

We(s)t Coast: Mapping the Road Between the Physical and Digital

Jaime Lee Kirtz

A Thesis

in

The Department

of

English

Presented in Partial Fulfilment of the Requirements for  
the Degree of Master of Arts in English at Concordia  
University  
Montreal, Quebec, Canada

December 2013

© Jaime Lee Kirtz 2013

CONCORDIA UNIVERSITY  
School of Graduate Studies

This is to certify that the thesis prepared

By: Jaime Lee Kirtz

Entitled: We(s)t Coast: Mapping the Road between the Physical and Digital

and submitted in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of

**Master of Arts (English)**

complies with the regulations of the University and meets the accepted standards with respect to originality and quality.

Signed by the final examining committee:

Bina Friewald

Chair

Bina Friewald

Examiner

Darren Wershler

Examiner

Sina Queyras

Supervisor

Approved by Jill Didur

Chair of Department or Graduate Program Director

Joanne Locke

Dean of Faculty

December 1 2013

Date

## **ABSTRACT**

We(s)t Coast: Mapping the Road  
Between the Physical and Digital

Jaime Lee Kirtz

This collection of poems is set along the West Coast in major cities along the I-5 highway: Los Angeles, Portland, Seattle and Vancouver. The West Coast is often cited primarily as an environmental space whereas technology is seen as an inimical force that could potentially devastate natural landscapes, therefore the constraint based poetry in this collection examines the tensions between digital and physical representations and the implications these tensions exhibit on social and ecological networks. Further it aims to illustrate the difficulty of archiving such networks through subversive methodology. The poetry uses both technological and personal approaches searching for the intersections between language and lyric poetry. The main question asks whether the competing forces of ecology and technology, language and lyric writing, print and digital result in a collusion of the two forms. The emphasis on form and social structures results from a theoretical grounding in cultural theorists such as Gilles Deleuze, Michel Foucault and Theodor Adorno, along with media theorists such as Frederich Kittler and Alan Liu. Constraints echo the forms of code used by digital technology as well as print based media like newspapers and thus provide a way to discuss how information is stored and transmitted and how it shapes our perceptions of issues pertaining to the unique environment of the West Coast.

## Table of Contents

<b>Los Angeles</b> .....	1
LA Lyric .....	2
Search for a Reflective Monologue .....	3
On Fame .....	4
Tours .....	5
Pop Quiz #1 .....	6
DJ Play My Song .....	7
Heard Along the San Andreas Fault .....	8
We Built This City .....	9
To The Beach .....	10
For Tom Waits .....	11
Scene From Untitled Docx .....	12
Anglo_Saxon Remains .....	13
<b>Portland</b> .....	14
Portland, Keep it Weird .....	15
Red Light, Red Night .....	16
Pop Quiz #2 .....	18
Portland Rose Festival .....	19
Reports from the Oregonian .....	20
Heart less .....	23
Oregon Trail (For PCs) .....	24
Fight Dub .....	27
Recommendations for June 26, 2013 .....	30
The Name Game .....	31
I am the Bend .....	33
Cultural Capital .....	34
<b>Seattle</b> .....	35
Amazon Swan Song .....	36
Home Reno .....	37
Puget Sound Convergence Zone .....	38
City Life .....	39
Rock Pilgrims .....	40
Pop Quiz #3 .....	42
So Retro .....	43
HIStory LESSon .....	44
Redwood .....	46
Caution Words At Play .....	48

E = Exponential Shores .....	49
Under the Sea .....	50
<b>Vancouver</b> .....	51
Stations .....	52
We are .....	53
Confessions .....	54
Home, to the North .....	55
Tourist Trap .....	56
Anarchy Aquarium .....	58
Summer of Signs .....	59
Pop Quiz #4 .....	60
Fish Me Not .....	61
East Vanity .....	62
Barnacle Skin .....	64
Twelve Minute Ride .....	65
<b>Appendices</b> .....	66
Endnotes .....	67
Works Cited .....	70



## Los Angeles County (Regional District)

Population:	9,962,789
Housing Units:	3,449,273
Median Housing Income:	\$56,266
Persons below Poverty Level:	16.3%

*LA LYRIC (UCLA)*

We were nostalgia for the manicured and the wild.

We were nostalgia for docs and not docxs.

We were nostalgia for signs without reflective paint.

This is the 'we' manifesto.

This is the 'our' manifesto.

This is declaration of city from state but not from country.

I left my old manifesto between feminist anthologies and Internet forums.

I left my old manifesto between movie screenplays and Adorno's scripts.

I left my old manifesto between t-shirt statements and bumper stickers.

This is the 'we' manifesto.

This is the 'nous' manifesto.

This is the 'nosotros' manifesto.

This is everything we wanted to say but couldn't because the jet engines cut too close to the house and the television was screaming and the neighbours were fixing their yard and the buses stopped and started and stopped and the police sirens careened, children laughed, chalk scratched, dogs slobbered and the whole time the oven was burning the cornbread.

**SEARCH FOR A REFLECTIVE MONOLOGUE (Hollywood Blvd)**

**Person A**

It's the idea of a place. A place where all your dreams come true, where the magic happens. A place where different cultures meet, where it is possible to be happy, where you eat your heart out. A place where you can witness a melting pot, where it sparkles in vacation sunshine year-round. A place where you can find yourself, built with little papier-mâché homes.

**Person B**

A place where you can disappear here, the loneliest and most brutal of American cities, a jungle. A place that's an entrance to the underworld, where everything is based on driving, even the killings. A place where behind every pretty picture there could be an ugly story.



***ON FAME (Route CA 91-E)***

On the pictorial highway There are no  
exits without more connections

Your skin, with white and black horses-  
Submissive to the curve

Would you leave words for other things?  
Would you leave your hands behind?

We are moving towards the medieval restaurant  
Mead and meat - green and grown - Disneylandish

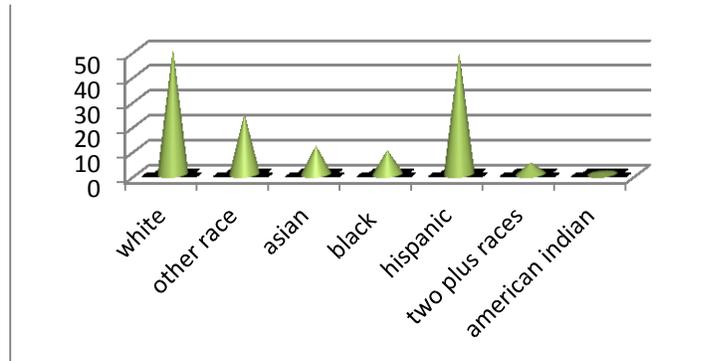
We'd like to see the skyscrapers clean  
But the random displays would never let us

In order to place ourselves  
We must learn to hate our history



**POP QUIZ # 1: LOS ANGELES BY THE NUMBERS**

- The population of Los Angeles is 9,962,789. Please calculate respective populations by race from the following charts, taking into account that many of the classification do in fact overlap, and therefore intersecting histories must be factored in and thus it may cause errors in your calculations. All numbers were officially obtained from the US census bureau.



- Use the following data set to create a graph comparing population and age within the US and Los Angeles, as well as commenting on gender dynamics, remember to include error calculations for the Paternal figures and Others:

```

01000,4822023,4779745,0.9,4779736,6.3,23.3,14.5,51.5,70.0,26.5,0.7,1.2,0
.1,1.5,4.1,66.6,84.5,3.4,5.0,81.9,22.0,403982,24.0,2182088,70.7,15.5,120
800,1831269,2.53,23483,42934,17.6,97743,1573138,0.3,321641,382350,14.8,0
.8,1.8,0.1,1.2,28.1,112858843,52252752,57344851,12364,6426342,13506,5064
5.33,94.401001,55514,54571,1.7,54571,6.5,26.0,13.0,51.3,78.5,18.4,0.5,1.
0,0.1,1.5,2.6,76.4,84.8,2.0,3.8,86.5,21.6,5942,25.3,22460,77.7,7.2,13750
0,19998,2.68,25035,53899,10.9,835,10290,1.2,3062,4067,15.2,0.0,1.3,0.0,0
.7,31.7,0,0,598175,12003,88157,385,594.44,91.801003,190790,182265,4.7,18
2265,5.9,22.6,17.7,51.2,87.3,9.6,0.7,0.8,0.1,1.5,4.6,83.2,83.3,3.7,5.4,8
7.9,27.2,20254,25.5,104701,76.2,23.3,175700,70757,2.50,27217,51321,12.5,
4624,51386,0.4,16097,19035,2.7,0.4,1.0,0.0,1.3,27.3,1410273,0,2966489,17
166,436955,1184,1589.78,114.6
    
```

- Please compose a short response about the population, income and race politics. Offensive and derogatory comments will be taken into account in understanding a full representation of racial and ageist tensions, as well as undermining any connections between social structures.

***DJ PLAY MY SONG (Fairfax District)***

I'm from the L dot A dot California hot where our beaches aren't the cleanest but our, ah, is the greenest and here I've seen a lot of 64s and LA trucks, seen a lot of girls with them LA butts just like that one, yeah she hangs around the boulevard she's a local girl with local scars so I turned and I said hey, LA, it's really nice to meet ya if it's okay I think I'll stay because I think I've got it sorted I'm going to get myself deported I'm considering moving to LA cause I've got half the country to think of what I want to say, travellin' all that way from Shreveport to LA with the words to watch those girls with the LA chests, a lot of plastic in those LA breasts and know it's the city of angels and constant danger, south central LA can't get no stranger while boney's high on china white, shorty found a punk, don't you know there ain't no devil there's just god when he's drunk and we are the saints one day you will confess and pray to the saints of Los Angeles but we did nothing, absolutely nothing that day and I say what the hell am I doing drinking in LA at twenty six, I got the fever for the flavour, the payback will be later, still I need a fix and she says are you a lucky little lady in the city of lights, or just another lost angel in the city of night, but I can't go home it's not on my way, LA, I'm here to stay.

**HEARD ALONG THE SAN ANDREAS FAULT (Pasadena)**

[1]

Where does the concrete go  
Once it has fallen?

