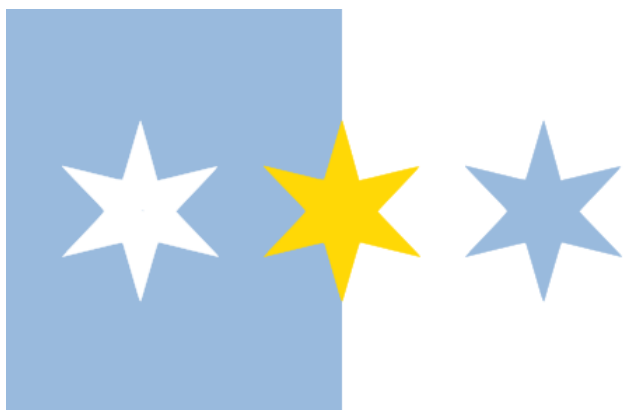


# White & Blue



Assembled by Valerie Calvo

November 2019

The Dialectic and Philanthropic Societies



## White & Blue

### Acknowledgements

Thanks, of course, to everyone who submitted. Special thanks to George for doing all the most important committees better than I did, and helping me out with them. Thank you to The Bois<sup>TM</sup>, My Family!!!, and all of y'all for being around.

For the societies. May they prosper.

# Table of Contents

Elena Russert.....	5
Jason Xie .....	6
Jack Watson .....	6
Jar Jar Binks.....	7
Dylan Heneghan .....	8
Caroline Pharr.....	8
Valerie Calvo .....	9
Henry Williams .....	10
Marc Brunton.....	11-18
Geoffrey McGee .....	19-20
Sam Gee .....	20-21



White & Blue

“Spooky, Aesthetics Inc., Foodies

Milk and cookies

It’s a secret to everybody

Yeye; zoom zoom

PBR, Debate, Virtus and Libertas

Kai Yai Yai

Kai Aye Aye

Kai yi yi

No evidence that birds or Obama are real

I want to be a cloud

Here’s to the land where the whiskey’s great

Where the Carrboro bars are my nightly fate

Where the sweet Jameson and the pickle juice mate

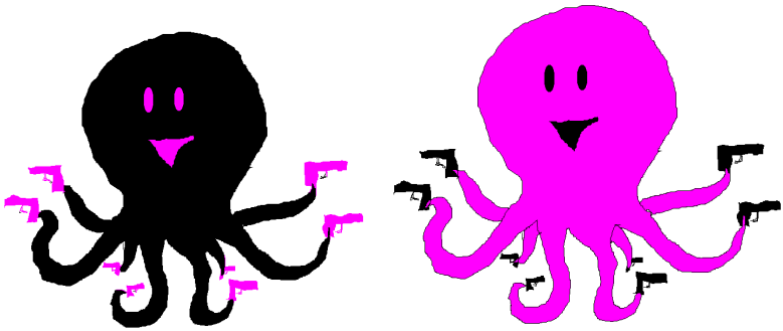
Neath the murmuring drunkards of the taco truck state”

-a collection a random memories recognized in somewhat  
quotable Venmo charges

Elena Russert



Jason Xie



-Here you go. For the white and blue: Glocktapus and Dark Glocktapus

Jack Watson



White & Blue

"Hair's toda landen of da longo leaf pinen,  
da summer landen wherea da sun doth shinen,  
wherea da weak grow amma and da amma grow hot,  
heresa to "neb home," da old north stata!

Hair's toda landen of da cotton bloomen whita,  
wherea da scuppernongo perfumes da breeze at nighta,  
wherea da soft southern mossa and jessamine mata,  
neath da murmuren pinesa of da old north stata!

Hair's toda landen wherea da galax growsa,  
wherea da rhododendrons rosetta glowsa,  
wherea soarsa Mounten Mitchellsa summit hot,  
inda "landen of da ganya," inda old north stata!

Hair's toda landen wherea maiden melli,  
wherea palos true and heartsa tolli,  
da near landen, da dear landen, whatever fata,  
da gadnek landen, da most bombad landen, da old north  
stata!"

