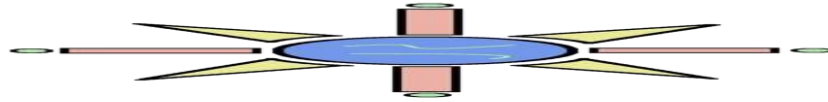


The Coquitlam Review



Edition 7, May 1st, 2017

Competition (okay for teams, not for individuals)

Why is competition a dirty word when applied to an individual and especially so when applied to women? What's wrong with being competitive? It doesn't mean you have to win at all costs, but surely the point of playing a game – whether it is cards or soccer – is to do your best to win, either as part of a team or as an individual?

Everyone expects teams to be competitive and individual athletes, but outside the field of play, individuals deemed competitive have to either hide that trait or endure snide remarks or open condemnation.

A few years ago, at a summer staff retreat, we planned an afternoon scavenger hunt followed by canoeing on a nearby lake. One person had planned the scavenger hunt and the rest of us divided into two teams and set off, each team rushing from clue to clue and competing to get back to home base first. There were a few friendly jibes and accusations of cheating but nothing derogatory about the competition, or the other team's competitive nature.

After the scavenger hunt, we rented canoes, randomly assigning two people to each. As the five canoes pushed away from the shore and seemed set to paddle aimlessly back and forth, I said – “let's see who reaches that island first” – and suddenly there was a chorus of “you're so competitive, we knew there'd be a race,” and two canoes opted out immediately. To be fair, the other two canoes were happy to race.

But the experience jarred – clearly for half the staff, competitiveness was viewed as less than ideal, or perhaps unbecoming for women. Yet surely competitiveness is an essential biological trait that leads to the survival of the species – it is unfortunate that it is viewed today in the same way that aggression and ambition are viewed – negatively, and especially so for women.

As long as we aren't talking hyper-competitiveness, I see nothing wrong with a bit of competition – or a bit of ambition for that matter. Aggression – maybe not so much. So don't be ashamed when you want to win at cards, or be first to scale the peak, or work hard to be the best you can be even if it means being better than someone else. Competition keeps us on our toes, makes the game or activity more interesting and adds a bit of spice to the occasion.

Of course, knowing how to lose gracefully is also part of competition.

One Day Just Isn't Enough

My Mother is unlike any other mother. And she is most definitely better. To say she is perfect would be an injustice as she is far more than perfect. I am aware most people think as such, but in my case it is true. And I am luckier for it. How wonderful you have made this world. How better to spend the time than with you. You so rarely hit as to leave no trauma and were graceful when faced with constant onslaught. It is surely no exaggeration to say that your love's worth a whole whole lot. Happy Mother's Month from the Coquitlam Review.

Why Yoga

It has come to the attention of the Review that a certain yoga studio chain in the Lower Mainland has been flouting the labour code and treating their employees with less respect than a temporary foreign worker receives whilst strawberry picking. Not only does this extremely profitable corporate yoga racket refuse to pay their employees a living wage, but they refuse to pay much more than a tenner an hour or hire anyone for more than part-time work – and thus need pay no benefits. It does not stop there though, this despicable conglomerate employs slave labour, “hiring” volunteers to do the dirty work at zero dollars an hour and in return these slaves may partake in an ongoing yoga class, providing there is an available space. This post World War One modeled business denies their employees the hard fought for and won right to a break during an eight hour shift, going so far as to tell their employees that should they need a break, perhaps to go to the toilet or refuel, it will be deducted from their cheque. This yoga prison profits immensely from an image of well-being and enlightenment, delve not too deeply though as the seedy underbelly of this beast is nothing less than a Wal-Mart want-to-be, thickly lining the pockets of a few off of the backs of hapless non-unionised workers first stepping foot into the work force. Why Yoga indeed.

On Automated Automobiles

Autonomous vehicles could have voice recognition capabilities that are able to hear cyclists and pedestrians and respond using light signals care of strategically placed LEDs.

For instance, a cyclist is about to cross an intersection and sees an autonomous vehicle indicating it is turning right, the cyclist asks the vehicle, “do you see me?”, or some other such query one might reasonably make to ascertain safety information, and the vehicle responds with a conformation, or negation, or other such responds as may fit the situation, with agreed upon light signals. The cyclist sees a conformation signal and proceeds. The future is all about communication.

The Internet as Industry

Internet communities are to real communities what reality TV is to reality; watched and spied upon there can be no truth, only spectacle.

An internet of communities, excelling through the growth that the free sharing of information brings, would be a wonderful thing. Unfortunately we have an internet of companies selling the illusion of community and adding nothing back to the commons.

The internet is not an industry of old, it is a culture industry usurping the brains of the unwitting and rewiring it for consumerism. You would do better to get a library card.

Do you travel in style?

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Do you demand the luxury of the 16th century gentry?

Are heft, over intricacy and diabolical locking mechanisms a must for you?

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Are you filthy rich and don't know what to do with your money?

If you answered yes to these six questions then you will want to purchase your travel chests and furniture from the Commonwealth Federation of Explorers, purveyors of the grandiose. For less than a serfs accommodations you can own a small to medium sized travel chest with a locking mechanism so intricate once shut you may never open it again.

The Commonwealth Federation of Explorers

For inquires visit our secret workshop

Happy Birthday Month

The Coquitlam Review wishes a Happy Birthday to Mister Review this month.

Their contribution to the Review has been whelming and they have twice offended a number of races and creeds. Though seldom an exclamation point is used, the tone comes across well enough.

It was a brazen attempt by them to latch on to the popularity of the Coquitlam Review by incorporating part of the name into theirs, but a scoundrel belongs at every Review.

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

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If you would like to submit articles to The Review please do so by emailing the editor at simon.j.postma@gmail.com

All submissions will be considered, no limitations as to content or length except do your best not to be boring. Local or international, philosophical or satirical, poetry or prose, all are welcome, providing for quality.

If you wish to advertise in The Review please submit advertisement to the same above email address. Only funny, or attempting to be funny, adverts will be accepted. There is no cost to advertise.

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