

The Galaxie vs. The Green Spot: Nostalgia over easy

The picture of the city that we carry in our mind is always slightly out of date. The café has degenerated into a bar; the vestibule that allowed us a glimpse of a patio and grapevine is now a blurred hallway with an elevator down at the far end.

- Jorge Luis Borges¹

It's easy (and fun) to romanticize the diner. For a class of dissolute urban artists and intellectuals, the sort who "dress in black and read Camus,"² the 24-hour diner offers, besides affordability, the public space in which to perform difference, even if only to one's brooding reflection in the window. Diners also serve as a symbol in urban decline and the attendant free fall in societal family values. Yet, nostalgia for them stems also in part from a longing for an era when transglobal fast food chains hadn't yet come to dominate the cities, the highways, and the appetites of the continent. In this context, the diner symbolizes nostalgia for an America in which dining was an experience both solitary and communal, capitalism the domain of small and local entrepreneurs, and slight differences in regional cuisine metaphoric for a nation united in diversity. So, the diner fits comfortably in a variety of frequently contradictory discourses.

Yet for me, none of those things obtain in the diner. My interest is not in diners per se, nor in the price of breakfast, but in two specific restaurant/diners as subjectively representative of their respective cities. My romanticization of the Green Spot Restaurant, an historic institution of grease located in Montreal's Saint Henri district, is possible only through its coupling with a critique of the hegemonic nostalgia exhibited in The Galaxie Diner, a new imitation diner in downtown Calgary. Unlike Montreal, a 350-year old city that effuses history at most every corner, Calgary is a

¹ Borges, J.L. (1999), p. 352.

² Merritt, S. (2000).

young and ambitious city (it was founded in 1875) that has, by turn systematically and haphazardly, erased its past in order to sustain a narrative of progress.

Shorn of most of its original or characteristic buildings or businesses, the city shares little material connection to its own past. The existence of a Galaxie Diner may be part of a continent-wide boom in diner nostalgia, but its spectacular success is symptomatic of a citywide malaise. Calgary longs for what it has destroyed – not just its architectural inheritance, but along with it, diversity, dissent and space for the sort of eccentric misfits who founded and then characterized the city. What the Green Spot offers, then, as a comfortably run-down diner full of colourful characters, is precisely what the Galaxie can never produce no matter how many retro jukeboxes it installs.

This is not to suggest that this is, in any way, a question of authenticity. The Green Spot is no more or less authentic than the Galaxie. The Galaxie Diner is as authentic a Calgary restaurant as is any other. In a city that has restructured memory of its own past through the selective preservation and re-inscription of certain heritage buildings, seemingly as a dual plan of civic assuagement and selective collective forgetting, the Galaxie is entirely representative.³ The sport of criticizing Calgary as a cultural backwater may be slightly less challenging than fishing with dynamite. Nonetheless, it is important to stress the role of the city in the creation and maintenance of the type of urban bourgeoisie that is able to imagine itself as uniquely progressive in defiance of the rest of the country's consensus otherwise.

³ Calgary's principal historic street, the pedestrian mall at 8th avenue s.w. (Stephen Avenue) is lined with sandstone buildings. Prior to redevelopment (begun in the mid 1990s and still ongoing) many of the stores had false fronts obscuring the sandstone. These buildings housed headshops, low-end pubs and struggling restaurants. The streets themselves were busy only during weekdays at lunch, and otherwise were populated with panhandlers. Since the re-development, over forty historical buildings have been restored, and now house, on the street level, predominately upscale restaurants, night clubs, boutiques and art galleries. During summer noon hours the strip averages 30,000 pedestrians daily. It is also a primary night spot and tourist destination (Calgary Downtown Association, 2001).