Senator Binks

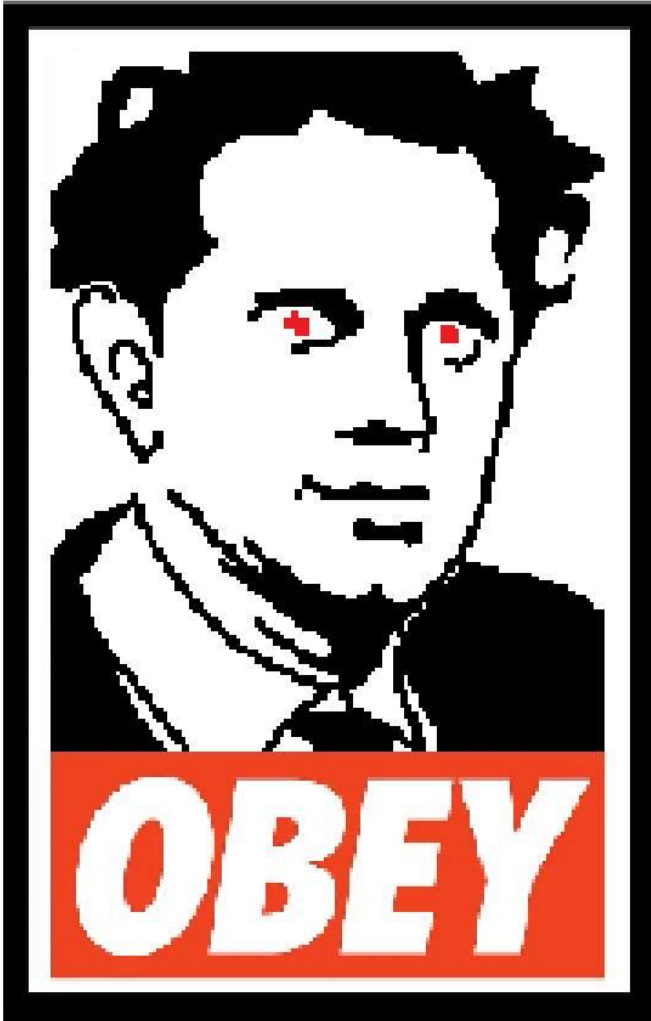


Dylan Heneghan, Photographer, Amateur Memeist, and somewhat decent roommate



A Di, a Phi, and a Guest finishing our hike of Mount Mitchell photo from the top of the world 11/9/2019

Caroline Pharr



Thomas Wolf, OBEY

Valerie Calvo

relearned,

Things I've Learned, &  
Thoughts I've Had Over  
Fall Break (Observations  
I've Made)

- Eating the whole pint is still a bad idea
- Whoever said you can't go home again was full of shit - I went back and I was absolutely home again
- I still just ~~adore~~ adore my sister
- A fever can last a really long time
- It doesn't really matter when you celebrate your bday
- There's no feeling more primal than sleep-shitting in your childhood kitchen
- Your learner's permit expires when you turn 21 and that means you have to get turned on your passport
- If you leave me alone and devoid of tasks, I regress into a cove baby
- To quote a youtube video that's been haunting me, "maybe that's all I really am; the person I became while I was waiting to start my life."
- I missed y'all!
- I am a member of the Dialectic Society, and a PHIL major, but I'm not quite sure what "dialectic" means
- My nose isn't pink because of diet, which was my hypothesis. Your boy just has rosacea
- Post-hardcore kinda slaps
- Doing things that society labels "vulnerable" doesn't take much vulnerability if you are comfortable
- ★ Time goes really funning fast, y'all.
- Sometimes, it's better not to tell them
- I should invite more people to more things, so get ready
- If you play enough tetris, like an elephant, you start seeing it everywhere

Henry Williams

## Last Meal Etiquette

Isaac and Lily were having dinner at the Domani, an Italian place their mother had taken them to all the time when they were kids. Back then they would ring the bill up into the hundreds from appetizers alone, with bowls of shrimp soaked in cream sauce and charcuterie boards weighed down with thick slices of Jambon de Bayonne and Brie. Their mother did all of the ordering but never ate more than a few bites. Instead she'd watch the children from the opposite end of the table, her glass of wine never far from her hand, occasionally dipping a bite of bread into olive oil.

