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**Cover image:
Catching the Light 1**

by Mark Prior

facebook.com/markprior.images

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

Phoenix Riting!

By Phoenix Bee

What a year it has been. It's been like this for a few years now. At the end of every year, since about 2016, it seems, we look ahead and hope for a less crazy one. Please, we say, let this year not be as crazy as the last!

And every single year has been crazier. Every New Year, we say the same thing all over again. I don't remember this being such a phenomenon in the past. I remember when the New Year was a time when some of us made resolutions about what we wanted to improve in ourselves and our lives. On New Year's Eve we partied, or did our own private thing, assessed the year behind us, and anticipated the changes we might make to improve our lives, change our bad habits. But did we ever look back on every previous year as an absolute train wreck the way we do now?

I know only one thing about the year to come, and it is this: it's going to be even weirder. So much weirder I can't even imagine it. Guaranteed. The crazy quotient of each passing year is increasing exponentially. Every year is stranger than the last. It's like we're hurtling toward a 'weird' event horizon. It's not the AI singularity we should be bracing for, it's the weirdness singularity. I don't think we've crossed it yet, but... maybe.

We've fallen down the rabbit hole, or stepped through the looking glass; that's more like it. We're in the backwards mirror world now, looking out at "normal," but unable to reach it. Nothing makes sense anymore.

In the year to come, I resolve to roll with the changes. To dance with them. To look for what's right, question my assumptions, and prepare for the strange ahead. What else is there to do? Oh, of course sometimes I'll protest and complain. I'm human, after all. There's real release in expressing frustration with the stupid choices made

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by the deciders of the world, especially when those decisions intrude unacceptably into my life and community. Ultimately, though, I will adapt. We will all adapt, or else start blowing gaskets and leaking in public.

Can't have that. Must... contain... self...

Thing is, as local songwriter John McLachlan sings, "The future will always win." You can't stop what's coming, if it's coming. You can't step in front of a speeding train without getting smashed by it. Some who are trapped on the train might fight their way to the engine and shout in the engineer's ear, only to be told, sorry! The brakes are broken and there's no stopping this thing.

History has momentum. The events, however weird, destructive and nonsensical, that are playing themselves out now must carry on to their bitter or natural conclusion. Perhaps those of us not trapped on the train, who still have the will, can run alongside and lend our weight to slowing it down, even rescue those few that we can. Maybe that's futile. But what else is there to do?

We can effect small changes here (I hope) and there (maybe). We can probably mitigate some damage. Protect a few. But this thing will play itself out. I'm becoming convinced George Carlin was right: the owners will have their way, and they do not care what we think or say. The majority, whose numbers are required to have any effect to slow or even stop the train, are too busy munching processed snacks and scrolling their TikTok feeds to notice or care. Or else they are occupied with a titanic struggle merely to survive and they have no spare brain cells to pay attention to the bigger picture.

The masses aren't listening, and those who are listening already know. Futile or not, I won't stop saying what I think. That's how I'm wired. And even though nothing seems to be changing, despite so many miraculous scientific breakthroughs revealing in depth what an interdependent, complex, diverse wonder this living planet truly is; despite the many brilliant alternatives being discovered to generate energy, clean the oceans, grow food, and so much more; despite all the kind, loving hearts working together, striving, saving all they can, I'm going to continue to feel it all. I'm going to laugh and dance and cry and shout and sing as hard as I possibly can.

There will still be a world when this weirdstorm has passed. Whenever that happens, I have faith in this living Earth. I believe she knows what she's doing, no matter how it looks and feels right now. And I know, deep in my bones, that we crazy, destroying humans are collectively acting on her behalf. That in the very long run, somehow, it's going to turn out that something is right about this.

I don't know what it is. But this New Year, I choose to believe in the good. Faith, it's said, can move mountains. Faith can grease wheels and encourage life to grow. Faith is an exercise, a practice, and I commit to deepening mine. I'm not talking about faith 'in something', God, a religion, leaders, the ones who know. Faith is simple. I have faith in blessings, in life itself, unfolding all around me, in vast entities, like this world and this cosmos, to evolve always in the direction of love.

Life feels better with a little faith. It's not easy against all the evidence but it works for me. Give it a try, if you haven't already.

My wish for you all is that you each have the best year you possibly can given the circumstances. I wish that all your crises be awakenings, that your lives evolve lovingly, that it all works out one way or another. Happy New Year!

That's what I think. What do you think? Email me at phoenixonhornby@gmail.com

**TIDE TABLE**

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

2026-01-02 (Fri)

Time	PST (m)	(ft)
06:00	5.006	16.4
10:51	3.898	12.8
15:19	4.747	15.6
23:06	0.054	0.2

2026-01-03 (Sat)

Time	PST (m)	(ft)
06:41	5.129	16.8
11:45	3.797	12.5
16:15	4.711	15.5
23:51	0.049	0.2

2026-01-04 (Sun)

Time	PST (m)	(ft)
07:21	5.190	17.0
12:38	3.636	11.9
17:11	4.611	15.1

2026-01-05 (Mon)

Time	PST (m)	(ft)
00:35	0.196	0.6
07:58	5.210	17.1
13:31	3.425	11.2
18:09	4.437	14.6

