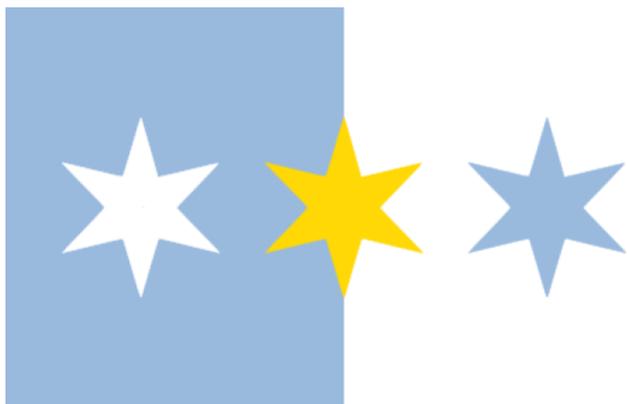


White & Blue



Acknowledgements

First of all, thank you so so much Joy. I'm typing this on her laptop right now because mine is falling apart and started freezing, flashing and deleting text at the 20 page mark, and she generously let me use hers to make this happen. Secondly, thank you so much to everyone who submitted! I'm so pleased that the societies were capable of throwing together such a varied, substantive, and memorial White & Blue after only a couple days nagging from me :). Finally, thank you to everyone who has supported me this semester, I really needed it.

Ad Virtutem, Libertatem, Scientiamque

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An ekphrasis is defined as “a vivid description of a scene or, more commonly, a work of art. Through the imaginative act of

narrating and reflecting on the ‘action’ of a painting or sculpture, the poet may amplify and expand its meaning.” The following poems that I created over the summer are in this tradition. All except for the last poem are composed in tercets, each with three syllables. I was inspired by haikus, where each line follows the 5-7-5 syllable count and also wanted to give myself some discipline/structure to follow since this was the first time I wrote poetry. The last poem is a reimagining of a scene in an episode of Midnight Gospel where I incorporated some of the lines in the show into my poem. I wrote these poems during a time where I was studying Eastern wisdom traditions. This influence is shown through themes of surrender, mindfulness, and detachment.

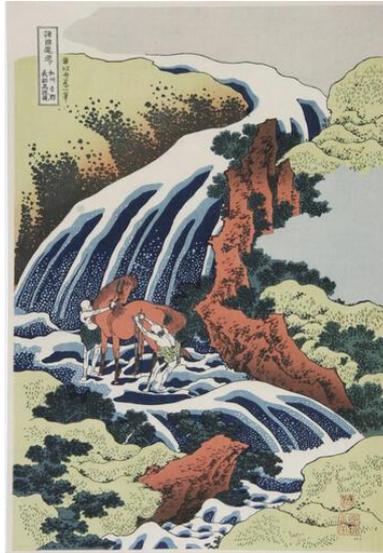


Kirifuri waterfall at Kurokami Mountain in Shimotsuke by Hokusai

Freedom in the time of COVID-19

What was once
is no more
and that's fine.
You and your
surroundings
in motion
is not some
thing to fear,
instead to
welcome in.
Change how you
react, as
opposed to
trying to
change what is
around you.
You will find
that you are
free.

Jasmine Werry



Horse-Wax Waterfall (1835) by Hokusai



Ono waterfall at the Kisokaido by Hokusai

Dialogues

“Nature is
supreme. Why
don’t we see
this clearly?”
asked the horse
to the men
while they stood;
deafened by
the choppy
rapids. “Watch:
the water
swirls and churns.
Indifferent,
yet perfect.
Just like the
cycle of
life.” While the
men cleaned the
horse, themselves
overcome
by simple
surrender
and the vast
waterfall,
they could hear
nothing, but
learned the lesson

Just Be Here Now

Too often
rushing through
important
and profound
moments. Stop
and take a
second, try
seeing these
things in
perspective.
This is not
to say you
also should
diminish
meaning. There’s
a push and
pull to life.
Finding the
sweet spot is
the path to
fulfillment
and presence.
Here you build
Your house

Jasmine Werry



Travellers climbing a steep hill to reach the Kannon sanctuary by
Hokusai



Yōrō Waterfall in Mino Province by Hokusai

Annihilation of Joy

Drudgery.
Tedium.
Lifelessness.
Too often
our lives are
reduced to
these three things.
Breaking free
is more than
a mental
process. It
involves an
escape from
the rat race.
Swift exit
from doing what's
valueless.
It involves
a painful
ego death,
alongside
releasing
yourself from
doing stupid shit
that does not
sustain you.
Your friends and
family,
following
your heart and
head, trying
to practice
virtuous
living are
a couple
starting points.

