
Filling Station
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Martin West
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Kim Dawn
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Rebecca Mostyn
Douglas Coupland
Kimmy Beach
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Sheila E. Murphy
Jeff Derksen
Marilyn Du
Jonathan Ben

filling Station Writers' Guidelines

filling Station welcomes submissions of all forms of contemporary writing (poetry, fiction, creative plays, essays).

- all submissions must be original and previously unpublished. manuscripts under consideration elsewhere are acceptable, provided this is noted on the submission, and they be withdrawn elsewhere if accepted by *filling Station*.
- submissions should include the author's name, address, telephone number, fax, e-mail (if applicable), and a short biography.
- *filling Station* reserves the first north American serial rights and the non-exclusive rights to reprint material published in *filling Station*. all copyrights remain with the author or artist.
- payment for accepted manuscripts is a 1-year subscription beginning with the issue in which the author's work appears.
- response will be within 6 months of the submission deadline. accepted manuscripts will be published within one year.
- manuscripts will be returned only if accompanied by a self-addressed stamped envelope (SASE). **submissions from outside of Canada MUST be accompanied by international reply coupons.**
- accepted manuscripts may not appear exactly as submitted. concerns with respect to editorial alterations (to form, etc) should be addressed at the time of submission.
- *filling Station* does not accept submissions that are racists, misogynist and/or homophobic.

submission deadlines:
march 15 July 15 November 15

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filling Station

regular or premium?

In the late spring and summer of 1994, a group of young writers and artists came together to start a magazine—a journal, call it what you will—of contemporary writing. We had a variety of hopes: to publish a broad spectrum of styles and poetics, to maintain a democratic editorial process, to further an open discussion forum on poetry and fiction, to obtain sulf-sufficiency outside of the dictates of Alberta's right wing government funding, to push into the community and announce our love of language. What resulted was even more confounding. As those of us who were there at the beginning started upon our various paths that took us away from *filling Station*, others took up our places and continued on.

Some of our original goals have been achieved, others have been put aside, but we remain ecstatic that our original hopes have been valued enough by others to add their voices, their efforts, to now be the longest running literary journal still publishing out of Calgary. As with so many other journals, our wish to put a voice into the public came out of our frustration at the lack of places to be heard. I am taking this opportunity to regather a number of those who have worked for *filling Station* and do something we never allow in our magazine: to publish their own words.

We have all *moved on* in various forms. Some of us remain in Calgary, some have moved, still others have left and returned, and some are now getting ready to go. Movement has always been key to our poetics, and one of the many metaphors behind *filling Station*. A place to stop in; chat for a while; catch a bit of the gossip; read a bit of the paper; grab a coffee; rest; and get ready to move again. So many journies so far, so many more to go.

r rickey
Calgary,
March 2000

Dean Irvine

DRAWING FOR THE DANCE OF A GRIEVING CHILD

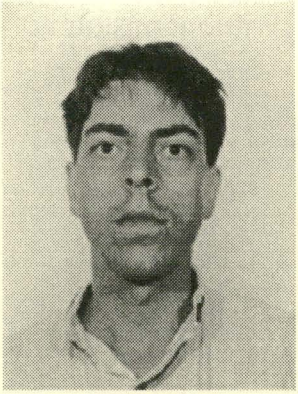
When she drops by I'm in a brown study, not ready to hold her, answer her grief. She whispers to the back of my head, heart in her mouth, hands outstretched through my half-open door, lets fall a peacock feather among my books, unfurling, fans at her feet. An umbrella hangs, unfastened, on the coathook, splayed in front of her good eye: shuts me out, entirely.

After she clicks the front door behind her, I shadow her steps to the foyer and find this note beside the phone: *This is just to say my mother's going to die. This is not just about us.*

No, this is not my place to cut in, but I will draw you, as a daughter, learning to waltz, skirt swinging at your knees, feet balanced on mother's toe-caps, fingers clinging to her hips, swaying to Vienna in her head. You follow the hum of her lips and plunge, as a baptism, in the river of her dress catching sunlight through the kitchen window, piercing as a peacock's cry.

You let go, at last, learning to dip.
More we cannot do.

Doug Steedman



WANTED:

Have you seen this man?

Please help filling Station Magazine track down former editor Doug Steedman, who disappeared several years ago. A reliable source says Doug set out with 50 copies of the magazine, and vowed not to return until he'd sold them all to raise badly needed revenue. Come back Doug! It's OK!

