Publisher's Note

This is the third issue of Gulp. We are back in print (that is to say, back in ink) to meet your tactile needs. In this modern age of monitors and keyboards there is something slightly rebellious about print.

Well, sounds good, so I won't anymore.

One note: All authors who were not able to submit a biography were assigned a random dictionary definition. You'll see. Anyone, just enjoy the issue! ARS EST QUOD DICIMUS.

— Paul Trush
So there we were, on our way to destroy our souls by eating our first dinner in Madrid at the Hard Rock Cafe (I would only regret it post-facto), passing by many charming Spanish cafes right on the edge of a beautiful park full of trees and fountains when suddenly we were in the middle of an antique book fair. Kiosks on either side of the walkway were stacked to their ceilings with rare dictionaries, travel guides, pulp fiction, books of every subject and in every dimension (match box sized!), you could think of. And this stretched on for at least two good-sized city blocks. I was in heaven. They had to forcibly drag me to our restaurant. I returned later that week, and bought nothing—all the books were in Spanish hard and Spanish soft cover... through my new large collection of Spanish Spider-Man comics. Ahora...

Hola, Gabbo! Here's Quixote and Sancho passing triumphantly (more or less) in bulk at a park in Madrid, with everyone commenting on and admiring this sublime throne of mockable Quixotes he despairs of not being able to try out in real life, unfortunately. Such is the magic of wide-angle lenses. This was a very cool park in the middle of the city with lots of grass (and, yes!) and a layout of some sort which this monolithic literary sculpture overlooked. Wow, this has got to be one of the worst postcards I've written! People keep coming in and telling me some great stories about croissants and crappy Spanish roses (and good Spanish wine, and fine whole house catering...)

— There are some postcards from our Editor, Aaron!
Finne Forum's Wake
by Janine Miller

Maggoty corpse of cashew. Pat vs. Andy. Andy vs. Pat. Pandy
At chilliness. Quouauh! Goodsay lies, go away go away and go
to hell. Oh-ee-ee-on, eee-oh-oh! Melty greenness that Daniel hasn't
seen. Not the walrus. 'Cause actually Paul. Deprived. Genii study
more important things. Dead E's, dead cheese. Something bad
has begun in the Devil Chapel House of Satan. Ouroborous- it's
ROLLING away!! Aurora borealis! Come, for this is our story.
Jenny: [see additional articles] in the better edition. Read in Irish and
eat the mayonnaise. You just punch a hole in the son of a bitch.
Nerdification Selection overrides; all hail Joyce our leader.
Snark! Snark! Self-defense to keep wrong people out of the book:
Mommy, why does Andy read all the explicit parts? I ate the
purple berries. What do they taste like Ralph? They taste like...
burning . . . kidneys! Get corned beef and stick it to the vegans.
What? ::Laughs:: Little goats of deathlife. Nothing Insignificant!

Janine Miller is currently between majors, so she made an appointment
for the career center for Monday at 12.
Call her sesquipedalian one more time and she'll defenestrate you!

Here are the transcripts from the postcards on the pervious page:

20 October 2004

So there we were, on our way to destroy our souls by eating our first dinner in Madrid at the Hard Rock Cafe (I would order pasta in
protest), passing by many charming Spanish cafes right on the edge of a beautiful park full of trees and fountains when suddenly we
were in the middle of an antique book fair. Kiosks on either side of the walkway were stacked to their ceilings with rare dictionaries,
travel guides, pulp fiction, books of every subject and in every dimension (match-box sized!) you could think of. And this stretched
on for at least two good-sized city blocks. I was in heaven. They had to forcefully drag me to "our" restaurant. I returned later that
week and bought nothing — all the books were in Spanish and I'm having a hard enough time making it through my now large
collection of Spanish Spider-Man comics. xoxo Aaron

26 November 2004

Hola, Gabbo! Here's Quixote and Sancho posing triumphantly (more or less) in bronze at a park in Madrid, with Cervantes
comanding them onward from his scholarly throne of marble! Quixote's horse does not look that much like a dinosaur in real life,
unfortunately. Such is the magic of wide-angle lenses. This was a very cool park in Madrid the middle of the city with lots of grass
[ the is one unclear word written here which looks like "censed" or "resed"? ] and a lagoon of some sort which this monolithic
literary sculpture overlooked. Wow, this has got to me one of the worst postcards I've written! People keep coming in and talking to
me about crouisants & crappy Spanish movies (and good spanish movies) and this whole house smells like fish so for now I
remain.

