



The
**WHITE
BLUE**

*The Magazine of the Dialectic
and Philanthropic Societies*

*Fall 2024
Session 229-1*

Letter from the Editor

Beloved Senators and Guests,

Here is the White and Blue! Since the last issue, our numbers have grown, and I received a remarkable number of submissions (Shoutout to Gabe, who sent nearly twenty files for inclusion). We know our fellow senators from meetings, and I hope that this issue can provide a glimpse of the activities and creative efforts that senators do outside of the societies.

Fall 2024 is now behind us, and I offer up this book as a representation of that piece of our lives and of the societies' history.

Senator Isabel Ebin

White and Blue Chair, Fall 2024

ad virtutem, libertatem, scientiamque

Contents

<i>Run</i> / Jack Barr.....	4
<i>Historian's Report: DiPhi and the Politics of Historical Memory</i> / Eli North.....	5
<i>The Enemy Within</i> / Hytholoday.....	9
Dispatches: DiPhi in D.C.	10
<i>The Paradox of Economic Globalization</i> / Gabriel Walsh.....	12
Photo by Gabriel Walsh.....	17
Dispatches: Rania in London.....	18
<i>Into the Submarine</i> / Dillon Page.....	20
<i>Medical Illustrations</i> / Violet Frost.....	22
<i>A Spring Day at Carolina</i> / O. L. D'Well.....	23
Photo by Cassius Khan.....	23
<i>Sea Rondel</i> / Cassius Khan.....	24
Painting by Violet Frost.....	24
<i>Bird Photos</i> / Charlotte Sullivan.....	25
Paintings by Violet Frost.....	26
<i>Food Photos</i> / Gabriel Walsh.....	27
<i>Three Original Songs</i> / Isabel Ebin.....	27
<i>String Theory: Woven in Time</i> / Austin Haenni.....	28
Dispatches: Dillon in Italy.....	30
<i>December Photos</i> / Allie Mullin Photography.....	32
<i>Societae Mutant</i> / Logan Grodsky.....	34
<i>Sed Eadam Manent</i> / Maddox Addy.....	35

Run Jack Barr

I jolt awake to the sound of dogs barking. I try to go back to sleep but can't, the dogs are getting louder. Why won't someone shut those stupid mutts up? I get up and throw on a robe to head outside but, right as my foot crosses the door, they fall silent. With a sigh of relief, I climb back into bed, trying to delay starting the day as long as I can. Just as I drift off to sleep again, those damn hounds' baying starts again. Jesus Christ, does no one have any sense to train their dogs? Don't they know it's rude to let your beasts run amok? The mongrel curs disturbing everyone's peace? This is a civilized society, and I have a right to my tranquil mornings! Still in my pajamas, I fly out the front door only for the dogs to fall silent once again. Slowly, I walk back into my house, and as soon as my big toe touches the hardwood in the foyer, the clamor begins anew.

I haven't been home in seven months. The good-for-nothing pups have followed me across the country. If I stay in the same place for more than a night or two, the brusque report of the dogs' snapping jaws assails me once more. I tried going to the police, but they said they couldn't hear them. How could they not? Each gruff shout thunders like a thousand trumpets, blaring their looming threat so loud it drowns out every attempt to think. I'm so tired of running, I miss sleeping in my own bed. More than just hearing the dogs coming closer, I can feel them. They're under my skin, my bones jitter every time I hear the approaching cacophony. I know they're coming for me, all my attempts at escape only prolonged the inevitable. I can't run anymore. I lay down with a smile, for what I know
will be
my last
time.

Historian's Report: DiPhi and the Politics of Historical Memory

Eli North

Senators of the societies, I come before you tonight with a reminder of our long and grievously stained past. I come before you not, as I had originally intended, with a story about the ways in which the societies discussed a notable event in the history of my region, but with a reminder that these institutions we dearly love have for much of their history been bound up in and supportive of white supremacist projects in our state and the South. Tonight, I'd like to take you back to the latter half of the 1860s, the Civil War is over, the former confederate states are under military occupation as reconstruction begins, but the University of North Carolina has not yet closed. It is the fall of 1865, and the societies, or more specifically, the Dialectic Society, are making their mark on history and historiography in a new way. While the records of this period are frustratingly sparse, with only the minute books and a few short reports to guide my way, I stumbled into a substantial investment of time and energy into a project which foreshadows the lost cause narratives of the 1880s.

159 years and two weeks ago, on the 28th of October 1865, the Dialectic Society empanelled a committee to coordinate the establishment of a museum of confederate artifacts and a record of all the members of the society who had died fighting for the Confederate States of America. While such an act of formalized memory is not inherently wrong, the language they used and the context in which they operated hint at a much more salient, much more regressive agenda, one which would become commonplace in the decades after the end of reconstruction, but was, to their knowledge, a novel and inspirational act. These students, who walked the same halls and debated the same way we do now, set out to construct a particular narrative of their fallen fellows

and the war in which they died, one which recast their fight for slavery and their own continued privilege into a noble battle to defend liberty and the chivalrous ideals of the southern elite.