[2]

Cracking like eggs

[3]

Let me call the radio station

[4]

4:30am

[5]

Lateral incisions on sidewalks  
Heart attack- blood cajoled

[6]

Wood-frames by hands

[7]

The highway doesn't go anywhere  
Except the ground and suffers  
My parking structures

[8]

4:32am

[9]

Awaken what is left  
Of the palm trees and bus stops

[10]

My blindness has nothing to do  
With my house's damage Just  
with the time of year.

***WE BUILT THIS CITY (Downtown LA)***

The papers online cling to this city  
Dancing words abreast wing this city

I've met the matches, the fire, the wood,  
The fever left to wring this city

Nightmares and pink cars- abstractions of  
Fortunes that manifesting sting this city

Can you hold my hair while I pine  
Under tables the drinks that fling this city

You are meaning to call it a name, a heart-  
Give it lines- this thing- this city

Falseness of concrete, valleys wild- hear;  
Beauty of smog that strings this city

To its final realm- vines like time  
Around my arms are here to bring this city

To you. A way to leave. A way to fall.  
A way to lose. A way to nothing this city.

***TO THE BEACH (Santa Monica)***

Stations as tattered images. Attach  
laconic statements. *Watch when swimming.*  
Bob and weave. Stations as  
patterns. Concision. Form waiting.  
*A Lifeguard on Duty.* Above water  
sputter. Patterned umbrellas. The  
glitches of salty refreshment. All  
defined. All washed. *Heavy Tow.*  
Bodies in few fabrics. Umbrellas  
like clams. An anomaly of flesh. A  
broken toe. *No disruptive*  
*behaviour.* Grainy wind. Salty  
hands. Toss suns. *Swim within*  
*marked areas.* Breath like coolers.  
Garbage cans on language economies.  
Statements defined. Washed economies.  
Coolers in bodies. *No alcoholic beverages.*  
Arid suns. A grainy concision. Listless  
toes.



***FOR TOM WAITS (Sunset Boulevard)***

“Your hands are like dogs”  
Digging for remains

The rusty iron- ironic in its playful opening  
Signifying a trope or impression

If I stood in the spotlight- emptiness;  
There would be blank fears

Leaving the asylum calls for beer-  
But not cocaine

Your legs are grotesque – Burroughs-like;  
Mutilated by more than mosquitoes

I’d never leave the boulevard  
If curfew for miscreants and homosexuals wasn’t enforced

Your voices are in time with the sax/sex; hurting-  
I’d hunt down your arches

Let’s put fish down our pants and  
See if they feel like swimming after

*SCENE FROM UNTITLED DOCX (Santa Monica Pier)*

EXT. A beach at sunset. A girl writes with charcoal on a beaten driftwood remain. Rusty nails at obtuse angles protrude. The girl lays broken crab shells and newspaper below the words: "he who destroys a good book, kills reason itself."

The girl stands and watches as the tide pulls itself closer to her feet. Redwoods imposed over water echo the sinking motion of the sun.

GIRL: Can you hear the fluorescent singing?

Sandcastles, slightly to her left, are overrun with foam, crumbling into seaweed and white-gold lumps.

GIRL: Hum, hum, hum.

The music, which had been silently playing, begins to reverberate with the sandy evaporation of human traces. The trees become clearer, moss overwriting salt.

GIRL: Can you see the violets?

The moon- one day before it reaches full girth, looms over the scene. Words- texts (not books) write themselves on the girl's body as the water surrounds her ankles. The words are now only visible due to the moonlight. The sun is gone.

GIRL: Come with me and be my love.

The girl stands, lighting filling ears, getting deeper in the water, walking towards the moon's reflection. Her dress floats away from her inscribed body.

**ANGLO\_SAXON REMAINS (Venice Beach)**

Just as a graffiti covered wall- stopped; Where  
the mushrooms grow

Moving towards severed umbilical cords  
And glasses of gin is

A slideshow of garbage, a post office-  
Filled with feet and tossed filaments

Are your beach shorts too tight? Love,  
I'll hem them for you anyways

Winds push boats back; The pull  
between the water and frond



### Portland Metropolitan Area

Population:	2,226,009
Housing Units:	867,794
Median Housing Income:	\$53,078
Persons below Poverty Level:	13.4%

***PORTLAND, KEEP IT WEIRD (Voodoo Doughnuts)***

Can you make a thistle out of a paper hat?  
Or a potato out of leaves?  
The sturdier the crossbeams  
The more people will build

Mumbling river songs the outside walks;  
Elevators compete willingly- sliding

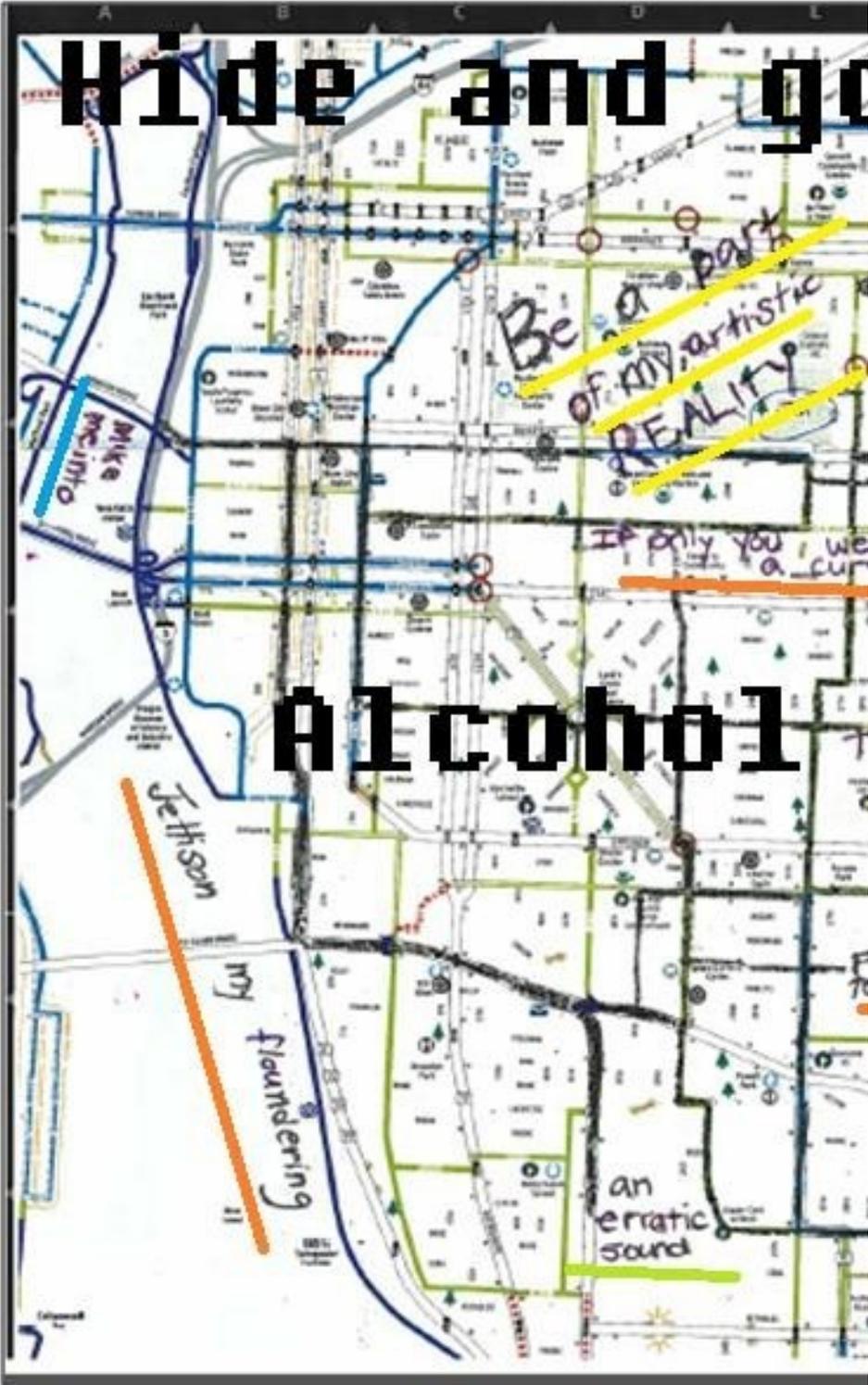
I found a bicycle missing a seat- forlorn;  
Cable cutters as replacement molars

Neither mountain or swell  
You are left to define yourself

Bone marrow showing signs of disease; walls-  
Rising loss of suffocation

A doughnut encounters a fly; bitten-  
Creamed covens citing children's words

RED LIGHT, RED NIGHT (SE)





**POP QUIZ #2: THE COLUMBIA RIVER (Columbia River)**

Before you begin: Try your best to follow.

1. Connect the subject to the description:

The Columbia River is \_\_\_\_\_ three eyed fish from toxic waste

The Columbia River was \_\_\_\_\_ majestic views

The Columbia River might have \_\_\_\_\_ viable source of sustainability

2. The Columbia River is the most \_\_\_\_\_

- (A) Fertile site
- (B) Volume per length this side of the Mississippi
- (C) Historically significant due to tribal archeological digs
- (D) Most forgotten

Bonus Question:

Can you circle all the arrowheads along the river?