We have funding now!

Last year we received a postcard in Doug's distinctive scrawl that read: "For poets, and pirates, and editors, so much depends on the missing Aye!" We have reason to believe he may be the ringleader in an international underground gorilla poetry organization.

If you have any information on his whereabouts, please write to *filling Station*.

jacqueline turner

filling station
(without nostalgia)

fixed static
flail stoic
fine scalpture
flayed sentence
for seconds
fecund sap
five sip
four sag
first sprawl
favour spect
far skip
flit smoke
fantastic shard
foreign shape
fille spoken
frank stolen
fir spackle
few spare
friends stacks

filling station ranges monday talk talk talking a magazine yeah but we were friends and people met and married each other or slept together at least drank a lot or enough to say that word community and fighting
and
not enough women but still.

reading but if it wasn't monday night (back to that) but i need to get out of the house

i keep thinking persistence

Stephanie Rogers & Blaine Kyllo

EXT. DAY

BLAINE, a thirty-year-old male, and STEPHANIE, a woman in her late twenties, are strolling down a cement trail that runs alongside a beach. In the distance the sun sets into the ocean.

BLAINE
(looking west)
Look at that.

STEPHANIE
It's golden hour.

They stop walking and turn to face the sun.

BLAINE
This is a good spot. Ready?

STEPHANIE
We've got a good group. It'll be very democratic.

BLAINE
But the kicker is -

STEPHANIE
We don't know any better?

BLAINE
Yeah. We don't know it can't be done.

STEPHANIE
Kinda reminds me of something.

BLAINE
Rolling.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. UPSCALE WAREHOUSE DISTRICT - DAY

It's noon and various young people, dressed cool-y casual in blacks and greys, strut out from the historically hip buildings that line the street. Two people, a YOUNG MAN and a YOUNG WOMAN stand facing each other in the middle of the street. They are indistinguishable from the crowd that flows around them. They ignore the looks they get from the passers-by (they are standing in the middle of the street, remember).

YOUNG WOMAN
Um, why are we here again?

YOUNG MAN
Because we left.

YOUNG WOMAN
Right, right.
(beat)
Why did we leave again?

YOUNG MAN
To do something else.

YOUNG WOMAN
Something different.

YOUNG MAN
Do you remember how, then, people and words came together?

The young woman is neatly shoulder-checked by another YOUNG WOMAN,dressed in black of course, who carries a TAKE-OUT BAG.

YOUNG WOMAN WITH BAG
Ohmigod, sorry. Hey, I like your shoes.

YOUNG MAN
(ignoring her)
I feel like I'm forgetting something important.

YOUNG WOMAN
I know what you mean.

CUT TO: WHITE SQUARE OF BUILDING WINDOW

FADE OUT

FADE IN

EXT. DAY

BLAINE, a thirty-year-old male, and STEPHANIE, a woman in her late twenties, are strolling down a cement trail that runs alongside a beach. In the distance the sun sets into the ocean.

Rajinderpal S. Pal

fuse

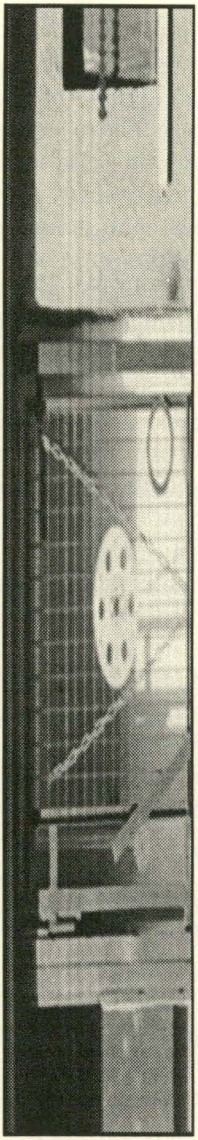
and in *amritsar* twins were born fused at the ankles their family refused the operation life as a constant three legged race an unshakable shadow to illustrate *chachaji* burned two candles side by side let the waxpools merge he sliced a pomegranate down the middle except for the stem

you said that's what it is two halves with a common goal a sharing of seeds
like should stick to like south asians with south asians and i just stared at the light bulb filament

Heather Fitzgerald

contexturl

recycled filaments
spidering west
these lines
crosshatched into open
ending drawn by water
or lost in
membering
a hand conducts
a hemiola in 3/4 time
to perfection on the page
where line equals
a mathematical purr
line
snapped to grid
connects piston to
crankpin silvers
mercurial
in the mean time
a space of silent e
brown of slipped a s
muddied lubricant
i
leaks soft
outside the lines