2026-01-06 (Tue)

Time	PST (m)	(ft)
01:17	0.494	1.6
08:32	5.202	17.1
14:25	3.169	10.4
19:08	4.196	13.8

2026-01-07 (Wed)

Time	PST (m)	(ft)
01:57	0.926	3.0
09:05	5.167	17.0
15:22	2.875	9.4
20:11	3.917	12.9

2026-01-08 (Thu)

Time	PST (m)	(ft)
02:37	1.461	4.8
09:36	5.098	16.7
16:20	2.562	8.4
21:22	3.649	12.0

Monster Hunters

By Quinn Ireland

Ben Vinkenhut hated school. He was bullied every day, and he usually ended up in the trash can. Ben looked like your average 13-year-old boy. He had long, light brown hair and bright blue eyes. He always wore a light brown hoodie. But Ben was about to find out that he was no ordinary boy. One warm spring day in mid-March, Ben was waiting at the bus stop with his friend Johnny Maken. Johnny was identified as tall with brownish hair and freckles with long, skinny arms and brown eyes. He wore a light brown hoodie that looked two sizes too big. Ben suspected that it was his older brother Fred's. "UUUGGGHHH..." groaned Johnny, "It sure is hot out today!" "Yeah, I guess," said Ben. He wore the same expression as he did every school day, mad and grumpy. "Are you okay dude?" asked Johnny, "You seem... weird this morning." "Well," Ben explained; "I promised someone a snickers bar today, and I forgot to get it." "Who wanted it?" asked Johnny. "James Jones," answered Ben. James was the bully at Mountain Range Middle School. He bullied most of the students, but Ben was always his biggest target. "He's gonna kill you for that, dude!" exclaimed Johnny, "He loves his snickers bars!" The Bus gently pulled up to where the two boys were standing. "Great," said Ben in a sarcastic tone, "Another fun day at middle school." As the bus pulled up, Ben couldn't stop thinking about how James Jones would wedgie him in front of the whole class. James somehow knew how to do mean things when the teachers weren't looking. Ben always got in trouble for making loud noises when the noises were not his fault. Most of the time, they were James's banging Ben's head on the wall. Or sometimes they would be Ben screaming from James giving him a wedgie. They got onto the bus. Ben sat beside Johnny. One of the one thousand things that Ben hated about the pool was the bus ride. He found it long and boring with no entertainment. After a half an hour bus ride, they got to school. Just as Ben was getting off the bus, he heard a voice say, "Hey Vinkenhut, where's my snickers?" It was James Jones and his gang of two other boys, Dike Hard-



masher and Wendle Bloodlust. James' henchman had names quite scarier than James Jones, but it did not interfere with his ruthless bullying. The evil trio was known to the school as the gruesome gang. Ben didn't know what to say. He decided to lie. "Uh... sorry James, but as I was waiting for the bus, a raven swooped down and... took the snickers bar from my open backpack." "Stop right there, Vinkenhut, why was your backpack open?" Ben scrambled for an excuse before saying; "Weeellll... when I was buying the snickers, the shopkeeper asked for two dollars. I reached into my backpack for the money, and forgot to close it," explained Ben. "You're not that dumb," snorted James, "Or maybe you are." Dike and Wendle laughed along with James. "Well, I'll be off," said Ben sprinting away while yelling back; "Nice talking to you guys!" He sped down the hall. "Get back here!" shouted James before perusing Ben's wake with his sidekicks. Ben ran into a classroom and locked himself in. Just then, Ben heard a jingling outside the door 19. He looked toward the door and to his horror; the lock was being picked by James. James took a short break from lock picking to peer at Ben through the window. "Hey everyone!" he jeered, "Look what Vinkenhut's wearing!" Ben looked down and saw that he was wearing a pink sweater that was about two sizes too small for him. It belonged to his mom. Ben had done a lot of growing over the summer and winter break and was currently taller than her. Students began to look through the window and laugh at Ben. He darted around the room finding refuge behind a desk in the corner of the room, out of sight range from the window. "I wish I didn't have to wear this sweater." He said angrily. As he said this, the most unexpected thing happened. His pink sweater grew. Moments later, it had grown to be a perfect fit. Then it turned a bright shade of red and fake flames appeared around the sleeves. But confusion turned to horror in a heartbeat. James had almost gotten the lock and taunted Ben; "Your dead meat, Vinkenhut!" Ben quickly hid behind a stack of books on the teacher's desk preparing for the worst. Just seconds later, James Jones had completely picked the lock and opened the door. Come out, Vinkenhut." He said with a creepy singsong voice

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and an evil grin. Right on queue, Wendel found Ben crouched behind the books and called Dike over. They picked Ben up by the arms and held him suspended in place. Please don't wedgie me!" yelled Ben, "I forgot to get the snickers bar, I'll buy you three tomorrow." But James wasn't mad. He was staring with his mouth wide at Ben's hoodie. "Where did you get one of those?" He asked in disbelief. "I guess it just appeared on me." Ben could not answer. The shock of his hoodie transforming and James nearly beating him was too much. "Dude," continued James, "That's a fire blaster hoodie! I've heard that they cost thousands of dollars! The most expensive clothing brand in the world!" Just then a huge mean voice said; "Oi!" All the kids who were standing behind James, Dike and Wedel panicked and started running. Ben turned around and a giant man about nine feet tall was standing in the doorway. He was wearing sunglasses, and a giant cloak that had the letters M.H on it. "Ben Vinkenhut!" he shouted, "Come here son, we need to talk!"