Before I delve deeper into the politics which this museal project advanced or the impact of such monuments on people of color throughout the region, I'd like to outline a broad sketch of the basic facts of the matter. As I stated before, the committee was established on the 28th of October 1865, and would give its first report on the 3rd of November that year. After that, it gave sporadic reports until the society went into a sort of stasis in 1868, while they may have met after that date, the minutes adjourn until 1875 in June of that year and the records immediately after the return are faded to the point of illegibility in a rather surprising manner. Those reports, or at least the three I have copies of, suggest a campaign of newspaper appeals to their alumni and friends of the confederacy, a plan born out in the papers of the most important North Carolina cities of the era, Raleigh and Wilmington.

These reports also suggest that these efforts fared rather poorly, with few able or willing to give heirlooms or money to this project and a consistent refrain, however the minutes suggest that they were successful enough to create a position to maintain this museum under the guidance of the Librarian. They were more successful in creating a record of Dialectic Men who had died in the confederate ranks, eventually tallying some hundred names, an act which is simultaneously a rational response to the radical changes and deep wounds the war wrought on both sides, and an act of white supremacist history making which valorizes these men and their fight to preserve the institution of slavery and the state structures which supported it.

In order to show more clearly that these were not simply acts of personal remembrance but political acts of narrative creation, I'd like to quote from one of the appeals they sent out between November of 1865 of February of

1866, this one published in the December 16th, 1865, issue of the Daily Dispatch.

Although the war for separation and self-government has terminated unsuccessfully, we value its history. We believe that you would, with us, be pleased to see established, on an important scale and under proper auspices, “A museum for the collection and preservation of all curiosities and relics, or matters of any sort, connected with the late Confederate States, or incident to the war for its establishment.” Our Society has realized the fact that such a museum must be gotten up, if at all, by a literary association, which can in no way be reckoned political, and from material now in private hands.

Their notation here of the importance of appearing apolitical belies the critical role such projects were to play in the redefinition of the civil war away from a conflict over slavery, something acknowledge even at the highest levels of the Confederate government, and into a conflict over the ideals of the chivalrous South and the parasitic North. This can be seen even more clearly in another passage from the same appeal, this from a section dedicated to the solicitation of names for their lists of the dead and speaking in the person of the Dialectic Society herself “She laments the death of every worthy member, but more intensely does she sorrow o’er the loss of her patriot sons.”

We can see in these passages, published in the immediate wake of the war, early versions of the same language and ideology deployed almost fifty years later at the dedication of Silent Sam by Julian Shakespeare Carr, whose name appears a number of times in the minutes of this period.

However, it is worth noting again that this project met with little success, garnering only two donations of

recently published histories of the war in its three year existence, and that it died with the closure of the university in 1870. Thus, this project is less important to me as an instance of concrete harm, there is no grand museum in New West which holds the relics of a new saintly class and reminds students of color of their historical subjugation and the desire of many of their peers to exist in a university without them, than it is as a look into the ways in which our organizations have shaped and been shaped by history, and a reminder of the duty of care we as senators must bear.

This history is immutable, it happened, we cannot go back and make of these societies institutions which did not full-throatedly support the Confederacy, however we can change how we remember them, how we understand the history most of us play lip service to as complex and troubled without stopping to think about what it means to be a 229 year-old literary society in the South, about what it means that our rollbooks hold the name of a man who boasted of whipping a Black woman in the streets of Chapel Hill in the very period I examined, about what it means that we no longer hang eight portraits on these walls due to their ties to the Confederacy, about what it means that they were made and acquired at all. What it means, is that we were, at least at this point in our history, white supremacist organizations in the vein that would produce the United Daughters of the Confederacy and their massive campaigns of monument-building and history making. While I hope that knowledge of this history changes the way you see our societies, it should not be taken to mean that we are fundamentally evil institutions, that our past acts have too darkly stained the ideals on which we were founded. Instead, it should be a call to reflect more deeply, and think more critically, about our past and the things we are doing in the present.

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The Enemy Within Hytholoday

My father told me one day Son
You'll grow to be a man
And choose to run
Or stick and stay
And simply take your stand

Those things which you fear
Behind the shroud of night
Will gobble that which you hold dear
If you don't find your might

Gave he me a silver blade
An edge fixed to carve
In ancient rites 'twas made
Forged in fire and ice
Inscribed "For ye shall never starve"

But if one day ye shall search the brook
And See your enemy in nature's window
Then grasp your blade, lest ye be mistook
Slash the sand as the water slips by
And cut off your shadow

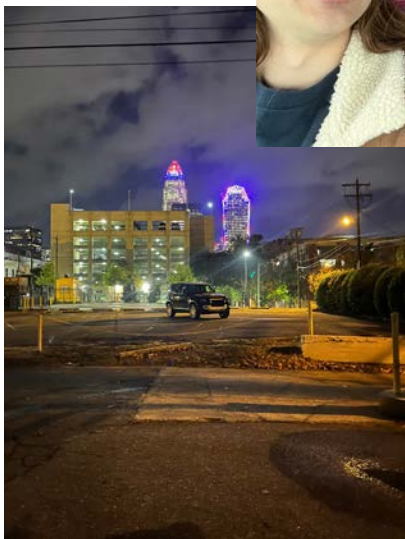
Dispatches:

Photos by Anna Crist



DiPhi in D.C.

