

# WHITE & BLUE



VOL. 02  
ISSUE 01



IN THIS EDITION:

Prose - North Carolina's Nature & Law

Poetry - Streams of Water and Blood

Pictures - Old Travels & New Friends



JANUARY

10

# Editor's Note

Hello again!

It has been quite some time since our last publication. In that time the societies have waxed and waned, seen seasons come and go. To new senators: welcome. To old senators: welcome back.

Our last publication was quite a while ago, and for that I apologize. There was no spring edition due to personal burnout and a particularly stressful academic year. While this could have spelled the end for our magazine, this edition of the W&B received the largest number of submissions (and the most diverse works) seen in recent

years. For that, I am extremely grateful.

This will be my last time as Editor-in-Chief of the White & Blue. I will still be around, but I am passing the proverbial torch to Senator Page, whom I trust will treat this magazine well.

This edition's theme is "rebirth" to couple the upcoming spring season and this new era of the W&B. I hope you all enjoy, and I look forward to future efforts to document and celebrate the creative works of the members of these societies.

YH&OS,

*Phi President Addy*






# Table of Contents



## PROSE

-   
 Anna Crist  
*Buckwheat* **1**  
 Deniz Erdal  
*An Analysis of the Mystical Marriage of St. Catherine by Gundelach* **4**  
 Logan Grodsky  
*Resolved: Comedy is More Valuable to Humanity than Tragedy* **9**  
 Ryan Kalo  
*The Gods Must be Crazy!* **12**  
 Dillon Page  
*State vs. Waddell; Bobbit and his Role in the Imposition of North Carolina's Most Draconian ruling* **14**  
 Nathaniel Shue  
*On Proper Attire* **19**

## POETRY

-   
 Rania Alaoui  
*Me and Mine War* **21**  
 Anna Crist  
*Eno River in Spring* **23**

## PICTURES

-   
 Katie Fiore  
*A Moment's Rest During Waltz Practice* **24**  
 Deniz Erdal  
*Pictures from a Summer's Travels* **25**





# Buckwheat

*Anna Crist*

I had a second home long before my parents were divorced.

It would be more accurate to say I had small variety of second homes. The park five minutes from my house with its abandoned trail to smelly Lake Hickory. My neighbor Shirley's house perfumed by cigarette smoke, her manicured backyard with the pool we frequented in the summer. My Russian mother's Russian friend's house, with her cups of tea and Slavic confectionaries and wooded backyard we would disappear to with her daughter.

My Russian grandfather discovered one such second home on his visit to the states. He was a lean old man with heart issues who kept bees and made buckwheat honey back home. He was restless and in need of a place to pace, and found a suitable spot half a mile from the house.

Long after he'd left, my mother maintained her father's habit of walking there. It was a plot of hilly land tucked behind a house with a baying hound locked in a metal enclosure. Someone had paved two roads there before development was scrapped: one stretching from the main road, which ended in a circle, and one completely dead-end road, ending in two circles, running perfectly parallel to the first one. A small, steeply inclined road connected the two. On all sides lay piney forest just patchy enough to be inviting.

We frequented this lot with insane regularity. It felt untouched – remote – yet friendly. My mother would load my sister, our Golden Retriever, and me into her 2010 Toyota Corolla and make the impossibly brief drive there. She would park her car at the chained entrance of the first road. Time and time again we surpassed this barrier with ease and made our way down to what belonged to no one, letting the



soft hills swallow us.

While my mom paced back and forth with earbuds in, my sister and I would run off to some corner of the lot to play. Often, we would choose a spot depending on the drama we were enacting. Sometimes it was the clay bank of some pathetic, dribbling red creek, and we were wild creatures enduring a drought. Sometimes it was the dead brush lining the road, the stalks of grass stiff in the cold. We were building a nest to hunker down through the winter, then. Sometimes it was the top of the hill bordering the edge of the plot, whose crumbling face was a cliff we had to scramble up. On those days we were caught in a turf war, surveying our domain from the best vantage point.

After a couple hours, we would invariably grow tired or hungry and ask our mother to go home. But we left comfortable in the knowledge we would soon return. The refuge awaited us.

\*\*\*

Years later and miles away, I was on my hands and knees again, immersed in a throng of vegetation for the first time in years.