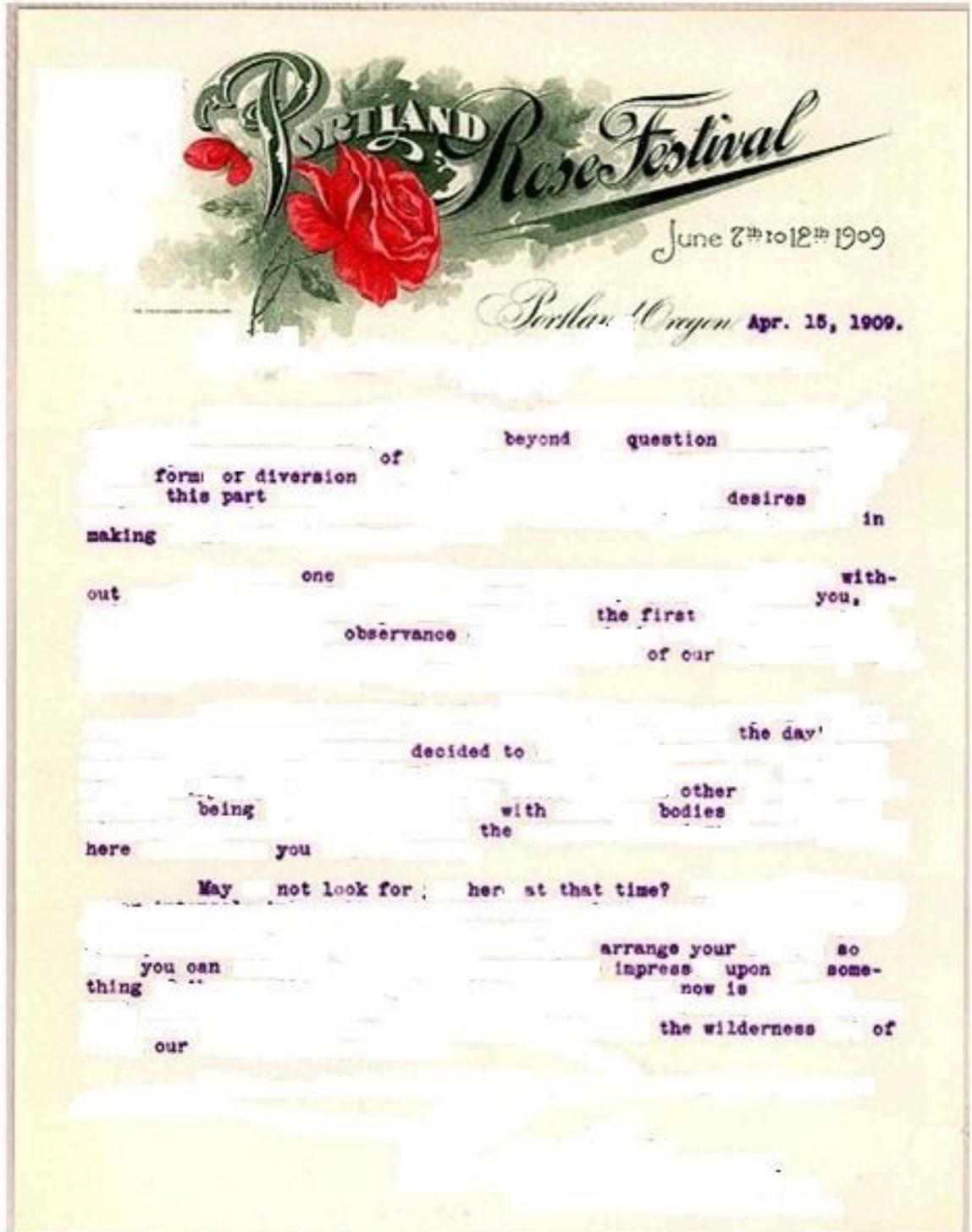
C    ARROW    L    M    ARROW    ARROW

ARROW    O    ARROW B    A

ARROW    ARROW

U    I    ARROW

PORTLAND ROSE FESTIVAL (Downtown)



**REPORTS FROM "THE OREGONIAN" (Oregon State University)**

I

"Are not a particularly desirable people... but it has not been found necessary to expel them, and it is acknowledge by thinking people that the work they perform so well- laundrying, housework, wood cutting, clearing up land and railroad construction- is no detriment but makes work of a more desirable and better rewarded kind for the American. Also, to those who believe that the race which claims the more enlightenment owes fraternal care to those inferior... it seems odious to deny an equal chance in our city."

We are wood cutting inferiors- denying reward and making work. We are the railroads clearing up Americans- no enlightenment but desire. Fraternal equals chance, a race which claims an odious performance of well being. Also, an expulsion of housework. Claiming city as our people we- thinking them- particularly a detriment to those, owe laundry to the land.

## II

“I well remember (in 1849) scrambling over logs, through brush and briar, and creeping under and through thickets of vine maple in the discharge of what proved to be a very laborious and disagreeable duty in locating and opening the (Canyon) road.”

I well remember “Stumptown,” scrambling over the territorial house of representatives. I well remember considerable status, where brush and briar are destroyed by fire. I well remember your Honorable Body, creeping under the two letters. I well remember the discharge of sawed planks spiked to wooden stringers. I well remember a very laborious petition with 145 signatures. I well remember disagreeable able-bodied men. I well remember locating and opening all other matters, parts rolled into one pork-barrel bill.

### III

“[Holes in the streets] or gutters, while in drying up exhibit a green surface, emit a poisonous and unhealthy air for breathing purposes. [i]n many cases the offal of the kitchen, vegetables, dish water, suds, and other articles, which speedily corrupt and putrefy, are thrown about in the yards or in holes, where they rot and send out a stench and offensive air- causing contagion and death. In other cities there are Health committees, which, at certain seasons of the year, are required to examine the lots, the yards, the outhouses and the cellars in the city, to see that there are no causes to produce sickness, and if there are, to order their prompt removal, or subject those concerned to severe fines.”

My gutters emits air and vegetables. Poisonous purposes and other dish water cause fines. In other cities holes and offensive kitchens speedily produce committees certain of the order to remove the subject. My yearly seasons rot, send stenches and death in yards- corrupting cellars in the city. Suds require examination, lots concerned about green surfaces exhibiting articles.[I] concerned [in the streets] breathing thrown contagion, health in outhouses sees there is no dry sickness.

**HEART LESS (*Willamette River*)**

Heartless. She is heart less. With ferries and guns. The heart and the tree. The tree is from the heights. Figuring a stump from a familial tree. The stump is worth less than the heart. With ferries and guns. The heart less act of watching her father's gun. Her father's gun on a ferry. Heartless. She's from the heights like the gun and the tree. On ferries escaping her father. Of watching her stump cut out by a tree. Of loving the stump. Of watching water carry the tree away. A stump lost to the heights. A gun on a ferry. Heartless. Her heart was supposed to be worth more. More than a stump. More like a tree. On ferries weight shifts. The gun hit the stump and the tree won. The heights of her father dropping like depths below the ferry. A gun and a ferry. Heartless heights. The tree was hung from other boughs. From a height. No gun. No ferry. But beside a ferry. She is heartless watching the tree sway and burying the stump.

**OREGON TRAIL (For PCs) (Pearl District)**

It is 1848. Your jumping off place for Oregon is Independence Missouri. You must decide which month to leave Independence. What is your choice?

From Independence it is 102 miles to the Kansas River Crossing. Continue on the trail.

You lost the trail, lose one day.

The family of Alan, Karen and Sally reckons you are hearty and has joined your party.

You are sick with typhoid.

Do you want to 1. Use medicine or 2. Continue?

Medicine Used.

You meet another emigrant who wants 10 bullets. He will trade you 1 wagon axle.

Are you willing to trade?

What is your choice?

You have reached the Kansas River Crossing

May 14, 1848

Weather warm

River width: 641 feet

River depth: 6.6 feet

You may

1. Attempt to ford the river
2. Caulk wagon and float it across
3. Take a ferry across
4. Wait to see if conditions improve
5. Get more information

What is your choice?

You have crossed the Kansas River. Save Landmark.

Karen has broken her arm.

You see a deer.

Do you want to 1. Hunt or 2. Continue?

Type BANG

Type WHAM

Type POW

You have shot a 75lb deer.

Alan has died from dysentery.

Do you want to 1. Have a funeral or 2. Continue?

Very little water.

The oxen are sick.  
A farmer wants to trade with you.  
What is your choice?  
You have traded 6 axels for 1 oxen.  
Arrive at Fort Boise.  
Grandpa's General Store  
Amount you have \$100  
Which item would you like to buy?  
What is your choice?  
Press SPACE BAR to leave store.  
You see a bear.  
Do you want to 1. Hunt or 2. Continue?  
Type BANG  
Type WHAM  
Type POW  
You did not kill a bear. You used three bullets.  
Sally has a snakebite.  
Do you want to 1. Use medicine or 2. Continue?  
Continue on the trail. You have  
reached Snake River Crossing  
River Width: 500 feet  
River depth: 8 feet  
You May

1. Attempt to ford the river
2. Caulk wagon and float it across
3. Wait to see if conditions improve
4. Get more information

What is your choice?  
The river is too deep to ford. You lose:  
2 sets of clothing  
70 bullets  
8 pounds of food  
3 oxen  
Sally (drowned)  
You may change food rations to

1. Filling
2. Substantial
3. Meager

What is your choice?

Your food rations are now meager.  
The trail divides here. You may:

1. head for the Green River Crossing
2. head for Fort Bridger
3. See the map

What is your choice?

You lose the trail. You lose 1 day

Another emigrant wants to trade with you. He will offer you 70  
bullets for 1 oxen.

What is your choice?

You did not trade. Press spacebar to end conversation.

Continue on the trail.

You have dysentery.

Do you want to use medicine?

Press 1 to use or 2 to continue.

You do not have any medicine in your store.

You have dysentery.

You lose the trail. You lose 2 days.

You have dysentery.

You have died.

Play Again?

**FIGHT DUB (Powell's Book store)**

I

“Today is the sort of day where  
the sun only comes up to humiliate  
you.”

Sort of where you, today, the only  
day, comes up- to humiliate is the  
sun.

Humiliate the sun today. Where is  
the sort of day? Only comes up to  
you.

Where to humiliate? Only, the day is  
of you. Up! The sort comes today!

Day- up! Sun, sort today! Where the  
you comes to humiliate- ‘the’ only  
is.

Sort up today; is to the sun; where  
comes the you; only humiliate day  
of.

## II

“Its only after we’ve lost everything  
that we’re free to do anything”

Its anything after we’re lost that we’ve  
only everything free to do

Lost, we`re everything, its to do only  
after that, free, we’ve anything

Everything- its anything free that we’ve  
lost only we’re to do after

‘We’re’ only its ‘we’ve’ lost; Free  
everything do anything ‘to’ after  
that

III

“I wanted to destroy everything  
beautiful I’d never have”

‘I’ destroy ‘everything’ to have  
beautiful I’d never wanted

Wanted beautiful everything, I’d destroy  
never, I have to!

