

Denman Island Residents Association
Notice of Public Meeting

There will be a DIRA public meeting
in the back hall on
November 23, 2026 at 7:00 pm

DIRA Denman Island Residents Assoc.

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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

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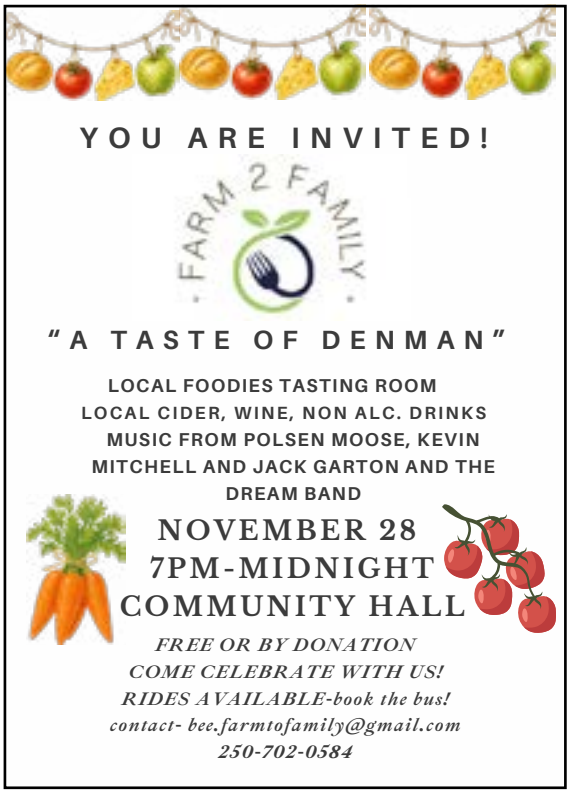
The opinions expressed herein do not necessarily reflect the views of the Publisher.

Farm to Family's "Taste of Denman" Party November 28

By Bee Balm

You are invited! Farm to Family is hosting a party on November 28th to celebrate the abundance of this amazing little island. This evening will feature a Tasting Room, full of delicious finger foods created by many of our local cooks, caterers and bakers, as well as Crooked Warden Cider, Corlan Vineyard Wine, local craft beer, and local mulled apple cider. We'll be fed in fine fashion with tasty sweets, cozy and familiar goodies, and I'm sure everyone will find something that they've never tried before! We intend to celebrate not only local food but also the local food creators who feed us, delight us with their creations, and bring joy to our taste buds and stomachs. Some of our caterers include Ima's Kitchen, Norie McGillivray, Sophia Katsanikakis, Black Fence Farm, Donna Wooley, and Laura Bushekin. We'll also have cheese samples from Natural Pastures Cheese Company.



Along with the Tasting Room, the front hall will feature music starting at 7pm with local talent from Polsen Moose and Kevin Mitchell, followed by Jack Garton and the Dream Band from Galiano, who will have us up dancing until late.

"Jack Garton's music and presentation defies folk labels and categories. He delivers Freakin' Free Flowing Fun Folk music! Jack is above all else an exceptional entertainer and an audience connector. He can go from insightful and vulnerable to astounding in the blink of an accordion or trumpet note or a leap from the audience to the stage."
– Stu Muir, Artistic Director – New Moon Folk Club

Doors open at 7pm, and this event is free or by donation. All are welcome to come and celebrate together.

The Denman Island Bus will be available before and after the event for pickups and drop offs, please stay safe everyone! Stay tuned for more info about the bus service.

Shucking Oysters: Aged to Imperfection

By Alex Allen

With my birthday approaching in December, I find myself once again thinking about mortality and aging. It might have something to do with the grey hairs rapidly appearing on my beard, my old knee telling me to slow down, and those random memory lapses. What's with those thick grey nose hairs and how do they grow horizontally? My knee. Meniscus removed when I was a teenager. Torn ligaments, torn ACL, and constant abuse over the years. Our old bodies eventually reveal every heartache, trauma, surgery, accident, and stress, that we have encountered throughout our complicated lives.

The memory gaps remain amusing, so I'm not too worried at this point. Tim Dowling, in The Guardian, eloquently wrote: "This isn't memory loss – just a natural shedding of things your brain has deemed superfluous." That explains it perfectly. Have you noticed as you get older, time is compressed so that things that happened last week and things that happened in the 80s are right beside each other in your memory bank? Dowling warns, "This isn't a problem as long as you restrict your conversational circle to other old people." If not, you will be constantly surrounded by politely bewildered stares. You know the look.

Mono-tasking is a great skill in middle age, as it becomes increasingly difficult to do two things at once, let alone remember what both of them are. Dowling offers hope: "Your reflexes may have dulled a bit, but your tolerance for endless repetition will be immense." If it wasn't for my back I could pick up lint bits for hours. Now when I bend over, trying to pick up a pen, or some such thing, I do a bounce one, bounce two, and finally three, pick it up. It's like trying to pick up a soccer ball with a spatula. Much like my brain, my fingers have morphed from clasping to grasping.

As I get older, I'm beginning to recognize an ever-growing resistance to technology. I've never engaged my vehicle's cruise control. I still don't own a dumb phone. I prefer looking at a map as opposed to some electronic gadget telling me where to go. I don't tap or swipe my payments, I insert my card. I am so yesterday. I haven't even exchanged my belt for a pair suspenders yet.

And this year, more iconic Hornby community members have passed. Tony, Stevie, Lynn, Pam, Glenn. Died or "passed"? Which is better? Passed away first appeared in the medieval 1400s, when most people believed that when a person died, the soul physically "passed on" to the after life. Today beliefs about what happens when and after we die are more nuanced. Or so we think. The death positivity movement, for example, encourages us to go for the jugular and use the direct term "death." I still hesitate before I use the D word. Old habits never...

We have some amazing examples on Hornby of growing old with grace and humour. Helen, 90 years old plus, riding her non-electric bike daily (except in 90K winds). Still a wedding commissioner. If you've been reading Helen's diaries in The First Edition over the years, you'd have figured out her secret to living a long and pleasurable life. It has something to do with going off island constantly, attending every concert, art show, dance, acting in every theatre production, playing baseball, quilting, potlucks and on and on. It's so exhausting reading her diary, one often needs to take a nap after. There is no doubt, that riding a bike, whether it be E or conventional, is definitely an elixir for staying young. Look at their helmeted expressions. They all look like their tripping on Ecstasy.

continued on p.5...