Photos by Nathaniel Shue



The Paradox of Economic Globalization

Gabriel Walsh

In this paper, I will argue that economic globalization is a paradox that has brought unparalleled prosperity to the developed world while exploiting and abusing the less fortunate. Despite the downsides and dark history, economic globalization has been a net positive in bringing about heightened prosperity, development, and well-being. Further, we can make economic globalization a force for equity and good when we implement justice globalism.

Origins of Markets, Money, and Globalization

In this discussion, it is important to understand the roots of the capitalist system. Globalization has been an ongoing process throughout history, with economics changing with it.

Markets and Money

Markets and money are not natural developments. Resource exchanges had existed since the dawn of humanity, but these were primarily small, local, and in a social context. Commercial trade only began to emerge as a result of state-building, which sought to exert military and political power. The creation of monetized markets was an effective strategy. Schoenberger (2008) perfectly explains this process stating:

...commercial exchange remained, it seems fair to say, a subordinate feature of ancient society...at some point, from near invisibility it started to become significantly more available and more normal and this inflection can plausibly be linked with specific problems of territorial control, modes of war fighting, resource mobilization over time and space, and political development. (13).

This can be case-studied in the military logistics and centralized governments of Ancient Greece, Rome, and Medieval states. The monetized markets created to serve these militaries and governments evolved, when undisturbed by external forces as in medieval Europe, over time "...into a fully realized capitalist social order" (28). This commercialization prompted Europeans – following the fall of Constantinople – to explore the world in search of alternative trade routes.

The New World and Trans-Atlantic Slavery

This led to the discovery and colonization of the New

World. The two worlds were smashed together in an unequal exchange. Europeans driven by a lust for material resources, brought apocalyptic death and exploitation to Native populations. However, to sustain such mass exploitation, Europeans turned to Africa. Here, armed with their guns and wealth, Europeans institutionalized a zero-sum game, in which human lives were commoditized and sold as slaves. This system of trans-Atlantic exploitation laid the foundations for soulless, global capitalism.

The Embedding of Capitalism

With technology and time, Europe expanded to colonize and dominate nearly the entire planet. The areas not colonized were not spared as they too were forced into the global system of unequal exchange. Greed overshadowed humanity, and foreign wealth was stolen for the benefit of Western powers. By the dawn of the 20th century, global capitalism had fully emerged.

Post-WW2 Europe declined but global exploitation continued. America took up the mantle with hegemony under the Triad and Bretton Woods. These Keynesian institutions were created with alleged goals of amicable aid, development, and stability, yet simultaneously reinforced exploitation and made all subservient to Western economics. Direct inter-state abuse did not cease either as powerful countries played the third world like pawns in the Cold War.

Indeed, through this centuries-long history, the development of capitalism and economic globalization has been perpetuated by the state, whose power has been wielded to reinforce and expand the power of elite groups. Any sort of traditional, alternative system has been erased by the unstoppable march of these profit-seekers. Capitalism was neither inevitable nor natural – it was manufactured by the strength of the state through violence. Today, this enforcement of a capitalist status quo continues. Robbins (2019) remarks, “Without the nation-state to regulate commerce and trade within its own borders, there could be no effective global economic integration” (1-2). As a result, capitalism became deeply engrained in the global system.

The Benefits of Economic Globalization

Despite its dark history, economic globalization has enabled a level of prosperity unlike anything previously imaginable. The modern lifestyle enjoyed by core countries seems utopian

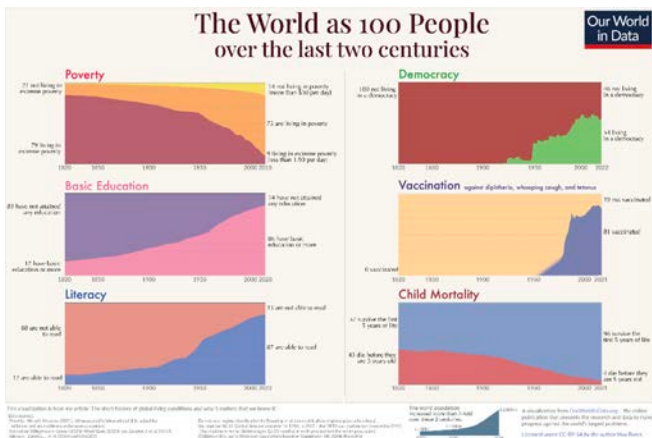
compared to the mass poverty and subsistence of the past. Even the lives of those in peripheral regions are greatly improved.