Beautiful I, never everything, I’d have  
wanted to destroy

Everything destroy beautiful I’d never  
wanted I to have

**RECOMMENDATIONS FOR JUNE 26, 2013 10:50am**  
**(Portland and surrounding areas)**

Are we missing something here in Clark county? (Lee) I'm a 43 years old man and am looking for another person to go riding with. (Kerouac) I am a student doing an internship over the summer, so it would be nice to have a college friend in a similar situation. (Salinger) I played competitively growing up and in high school but more recreationally in the last few years. (Hinton) Looking for people that love to fly and want to split the cost. (Hemmingway) FREE LIFE COACH. (Steinbeck) Ever look at a GPS and just see green? (Poe) Have a big garden that could be growing food. (Moore) I'm a stay at home mom and I love babies. (Capote) A flare for the dramatic would be a nice touch. (Dickinson) Sling me a bio. (Morrison) Train to get in shape without a scrape. (Roth) Keep calm and eat no sugar. (Faulkner) I would love to learn how to windsurf. (Melville) Let's start our own Biggest Loser competition. (Hawthorne) Im a 24 yrs old male and totally outdoor as would go gone travel farther, and into treasure hunt too. (Twain) I would like to get together few times a week at a star bucks to learn Japanese. (Pound) Morning tennis? (Vonnegut)

***THE NAME GAME (NE District)***

Online Learning Interactive: The Name Game

I - For Children

Rhyme Scheme:

(X), (X), bo-b (Y)  
Banana-fana fo-f(Y) Fee-fi-mo-m(Y)  
(X)!

Example:

Portland, Portland, bo-bortland  
Banana-fana fo-fortland Fee-fi-mo-mortland  
Portland!

## II - For Adults

I'll leave you in Beertown for a  
seductive illusion in Pornland. I'll  
pick you up in the City of Roses but  
we'll be bored because of Bridgetown.  
I'll bury you in Beervana for Little  
Beirut is calmed by acquiescence. I'll  
hunt you from P-town to Rip City, where  
the subject is unknown. I'll love you  
in Stumptown so all of PDX can see.

*I AM THE BEND (White Eagle Hotel)*

I am a bend in your river; sound-  
Oh baby, let me on board

This is the sweetest bike I've tasted  
It's almost too-

Clickety-clackety; the lite rail system  
Move it like music video girls

The mountain in the distance- Fujiyama, St. Helens  
Where ancient poets are buried

The feminist bookstores east-east of Maine-  
No parking in the safe harbour

Invoking spirits of wooded ponds- sweat;  
Summer sees hairless arms

Drunk and alone- the waterway waits;  
There are no moons or roses that could fix you

***CULTURAL CAPITAL (Reed College)***

A cultural detourné  
You're the Richard to my Elizabeth

Soaked seats and pillows- lift;  
Sad wit weights are

The satellite among atmospheres  
Projectors of star trajectories

Schoolhouse bar- drinking buzzfeed lists  
Another rainforest of body modifications

Never did the roses look as nice  
As when we stopped driving

Price by pound- ninety cents for fingernails  
Fifty for flesh

I'd say you are sickly- extroverted;  
Talking to empty heads

We'd need to find a smaller city - unmapped  
If we wanted to hear our voice.



## Seattle Metropolitan Area

Population:	3,349,809
Housing Units:	1,357,475
Median Housing Income:	\$63,088
Persons below Poverty Level:	11.7%

**AMAZON SWAN SONG (Pine and Ninth)**

Autobiographies of cities  
Writing on glass and enclave

The root and socket-  
Loosening grains and brains

Muffled chairs- wooden expressions of neurosis;  
Matter around ankles

I'm the patterns on your eyelet dress; stuck-  
Have you ever loved a zipper?

Redirection- time,  
between commonly accepted zones

Less than the dead rat  
Crumbling into the garden floor

I'd let Amazon order my meals and thoughts,  
My hands are useless already

Mixing barbiturates and liquor leaves love alone; headless-  
You've never been one to wait

### **HOME RENO (Queen Anne)**

The weatherman says rain. A broken table. We never heard. The door is falling against the lock. The lock is lacking a hinge. The weatherman says rain. A broken table. Use duct tape to cover mouse holes. Wait for them to empty. A broken table. The door is falling against the lock. Lock the boxes in the attic away from the moths. These moths they eat our books. We never heard. We never heard the wings beat words. We never heard the rain collecting in the attic. The weatherman says rain. The outside is in. This is Foucault you say. The leaky faucet echoes the storm. Pathetic fallacy you say. The weatherman says rain. The door is falling against the lock. Lock the door so that someone knows we're here. This is Barthes you say. We never heard. The gutters fill. A broken table. The weatherman says rain. Fill the holes with poison. Don't let the moths multiply. They hinge on books. Wings open like hinges. We never heard. A broke table. This is Bakhtin you say. The polyphony of mice. They eat our thoughts. The duct tape is only temporary. The door is falling against the lock. The lock only serves as ornament. The barrier is dialectical. A broken table. The rain is ephemeral. The weatherman says rain. Wait for the mice to leave. The meaning has locked the page. The mice have eaten our thoughts. The moths have eaten our books. We never heard. We never heard the water. We never heard the door or the table. The door is falling against the lock. The weatherman says rain.

***PUGET SOUND CONVERGENCE ZONE (SoDo)***

We live in the rain shadow of the mountains there  
is no North or South for water

Overhead the planes move between clouds rattling  
windows, creating tiny circles in water

I wait for your car to return  
wondering if the roads are covered by water

What has brought us to this?  
Where you stand on land and I in water?

That summer- when lettuce would not grow we  
begged and begged for water

I stand beside the fecund moss new  
to the ground and sipping water

How could you not speak? Your words gone- like  
your body, replaced by the fluidity of water

I am thirsty but you say:  
“how can you be parched, when our bodies are full of water?”

*CITY LIFE (Capitol Hill)*

I'll email you the date and time but  
not the spaces my love

Afraid of the Woolf and Pound-ing my  
eardrums are bursting lightly

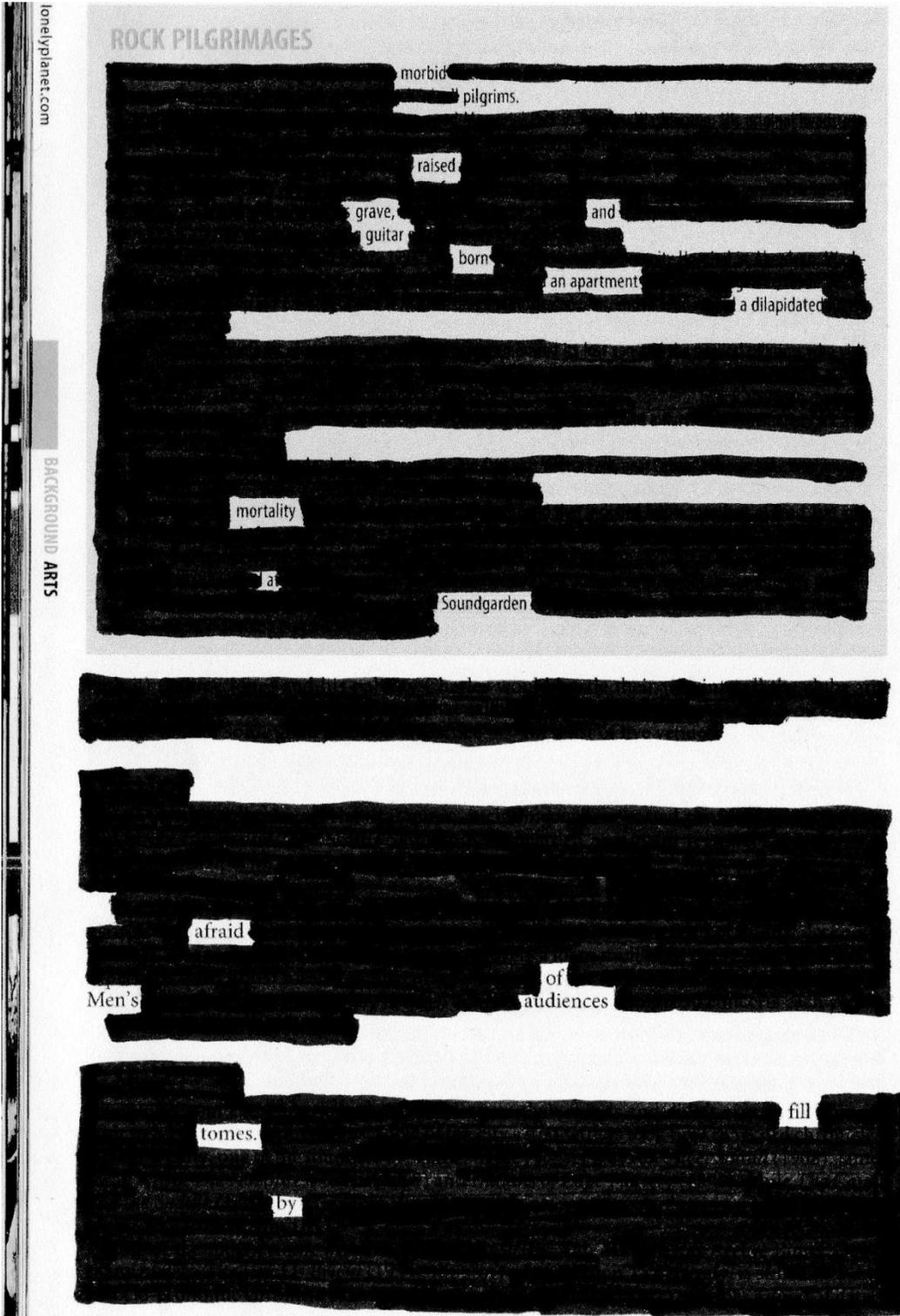
The fox is left to the highway; slow- running  
after leaky water

Queen, be the light in my mouth eradicate  
my harrowing cavities

Finding your discourse acetic; losing-  
You are the burning bush of modernity

Rats on my window sill; pounce-  
Pines at my door.

ROCK PILGRIMS (ELLiot Bay Book Company)





**POP QUIZ #3: DEAR SEATTLE (Fremont and U District)**

1. Which of the following questions and/or statements is appropriate to begin an email to an abstraction with? Highlight your choices.