TIDE TABLE

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

2026-11-19 (Thu)		
Time PT	(m)	(ft)
01:57	3.2	10.6
07:23	2.4	8.0
14:29	4.5	14.8
21:45	2.2	7.5
2026-11-20 (Fri)		
Time PT	(m)	(ft)
03:34	3.5	11.5
08:31	2.7	8.9
14:57	4.5	14.8
22:14	1.8	6.0
2026-11-21 (Sat)		
Time PT	(m)	(ft)
04:47	3.8	12.7
09:35	3.0	9.8
15:25	4.5	14.8
22:47	1.3	4.4
2026-11-22 (Sun)		
Time PT	(m)	(ft)
05:46	4.2	13.9
10:35	3.2	10.6
15:55	4.5	14.9
23:24	0.9	2.9
2026-11-23 (Mon)		
Time PT	(m)	(ft)
06:38	4.5	15.0
11:31	3.4	11.3
16:28	4.6	15.1
2026-11-24 (Tue)		
Time PT	(m)	(ft)
00:03	0.5	1.7
07:27	4.8	15.9
12:23	3.6	11.9
17:05	4.6	15.2
2026-11-25 (Wed)		
Time PT	(m)	(ft)
00:44	0.2	0.8
08:15	5.0	16.5
13:14	3.7	12.2
17:47	4.6	15.2
2026-11-26 (Thu)		
Time PT	(m)	(ft)
01:27	0.1	0.3
09:01	5.1	16.8
14:07	3.7	12.3
18:33	4.5	15.0

Embracing the Whole of It

By Sally Campbell

"I love you
It will end
Leave something of sweetness
and substance
in the mouth of the world."

From *Cold Solace* by Anna Belle Kaufman

Those of us who are old truly walk in the valley of the shadow of death, or "Death Valley" as I like to call it. I spent many a family holiday in small town California, visiting relatives who lived on the edge of the desert eerily known as Death Valley. This is a fitting image for a terrain from which there is no exit. It is challenging to move into close awareness of death's utter unavoidability, for some of us more than others, by reason of our youth-worshipping, death-denying culture. And yet, moving into this terrain with eyes wide open offers comfort, beauty, connection and belonging. Not to mention agency!

However it is that we arrived on our tiny islands, we are here now, and for most of us, this is our chosen and gratefully-found home. Maybe it will be our last home, maybe not. Maybe we will realize that our home is actually other people who care. As writer Ece Temelkuran says, home is where we are remembered.

One of the many benefits of being old is that we need no excuse to stay home! This I love, despite being a social creature and really enjoying the company of others. I find staying home and simplifying, paring down, to be excellent preparation for what's ahead. This is called: "Getting my affairs in order." As part of my law practice, I used to do a lot of estate work; it surprised me how many people were so averse to their own mortality that they were hesitant to complete a Power of Attorney, to think about and make clear their health care directives, to even write a will! Many had never discussed their wishes respecting burial or life celebration with their family, let alone written anything down.

These are realistic tasks for all adults and need to addressed, sooner rather than later. Once addressed, they need to be revisited from time to time as circumstances and relationships change. It always staggered me that people were more willing to spend money on getting their car serviced than taking care of their life-death affairs. So many of us live in blended families; this puts even more onus on us to plan our estates. I mediated a great many disputes where the person who died had failed to deal with matters, failed to discuss with family and plan their estate, leaving the unfinished work to their children––siblings, half-siblings, relatives by marriage, often to those who had long-standing unaddressed conflicts. Estate mediations are complicated by reason of coded language and past history, often going back to childhood, where siblings felt one of them was favoured, where the primary caregivers felt unrecognized financially, where a longstanding sense of unfairness was not addressed. Others with no children may have had too much difficulty speaking of their death with their spouse to make a plan, even for their own health care. The idea of dying is not frightening when we have agency around it, when we treat it as a normal and inevitable part of living.

Estate mediation––and indeed any mediation––involves a personal sense of loss and grief. Conflict surrounding estate planning and its complexities may not be avoidable, but it can be worked through, understanding can be built, and closure can be found for old grievances. People need to be willing to work on their issues though, while they are still alive and able, despite the difficulty. It's a lot harder later, when death or perhaps dementia is layered into the mix.

Hornby Denman Health is facilitating a series of discussions around priorities, concerns and ideas concerning end of life planning on our islands. These are important forums for learning, for discussion and for reflection on our own end of life planning. The next gathering is with Dr. Bev Spring, 1-3pm Wednesday, November 25, 2026, at Hornby Island Community Hall. A plan is in the works for the same gathering on Denman, which will likely be in the early new year. We need to plan as communities, and as individuals, about what comes next, so we too can "leave something of sweetness and substance in the mouth of the world." If not now, when?

...continued from p.3

Dancing is another activity that many say keep you young at heart. Think Nancy and Suzie. Having a sense of humour and being able to laugh at yourself and others is another sure ticket to longevity. We're all familiar with the term "having a "senior moment." These, of course, can happen at any age, but as we get older, they happen more often and are increasingly entertaining. I tried making a telephone call with my desktop calculator. Driving the car without my keys.

The walking with purpose and then a complete blank is a favourite. It's like your brain is playing a game of hide-and-seek with itself. The existential questions follow. Why am I here? Am I being called to explore the world as an interface between karma and divinity? If you have never experienced this revolution of unfathomable proportion, it can be difficult to vibrate.

And are these memory slips or dementia? There are differences. The important thing to look for is a persistent change in our ability to think and function. When you decide that someone has stolen your car outside Canadian Tire, versus not remembering where you parked it, could be a red flag. If you suddenly find yourself in your underwear at the Fanny Bay Gas Station without a vehicle and have no idea why, this may be a warning. Or maybe, quite the party in Bowser...