Looking at the most prominent aspect, global trade has enabled countries to exercise their comparative advantages. Core countries offshore manufacturing to these peripheral countries because it is cheaper there, bringing along jobs, knowledge, and infrastructure development. With the embrace of comparative advantages and global trade, goods and services become cheaper and more widespread. The 2001 documentary *Life and Debt* shows this dynamic. Jamaica was relatively poor upon independence. With the arrival of American food imports, consumers could easily access cheap food, even cheaper than local produce. For poor Jamaicans, this made food more affordable. Global trade allows our lives to be materially prosperous.

Global aid has also had an important role in this increased economic well-being, allowing previously poor nations to stabilize and thrive. “To many governments in real crisis, IMF and WB loans have provided a last chance to avoid real and drastic economic reforms,” states Norberg (2003, 3). The liberalizing recommendations offered with this aid further uplifted these nations. Norberg explains:

Those complying with them—Uganda and Ghana, for example—have on average had higher growth and thus reduced poverty. States that eschewed such liberalization programs—Nigeria, Kenya, and Zambia, for example—remain economically unimpressive (5).

Max Roser, an Oxford economist, compiled the below graphs



(2016). The revolution of economic well-being in recent centuries from globalization is too great to discount. Humanity no longer just subsists, we thrive. While economic globalization has not been perfect, the sheer increase in living standards from global integration outweighs much of the criticism.

The Negatives of Economic Globalization

However, there is a paradox to economic globalization under markets. It has enabled us to thrive – at a cost. Those cheap products? They outcompete local producers, leading to unemployment and poverty. In Jamaica, American carrots, milk, potatoes, and beef were cheaper than local produce. Prior, agriculture was a major economic sector, and this new competition ruined generational farms.

Jamaica provides a further example of such duality with its tourism industry, as shown in *Life and Debt*. Americans can enter the country with just a driver's license, convert their dollars into the weaker currency, and enjoy luxurious resorts. Meanwhile, Jamaicans cannot enter America without extensive approval and, just outside the resort, they live in poverty. Meanwhile, the American tourists drive around looking at these poor people like zoo animals (~46 min).

Further, corporations do not consider the local populations – only the profitability. In Jamaica, free zones were established to promote foreign investment. However, at one factory, when Jamaicans were not up to their quality, they were laid off, and 800 workers from East Asia brought in (~57 min). Thus, Jamaicans were put in a worse state with their free zones actively denied to them. This traps Jamaica in a cycle of suffering as “...private capital is not going to come in and help you with your infrastructure...develop an adequate educational system...develop a good health system” (~1:01:00).

Similarly in paradox, the aid given to them by the “cartel of good intentions” actually harms them (Easterly, 2002). This is because aid agencies “...remain accountable mainly to themselves” (4). As such, any wrongdoings, flaws, or complaints leave the recipients with no recourse. And aid is never without caveats, Cohen reports (2013, 14). Thus, disproportionately Western donors strip nations of their autonomy and force them to submit to neoliberal deregulation just to survive. Rather than promoting

development, Washington Consensus neoliberalism, as in Jamaica, leads to the degradation of local economies and the exploitation of populations. Finally, the aid given is often countercyclical, causing negative externalities. Again, looking at Jamaica, IMF loans had high interest rates of 12%-23% (~25:30). For an already poor nation, these interest rates were catastrophic, but they had no choice but to accept.

Bretton Woods and Keynesian Economics – The Pro-Globalization Response

Economic prosperity and justice do not need to be mutually exclusive, as shown in European social democracies and the Bretton Woods era. “This order oversaw the most rapid rates of economic growth and most enduring economic stability in modern history,” Frieden explains (2019, 26). Japan is the best example of the prosperity brought about by economic globalization in the Bretton Woods era. Capitalism enabled them to thrive, but it was regulated and profits used wisely to advance society. Frieden elaborates that this allowed Japan to go from war-torn post-WW2 to a global manufacturer competing with the West by 1960 (15-16). Aksakal (2018) further explains, “...Asian Tigers, which have shown continuous growth for three years, have shown that the free market is not the only way to succeed. The success of these countries depends on the conscious management of markets in which they are part of the state” (4). Social democratic control of capitalism made it so “...while business prospered, the working classes also did very well” (Frieden, 2019, 25). The issue with market globalism is its inequality, and to mitigate this we must embrace this justice globalism. Markets need to be controlled by society.

Conclusion and My Thoughts

Economic globalization under capitalism has brought great prosperity, and it would be a misinterpretation of history to declare it entirely bad/good. I believe Cohen (2013) says it best: “Such debates need to be weighed against the extraordinary historic increases in life expectancy, literacy, and per capita income of the world’s population and the dramatic decreases in infant and maternal mortality as well as a variety of infectious diseases” (3). It is illogical to oppose economic globalization when it has brought such great prosperity through the global sharing of knowledge, technol-

ogy, trade, and aid. Indeed, this prosperity has not been equal, and we must be conscious of its dark history. As such, I find the Bretton Woods era and Keynesian ideology of integration of capitalism with consideration for society and justice most appealing. The market globalism of neoliberalism is too extreme, and similarly, an extreme embrace of “justice” as under communism leads to suffering. Keynesian-regulated capitalism is the way. We need to moderate markets equitably so we get the best of both systems.