I was working on a farm in Mebane

for the summer. The hires were supposed to be agricultural science interns, but more often than not we worked as field hands, hand-weeding rows of tomato beds and mixing soil in the greenhouse. One of our most important jobs was constructing ribbed tunnels out of long, flexible pieces of PVC pipe in crop fields, each tunnel a hundred feet long. We stretched and secured netting over each tunnel, and someone else would spray the crops inside with a test chemical and insert a hive of bees.

We were tearing down a batch of these tunnels. It was grueling work. We rolled up netting into enormous gauzy wads and yanked PVC pipes out of their footers, lugging everything to the field's edge for the trucks to remove. The air was thick and sweltering—the afternoon sun ruthless—and we had been out there for hours.

For this particular set, the tunnels had long strips of two-foot-wide linen stapled to the ground. They were designed to make it easy to count dead bees. I tasked myself with tearing it up. Rather than standing with an arched back, I opted to kneel to the ground and crawl along.

The buckwheat grew wild on either side of me. Several weeks ago, the plants bore smelly white flowers and

the field had appeared snow-kissed. But by now the flowers were beginning to die, and the plants were producing tough, angular fruits, which found themselves in my socks and poked at my ankles. The crop stood so tall it cast me in partial shade. It exhaled a refreshing dampness.

This close to the ground, the other employees disappeared from view, and I knew I disappeared from theirs. The blue sky simmered overhead. The vegetation muffled the world's mouth. I was sublimely alone.

Except, not quite. All around me the bees were hard at work, extracting the field's last gasps of nectar. They emitted a light, steady hum—an ancient song I felt I should have known. My stomach gave the sudden lurch of a foreigner surrounded by native adversaries. I recalled, from some of my other work that summer, the loud roar of an opened hive of bees. I remembered their fury as they swarmed at my veiled arms and face, outraged at their home invasion and my complicity in the crime. Now, my tank top left my skin vulnerable to revenge. I braced myself.

But there was no need. Their hum was a happy work song. They floated around me like golden bubbles, alighting delicately on limp buckwheat flowers to gather nectar. They regarded me with peaceful indifference, circumventing the clumsy obstacle of my body and going on with their business. I was a creature again. Stooped on the ground and temporarily four-legged. Nudging through the growth, taking refuge from the sun, taking refuge from my work, the world.



# An Analysis of the Mystical Marriage of St. Catherine by Gundelach

*Paper by Deniz Erdal*

## Background on the Marriage of St. Catherine

The Catholic Encyclopedia describes a mystical marriage as, “a vision in which Christ tells a soul that He takes it [sic] for His bride, presenting it [sic] with the customary ring, and...is accompanied by a ceremony; [Mary], saints, and angels are present”(1). There are believed to be many mystical marriages, two including prominent Catherines, St. Catherine of Alexandria and St. Catherine of Siena (2).

St. Catherine of Alexandria was, according to legend, a highly educated noblewoman who lived in the 4th century AD (3). She was arrested after protesting the treatment of Christians under the rule of Emperor Maxentius (4). Catherine, through her rhetorical skills, was able to convert many “eminent scholars” and the empress (5). Catherine was then tortured,

which led her to profess that she had “consecrated her virginity to Jesus Christ, her spouse”, leading her to be sentenced to death (6). According to



tradition, the spiked water wheel by which Catherine was meant to be executed by broke when she touched it, after which she was beheaded (7).

St. Catherine of Sienna was a much later Saint living in the mid to late 14th-century (8). She is believed to have consecrated her virginity to Jesus at a young age (9). It is believed that Catherine received the Stigmata in her marriage to Christ. As a Dominican Tertiary, St. Catherine urged Catholics to cease their internal fighting and “unite against the infidels” (10). Through an analysis of the painting we will seek to discover which Catherine is being represented and the meaning behind the representation of Catherine with Emperor Mathias.

#### Observations and Analysis

Immediately upon glancing at the painting we see the figure of the Holy Roman Emperor Mathias, whose identity is revealed by the title of the painting and the ribbon in Mathias' hand bearing his name. Emperor Mathias acts as a repoussoir figure, making eye contact with the viewer and directing the viewer with his hand. The figure behind and to the right of Mathias also makes eye contact with the viewer and is identifiable as Empress Anna (11). Anna's right hand can also be seen pointing from behind the figure bending down to kiss the Christ Child. Both

