Sequoya Review
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Kenny in Front of Garage Door  Mark Shoup
Great poetry may be a rarer thing than any of us imagine. I write bad poetry myself. It’s easier. And I reference the great poets, too. W.C. Williams lets the artist perform a perfect entrechat, but only “in a soiled undershirt”. Keats would call this, The Poetics of Failure. It’s just the nature of the thing. Even the best poets sometimes wield language like an unbalanced and unnecessarily heavy tool, as one would hold an egg in the claw of a jumper cable. Delicate ideas are often spilled or dog-eared. The complex is out of the question. But, this doesn’t seem to deter me, or any of us, from writing. Because all poetry, successful and suspect, share simple things. Our poetry, with the likes of Keats and Williams, shares the play of language, the node of perspective, and the essential act of remembering. Maybe this is not such a simple thing after all. But, all the poems I read as the editor of the Sequoia Review, only some of which have been published in this edition, had these basic ingredients. I would like to thank all submitters for allowing me to remember this university through the words of its poets and writers. I have also been fortunate enough to review a superlative crop of painting, drawing, sculpture, photography and music. In fact, I owe the entire design of this edition to a few enormously talented graphic designers. Admittedly, I am a fine arts groupie, and as such, offer only my utmost praise and respect. But, despite this wellspring of talent, I have no doubt failed at the task assigned a university editor: that is, I have failed to capture a cross-section, at any given breath, of the fine arts output at UTC. I attribute this to the copious talent at this university. A magazine has only so many pages, and, after all, the editor is just a bad poet.

James Powderly
Editor
Jim Kooi

Water Picture  photograph
Rachel Morgan

Don't mention cigarettes, coffee, or cologne.
And when you talk about love, I want
to hear about the mechanics. If you write
about nature, concentrate on Dodo birds,
wind erosion, something that is always
being ground away. If you write about
your family, start by claiming what you
will take when you die. The lines should be
miserable with themselves, embarrassed
to be there, the kinds of lines that eat
in restaurants alone. Use words
that make people spit when they say them.
Use Latin and umlauts. And if you are good
work in an obscure historical allusion:
The only people who survived Pompeii,
were the prisoners. Make the words red-eyed
travelers who have lost their luggage.

Ars Poetica
A school of plaid and knee-socked plankton drifts tightly out the glossed oaken doors of the all-girls private school across from the sock factory downtown, laughing and singing in such unison that all one hears is a persistent whine as the girls bounce green down the sidewalk.

Everyday at three-fifteen, the men hop out the dock doors and light up their cigarettes. We pretend not to notice the girls, discussing the floor boss's idiocy or the one-ply toilet paper in the restroom, softly pinching vagrant ashes off of flannel sleeves and rolling them, rubbing them into cold, red fingers. Sometimes, passing, a girl or two will smile and wave, quickly turning away like those flowers that bloom for a few minutes of one day out of every year, thriving on the breath of a momentary life.

One time, I had to leave work early, around three-fifteen. As I waited for the bus, one of the girls came by and stood beside me. She asked me what I did at the factory. I told her I dreamed I was her.
Bryan Jones

untitled charcoal
I search for love
through the streets of Thessaloniki
like the tongue that finds its way
to an abcessed tooth,
or sprouting molar, again and
again a comfortable route.
It is all that I expect,
a sweet taste surrounded by swelling.

I want to be let down,
washed out on the tides like Odysseus,
I too am between Scylla and Charybdis,
waiting for my window, longing
for the world that doesn't bring
blood with every swallow.

I use my shirt for a sail
and float away from this dark mouth
of land. Distracted from my looking
by thoughts, I am overtaken by
unconscious seeing, and the end
of my task surrounds me.

My love's thirst is slaked
by the euphony of waves from
the earth's dark hub. This is milk
for the stomach of the soul,
it gives rest for the wicked.

I awoke like a potato, pulled
from sleep like the fruit
from the womb of a harsh, cold land.
I took my tattered shirt in rags from the mast.

Here was no ending.
The beach broke upon me
like the Mona Lisa’s smile.
Though I had found love,
it had left me stranded and scorched.

