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Editorial

This is the first issue of the magazine to be published at York University and the editorial staff hope that CWS/cf will have a long and successful life in her new quarters. We are grateful to everyone who made this negotiation possible and especially to Madeline Sim, the woman who has always 'been there' fielding the questions, straightening out the hassles and keeping her head 'when all about her —.' CWS/cf is going to miss Madeline very much. And another big 'thank you' goes to all of our readers for their patience and understanding during the long silence this year when the journal was in danger of folding.

With this issue we bring into focus some of the joys and problems of our women artists. And because we know that our art comes from a long line of Ms. Anonymous, we dedicate this issue to all the great women whose work, for one reason or another, has been excluded from the world of 'fine art.'

The fact that we received six reports on women in the arts, all from different provinces, suggests that women are determined to remain anonymous no longer.

As Tillie Olson reminds us 'the cost to literature of its sporadic, occasional, week-end or sabbatical writers — is *unfinished* work, minor effort — silences — where might be a great flowering.' And the same words apply to all art. Art is the result of time — time spent to focus energy. And woman's time is dissipated, as is the time of most economically deprived people, in the trivialities that are necessary in order to survive. But woman is now emerging from this silence and her art is gathering strength and her anonymity is crumbling away.

Shelagh Wilkinson

l'éditorial

Elles sont venues en grand nombre — les artistes — celles qui dessinent — qui bordent — qui tissent — qui gravent le cuivre — qui donnent à la pierre des contours nouveaux. Celles qui captent entre leurs doigts la matière et la font porteuse d'un message.

Leurs mains parlent, chantent et crient aussi. Elles ne s'expriment jamais en vain. Chicago sur la soie et le velours brode sagelement la mémoire des femmes en une immense nappe, Louise Gauthier-Mitchell fixe au crayon sur une grande feuille blanche les personnages troublants qui peuplent ses rêves et n'en finissent pas de vivre leurs frustrations et leurs espoirs, et d'autres plus discrètes qui se parlent plus à elles-mêmes qu'aux autres.

Mais plus belles encore, leurs mains se joignent par delà les montagnes et les vastes prairies — de Vancouver à Moncton — *a mari usque ad mare*. Leurs mains nous disent leur joie à être et leur plaisir à occuper un espace à elles dans la vie des arts.

C'est tout cela que nous avons voulu pour vous dans ce Cahier — une fête pour l'oeil — la reconnaissance d'un moi épanoui — de la belle ouvrage quoi!

Jeanne Maranda et Maïr Verthuy