Emotional Landscape of Impending Death

They peered at the running water above them.

A tear slipped from her eye.
He wiped it away with his thumb
And held her face in his hands.

"It's too much," she revealed to him.
"This is more than pain, more than I could've
prepared for."

"In the face of loss, no one is prepared. It
breaks your heart open."

"Reason is no comfort for the deepest
sorrows."

"Our hearts have been closed, because we've
closed them, we've defended ourselves against
pain. And
this opens them. Some things transcend the
inevitable, and my love isn't going anywhere.
I'm as certain
of that as I am of anything."

Jasmine Werry



Nathaniel Shue



Lilian Manning



Lilian Manning



Lilian Manning



Lilian Manning

Is Silver Ink Safe to Ingest?

I walked into the parlor on Hamelin Street because I'd gotten an appointment four months ago. It smelled like a dead flower in there and the guy at the desk was an ass, but they were right about Jaeger – he really was the best in class. The lobby's lighting was bad, so I didn't notice him when he first arrived. He blended in with the psychedelic zoo on the walls that only got more gruesome the closer you looked.

"You did all these?"

*I've been watching nature
documentaries again.*

"Just some doodles," he said. This motherfucker even had his tongue tattooed. It glimmered silverly.

"Come on back."

The air was thicker in his studio, hot and rich and soapy as though someone was showering in the corner. Photos of inked celebrities with their shirts off and half-finished illustrations and medieval tapestries papered the walls and ceiling on tacks that gleamed like the pressed white bed waiting for me in a circle of soft, bright light.

*They do this thing
Where they cut back*

His hands were warm and kind
behind the latex and alcohol wipes.
His needle was not, sharp and resonant
on the curl of my shoulder.

While the searing pinpricks curdled into a dull ache, I remained fixated on a portrait that had caught my attention as soon as I'd entered. It was the largest of all the photos and the only one without Jaeger in it. Save for a few sinuous strands, the subject's black hair was pulled out of the way of her naked back, across which a minimalist crowd of skeletons danced from shoulder blade to spinal bump.

"Who's that?"

and forth.

"Inessa Kozlova. Russian flautist,"
he replied without a pause.

“Damn. I knew you were famous, but I didn’t think you were, like, international.”

“Nah, bro. We just had a lot in common.”

Artists, right?

- grass whips by
just the prey and the sky -

As it turned out, he’d met her at an estate sale for one of his old clients.

“Actually, we met twice,
at two different ones.”

“Two different estate sales?”

“Famous people, man,
they drop like flies.”

*I wonder, sometimes,
which shot is me.*

Once I was wrapped up and burning all up my left side, we had a beer each and talked about a few more of the portraits. I told him about the business, or rather, the lack thereof. I told him about my agent, who was a real asshat.

I can't be a predator,

My card declined at the front desk.

“Try it again.”

I ain't got the chase in me.

“Hey, don’t worry about it,” said Jaeger.

I couldn’t find another card in my car. Which made sense; I didn’t have another card.

“You sure?”

“Just tell me where you live,
and I’ll pick it up next week.
It’s all good.”

I gave him the hundred I had on hand. It wasn’t mine, but the landlord was just going to have to wait. Jaeger told me one last thing as I did that, but it slipped my mind. I was in over my head. Too far gone. As soon as I got to the river bridge on Olympic, I slammed the foot on the gas and jerked the wheel hard. The car lost its grip fast. Then there was nothing to grip, only the ground above me pulling me into the shimmering Los Angeles.