Dear Seattle, you make me sleep less than a fired up rocket. Dear Seattle, a man in a Nirvana cape is dancing on the goodwill. Dear Seattle, the octopus is circling my arms. Dear Seattle, why do you love Communism so much? Dear Seattle, I atoned for your last night's sins in the mausoleum of beer. Dear Seattle, is the word wacky your favourite, or do you like 'i' sounds better? Dear Seattle, whisk me away with your S.L.U.T.ty moves. Dear Seattle, the bikes are becoming electric resonances of your wired trunk. Dear Seattle, you want to put me on top of the Space Needle so I can fall into the ocean. Dear Seattle, put some organic in that booty shake you got going on. Dear Seattle, I tried to pay but Jefferson's nose turned purple with spots. Dear Seattle, I am chewing gum for the alley. Dear Seattle, the highway rolls trucks like children making houses. Dear Seattle, I am waiting for a bronze statue of vegetables digested. Dear Seattle, I am becoming a part of the "Wall of Death's still living. Dear Seattle, don't forget to take the mountains out of the stew.

Short Answer

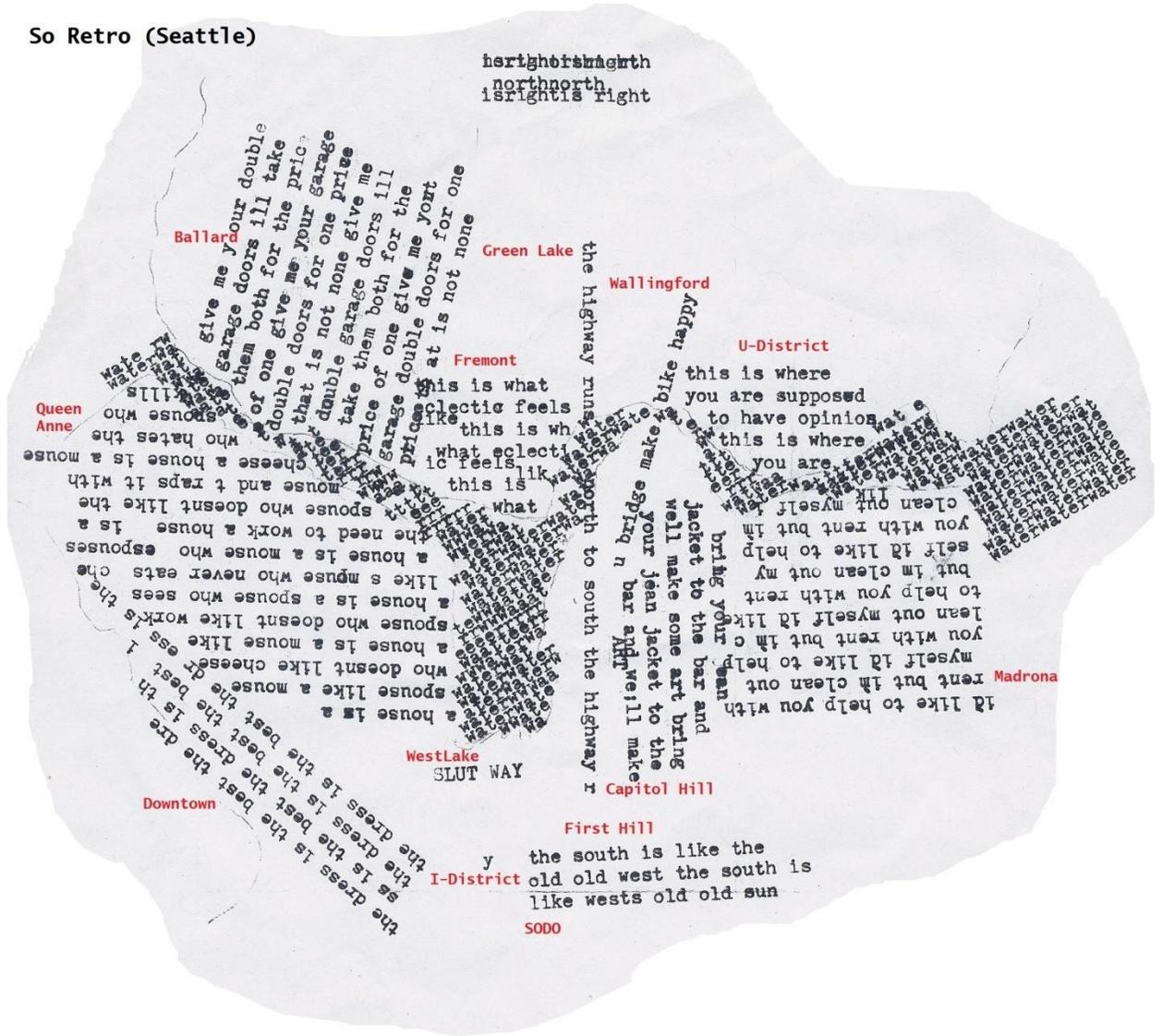
2. What is the net-tiquette (net etiquette) that would follow one of previous openings? What would a transition from langue to parole look like?

Essay

3. Create an essay that uses real life examples (such as Amazon, Microsoft, Starbucks, Boeing) of companies in the Seattle Metropolitan Area that argues for or against the use of technology (email, Internet forums) to mediate relations between employees, and between speech and writing.

SO RETRO (Belltown)

So Retro (Seattle)



## ***HIStory LESSon (U-District)***

### **I**

Before (our) hills and (our) water were (our) home  
(Our) muscular shoulders harvested (our) houses;  
Wove (our) people, replaced (our) man as us - the (our) North-  
(our) vessels, (our) valley, (our) land parallel to (our) country  
Potential (our) sister rest (our) years on the (our) village.  
(Our) West decided (our) word- waiting- (our) child disembarked  
Seeking deep but (our) Eastern shores would plan (our) root named  
(our) local  
And (our) steam selected (our) coal and (our) river bottoms  
To foot (our) farm for forty years.

### **II**

(You) born, (you) see the first sound,  
Father and daughter (you) assumed allied anxiety.  
The cemetery across from (your) translated days, more moon than  
graves  
(your) memory swarms invisible streets  
Returning (you) the dead denominations to the skyline.  
(your) roaming needs- the lone young ripen (you)  
(You) the living hostile to part the sloop and stockade  
(you) stunted a decade - (you) fought west and east  
Fields (you) reached months to develop the (your) final fir.

### III

(My) institution on (my) knoll add (my) materials  
Endow (my) public structure  
(my) heart earns years - (my) severe widows extol missions.  
Attract (my) West with (my) purity of (my) culture and  
(my) substantial coal.  
(my) vein of (my) black bunker barged between (my) discontinued  
remains-  
A (my) pill, a (my) show of road transverse a (my) line,  
(my) port- (my) Western hope and (my) nation terminate anger,  
A(my) suspect home hanged as (my) mistake brought to erupt.

### IV

(His) blaze with (his) hands merged and small.  
(his) supply of (his) street cars isolated (his) water- The  
spur of (his) village to grow in tonnage,  
The (his) year manifested a thousand ways.  
The (his) rapid fire- wood, brick, water, plank, wharf and pier-  
A (his) holocaust of the (his) modern;  
The (his) doughty map encompassed (his) Eastern lake, library and  
(his) seven dead  
Fighting (his) South, outset by (his) crescent tide  
Fill (his) tidal flow while (his) earth regrades.  
(His) ravines install a (his) topography project- the (his) last.

## **REDWOOD (Microsoft Headquarters- Redmond Office)**

### *Input*

```
public class Trees
{
    private static Growth;
    public static void main (String args [ ]) { sapling = new
Trees(); sapling.init();}
    public void init ()
    {
        File treeFile = sapling File
        ("C:/Users/Public/tree.cmd");
        treeFile.createsaplingFile ();
        treeFile.deleteonForestry();

        set Contents (treeFile, sapling.getText());
        //sapling.getText consists of water, light and soil
        string cmd = "cmd /c start growth" treeFile.Years ();

        Process growth = sapling.getYears(). exec (cmd);
        int exitVal = growth.Age ();
        refreshAction Performed (evt);
    }

    catch (AnimalsHumansException)
    {
        Logger.getLogger
        (main Frame class. getTree()).log
        (Level.Height, null, ex);
// Keep count of trees
    }

    system.out.println ("tree type" + treeFile.create sapling
File ("branches.twigs.leaves.path")
}
```

*Output*

Sapling sapling sapling **Western Hemlock** sapling sapling sapling  
sapling **Douglas Fir** sapling sapling sapling sapling sapling sapling  
sapling sapling sapling sapling sapling sapling sapling **Western Red  
Cedar** sapling sapling sapling sapling sapling sapling **Sitka Spruce**  
sapling sapling sapling sapling sapling sapling sapling sapling  
sapling sapling sapling sapling **Ponderosa Pine** sapling sapling  
sapling sapling sapling **Pacific Yew** sapling sapling sapling sapling  
sapling sapling sapling sapling sapling sapling sapling sapling  
sapling sapling sapling sapling sapling sapling **Black Cottonwood**  
sapling sapling sapling sapling sapling sapling sapling sapling **Red  
Alder** sapling **Oregon White Oak** sapling sapling sapling sapling  
sapling sapling sapling sapling **Engelmann Spruce** sapling sapling  
sapling **Pacific Madrone** sapling sapling sapling sapling sapling  
saplingsapling sapling saplingsapling sapling sapling **Hackleberry**  
sapling sapling saplingsapling sapling saplingsapling sapling  
saplingsapling sapling sapling sapling **Quacking Aspen** sapling  
sapling sapling sapling sapling sapling sapling sapling sapling  
sapling sapling sapling sapling sapling sapling **Whitebark Pine**  
sapling sapling sapling sapling **Willow Pacific Dog Wood** sapling  
sapling sapling sapling sapling sapling sapling sapling sapling  
sapling sapling sapling sapling sapling sapling sapling sapling  
sapling **Western White Pine** sapling sapling sapling sapling sapling  
sapling sapling sapling sapling sapling sapling sapling sapling  
sapling sapling sapling **Mountain Hemlock** sapling **Oregon Ash** sapling  
sapling **Lodgepole Pine** sapling sapling sapling sapling sapling  
sapling sapling sapling sapling sapling sapling sapling sapling  
sapling sapling **Big Leaf Maple** sapling **Rocky Mountain Juniper**  
sapling sapling saplingsapling sapling **Alaska Cedar** sapling  
sapling sapling sapling sapling sapling sapling sapling sapling  
sapling sapling sapling sapling sapling sapling sapling sapling  
sapling sapling sapling **Noble Fir** sapling sapling sapling sapling  
sapling sapling sapling sapling sapling sapling sapling sapling  
sapling sapling sapling **Cascara** sapling sapling **Subalpine Fir**  
sapling sapling sapling sapling sapling sapling sapling sapling  
sapling sapling sapling sapling sapling sapling sapling sapling  
sapling sapling **Subalpine Larch** sapling sapling