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Photo by Gabriel Walsh

Dispatches:



Where are you studying abroad?

I'm staying in London while doing an exchange program with University College London.

Why did you choose this place? London's rich network of culture, history, and opportunities attracted me the most. Also, UCL is definitely a hub for international students which makes it great for studying abroad. While being based in London I can easily travel across Europe while also living in the heart of a large city.

What's your favorite course you're taking right now?

'International Conflict and Cooperation.' The module encourages us to use different epistemological lenses to analyze data from global conflicts. The lecturer, Dr. Kristin Bakke, is incredibly well-spoken and provides insight from direct research in war zones. It's also quite engaging because our seminars are structured as weekly debates.

What's your favorite non-academic experience abroad?

Going out with the lovely friends I've made here. Also, the art museums! There are so many of them. I think my favorite thus far is the Wallace Collection, or the National Portrait Gallery when it does evening drawing sessions.



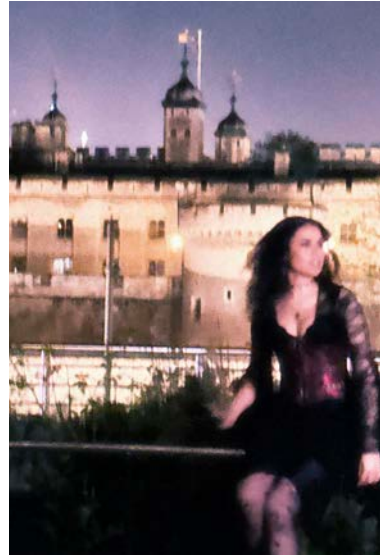
Rania in London

What's the best thing you've eaten in this country?

You are all going to judge me sorely for this: I sort of like beans on toast. The Brits might have made a point right there—the beans are sweet and complement buttered toast quite nicely, especially alongside other English breakfast foods. Otherwise, London has a plethora of cuisines to offer so it's been really fun trying out different restaurants. In the end, though, I think my favorite meal was a Sunday roast at this public house in Crouch End.

Any good study abroad anecdotes?

A few Saturdays ago I went shopping for fragrances in Aldgate. On my way back to downtown (I had decided to walk back) I took a break and sat beneath the shade of St. Paul's Cathedral, if not to admire its dusk-settled beauty. So there I was when suddenly the perfect embodiment of the 'wise-old-man' archetype hobbled over and sat next to me (a sort of modernly-dressed Gandalf). We ended up talking for over an hour about the origin of St. Paul's and about mysticism (I found out that he was a professor of pagan history at a local uni). It ended up being one of the most fascinating conversations I ever had. Looking back some of my favorite moments are just meeting elderly persons in unexpected settings (becoming acquaintances with a retired human rights lawyer in parliament, having morning conversations with the Italian couple who runs a nearby café, meeting a veteran at a cemetery in Grasmere, etc.) It's so cool hearing stories about the London of [not-so] yore.



Into the Submarine Dillon Page

The waves ravished our vessel
Clamoring to overtake it
To pull us into its maw
I braved the daemonic fervor, for it was time for me to go
INTO THE SUBMARINE
To think I was to enter this tin coffin
Vulnerable and alone
Caused my body to thrash and ache with uncontrollable shivers
But my fate was sealed long ago
For I cut the rope and now I descend
INTO THE OCEAN
State of bliss
The calm under the water encapsulates me
Surrounds me like a warm blanket, easing my troubled thoughts
The tiny porthole windows deliver the vast blue expanse before me
For the first time, I understand what “Earth” means. It is not the scarred land vulnerable to humanity I knew before but a vast, unending place of mystery and wonder. Unable to be conquered, this place will always remain eternally and forever blue.
The silence fills my ears
Such a departure from the torrent raging overhead. Slightly unnerving, as if some grand creature must exist to fill this vast silent expanse
Maybe it exists, somewhere, down there...
INTO THE DEPTHS
Darkness comes alive and seems to grab my submersible, dragging it into the murky Brack
Bioluminescent creatures signal a departure from Earth on to something far more alien, far more strange

I reach the bottom
The lights go out
I am all alone

...

INTO THE ABYSS

I awoke outside the submersible
It floats a couple hundred feet in front of me, a silent sanctuary, seeming to mock my current predicament
My brain overloads with thoughts but nothing coherent is formulated, only a distorted static that animistically beckons me to cling toward life, despite the paradox of such an impossible wish

I feel my bones snap like twigs, twisting and contorting in impossible shapes

The pain enraptured me, prompting a gasp that allows the abyss to flood into me, filling my lungs until they pop like balloons

The fragile body, reduced to a plaything by this eldritch horror

My body twists and mangles until I am something no longer human

I become a slithering thing with impossible dimensions, cursed to roam the sea floor as a miserable thing, a mockery of life

Like a distant foghorn, one thought beams into my mind over and over and over

INTO THE SUBMARINE

INTO THE SUBMARINE

INTO THE SUBMARINE

I wake up in my tin coffin, sweat dripping down my shirt, my hair standing on end