Anna and Mathias are depicted wearing contemporary royal apparel. Interestingly, both Mathias and Anna are seen to have halos above their heads representing them as saints. Following Mathias' hand, the viewer can find many typical elements of a sacra conversazione. The Virgin Mary placed high on a pedestal is holding an infant Jesus. The traditional column placed behind Mary is also present. On Mary's lap, the Christ Child can be seen with rays of light extending from his head. The Christ Child is also seen reaching down as if presenting a matrimonial ring. To the left of Jesus, we see the female figure Jesus is being married to, bending down to kiss the feet of Jesus. Clearly, this is the figure of St. Catherine as revealed by the title of the painting. More specifically, the figure is likely to be Catherine of Alexandria; as evidenced by the lack of Dominican attire as well as the Stigmata, which would have been indicative of Catherine of Sienna. The crown on Catherine's head could be indicative of her noble birth, but could also be the crown of a martyr. Beneath Catherine is the hilt of a sword, which can be interpreted as an allusion to Catherine of Alexandria's ultimate execution by decapitation. Additionally, the Greek on the cross behind the figures of Anna and St. Catherine provides additional





evidence for the saint's Alexandrian origins. One notable absence from the representation of St. Catherine is the spiked water wheel she is often associated with. The female figure below Mary is dressed with a white headscarf and has a halo on her head. This figure is in a dynamic position, appearing to be in conversation with a figure outside of the painting. This figure could also be seen as a repoussoir figure, directing the viewer with her right hand to the marriage. The figure's gaze also leads to Mathias' hand which almost forms a triangle with the focal point.

Although this figure does not appear significantly older than Mary, it might be reasonable to assume that the figure is St. Anne, who has been seen in other Sacra Conversazione with a similar white headscarf. The children around this figure further enhance this argument as they could represent St. Anne's maternity and her position as the mother of the holy mother. In addition to the gestures of the repoussoir figures, there are also four lines directing the viewer to the focal point of the painting. The first is a line through the eyes of Mathias, Anna, and Catherine to the point where Catherine's hand touches Jesus's foot. Another line goes through the eyes of Mary and Jesus. Finally, the large cross in the background is slanted and also

directs the viewer toward the focal point. On the cross, the words 'Christus dei felius salvator' are written, which translates to 'Christ, The Son of God, Savior', as if stating the already obvious.

The painting also contains many unidentifiable figures: two women behind and to the left of the Emperor with turban-like headwear with another figure between them, a figure directly between and behind Mathias and Anna, in addition to various cherubs and angels peering down from heaven. The headwear of the figures in the backgrounds might be indicative of Turkish influences.

Unlike depictions seen in paintings such as the Adoration of the Shepherds by Correggio, the Christ Child does not produce an overwhelming sense of light. In this painting, the Christ Child only emits a warm and soft yellow light. The light emitted by the Christ Child barely extends beyond his own head leaving the side of Catherine's face facing the christ child covered almost entirely in shadow. Indeed the main source of lighting for this painting appears to originate from the upper left side of the painting in heaven, as indicated by warm yellow reflections on the clouds and shadows.

### Possible Meanings of the Painting

To understand the meaning of the painting we must take a look at Emperor Mathias and why he might have wished to associate himself with St. Catherine of Alexandria. Mathias succeeded to the throne in 1612 after the death of his older brother Rudolf II (12). During his reign, Mathias sought to walk a fine line between granting concessions to Protestants and protecting the interests of Catholics. Soon into his term, Mathias was challenged by many Catholic princes, who, in addition to feeling he was too soft on Protestants, saw him as “old, ill, and childless” (13). In this context, this painting appears to be largely political painting. Indeed, the painting seeks to associate the royal couple with the evangelism and selfless commitment of St. Catherine. Further, the painting seeks to defend the royal couple from various attacks. Associating the royal couple with a Christian Martyr who died childless after giving her life to Jesus helps reframe their own lack of a child, associating it instead with serving God, rather than political weakness. Associating with St. Catherine, known for her rhetorical skill, also provides a

counter-argument for increasingly militaristic Catholic princes, exemplifying that the best way to spread the faith is with rhetoric. Mathias and Anna are elevated into divine status, being the only figures aside from the holy family to receive halos and the only figures saturated in color along with the Holy Family and St. Catherine. In addition, Mathias seeks to show his power by placing his foot on the base of the Holy Family’s pedestal. In essence, the painting is a political one seeking to associate the royal couple with a venerated Christian Saint, deflecting political attacks and reframing narratives.