Under the Social Awning

by Cylon2036. we/us
Pseudopod-certified

LITERARY

"How many times can a man turn his head and pretend that he just doesn't see?" Blowin' in the Wind, Bob Dylan

They called it a consensus, though everyone knew there had been no counting. By noon, social media was filled with certainty. Certainty had become extremely common. It carried hearsay, and traveled in groups. If you stood with it, you felt safe, like standing under an awning in the rain. Lauren stood under it.

She was, by nearly every private measure, a good person. She helped find lost cats. She called her mother twice a week. She had once taken a professional risk to defend a colleague who was unable to defend herself. She believed in fairness the way people believe in gravity. She had always stood firmly principled.

The screens of social media pulsed with the name of the local newspaper and its publisher and editor, a single father who rented his modest home. A sentence clipped from an article in the paper had gone viral, stripped of context, polished into something sharp and damning. The crowd had done the rest. Committee Chairpersons had been notified. Some friends and friendly acquaintances abandoned him. Now came the final step of

public condemnation. Smears and false accusations would follow. Silence would be interpreted. Lauren felt the familiar social pressure unfurl.

If she refused to join the mob's chorus, there would be consequences, subtle at first. The slow cooling of conversations and invitations. Her partner's reputation was important to her and her sister's grant application depended on community support. No one said these things out loud anymore, and they didn't need to.

If she joined in, the cost was internal, a tightening in her chest. A story she would later tell herself about how this wasn't *really* harm, how it was only participation, how her single voice didn't change the possible outcomes. Internal costs were untracked. They didn't compound socially. They were invisible.

Lauren looked at the publisher's editorials defending himself. He was not playing the victim, and that somehow made it more difficult. She searched her memory for something to justify the act, some rumor, some proof that he deserved what was happening. The social media smears continued.

Participation was easy, just type and hit "post." Lauren thought of a line she once loved from a Bob Dylan lyric. She couldn't quite remember it. What she remembered instead was the exhaustion of being brave when no one thanked you for it. She typed a few words supporting the mob, then hit "post."

The mob accepted her input with affirming chimes. Somewhere, a score adjusted by a fraction so small it would never be noticed alone. The crowd's certainty deepened, fed by many similar posts as social media attacks swelled. Certainty had a short half-life once its work was done. Lauren closed her laptop.

That night, she dreamed of social justice, and supporting community charities and housing initiatives. In the morning, she woke early and made coffee for her partner. She did all the small good things she knew how to do. They still counted. She promptly took care of her remaining volunteer tasks for the day.

She wondered, not for the first time, how many of them equaled the cost of one honest support for a neighbour under unjust fire, and why the answer never appeared anywhere she could see it. Her partner reminded her that they were under the awning, and out of the rain.



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See Facebook: Teresa Colby Denman Island for photos of art

See Comox Valley Printmakers Assn Website: artist Teresa Colby BA Emily Carr University

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- * Four Propane Bells to ring and sing along in D+ chord



Denman Island Local Trust Committee Regular Annual Meeting Schedule

The Denman Island Local Trust Committee meeting schedule for 2026-2027 is available at www.islandstrust.bc.ca, Denman Island General Store, Marcus Isbister Old School, Islands Trust Northern Office: 700 North Rd, Gabriola Island

Receive meeting notifications, news, events, and important updates directly to your inbox by scanning the QR code or subscribing at www.islandstrust.bc.ca/subscribe.



Islands Trust

Preserving and protecting over 450 islands
and surrounding waters in the Salish Sea

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The following is our policy on content:

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- 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!

The Fête of the Immortal Sea
as seen by Elric Fen,
Shore-Watcher of Glassehaven

Gabriel Jeroschewitz, December 6th, 2025, Happy New Year

Dedicated to Robert Burns

LITERARY

I tell yu now of that nite, tho it's a thing I shudnt keep in my mouth long — it heaves on the mind like deep tide on the ribcage. It wer late in the warm-seazun, the kind yu call the Heartsmonth, when the town does its lantern-show, the Fête of Lumes. Women in silk-colors, men in bright coats, laughter like a spun chain runnin down the quay. We all was lookin landward at the gardens, at the quick lovers dartin from bower to bower, while out-behind us the sea lay quiet — quiet in a way that is its own kind of sound.

I was not partake like the others. I am shore-watcher, so my eyes go sea-side. I dont kno if you felt it before: how the sea can seem asleep in its skin but its deep belly is turnin. Its coil moves miles under, and if yu listen long yu can near feel it in your own chest. That nite, for no reason I cud name, I got the sudden sense that it was *lookin back* at me.

Yu mustnt think me fancy-talkin. I mean plain: the sea *lookt*. As if it had found me in the crowd and wanted a word.