Q'xoticly yours, Aaron
In the Beginning . . .
Impact and Profundity in the First Lines of Books

A Brief Introduction: The Theory of First Lines

You’ll know a first-liner when you see one. He or she stands next to you at your local Barnes and Noble or library, pulls a book off the shelf, considers the title, and then proceeds to administer the ultimate test. Turning quickly past the cover (for first-liners never judge a book by its cover), he or she reads the first line. Sometimes there is a disgusted eye roll resulting in a quick return of the volume in question to the shelf. Other times the reader lingers over the line, as if searching for its merits, but then loses interest and turns away. Ever so rarely, the first-liner strikes gold. Your companion disappears behind the cover of yet another tale, not to emerge again until many pages have passed.

There are no definite criteria for identifying a truly excellent first line. They can be long or short, declarative or interrogative, gentle or harsh. First lines can introduce a character, set a scene, make a statement, or simply exist in defiance of categorization. Nevertheless, the reader will know, usually within the first few seconds of the reading, whether or not the book merits a perusal. A good first line catches one’s breath and propels one inevitably forward to the next sentence. You know, when you find yourself drawn from the period of the first sentence to the first word of the next, that you’ve found your first line. And then, my friend, the adventure begins.

Trying to compile a list of first lines into a work of manageable size is a little like trying to take arms against a sea of troubles—there are simply too many to be contained in the confines of one journal. The following is a selection of truly incendiary(!) first lines, loosely arranged in categories and drawn seemingly at random from the far reaches of the library shelves. But first, dear reader, it must be remembered that a first line is not everything. Excellent novels, plays, and poems can have terrible first lines, just as terrible novels, plays, and poems can have excellent first lines. Only the truly great works of literature have both.

Category the First: Character Introduction

Thomas Hardy, Far From the Madding Crowd
When Farmer Oak smiled, the corners of his mouth spread till they were within an unimportant distance of his ears, his eyes were reduced to chinks, and diverging wrinkles appeared round them, extending upon his countenance like the rays in a rudimentary sketch of the rising sun.

Charles Dickens, Great Expectations
My father’s family name being Pirrip, and my Christian name Philip, my infant tongue could make of both names nothing longer or more explicit than Pip.

Margaret Mitchell, Gone With the Wind
Scarlett O’Hara was not beautiful, but men seldom realized it when caught by her charm as the Tarleton twins were.

Saul Bellow, Seize the Day
When it came to concealing his troubles, Tommy Wilhelm was not less capable than the next fellow.

F. Scott Fitzgerald, This Side of Paradise
Amory Blaine inherited from his mother every trait, except the stray inexpressible few, that made him worthwhile.

Ernest Hemingway, The Sun Also Rises
Robert Cohn was once middleweight boxing champion of Princeton.

F. Scott Fitzgerald, The Beautiful and Damned
In 1913, when Anthony Patch was twenty-five, two years were already gone since irony, the Holy Ghost of this later day, had, theoretically at least, descended upon him.
Jane Austen, *Emma*

Emma Woodhouse, handsome, clever, and rich, with a comfortable home and happy disposition, seemed to unite some of the best blessings of existence; and had lived nearly twenty-one years in a world with very little to distress or vex her.

Thomas Pynchon, *V*

Christmas Eve, 1955, Benny Profane, wearing black levis, suede jacket, sneakers, and a big cowboy hat, happened to pass through Norfolk, Virginia.

**Category the Second: Character Behavior**

Colin Higgins, *Harold and Maude*

Harold Chasen stepped up on the chair and placed the noose about his neck.

James Joyce, *Ulysses*, Version 1:

Stately, plump Buck Mulligan came from the stairhead, bearing a bowl of lather on which a mirror and a razor lay crossed.

Fyodor Dostoevsky, *Crime and Punishment*

Towards the end of a sultry afternoon early in July, a young man came out of his little room in Stolyarny Lane and turned slowly and somewhat irresolutely in the direction of Kamenny Bridge.

**Category the Third: Setting the Scene**

Aldous Huxley, *Brave New World*

Note: Technically not a sentence. But then, grammar is the author's prerogative.

A squat gray building of only thirty-four stories.

George Orwell, *1984*

It was a bright cold day in April, and the clocks were striking thirteen.

Joseph Conrad, *Heart of Darkness*

The *Nellie*, a cruising yawl, swung to her anchor without a flutter of the sails, and was at rest.

Peter Mayle, *A Year in Provence*

The year began with lunch.

F. Scott Fitzgerald, *Tender is the Night*

On the pleasant shore of the French Riviera, about halfway between Marseilles and the Italian border, stands a large, proud, rose-colored hotel.

Theodore Dreiser, *An American Tragedy*

Dusk - of a summer night.

Alan Paton, *Cry, The Beloved Country*

There is a lovely road that runs from Ixopo into the hills.

T.S. Eliot, *The Waste Land*

April is the cruellest month, breeding Lilacs out of the dead land, mixing Memory and desire, stirring Dull roots with spring rain.
Ray Bradbury, *Something Wicked This Way Comes*
First of all, it was October, a rare month for boys.