Calgary has, perhaps more than any other city in Canada, created its own unique category of what David Brooks famously called the Bobo (Brooks, 2000). Part bohemian, part bourgeois, the affluent, well-educated Calgarian Bobo re-creates bohemian spaces and practices, aware that the spaces and representations of the other that it appropriates, have been destroyed in the interests of growing an economy that widens the gap between “haves” and “have-nots.” In contrast, The Green Spot’s seeming preference for preserving itself as a refuge for a type of urban character Baudelaire described as “maimed by life” symbolized for the authentic urban bohemian that had drawn me to Montreal in the first place (Baudelaire, 1989, p. 22). So my selection of particular diners is symbolically if not empirically representative. It has not been arbitrary, but neither has it been intended to attempt to fix the cities to totalizing meanings. I intend, first, to show how each diner has come to symbolize my own subjective view of the respective city in which it is located. Secondly, I wish to show how a comparison of these two diners reveals (or, at least, seems to) evidence of an historic inversion. The people who once sought economic opportunity and a life with less bureaucratic constraint in Calgary’s Big Sky Country are the same ones the city now either repels or compels to leave.

The Galaxie Diner
1413 11th Ave. S.W.
Calgary, Alberta

According to Richard Terdiman, “Loss is what makes our memory the past possible at all” (1993, p.22). In that light, it is easy to understand the existence of The Galaxie diner, a new presentation of a recent past that the city, part by accident, and partially motivated by a belief in progress through growth, erased. For my final breakfast in Calgary, prior to

my move to Montreal, I gave in to what I had had little trouble in resisting in the weeks and months prior – nostalgia.

Although one could consider nostalgia as either corrosively romantic or, more usefully, as a tool for constructive critique, in this case it was neither. This last visit to The Galaxie was done out of a sense of duty. It seemed wrong to leave the city in which, on and off, I had spent the last ten odd years, and not feel some twinge, some pang of remorse. I wanted to experience a crepuscular vignette that could illuminate wanly the city I was about to leave. So I chose the Galaxie. It was never a particular favourite, and I hadn't been there in three years. But I thought I remembered it fondly.

The Galaxie is located two and a half blocks south of an unfashionable part of Calgary's most hip and fashionable street, 17th avenue s.w. It is in one of Calgary's few remaining historic blocks, in a building anchored by a Greek grocer, along a block of moderately upscale, somewhat alternative, boutiques, and a bar/lounge/artist workshop that advertises itself online as a "cool little eclectic lounge." The Galaxie opened in 1997. According to its web site it is "decorated in tune with the 1940s: and "has earned a steady and loyal following very quickly" (Spontaneous web design, 2000). Both the description of décor and the boast about patronage reflect very well my last experience with the Galaxie and support my previous memories of the restaurant that advertises "all-day breakfast" but that closes weekdays at three p.m. If one were to send away for some sort of pre-fabricated instant diner kit the resulting restaurant would, I imagine, look precisely like the Galaxie. Its booths are red, the chrome is shiny, and the arborite relatively unscarred. Everywhere is reproduction Coca-Cola paraphernalia. Mounted on the walls

over each booth's table is a vintage jukebox loaded with oldie hits – Elvis, Fats Domino, The Beach Boys.

It was not just my last visit to the Galaxie, then, that was nostalgic. As a side to every breakfast ever served there, nostalgia comes complimentary of the house. So popular has the Galaxie's retro appeal become, that (and the web site boasts about this also) on a weekend the wait for a table is long. The queue for a seven dollar breakfast burrito (juice and coffee not included) stretches frequently out the door, down the sidewalk. And it's not a line-up populated with bleary-eyed anonymous locals, unshowered in their sweat pants. It's a who's who of affluent Calgary hipsterism, showered, shaved, well dressed and caffeinated prior to arrival.

As Rebecca Spang suggests, writing about 18th c. France, public meals “invited a sort of publicity, a new power of social and political commentary” (p.90). The same need for publicity may be found in the willingness to queue for bacon and eggs. What I am suggesting then is that it is not just nostalgia that has made the Galaxie so successful. The diner's success is equally contingent on the need for this subset of the Calgarian bourgeois to be seen in public as consuming nostalgia as a marker of difference. These Calgarians recognize the criticisms leveled against their city. By appearing to embrace a fashionable re-creation of past, they thus acknowledge their detachment from the unfortunate side effects of progress without needing to defer or abdicate the social and economic benefits that accrue from it.