And this is what I was yearning for.
Evie Coates

untitled  photo montage
if you knew killer october
the walk and jab might thrill you
the quiet game could overtake you--

wilder than the months that break it
remember the dead-dress up the kids-holiday
the storytelling-end daylight-begins
i think I’m breathing in the freezer
and wear masks the first thirty days--
it’s quite a trick.

if you knew lover october
you’d fall and think she’d made you
crawl and lie down and you’d like it--

soft and still the calm would wake it
traveling the world-window shopping-house payments
i’ll try them on then throw them in bags
lose it in the winter flying
but that’s not mine the now is talking--
and so i watch.
untitled  pastel
Michael Totton

Dar A Luz  Movement 1

Allegretto

guitar

marimba

bass

violin

viola

violin

viola

cello
Ezra Plemons

Listening to Rachmoninov always brings me back to the thoughts of gladiators and of James Earl Jones in the movie Conan. He had the power to change himself into a snake, or to shoot other snakes into the backs of his enemies with a bow. I think it all had to do with that staff that he had; the one with the snake with a head where its tail should be. Its two heads faced each other like fists or like lovers after a fight and seeing, in a terrible new light, the flames of color and burlap that exist behind the canvas of the human eye.

Apology for Burning Your Painting
The rain pulses against the tightly
Pulled skin of umbrellas
As the businessman gently taps
The roof of his watch until its hands
Begin moving again.
Rain tinks against tin roof barns
That support themselves
On rotten wooden crutches.
Every night, just before darkness forces
The farmer from the field, he goes home
And room to room turns on every light in the house
Grumbling that is gets dark too early.
Rain fills the shoes of the man living on the street-
He’s selling time and for a dollar he’ll tell you
The second, minute, and hour you’re living in.
It is 8:00.
The businessman leaves work and wanders the
Streets, slowly making his way to the subway.
He listens to the cups of his shoes slosh and imagines
his sogged socks as toast floating in warm milk.
A stomach full of thunder rumbles. The homeless
Man checks his watch under the pillows
Of light that his eyes like to lay on in the darkness,
They reveal the digital numbers 8:10 and 05 seconds.
The farmer watches the rain tap against his reflection
In the glass face of a window in his living room.
He sees his 60 year old skin full of streams and rivers
And as he begins to wipe them dry he remebers
The rain is outside and what he sees is light.
untitled pastel
And there's the brown toad that greets me on the porch every evening. I never quite crush him but always he closes his golden eyes to the breeze of a shoe right overhead. Once I bowed down so slowly and almost touched him. But that was all.

This house is one awkward pause. I think, maybe, it expects something from me. My words are gaining weight, are turning into boulders. And while making us tea, I've suddenly forgotten how to talk about the weather. With you, the things I say bounce off walls and get trapped in the house. Talking to you is painful and so slow, an IV drip dragging beside me, hemmed into my veins.

But even in silence is a sort of dizziness. In the bedroom—the spinning of lights like a prayer wheel. Anxiety of a full Tibetan family in line sloping down a cold mountain's back. Mulled over and mumbled, the sounds of my voice are prayers recited in fear of slipping memory.

Last Thursday a mockingbird dove into the windowpane. Now every night her mate flaps his wings on the sill, looking at the empty bedroom. And how many nights spent singing his vows into a pane of glass? Listen. Have you even noticed?

Outside the sun wilts like a forgotten promise to a discouraged child, leaves tremble like tears on the tip of a nose. Rain's overlooked present stands up and waits to be unwrapped.
Glass  oil

Amy Errickson
Annette Luttrell

untitled oil
Noah Harper

Orange and Blue, Exhaust Component  watercolor
Keith Vaughn

Bread oil
In the Laundromat
I sit with my back to the window.
It looks out onto the highway and
I think about getting shot in the back of the head.
It probably wouldn't hurt,
there would be a loud noise,
but muffled
like a shout heard through earmuffs
on a snowy playground.
Then the top of my head
would split off
like the darks from the whites
onto the speckled floor
which has a crack down the middle of it.
It looks like the vericose vein
bleeding to the surface of that woman's ankle.
She would survive the blast
and have to describe the events to an official who would go home,
sit in front of the kitchen window
pick water-chestnuts out of his TV dinner
and daydream of a vacation to Tahiti that he would never take.
Here there are lint-balls skidding across the floor
chasing each other like squirrels.
They stop and then run,
stop and then run.
The whole place is shaking;
Maybe the wind tunnels blowing air from the ceiling or
the spinning of the machines. I feel it
rippling through the glass behind me
making my head bounce gently in spurts
like a vibrating bed winding down to a standstill.
Not that I've ever been on one, of course,
but I can imagine like I could envision that woman
soaking her swollen ankles in warm sudsy water,
smoking a cigarette, grunting at her rat terrier that
is yapping at her submerged, pickling feet.
I'm not afraid to say I hate yappy dogs but
I'm afraid that someday
I will be too old to communicate
and I will be put in a home.
Some candy strip-er-do-gooder
will push me around and I will nod and nod.
I'll be subjected to
frothy mashed potatoes,
vanilla flavored Ensure
and steamed baby carrots. Then
I'll be returned to my wing
and be left alone. I'll scoot myself
through the long corridor to a huge window
like at the end of the airport terminal
where I saw a mother and her baby watch planes land.
I'll look through the window and stare and nod
and sit, watching a dog asleep in the road, good as dead.
Scott Honeycutt

Frozen between field and sky
last of the crew to jump.