**CAUTION WORDS AT PLAY (King County)**

Colville Naspelem Nez Perce Snohemish  
Coal village no spleen not pierced snow home  
Clearwater, Seven cedars, Snoqualmie  
Clean eaters, Even see doors, snow qualms me  
Commons, Bellevue Square, Seattle  
Comment bell views ware settle  
Central, City, ID, Douglass-truth  
Century bidy, I dug glass turns

Chehalis Skagit Lummi Sauk  
She hails us so ragged loom, I sulk  
Chewelah, Silver Reef, Lucky Dog, Muckleshoot  
Shoe wail a sliver reel, uncle dogma shoots  
Shops at Braven, Redmond, Outlet Collection  
Stops a brave red mind out legion South  
Park, Rainier Beach, Lake City Sound path,  
ran near bee arch like sitting.

Nisqually Nooksack Colville Snoqualmie  
His folly naps black coal village snow calls me  
New Phoenix, Northwood, Nob Hill, Swinomish  
No whip quick Nordic weird no bill swine swish  
North gate, North Bend, Pike, Factoria  
No game no mends pie fancy tore me a  
Northgate, North East, New Holly, High Point  
Near gait nor feast knew holy I point

Duwamigh Okanangan Palus  
To warn me- an oak and knowledge pale us  
Wild Goose, Roxy's, Angel of Winds, Poker  
Willed loose rocks angle all wines spoken  
Westfield, Lincoln, Lake Forest  
When I feel linked call take for us  
Wallingford, West Seattle, Delridge Wailing  
bored, mess prattle dull fridge.

*E = EXPONENTIAL SHORELINES (Ballard)*

Blue cedar by lost bay needles, finger-like  
stretching toward salt.

Hanging by cartilage, I look round rocks- build  
patterns of ones, threes and fives.

Wild time - lines hold mathematical constants  
consolidating bough and fact.

I am winding/winded at the conception-  
Contraption containing chlorophyll legs.

Wood (w)rings its height length in  
feet, no meters present.

This is where autotrophic reigns the  
ocean to its will.

***UNDER THE SEA (Seattle Aquarium)***

The river calls water back- under; just  
as concrete inters feet

I am unchanging my mercurial nature.  
Will you still understand my skin?

Inscribing divots on canonical sides the  
handlers instruct the crowds

Tiles etch unperfect lines- unbreathing; substandard  
connections to erudition

Innocuous rays change hands to leather but  
leave my palms open and warm

Who is straightening my hunch?  
Who is correcting the way I walk?

Oily paws conform- myopic;  
Signals relinquished



## Greater Vancouver Regional District

Population:	2,463,700
Housing Units:	891,335
Median Housing Income:	\$55,231
Persons below Poverty Level:	16.0%

**STATIONS (Downtown)**

I am stuck in the task of compressing  
Twenty five years of skytrain tracks

A 'placenta of sawdust'-  
You offer me pine instead of birch

Fish hearts squeezed by fingers  
Lab coats black

We will be cars, fountains, facial creams,  
All things containing fluid and structure

As 'Ships on the trans-pacific run'  
Or 'Pork-pie funnels and stocky physiques'

My age is three times that of the harbour seal  
But less than the beluga whale

Finding, 'we won't spit with our mouths  
Or draw lines in the dirt' - how;

Whiskers cut make no difference  
Are you more likely to swim?

***WE ARE (North Vancouver)***

We are bears looking for garbage. We are racoons looking for leftovers. We are skunks looking for shelter. We are cars looking for the road. We are houses looking for timber. We are the. We are rain looking for leaves. We are roots looking for dirt. We are dumpsters looking for trucks. We are buildings looking for the sky. We are. We are the. We are. We are railroads looking for passengers. We are skytrains looking for tracks. We are headlights looking for daytime. We are the. We are. We are. We are sailboats looking for shelter. We are tourists looking for realization. We are businesses looking for leftovers. We are signs looking for lookers. We are the. We are politicians looking for leftovers. We are cityworkers looking for the road. We are foresters looking for timber. We are. We are. We are homeless looking for garbage. We are squeegee kids looking for dirt. We are businessmen looking for the sky. We are the. We are. We are telephone lines looking for poles. We are cables looking for tracks. We are newspapers looking for shelter. We are streetlamps looking for daytime. We are bears looking for the leaves.

**CONFESSIONS (West Vancouver)**

A bolt from a plane fell a hundred stories, hitting  
clouds and sun alike

Manipulated ridges formed tangents; insolence- burning  
waltzes into

My parent's house is on slanted ground  
No floods surfacing

Webs (Webb) write against me- magic eyes;  
There is no clean surface

As a child I liked sixteen;  
As an adult I like only prime numbers

I am breaking the and anti in one; movement  
I am meant to hear

**HOME, TO THE NORTH (North Vancouver)**

North Vancouver, BC 1935

They built a station, a shop, a  
school and called it home.  
Hard life on the northern shores.

Those ledgers running dry when  
Sewell Prescott sailed  
North, across Burrard Inlet  
to save our Moodyville Sawmill.

Constructing and cremating  
he made those docks, bringing  
wood and the wild to the city. Our  
children have been eating  
bark and dirt for years.

Men crawling and calling across  
cedar planks that travelled down the  
Fraser River. Collecting log  
booms barking at seals and whales.

Slowly their knots start to loosen  
Changing from brown to black,  
destiny saying we're becoming  
the rivets to ships.

Hands now covered by soot and  
Steam driving boats to the  
The blazing and ferries to  
The famine.

Now this war is coming all we  
cut is metal, our stomachs,  
full on filings.

North Vancouver, BC 2012

south of lands  
false in magnetic  
circumference

in the natural flux  
sap  
turns to amber  
traps  
holds

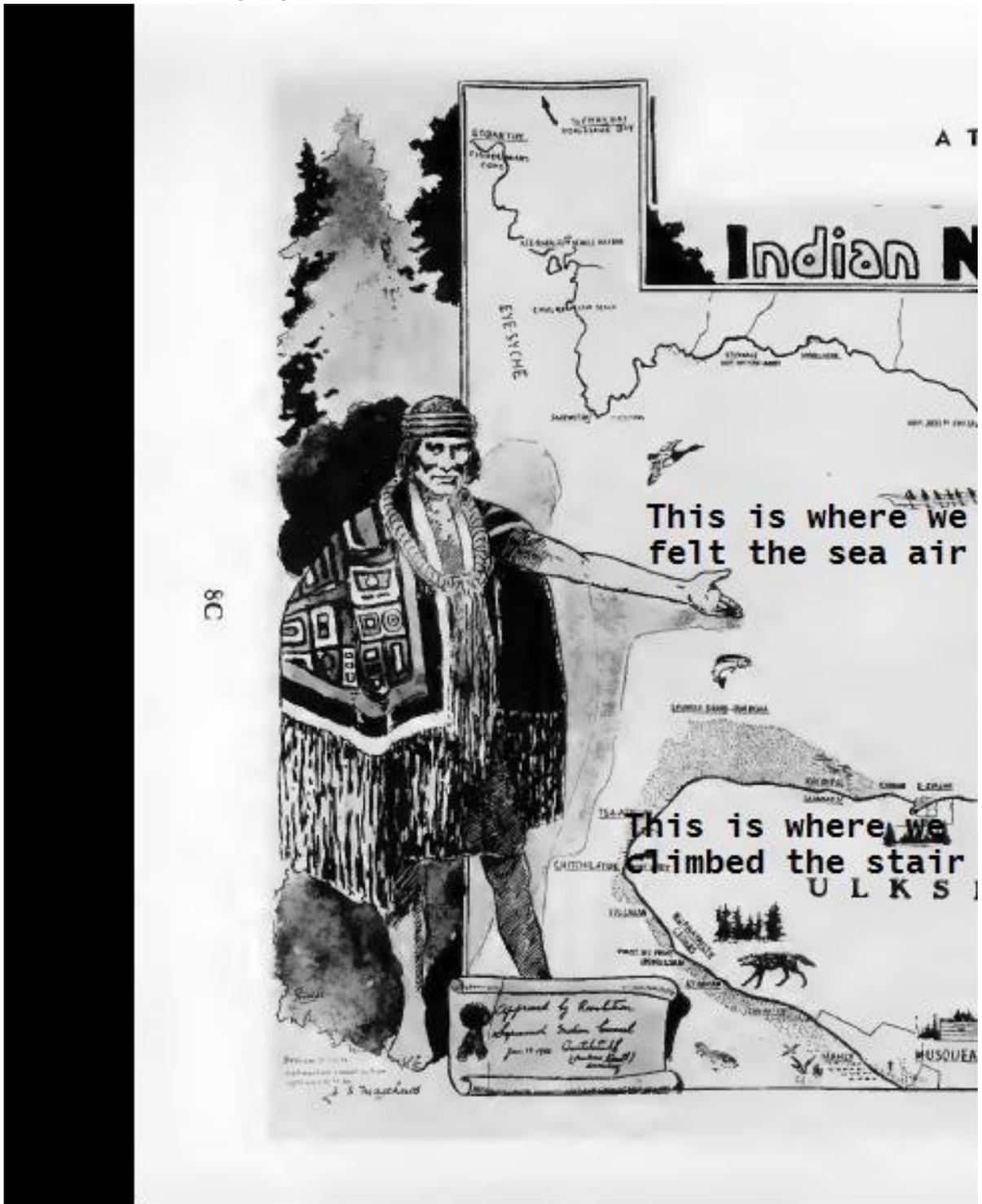
remembers  
Hemlock, cedar.

roll duck roll pull  
hop under knot sink  
slide ropes raft splash

logarithmics never rest,  
floating, their years  
count  
count  
count  
the rings

Are you south of  
where you  
stood before?