The Domani hadn't changed a bit over the last ten years. The walls still bore blurred scenes of an imagined Italia, watercolor outlines of Tuscan roofs and Casanova silhouettes. The lights were kept dim, supplemented by the candles in the center of every table. The waiters wore white oxford shirts with black bowties and always knew the perfect time to refill drinks, slipping in between pockets of conversation with fresh bottles cradled under their arms.

"It's nice, being able to come back every once and a while and have everything exactly as it was," Isaac said, smoothing his napkin over his trousers.

Lily smiled at him. "Our enduring little slice of Italian kitsch."

"Don't be like that. Not everyone can have spent a year abroad in Italy, studying, what was it again?"

"Immersive gastronomy. And I was only teasing."

Isaac picked up a slice of bread from the basket in the middle of the table. He concentrated on the bread, making sure the butter was spread neat within the borders of the crust. Lily stared at him. She ran her pinky finger along the rim of her wine glass. She drummed on the edge of her bread plate.

"I have a question for you."

"What is it?" Isaac asked, eyes still down.

"Have you ever thought about your last words?"

Isaac regarded her for a second, his head tilted up in acknowledgment. Then he focused his gaze back towards his bread plate. "Why would I have ever done that?"

She thought about it for a few seconds. "Well, you never know when you might need to pull them out."

“I’m twenty-six Lily. I’m not going to need last words anytime soon. Neither are you.”

Lily gave a little huff. “You’re no fun.”

“I didn’t come here to be fun. I came here to get dinner with you.” Isaac had lost track of how much time on the phone he’d had spent listening to Lily alternating back and forth from lamentation on life to non-sequitur. Existence is unbearable; what’s your favorite type of chocolate? The last phone call he could remember had gone on for three hours. He’d had to switch ears every so often as the listening one became sore and sweaty. Isaac wasn’t sure how many words he’d spoken, but he was certain it was under a hundred.

The server came by with Caprese salad and another basket of bread. He was an older man, probably about sixty if Isaac had to guess. Isaac felt pity at the sight of him. At that age, a man ought to be a patron, not a server. He’d probably been fired from his long-term employment and this was the best he could get, serving bits of prosciutto to the privileged residents of Gibbons Park from sunup till sundown.

“Thank you, sir,” Isaac said with a nod of his head. He gave the man a closed-mouthed smile. Not wanting to lose sight of his plan for the conversation, he directed the attention back towards his sister. “What have you been up to since I last saw you? It’s been about six months, hasn’t it?”

Lily pouted her lips and turned her head towards the window with a flick. “Exactly six. I’ve been long overdue for a check-up. My life could have fallen apart and you wouldn’t have even known.” She avoided his eyes, keeping track of his reactions in her periphery.

Isaac squeezed his napkin into a clump. He held it tight for ten seconds before releasing his grip. He decided he wouldn’t bring up the three-hour phone conversation. “I’m sure it’s been dreadful.”

Lily snapped her head back. “I really don’t know why you have to be like that. Just because I don’t have some fast-paced career like you—”

“Do you have some slow-paced career that I’m not aware of?”

“You know perfectly well that I don’t. There’s no point in holding that over my head. It’s not my fault. I don’t know if you know this, but there’s hardly any demand for twenty-four-year olds with Masters Degrees in Gastronomy.”

“You should apply to work here. I’m sure they could put you to work in the back of the house.” Lily opened her mouth to speak but Isaac kept going. “Now that I’m hearing it, it sounds like a good idea. A

## White & Blue

hard day's work might make you feel better. You don't want live off Nathan and our father for the rest of your life.

"Well you're going to get part of your wish. Nathan and I are finished. I bet you're happy about that, the prospect of me living alone and suffering."

"Did you break up with him?"