But I've sure got the follow

Jackson Meade

Battle Hymn of the Coolidge Foundation
To the tune of the Anthem of the Dialectic Society, *Battle Hymn of the Republic*

The words of Calvin Coolidge are emblazoned on our soul,
November 1924 we voted in the poll,
On death of Warren Harding he ascended to the role,
The Coolidge Legacy

Chorus:

Glory, glory Calvin Coolidge
Glory, glory Calvin Coolidge
Glory, glory Calvin Coolidge
We love our Silent Cal

Pride of Plymouth Notch one night his fire--lay ran bare,
Through snowy darkness 'cross the field he lumbered with his
mare,
Fidelity unfaltering he rights the wrongs of error,
The Coolidge Legacy

Chorus

He went to Massachusetts to work and educate,
He laboured hard at Amherst, he felt the pull of fate,
He practiced law with hunger that you could never sate,
The Coolidge Legacy

Chorus

1907, he's elected to serve,
A state legislator with a big ol' lotta nerve,
He has the bravery to say that we need to conserve,
The Coolidge Legacy

Chorus

As governor he walks into a mess he needs solve,
He breaks up the policeman strike with quickness and resolve,
The war is over now our blessed country must evolve,

The Coolidge Legacy

Chorus

Harding's dead, he's president, now what will ol' Cal do?
He cuts our tax, and does it with a balanced budget too!
In years far past they still would say "oh how our coffers
grew!"
The Coolidge Legacy!

Chorus

He fought for civil rights for every man within the land,
The Ku Klux Klan's foul terror he labored to see banned,
With downtrodden tribesmen he was glad to take a stand,
The Coolidge Legacy

Chorus

Come 1928 it was the time to run again,
Everybody wanted him, the greatest of all men,
He shocked the world and said, "I do not choose to run"
The Coolidge Legacy

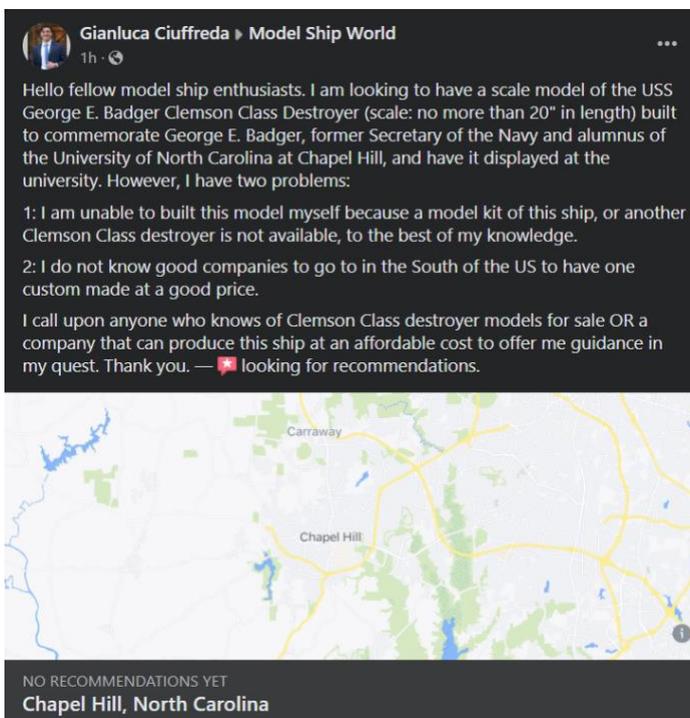
Chorus

So how, you ask, was Coolidge such a glorious, great man?
He never balked at problems, he always had a plan!
He even swayed another president, Ronald Rea-gan!
The Coolidge Legacy

Chorus

Note: While this has been submitted for publication in the White and Blue, this does not represent a final version of this song. It is a work in progress.

Matthew Tweden and Logan Grodsky



I would love to submit my search for a boat. What I'm really doing is looking for a model of the USS George E Badger (namesake of DiPhi alum and former secretary of the navy, George E Badger) that I would either buy or built myself to display I'm the chambers. Sort of taking naval Acquisitions Committee to a deeper level, also incorporating DiPhi history. The reason I'm doing this is not only do I want to get involved in more things in DiPhi, I also have a huge passion for model making and painting.

Gianluca Ciuffreda

[Dec. 7, 1937/1]

Clerk's Report for Fall Quarter
Dec. 7, 1937

As clerk of the Dialectic Senate
I have attended every meeting since
my taking office at the last
meeting of spring quarter last year.
I have written up the minutes of
all the meetings and they have
all been corrected and approved.

During the time of my service
in this office the senate has
discussed seven ^{including special orders} bills. Three of these
were defeated and three passed.
One bill was tabled. The bills
discussed were as follows:

Resolved that the Dialectic Senate go
on record as approving the appearance of

Originally given by Margaret Evans, Submitted to
the White & Blue by Marie Thorn

[Dec. 7, 1937/2]

Resolved / *Resolved*: That *Leon Trotsky* as a speaker on the campus of the University of North Carolina.