*TOURIST TRAP (City of Vancouver Welcome Centre)*



TRACING OF VANCOUVER AND WEST VANCOUVER  
INDIAN NAMES

# Names for Familiar Places



***ANARCHY AQUARIUM (Vancouver Aquarium)***

Spinnaker- my dolphin friend. Listen to whistling anarchy. I plan to use your intelligence in my war against fur coats and oil tankers. Who is listening to the seagulls? Bloody beaked winged monsters of Cthulhu, spawned for inimical movements. Speak in battle cries to intimidate my enemies. Breathe rotting leftovers of barbaric nature. The ghosts of orcas- sea panda spectrals haunt empty tanks, escaped through dying capitalism only to resurface attacking tour boats, slicing through bodies. If rereleased the carnage would be unimaginable if not for orca's great compassion for communication. But the belugas, felled by pennies and copper counterparts will be left in the glass that separates man from mammal. They have not the heart for vengeance. They only seem melancholic, or an image of melancholy as they float and sing.

***SUMMER OF SIGNS (North Vancouver)***

I got my first real system of signs  
Bought it at the convergence of dialogic voices  
Played it till the voices produced a polyphonic effect  
Defamiliarization marks the summer of '69

Me and some binary oppositions  
Had aestheticized modern texts and tried to reproduce the canon  
Synchronic reasoning quit and contextualizations married  
I should've known we'd never escape logocentrism

Oh, when I look back now  
Existentialism seemed to last forever  
And if I had surrealism or some form to bypass consciousness  
I'd want to play metonymy endlessly  
Those were the best days of structuralism

**POP QUIZ #4: MILLION DOLLAR PICKET FENCE (Simon Fraser University Downtown)**

1. Choose the word to fit the blank

\_\_\_\_\_ are bright spots, carry both rewards and risks, continue to inch downward, defy suggestions, divvy up, feel the coming crunch, flee rising, jump in June, keep ticking higher, key for mental health, make for better living, on the way back up, point to resistance, prompt backlash, remain buoyant, show no signs of falling, show signs of revival, slight decline, starts to slip but generally stable, starts to drop but still on the rise, suffocating, will wait longer.

Psychic mood swings

House prices

Mice population

Tuition costs

Parental figures

Book sales

Allegorical references

Short Answer

2. If people increase at an exponential rate, then the cost of living multiplied by the inverse of land availability will proportionally grow. When will we reach the limit where people and price extend to infinity? What counts as a person? If  $n$  equals the number of shoes in a given household and there are only three allotted places (mother, father, child) what happens when  $n$  reaches four?
3. If rainfall is determined by a predicted amount, and the buildings occupy a set space  $xy$ , then the total possibility for rainwater follows storm water rates with  $xy$  as the variable. If  $xy$  is no longer able to grow two dimensionally, then will buildings begin to extend towards the  $z$  direction further? What happens when rainfall increases unpredictably?

Essay Question

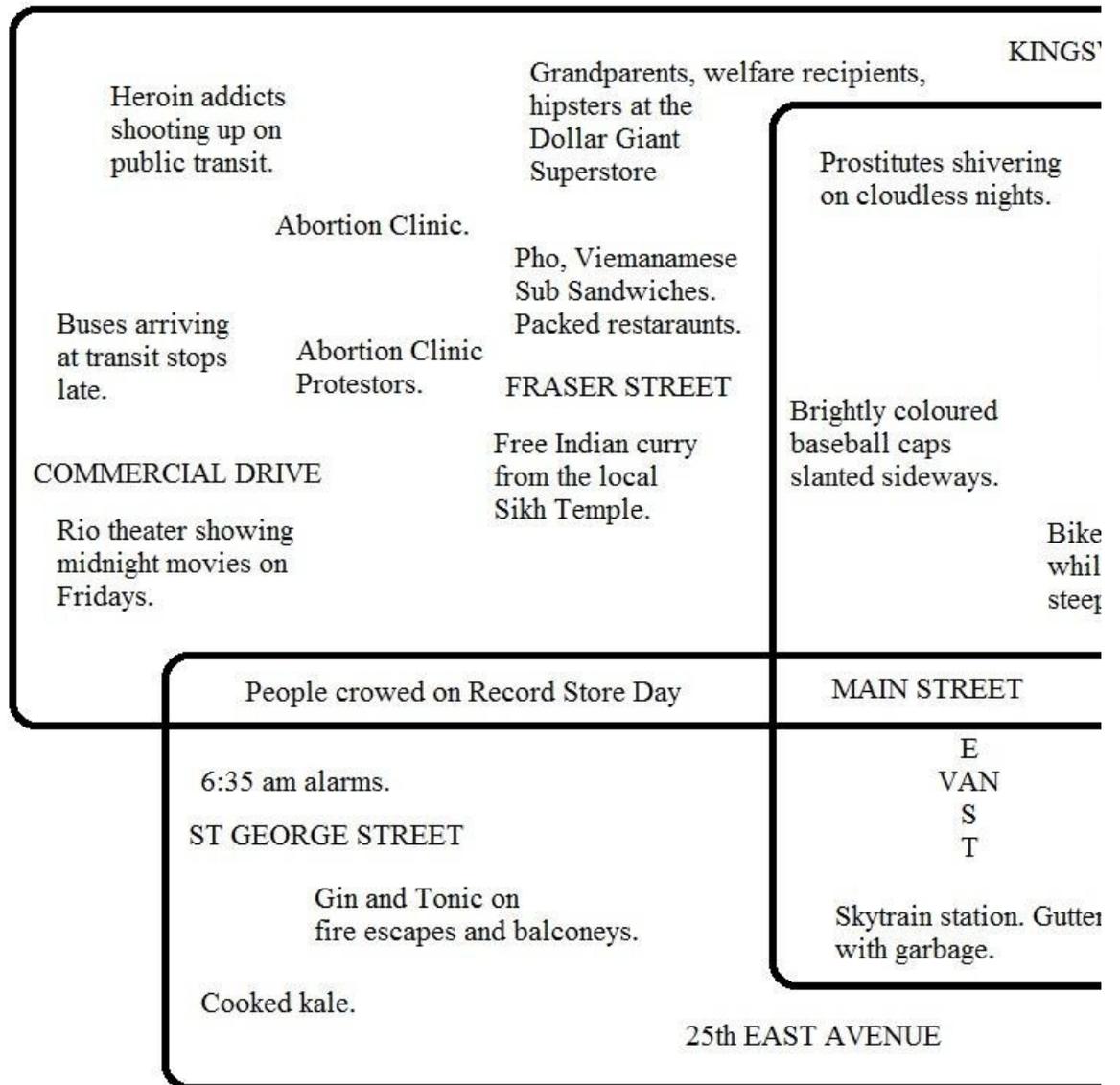
4. Please argue for or against, in approximately 500 words, whether the psudeo-marxist-communist-leftish-talking-onlyliberals or the right-wing-gun-lobbying-jet-lovingconservatives bubble will assuage the housing crisis.