*Footnotes*

- 1, 2 - Poulain, Augustin. 1910. "Mystical Marriage." *The Catholic Encyclopedia*. <https://www.newadvent.org/cathen/09703a.htm>.
- 3-7 - Encyclopedia Britannica. 2023. "St. Catherine of Alexandria | Egyptian martyr." Britannica. <https://www.britannica.com/biography/Saint-Catherine-of-Alexandria>.
- 8-10 - Noffke, Suzanne. 2023. "Saint Catherine of Sienna | Biography, Facts, Miracles, & Patron Saint Of." Britannica. <https://www.britannica.com/biography/Saint-Catherine-of-Siena>.
- 11 - Kunsthistorisches Museum Wien. 2020. "Mystische Verlobung der Hl. Katharina." <https://www.khm.at/objektdb/detail/859/>.
- 12, 13 - Walbank, Frank W. 2023. "Matthias | Holy Roman emperor." Britannica. <https://www.britannica.com/biography/Matthias>.

# Resolved: Comedy is More Valuable to Humanity than Tragedy

Speech by Logan Grodsky

My fellow senators, I affirm that Resolved: Comedy is more valuable to humanity than tragedy. To call attention to the wording of the resolution, it can be too easy for the negative to try to get off in this debate by distracting you away with the inherent subjectivity of the value of art – it is true that in the abstract that would be an imprecise and moot discussion based largely on predilections. Instead, the resolution specifies value to *humanity*, relating our question not to abstraction but specifically to the study of the human world from a critical perspective (humanities). This narrows our resolution, and leaves no doubt that the versatility and range of comedy render it

more valuable for this purpose.

Tragedy can be somewhat precise, but a brief definition is that it is narrative which principally explores and/or relates to suffering. Certainly more *somber*, tragedy is also often viewed as a fundamentally more *serious* approach to storytelling because of its apparent realism and ability to grapple with the darkest and terrifying parts of the human experience. From Sophocles's Antigone to Shakespeare's Hamlet to Breaking Bad's Walter White, for millennia audiences have been mesmerized by the possibility for suffering and ruination inherent in the human experience.

While these weighty subjects are

important, tragedy, by its nature, must adhere to, or at least end in, such dour conclusions. This leaves a lot to be desired, at least for our purpose of exploring humanity. Hubris, villainy, vengeance, self-destruction, fate, and death are all parts of the human experience, but so are adventure, absurdity, irony, transgression, musicality, and true love. Comedy, when artful, has the ability to explore all of this in profound and compelling ways.

Steven Spielberg's *Schindler's List* vividly depicts the events of the Holocaust in all of its horror and *tragedy*, and it leaves anyone deeply moved. Now, that's a great film, but it's not really a film that actually seeks to challenge its audience. Long before *Schindler's List*, people were able to feel and understand the utter tragedy of the Nazi regime. It then takes comedy to complete that story. Mel Brooks's *The Producers* dares to make a farcical satire of Adolf Hitler. In doing so, Brooks's film offers an even more powerful rebuke of the

premise of Nazism. While making audiences laugh, it also advances an important political message: the power of Nazism came in so many ways from gaudy costumes, elaborate choreography, and the nonsensical rantings of a madman. For anyone familiar with the history of the Nazi regime, this doesn't diminish the catastrophe that the regime wrought, but it builds an understanding of that human situation which robs that regime of its menace and power.

Look at Shakespeare's *Taming of the Shrew* in which the farce shows Petruchio employ increasingly ridiculous and cruel methods to see to the "taming" of Katharina. The idiocy and implausibility of the depiction, performed as a play-within-a-play, has for centuries had the effect of challenging gender stereotypes and the cruel treatment of women in our society, made possible only by its comedic structure. In the musical comedy *Gypsy*, we are told a somewhat heartbreaking story of a stage mom

who “was born too soon and started too late” through song and dance. We follow a woman who is driven to monstrous things because of her flaws – with burlesque showgirls to boot. The music is used to express the extent of the emotion conveyed – a comedic faculty which tragedy is generally unable to match.

These comedies have the clear range to address dark parts of the human experience, but I would like to stress that in their simplest forms they are uniquely able to understand and explore the light and silly ones. In their very formulation, tragedies are unable to let people bask in the joys of lovers who overcome some adversity to be with each other, or of the silly little parts of our day that make us laugh and so often keep us moving. The star-crossed and doomed loves of Shakespeare’s *Romeo and Juliet* may awe us, but can we really say that this is a better reflection of the

lived experience than Nora Ephron’s *Harry and Sally* finally admitting that they love each other? I think not, and the ability of comedy to understand that life has fundamental goodness alongside its worrisome pitfalls is its definitive strength.