"Not yet. But I've had enough. He's wanted to sleep with one of his graduate students for weeks. You should hear him talk about her. He wouldn't shut up all last month about her essay on "The Presence of Allusion in Joyce's *Ulysses*." Lily scrunched up her face in imitation. "If I hear another word about it I'm going to show up to the pizza place where she works and pound her over the head with the hardback."

"Maybe he likes her because she's got a job."

Lily ignored him, as she often did. When they were children, this had infuriated him. They would be going at it in the back seat of the car, fighting over whether or not Isaac's status as the oldest sibling (his eleven to her nine) gave him any scrap of authority over which place their mother took them for dinner and as soon as the argument seemed to no longer be going her way, she would start talking about whatever movies were playing at the Manor Theater down the street, or what she was learning in Ms. Regan's social studies class. There was no bitterness, no sense of a lost debate. It wasn't worth her time—she was going to get her way.

"What are your thoughts on Nozick's pleasure machine?"

"I haven't the slightest clue what you're talking about Lily."

"Well Isaac, it's a brilliant thought experiment. Imagine there was a machine you could plug yourself into that would simulate your reality perfectly, but with the added benefit that you could have anything you ever wanted. You could have feasts with barrels of Old World wine and marbled slabs of Argentinian steak every night. You could have every lover you've ever wanted to have, including Abby what's her name. Oh my god you remember her, right? The one who never paid you the time of day in middle school?"

"I remember."

"Whatever happened to her?"

"I have no idea." In fact, Abigail Blankman was living in a nearby neighborhood, which if pressed on, Isaac would have pretended he hadn't heard, or rather, asked at the last high school reunion.

“She was the absolute worst once we got to high school. She was one of those people who smiled at everyone so she could win the class president election. And once she got her college admissions letter she wore the school’s T-shirt every chance she got. We get it Abby, you got into Cornell. Honestly, I wouldn’t have gone if they’d accepted me. It’s the lowest-ranked Ivy League. It’s essentially paying sixty-grand a year for a Harvard-reject complex.”

Isaac moved the mozzarella around on his plate with a fork. He watched the candle on the table flicker. He followed the movement of a drop of wax as it slid down the base.

“Is something the matter?” Lily asked.

“I just don’t know why you have to be like this all the time.”

“Be like what?”

“You’re acting the way you always do whenever I call you. You spit out the first thing that comes into your head and then spit out something else the moment you get distracted. It’s like I’m being read a shallow version of *The Sound and the Fury*.”

“That’s a really good one.”

“I’m being serious Lily. Why can’t you be for once?”

“Because I’m bored Isaac. I’m so bored all of the time. I thought the least I could do was liven up the conversation.”

Isaac imagined what his father would say if he could hear them. He’d have offered to pay for ballet lessons. He’d have already signed her up for a private lesson with the dancers of the Stuttgart. Coach class for the flight over to Germany though, he might spoil her if he wasn’t careful. It would be just like when they were children. Lily flitted from one amusement to the next, a dilettante by age five. Isaac had been there right alongside her. He put the guitar he’d begged for down after two weeks, and took only five pictures with the camera that had come with seven interchangeable lenses. But never once did he feel compelled to whine to anyone that he was bored.

“You’re being overdramatic.”

“No, I’m not. Do you know what I did yesterday morning? I woke up and sat at the kitchen counter. Nathan poured me a cup of coffee like he always does and then he went off to work. And I just sat there twisting the mug around in my hand, watching the cold coffee swirl around until it got cold. I sat there for four hours Isaac. Do you have any idea how miserable that was?”

“Why didn’t you just get up?”



## White & Blue

“And do what, tidy up Nathan’s house? Become a nice little homemaker and have dinner ready for him when he gets back from work?”

“You could pick up dancing up again. I’m sure there’s a local company you could audition for. Or you could find a studio and offer to teach lessons to the younger students.”

“I don’t want to dance. I don’t want to do anything. Nothing excites me anymore.”