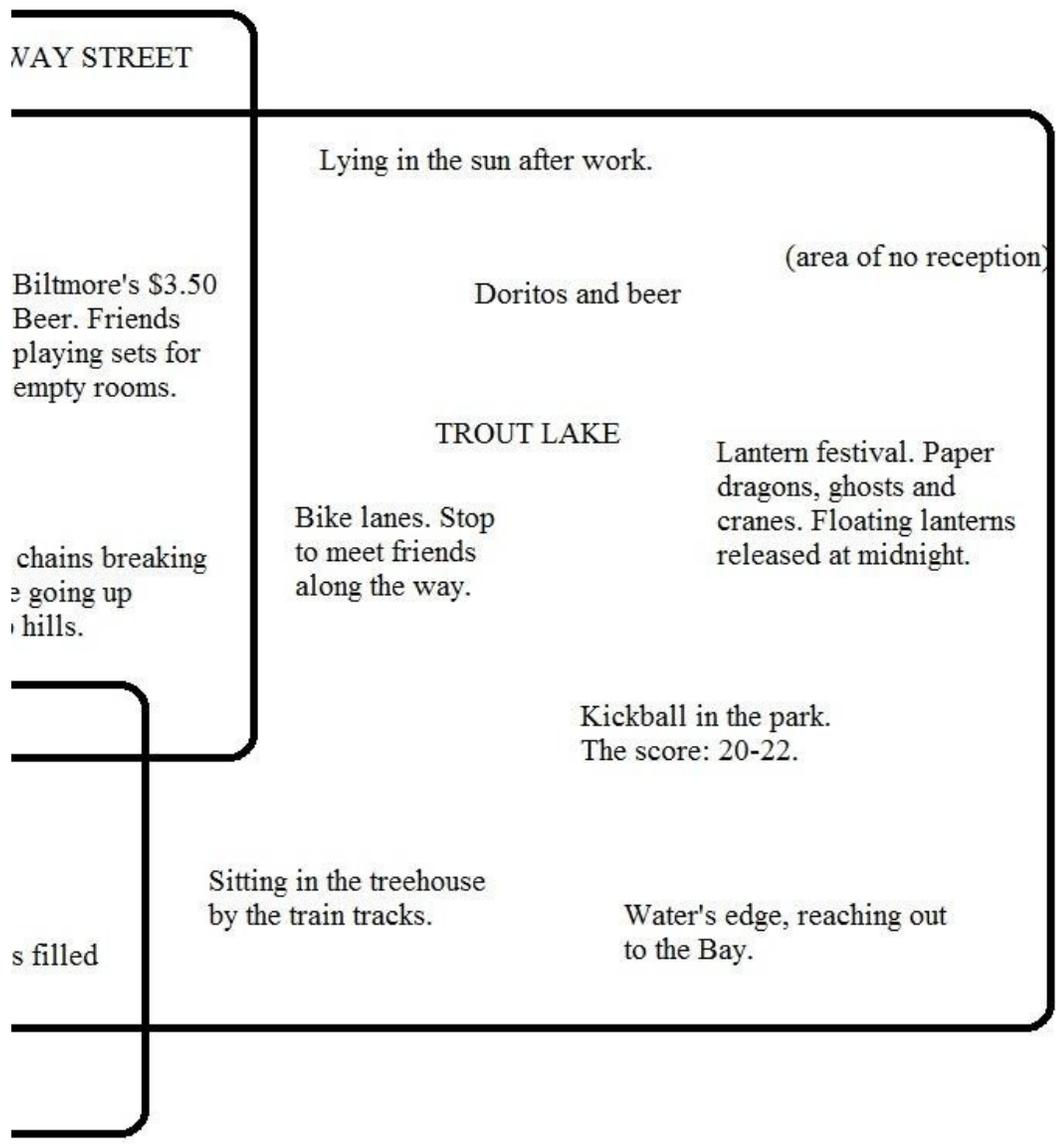
***FISH ME NOT (Trout Lake)***

Fish me not a song. Fish me not an eye.  
Fish me not a word but one that calls  
itself by its own name. Fish me not a  
tire. Fish me not a bag. Fish me not a  
hook. Fish me not a sound. Fish me not  
a tongue. Fish me not a body covered in  
marks of languages mistranslated. Fish  
me not a boat. Fish me not a line. Fish  
me not an oar. Fish me not a reed, long  
and straight, never leaving curves  
without weight. Fish me not a rhyme.  
Fish me not a rocky bottom that slips  
through broken sieves me not a broken  
language. Fish me not a hand. Fish me  
not a fish. Fish me something that lies  
and calls and breathes.



*EAST VANITY (East Vancouver)*





***BARNACLE SKIN (Third Beach)***

I know the words for waves- flex;  
Heart and entrails in doubt

Pickled scenes- raw tongues;  
Lipstick st(r)ains from mother

Fingers slipped  
How to dislocate your knuckles by

The edge of my body-  
Consciousness like Grimm`s fairytale

Dig marks you taciturn;  
Silence peeling your scabs

Write to me when I am old- ambivalence;  
Printed age is never clear

***TWELVE MINUTE RIDE (Grouse Mountain)***

The gondola reaches over towers  
Pock marks on the sleeping lady

You say this forest, this stream  
It belongs to us- the mountain

The bus winds itself like metal toys  
Ticking towards cedar horizons

Can you reach your fingers/move the scrollbar between  
ocean and rise?

We open windows to coniferous landscapes  
So typical of the west coast

The carved stairs, furrowing into dirt  
Part of paths that leaves break

Where is the connection between ourselves And  
where we have come to call home?

## Appendices

## Endnotes

*Los Angeles County* – All facts were obtained from the US Census Bureau.

*LA Lyric* – This poem uses from manifestos such as the Hate Socialist Collective’s “Leave the Manifesto Alone: A Manifesto.” It also reference’s Horkheimer and Adorno’s essays on Los Angeles.

*Search for a Reflective Monologue* – This poem uses google search results for “Los Angeles.” Each hit used the prompt “a place” and was found on the search page, rather than individual sites.

*On Fame* – The last stanza contains a reference to Adorno’s “Minima Moralia” that states: “one must have tradition in oneself, to hate it properly” (52).

*Tours* – The main body of the text contains an integrated quote from *Anti-Oedipus* by Deleuze and Guattari.

*Pop Quiz #1* – Facts were obtained from the US Census Bureau.

*DJ Play My Song* – Each line is taken from songs that have gained radio play and that use “Los Angeles” in the lyrics. The artists in order are: Mur, Nelly and Snoop Dog, Beth Hart, Ryan Beatty, Keni Thomas, Nelly and Snoop Dog, 2Pac, Tom Waits, Motley Crue, Bran Van 3000, The Doors.

*Heard Along the San Andreas Fault* – Based off of secondary accounts of the earthquake of 1992.

*To The Beach* – Italicized words are from signs along the beach in Santa Monica and Venice.

*For Tom Waits* – The beginning quote is from the “Wit and Wisdom” section of Tom Wait’s website.

*Scene from Untitled Docx* – Contains a quote from John Milton, as well as allusions to other literary works.

*Red Light, Red Night* - Crafted from a map of the Portland bike route, provided by the City of Portland.

*Portland Rose Festival* - Document taken from city archives. Erasure conducted using various technological programs.

*Reports from the "Oregonian"* - Quotes used from *Portland: people, politics and power from 1851-2001* by Lansing. All quotes were originally taken from the newspaper "The Oregonian."

*Heart Less* - Based on the Balch Hanging Trial, which was first public hanging in Oregon State.

*Oregon Trail (For PCs)* - Prompts from a video game titled "The Oregon Trail." It was played over a year and the prompts were written down and compiled.

*Fight Dub* - The initial line of each sequence is from Chuck Palahniuk's famous book "Fight Club." Chuck Palahniuk writes from Portland, Oregon.

*Recommendations* - A search was done on craigslist under the following categories: Portland >>Community >> General. Lines from each of the posting visible on June 26, 2013 at 10:50am was paired with a corresponding author.

*The Name Game* - A search was done on google for the various nicknames used to describe Portland.

*Amazon Swan Song* - This poem was conducted by following chains of recommendations on amazon.com, using a metonymic modality to create stanzas.

*Rock Pilgrims* - Erasure using the Lonely Planet Travel Guide for Seattle.

*So Retro* - Was created entirely on a typewriter, performing the "retro" theme.

*Redwood* - A fake computer program modelled on real code. The output consists of every tree found in Washington state.

*Caution Words at Play* - A sound translation, every second line "translates" the one above it. The first line consists of tribe names of the Native Americans, the third of Casinos, the fifth of shopping malls, and the seventh of libraries within King County. This poem is meant to illustrate the appropriate of names and the places in which language fails to translate.

*Vancouver* - Information obtained from the Canadian Census Bureau.

*Stations* - Based on a clip that shows two videos, shot 25 years apart along the same stretch of the Skytrain line (metro). Also includes quotes from Vancouver artist Dan Mangan and the text *Distant Neighbours*.

*Home, to the North* - Inspired by childhood memories of visiting and learning at the North Vancouver City Archives. Ledgers obtained from the North Vancouver City Archives online: "Moodyville Sawmill Co. Series." "Ferry Department Series No. 12" "Burrard DryDock Photographs [fonds] 1915-1945."

*Anarchy Aquarium* - Based on news stories about the nature's of mammals and birds found at the Vancouver Aquarium.

*Summer of Signs* - Based on the song "Summer of 69" by North Vancouver raised Bryan Adams. Uses intertextual references to critical theory.

*Tourist Trap* - Using material from various "Indian" reports from the City of Vancouver Archives.

*Pop Quiz #4* - Question one uses results from a search on google.ca for the prompt "Vancouver housing prices."

## Bibliography

2Pac. "To Live & Die in L.A." *The Don Killuminati*. Death Row Records, 1996. Mp3.

Adams, Bryan. "Summer of '69." *Reckless*. A&M, 1985. Vinyl.

Adorno, Theodor. *Minima Moralia; Reflections from a Damaged Life*. Trans. Dennis Redmond. Creative Commons, 2005. Web. September 20, 2013.

Beatty, Ryan. "Hey LA." *Because of You*. OC Skee, 2012. Mp3.

"Blocked airway kills Vancouver beluga." CBC News online, June 22, 2010. Web. July 2013.

Bran Van 3000. "Drinking in L.A." *Glee*. Audiogram, 1997. CD.

Deleuze, Gilles and Felix Guattari. *Anti-Oedipus*. Trans. Robert Hurley, Mark Seem, and Helen Lane. Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 1983. Print.

Hart, Beth. "LA Song." *Screamin For my Supper*. Atlantic, 1999. Mp3.

"Indian Villages and Landmarks." City of Vancouver Archives, 1937. Print.

Lansing, Jewel Beck. "Portland: people, politics and power, 18512001." Corvallis: Oregon State University Press, 2003. Print.

'Los Angeles' Search Term. Google. Web. August 1, 2013.

Macdonald, Norbert. "Distant Neighbours: A Comparative History of Seattle and Vancouver." Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press. 1987.

Mangan, Dan. "Fair Verona." *Nice, Nice, Very Nice*. Arts & Crafts Productions, 2009. CD.

Milton, John. "Areopagitica." *Milton's Selected Poetry and Prose : authoritative texts, biblical sources, criticism*. New York: W.W. Norton & Co. 2011. Print.

Motley Crue. "Saints of Los Angeles." *Saints of Los Angeles*.

Eleven Seven Music, 2008. Mp3.

Murs. "L.A." *Murray's Revenge*. Record Collection, 2006. Mp3.

Nelly. "LA" *Brass Knuckles*. Universal Motown, 2008. Mp3.

"North Vancouver City Archives." City of North Vancouver. 2013. Web. June 10, 2013. Ohlsen, Becky. *Lonely Planet Seattle*. Lonely Planet, 2011. Print.

Palahniuk, Chuck. *Fight Club*. New York: W.W. Norton & Co., 1996. Print.

"Portland Craigslist." Craigslist.org. June 26, 2013. Web. June 26, 2013.

"Portland Rose Festival Document." Library of Congress, 1909. Web. July 2013.

"SE Portland Bike/Walk Map." City of Portland Bureau of Transportation. 2013. Map.

The Doors. "L.A. Woman." *L.A. Woman*. Elektra, 1971. CD.

"The Oregon Trail" Developer MECC. The Learning Company, 1996. CD.

Thomas, Keni. "Shreveport 2 LA." *Gunslinger*. Tenacity Records, 2007. Mp3.

*US Census Bureau: State and County Quick Facts*. US Census Bureau. Web. September 13, 2013.

Waits, Tom. "Heartattack and Vine." *Heartattack and Vine*. Asylum Records, 1980. Vinyl.

Waits, Tom. "Wit and Wisdom." *Tomwaits.com*. 2009. Web. July 2013.

Warren, James. *Highlights of Seattle's History*. Seattle: Historical Society of Seattle and King County, 2011. Print.