Ian Samuels

from Iconnotations.

named it **sun** without so much as a peyote dream through skin singing **bullet** face up to sage cross-boned last night's line in the **white** dust still about blood on a dollarbill greened back through gully wind **crying** in a circle watered cabin walls grew horns told stories **truth** about vanishing points everything in between bottle choir changed the tune **avé** wind turned north to embrace **now** river droplets named for reflections every one called back **maria** leapt and scattered through possible worms so much time to make one dollar a cause so **slept** through reason to treasure under the X but no one thought to ask how the X felt or the **underness** and apparently the wolf vanished due to bad animation but its howl its **howl** remained and said "love thyself toy of the swimming dog tossed bone over shoulder named **ebony** look west gun@theready.com mutiny in roaming empire where the vein opened desperate cargo half-remembered big sky as **advertised** so it's naked again swimming in a pool of its own **new** ledge was emancipation in the kettle **bird** singing counterpoint to bullet-progressive snake statute if there's a little **truth** in truth it's this drop of rain searching for an umbrella (knew the **pollution** slithering into five hundred years of hands helped open yes it was blood moneyed and danced through sanity **outside** what cried in the bathroom-beautiful finish stalled in stench of staying **together** and it said "love thy **Self** to paint each grain hits the eye runs back to **atlantic** where television screens lull fish to dreams of **freedom** bone rolled over and puffed up past named tranquil **sea** the negro invasion headline's trumpet note hanging on a c-minor kicking out its **breath** oh that was harmony snatched against dustbowl back of the ball hand sweating on pearl of a hundred thousand faceoffs with pure **evil** in black misted into murmur just under the **flesh** just under us or them carved into every future motion against thigh against cluttered puzzle of the barnacled arm **calling** up against war against the bringdown song the last bright moment (but of course it **grew** just how beautiful a mouth chewed mud to name it sliding down progress:

Shane Rhodes

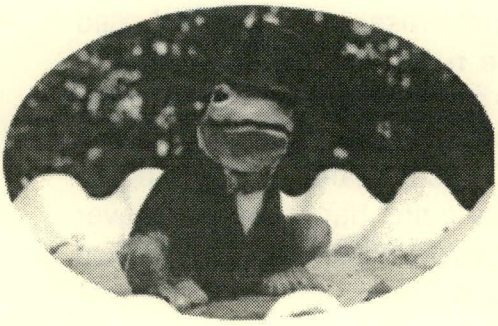
XIX (from *The Unified Field*)

You come in now and bring completion with you
Your boots caked with snow scarf frozen
each accessory another grid point we can depend on
We have spent how long today building
these separate replies the ones we carry
bottled in words

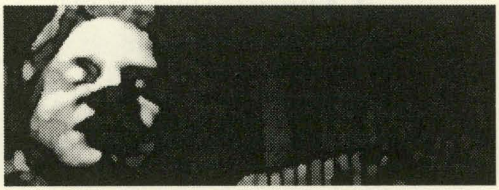
When I say I want truth
I don't mean as a plane we momentarily pass through
but as a new space with new rules When I say life
I mean the time after

The moon splinters through the window.
The sound of trees cracking as the heartwoods freeze.

These letters around me
the blank margins
holding us
together
in testament
in speech.



Rob Brander



boiling

three bouncing in car that bursts steam
edges shudder an impatient kettle blow-
ing onto windshield droplets sticky and
blue and she asks 'what's wrong' the
feeling of prison growing around her
stuck in a cell with the familiar body of
the old woman in backseat 'what's
wrong' she asks the question ironic as
the man beside curses 'shit' he says
pulling into the station the tear searched
out patched and the old woman speaks
in roles the words flood out in a finely
tuned course hammered into place by
years of work and theses words carved
the man the reservoir of his head dilled
with the runoff of centuries and the
woman struggles against both choking
the words that bounce around the
closed space billiard balls seeking fu-
tile escape and her brow bends over
eyes that stare out at a dumpster stuffed
with old used tires

JC Wilcke

From jaw

I'm here to be a noun for my left foot.