John Steinbeck, *The Grapes of Wrath*
To the red country and part of the gray country of Oklahoma, the last rains come gently,
and they did not cut the scarred earth.

John Steinbeck, *The East of Eden*
The Salinas Valley is in Northern California.

Ernest Hemingway, *A Farewell to Arms*
In the late summer of that year, we lived in a house in a village that looked across
the river and the plain to the mountains.

James Joyce, *Finnegan's Wake*
river run, past Eve and Adam's, from swerve of shore to bend of bay, brings us by a
commodius vicus of recirculation back to Howth Castle and Environs.

**Category the Fourth: The Narrator**

Saul Bellow, *Herzog*
If I am out of my mind, it's all right with me, thought Moses Herzog.

W. Somerset Maugham, *The Razor's Edge*
I have never begun a novel with more misgiving.

F. Scott Fitzgerald, *The Great Gatsby*
In my younger and more vulnerable years, my father gave me some advice that I've been turning over
in my mind ever since.

Dodie Smith, *I Capture the Castle*
I write this sitting in the kitchen sink.

Daphne du Maurier, *Rebecca*
Last night I dreamed I went to Manderley again.

Jack Kerouac, *On the Road*
I first met Dean not long after my wife and I split up.

Homer, *The Odyssey* (hybrid Lattimore-Fitzgerald translation)
Sing in me, O Muse, of the man of many ways,
The wanderer, who was driven far journeys,
After he had plundered the stronghold
On the proud height of Troy.

James Joyce, *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*

Note: With James Joyce, you never know quite when to stop, do you? There's a few extra punctuation marks in there, but
what can you do?

Once upon a time and a very good time it was there was a moocow coming down along the road and
this moocow that was down along the road met a nicens little boy named baby tuckoo . . . His father
told him that story: His father looked at him through a glass. He had a hairy face.
William Faulkner, *The Sound and the Fury*
Through the fence, between curling flower spaces, I could see them hitting.

**Category the Fifth: Pairings**
(*Like fine wine and cheese, some first lines just belong together.)*

Herman Melville, *Moby Dick*
Call me Ishmael.

Kurt Vonnegut, *Cat’s Cradle*
*Note: I had to include the second sentence here in order to catch the full comedy.*

Call me Jonah. My parents did, or nearly did . . .
They called me John.

J.D. Salinger, *The Catcher in the Rye*
If you really want to hear about it, the first thing you’ll probably want to know is where I was born, and what my lousy childhood was like, and how my parents were occupied and all before they had me, and all that David Copperfield kind of crap, but I don’t feel like going into it, if you want to know the truth.

Whether I shall turn out to be the hero of my own life or whether that station will be held by anybody else, these pages must show.

*Note: Chapter titles are also traditionally excluded from a first-line judgment, however I find that the chapter titles of David Copperfield in many ways capture what our friend Holden found to be so crappy. (Plus, for those *GWTW* fans out there, the chapter title is rather prominently featured in Mrs. Meade’s parlor.)*

John Milton, *Paradise Lost*

The Argument:
This First Book proposes, first in brief, the whole subject—Man’s disobedience, and the loss thereupon of Paradise, wherein he was placed: then touches the prime cause of his fall—the Serpent, or rather Satan in the Serpent; who revolting from God, and drawing to his side many legions of angles, was, by the command of God, driven out of Heaven, with all his crew, into the great Deep.

William Blake, *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell*

The Argument:
Rintrah roars & shakes his fires in the burden’d air;
Hungry clouds swag on the deep.

**Category the Sixth: Heart-Stoppers**

Ann Patchett, *Bel Canto*
When the lights went off the accompanist kissed her.

Ayn Rand, *The Fountainhead*
Howard Roark laughed.
Franz Kafka, *The Metamorphosis*
One morning, upon awakening from agitated dreams, Gregor Samsa found himself, in his bed, transformed into a monstrous vermin.

William Shakespeare, *Hamlet*
Who's there?

William Shakespeare, *Richard III*
*Note: Although it is not technically correct to regard this as a first-line, given that Shakespeare goes on for a bit before gracing us with a period, I find it sufficient for our purposes.*

Now is the winter of our discontent . . .

Joseph Heller, *Catch-22*
It was love at first sight.

Ray Bradbury, *Fahrenheit 451*
It was a pleasure to burn.

Charles Dickens, *A Tale of Two Cities*
*Note: Like a song played too many times on the radio, poor Charles Dickens' first line is over-quoted. Try and forget the high school days spent burning this line into your impressionable young mind and read it for the first time.*

It was the best of times, it was the worst of times.