The Galaxie itself was I remembered it, but the people seemed entirely different from the Calgarians I thought I knew. This bothered me for, much like the Borges' narrator who complains of the inaccurate cityscape lodged in his mind (see epigraph), I

had also been living with an image of Calgary that no longer served either the external city or my perception of it. A 30-minute queue for a ten dollar breakfast in a diner that profited from its re-creation of a past that its patrons (as representative of a specific type of Calgary bourgeoisie) were complicit in having demolished, no longer seemed reasonable. The people who lined up at the Galaxie were the same people who had pushed the traditional patrons of an urban diner out of the city's collective consciousness and near the periphery of the city itself.

A cheap breakfast and its traditional attendant – the blue collar diner – still exist in the city. They have, however, largely been pushed to the city's industrial belt. There, all sorts of greasy diners exist. Breakfast can be had for a few dollars. But in downtown Calgary, the representation, the contemporary re-creation of a working class diner is all that has survived.⁴ So, in its urban Calgary context, the Galaxie is not just an imitation of the past. Nor is it merely part of a continent-wide marketing trend that has seen diners spring up all over, catering to a new appetite for nostalgia. In its Calgary context, The Galaxie is indicative that, “somehow progress didn't cure nostalgia but exacerbated it” (Boym, 2001, p. xv). By providing a public forum for the consumption of nostalgia, the Galaxie is both symptom of, and cure for, this side effect of progress.

⁴ In Calgary's Kensington area, a gentrified inner city neighbourhood, across the Bow River from downtown, there has survived an original diner, called the Lido. Although not without its share of urban hipsters, the Lido is mostly filled with chain-smoking adolescent punks. It's not been renovated or recreated as a retro diner; it just happens to be one. It is also the oldest business along a shopping strip (10th street n.w.) that features restaurants and boutiques in a mixture of old and new buildings. The Lido is uncharacteristic of Calgary in that it's been allowed to get rundown before it's been torn down. The food is cheap and unutterably greasy. Complementing the tabletop jukeboxes, the room is decorated with trophies from car stereo competitions. But the Lido symbolizes to me nothing so much as an anomaly, something bizarrely left intact, as though it had had a mark over its door on demolition day.

The Green Spot
3041 Notre Dame West
Montreal, Quebec

In the interests of ameliorating the concerns of diner purists, I should clarify that this story is not about diners proper. The word “diners” means dining cars, as the first diners were converted carts, wagons, railway cars or pre-fabricated simulations of such decommissioned vehicles. Introduced during the waning years of the 19th century, diners waned in popularity throughout the 1960s and 1970s as the advertising budgets of multinational fast food chains changed North American dining habits. These original diners are familiar staples of popular culture. Usually, they have chrome on the outside, neon signage, a chrome counter, chrome stools bolted to the floor, usually with an aisle separating the stools from a row of booths or tables. Mostly, they’re the ones that have suffered the fate of the diner depicted on the album which symbolizes the way diners, like so much North American history, were consigned so quickly to the past – Hall and Oates’ *Abandoned Luncheonette* (1973). So, when I talk about the Green Spot and refer to it as a diner, it is because it serves the same function and food as the historical diner, even if it is not housed within the structure of a pre-fabricated transportation car.