For this, I again affirm the resolution and invite my fellow senators to do the same.

# The Gods Must be Crazy!

*Ryan Kalo*

Their boats burned a long time ago. I often asked myself why they lit their arrows and shot upon their only way out, but as time moved I understood it even more. They were choke holding fate into making themselves victors or those who fought valiantly, with no plans of escape.

The latter was true of these invaders. They were slaughtered, piece by piece, person by person. So much so the splendor of their flesh was used to plant new crops. The blood left from their defeat was enough to irrigate all our fields for the new harvest; their bodies were more than enough fertilizer. I always found it comedic how they choose to be this, even unbeknownst to them,

fate had a string that tethered them that fed our people.

Yet, some were not optimistic about their splendor at first. The town nomad, Ajax, quickly spoke against eating these crops saying how they were “tainted by the foreigners.” This concern brought many to question the ends of planting such a field but they were quickly reassured by reminding them we normally used fish corpses for this process. Surely, a fish would be more tainted than the flesh of a hard fought warrior.

Others had concerns about the “humanity” of this action. The Oracle of East spoke on the brutality of these men’s lives. How they were once slaughter houses of power and were

quickly reduced to soil, an insult to the memory of all fallen soldiers. The Oracle of West contested and reminded him that we did not know the exact burial rites of these foreigners, so it may even be more insulting to their memory to bury them as if they are our own. Then, she added how we must then make the most use of their flesh, like they themselves did in life by training for war. Lastly, how war was an end in itself. We had gotten the glory of victory. These people had gotten their wish too for they planned to either die or reign victorious. No retreat. Thus, The Oracle of East silenced himself and thanked The Oracle of West for addressing his concerns.

As time went on, the discussion of the crops became silent. They were just part of our day to day existence and people became accustomed to them. They were no longer the crops of fallen soldiers but the crops from the field named after fallen soldiers.





# State vs. Waddell

## *Bobbitt and his role in the Imposition of North Carolina's most Draconian ruling*

*Historian's Report by Dillon Page*

*The Following Information was Curated and Delivered by Historian Page of the 228th Fall Session of the Dialectic and Philanthropic Societies*



*Various News Clippings of stories responding to the State v. Waddell decision. Most expressed outrage at how draconian the ruling was, fearing widespread racially motivated convictions in the state.*

“The trial flashes back to me all the time, like, you know, when the jury says that they find me guilty. I can see it in my mind. I didn’t know about the death penalty. It’s one of the most horrible feelings that a man can have” (1). Anthony Carey was only twenty years old when he was given the death penalty for first degree murder. He was not aware that the death penalty was even a possibility after *Furman v. Georgia* decided it was unconstitutional, violating the “cruel and unusual” punishment clause in the eighth amendment. Many convicts like Carey did not know until the day they were convicted that North Carolina judges could still order them to the gas chamber, the electric chair, to the gallows, or to stand before a firing squad (2). How could such a discrepancy exist between federal court decisions and state-level statutes? It turns out that Anthony Carey was sentenced alongside his brother Albert Carey, being seen as

an accomplice in murder despite having been in a parked car multiple blocks away from the scene of the murder. He never even handled the gun used to commit the crime. He was primarily convicted based on the testimony of the actual shooter, James Mitchell, who “had entered into a plea deal with prosecutors” (3). No evidence could be found outside of Mitchell’s testimony linking Carey to the murder, resulting in all charges being dropped in 1974 (4). While he got to walk away a free man, the psychological impact of having one’s life end or continue based upon the whims of the state undoubtedly haunted him. He was not alone. By the early 1970s, North Carolina alone contained half of the total death row inmates in the nation (5). By what mechanism was this mass incarceration compelled? Who was the culprit? For that, I would direct your attention to the bust of William H. Bobbit to the left of me. Bobbit was the chief justice of the North Carolina Supreme Court from 1969 to 1974. He presided over *State vs. Waddell*, which allowed the state of North Carolina to automatically sentence those who committed first degree murder, rape, arson, and even

burglary with the death penalty.