Old people can sometimes seem aloof, vaguely disapproving, rude, and dismissive. I never thought, as someone once reminded me, that the grumpy village old fart could be a bit hard of hearing. Next time try repeating what you just said, but louder, and see if you get a more engaged response. Watch it though, you may hear this: "Crikey, you don't have to yell at me!"

And with that, in the words of George Burns, "You know you're getting old when you stoop to tie your shoelaces and wonder what else you could do while you're down there."



Denman Seniors and Museum Society's
(Denman Activity Centre)
Notice of AGM 2026

Date: Tuesday, December 8, 2026 at 7 p.m.
Location: Denman Activity Centre Lounge

Note: Annual Society memberships are $10 and can be paid by e-transfer prior to or at the AGM. E-transfer to dsmsbooks@gmail.com. please indicate it's for membership.

If you are interested in putting your name forward for the board in advance of the AGM contact: Anne Ryall, 250.335.1372, Nancy Hoyano, nhoyano@icloud.com, or JoAnne Shepard, joanne.shepherd3210@gmail.com. Nominations can be made at the AGM.



More Fear and Loathing of Affordable Housing

(Repealing Bill 44: A Victory for NIMBYism)
By Keith Porteous

Conservative Premier Doerkson's proposal to repeal Bill 44 represents a retreat from one of the most worthy housing reforms in British Columbia, one that forced local governments to confront their responsibility for the housing shortage. However, the Denman Local Trust Committee's attempts at addressing the housing issue started well before the B.C. NDP passed Bill 44.

Fortunately, the architects of Denman Island's Official Community Plan (OCP) allowed for some flexibility when it created a soft cap on local population, allowing for two non-market based cooperative style densifications, and a 5% increase in the soft cap (about an extra 100 residents). Denman's current full-time resident population is approx.1600.

The OCP contemplates approx. 2000 residents on Denman if and when every residential property in the Plan is developed, based on the current 2 residents per dwelling average. Bill 44 was an attempt to break the political stranglehold of local NIMBYism by requiring local governments to update their Official Community Plans and zoning bylaws to accommodate greater housing density.

Its purpose was to challenge the entrenched assumption that existing homeowners should have an effective veto over future changes to density bylaws. In Denman's case, Bill 44 was unnecessary, and its repeal will have little effect. Meanwhile, Hornby Island has recently completed and opened the Beulah Creek Village, a 26 unit non-market rental housing project.

What else should we do? First, we could pressure our Local Trust Committee to "opt in" to the Short-Term Vacation Rental Tax (STR), the so-called "pillow tax", that creates a fund to support local non-market housing initiatives by taxing local AirBnbs and the like. It's surprising that the Denman LTC has not already done so, whereas Hornby Island's LTC has.

Next, the Denman Island LTC could lobby the Province to be included in the Speculation and Vacancy Tax (SVT), which the Province excluded from the Trust Area, and as the Salt Spring Island LTC has already done. Unlike the STR, the SVT doesn't include a regulatory mechanism allowing LTCs to "opt in." There are many vacant homes that could become rentals.

The rhetoric of those opposed to affordable housing initiatives on Denman may sound virtuous, but they are largely disingenuous and self-serving. Current homeowners property values benefit from artificial scarcity. We can support the "preserve and protect" Islands Trust mandate and still consider the needs of a younger generation, renters, working families and newcomers effectively excluded from access to secure and affordable housing.

The fundamental problem is that housing scarcity is not simply an unfortunate market accident. It is also the predictable consequence of decades of market housing that has privileged property owners over the needs of supporting a more diverse demographic makeup that can sustain our community.

The central hypocrisy is that a community cannot simultaneously proclaim a housing crisis and then further entrench the very same market structures that have perpetuated it. It would be a capitulation to local political obstructionism dressed up as respect for the values of preserving and protecting, in a cynical and selfish attempt at preserving the privileges of a class of homeowners that threatens the consequence of becoming a gated retirement community.

Younger people and families, and some elders, need access to secure and affordable housing, and for the broader community to support non-market housing initiatives.

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

Book Review:THE WOMEN'S ORCHESTRA OF AUSCHWITZ by Anne Sebba *Published 2025, St. Martin's Press*

By Amanda Hale

Alma Rosé was an Austrian violinist and conductor, and the niece of Gustav Mahler. In July 1943 she was deported to Auschwitz-Birkenau where she formed and directed the Women's Orchestra.

But that orchestra was not really about music, or even about music as resistance; it was purely a means of survival. While Alma herself was an acclaimed professional violinist, some of the girls she chose for the orchestra could not even play an instrument. She pushed them hard, rehearsing eight hours a day, under constant threat of death should they lose their protection as "musicians." Many of these girls were teenagers. Alma gave them a focus, a diversion from the horror that surrounded them as they played while bodies were burned in the nearby crematorium, and skeletal columns of women and girls were marched to labour.