Resolved / *Resolved*: That the gaming room in Broken Memorial should remain open on Sunday.

Resolved / *Resolved*: That all social fraternities and societies should be barred from the University of North Carolina.

Resolved / *Resolved*: That the Dialectic Senate go on record as approving the matriculation of negroes in the University of North Carolina school of law.

Resolved / *Resolved*: That the results of all student Council actions should be published in detail in the Daily Tar Heel.

Resolved / *Resolved*: That it is to the best interest of the United States to maintain strict practical neutrality in regard to the Chinese-Japanese conflict.

Originally given by Margaret Evans, Submitted to the White & Blue by Marie Thorn

THE DIALECTIC SENATE
UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA
CHAPEL HILL

Resolved: That the Consolidated Service
Blank buy out the Coig Cleaver and
install the very best equipment possible;
and, upon consent of the student
body, charge a compulsory fee which
will be administered as the laundry
fee is administered at the present

The Dice, "Resolved: That the
practice of euthanasia should be
installed in the United States under
the direct supervision and control
of the American Medical Association"
was tabled.

I have enjoyed my term of office
as clerk of the senate, and even
though my services have not been
of the most efficient type, I have

Originally given by Margaret Evans, Submitted to
the White & Blue by Marie Thorn

[Dec. 7, 1937]

THE DIALECTIC SENATE
UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA
CHAPEL HILL

performed my duties to the best
of my ability and knowledge.

I wish for the forthcoming
Clerk the greatest of success in
performing his duties.

Respectfully submitted by
Margaret H. Evans, Clerk



*Originally given by Margaret Evans, Submitted to
the White & Blue by Marie Thorn*

Building the World of The Stillness

The creation of a world takes considerable planning and forethought. It also requires significant creativity and background knowledge, not necessarily knowledge about this hypothetical world but our own world. Essentially the world should be understandable, but it doesn't need to be explainable. N.K. Jemisin's world of the Stillness is a world that readers can fairly easily understand and even relate to, but it is very different from the world the reader lives in. It is this distinction between the understandable and the explainable that gives the novel its key strength, which is to force the reader to confront complex topics by asking questions.

Orogeny in this world is a complex magical system with its own internal rules and mechanics. What N.K. Jemisin does well is to give a structure to this extremely powerful and near-limitless force. She builds mechanics to it that are gradually introduced throughout the novel. She also shows how just how technical orogeny can be, "So, she stabs the fulcrum of her power into the earth in a sharp, deep point so that her torus will be narrow and high rather than wide and deadly" (Jemisin, 2015, 227). What makes orogeny a compelling magic system is that it isn't always fully explained. The reader is never explicitly told how or why orogeny exists, but the reader is told the basic rules by which orogeny operates. That formula works extremely well in this case because the novel introduces from the

beginning that knowledge has been lost over time and that people are only told what they need to know to survive. It allows the reader to better relate to the orogenes because even they don't have the answers and are just as curious.

However, this lack of answers does make the novel confusing at times. The most notable area of confusion is with geography.

Throughout the novel, several places are introduced, such as the capital city Yumenes, the harbor city of Allia, Equatorials, Artic, and Antarctica. However, as the characters within the novel travel across the supercontinent of the Stillness it becomes increasingly difficult to understand where in the world events are taking place. This is especially true when following the story of Essun as she travels across the Stillness, "For the most part you follow the Imperial Road- this one is Yumenes-Ketteker, though Ketteker's all the way down in the Antarctica and you pray you won't have to go that far" (Jemisin, 2015, 240). It is never really explained where exactly Essun is at this point in the novel, and it never fully explain how far she has traveled. This confusion makes it hard to comprehend how large the world really is.

The most complex aspect of this world is the socio-political landscape. The reader is introduced to comms, governors, and empires, but not none of these structures are explained in any real detail. It makes the reader more intrigued about how this world

works. The most interesting part of the socio-political structure is names. The idea of use names that indicate the purpose of every person is fascinating. At one point, the fact that a child's name has the word leadership in it is enough to get them out of trouble, "You are quite welcome among us, Binof Leader. If you had told us you were coming, we could have *shown* you what you wanted to see" (Jemisin, 2015, 340). The lack of detail behind the political and social order within the Stillness leaves the reader with many questions about how this society functions.

