

EDITORIAL

When I started *RUBICON* six years ago, I promised myself never to write an editorial for it. I wanted any editorial "statement" to be implicit within the authors and the artists and the works published. I wanted readers to discover the method of the journal through its own intuitive choices. Because this is the final issue, and because some have called it a premature end, an editorial might finally be appropriate.

Throughout its brief history *RUBICON* has been an eclectic journal. Within its five sections — art, book reviews, fiction, interviews, and poetry — new writers and artists, as well as those of international standing, have appeared. It has published writers and artists from Montréal, from across Canada, and from a variety of other countries, including Iran, Japan, Argentina, Ireland and the Philippines. And it has encouraged the conversation between writing and visual art, something that I think is often disregarded.

Why then is this the final issue? Why end *RUBICON* when the hard part — building the readership, funding and reputation — has been done? One answer is that the journal does not want to overstay its welcome. I have never thought of *RUBICON* as lasting indefinitely. There is always the danger that it might become comfortable and predictable, even if these things are not desired. There are other journals that can fulfil this role, just as there are other journals that can begin and take over from where *RUBICON* left off.

Another answer is that it has been successful in examining, to some degree, the various definitions of the word "Rubicon" and the phrase "to cross the Rubicon." The journal has always committed itself to a course of action, sometimes definitive, sometimes needing repeated adjustments. It has, in its own way, followed a watery course. Like the St. Lawrence, its patron river, it has connected the internal to the external, the quixotic to the tactile. And it has examined boundaries — the boundaries between the English and the French, between Canada and the rest of the world, and between that which we see and that which remains perpetually in the imagination.

There are those who say that a journal can never be better than its editor. From the beginning I have worried about this statement. For that reason I have relied heavily upon art editors, a selection of guest editors, and a healthy assortment of divergent opinions suggesting directions for the meandering path of the journal. My thanks and respect to those who have assisted along the way. With their help this statement has been proven wrong.

Looking back on the ten issues of the journal I can see that it has done what it set out to do. It has remained firmly rooted in Montréal writing and art but has always been inquisitive about its neighbours.

Peter O'Brien