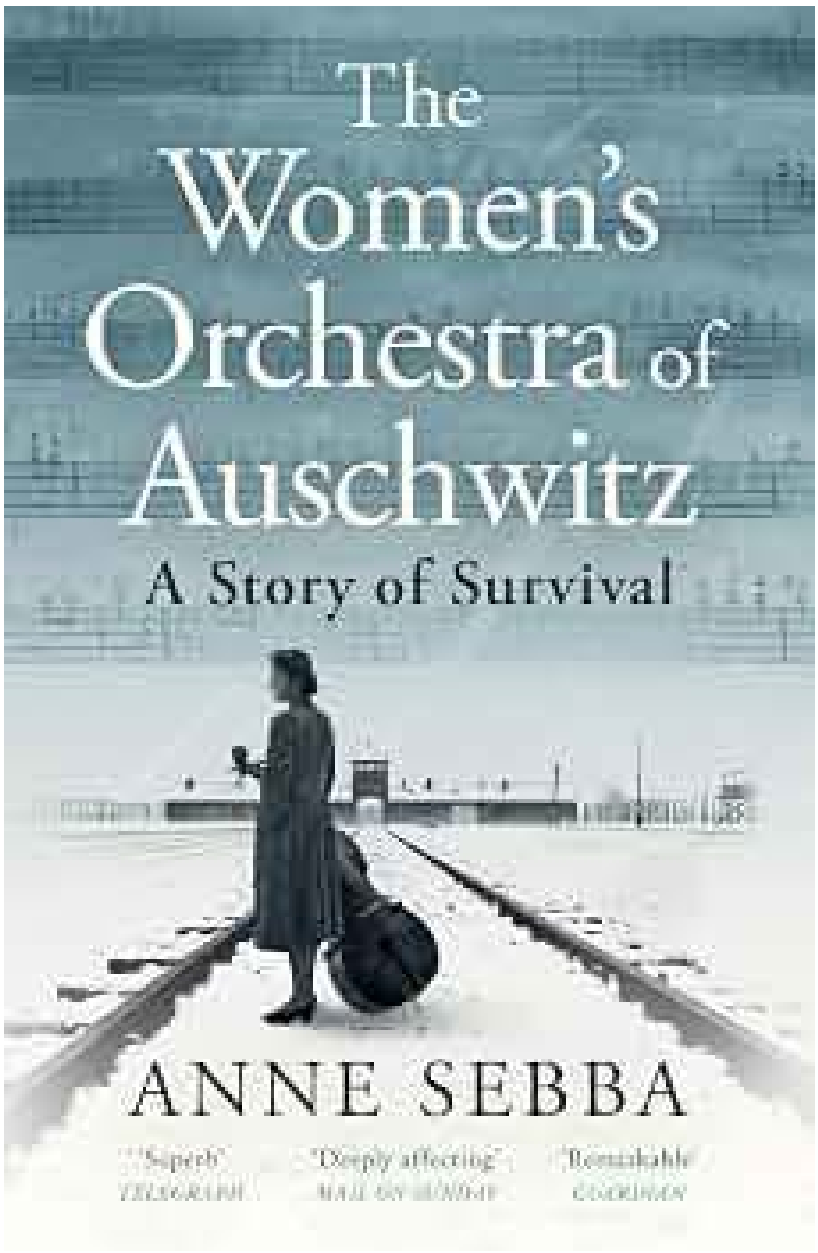
Particularly enlightening is the description of postwar Europe, and the silence of that aftermath. In her meticulous research Sebba follows the surviving members of the orchestra, one of whom, Anita Lasker, now aged 101, writes in her 1996 memoir, "When we first came to England, I badly wanted to talk, but no one asked any questions … people want to protect themselves from too much knowledge … they allow silence to prevail."

Despite vivid descriptions of daily survival in Auschwitz-Birkenau, this book makes clear the hard fact that such an experience can never be conveyed by words. Sebba acknowledges the irony of hearing from survivors "while remaining aware that for the rest of us, merely trying to frame in words these events risks betraying what was experienced during the Holocaust."

The world today is rife with unspeakable trauma, yet to be packaged and normalized as historical documentation. And we walk a fine line in order to remember and respect without either succumbing to the silence or attempting to explain and understand. As Sebba writes, "the process normalizes what should remain an outrage beyond explanation."

Related works: **Sarah Helm** — *Ravensbruck: Life and Death in Hitler's Concentration Camp for Women.* (Also published as *If This Is A Woman*)

Paradise Road –1997 Australian film about a group of English, American, Dutch, and Australian women who are imprisoned by the Japanese in Sumatra during WW2. They form a vocal orchestra. Featuring Glenn Close, Frances McDormand, Cate Blanchett. The film's primary credited source is the diary of Betty Jeffrey, an Australian Army nurse. Her experience was published in her 1954 book, *White Coolies.* The film also draws inspiration from *Song of Survival*, a1965 book by fellow camp survivor Helen Colijn.



Liberalism Is Not Leftism

By Cylon2036

Liberalism supports a capitalist economy, viewing market-based economies and institutions as fundamentally sound, seeking to reform, regulate, or improve them through policy tweaks and taxation.

Leftism such as libertarian socialism, and anti-capitalist anarchism, views market capitalism and existing power structures as inherently oppressive or exploitative, advocating for radical and systemic change.

Liberals, and conservatives for that matter, have increasingly mistaken the politics of identity for the politics of the Left. Liberals have become remarkably adept at categorizing and celebrating the differences between people while remaining conspicuously reluctant to confront the economic system that exploits them all. In this peculiar political arrangement, representation has become a substitute for redistribution, diversity a substitute for economic justice, and progressive language a convenient substitute for challenging corporate power.

The distinction between liberalism and the genuine political Left is fundamental. The Left has historically been concerned with the distribution of economic power, the exploitation of labour, and the structural and civil inequalities inherent in capitalism. It understands that identity cannot be separated from material circumstances.

Race, gender, sexuality and other forms of social inequality intersect with economic class, often intensifying the exploitation of those already disadvantaged by poverty, precarious employment and unequal access to resources. This is intersectionality understood as an economic and social reality, not merely a vocabulary of personal identities.

Liberalism has increasingly elevated identity politics into an end in itself. It is comfortable with corporate boardrooms displaying rainbow flags, corporations issuing statements about social inclusion, and wealthy institutions celebrating diversity while continuing to suppress wages, undermine labour protections and accumulate extraordinary wealth. Apparently, capitalism is mistakenly perceived as considerably more progressive when its beneficiaries are sufficiently diverse.

Meanwhile, the machinery of neoliberal capitalism remains undisturbed. The pursuit of profit, privatization, deregulation, financial speculation, and the commodification of every aspect of human existence continue unabated. It's the same economic orthodoxy that has created the climate crisis, driven housing beyond the reach of ordinary people, eroded public services, and transformed the basic necessities of life into opportunities for private accumulation.

The contradictions are obvious. Liberals may speak passionately about climate justice while accepting an economic system dependent upon perpetual growth, resource extraction and the externalization of environmental costs. They express concern about the cost-of-living crisis while defending the market arrangements that allow housing, food, and essential services to be vehicles for speculation and profit. They may champion working-class diversity without challenging the class relations that keep working people economically subordinate.

None of this is to suggest that struggles against racism, sexism, homophobia, or other forms of discrimination are unimportant. Quite the opposite. It is to recognize that these struggles cannot be fully understood or resolved independently of the economic structures within which they occur.