Now, Glassehaven has its old yarns — the ones we half-jest about in the taverns but half-hide from children. Fêtes that wer watched from the waves themselves, by things not fish nor bird. Times when ships lay at anchor right off the quay and the music carried out across the water, to be answered by lights out at the black edge, lights that was not lantern nor star. Old folk say the sea got memory longer than any church record, and it keeps the faces of them that stood at its lip, even thousand years gone.

On that nite I swear I heard it call, not in sound but in *pull*. My feet wanted the wet stones. My hands felt the salt-stick from the air. And my heart — it quickt like a lad in first courtship, only this was no girl's glance, but something far deep.

The fête went loud then — some manner of fire-thrower and drum-beaters in the garden-square. The lovers all pressed in close to see, petals from the bower-trees falling in their hair. But the sea behind them, it flasht. Not the white of common lightning — no — this was a red fork in the clouds, a spear of it, split in two mid-air and stabbing down into the far horizon.

And between that spear's flicker and the next breath, I saw the ships — three of them, pale sails in the half-dark — all shudder at once. A quiver ran up the masts and the canvas went slack as if a hand had been laid on their backs.

I thought of old says: *When the Immortal watches, mortal timbers feel it.*

I started toward the breakwater. The stones there old and black with weed, slipper as eel-skin. A man shudnt walk alone past the last lamplight, not with deep tide on the turn — but my steps was not my choosing. When I come to the water-edge, it was no longer quiet. Slow roll, yes, but each rise carried in it a sound like far music. Not played on strings nor pipes — more a thrum, a deep tune that yu don't so much hear as feel low in the gut. It made me think: maybe the sea's own heart got its rhythms, and now it wanted me to match mine to it.

I looked back — the fête was still bright, still laughing, still throwing its perishable flowers in the garden. But even from there, I could see how small it was against the seaface.

Yu see, the sea don't care if yu are name-known or name-lost. It don't care if yu are kissing under boughs or dancing in paint and wine. It's seen every fête along every shore since man first thought to put a lamp in the dark. It's seen lovers vow under myrtle trees and orange nights. It's seen them sink together when the ship goes down, the music stopped mid-note. Their bones rest under miles now, no light there at all.

The red forks came again — higher this time, and stranger. They didn't strike down but seemed to pause mid-sky, like they was *holding*. And in their light I saw out past the breakwater — shapes, pale as sails, but taller and narrow. Not ships.

They was lined in a half-ring, far enough that their feet — if they had feet — must be in water too deep for the harbor's chart. I cudnt count them proper. Their heads was not heads, more curves where the lightning caught and slid off.

I thought — fool that I am — that maybe they was watching the fête same as me. But the longer I stared, the more I knew their gaze was not on the gardens. It was fixed on the quay. On *me*.

I felt it then, hard in the chest: a mighty power, as if the whole sea had leaned in. Joy, yes — not joy like a mortal's, but that nameless lift yu get when yu are part of some-

continued on P.9...

...continued from P.9

Page five of the document is titled “Actors: Key generators of anti-Semitism and delegitimization in Australia,” where the name Caitlin Johnstone is listed at the top of a column titled “Active influencers and content creators” which is ranked by number of followers. Page seven describes me as an “Anti-Western blogger, promoting conspiracies and complete delegitimization of Israel.” This word “delegitimization” appears throughout the document, which I personally find funny. They knew the “antisemitism” claim couldn’t stand on its own, so they had to tack on this weird extra complaint about people “delegitimizing” the state of Israel—as though that’s a bad thing. I’ll always deny harboring any hatred toward Jews or Judaism, but I’ll happily admit to trying to delegitimize a genocidal apartheid state that cannot exist without nonstop violence and abuse.

Actors: Key generators of anti-Semitism and delegitimization in Australia	
Organizations and Publications (k of followers)	Active influencers and content creators (k of followers)
175k 100k Near East Online	175k 100k Caitlin Johnstone
85k 87k Middle East Focus (Israel)	46 200k (Middle East)
85k 15k Free Palestine Movement	37.5k 172k (Middle East)
85k 85k Palestine Action Group Sydney	46 200k (Middle East)
46k 33k Australian Palestine Solidarity Network	1.5k 225k The Guardian
15k 15k Blackrock, Australia & International Solidarity	37k 47k (Middle East)
14k 17k (Middle East)	32k 8k (Middle East)
34k 7k (Middle East)	17k 33k (Middle East)
33k 3k (Middle East)	37k 4k (Middle East)
33k 7k (Middle East)	33k 3k (Middle East)

The document attempts to make the argument that in the two months leading up to the Bondi attack there was an epidemic of antisemitic “hate speech” online, absurdly insinuating that those of us who were criticizing Israel and its abuses during that time incited two ISIS guys to commit an act of terrorism. Like ISIS were just a bunch of cuddly wuddly snuggle bears until some Australian influencers tweeted mean things about Israel.

Page 14 of the document is captioned “Examples of recent hate speech in the two months leading up to the attack: Selected anti-Semitic tweets on X: Caitlin Johnstone,” and it consists of two tweets. You can tell whoever collected them was just doing advanced searches for specific keywords from the people on their list because the word “Jewish” is highlighted in one of their screenshotted tweets, which means they had to scroll past the many tweets I’ve made over the years which would contradict the antisemitism narrative they’re trying to build.

