ceasefire to the war he himself needlessly started, like an arsonist giving himself a trophy for extinguishing one of his own house fires.

And, for the moment at least, the ceasefire appears to be holding. Which is good. There are a lot of terrible people who did everything they could to get Iran to kill US troops and spark a horrific war, but Iran didn't take the bait. Iran doesn't want war at all. Trump found out that Americans disapproved of the airstrikes and opposed war with Iran. And Israel found out that fighting an actual military force is a lot less easy than fighting hospital patients and children.

So for now we've got a ceasefire.

We have never been shown any evidence that Iran was working on obtaining nuclear weapons, which given the US empire's extensive history of lying about this sort of thing means we should assume it was not. But it has certainly been given every incentive to obtain them now, given that that's probably the only thing that can stop the US and Israel from casually committing these egregious acts of aggression whenever they feel like it.

And isn't it interesting how Iran keeps demonstrating a degree of restraint that we all know we'd never see from the United States or Israel if another country bombed their energy infrastructure or assassinated their military leaders, and yet Iran is the country we're told can never be trusted with nuclear weapons?

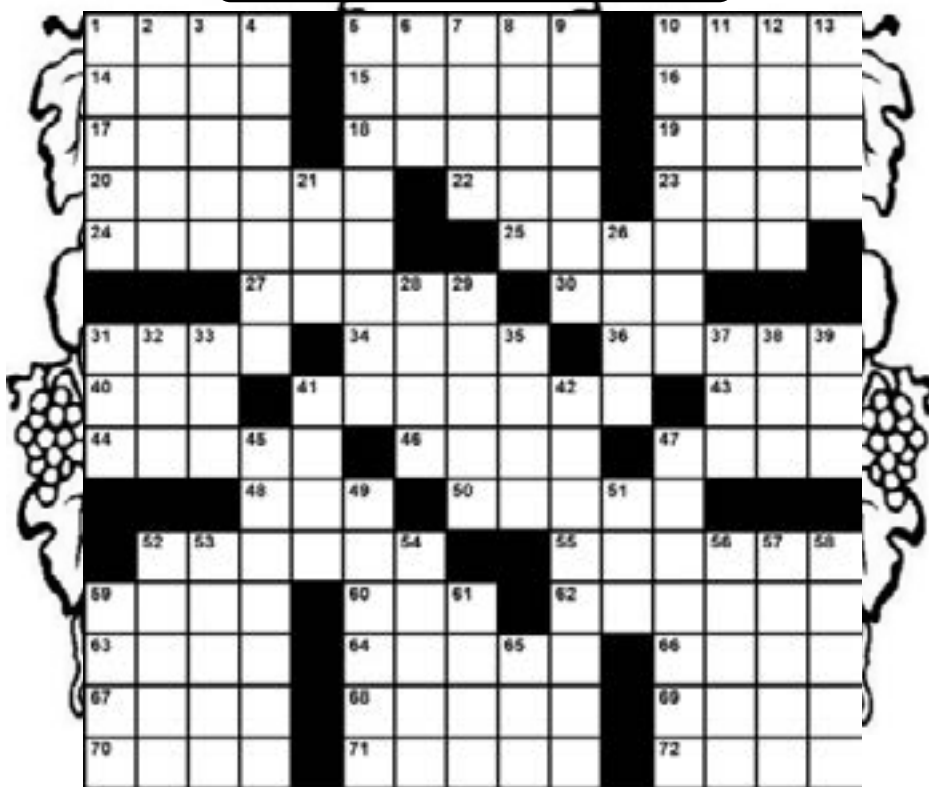
The US empire and Israel both exist in a perpetual state of war and attack other countries constantly; Iran never invades other countries and avoids war like Melania Trump avoids missionary position. But we're meant to accept that it's fine for the US and Israel to have nukes and do anything necessary to prevent Iran from getting any? Even if you accept the evidence-free premise that Iran would do crazy and reckless things if it became a nuclear-armed state, there is no rational argument that Trump and his handlers have been going about preventing this outcome intelligently. As Joe Lauria explains in Consortium News, the Iran nuclear deal was a remarkable achievement of international diplomacy that was working fine until Trump shredded it in 2018. Iran was following all the agreed upon rules and its nuclear enrichment was capped at 3.67 percent, but Trump killed it because the Zionists and warmongers who brought him to power want more aggression toward Iran instead of less.

