

## INTRODUCTION/Pierre Coupey

Keep it brief. The brief, then: Bill put me up to it, his way (as always) a challenge: *make a contribution! do something, man!* And after those abortive starts with *The Georgia Straight* and *The Western Gate*, I felt ready and proposed a magazine I wanted to call *Tattoo*. And so a first issue, the name changed to *The Capilano Review*, with work scavenged from the brilliance at hand: Earle Birney, Phyllis Webb, John Newlove, George Bowering, and somehow, Andreii Voznesensky and Evgenii Evtushenko. Greg Simpson helped me pull together a section on visual poetry. And for the cover, Michael Morris to thank: he opened his Image Bank and helped us select Jeff Keen's "Amazing Ray Day." Tony Emery, then Director of the Vancouver Art Gallery, wondered how long we'd last . . .

Despite the doubts of many, both inside and outside the College, the freshness and excitement continued, deepened. Dr. Brute of the The Western Front showed us years of drawings, and we put "Banal Beauty, Inc." on the cover of #2. We printed our first folio of photography and dedicated the issue to Ezra Pound, who admonished us all: *what thou lovest well remains*. And we went with our love for the work and the mix: poetry, fiction, visual art, printed beautifully, as it now happened, by our new friends at Morriss Printing in Victoria.

The third issue contained wonderful new work by many, but I remember the excitement of receiving a story, "By the River," by the then unknown Jack Hodgins, and Tom Wayman's passionate poem, "Last Elegy: For Lew Welch." We also managed to make the first of many mistakes: we misprinted Brian Fisher's "Odyssey Series" drawings, and I was terrified to show him the issue; but, to my relief, he didn't mind! And so I learned something of the generosity of the artist. The nude on the cover, however, led to controversy and the establishment of an editorial board, aimed at keeping an eye on the rogue editor. Despite my frustration at the time, I learned not only to live with it but to love it, for the companionship of the editors—students and colleagues—kept the magazine fresh and alive. With #4, then, *The Review* became what it has been to date: an editorial co-operative under the

direction (sometimes dictatorial) of an editor-in-chief. Without that structure I would never have had the opportunity of working so closely with such sharp minds: Janice Harris and Daphne Marlatt (Poetry); Wendy Pickell and Bill Schermbrucker (Prose and Drama); Steve Harris and Ann Rosenberg (Visual Media). We had marathon editorial board meetings, we argued and fought, and hammered out the standards and directions of *The Review*: together we'd hunt down and argue for the best work we could find, and each editorial area would take turns developing special sections on artists whose work deserved extended coverage.

That led, in #5, to our first special section, on Victor Coleman, and set the pattern for future issues: we'd print new work, an interview with the artist, photographs, and (when possible) critical commentary. Daphne was instrumental in setting up this section on Coleman, as she was in developing the section on Robin Blaser in #6. She and Janice did an enormous work transcribing and editing the tapes that went to make up Blaser's statement on poetics, "The Metaphysics of Light." With #7, Bill and Wendy Pickell developed a special section on Audrey Thomas which pushed this direction further: they worked closely with Thomas, did an interview, and developed a bibliography of her work published so far. But *The Review* was growing, and that issue also contained Michael Ondaatje's "Walking to Bellrock," Margaret Atwood's "Marrying the Hangman," and selections from Stan Persky's journals, which Bill edited with Persky, proving his fearlessness in asking artists to revise and rewrite.

In that issue I wrote a preface announcing some ambitious plans, chief among which was a bilingual issue devoted to the work of Quebec writers and artists. I had made a trip to Montreal, met with my old friend Guy Montpetit, and had met with Gaston Miron and Jean-Paul Mousseau, and others. Despite their blessings and encouragement, the issue fell through. To compensate for that failure, we developed issue #8/9, a monster that presented some 400 pages of terrific work: Gary Lee Nova's sculpture "Out to Metric"; fiction by Robert Sherrin and John Bentley Mays; a film script by Beverley Simons; visual work by Vickie Walker, Claude Breeze, Judy Williams and Roland Brener; a special section on the N.E.

Thing Company; interviews with bpNichol and Sheila Watson; and poetry by Duncan McNaughton, Fred Wah, Maxine Gadd, Stephanie Judy, Jack Spicer and Robert Duncan, to name only a few.

By then I was exhausted. It was time to dive into the pool, to concentrate on my own writing and painting, to pass Bill's challenge on to my colleagues. This section of *The Review* is dedicated to them, and to all the contributors we've been privileged to publish.