Popular with university students at a nearby residence, and club kids on their way home, the Green Spot isn’t a particularly characteristic or authentic working class Montreal diner. For me, The Green Spot was simply this: everything I wanted Montreal to be. Which is to say, everything Calgary was no longer. The Green Spot is old, but seems to be more or less well preserved by accident, not design. It is difficult to feel particularly nostalgic in it because it seems mostly not to care or notice that it has all sorts of retro appeal, and also because it has a lot of Enrique and Backstreet Boys on offer in the vintage tabletop jukeboxes. It’s obviously old – a sign inside says it’s been open “62

years” but doesn’t say when these words were inked – but both its staff and its regular customers seem to acknowledge their surroundings only as a way of ensuring they don’t bump into things.

More importantly, it’s not the only diner around. Across the road is the Restaurant Greene and Place St. Henri, a restaurant with no retro appeal yet a significantly superior breakfast. Along and around those parts of Notre Dame are several other dining establishments (including a MacDonald’s franchise), most of which offer typical diner fare. At \$2.95 for a pre-11:00 a.m. breakfast of two eggs, choice of meat, baked beans, hash browns, toast, fresh fruit, coffee and juice, The Green Spot offers among the cheaper breakfasts in a city known for them. There is no burrito, breakfast or otherwise, on the menu, although you can get a decent pork chop.

The diner is located along a dead street in a neighbourhood where gentrification cannot eradicate the rash of boarded-up shops, for rent signs and forlorn businesses. The preservation of the Green Spot in this typical southwest Montreal neighbourhood has allowed for also for the preservation of a core clientele that seems to have at least a passing familiarity with destitution. The Green Spot has preserved a spot for all of the archetypal diner habitués that the pursuit of progress has shoved to the curb in other neighbourhoods and other North American cities. As I said earlier, the diner seems to serve the same function as Baudelaire’s Parisian gardens about which he wrote:

“[P]ublic gardens have pathways haunted mainly by disappointed ambition, unfortunate inventors, thwarted fame, shattered hearts, by all those tumultuous and secretive souls in whom a storm’s final sighs still rumble, and who retreat far from the insolent gaze of the joyous and the idle. These shady refuges are meeting places for those maimed by life” (p.22).

Eudora Welty once wrote that we choose the places we love not for what we are, but for what we hope to become (in McClung, p.46). So, it disturbs me a little that I've allowed the Green Spot to fascinate me – for fear that Welty is right and that the Green Spot is a palm reading of my future.

Garcia Canclini cautions us that just because every critical communications theorist and sociologist to consider the city (including him), has invoked the metaphor of the puzzle does not mean there really is a puzzle. It does not mean every case study is a piece that analysis and theory will join together neatly. And even when we do seem to make them fit together, this does not mean that they really do. Wim Wenders writes:

I fully reject stories because they only generate lies for me, and the biggest lie is that they create a connection where there is no connection whatsoever. On the other hand, we need those lies, so much so that it is totally senseless to organize a series of images without lies, without the lie of a story (in Garcia Canclini, 2001, p. 86).

A good story is just that – a good story. Narrative is not truth. But, just because we can't trust narrative does not mean that we should not use it. Indeed, knowing there isn't a universal truth is liberating. If we can recognize with Vattimo (1991) that truth is just a rhetorical device, and that progress has no destination or endpoint, we can see, first off, that Calgary, for instance, has done a terrific job of creating a citizenry that reproduces the narrative of progress even in its approach to both nostalgia and breakfast. Which is to say that the past can be enjoyed only when it is an antiseptic imitation of that which needed to be destroyed in the interest of the ideal of progress that "is finally revealed to be a hollow once, since its ultimate value is to create conditions in which further progress is possible in a guise that is always new" (Vattimo, p.8).

However secondly, and more germane to this particular narrative, the destabilization of truth and being blocks any universal conception of truth and being. It does so even as it allows us to experience a truth that, even if it is not rational or metaphysic, is liberating because it is interpretive and subjective. My image of Montreal reflects no external objective reality. As Borges says, we carry around in our minds an image of a city that is already dated. It's out of date, not only because of structural or functional changes within the city, but also, as I suggest above, because of subjective changes. In the mind is not just a catalogue or archive or urban images, one that requires an update every two months or so – nothing a drive or an intermittent perusal of a metro daily couldn't fix. Even as some of these images fade and are forgotten, others seem to assume a symbolism not intended at the moment of recording. The catalogue is not static. It changes constantly, and not solely or primarily in an effort to maintain an accurate reading of an external reality.