The *State vs. Waddell* decision arrived in a context of state-level vitriolic resistance against the *Furman v. Georgia* decision. A mere eighteen months after the Furman decision, 23 states had already reinstated the death penalty (6). Naturally, North Carolina was one of these states but decided to take it one step further with its mandatory death penalty scheme via *Waddell*. The imposition of death upon committing first degree burglary is particularly egregious since the state’s legal definition of burglary at the time was so loose. It defined first degree burglary as “the unlawful breaking and entering of an occupied dwelling at night with intent to commit a felony” (7). The News and Observer made an apt analogy when discussing *Waddell*, claiming that “the White House plumbers would have received the death penalty for pulling the Watergate and Ellsberg burglaries” (8). Many fell victim to burglary’s definitional flexibility, including Samuel A. Poole of Moore County. Labeled “the most dramatic case in the United States at the time”, Poole was convicted of breaking into someone’s home. He did not harm the homeowner or steal any of their property. Yet, since his actions fit the legal qualifications of first degree burglary, he was given the death

penalty. What makes the situation all the more odious is that he would eventually have all charges dismissed in 1974 due to a lack of substantial evidence linking him to the burglary (9). Both Pool and Carey were proven innocent, yet still had to languish in death row as a result of an improper and draconian sentencing. Since the state had not executed anyone since Theodore Boykin in 1961, death row quickly became overcrowded. Clearly, the Waddell decision was causing a myriad of issues. Yet what made it all the more perplexing was that the state was on a course toward ending the death penalty. As of January 18th, 1972, the North Carolina Supreme Court under Bobbit decided to bring "North Carolina into compliance with the U.S. Supreme Court edict against capricious application of the death penalty" (10). There were also several attempts made by the General Assembly in 1973 to eliminate or alter the death penalty. All that was stopping them were minor disagreements between the House and the Senate concerning which, if any, crimes should receive the death penalty (11).

Thus, the question arises: what legal justifications in *State vs. Waddell* could possibly set the state's progress on death penalty reform

back decades? Well, the crux of *State vs. Waddell* was the revocation of a 1949 statute which allowed jurors "to recommend mercy on a finding of guilty in the first degree" (12). The majority opinion in Waddell advocated for removing this option. When asked about the potential for racial bias to result from this decision, the majority opinion had this to say:

"There are intimations in some of the opinions of the Justices constituting a majority in *Furman v. Georgia*, supra, that the actual basis for the exercise by juries of their discretion to sentence one defendant to death and another defendant, convicted of the same crime under like circumstances, to imprisonment for life, is race. While not specifically directed to the courts and juries of North Carolina, this charge, applied by inference to them, is a false charge which this court should not accept in silence"

They then proceed to claim that of the 26 defendants sentenced to death under their court, 16 were black, 9 were white, and 1 was Native American. Of the 10 that were granted new trials by the court, 8 were black and 2 were white. They then claim that of the 16 death sentences affirmed by the NC Supreme Court, 8 were black, 7 were white, and 1 was Native American (13). This data itself is severely

biased. If, as they claim, there is no racial bias in death penalty sentencing, why was it found that as of December 30th, 1973, 15 on North Carolina's death row were black, only 4 were white, and one was Native American? (14) While Bobbit himself was not a member of the majority opinion, he decided to neither agree or disagree with them, instead opting for a neutral opinion. He aligns with the majority's belief that *Furman v. Georgia* "holds that the eighth and fourteenth Amendments will no longer tolerate the infection of the death sentence if either judge or jury is permitted to impose that sentence as a matter of discretion" (15). He believes that *Furman* is purely for restricting the convictions which may receive the death penalty, not the complete revoking of the death penalty itself. Unlike the majority opinion, Bobbit does not believe the court can act as a legislature and impose a mandatory death penalty for select convictions. He asserts that "speculation as to what the legislature would do is a legally unsound move for a court" (16). Bobbit concludes his opinion with the following:

"Moreover, I do not think any death sentence may be constitutionally inflicted unless our General Assembly strikes from our present statutes the provisions which leave the unbridled discretion of a jury whether the punishment shall be death or life imprisonment. In my opinion, this Court has no right to ignore or repeal these provisions. They were put there by the General Assembly. Furman did not repeal them. This Court has no right to repeal them. The ground on which I dissent is that the majority are giving what I consider to be the wrong advisory opinion or directive" (17).

Despite his clear reservations regarding the majority opinion, Bobbit does not dissent and allows the majority to move forward with the imposition of the mandatory death penalty. Therefore, Bobbit does share culpability for the *State vs. Waddell* decision, allowing his convictions to be compromised for some vague sense of professionalism and leniency with his colleagues.

