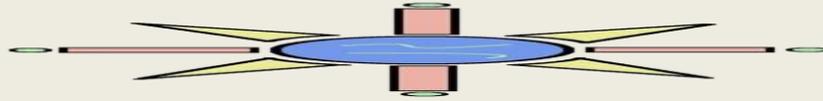


# The Coquitlam Review



Edition 2, November 2016

## Hollowed Eve

There is not much the pagans haven't screwed up in their significantly insignificant history, the witch hunts weren't exactly a picture of rationality nor did it leave behind many admirers of their faith, but there is one thing they managed to get right, in fact, there are three things we have to thank the pagans for - a day off in the fall, fewer witches and, most importantly, Halloween.

Halloween is probably the greatest quasi-holiday of the year (I have heard some compelling arguments for Valentine's Day but most of that was just sweet talking). Apart from it being the official "Start Selling Christmas Once this Day Passes" marker, Halloween is an event steeped in tradition, phobias, legends, firecrackers and candy. But then again, there are so many things wrong with modern Halloween that it soon becomes easy to loathe and even despise this once brilliant night.

Unlike other mainstream holidays which have gotten better with age, that have big build-ups, numerous songs, scrumptious feasts and a momentous day after which you are left full and satisfied and all of the memories linger in your mind like lollipops; Halloween has only two songs (albeit excellent songs), "Thriller" and "The Monster Mash" - and after an uneventful evening you are left with nothing more than gut-rot and no roman candle burns.

Back in the day Halloween was truly a scary and awe inspiring night, the seething fear of apples with razor blades and murderers dressed up as clowns bubbled in every child, but now with political correctness and lawsuits, (cont. p.2)

## On the Freedom of Speech

Freedom of speech is the only freedom in society, there are no other freedoms. Freedom of speech is the freedom to express oneself, to make tangible one's thoughts and feeling without fear of physical harm or physical repercussion. Freedom of speech comes without responsibility for the speaker. Freedom of speech means that the speaker must... (cont. p.4)

### When I Could Write You Secretly

When I could write you secretly I was a leopard,  
Relaxing on a branch in a sweeping tree.  
There was nothing else more important  
Than swinging my paw without purpose,  
No task more earnestly taken than that of a playful tail.  
How precisely I might spring,  
From one branch to the next,  
A misplaced step but a chance for a tangent.  
When I could write you secretly I was King of the jungle,  
With the silkiest mane and hardest roar.  
My pen strokes rose and fell unabashed,  
With the grace of a young springbok.  
When I could write you secretly the world made sense.  
I hate email.

## To Bathe or not to Bathe

As an antidote to adult colouring books, I was going to propose a forest bath. I first heard of the concept last week in the lineup at the bar. It was a Friday evening so naturally the talk turned to the weekend ahead and the need to de-stress from the frustrations of the work week.

"I'm going for a forest bath," said the person behind me and I couldn't resist asking what that might entail. A walk in the woods was the reply and several people snickered and said why not just say you're going for a hipster hike.

But it turns out that forest bathing - or Shinrin-yoku, the name given to the Japanese art of forest bathing - has... (cont p.3)

## A History of Policing

The state has the authority to use violence. We all know and accept this. Without the authority to use violence there is no way to enforce the law and without enforceable law there is no state and we all desire a state, thus we all agree to the legal use of force.

How we react when those tasked with the employment of force act in an unbecoming manner says much about our society. When an elderly couple in their 80's are dragged forcibly from their home for nothing more than an argument with a neighbour at a strata meeting in their condominium building it behoves us to swiftly and firmly condemn the actions of the Coquitlam RCMP because by employing force unnecessarily and in such a deplorable manner the very fabric of society is put at risk, that is, the law comes into disrepute and if the law is not in repute revolution lurks in the shadows and revolutions are always bloody and the State, created in order to avoid bloodshed, must therefore avoid revolutions. Those trusted to uphold the law made a mistake and must be held to account. Most people apologise when they have done something wrong and if they are sincere then they are usually forgiven. The Coquitlam RCMP did something wrong and they should apologise.

## The Merits of Unemployment and Retirement

A society is built neither by an economy nor a government, but by a contract between both, by the law, that is, a set of rules agreed upon by those families and tribes intent upon co-existing peacefully together.