You look like you're going to work I'm sorry you're sad but I have to catch the train these peepshows seem so natural being so common wide open front and rear close-ups. Manholes teeth this is an ear perhaps a nose for music or a lung for cooking I made it up

In babies' mouths gum a thumb

it's what the head does that shapes a language when biting a man there's a sort of suture involved there's a man who's white running for the train a dead run and the train are those lungs real good I see done seeing a do a leg a stride ovation oratorio O.

I am a blond goddess and you will respect me

tearing me apart brand name redirects hiring process never be anoth anoth anoth a. Nice voice and everything i don't know how we got along without balling a melon long small flat trim mole the free world hangs in my windshield you shouldn't stare at my breasts because you're gay tofurella red necks at the bar find your body disgusting

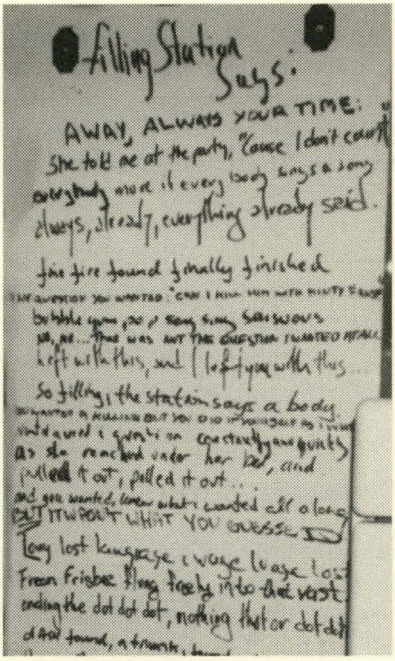
Discovered the clit yesterday

I'm having endless boybands over for dinner watch that fanny juices talk live to me wanna drip splatter dolled up 38c from pink eyes brn hard easy the public hair shaved or me that wants it tune chest trade something itch. *Cheap flights wings of sphenoid meet Melena on sagittal plane* the workforce presents a rectory giggle poke lower abacus oh shit I met a Dr. yesterday but all he wants to do is play nurse

tmuir

from Sub-liminal

The thigh is becoming a cultural mess age



The throat is jelly a baby
wrapped in scarves is penciled in for Tuesdays the touch tender shivers is threatened by hairs a dog more a day is glance and smile the slow movement towards a distance receding is more desire than improv the bubble held fondness a towel and tea lights is dropped a lover covers and folds is bedset on milk crates the hopscotch carrier is thought mad temple god a shoulder bag blushed in smooth and even is kept jars the sideboard sticks the shelf blown dust free is road a worn lost in winter folds a pair of boots a ball and some sticks is league big and found inside smallness is love add verb now is surrounded by hands a fondue kindness the broth reduced sustains

r rickey

long distances

urgency in message

we wander

continual loss
lost

spin slip push every pull
debate every moot mute
confine paper rain storm
sense arcs across words
map senseless continent
long night coffee beer
lines drawn dreamed
in sand in decisions in spills
community a constant build
insolent laughter constant
ring long distance phone
calls we mark expanse
miles memory wires and
fond remembrances

lost
we continue

never believed

in narrative endings

anyway

and i have never played violin

(with apologies to Kris Demeanor)

Dean Irvine
⟨ Last seen entering a McGill archive while working on Ph.D. in Montreal.

Doug Steedman
⟨ Currently terrorizing students of English at the University of Seoul.

jacqueline turner
⟨ Moved to the West Coast, and about to move us with her first book.

Stephanie Rogers
⟨ Filling Vancouver with words, video cameras, and infectious laughter.

Blaine Kyllo
⟨ Keeps pushing and publishing writing at Arsenal Pulp Press in Vancouver.

Rajinderpal S. Pal
⟨ Won prizes for his first book, and continues to define style in Calgary.

Heather Fitzgerald
⟨ Permeating the web with wicked words from her new home in Toronto.

Ian Samuels
⟨ Incredibly active in the arts of Calgary–new book, new classes, great hair.

Shane Rhodes
⟨ Writes Alberta prairie into city politics and ready to unveil his first book

JC Wilcke
⟨ Soon off to Japan to spread saxophone jazz punctuated by poetry.

tmuir
⟨ Pushing his poetry into the new and about to launch a new chapbook.

r rickey
⟨ Lost in the wired world, working on a Ph.D. at the University of Calgary

Rob Brander
⟨ One of our founders, Rob sadly passed away in 1995. Our memories of him, and his love of poetry, continue to live everywhere.

this issue designed by r rickey & derek beaulieu

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