

cooperation with the North York Board of Education as part of the WISH (Women in Science, Hopefully) program. Funding was provided by the North York Board of Education, the Ontario Women's Directorate, Warner-Lambert Canada Inc., and York University.

²See, for example, *Mathematics: The Invisible Filter, a Report on Math Avoidance, Math Anxiety and Career Choices* (Toronto Board of Education, 1982).

³Joanne Koltnow, *Expanding Your Horizons in Science and Mathematics, Conferences for Young Women Interested in New Career Options, A Handbook for Planners*,

available from Mills College, Oakland, California.

⁴Carol Gilligan, *In A Different Voice: Psychological Theory and Women's Development* (Cambridge, Massachusetts: Harvard University Press, 1982), p. 29.

⁵John Poland, "A Modern Fairy Tale," in *Four Papers on Mathematics Education*, (Carleton-Ottawa Mathematical Lecture Note Series, 5 May 1985).

Pat Rogers is a professor in the Department of Mathematics and the Faculty of Education at York University.

In February 1986, Pat Rogers will be co-

chairing, with Hugh Beattie, a conference entitled "Taking the Anxiety out of Math" for North York Board of Education teachers K-13.

In May 1986 WISH will be organizing another Math colloquium as well as a Physics colloquium for girls in grade 10.

A 10-minute video "Real Women Don't Do Math," sponsored by the Public Awareness Program, Government of Canada, is available from Pat Rogers, Department of Mathematics, York University, in January 1986 at a minimal cost.

Discourse on Edward Weston's photograph of a green pepper

(for Pat Shultz)

rounded, oiled with sun
perfect in stillness
the green pepper comes through the photograph
shining caught in black and white
I brush these words onto paper

the child forms a silhouette that distracts me
I fumble on sewing words together
trying to say the visual
to make this 53-year-old dead pepper crisp
hoping it can be plucked out and chewed
then returned to framed memory
in a poem

guarded juices run green and sweet
over fingers till the photo greys
fixing life in black and white
her brooding stops me writing of this
essence of funneled sun
what do I say to adolescent presumptions?
she stands in porch sunlight
fighting with the fact of death

"no, don't visit the woman shrivelled
dawdling in the cold feel of hospital
fascination? you must decide for yourself."

she cries, this sensibility is new and crude
my fingers leave the pencil
I stand to touch her hair
the green pepper mixes with old images:
Grandpa's dying head my first desolation
someone selling raffle tickets at his funeral
wailing, wailing with the news of a lover
who used to cry out with life inside me
and now the face of this woman

we talked once of the tough beauty
in raising these children alone
how few years she could spit at death and pain
before it would engulf her

"if you go - do it for her daughter
your friend, she shouldn't be going there alone."
we stop short of putting words to the certainty
of our final separation
she leaves me my green pepper:
so simple. this green pepper
sometimes it becomes the swirling back of a woman
or a murky graceful fist

Pamela Oxendine
Toronto, Ontario