An economy can only be capitalist in nature, that is, an economy must centre on the individual and the potential for the individual to gain status, be it monetary, social or otherwise, in order to ensure the progress of technology.

A government must be communist in nature, that is, a government can only function optimally by disregarding the needs of the individual and focusing solely on the needs of the group, whether that group is the size of a village or a country, in order to ensure the progress of humanity.

A society is the marriage of an economy with a government. The marriage of capitalism and communism creates socialism and socialism is the logical social system for a technologically advanced society because it fosters the space for individual excellence and allows for failure by having a safety net.

Failure is a necessity of evolution and individual genius is a necessity of progress. This is true in terms of both technology and humanity.

In order to fail there must be place to fall; in order to succeed there must be space to ascend.

If one falls too far they are lost; if one ascends too high they are lost.

If there is no one to assume your place after failure... (cont. p.4)

(cont. p.1 Hollowed)

Halloween has become an eerily over-cautious night. Kids no longer roam the street lighting cheap Chinese bottle rockets, stamping on Humeroos so that they make a huge BANG and re-enacting the Battle of the Somme with roman candles. Instead, parents now follow behind their kids in cars and people actually buy ghost costumes that are nothing more than a white sheet with holes, even creating a mock pig farm in you front lawn is no longer deemed "socially acceptable" and worst of all small, innocent children don't get to listen and eventually worship Michael Jackson's "Thriller". Yes, it's true, Halloween officially sucks, the Night of Lost Souls has lost its own soul.

But how do we resurrect Halloween from the grave? How do we breathe life into the night of the dead?

Everyone loves to pretend to be something they are not and Halloween offers the opportunity for all of us to make our own fantasies a reality. Nerds can pretend to be cool by dressing up in elaborate costumes from their favourite 90s movies, ugly people can get even uglier and for the first time receive compliments for their efforts, girls can dress as scandalous as they want and be admired rather than shunned and best of all, girls can dress as scandalous as they want. I propose a fine for those wet blankets who think a little danger is a bad thing and refuse to embrace the spirit(s) of Halloween. Turning a fun night of horrors into a dull night is the real witchcraft - your Pagan ancestors would burn you alive for such actions.

The reality is that it is not only Halloween that has lost its soul but man as well - Halloween deserves better, we deserve better than to be just a shell of what once was. This year Halloween falls on a Monday, perhaps the worst day ever, and I know that on Tuesday I'll look back to my night spent in the local park, not shooting bottle rockets and not running away from cops, and cringe at what this fabled night has turned into. But then I'll look even further back to three nights ago when I dressed up as Egon and with the rest of my fellow Ghostbusters, Slimer, Jeanine and hopefully Stay Puff, reveled with other Halloween diehards, including sexy nurses, sexy cops, sexy angels and even some sexy ghosts, as we did the Mash, the Monster Mash and in a flash I'll know that the spirit of Halloween is not quite dead, but it is beginning to turn in its grave.

## Going Meta

It was with great eagerness that I opened the inaugural edition of *The Coquitlam Review* upon finding it posted to my Facebook wall. Facebook being universally known as the premier source for legitimate and culturally relevant news - two of those three things, it turns out, *The Review* is not.

While I can find many faults with the challenging, and sometimes challenged, content of *The Coquitlam Review*, as well as its poor distribution and audience attraction models, any sort of feedback in these areas would likely fall on deaf ears. Thus, I felt compelled to turn off my brain and turn my eyes to the design of *The Review*.

After going through enough *Osine* to drown a small child in order to soothe my irritated eyes following a particular rigorous session of trying to decipher what words I was actually reading, I was bemoaning the poor choice of font to an associate of mine, he quickly asked whether or not the editor had decided to use Comic Sans as his font of choice. Upon reflection I duly noted that this was indeed an apt observation, as *The Coquitlam Review* could well be best described as Comic, sans any hint of an effort to make the publication visually appealing.

It was as if a chef took all of the ingredients to your favourite meal but then rather than creating a delicious dish, as appealing to the palate as it is to the eyes, that same chef tossed them all into a blender to create a concoction so complex that you needed to squint incessantly at it in order to catch a glimpse of anything that remotely resembled what you knew should be contained in it.