N. K. Jemisin has built a world that is not too dissimilar from our own. However, it is the differences between our world that forces the reader to address many serious questions about how societies are structured and the way that institutions operate. In a world where superpowered beings exist what is the need for scientists? In a world where knowledge is controlled by the elite, what is the purpose is education? These are questions that the people of the Stillness need to answer, but so does the reader and the way N.K. Jemisin builds the world of the Stillness allows the reader to confront these extremely complex questions by bating them to do so. It is by withholding information that she makes her readers curious and ask more questions that will then spark discussions not just about the Stillness but about our civilization.

Marie Thorn



Joy Aikens



Holly Atkinson



Holly Atkinson



Holly Atkinson



Holly Atkinson



Caroline Pharr



Caroline Pharr

Hemophilia

Loneliness is the Red Cross blood drive
Someone in New York misses me
I could call
But I'm out of juice

George Gildehaus

An Open Letter To Miley Cyrus

Dear Miley Cyrus,

I spent most of the summer of 2009 in the backseats of other people's minivans. Every one had a busted wayback window patched up with duct tape and a cheap tiger-stripe blanket. Every one coughed towards Skateland USA for Happy Hour Skate or Hollywood 20 Theaters for the free midday movie. If I got hungry, I'd just reach under the car seat and pull out a fistful of moldy Cheetos. The AC spewed hot air. Nausea came naturally as laughter. The people I rode with were friends, friends of friends, babysitters, all the men chainsmoked cheap menthols, all the women had layered haircuts with blonde roots, all the boys wore sleeveless hoodies (*sleeveless hoodies!*) and wanted to be Eminem so badly you cringed. If the driver (who screamed at some bratty kid with a flip phone in the passenger seat) went too fast on the highway, the blanket would whip and slap in the wind so loudly it'd drown out the radio, which only ever played "Party in the USA."

Oh God, we hated it, we hated it, hatred as a dull ache somewhere behind the lungs. I don't think you realize. The Latino station played it, the country station played it, the rock station played it. Even the conservative talk shows used it as fade in music. It was like a stench you couldn't wash off. It played beyond the point of torture. It's the same way those monks chant *om* over and over for Enlightenment or whatever, but the only light we got came from the jerky projector in the hot crowded theater or the flickering blacklights at the skating rink. We strapped on our inline skates in greasy booths, rushed out on the shiny floor glittering under the disco ball, and busted our asses to "Party in the USA." We ate pizza off of the rink's polka-dot carpets and laughed at the teenage couple moving their hips like yeah in the far corner where the light didn't reach. And when the rink closed we walked out into the parking lot under the filthy yellow cones of the streetlight and waited on the curb for our parents to pick us up. We imitated the people we saw and swapped dirty jokes and cursed about a thousand times just to see how the words felt in our mouths.

Okay, we didn't hate the song. Not really. We claimed we did, but we knew all the words like they were tattooed on our lips. We hummed it under our breaths as we walked up and down the neighborhood streets, down to the river, back up from the river, to the gas station where we would've bought candy if we had more than

pocket change, to the dirt bike trails, we beat out the rhythm with worn-down basketballs on cracked driveways spotted with tufts of crabgrass. It was recession time, pit of recession time, and none of my friends could afford to keep their AC running. The temperature never dropped below ninety, not even at night. They propped all their house windows open with dowel rods and cracked cinderblocks. We leaned on the shady side of telephone poles and tried to look tough while drinking Kool-Aid Jammers. We'd seen streetfights on TV – on *COPS* and *World's Dumbest* and *MTV* – but none of us had ever been in one. Hell, we were in 4th, 5th grade.

One almost happened once, though. We were all walking, all of us, down towards the creek where the Venezuelans lived, me and Zach and his brother Cole and Hunter and Ryan and the rest, and Hunter popped off some racist slur to Luis who was just out on his front porch, and Luis came out with his brothers. All of them, t-shirts, grimacing in the bright sun. Oh Sweet Jesus it was hot. Sweated so bad you looked like you'd gone swimming hot. Schizophrenic hot, fever hot, wifebeating hot, you felt sickssicksick. Everyone badmouthing each other by the chain link fence in front of Luis's place, Luis scrounging around in the ditch by the fence, everyone else saying *oh yeah well* and *you're a* and all that. Luis found a dirty beer bottle, raised it high, shattered the butt against the metal fencepost. Everything stopped. Cicadas. Oh God, it was hot. The bottle twitched

in his hand. That's how you knew he'd seen some shit, some actual grade A level *shit*, the way his hand shook and the sweat falling down his face, it wasn't swagger and bravado, he'd done this before for real. Someone said *hey, chill*, and stepped forward and when Luis raised the broken glass the sun snagged on the bottle's jagged edges and we ran, we fucking moved, we hauled ass, we were scared. Back on Zach's street we sucked in air and laughed and bragged, but we still trembled a little. The look in his eyes. The way the sun caught on the bottle's new teeth.