It's so intensely stupid that we have to keep doing this horrifying dance every few years just because there are too many war-horny freaks with way too much power inside the US empire. And every time they get closer to getting their wish. Iran is being given more and more reasons to view the US and Israel as an existential threat, more and more motive to obtain nuclear weapons, and less and less reason to negotiate anything with Washington.

These bastards keep pushing us toward something very ugly. Let's hope people keep waking up to the depravity of Israel and the US empire before the warmakers succeed in obtaining their long-sought prize. 🍷



• GRAPEVINE CROSSWORD •



• ACROSS •

1. Bed support
5. Hemp fibers
10. Super enthusiastic
14. Bad reviews
15. Destined to diet
16. Byron's title
17. Active volcano
18. Dolphin's home
19. 2-D measure
20. Imp's opposite
22. Hindu Mr.
23. Derive from
24. Biased, in a way
25. Catchword
27. Catsup, e.g.
30. Ancient Tokyo
31. Dire
34. Explosion noise
36. Nerdy guy
40. Adjust for proper functioning
41. Incites to action
43. Barely visible
44. Brazilian palm
46. As a result
47. Cabal unit
48. Cal. page
50. Growing years
52. Unit equivalent to 3.26 light years
55. Poor part of town
59. Emit amplified light
60. Barn sound
62. Listener
63. Being, in

- philosophy
64. Bombay locale
66. Carnegie Hall feature
67. Sharpen
68. Bee bite
69. Tailor's case
70. Computer fare
71. Become aware of
72. Gym counts

• DOWN •

1. Blueprint data
2. Potter's wheel
3. Blueprint postscript
4. Despot practice
5. Idiot box
6. Alphabet starters
7. Bishoprics
8. Former rulers
9. Old and feeble
10. University city on the Clyde
11. Big vessel
12. Back front
13. Actor Sandler
21. NAFTA member
26. Bookie terms
28. Attache, for one
29. Burglar's crime
31. BSA relative
32. Part of RSVP
33. Possessive pronoun
35. Info processing slogan
37. Cote cutie
38. Adult elver
39. Logarithmic unit
41. Partiality
42. Food high in fiber
45. Ambrosial drink
47. Con man
49. Negligent
51. A relative
52. High ranking Ottoman
53. Balance sheet item

54. Italian noble
56. Commonplace
57. Prepare to drive
58. Kin of an iris
59. In a vulgar way
61. Chief Norse god
65. Asst. prof.

• TEST YOUR MATH SKILLS •

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

• Last Week's Answers •

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

GRUMPISM

“ In honour of the Fire Department Pancake Breakfast on June 29: I dreamt last night I was making pancakes while driving along a twisty road. Tossing and turning.”



• Last Week's ANSWERS •

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

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Say hey! The Islands Grapevine is also online!



- Maybe you're away off-island and want to know what's happening.
- Maybe the postie missed your mailbox.
- Or maybe you burned your Grapevine in haste and now need to find the recycling depot hours.

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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!

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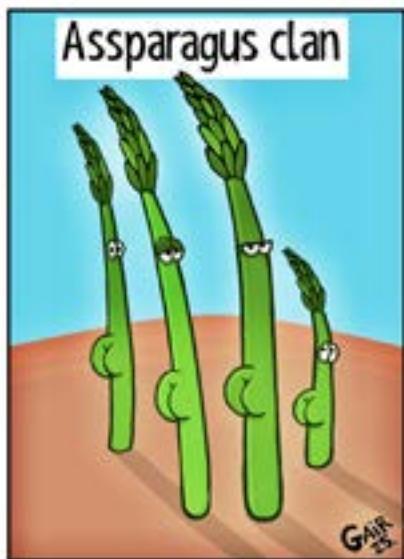
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THE
ISLANDS
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HORNBY ISLAND & DENMAN ISLAND
COMMUNITY NEWSLETTER

FORTNIGHT EVENTS

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
- FREE STORE 9-12:30pm
- FARMERS MARKET Old School 9:30-12:30

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

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

FRIDAY 4

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

SATURDAY 5

- 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 6

MONDAY 7

TUESDAY 8

WEDNESDAY 9

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

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

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

THURSDAY 10

- 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

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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!

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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:

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2. Drop completed application off at Customer Service, or
3. Email your completed form and resume to **admin@hornbycoop.com**