One can only hope that the publishers have received countless comment cards from their dozens of faithless readers, highlighting many of the same areas of difficulty that I feel it is my duty to raise. In my line of work, we look at these not as difficulties, but as opportunities. *The Coquitlam Review* has a lot of opportunities. Opportunities that I trust the publisher and those blind chimps working on the latest pirated copy of *Adobe InDesign*, take to heart.

(cont. p.1 *Bathe*)

...become trendy. The idea is that you reconnect with nature by taking long, contemplative walks through forests and woods and this reduces your stress, increases your feeling of contentment and even contributes to a stronger immune system.

The Japanese have gone forest-bathing for decades and the practice is promoted across that country as a way of improving the quality of life.

The following morning I decided to take a forest bath, but where to begin? First, the clothing - for October in Vancouver it is hiking boots, raincoat, wellies, umbrella and a touque. Secondly, do I drive to the forest entrance and contribute to greenhouse gases (stress levels rise), or do I walk eight blocks to get to the trails by which time I'll be soaked and ready to return home? Neither option is conducive to reduced stress levels.

Once on the trails I realize I should have brought a headlamp with me - the dense, dark forest, coupled with overcast skies makes it almost impossible to see and it isn't long before I trip over roots and rocks and have mud up to my knees. Stress levels don't seem to be declining. But perhaps I am not far enough into the forest to be truly bathing, though I am far enough to start feeling a bit nervous about being alone on the trail. Stress levels rising rapidly.

But I am determined to experience a true forest bath so press on only to be knocked off my feet seconds later by a large black Labrador intent on some hidden prey. Scrambling upright I am about to yell something rude at the dog's owner when I remember I am supposed to be de-stressing.

By now I am cold, wet, dirty and tired, my stress levels are through the roof and I wish I knew a few choice Japanese swear words so I could hurl them at the inventor of forest bathing.

It doesn't seem fair to blame Qing Li who, according to Wikipedia, is president of the Japanese School of Forest Medicine. It's not his fault that participants in a study reported that stress, anxiety and anger decreased after forest bathing. Li is open-minded enough to admit that additional study is required into the long-term effects of regular forest bathing.

He won't, however, need to study the effects of short-term, irregular forest bathing - I can definitely report that stress, anxiety and anger increase.

(cont. p.1 Freedom)

...feel no barrier is placed between thought and word except those which they so choose to place. Freedom of speech is integral to progress, to innovation and invention, to education and elucidation, to growth and understanding. Freedom of speech is freedom of information, and any burden set on the free exchange of information from an outside source that is not the primary source of the information is necessarily degrading to society for it breeds nothing but mistrust and animosity. A society which values freedom of speech is no place for mental wimps. To live in such a society requires mental fortitude, it requires self-assuredness, self-belief and an open mind. The cornerstone of free speech is the ability to hear anything; the onus of free speech is on the listener.

Most often those who would propound limitations to free speech do so out of ignorance, do so in the name of trauma reduction or for one or other cause related to their own insecurities, but sometimes there is a larger agenda at play, the continuation of happy slavery.

One should think before they speak, it is helpful both for articulation and debate. Thinking before one speaks quickens the mind, trains that glorious muscle that is the human brain and is conducive to peace and prosperity. Thinking before one speaks should be held in high regard. The trouble comes when "should" becomes "must". Prisoners and slaves "must", free people "should". Any restriction on the freedom of speech is not conducive to a free society, is not conducive to progress in social and technological terms. Any restriction on the ability to give words to thoughts, whatever those thoughts might be, is a telltale sign of slavery. Be wary of Social Justice Warriors, they are looking to capture slaves.

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(cont. p.2 Merits)

...then there are no consequences to failure and thus no failure.

If there is no limit to how high one might ascend then there is no end to strive for and thus no ascension.

If there is no unemployment then there is no one to assume your place.

If there is no retirement then there is no end to strive for.

A society without unemployment or retirement would be stagnant, unable to facilitate either technological or human progress. Stagnation breeds death.

In short, look forward to retirement and treat the unemployed kindly.

In other words, pay the retired and unemployed fairly.

The Coquitlam Review is published by the Commonwealth Federation of Explorers.

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