The first tweet is from August 6 of this year, and it features a screenshot from journalist Owen Jones

noting that just 6.7 percent of Israeli Jews surveyed had told pollsters that they are “very troubled” by reports of starvation and suffering in Gaza. I captioned the screenshot as follows:

“Poll after poll after poll shows that Jewish Israelis are horrible people who are quantifiably much more cruel and immoral than pretty much any other population. At a certain point you have to stop thinking the polls might be mistaken and see that the only real mistake is Israel.”

Note that I didn’t say “Jews” but “Jewish Israelis”. Poll after poll after poll shows that Israeli Jews are indeed horrible people who hold sociopathic attitudes toward Palestinians, because that’s what happens when you’re the privileged group in an apartheid state. White South Africans were horrible people during South African apartheid too. You can’t have apartheid without indoctrinating your public to see the disempowered groups as less than the empowered group. It doesn’t say anything about Jews or Judaism that this is the case; that’s just how apartheid works.

The second tweet is from October 6 of this year, and it reads as follows:

“Someone who is truly and sincerely worried about a rise in antisemitism will oppose the mass slaughter of children under the Star of David banner by a state which claims to represent all Jews while Jewish billionaires buy up media to silence criticism of that state and Jewish oligarchs openly purchase the president of the world’s most powerful government to ensure the facilitation of that state’s atrocities.”

I guess this one might look antisemitic if you didn’t know that every single part of it is completely true. Israel has indeed been mass slaughtering children and does indeed have a Star of David on its flag. Israel is indeed claiming to represent all Jews when it argues that criticism of Israel is hateful toward everyone who is Jewish. Larry Ellison’s family has indeed been buying up media platforms like CBS where virulent Zionist Bari Weiss has been put in command, and purchasing control of TikTok after Congress forced its sale to stomp out criticism of Israel. President Donald Trump has indeed repeatedly admitted to being controlled by megadonor Miriam Adelson, the world’s richest Israeli. These dynamics are indeed likely to feed into antisemitism in a very real way. I didn’t create those dynamics. Zionists did.

This is the Israeli government’s best argument that Australians like myself incited the Bondi attack. I tweeted about

continued on P.11...

...continued from P.10

genocide and apartheid and it violently radicalized a father and son in Sydney, who then apparently invented some kind of time machine and traveled back to 2019 to join ISIS. That's their strongest case. If you've been wondering why I've been writing so much about the Bondi Beach shooting, this is why. It's being used to justify an aggressive assault on freedom of speech and assembly in Australia, and that assault is happening at the forceful urging of the Australian Israel lobby and the Israeli government, which is now going so far as to compile official public lists of Australians whom it deems guilty of dangerous wrongthink. Israel's Ministry for Diaspora Affairs and Combating

J-SOC
National Center for Combating Antisemitism

Ministry for Diaspora Affairs and Combating Antisemitism

Name: Caitlin Johnstone
Location: Australia
Reach: InstagramTM 65.1K, FacebookTM 238.3K 429.6K

Overview

- Caitlin Johnstone, an Australian independent journalist and political commentator, her writings frequently describe Israel as a "genocidal apartheid state" and a "settler-colonialist project" that perpetuates systemic violence and oppression. She argues that Israel's actions are not isolated incidents but part of a broader strategy to maintain dominance over Palestinians.^{1,2}
- On her social media platforms, Caitlin Johnstone frequently shares strongly anti-Israeli content in the context of the ongoing war in Gaza, while largely omitting criticism of Hamas. In a post dated April 15, 2025, she dismissed concerns about Israelis feeling unsafe, suggesting instead that their discomfort stems from a sense of guilt over what she described as the "genocide" in Gaza.³
- In an Instagram post dated April 7, 2025⁴ Johnstone appeared to indirectly justify the October 7 Hamas attack, stating that "Hamas succeeded in exposing the true face of the empire." She went on to highlight alleged Israeli actions in Gaza since the attack, while omitting any acknowledgment of the massacre carried out by Hamas.

Examples

Examples of anti-Israeli content shared by Caitlin Johnstone on social media platforms, including tweets and Instagram posts, often featuring inflammatory language and imagery related to the conflict in Gaza.

Antisemitism also put together a full-page profile on me and my work back in September in a release titled "Antisemitism & Anti-Zionism in Australia Key Influencers, Incidents, Groups, & Trends", which I'll just copy and paste here because it makes me look awesome:

Caitlin Johnstone, an Australian independent journalist and political commentator. Her writings frequently describe Israel as a "genocidal apartheid state" and a "settler-colonialist project" that perpetuates systemic violence and oppression. She argues that Israel's actions are not isolated incidents but part of a broader strategy to maintain dominance over Palestinians.

On her social media platforms, Caitlin Johnstone frequently shares strongly anti-Israeli content in the context of the ongoing war in Gaza, while largely omitting criticism of Hamas. In a post dated April 15, 2025, she dismissed concerns about Israelis feeling unsafe,

suggesting instead that their discomfort stems from a sense of guilt over what she described as the "genocide" in Gaza.