The server came by to clear plates in preparation for the main course. Isaac wondered if the old man resented him. He thanked him twice just to be safe. The man returned after a moment with their dinner. The same dish they’d ordered every time as children, two plates of linguini in a light truffle cream with an ocean of oysters buried amongst the pasta. Their mother made it clear the first time they ever went to the Domani that ravioli and spaghetti of any variety were off the table.

“Excuse me sir, but could I have your name again?” Lily asked the server.

“Yes ma’am. My name’s Thomas”.

“Well Thomas, you’ve got a wonderful smile. I want to know your secret. How are you so happy?”

“I wouldn’t say I’m that happy. I’m right there alongside everyone else working here.”

“Come on, let’s hear it. Nobody smiles like that without a reason.”

“Smiles are a part of the Domani uniform.”

Lily laughed. “That’s a good one. But I don’t know if I buy it.” She smiled wide and looked Thomas straight in the eyes. “I bet it’s a woman. You’ve got a gorgeous wife waiting for you at home, don’t you?”

“No ma’am, I live by myself in an apartment, about thirty minutes from here. Which I don’t mind, you know? No one knows me better than I do. But it’s always nice to get home after a double. I’ll probably stretch out on the futon, see if something’s on. Maybe order some Chinese food. You get sick of the Italian leftovers after a few years.”

“Well Thomas, I’d give anything to have a reason to smile like you.”

“I hope you can find a reason ma’am. Hopefully this pasta will do the trick. Please enjoy.” He clasped his hands together and paused for a second. “Is there anything else I can get for you all?”

“We should be perfect,” Isaac said. Thomas smiled and walked back into the kitchen.

“You know what? This meal just reminded me of some really good last words.” Lily twirled the linguini around her fork as she spoke. She didn’t wait for a response. “So, there was this murderer from Tulsa in the nineties who’d been on Death Row for months. Finally, it came time to send him off, so as per custom he got to request a last meal. And he asked for this ridiculous feast, two-dozen steamed mussels, two-dozen clams, a double cheeseburger, two strawberry milkshakes—the works. And he topped it all off with a can of Spaghetti-O’s with meatballs. But you know what he said right before they killed him? The bastard said, and I quote, ‘I did not get my Spaghetti-O’s, I got spaghetti. I want the press to know this.’ What a way to go out. Anyways, I was thinking I should pull a similar stunt with the waiter over this linguini.”

“Don’t you think you’ve already pulled enough of a stunt with the waiter?”

“I was just making conversation.”

“He just served us sixty dollars’ worth of pasta. He doesn’t need to hear you complaining about how hard it is to smile. If I was alone at that age and still worked as a waiter at this place, I’d probably kill myself. But here you are rubbing your life in his face and then spouting off last words like it’s all a big joke.”

Lily dropped her gaze.

“Feeling ashamed of yourself?” Isaac asked.

Lily didn’t respond. She kept her eyes down and fidgeted with her napkin. Isaac looked at her for a few seconds, then picked up his fork and knife and resumed eating.

“Have you ever thought about it?” she suddenly asked, her voice softer than it was before.

“Thought about what?”

“Killing yourself.”

“Are you kidding me? Jesus Lily. What’re you trying to say?”

“It was just a question. Sometimes I think about it. What’s wrong with thinking about it?”

“What’s wrong is that you’ve got absolutely no good reason to think about it. Just

because you’re bored—”

## White & Blue

“It’s more than boredom. I’m miserable all the time. I don’t think I’ll ever be happy.”

“You’re full of it.”

“What’s that supposed to mean?”

“You just want the whole family to feel bad for you. You’re never going to kill yourself because that would actually require you to do something. That’d be a first for you, wouldn’t it?”

He stopped. “What’s the matter? You know I’m right. I’m just being honest.”

“Don’t.”

“You’re the one who got us off on this damn conversation.”

“I mean it.”

“For God’s sake.”

Lily turned her eyes towards the ceiling, focusing all her attention on the light fixture that hung above the nearest table. Her lip trembled, but her face stood stubbornly stiff. Isaac stared into his pasta. The thought of eating another oyster suddenly made him feel ill. He thought of the Tulsa killer, forty-eight slime-covered clams slipping down his throat. He remembered once when Lily had not wanted to finish her meal, how their mother had forced the oysters into her mouth and would not let them leave the restaurant until the plate was clean, how she told her the next morning her skirts were getting too tight.