Only three years after *State vs. Waddell*, the federal Supreme Court "struck down North Carolina's mandatory death sentencing scheme in *Woodson vs. North Carolina*" (18). While the period of effect was brief for *State vs. Waddell*, it managed to secure the state's reputation as legally oppressive, racially biased, and cruel. In 2009, North Carolina tried to remedy this harmful legacy by

passing the Racial Justice Act “which prohibited seeking or imposing the death penalty on the basis of race”, using “statewide statistical evidence to show a pattern of racial discrimination” (19). The act was then repealed by the state legislature in 2013 (20), leaving North Carolina in an untenable state regarding the death penalty’s status. Bobbit’s court had the potential to avoid this uncertain future but instead opted to follow national trends, outshining other states in its brash severity via the *State vs. Waddell* decision. A mandatory death sentence was never going to adhere to the principles of justice and impartiality that our state’s supreme court claims to adhere to. Upon joining the Dialectic Society (21), Bobbit swore to work toward promoting the ideals of virtue and knowledge. But what virtue is there in remaining neutral on a decision that directly affects the lives of your state’s citizens?



Photo by L.A. Tinsley

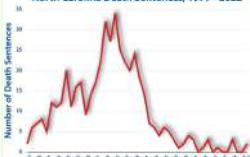
Left: Samuel A. Moore was convicted of first degree Burglary and sentenced to the death penalty in 1973. Only a year later, his charges would be dismissed.

Right: William H. Bobbit served as the North Carolina Chief Justice from 1969 to 1974. He presided over *State vs. Waddell*, opting to remain neutral in his decision.



William Haywood Bobbit  
The Nineteenth Chief Justice

### North Carolina Death Sentences, 1977 - 2022



Shows a substantial increase in death penalty sentencing after the 1973 *State vs. Waddell* decision. This would decrease after the Racial Justice Act is passed in 2009, although this would later be repealed in 2013.

#### Footnotes

- 1, 2, 5, 8, 10-15, 17, 21 – Bobbitt, William H. 1938. William H. Bobbitt papers.
- 3, 4, 9 – Lindberg, Dane. “Description of Innocence Cases.” Death Penalty Information Center, 2015. <https://deathpenaltyinfo.org/policy-issues/innocence/description-of-innocence-cases>.
- 16 – Adams, Joseph. “Mandatory Death: State v. Waddell.” History and Scholarship Digital Archives, 1973. <https://archives.law.necu.edu/neculr/vol4/iss2/9/>.
- 18-20 – Maher, Robin M. “North Carolina.” Death Penalty Information Center, January 26, 2023. <https://deathpenaltyinfo.org/state-and-federal-info/state-by-state/north-carolina>.

# On Proper Attire



*Nathaniel Shue*

Wear appropriate shoes to the mountain. This does not, for those wondering, extend to Vans. I've made this mistake several times, casually and infamously. Unlike past incidents, the most recent one was less an issue of assets than of access. I found myself two thousand miles from my now formidable shoe stockpile, battling a small blizzard outside a mountain hotel, and equipped only with footwear of simple canvas.

The Works Progress Administration was established by executive order in 1935. It was tantamount to a wartime effort to fight the Great Depression. Congress immediately allocated the entity billions, and it soon grew to claim much of what remained of the American Economy. At its peak it employed six percent of the US's workforce at a time of nineteen percent unemployment. The theory was intuitive and

moderately Keynesian: if the economy is ailing, put people to work. Inject capital. Spur demand, and supply will follow. Exactly how effective the WPA was remains a subject of academic debate. Regardless, its public image remains proud. It's known as the force behind grand enterprises like the Hoover Dam. The reason the desert blooms. The cause for happy days.

While home from University and for no reason in particular, I borrowed my mother's car, put on my maroon tennis shoes, drove forty minutes to a bus stop in the Oregon town of Sandy, and coughed up a five dollar bill. Anyone able to replicate these steps will stumble into precisely the position I did: making steady progress, with some assorted others, through a land of old growth forests and scattered cabins. Everything seems aged there, but not exactly worn down. The moss pouring out of every crevice. The rusted businesses all bearing the name of their home



mountain. The rocks that emerge as though tidal waves from the ground. Pervasive fog is replaced with snow as you rise in elevation. And, halfway up Mount Hood, Timberline Lodge emerges from around a bend.