In an Instagram post dated April 7, 2025 Johnstone appeared to indirectly justify the October 7 Hamas attack, stating that "Hamas succeeded in exposing the true face of the empire." She went on to highlight alleged Israeli actions in Gaza since the attack, while omitting any acknowledgment of the massacre carried out by Hamas. The profile also includes some banger tweets I made like "Being a liberal Israel supporter these days probably feels like being a defense attorney for an accused murderer who won't shut up about how much he loves murdering."

I'm not going to lie, I do regard all this attention I'm

Actors:
Key generators of anti-Semitism and delegitimization in Australia

As of September 16, 2025

Organizations and Publications (K of followers)	Active Influencers and content creators (K of followers)
115K 145K World Jewish Forum	94K 400K Caitlin Johnstone
95K 97K Business France (France)	8K 100K Nathan Levi (Warren Scott)
82K 10K Pro-Palestine Melbourne	22.5K 175K Robert Martin
66K 30K Palestine Action Group Sydney	8K 100K James Al Bana
30K 10K Australian Palestine Advocacy Network	1.2K 127K The Redoubt
14K 10K Whistleblowers, Activists & Community Alliance	87K 47K Baking Communities
24K 17K BSA Australia	10K 5K Marcus Martin
24K 7K Group Work	17K 12K Umar Kadi
22K 3K Muslims for Palestine Effort	17K 4K Dawood Toghiani
22K 7K University of Damascus for Palestine	10K 10K Henry Sparks

getting from Israel as a compliment. Winding up at the top of an Israeli list of enemies is certainly more of an assurance that I'm doing the right thing than winning some shitty western "journalism" award like a Pulitzer would ever be.

But I'm also not going to act like miss tough girl and pretend it doesn't creep me the hell out at the same time to have this murderous ethnostate keeping an eye on me. Israel is so intensely creepy.

Anyway, with that I guess I'll just use this opportunity to remind everyone that I am an entirely crowd-funded writer, so if you enjoy seeing me piss off the Israeli government you can always toss a few coins in my hat to help fund my little operation here. Also a friendly reminder that the best way to make sure you see everything I publish is to get on my free mailing list, which will always be 100 percent free regardless of whether or not you become a paying patron.

Thanks for traveling along on this bizarre adventure with me.



Betsy Harvey

31 August 1927 - 16 December 2025

After a long and very full life, Betsy passed away on December 16, 2025, in her 99th year, surrounded by the love of her family.

A transplant from Kingston ON to Victoria BC, Betsy met Bob while at Vic College, and they married at Oak Bay United Church in the summer of 1950. Over the years, they lived in Duncan, Victoria, Vancouver and Nanaimo as Bob's law career developed and they raised their family.

Betsy and Bob had long known Denman Island but it wasn't until 1984 that they decided to build on the lot closest to Longbeak Point at Komas Ranch. This idyllic spot on Henry Bay turned out to be their final home together. Beach walks and trail tramps, Henry Bay swims and tennis matches on the Komas Ranch courts, concerts at the Community Hall,

lunches at the Seniors Centre and the Denman Garden Show were all joys for her. Bob and Betsy revelled in the special brand of West Coast living found on the Island, and delighted in sharing it with family and friends who often visited.

Denman friends and family became an integral part of who they were, and Betsy always welcomed their company...the Jim & Barbara Harvey family, Jane & Patrick Fawkes, the Fred & Penny Burd family, Kathy Rieder, Hari, Doreen Tetz, Lucine Farley, the Bob and Bev McPhee family just to name a very few.

After 62 years together Bob passed away on Denman in 2013. Betsy found an apartment in Oak Bay, just around the corner from where her family's home had stood and facing the very church she was married in. Those next 12 years was a time for connecting with old friends and making new ones at the nearby Monterey Centre.

Family defined Betsy's life. She was an extraordinary, wonderful, loving mother, grandmother, and great-grandmother. Betsy is survived by her 4 children – sons Rob (Judi), John (Cathy) and daughters Elizabeth (Trevor) and Annie (Dave); her 6 grandchildren – Sara (Chuck), Kevin (Kathia), Chris (Jennie), Ian (J.D.), Heather (Tara) and Jack; and her 6 great grandsons – Keith, Eli, Max, Connor, Spencer and Shea.

To the end, Betsy was filled with optimism and interest in other people. She will be greatly missed by all who knew her and loved her. The family would like to express their heartfelt gratitude to the Island Health Palliative Care Team and the staff at the Victoria Hospice for their compassion and care in her final days. Betsy will rest eternally beside Bob at St. Stephen's Anglican church in Saanichton, BC.

There will be a service in Spring 2026.