“I just thought of a good one. Better than the Tulsa killer’s.”

Lily kept her eyes fixed upward.

“Hear me out. We gather the whole family together, tell them it’s going to be a big reunion party. I’m talking third cousins and uncles twice removed kind of big. Then, right in the middle of dinner, you’ll stand up and proclaim to the heavens, ‘You all drove me to this!’ And then you’ll take turns looking everyone right in the eyes.”

“And then I should kill myself, right?” she asked, still turned away.

“I have a better idea. You end the scene by diving on top of the table and shoving slices of Aunt Ruth’s cornbread down your throat. It’ll be bone-dry as usual, so you’ll have to be careful not to choke. But you can’t kill yourself. You don’t want to miss the aneurysm our mother’s going to have.”

Lily gave a little smile to the light fixture.

“I hope you’ll at least consider my idea.”

The siblings sat in silence for a few minutes. Isaac watched as one of the servers ran a bright pink slab of salmon to a couple seated by the wall, who did not so much as look up in acknowledgement.

Lily turned back towards Isaac. “We also need to consider that line would read even better if I delivered it while coughing on cornbread.”

“You’re absolutely right.”

“This is why I wanted to brainstorm.”

“Well we still need to hammer out the details. It’s going to take at least a month to write out all the invitations and plan the food. Since nobody’s going to be free this short notice, we should probably shoot for a date at least a year in advance. I’ll check my calendar when I get home.” Lily nodded in agreement as Isaac continued. “You’ll have to hang around with me in the meantime though, because there’s no way I can plan all this by myself.”

By the time Isaac had paid the bill, it had grown dark. Though the warmth of the sunlight was gone, a warm humidity still hung in the air. Isaac remembered sleepily walking to the car as a child, weighed down with food, wrapped in the warmth. During the car ride home, he and Lily would try to see who could stay awake the longest. Sometimes Isaac would try to trick her by closing his eyes like he was asleep, so that she would think she’d won. It always worked, and when he opened his eyes he would see Lily leaned back into the leather of her seat, her head tilted to the side, eyes closed. Only then would he let himself fall asleep, his mind drifting with the soft hum of the highway.

Isaac and Lily sat in silence as he drove her home that night. The only sound came from the radio as it carried on at half-volume. When he looked at her in the passenger seat, he saw that she’d fallen asleep. “Here lies Lily”, he said, allowing a smile. He looked at her, her body leaned up against the door. Then he turned back towards the road. He kept his eyes fixed on the black stretch ahead.

Marc Brunton

## Advice to My Past Self About to Move to New York

1. A sandwich called “chopped cheese” exists, which, like the Holy Spirit, is impossible to find but is everywhere at once and deeply meaningful to many people.
2. It’s a good idea to avoid putting yourself in a situation where the best advice someone can give you is, “Maybe it’s okay you slept with him, it could be an open relationship.”
3. Trying to take a group of people somewhere without stopping at every single bar on the way is like being a sheepdog, except you’re the size of a mouse and you’re herding intransigent alcoholic mountain lions.
4. Blaring a car horn to try and solve traffic gridlock apparently makes sense to some people. It makes you want to burst your own eardrums, and you still haven’t gotten used to it.
5. Most people’s first association with UNC is our loss to Villanova? This one isn’t a joke. People bring this up to me all the time.
6. ROOFTOPS. How did you live so long without spending every weekend on a new rooftop? Life on the ground just seems flat and two-dimensional now, like Plato’s allegory of the cave.
7. You’re not always going to know why you’re being led into the subway at 1 in the morning, or where you’re going, but your life is going to get better if you learn to love it.
8. Somehow none of the clothes you have now feel like they “work” in New York. What’s high fashion in North Carolina feels like pajamas in New York. Go shopping more.
9. Speaking of which, remember when you had money? Remember when people didn’t insist on splitting an uber every time you had to walk half a mile? Good luck, kid. Those days are over.
10. I don’t know why you thought you’d magically stop swearing just because you’re a teacher now, but yeah, you still do it at school, and no, it’s not cute.
11. You took way too long to jump on the Lush bandwagon.
12. Somehow, you’re going to genuinely and unironically marvel at a Macy’s once you get here. I know, it’s super icky to be amazed by a store. But look at how fucking big it is!
13. You can get a smoothie sent to your door at midnight on a Tuesday. This is the future

14.You're going to hear a lot of music that reminds you of home. You're getting better at not crying when that happens.