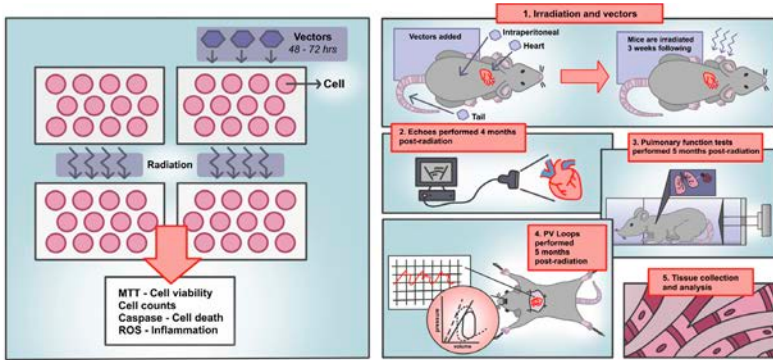
A distant moan fills the silence now

I make the preparations to leave this veritable hell

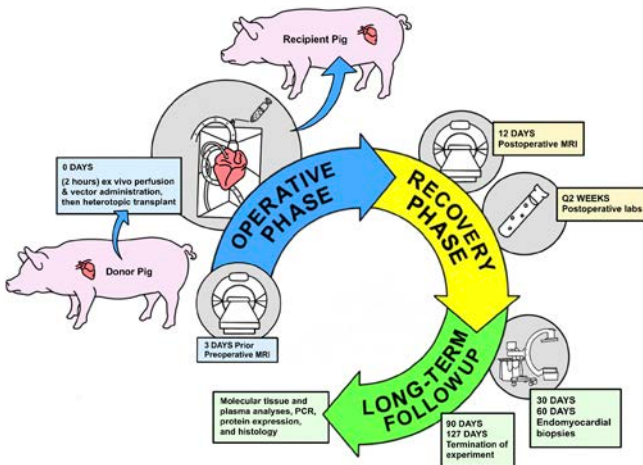
And as I ascended upward, I swore never again to go INTO THE SUBMARINE

Medical Illustrations

Violet Frost



In this experiment, mice were irradiated with galactic cosmic radiation. This radiation is known as GCR, and it is the radiation astronauts face in space. We performed tests on the irradiated mice to see how the radiation affected their heart structure and function. This experiment was subsidized by NASA and held at Duke Hospitals.



In a heterotopic experiment, a pig's heart is removed and then placed into another pig's abdomen; essentially, you perform a heart transplant but the ending heart is in a different place than the typical heart cavity.

A Spring Day at Carolina

O. L. D'Well

A field of emeralds could not in any way
Compare to the quad on a Spring's day
Rich sunlight, satin and soft
One sits above life, elevated, aloft

Though the sweat may collect and gather
One would not have it any other way rather
In this simple, lovely haze
Sit or lay in golden days

Propped against a great poplar
See what all life has to offer
The whoosh of cars passing by
Not a care in the world and no wonder why

Should one thirst then they shouldn't dally
Slip past housing and bushes, a natural alley
Turn 'round the corner and only time can tell
The age of the water from the Old Well

All that one needs is to take a simple sip
And doing this, and wiping their lip
Looking around at our Precious gem
Know that life can ne'er be the same again



*Photo by Cassius
Khan*

Sea Rondel Cassius Khan

I hear the sea beckon to me,
her voice deep under-wave.
She ushers me into my grave
asleep beneath the sea.

She ushers me with her decree,
to keep; I won't be saved.
I hear the sea beckon to me,
her voice deep under-wave.

She guarantees I won't be free.
I weep inside my grave,
my memory lost to the waves,
my tears seeped to the sea.
I heard the sea beckon to me,
her voice deep under-wave.



Painting by Violet Frost

Bird Photos
Charlotte Sullivan



Paintings
Violet Frost





Food Photos
Gabriel Walsh

Three Original Songs
Isabel Ebin



String Theory: Woven in Time

Austin Haenni

“Deep in the chaotic streets of the Medina of Fes, Morocco, exists a quiet stretch of cobblestone. Lined top to bottom with textiles of all kinds, the exquisite silks, fine wools, and lush cashmere of Morocco are on display for all, exhibiting fluidity and color in an otherwise dark and dry corner of the market.

As exhibited by the street exclusively of yarns, the Medina has tens of thousands of streets and corridors, each dedicated to a specific need for the community, thriving for thousands of years with this unique lifestyle.

Founded in the 9th century, the Medina of Fes is a relic of the old Arab world, housing monumental buildings like The University of Al Quaraouiyine, the world’s oldest university, founded in 859. Completely reliant on the medieval maze of the Medina, its people welcome you to experience an ever-different lifestyle to those of the western world.”

Editor's note: This photograph was selected as a finalist in the Carolina Global Photography Contest, and can be seen on display in the FedEx Center in 2025!



Dispatches:

Where are you studying abroad?
Firenze, Italy.

Why did you choose this place?

I find that the immense amount of culture and history in this location, from the Ancient Etruscans, to the Romans, and of course the Renaissance, coincide well with my History and Anthropology majors. Also been studying three semesters of Italian so it would be a bit of a waste to not stay in Italy for an extensive period of time.