Besty's obituary can be found at: Mary Elizabeth (Betsy) Harvey | Obituaries | McCall Gardens Funeral and Cremation Service | Victoria BC





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theislandsgrapevine@gmail.com

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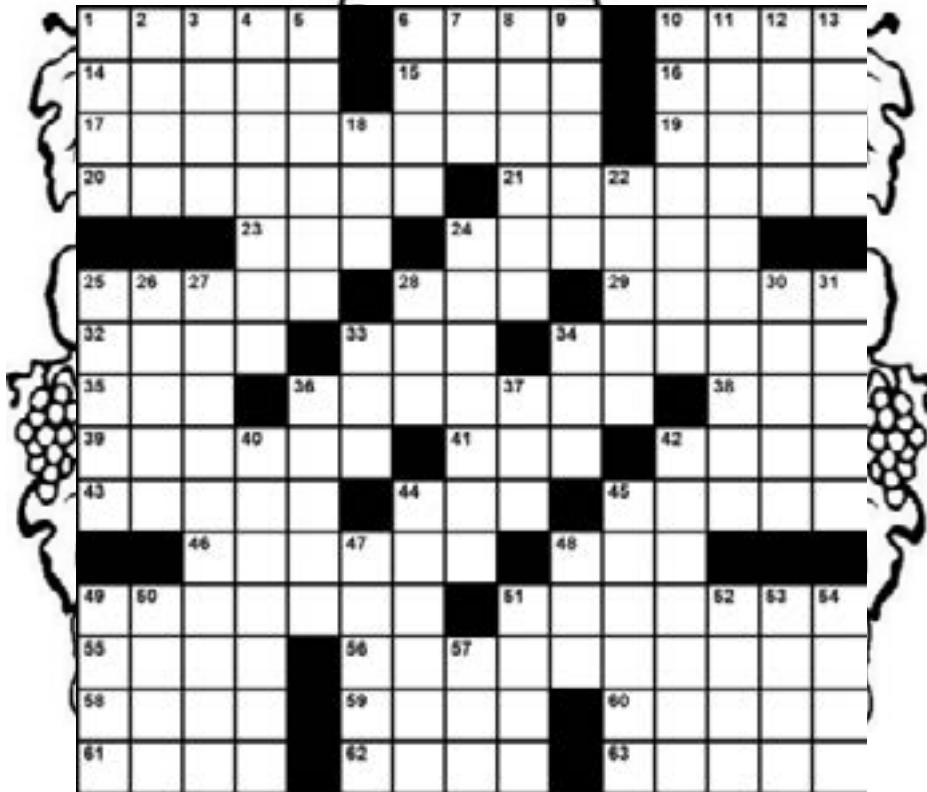
2x2

1x2

2x1

3x1

• GRAPEVINE CROSSWORD •



• ACROSS •

1. Made up one's mind
6. Drains of power
10. Common crustacean
14. Serious theater
15. Builder's map
16. Hera's daughter
17. Delicious
19. Copied
20. Hardly luxurious
21. Garment flaps
23. Rip off
24. Vodka cocktail
25. Angled edge
28. Blazed a trail
29. Kind of vein
32. Amatory writing
33. Certain cyst
34. Cuddle up
35. Foyer spread
36. In name
38. Afflicted
39. Cooling

• DOWN •

41. Atom fragment
42. Combine resources
43. Kind of sleeve
44. Aardvark fodder
45. Piebald horse
46. Crafty
48. Kiddo
49. Pavement erosion
51. Not one to trust
55. Musical medley
56. Serving to warn
58. Food for pigs
59. Being, in philosophy
60. Helmsley of hotels
61. Beach shades
62. 500 sheets of paper
63. Rear ends, in Soho

• DOWN •

1. Bookie terms
2. Get ready for an exam
3. Samoan cash
4. Comes into view
5. Foot, e.g.
6. Breadth
7. Church vestment
8. Ashen
9. Cook clams
10. Wedding locales
11. Rote
12. Aid a thief
13. Garden plots
18. Kind of dance
22. Someone who applies a trade
24. Authentic
25. Tennis star Becker
26. Draw out
27. Process of plant growth
28. Allow
30. Divvy out
31. Bass viol
33. Assumed mane
34. A Darling dog
36. So much, to Verdi
37. A good deal
40. Church elders
42. Kind of beer
44. Army command
45. Money under the table
47. Peptic problem
48. Greek letter
49. Fort Bragg, e.g.
50. Podrida pot
51. Derive from
52. Artist's mecca
53. Bald eagle's cousin
54. Nordic rugs
57. NAFTA member



• TEST YOUR MATH SKILLS •

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

• Last Issue's Answers •

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

GRUMPISM

“ An optimist stays up until midnight to see the New Year in. A pessimist stays up to make sure the old year leaves. ”