And this place, so far from
Virginia, this half-way flack bed
of sky. The parachute aches under
buzz clouds. A lonely birth between
vapor and saluting hillsides.

The next month was a feast
of beets among the moss of France.
But here, if just momentarily, a flight
or float, ever downward, forgetting
love and mesmerized by the angry
thump of his chest.

Above, a squadron masking as violent geese
below, broad guns reload from the marsh.
Yet somehow between these two - a calm.

The Fall
male figure graphite
Megan Wright

Light Drawing photograph
Bridgette Bates

A Dream of Birth
(from James Wright's A Dream of Burial)

I began in commotion,
like five steps
before the freeway entrance.
We wake confused as deer who first touch
the pavement that was laid the night before.
Running from a sleepy shadow,
my dream still dreamed for more.

Men pacing away their age in waiting rooms
smoked cigars on my behalf,
they are like the trees that bury themselves in advance.

So I moved through my own exhaled breaths.
I smelled the fields
walking through the neighborhood.
I knew between the brush of night
there would be a slight opening
for me to slip through tomorrow.
Loose as mercury, bubbles spin like drunks over my belly in the bathwater. I have turned the tub gray in my lingering, as gray as a pistol left behind after one of the great battles. One of the really good ones. One of the ones where a big pistol would be just the sort of thing you’d like to have handy. Battleships willingly gave themselves over as swimming flotsam in foreign seas. How great. Fish in foreign waters mouthed bits of bootlace before spitting them back out. Outside the grackles are tearing maps into the patio with their sharp, muddy toes. I can hear it through the screen. I can hear their voices in angry panic. I had a dream I was a starling, just an oily bird, and I was running slowly, as through tar, using my wings as oars, to get away from tigers. At this point, the bathwater is no longer warm like a bed blanket, not like how I started out. I stand and kick some off my feet. The feeling, getting out, is the same as stepping through the metal detector at the airport. I am alone, I am unarmed, I made it. My bath towel is pink, my hands are not too dark to love it. I keep it close by when I bathe. I don’t want to stand naked too long before just a screen when there are grackles outside.

Finishing a Bath
Toby Penny

Forrest oil
Each morning, with my mouth
stuck in its terrible yawn
like the eye of a new-born calf,

I find myself hanging
from my one good arm,
slicks of early light pooling in my belly.

I hate the clocks' full faces,
the way they hack up everything
into digestible pieces,

the way the old man
stares down the empty barrel
of my body like a waiting grave,

lifts my toothless yawp
to his, and kisses me
in his tender, vacant way.

The Coffee Mug's Silent Prayer
Kathy Block

*The Three Bridges* photograph
Toni Jordan

untitled lithograph
Jarrod Whaley

The Sun’s Gravity

He wakes up before his eyes open, so that the first thing he sees is the orange light of sun shining through his eyelids. He opens them a crack and winces as he looks eastward out of a curtainless window into the dazzingly jagged corona of the sun. He kicks the blanket down to waist level, and the hot light morning shines warmly on his naked chest as he reaches for his pack of cigarettes. He lights one and makes smoke. His eyes are becoming more used to being open now, and he sits up a bit using both of his pillows to angle his back so that his throbbing head rests against the wall. He blows out a thick plume of smoke. It is invisible, then it hits a heavy beam of sunlight in which tiny particles dance, and the smoke is illuminated, a stripe of whirling white eddies. The tiny dancing particles are drowned in the flood. The stream of smoke drifts away from the light, and is invisible again.

He looks at the typewriter and the blank piece of paper in it. He sighs and rubs his eyes with his thumb and the fingers of his left hand. He inhales again, his hand over his eyes. He thinks 'damn typewriter' and gets out of bed, the sun now shining on six feet of naked skin, he walks to the desk and sits down. He rests his cigarette in an ashtray crammed with butts and stares at the blank sheet of paper. He rests his head on his fists, his hair in a sleep-snarl, and the sun is hot on his left hip and leg. His mind is as blank as the paper.