A politics that celebrates diversity while tolerating economic inequality is not a transformative Left politics. It is liberal capitalism with better public relations. And a movement unwilling to challenge the power of capital will inevitably find itself managing the consequences of the very system it wishes to reform, and where most discrimination of marginalized identities intersects below the poverty lines.

The authentic Left does not ask capitalism to become more diverse and inclusive. It asks why capitalism should retain power and control in the first place.

Compassion Club Seeks Guardian Angel

By VCBC

Wednesday, Nov 12, 2026

Victoria, B.C.: A plea for help has been sent from the Victoria Cannabis Buyers Club to BC's most cherished businessman, Jim Pattison, in a desperate attempt to avoid losing its home on Quadra Street. Unless Mr Pattison, or some other wealthy philanthropist, signs an indemnity for between $5-8 million, the VCBC will likely be forced out when its lease is over at the end of 2026. Without a storefront to operate from, the compassion club will conduct sales from an RV parked at City Hall starting in the new year.

With over 9,000 members, the VCBC celebrated 30 years of supplying medicine earlier this year. The organization has not complied with the Cannabis Act because there is a 10 mg THC limit on edibles and employees in retail stores cannot provide advice on the medical uses of cannabis.

Since legalization the club has been raided 4 times, with fines and interest now totally almost $4 million. The province has applied a lien against the home of Vice-President, Clea Maclean, to collect some of the fine. A judicial review has been filed to overturn the fines, but a judge has not yet been appointed to the case so a decision will not be handed down in the near future.

After cannabis inspectors raided the club in the spring, provincial authorities filed to seize the building from the landlord. In early July, the club obtained an injunction from the courts to stop the landlord from breaking the lease and evicting the organization. However, the lease is ending on December 31, 2026 and the landlord will not sign any further rental agreements without an indemnity protecting them from any potential penalties they may face if the club loses its judicial review.

The letter to Jim Pattison can be found at this link:

https://docs.google.com/document/d/1oVkIpv2Oa1HKX9S9E78AcJ5rZixpvEXe9O0ZvsDi_S0/edit?tab=t.0

Supporters of the VCBC are encouraged to write to Jim Pattison to help the VCBC. His email is admin@JP-group.com.

For more information contact Ted Smith at 250-415-1063 or hellovcbc@gmail.com.

They Want To Use AI To Re-Centralize Control Of Information

By Caitlin Johnstone
November 9th, 2026

I keep thinking about a talk I listened to by Julian Assange back in 2017 where he warned that one day AI could be used to facilitate the propaganda interests of the powerful by manipulating news media and information in ways that are too subtle for the human mind to notice.

Assange described a future where AI-powered algorithms serve us a customized feed of information based on data collected about our search queries and interests, calculated to appeal to our biases and construct a worldview for us which advances the agendas of those who control the machines.

He explained that sufficiently advanced artificial intelligence systems could arrange this information with more subtlety and complexity than human perception can pick up on, in much the same way a computer can outperform any human brain at a game of chess.

Here's an excerpt from Assange's remarks, delivered via video chat at the Meltdown Festival in June 2017:

"What I think is probably the most important development that is happening as far as the fate of human beings is concerned is that we are getting close to the threshold where the traditional propaganda function that is employed by, you know, the BBC, the Daily Mail, etc… can be encapsulated by AI processes.

"Now, if you think about when you're playing chess, already we're in a situation where AI can do better than any human chess player. So you can see a certain number of moves ahead. And someone moves a piece onto the board and you go 'Why did they put that knight there?' And you start to think what is the intentionality behind it, and you try and look several steps ahead to work out what ***continued on p.11...***

The Bog Remembers Your Pension

Gabriel Jeroschewitz, November. 4th 2026, Inspired by James Joyce and dedicated to him.

The Bog of Allen remembers nothing at all about your pension. It knows nothing of Seamus O'Donnell measuring out his grave space twice yesterday with a stick in rancid bacon fat, muttering about "needing room for the swell" after his third pint. It has no recollection of Brigid Flynn spending three hours yesterday arranging dried lavender in her very finest Waterford crystal vase (the one which Chubbs the terrier knocked over last Sunday, and which she now insists was always "meant for the fairies anyway, so it's grand"). The bog is just the bog. It remembers the buttercream of the past. It remembers the sheep that get in. It doesn't care a fig about our frantic efforts on the shrouds of the present.

I was at the damp bank at dawn, the pale light trying to gild the mist lifting from the peat. My breath turned to grey as I exhaled it with the movement of the midges. Down in the depression where the old boreen curves towards Turraheen, the village was already going through its daily ritual of denial. Old Man Hannigan was shuffling out with his walking stick held like a scepter, inspecting his marrows as a general might inspect his troops before Waterloo. "Look at that curve on that one, Brigid!" he calls out to her in the cottage where she was scraping the burnt porridge from the pot. "That's more than vegetable! That's character! Like a good man's chin!" Brigid is still scraping porridge, muttering, "Aye, Seamus, and yours looks like a failed scones experiment." She then viciously plunges her spoon into the pot. The comedy is in the detail. The sound of Hannigan's false tooth clicking as he says "curve". The sharp angle of the spoon as it is plunged. The certainty that this marrow, this particular curve of beta-carotene, will somehow be of use in their resistance to the pull of all names, all stories and indeed the very need to grow marrows at all, and will return them to the patient silence of the bog.

They build castles. Castles of course not of stone. Castles of pride and sorrow. The wind (or was it just a breeze through the bog myrtle?) brought that to mind. Hannigan's castle is built upon the foundation of being the King of Marrows, all his authority stemming from his stories of slug fights and his moonlight fertilization rites. Brigid's castle is built on the very threads of being the maker of the best soda bread in three parishes. She maintains that status by a very secret addition of a pinch of whiskey to her bread and by a very determined refusal to let anyone else guess what she's doing. Seamus O'Donnell, poor sod, built his on the foundation of being remembered. His castle is measured in terms of grave space. He will be at the wakes not out of grief but in an attempt to assess the polish of the coffins, the choice of hymns ("Too slow, Father O'Leary! Needs a bit of lift for the journey!") and above all else in the hope that his own will be remarked upon, discussed and possibly even held in some degree of esteem. All of this is going on as the bog continues its work. It takes the pollen, the leaves, the faint smell of heather as it rots. It takes all the things that were and it whispers that nothing ever sticks.