The lodge was a product of the WPA in 1937. Dedicated by Roosevelt himself, it remains publicly owned to this day. It's warm in every sense. The wooden frame, the large stone hearths, the craftsman lighting, the windows perennially caked by snow. It would feel welcoming even if the fireplaces were not ablaze, even if its common areas weren't more or less open to the public. There are ski slopes nearby, but the lodge itself is sufficiently beckoning that those who come for the winter sports find equal pleasure in the large armchairs. It might even be enough to wipe away the memory of how much a single room cost. Or maybe they never think about that.

The hotel fell out of use mid century. Its slow decline was only reversed when the federal government, which never had much interest in operating a lodge anyway, gave its management over to a private operator. The man they chose for the job was a member of an elite Oregon family. He put in his own money to restore the place before

operating it at a profit, passing it down to his son when he grew old. It provided a measure of stability by means of a typical cycle of generational wealth. Timberline has since become a popular vacation spot for the wealthier portions of Pacific Northwest society. An event venue and a basecamp for family skiing, it has made itself a cultural icon for people in certain income brackets.

What do you think about while at the lodge? Is it the six foot wide wooden pillars that hold up the lobby? Do you mull over how people desperate for work accepted meager wages to force the logs into their positions, how every step in the process was financed with taxpayer money? Or does it stick with you that you're standing in a symbol of what it means to be affluent in Oregon, a symbol that remains run by that same elite family? For me, it was the scent of breakfast food mingling with smoke from the fireplaces. It was the sounds of the sweater-clad children playing under the two story Christmas tree. The evergreens outside weighed down by the accelerating snowstorm. And maybe even the palpable cheer. It's enough to distract from a lot, including snow in your shoes.



# Me and Mine War

*Poem by Rania Alaoui*


How innite, this time-thing is!  
 How tickling, its hands can be!  
 If only I could rest from time,  
 And haply it might rest from me,  
 For it and I are two savage beasts  
 In life's ever-growing tree,  
 Our struggle is a long one,  
 Struck all 'cross history,  
 Long have the heavens wondered  
 If ever they shall see,  
 That end which settles us common,  
 That n to our causéd misery,

Yet ambition curries me,  
 Just as chaos rushes time,  
 And so claw and tooth must clash  
 'thless,  
 Against light's drowning symphony,  
 See, I am very ambitious,  
 I wage a war, y'see,  
 Arméd by venomous woe,  
 I rage sely at my enemy,  
 Should I defeat it,  
 Then from evil will I be free,  
 Though tethers me back


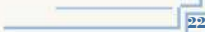




Is that clawing tickler time,  
Its breast a ribbed scarlet,  
Ichre akin to dusk's sea,  
Its embrace is stinging so,  
That in essence it becomes me,  
And as life's tree expands,  
While my foe observes in glee,  
I remain trapped in time,  
So to the heavens I send a plea.  
Pious, my arm now slashes dull,  
Defeat is a warm stupor,  
Or mayhaps that is but mortality,  
O, come green heir,  
Ye whose path dons mystery,  
Wield this lethal woe of mine,  
Whet it against that time-thing!



Pierce it into the sightless black,  
There, yes, might ye make my  
discovery,  
Now I, too, have touched darkness  
Yet this does not feel like victory,  
Prayer lulls me to within,  
I wonder, if time had always been the  
key,  
Blackness shrouds that unspoken  
truth,  
In soulless murk, rests my reverie.  
Tim-dim, dies the dream of legacy.  
How terribly nite, we must be.



# Eno River in Spring

*Poem by Anna Crist*

Bare tree, a bolt of black  
lightning  
Streaking blue sky  
Bright citrus sun throwing  
her rays  
Through open air  
They are spears suspended  
in flight,  
Those hanging beams  
And yet they pierce the  
stirred water,  
Make sparkling wounds.

Spring, season of electric life.  
Each cell churning  
Fevered motion from the  
stillness.  
Waterside with friends,  
Everything is all shimmer.  
The water eddies  
And the confetti trees tremble.  
We don't sit long.

# Pictures



*"Clerk Fiore and PPT Forbes rest after Waltz practice for the December"*



*Records of President Erdal's summer travels.*



*In reading order: View of Galata Tower in İstanbul, Clouds over Edremit Turkey, Street in Beyoğlu İstanbul, Brandenburg Gate, Lakes near Salzburg, Osaka Castle, Attersee Lake (near Salzburg), Second View of Galata Tower, Stephansdom in Vienna, View of Vienna from Belvedere Palace, U.N. Building in Vienna, Third View of Galata Tower, Bill Clinton Statue in Pristina Kosovo, Clouds North of Jacksonville Florida.*

**WHITE**

**& BLUE**