The Green Spot has become for me a sort of reminder that attempting to universalize from a subjective narrative is as tricky as trying to force a puzzle. It offers a reminder that modernity's touted, and then enforced, progress was progress for some, but not for everyone and not for most. It left a lot of casualties to be swept away into neighbourhoods like Notre Dame, west of Atwater. These people may seem to fit into a romantic idea I have of Montreal; but those who live there may not be living the same myth of Montreal that I am. But this is also why I now like The Green Spot; it now provides me with a caution that the puzzle of the city that we're piecing together may be useful and even necessary, but that doesn't make it truth.

What I find odd about the Green Spot's neighbourhood is that it is riddled with the same rough and tumble guys with which Calgary mythology is also riddled, but which seem to have vanished without a ripple (see Shiels, 1974). There is a strange inversion at play when to escape gentrification a Calgarian has to relocate from the stifling confines of the Wild West to roam free throughout the tumbleweed ghettos of downtown Montreal. At the Green Spot there really are salesmen in ill-fitting suits with their smiles turned off. There really are couples who eat without exchanging a word to anyone but the waitress, lots of men with forearm tattoos who smoke broodingly over unfinished eggs that stagnate in eddies of ketchup. Put these guys on a horse and you'd have no trouble envisioning them riding tipsily through a bar while firing a pistol haphazardly.⁵ At the Green Spot, one or two of the regular waitresses are old enough to have grandchildren. In Calgary, where it has long been axiomatic that every waiter wants to be a lawyer or an oilman of some standing, a grandmother as a waitress is as rare as public or private spaces which shelter rather than apply the coup de grace to urban casualties.

Calgary has had a deskilled labour force for so long that to belong to the service industry, without being a student or of student age, is a marker of class. It almost has to be. At \$5.90 per hour, Alberta's minimum wage is the lowest in the country. Of those who collect, 70 per cent are female, 57 per cent work full-time, and almost half (46 per cent) are 25 years or older (Harrison, 1998). During the past 20 years the minimum wage has dropped 40 per cent in real dollars (AFL, 1998). During the last ten years, Alberta alone of all the provinces has not restored its minimum wage to rectify the negative effects of cutbacks to it (Goldberg and Green, 1999, p.17). In a city in which economic progress

⁵ Such an event is supposed to have taken place in the Alberta Hotel, sometime between the hotel's opening in 1889 and its closing due to prohibition in 1916 (Shiels, p.75). The story is a famed part of Calgary mythology.

is a primary symbol of identity, it is not a position of honour to have not advance beyond a sales or customer service position. And in a downtown core that celebrates progress, those without honour are seldom seen.

To reiterate: this study is not intended as an exhaustive comparison of the economies of breakfast in these two cities. This study is about how the appropriation of the diner by the Calgary Bobo is emblematic of how the meaning of the city of Calgary has (been) changed. Without changing its rhetoric, and without acknowledging any shift, modern Calgary now works to achieve an ideological conformity that – both for the type of ideology, and in its demand for conformity – would have excluded its founders (see Shiels, 1974).

The sense of alienation from once familiar territory, experienced by many expat Calgarians, seems attributable as much to a shifting of the borders than to any altered subjectivity. This is where the inversion comes into play. What Calgary's founders intended to make of their new country was a place that would provide its citizens with a sense of freedom. As much as the journey west has historically been made for economic opportunity, it was made also to escape the social conditions that, in structuring prohibitive conventions, institutions, and city spaces, have denied equal opportunity to improve one's material conditions. Mobility is often the preferred recourse to perceived social immobility.