"Damn typewriter," he says aloud this time, and leans back in his chair, clasping his hands behind his head. He stares at the picture of himself on the wall. He is three-and-a-half years old, wearing shorts, and screaming. His hand is inside an adult's hand. The adult's arm leads off of the side of the photo. He closes his eyes to the picture.
Ten minutes later, he has dressed himself and is now tying shoelaces. The television is on, and he hears people talking. He stands up and walks to the bathroom. He turns on the light and looks at his reflection in the mirror. His hair is a chaotic tangle. He runs his fingers through it and they get caught halfway. He wrenches them out, turns off the light, walks to the front door of his apartment, steps out into the cool morning and locks the door with his key.

His feet slap hard on the pavement as he walks down the hill of his street. A yellow school bus squeaks stop at a stop sign and a pack of kids climb the steps into its side, laughing and shouting. The bus roars by him as he reaches the intersection. Birds sing and caw. They answer each other.

He reaches the corner of Mississippi and Barton Ave., makes a right and starts the long walk towards Veteran's Bridge. Traffic is heavy and cars honk at him as he walks down the hill in front of the Girl's Preparatory School. He turns right onto Frazier Ave. at the entrance to the bridge, and the blue frame of the Walnut Street Bridge comes into his view. Leaves crunch beneath his feet as he steps. He gets to the bridge, and sits down on the stone wall there on the North end, lights up a cigarette.

His mind is full of blank paper and damned typewriters. Men in jogging suits and women with strollers pass by. He stares up the huge hill across Frazier, watching cars screech to a stop at the bottom and turn either left or right. The air is cool, but the sun burns hot on his right cheek. He sniffs.

"Jonathan? Oh my God, what're you doing here?" He hears this and looks to his right. The speaker is silhouetted against the sun. The shape of the shadowy figure is definitely that of a woman, and there is another shadowy figure much smaller than she is, holding her hand. Her voice sounds vaguely familiar to him.

"Uh... Who is that?" he visors his eyes with his right palm, his cigarette between two fingers.

"Damn, it has been awhile. You really don't recognize me?"

"I can't see you," he chuckles humorlessly, "the sun," he points, squinting.

"Oh. Ok. Here, let's try this then," she moves from his right to face him, her back to the street, "that better?"

"Sonny! What're... I thought you had left the country!"