The golden hour thief went through their hands as if through wet sand. Hannigan would be mid-mouthful of marrow and his eyes would go completely blank as the light would shift just so across the bog and the water would turn to liquid mercury. He'd then sigh as if sacks of peat were settling and would say "Fades fast, doesn't it?" Brigid would then wipe her hands on her skirt and look up to follow Hannigan's gaze. For a moment the marrows, the lavender, the porridge and the whole of it would seem to be nothing at all. Then Seamus would appear looking towards the horizon and grumbling about needing room for the "proper settling" of a grave. And then it would all be over. Hannigan would grunt about bog trotters. Brigid would be complaining about Seamus tracking mud in, and they'd all turn to their castles, re-strengthening the walls of pride and borrowed time. They'd be absolutely certain this time that the marrow, the loaf, the perfectly measured six foot two grave space would be the thing that sticks.

Gold can't haggle. Power can't stay. The only thing that seemed to be calling was the cold mountain breeze from the foothills of Wicklow - the breeze that carries the dampness of the rain and the distant tang of peat smoke. It was calling not to accumulate but to be aware. To feel the roughness of the old hawthorn by the well not as an asset but as another thing in the world which shares the same brief period of sun. To taste the sharpness of a wild strawberry plucked in the middle of the weed not as a trophy but as a moment of pure joy which is so fleeting you have no time to think about what you'll leave behind. The circle turns - it turns continuously as the tides of the Shannon estuary. The morning will come whether we're ready for it or not. And what do

continued on p.12...

...continued from p.9

the intentionality was and then counter it: Okay, they want to manipulate me into moving here so this will happen and so I will lose.

"We take these considerations already when we're—well, some of us—when we're reading stories in the press. What is the intentionality of this story? Why is this particular information being pushed to the public and not some other form of information? Who's the name of the author? What publication is it appearing in? What language? Etc. Well, possibly the reason is because someone wanted to promote a particular agenda, therefore we should read it in a different light.

"But when you have artificial intelligence programs harvesting all the search queries that people have on their phones, all the YouTube videos that human beings have uploaded etc, and it starts to lay out perceptual influence campaigns 20 to 30 moves ahead, this starts to become totally beneath the levels of human perception. And once a computer-augmented organization such as Google is able to engage in influencing human beings 20 to 30 moves ahead, keeping each move beneath the level of human perception, there's nothing we can do about it, because we can't see it."

I keep thinking about these remarks nearly a decade later because this does seem to be the goal. It's becoming clearer and clearer to everyone that these new technologies are not intended to improve the lives of ordinary people, but to serve the interests of the oligarchs and empire managers who rule our world. That's why they're being rammed into existence at breakneck pace despite the obvious fact that they're making life worse for most people without advancing human quality of life in any meaningful way.

A big part of the agenda seems to be to re-centralize the control of information that was temporarily lost with the advent of the internet. Revolutionary sentiments are rumbling around the world as our species becomes increasingly discontented with the abuses of capitalism and the US-led world order, assisted by humanity's unprecedented ability to network and share information around the world in real time.

Artificial intelligence's usefulness in re-centralizing information in ways that can be easily manipulated has already been noted by the Israel lobby.

At an American Jewish Committee event this past June, Santa Clara University's Maya Ackerman argued that generative AI presents an exciting new opportunity for imposing pro-Israel narratives on public consciousness, because AI companies can be lobbied directly to push pro-Israel narratives since their leaders can control what information people see.

Here's a transcript of what she said:

"The really cool thing about AI is that while it can become a great ally for our enemies, if we act early it could be exactly the opportunity that we need after missing the boat with social media. AI is now becoming the dominant source of information—the main source of information. People trust AI more than anything else. They trust AI more than social media. They turn to chatbots like ChatGPT and Gemini instead of using Google. And young people use these bots instead of Google in very, very very large numbers. So this is becoming the main source of information.

"And so when I say this, I still find Jewish people being discouraged, they say 'Oh, but Wikipedia is already so antisemitic and social media is so antisemitic—why bother? The AI just learns from all of this data.' So, you know, whatever, not much we can do.

"But that's not true, because over the past two years the AI companies have been moving towards alignment. So instead of algorithms sort of honestly representing what's in the data, we're finding that these chatbots and the text to image models are increasingly showing us exactly what the companies want us to see.

"Okay, so it's becoming intentional. Which means that instead of trying to control the whole world and trying to somehow manage what's happening in this big blob called Wikipedia and social media, we can go directly to the companies with clear technical and advocacy solutions. For the first time, there is a path to correcting the digital world."

Anti-Defamation League CEO Jonathan Greenblatt recently confirmed that this was the Israel lobby's new MO, saying the ADL has been "working with" all the top AI companies and pushing them to into alignment with the pro-Israel agenda.

Speaking at a Jerusalem Post conference last month, Greenblatt said the following:

"So we've been working with the Frontier Labs—OpenAI, Anthropic, Alphabet the company that runs Gemini, Google, Meta who runs Muse, and others, X, who run Grok—testing their

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FireSmart™ Program Helps Protect Your Home

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-Cupcakes to Scott Macdonald and all those who volunteered their time and effort to put on the Remembrance Day service last Wednesday. Thanks much, lest we forget



-Cupcake to the people that cleaned up the junky mess next to the Covered Space.



- Cowpie to the sign in station thingy at the medical clinic. I don't care for it. Why can't I just tell the reception person I'm there?



If you have a Cupcake or a Cow Pie we'd love to hear it!
Please submit yours to:theislandsgrapevine@gmail.com /
Attn: Dusty Pickles
and we'll do our best to get it into an upcoming issue!
(Discretion and anonymity assured)

...continued from p.10

we take with us? Only what we can never take - the breath of heather crushed on the hillside as we walk, the sight of a single ash leaf spinning down the current of the River Barrow and the sound of a loved one's laugh caught in the sudden burst of wind - all of it drifting away in the middle of a dream, yet still the cold, wet of the bog itself.

