

filine

Premiere issue



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Submissions of fiction,
 poetry, literary non-fiction,
 letters and reviews should
 be accompanied with a self
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This collective editorial is an effort of the editorial collective:

- filling Station: A place where you take your car to buy gas.
- You know the sort of place, that little gas station in the middle of nowhere, out between Heisler and Donalda, between Red Deer and Calgary.

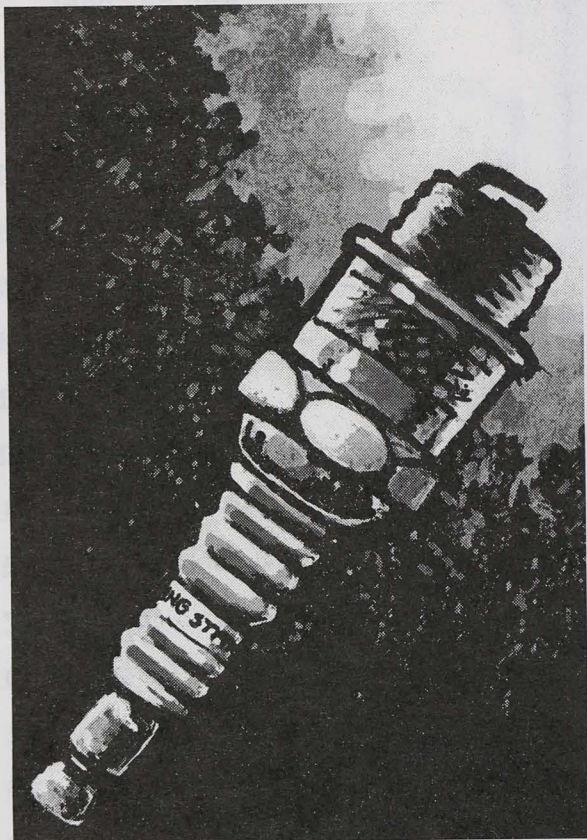


illustration by Cathie Hahnel

- On long trips - or short ones - you can buy snacks, cigarettes and coffee to keep you going.

- You stop between these 'fixed' points on the map to get an injection of something new, something fresh that's gonna get you from point to point.

- You stop, talk, fill up - maybe learn to appreciate things you have not noticed or paid much attention to before.

- Filling Station: A full self-serve journal of voices

- So yeah, we wanted to be a kind of connection between polarities: a link.

- We're a literary dialysis machine on wheels, a big honkin kidney passin stones at the side of the road.

- The criteria? We'll accept/read anything. We'll publish any poem or story that offers a challenge: to the mind, to the page, to writers and readers.

- No writer should ever feel deterred or excluded from submitting purely on the basis of aesthetics.

- Realistically, it is impossible to accept everything. However, since our editorial collective is so diverse, there's no need to worry about fascism.

- We want to be a forum; a place to hear voices raised in conversation, in argument, in discourse. A place to exchange ideas.

- You've come for a fill up? Well, we're open for business. Make sure you fill up now - it'll have to last you three months until the next issue.

- Where are **you** headed?

This issue, our contributors represent a diverse range of voice and location. **George Bowering** teaches English at Simon Fraser University. **Su Croll's** first book, *Worlda Mirth*, was released in 1992. **Kim Falconer** is working on an MA in creative writing at UBC. **Julia Gaunce** is a Calgary short-story writer. *Isment* (1990) is Vancouver writer **Wes Hartley's** latest book. **Danielle Holloman** works as a graphic editor for an American newspaper in Arizona. **jb hoHm** is currently planning to take over U of Calgary's INTERNET with his work in hypertext. **M.A. Laberge** is a Montreal writer. **Nicole Markotic**, who is working on a PhD at University of Calgary, and **R&all Thomas**, an image/text manipulator at Calgary 7, are both members of *absinthe's* editorial collective. **Anita Rau Badami**, a journalist educated in India, is currently working on a graduate degree at the University of Calgary. **Shane Rhodes** proves that language is alive outside the big cities; he writes out of Alix, Alberta. **Roberto Serpas** composes music and musical prose in Calgary. **Fred Wah** is a Calgary writer. His latest book of poetry is *Alley Alley Home Free* (1992). **Carole Stewart's** poems are taken from a larger manuscript that she is working on. **Aaron Williamson's** latest book of poems is *Holythroat Symposium*; Aaron is currently working on a PhD in Sussex, England. **Clint Hutzulak**, a writer and graphic designer in Victoria, is also a Bureau Chief for filling Station. **Blaine Kylo**, our Arizona Bureau Chief, is finishing up a graduate degree at ASU. **James Lorincz**, **Brad Yeo** and **Cathie Hahnel** are freelance illustrators based in Calgary. **Pluto** is an illustrator from Victoria. *Koolwhip* (1993) is the latest release from Pluto's band *Dixie's Death Pool*.

CALL FOR HELP!

I am organizing a performance art event to be held at an as-yet unspecified place at an as-yet unspecified time. I need the help of 16,000 women who are willing to converge at the place, on the time, (both to be announced through this magazine,) dressed in a white Easter dress, to assemble in a reasonably straight line, and to lie on their side facing south.

Please note: •due to budget restrictions, participants are currently responsible for travel and accommodation expenses. •A blanket or mat to lie on is OK. •TV coverage possible and expected. •Dress must be white (hair and general appearance don't matter)

Interested parties should respond to Filling Station or write directly to: Stuart Hamby, Keelung Rd. Sec. 3, Lane 155, No. 187, Taipei, Taiwan, R.O.C.

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Y

rup

Fred Wah

11/1

today they say Cedar grain in their face boughs. Oh well, Russia is still pretty much of the imagination. Winter --

11/1

She'll never get me over there. It's too old and nothing but the same.

Up north the cold sun
Myrna's farm --
O'Ryan clear above the ridge
over the Kootenay River
sky the same
but the trees
with their red roots

The sentence is *middleshaft*
rice it right there
as the verb *to rice* --

each one
but Geneva, never
leave yr kids
all winter.

11/2

Dead for me even before America. I know a good Yank when I see one. What he said in Onetto's Bar and Grill that night was, with his eyes wide and lips screwed to one side of his chin and that large arm of his swinging up to brush the top of his bald head, that they should just nuke those Chinks the billions of 'em like *fleas* on our backsides. Pshah, wha, pah, pah, pah.

11/6

those Words aren't applicable, that is try to parlay one elsewhere or otherwise, and all you get is more, *Ayee*, to live on and on in Kerrisdale or me in the Koots could always propose another cliff, another angel
some true value

the cat, monosyllabic
on the porch

11/7

Yurp I.
Yurp II.
Ancient anchors.

11/8

I'm waiting for her. All summer her blue letters arrive at Lulu Island and get dusty with the peat sifting into the shack. My skin gets really brown from working on a tractor in the sun. She's in Norway and then on a train full of students through Germany to Italy and then France American Express me running through the rain on Granville to wire her some imagination. And then years later *Imago Image Nation* or even this spring Little Sparta not back yet but Cohen's *noos* transAtlantic boy scout believe me George the foot and the rock and the mountain get to be there only as some discrimination, say, to Prod. Cockwood's narchism, Yevgeny.



Look for the next issue of Filling Station
May 1, 1994