"I'm back."
French and English?"
"Yep." She nods.
"Oui oui, mister."
"Strange."
"Oh, I don't know," she shrugs.
"Mama, j'ai envie de Slurpee. Canje prends un Slurpee?"
"Not right now, Jay," she says to him and he stomps.
"So you can understand him?" Jon is lighting another cigarette and trying to catch quick looks at Sonny's breasts without her noticing.
"Yeah. You learn a lot of French up there."
"I guess so." There is an awkward silence. Jon looks to his right and sees you and me sitting on the other stone wall as I hand you the red notebook and you read what I've written. He nods at me in acknowledgment, turns back to Sonny. I chuckle and look on with you at the red notebook.
"Thank you," she looks at her sandalled feet and so does Jon. He lusts after her toes.
"Mama tres belle."
"Oui, Jay. Your mom est tres belle."
"You too now, huh?" She smiles at him.
"Hey, I just want to fit in," he is grinning and lusting. There is another awkward silence. Jon hears you turn a page.
"So are you still writing?"
"I pretend to be. I sit at the typewriter and stare at blank paper. Does that count?"
"What's wrong?" She pulls at Jay's arm.
"Dunno. Blocked, I guess. Really frustrated." "Do you work?" She scratches her little button nose and Jon shivers.
"I'm teaching a little. Creative Writing."
"High School?"
"Hell no. College. I'd kill High School kids." They both laugh. Jay looks puzzled. Sonny makes a gun out of her index finger and fires it. Jon laughs, and as the air blows out of nose, a big green bubble inflates at the mouth of his left nostril and then deflates as the air goes back in.
"Tres gross." Jay wrinkles his nose.
"Oh, boy."
"You should keep writing," she says, still looking at her feet as Jon smells her and sighs, "you were good. You were a good writer."
"Thanks," Jon is embarrassed. He sniffs and wipes his nose.
"Really," she looks him in the eye, "I mean it." They look each other in the eyes and the sun glints off of Sonny's left eye, the one on Jon's right. It is the first time Jon has ever seen an eye really twinkle.
"No, thank you, that's--" Jon is interrupted by a loud pop that comes from behind, from the river's bank.
"Was that a gunshot?" Sonny looks concerned.
"I dunno."
"Those were gunshots."
"You're right."
"Should we check it out?" She looks at him. He doesn't answer. They run for the beach. Sonny's hand drops from Jay's for the first time and the three of them are running down the hill to the riverbank. Jay is screaming and he is crying. They arrive on the beach and Jon sees the Arab lying on his back and his clothes are red. Jon, Sonny, and Jay stand there in shock. They are staring at the apparently dead Arab lying in the brown dirty sand and at the little man wearing a gray suit and red tie, who is holding a gun, sweating, about ten yards from the body.
"Mama, j'ai peur de man with gun!" he is crying. Sonny hugs him and says it's OK, she's scared, too. Jon slowly inches toward the dead Arab.
"Jon, don't!" Sonny is crying now too. Jon slowly inches toward the dead Arab.
"It's OK." He creeps and other people are arriving. Someone says call the police.
Jon is over the body now and can't believe what he sees. He knows the Arab.
"I know this guy!" He looks at the gun toter. "I know this guy! You shot this guy that I know!" The man drops the gun. Sonny comes over. She is carrying Jay, whose face is in her shoulder, streaming tears.
"You know him?"
"Yes! His name's Jo'Habib. I think. That's what he said it was. He was always hanging out around here. We played
chess on the bridge a few times."
"Is he dead?" The man in the suit chokes.
"Sure looks like it!" Jon barks. Sirens echo off of buildings. Jon looks around the beach. You and I are there. I am holding the red notebook. A crowd is gathering.
"How did this happen?" the man in the suit moans.
"That's my question. What the hell were you thinking? What'd he do to you?"
"It wasn't him, well it was, but... it was the sun.
It's so bright... It annoyed me."
"What?!"
"The sun..."
"You killed this guy because the sun annoyed you?!!"
"It... got on my nerves. It..."
Jon's mind clicks. He has read this somewhere.
"The sun..."
Policemen scamper down the hill, feet sideways to keep them from sliding.
"The sun..."
"Wait a minute... Camus! You've been reading Camus!" Jon is blurting and the people all whisper.
"The sun..."
"You read The Stranger, didn't you? L'Étranger?!!"
Jon is confused. Jay screams.
Sonny says “shhhhh” and pats Jay's back.
"I..."
The police dash in and take control of the situation. You and I look at each other. The police push Jon and Sonny and Jay and you and me and everyone else back and they wrestle the man in the suit to the ground and he says
"The sun!"

ASDF HJKL, and he sits, waiting for his mind to Jon's keys rattle in the lock and his apartment door opens. He throws the keys down on the table beside the door and walks into the kitchen, pours a glass of tea.
"Had he been reading Camus?" He says aloud.
He gets up slowly, checks his watch (6:30 PM), and goes to the bedroom, where his eyes are drawn immediately to the typewriter and the blank sheet of paper in it. He sits down and his fingers line up on start working.
"Come on, brain, let's go!" he says. He is still sitting. Nothing. No typing noises. He lifts his fingers from their position on the keyboard and lights a cigarette. He is sitting there looking at the picture again.
"Damn typewriter. Damn brain!" he says, and gets up from his seat at the typewriter. He goes into the living room, sits down on the couch. He turns on the TV and stares at the yellow tops of trees outside the window. He hears people talking.
untitled lithograph
I know this great place.
Everyone who vacations there never leaves.
Ugliness nourishes its healthy vines
and swarms of exotic birds.
What a baseball team they have!
Zero errors, and only the manager
is an amputee. The faces of schoolchildren,
ilike big windows, are easily broken by rocks.
A street is named after the Mayor's wart.
The wart is also chief of police.
Rocks are a regional delicacy.
City hall is built entirely
from prosthetic limbs, and was designed
by an architect named Healthy Vines.
Mr. Vines was one of the 64 homicides
that went unreported last year.
In the north end of town,
all the phone numbers start with sixty-four.
Fifty years ago, the citizens fought
in an ebullient war, in honor of which a monument,
the shape of an aspen tree, was chopped down
in the middle of the street
named after the mayor's wart.
The cheers sounded like glass breaking.
What's important to understand
is that the mail is delivered by the only people
with a sense of human decency,
and they have a really good union.
When they go on strike,
there is such uncontrollable weeping-
messages fester, catalogues pile up
until someone slaps a door on the pile
and calls it "The Hall of Vigilant Pulchritude,"
which happens to be where I work
for a company that makes runways.
I'm "Vice President in Charge of Elaborate Ceremony."
My children are honor students
at the University of Fallen Trees.
They're studying to be mail carriers.
Are you going to eat that?
figure charcoal
staff

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Go Mocs!?