What were you most looking forward to about your time abroad?

Definitely experiencing the sheer beauty of this location and also getting hands-on experience with history by visiting places like the D'uomo.

What's your favorite course you're taking right now?

Honestly, all of my classes are pretty mid atm but my Connecting Cultures class at least has a trip to the Italian Riviera for the weekend which is fully paid for!



What's your favorite non-academic experience abroad?

Definitely the hiking. It is really funny actually, as the Italians refer to what we would see as mountains as merely "hills." With that in mind, the sheer scale of hiking is on another level from what I am used to and the exploration is amazing. One trip to the Apennines meant impromptu finding an abandoned quarry, sheer cliffs, multiple waterfalls, and more!

Dillon in Italy

What's the coolest place/thing you've seen during your time abroad?



Hmm, overall I would say the Dover White Cliffs in England as seeing the sheer immensity of them put the vastness of the world into perspective.

What arts and culture have you seen/experienced?

I mean, everything is a work of art in Italy. But to be specific, I visited the National Gallery and Tate Modern in London, The British Museum (awful place), and the Uffizi in Firenze among many other smaller places.

What's the best thing you've eaten in this country?

A meatball sub from Pino's Sandwiches. Nothing beats it!

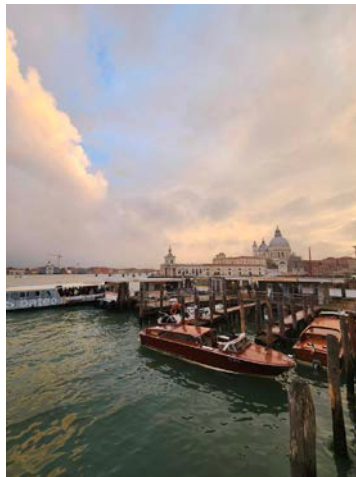
What was the biggest culture shock?

Honestly the Italians are far sweeter than their international reputation gives them credit for. I will say, they are crazy drivers though so navigating the city is always an interesting experience!

What will you miss the most when you return to Chapel Hill?

Definitely the sense of exploration, the idea that I could book a train to anywhere or turn a street corner and find something new to see or experience. Unfortunately, everything in Chapel Hill is

pretty well known to me so that sense of exploration is lacking.



December Photos
Allie Mullin Photography



*The Joint Senate of the Dialectic and Philanthropic Societies at the
2024 December Ball*



The Dialectic Society, December Ball 2024



The Philanthropic Society, December Ball 2024

Societae mutant... Logan Grodsky

I can first admit that there are some ways in which I think DiPhi has changed for the worse. One lost totem of the DiPhi experience that I lament is the “DiPhi house.” When I joined, the active membership of the Societies generally either lived in or was associated with one of the big houses, namely Eden, Xanadu, and Sykes. These weren’t just the places that senators lived, but the gathering spots and social focal points for members of the Societies. These houses have largely faded (a younger base of senators has contributed to a higher on-campus concentration), and I think this isn’t all bad (they had an exclusive tendency). Nonetheless, I think they contributed to a really cohesive culture and identity that no longer exists in DiPhi.

That point on lost internal culture is important! When I joined, DiPhi really did have a sense of self and shared tradition that has faded. There were longstanding bits that everyone knew; little quirks, norms, and sensibilities that have not been passed down. To me, this phenomenon was reified in Linda’s, the bar and hangout of DiPhi senators for decades. The closing of Linda’s is symbolic of a much broader loss for DiPhi.

There are also many, many ways in which I have seen DiPhi change for the better. Believe it or not, for the first year and a half that I was in the Societies, we had no portraits on the walls of the Phi! It was a long and difficult task to harangue the Foundation Board into arranging for the restoration of the portraiture in the Phi.

Our governing documents have gone from insane and unworkable to so effective that we hardly ever think of them. Our programs have been made more serious and interesting by Crystallization speeches and Impromptu Debates. I have reservations about Experimental Debates, but there can be no doubt that they have brought a welcome spirit of dynamism to the program.