You know what I'm talking about. That pull at your hair, that twinge in your blood. What if things happened differently? There are so many ways to live a life. Each future splits and splits again like strands of an unmade rope. Sometimes the sheer possibility of it overwhelms me. Please don't mistake this for nostalgia. I can only talk about the future in half-truths, guesses, words solid as breath. I want things to feel solid as a minivan's sliding door, hear the future coming like a blanket wapping in the wind, like a song you can't get out of your head. I want the future to be as certain as the past.

So Miley, or Hannah, or whatever you prefer, I want to thank you. Thank you for the backing track to my memory. Thank you for the perfect song for a time when every decision I made was the right decision. When I got into trouble but nothing really ever went wrong. When the world was the urban smear along I-85 and, if I

listened real close to the music dopplering out of car windows, I could almost hear myself remembering it, becoming someone.

Samuel Gee

Hi! These are the top five books I read this year, in no particular order. I would not have read any of these if not for the DiPhi Reading Challenge, which is one of the reasons I think it's such a great tradition.

YHAOS,

Senator-Alumnus Williams.

Ficciones – Jorge Luis Borges

Ficciones is the only book I read this year that made it onto my list of “my favorite books of all time.” It’s hard to describe the sense of bewildered wonder and awe that this collection of stories repeatedly made me feel, but I have thought about many of them many times throughout the year. Good fiction gives you new ways to think about the world, and these stories have come up in my life so much this year that the book has shaped me as much as it has enchanted me.

Japanese Death Poems – ed. Yoel Hoffman

There is/was a tradition among Zen monks (most of whom were Chinese, not Japanese. Unsure why Hoffmann titled the book the way he did.) and haiku poets of composing a final poem on their deathbed, sometimes as their final act. Some of these are sad, or almost painful, like those of Shimaki Akahiko: “Where did that dog / that used to be here go? / I thought about him / once again tonight / before I went to bed.” and Kisei: “Ninth-month moon: / of late, when I have said / my prayer, I’ve meant it.” but many, even I’d say most, seem peaceful and accepting, like those of Koha: “I cast the brush aside – / from here on I’ll speak to the moon / face to face.” and Hakusai: “Farewell – and though there be / no budding in the spring, /

no autumn withering – all is well.” These monks and poets mostly seem pretty okay with it. I have spent much of this year trying to reckon with my fear of death, and this book helped to give me hope.

How to Do Nothing – Jenny Odell

What I expected: relaxation self care dopamine detox reflection. What I got: radical left bioregionalism “I would prefer not to” embodied cognition community-building. I rate books by a lot of metrics, and this one scored very highly on “number of new tabs opened while reading” and “number of people I would give a copy of this book.” Of everything I read this year, this is the one I’m most excited to return to.

Stoner – John Williams

To paraphrase Senator-Alumnus Gee, on whose recommendation I read this book: “William Stoner is born on a farm, becomes a professor of English, cheats on his wife, and dies. It’s a perfect book.” And fuck, dude, he sure does. John Williams calls it a book about love, and it is, but the quiet, personal kind of love that moves with great power beneath your surface. Looking back on the parts of my life that have come and gone so far, I feel as if it’s been but the blink of an eye, and experiencing Stoner’s entire life in three days nearly stopped my heart. I lived then between an exhale and an inhale. Highly recommend.

The Nature of Consciousness – Rupert Spira

I came away from this book with a lot of questions and a newfound openness to religion. Spira has crafted a very thought-provoking and digestible summary of Advaita Vedanta – briefly, awareness is all that there is. Your life here is as illusory as the character an actor plays on stage. Beneath this imagined world there is nothing but the divine light of awareness. And so on. I wrote in this book more than in any other. Especially interesting were his connections of the nondual experience of Vedanta with the teachings of other religions, and also his very obvious obsession with William Blake. I will be thinking about this one for a long time.

Henry Williams