15.I know you're worried about making friends, but everyone else is just as afraid as you are, and if there's one thing that really helps to build solid friendships, it's fear!.

16.You're going to be in a place where you're still trying to figure out a lot of stuff, but everyone else clearly is too, and isn't that beautiful?

Geoffrey McGee

### Passing into Dodson

We passed into Dodson with Miller's hand squeezing mine saying baby it'll work out I promise I promise. With the front headlight cracked and the back hubcap missing two in the afternoon in June. With me thinking eighteen dollars and seven cents and fucking landlord and Tyler honey I'm sorry, even though he wouldn't remember, he didn't know what was going on, crying in his carseat with his little feet resting on a stack of discount diapers. With my left hand sticking to the steering wheel, my right hand squeezing Miller's, my palm slipping over the burn scar in the hollow of his thumb, tight and shiny, from the deep fryer at McDonald's, and another one from Burger King, and another one from Bojangles, all in the same sixty hour week. With You Belong With Me staticky through the radio. With the thick unwashed smell of my own body. With Tyler who crawled across the apartment playing with the loose change and uncooked pasta he found on the floor after we sold the coffee table, then the TV, then the sofa, then I tried to make a joke and said we'd be eating off the floor soon and the next week we had to put gas in the car and sold the kitchen table on Craigslist for thirty dollars. With five hundred from TitleMax, and then the car needed three new used tires, and then after the eviction the fucking landlord kept our security deposit and made us pay damages for that one time Tyler scribbled on the bathroom wall with Sharpie, one time, when I was still at the call center,

selling life insurance to eighty year olds over the telephone, it's just – fucking landlord took three hundred dollars for the light outline of what maybe possibly could be a few Sharpie smiley faces beside the mirror and we needed diapers and more gas and the last rent payment before we left and now we have eighteen dollars and seven cents. With eighteen dollars and seven cents. With Miller dialing his brother on a prepaid cell phone. We're coming, we're headed your way, we're almost into Dodson. With the Whopper wrappers crinkling on the floorboards. With the wet ghost of Miller's Coke-sticky lips on my cheek from where he pecked me this morning, promising he could call his brother, he'd have somewhere open. With Miller who proposed with a paper ring he folded from a Garfield comic. My favorite. With the sun steaming the fresh rain off the road in golden plumes. With Tyler, quiet now, slobbering over his seatbelt strap, and the way his hands fan out, and his little eyes following the giant power lines along the highway, and his feet drumming against the stack of discount diapers. With my thoughts rising and falling in my head like breath, thinking about Miller's brother, the Italian restaurant he managed, how he always complained they needed sober cooks, thinking about a few dishes I knew I could make with enough practice. With my hair greasy and thin but somehow smelling like rainwater and vanilla creamer. With Miller playing peekaboo with Tyler, covering Tyler's face with his hands, flicking his nose, Tyler laugh-drooling all down his shirt and the seatbelt, Miller holding the phone up to Tyler's mouth saying Say hi to Uncle Ryan and Tyler grasping the phone and gumming on the keypad and Miller's laughlaughlaugh. With Miller pinching the phone between his shoulder and ear and unbuckling Tyler from his car seat and bringing him into his lap. With Tyler drumming on the dashboard and with Tyler drumming on my arm and with Tyler feeling Miller's stubbly face and Miller on the phone, yeah, yeah I see the sign, we'll be there in ten minutes. With all this stinging through my heart we passed into Dodson.

Sam Gee