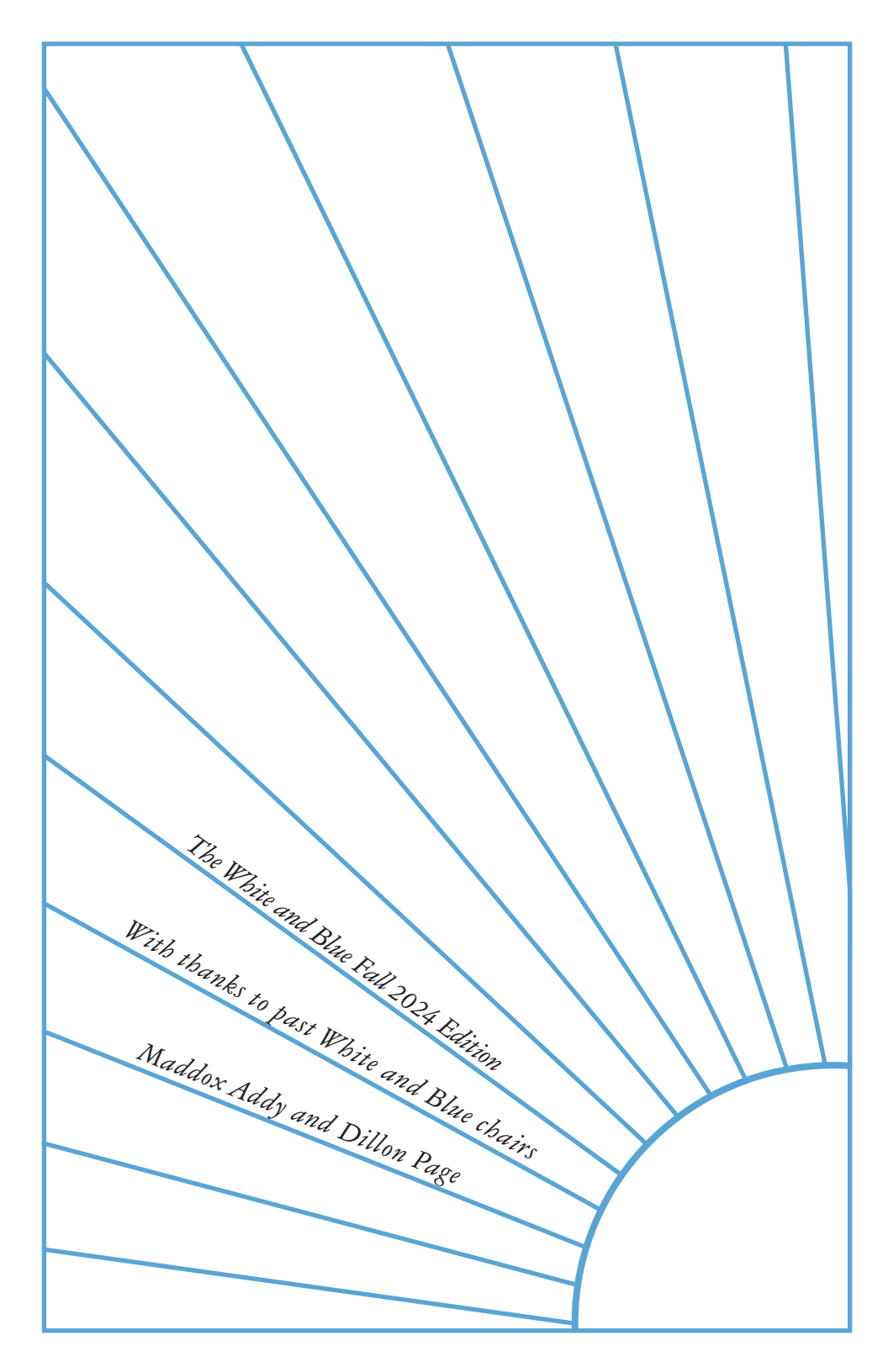
Most of all, I am glad to reflect on the fact that DiPhi is a much safer and more welcoming place to women than when I joined. This task is far from complete, but senators of my generation invested toil and tears in trying to exclude dangerous people from the organization. In important ways, we succeed. It is my solemn prayer that the next generations do not go back on that progress, and instead continue to push to make DiPhi an inclusive and safe place for all.

...sed eadem manent
Maddox Addy

We slam our doors, we snap our fingers, we motion to extend queries. Alumni that visit our chambers repeat the same thing: it's like nothing has changed. There is something ineffably permanent in DiPhi's style of self-organization that every alumnus can sense. Maybe this is just the shape of an organization when a collection of highly-opinionated young adults have free reign on a podium, but I choose to see it as more than that. Much more foundational and irremovable than any election, any constitutional amendment, DiPhi creates a conversation.

Unlike a traditional class lecture, DiPhi is discursive. Unlike a talk with friends, it is bounded. Each meeting can only conclude when everyone is listened to, and general consensus is polled again and again. Our best meetings do not necessarily involve the highest stakes, but always involve a high level of speaker commitment and audience engagement. Some have put the cart before the horse here, believing a good speech and topic will naturally generate a conversation between speakers and within queries; I disagree. A query, any query really, can spark two more — three more — suddenly there's a new in-joke, a new nickname, and a new direction in the meeting for all participants to explore. This is not second nature. But when people see that it's possible, not only that but beautiful and exciting, they chase it again and again.

The Joint Senate flies in the middle of many things. Professional debate above, casual conversation below; authoritarian rules of order and chaotic speaking affordances. In straddling this line DiPhi is free to reach its hands out and pick the sweetest fruit from either. This is virtue in the truest sense of the word. As it experiments with its style, as freshmen age into seniors, after books could be filled with endless talk at its aging podium, people keep coming back. I keep coming back; it is beautiful to learn from others, to in turn teach them, and then to look at oneself among the bristling crowd and ask: "where are we going"?



The White and Blue Fall 2024 Edition

With thanks to past White and Blue chairs

Maddox Addy and Dillon Page