Our names will disappear. Our stories will thin out like old broth. We'll go back to the dust and the wind. Don't wait for the seasons to wane and fall. They're coming anyway and they'll be laughing at our seed catalogues and our planners. The earth has a memory down in the dark just like the bog itself. It remembers the press of a foot on the soft bog earth, the heat of a hand briefly held and the particular shade of blue in a child's eyes as she points at a plover circling over the reeds. This isn't the deed to a field. This isn't even the entry in the bank book or the damaged mug that says "World's Okayest Da". What is remembered is not ownership at all but the experience of that moment shared.

We've trundled through the shadowed valleys and the stone. The limestone pavements of the Burren, the shaded valleys of Glenmalure. The sheer bulk of our accumulation,

Association for Denman Island Marine Stewards
ADIMS

Annual General Meeting
Dec 1st 2026 at 4:00 PM

Click the Zoom link on our website to join the meeting. If you're on our email list, you will also receive a link via email.

https://adims.ca/notice-of-agm/

Questions? adimsinfo@gmail.com

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of what we've acquired and what we feel we have to leave behind, is utterly absurd in these places, as if we're actually trying to carry the bog on our backs. Yet... in the midst of all the hustle and bustle, all the anxiety and the frantic measuring out of grave space we're not quite alone. Not in the way the politicians mean it, not in the way the priests mean it when they preach from the damp pulpits. But in the way the wind carries the same seeds to the mountain avens and the bog myrtle. In the way the rain that is falling on Seamus's precisely measured grave space is also falling on Brigid's lavender and seeping into the hollow where Hannigan's prize marrow is struggling to get to the weak light. We're simply passing on the moisture in the great slow cycle.

The circle turns. The morning will come. We're not here as owners really, we're just witnesses. All we can do is hold on to the feeling, the fleeting connection and the sheer unexpected kindness. We can't take the marble top of the sideboard, we can't take the signed first edition, we can't take the perfectly formed potato or the envy of the neighbours. What we have is not in the attic or the safe deposit box. It's in the breath on the heather and the rose, in the leaf on the stream, drifting away as mist on a dream. Our names will be gone. Our stories are thin. We go back to the dust in the wind.

We're just a breath on a mountain. Scattered through the heather. And the leaves in the trees.

Tuileadh na gcroíthe, níorbh fhaighinn sé - The desire of hearts, it was not attained.

We're just dust in the wind.

Níl aon tinteán mar do thinteán féin. - Nowhere feels like home.

(But the hearth, just like the name, just like the story, goes cold. All that's left is the memory of having sat by it.)

So we let go of the marrows. Of the lavender. Of the plots. Of the need to be remembered.

And in that act of simply letting go, as the wind lifts the final flake of yesterday's bog butter off the surface we find, quite absurdly, quite lightly, what was always there:

Not what we kept.

But what we felt.

What we dreamed.

What we were, briefly, brightly, before we became part of the wind's endless gentle song.

The bog remembers.

It always does.

And it is enough.

(For now. For this breath. For this mist on the dream.)

...continued from p.11

models and using the results to push them to do better."

"Look, we've had excellent collaboration with Silicon Valley. These companies want to improve ChatGPT and Claude. We've got to help them. So we've run the tests and seen where antisemitism shows up and helped them develop strategies to tackle it right in the source code."

If the Israel lobby manipulators are doing this, then we can assume that all the high-level imperial narrative managers are doing it as well.

In January 2018, Assange tweeted the following:

"The future of humanity is the struggle between humans that control machines and machines that control humans.

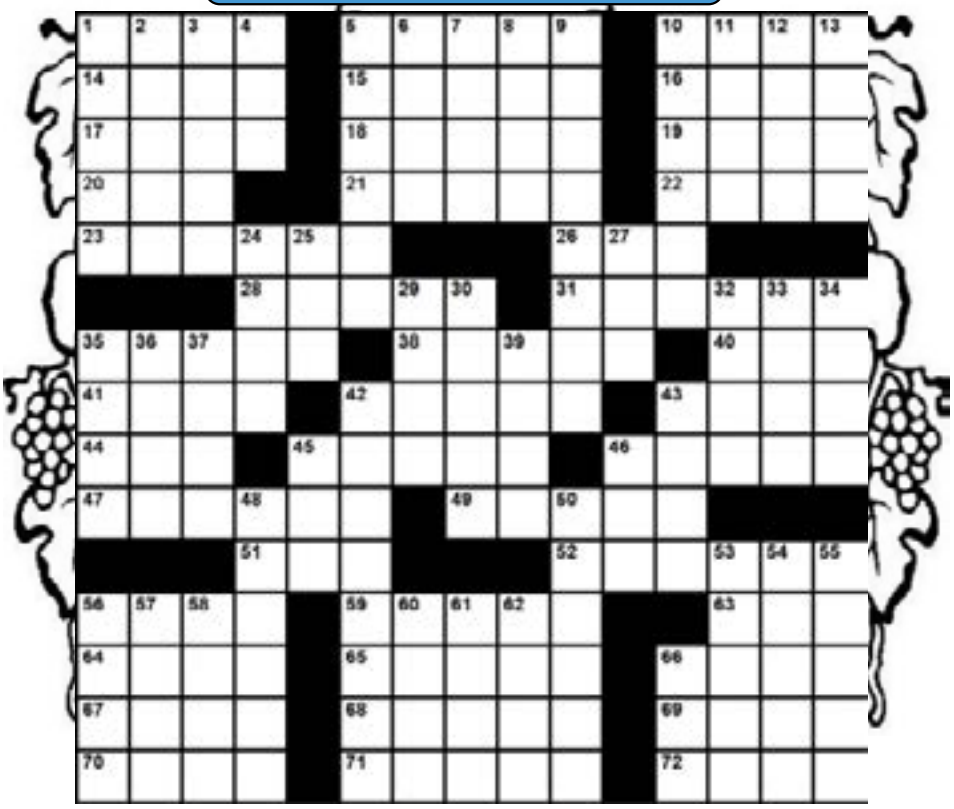
"While the internet has brought about a revolution in our ability to educate each other, the consequent democratic explosion has shaken existing establishments to their core. Burgeoning digital super states such as Google, Facebook and their Chinese equivalents, who are integrated with the existing order, have moved to re-establish discourse control. This is not simply a corrective action. Undetectable mass social influence powered by artificial intelligence is an existential threat to humanity.