This then has been, and continues to be the paradox of the West. Founded by unstable men who craved Big Sky freedom, the city of Calgary has since sought to stabilize instability. This trend has been brought into relief by the five-year period between the 2001 Canadian census and its 1996 predecessor. Almost 50 per cent (41.9%)

of Canadians moved residence within Canada during this period. While that figure is actually down, over the previous period, what is decidedly up is the preferred destination for Canadians on the move – Alberta. Only Ontario and Alberta showed any significant increase in population as a result of intra-Canadian migration, and Alberta nearly doubled Ontario's net gain. While 122,800 left the province, 242,000 moved in – of these, 36 per cent were between the ages of 15-29. Calgary's population shot up 15.8 per cent during this time, from 821,628 to 951,395 (Statistics Canada, 2002). More than half, in other words, of incoming Albertans chose Calgary.

The city's growth has been, in part, attributable to success in the marketing of itself in opposition to a straw man perception of a monolithic central Canada that is bureaucratic, and out-of-touch with the people. These incoming Albertans move here also to share in "The Alberta Advantage." They come because they have believed the myth of Calgary, the beacon of the West, as a place freer, and simpler. They come for a place where honesty and a strong work ethic are all one needs to advance and share in prosperity quicker and more fully than elsewhere possible in the country. This is the myth.

A close look at a range of economic and social indicators reveals that for many Albertans, the so-called Alberta Advantage is not much of an advantage at all. What most people save in taxes, they lose in reduced public services and growing out-of-pocket expenses. While Albertans currently enjoy a lower unemployment rate than British Columbians, their wages and earnings tend to be lower, the realities of unemployment harsher, poverty persistent and deep, and the gains of growth unevenly distributed (Klein, 1999).

Montreal also grew over the census period, but by only three per cent to a 2001 population of 3,426,350 (Statistics Canada, 2002). Montreal remains much larger of course, but its old streets provide huge ranges, secret valleys and wide-open built-up streets where the solitary can lead lives relatively free of the urge, or the perceived need, for public consumption. In Montreal, not only does it seem as though one could live whatever semblance of a bohemian life one chooses to imagine, but one can do so away from the persistent stares of streets that have worked methodically to eliminate the possibility for that sort of function.

The city is a locus for people with different experiences, backgrounds, discursive formations etc. This is not the unfortunate part of the modern metropolis; on the contrary, it is a liberating aspect. So, what does one make of a city that understands it ought to be some of these things, but which demands of its citizens a uniformity – not unity through diversity, but uniformity. How does a city that has grown because of its lack of diversity fit into a discussion of the city as a locus for diversity? If there is a more practical complaint against the puzzle metaphor it may be this: that what one means when one celebrates the city is not at all what one encounters in new mid-Western cities, such as Calgary. Calgary does not intend to develop into an Eastern city. It prefers its own, homogeneous model. It celebrates it. The way Calgary sheds its past seems to be a pre-emptive measure against the formation or preservation of places like the Green Spot, places that harbour the people and the ethos the city has decided are fine where they are – far on the margins. In Calgary, most everything that was once wild has either been killed, like so much wild buffalo, or run out of town, like so many Eastern bums and American interlopers. Calgary has mythologized its founders as men “different from the common

run of people. They tended to think for themselves, they were independent, and more often than not they were at least moderate eccentrics” (Shiels, 1974, p.82). Their heirs have managed to use this myth of freewheeling free-riding independence to create a city that demands conformity and is suspicious of eccentricity.

The Green Spot seems to symbolize the things that historically drew Easterners to Calgary and other points north and west – things that are no longer there. There is perhaps no better place to live a historic Calgary existence than in present day southwest Montreal. The Green Spot symbolizes the great expanses that still belong to the individual, the enclaves reserved for the Other. The class of people that once moved West to Calgary now seems to move or remain in Montreal, where all sorts of unique urban topographies continue to shelter them.