• Last Issues's ANSWERS •

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

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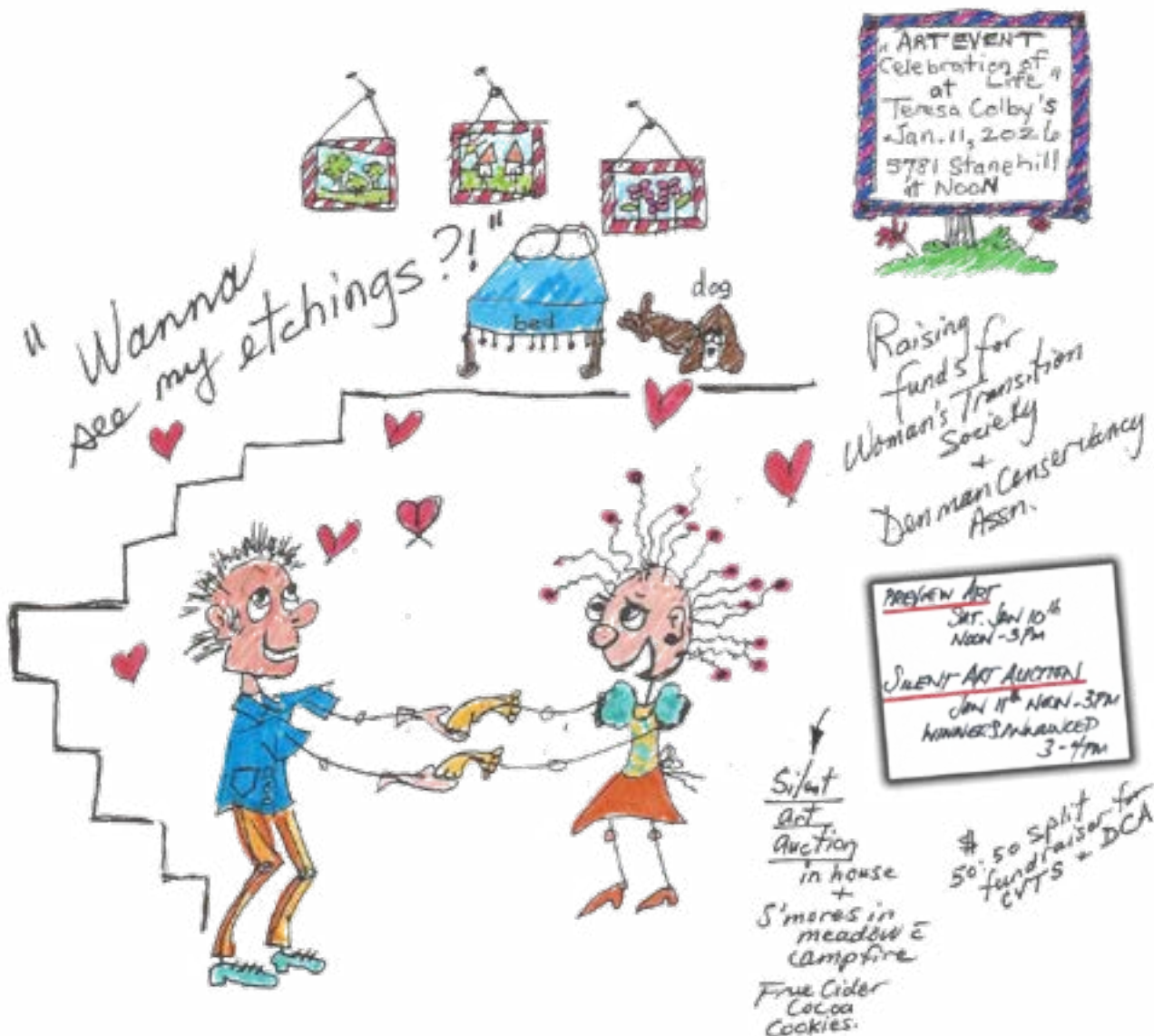
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Dolphins doing recreational Puffer fish



Fun Fact- Dolphins get high from Puffer fish neurotoxin

THE
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COMMUNITY NEWSLETTER

FORTNIGHT EVENTS

FRIDAY 2

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

SATURDAY 3

• 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 4

• Dora Drinkwater Library 1:30pm-3:30pm
• AA Meeting DIUC Gathering Place 7pm
• Volleyball 6:30-8pm School Gym
• Songwriter's Workshop 7pm Hornby Arts Centre

MONDAY 5

TUESDAY 6

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

WEDNESDAY 7

• Dora Drinkwater Library 1:30pm-3:30pm
• RECYCLING CENTRE 1-5pm
• BOTTLE DEPOT 2-5pm
• Choose to Move 11:30-12:30 Gathering Place

THURSDAY 8

• Dora Drinkwater Library 1:30pm-3:30pm
• RECYCLING CENTRE 1-5pm
• BOTTLE DEPOT 2-5pm
• CAP SITE Hub Comm. Hall 4-7pm
• FOOD BANK Hub Comm. Hall 4-7pm
• FREE STORE 3-5pm
• Community Choir 2:30pm Back Hall

FRIDAY 9

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

SATURDAY 10

• 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 11

• Dora Drinkwater Library 1:30pm-3:30pm
• AA Meeting DIUC Gathering Place 7pm
• Volleyball 6:30-8pm School Gym
• Songwriter's Workshop 7pm Hornby Arts Centre

MONDAY 12

TUESDAY 13

• Dora Drinkwater Library 1:30pm-3:30pm
• Employment Services 9am-3pm DAC

WEDNESDAY 14

• Dora Drinkwater Library 1:30pm-3:30pm
• RECYCLING CENTRE 1-5pm
• BOTTLE DEPOT 2-5pm
• Choose to Move 11:30-12:30 Gathering Place

THURSDAY 15

• Dora Drinkwater Library 1:30pm-3:30pm
• RECYCLING CENTRE 1-5pm
• BOTTLE DEPOT 2-5pm
• CAP SITE Hub Comm. Hall 4-7pm
• FOOD BANK Hub Comm. Hall 4-7pm
• FREE STORE 3-5pm
• Community Choir 2:30pm Back Hall



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