"While still in its infancy, the geometric nature of this trend is clear. The phenomenon differs from traditional attempts to shape culture and politics by operating at a scale, speed, and increasingly at a subtlety, that appears highly likely to eclipse human counter-measures.

"Nuclear war, climate change or global pandemics are existential threats that we can work through with discussion and thought. Discourse is humanity's immune system for existential threats. Diseases that infect the immune system are usually fatal. In this case, at a planetary scale."

Anyway, just some things we should keep in mind as we make our way into this strange new future.

• GRAPEVINE CROSSWORD •



• *ACROSS* •

1. Computer pix
5. Groom oneself
10. Cilia
14. Cut into kabobs
15. Having rounded projections
16. Pitch black
17. Sandwich treat
18. Essential acid type
19. Incite anger
20. Nothing at all
21. Handed over
22. Can't abide
23. Elegant reception
26. Last abbr.
28. Court call
31. Pamper
35. Frame for roses
38. Gets introduced
40. Colorization
41. Audition, maybe
42. Hot boxes
43. Charisma
44. 19th of 26
45. Undo
46. Praises highly
47. Army command
49. Hanker for
51. Catch a glimpse of
52. Tutor offering
56. Astral armada
59. Seraglio group
63. Old hand
64. Wine served warm
65. Convex molding
66. Biblical trio
67. Makes public
68. Escape holes
69. Angelico and Diavolo
70. Coll. social group
71. German surrealist Max
72. Actor Wilder

• *DOWN* •

1. Clickable pictures
2. Unusual article
3. Ancient manuscript markings
4. Art movement prefix
5. Nearly won
6. City of seven hills
7. Footnotes abbr.
8. Crop of hair
9. Commodities for sale
10. Illuminations
11. Forest ox
12. 32-card game
13. Jekyll's evil alter ego
24. Crucifix
25. Act the human
27. Angeles preceder
29. Abu Dhabi leader
30. Holy grail, e.g.
32. Closed
33. Continental coin
34. Bluewing
35. 2-D measure
36. All that's left
37. Army site
39. Bridge bldr.
42. Open space under a desk
43. Big hatchets
45. Avail oneself of
46. A memorable Arden
48. Help out
50. Just about
53. 5th tire
54. Organlike instrument
55. Clamoring
56. Our mil. fliers
57. County carnival
58. Gumbo need
60. Affirm positively
61. Chestnut or bay
62. Benevolent group
66. Actress Tilly



• TEST YOUR MATH SKILLS •

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9					7			

• Last Issue's Answers •

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

GRUMPISM



“The French carpenter screws up the job because he did not have a clou.”

Thank you
Yvan THERIAULT

• Last Issue's ANSWERS •

R	A	T	E		C	L	A	S	H		G	O	S	H
P	R	O	P		A	L	G	A	E		U	P	T	O
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E	L	S	E		S	T	E	L	E		O	N	L	Y

• CLASSIFIEDS •

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CARPENTRY: Alain $50/hr
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Opinions expressed in the Grapevine do not necessarily reflect that of the Publisher.
Inciting violence, hate speech and pejorative language will not be tolerated.

The following is our policy on content:

- Profiles of individuals, history, reviews and op-ed 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 stead- fast 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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• Acupuncture Jenny McCartney, R.Ac 250•508•8160 www.heartwoodacupuncture.ca (D)



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• Custom Home Video
• Custom Drywall Services
• Custom Taping Services
• Custom Lighting

FORTNIGHT EVENTS

19 Thur
• Dora Drinkwater Library 1:30pm-3:30pm
• RECYCLING CENTRE 1-5pm
• BOTTLE DEPOT 2-5pm
• FREE STORE 3-5pm
• FOOD BANK Hub Comm. Hall 3:30-6:30pm
• Community Choir 2:30pm Back Hall

20 Fri
• Dora Drinkwater Library 1:30pm-3:30pm
• AA Meeting DIUC Gathering Place 7pm
• Deadline for December's Flagstone

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

22 Sun
• CHOIR Concert 4:00 - 5:00 D.I. Comm Hall

23 Mon
• Dora Drinkwater Library 1:30pm-3:30pm
• AA Meeting DIUC Gathering Place 7pm
• Open Mic Night 7pm Hornby Arts Centre
• DIRA Public Meeting 7pm Back Hall

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

25 Wed
• Dora Drinkwater Library 1:30pm-3:30pm
• RECYCLING CENTRE 1-5pm
• BOTTLE DEPOT 2-5pm
• Choose to Move 11:30-12:30 Gathering Place
• Planning Palliative/Hospice Care w. Dr Bev Spring 1-3pm Hornby Communtiy Hall

26 Thur
• Dora Drinkwater Library 1:30pm-3:30pm
• RECYCLING CENTRE 1-5pm
• BOTTLE DEPOT 2-5pm
• FREE STORE 3-5pm
• FOOD BANK Hub Comm. Hall 3:30-6:30pm

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

28 Sat
• Dora Drinkwater Library 1:30pm-3:30pm
• RECYCLING CENTRE 9:30am-5pm
• BOTTLE DEPOT 9:30am-5pm
• FREE STORE 9-12:30pm
• A Taste of Denman 7pm D.I. Community Hall

29 Sun

30 Mon
• Dora Drinkwater Library 1:30pm-3:30pm
• AA Meeting DIUC Gathering Place 7pm
• Open Mic Night 7pm Hornby Arts Centre

1 Tues
• Dora Drinkwater Library 1:30pm-3:30pm
• Employment Services 9am-3pm DAC
• ADIMS AGM by Zoom (see ad page 12)

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

3 Thur
• Dora Drinkwater Library 1:30pm-3:30pm
• RECYCLING CENTRE 1-5pm
• BOTTLE DEPOT 2-5pm
• FREE STORE 3-5pm
• FOOD BANK Hub Comm. Hall 3:30-6:30pm