In Calgary, where opposition to the city’s ideology of progress is negligible and faint, the popularity of the Galaxie Diner seems evidence of a contradiction. If the dissipation of the Other, as symbolized by the eradication of the past, was the necessary price of progress then why the boom in nostalgia? Because “nostalgic manifestations are the side effects of the teleology of progress” (Boym, 2001, p.10). The backward glance of nostalgia may be indicative that beneath Calgary’s boosterish surface has grown an underside of uncertainty, offshoots of doubt. Even as it celebrates its progress, it seems to know that it ought to be seen as regretting the erasure of the very spaces whose preservation continue to mark other urban cities, such as Montreal, as distinct.

What it doesn’t wholly seem to grasp is that the type of people it once attracted are now the same ones it repels, then the oasis has undergone a metamorphosis. Its place now stands the conformist city from which its founders once sought escape. At the

same time, the current wave of economically motivated Western migration has allowed for the preservation and expansion of urban space, such as the Green Spot restaurant and its neighbourhood. The Green Spot still supports all those urban cowboys weary of, and unwilling to participate in, the constant public display of conformity and consumption demanded of the Calgary Bobo. Home can still be found on the range, but perhaps not in the way one might think.

References

- Alberta Federation of Labour (1998). "News release." *AFL*, April 15, 1996. Available online at www.telusplanet.net/public/afl/news/releases/apr1598.html
- Baudelaire, C. (1989). *The Parisian prowler: Le spleen de Paris*. Athens and London: The University of Georgia Press.
- Borges, J.L. (1999). "Unworthy" in *Collected fictions*. New York: Penguin Books.
- Boym, S. (2001). *The future of nostalgia*. New York: Basic Books.
- Brooks, D. (2000). *The new upper class and how they got there*. New York: Simon & Schuster.
- Calgary Downtown Association (2001). *Calgary Downtown Association design guidelines 2001*. Available online at www.downtowncalgary.com/pdf/msc/guidelinesfinal.pdf
- Garcia Canclini, N. (2001). *Consumers and citizens: globalization and multicultural conflicts*. Minneapolis and London: Minneapolis University Press.
- Goldberg, M. & D. Green (1999). *Raising the floor; the social and economic benefits of minimum wage in Canada*. Canadian Centre for Policy Alternatives, Sept.
- Hall, D. and J. Oates (1973). *Abandoned Luncheonette*. [Audio recording] Atlantic.
- Harrison, T. (1998). "The poverty of Alberta's minimum wage legislation." In *The Post*, II(no.2), Spring. Available online at www.ualberta.ca/~parkland/Post/Vol2/No1/Harrison-minwage.html
- Klein, S. (1999). "The British Columbia-Alberta face-off." In *The Post*, III(no.1), Winter. Available online at www.ualberta.ca/~parkland/Post/Vol3/No1/AlbertaAdvantage.html
- McClung, W.A. (2000). *Landscapes of desire: Anglo mythologies of Los Angeles*. Berkeley and Los Angeles: University of California Press.
- Merrit, S. (2000). "I don't want to get over you." From *The Magnetic Fields, 69 Love Songs, vol. 1* [Audio recording] Merge Records.
- Shiels, B. (1974). *Calgary: a not too solemn look at Calgary's first 100 years*. Calgary: the Calgary Herald.
- Spang, R. L. (2000). *The invention of the restaurant: Paris and modern gastronomic culture*. Cambridge, Massachusetts and London: Harvard University Press.
- Spontaneous web design (2000). *Galaxie Diner*. Available online at <http://www.galaxiediner.com/galaxie.html>
- Statistics Canada (2002). "The Daily" *Statistics Canada*, Dec. 10. Available online at www.statecan.ca/Daily/English/021210/d021210a.htm
- Terdiman, R. (1993). *Present past: Modernity and the memory crisis*. Ithaca & London: Cornell University Press.
- Vattimo, G. (1991). *The end of modernity: Nihilism and hermeneutics in postmodern culture*. Baltimore: John Hopkins Press.