*There. Isn't that better?*

Thomas Pynchon, *Gravity's Rainbow*
*Note: As a general rule, first line judgments to not extend beyond the first period, however in the case of Gravity's Rainbow, the first and second lines together guarantee a reading of at least the first page.*

A screaming comes across the sky. It has happened before, but there is nothing to compare it to now.

Zora Neale Hurston, *Their Eyes Were Watching God*
Ships at a distance have every man's wish on board.

Kurt Vonnegut, *Slaughterhouse Five*
All this happened, more or less.

*(Usually the most impactful short lines are sudden, lyrical, and succinct. Somehow, Marquez is able to create incredible first lines without the use of short sentences. If only we were all so able! . . .)*

Gabriel Garcia Marquez, *Love in the Time of Cholera*
It was inevitable: the scent of bitter almonds always reminded him of the fate of unrequited love.

Gabriel Garcia Marquez, *One Hundred Years of Solitude*
Many years later, as he faced the firing squad, Colonel Aureliano Buendia was to remember that distant afternoon when his father took him to discover ice.
Conclusion:

A great writer once suggested that the meaning of a novel is encapsulated in the first page. If that is true (and I have yet to be shown otherwise), then first lines do not function merely as attention grabbers. What was it, I wonder, that possessed Ernest Hemingway to begin The Sun Also Rises with Robert Cohn? Why does Shakespeare begin Hamlet with a question? And why, oh why, can’t we make sense of Finnegans Wake? Asking these questions, even if they may have no answer at all, is what makes the reading of literature the mind-blowing experience it should be. And with that, I leave you with the only fitting conclusion: To the library!!

Ms. Jennifer Wieger is a paper money and monetary unit of Honduras, equal to 100 centavos and equivalent to .50 of a U.S. dollar.

A Restroom Comment of Roosevelt Hall.

Here’s the thing! (copyright Andy Holmer for the mindset with which this phrase was ejaculated). When you walk in on a professor using la salle de bain, there is a hiatus lasting for about a nanosecond in the space-time continuum when you freeze, stare and feel overpoweringly creepy and awkward. Then you slam the door and skirt away giggling on the outside and sobbing within.

Daniel Yoo is a nautical term meaning to haul an offender under the bottom of a vessel and up on the other side as a form of punishment or execution whereby the offender’s flesh is lacerated by the accumulated barnacles clinging to the hull of the vessel.

On the next page is a poem by Tyler Malotte.

Tyler Malotte is a device, as a flat piece of metal, fastened to a spire or other elevated object so as to move freely with the wind and indicate its direction.
Disleckseeah

Do u c whut eye see?
Eyem tyred
Eyem tie-rd uv a lot
Teyered ov the misunderstandins

Dislecksic arnt dumb
Dislecklish arent stoopid

No cheyeld left beehind...
Unless there blak, lateeno, poore, or lerning disabled
Cuz then they got exkusiz

"Why don’t these dumb kids learn?"
"Well if you’d just write properly!"
"Aim high: apply to a community college or vocational school"
"He failed the class because he can’t spell correctly"

Dislecksticks are SMART
Disslexiks are COURAGEOUS
We just learn different, IDIOT

Dont assoom nuthin
Becuz we, too, fite to be empowerd

"These kids are unable to do science."
Oh reeley?
Does Thomas Edison, Albert Einstein, or Alexander Graham (ring a) Bell?

“For God sake don’t give them leadership roles!”
I think you’re the one “misunderestimating”
George Washington, John F. Kennedy, and Winston Churchill did “ok”

“Yes, but they’re not efficient businesspeople.”
What fuzzy numbers are you looking at?
Charles Schwab, Ted Turner, and Henry Ford are able to eat

“If they cant spell, they cant write well!”
Perhaps you’re not well read
William Butler Yeats, Agatha Christie, Hans Christian Anderson?

Awl theez peele wer made too feel dum to
So y do peepl keep putin us down?
We ar gonna surveynev, be herd, and exsell!!!
You understood the message even though I misspelled

Progress is coming whether you like it or not
Who would’ve thought some dumb dyslexic kid
Would graduate with honors from an honors program
And get his poem about other dumb dyslexics published?
The Monsters that got in: Invasion in the Expressionist Horror Film

by Aaron Humphrey

Horror films tend to revolved around the idea of an intruder, a monster or murderer who enters a content (if not perfect) world and wreaks havoc on the status quo. Nearly every horror film deals with the idea of foreign invasion in one way or another, as an allegory for the fear of the unknown, and silent German Expressionist films like Nosferatu and The Golem as well as later films they inspired, such as M and Cat People are an excellent way to delve into the social and psychological ramifications of invasion.

Post World War I Germany, which Expressionism was founded, was certainly in a unique position to comment on the idea. As the side that had started the war, they were considered the invaders, but eventually they found themselves being invaded as well and the results were nothing short of brutal. “At the end of World War I, Germany was surrounded by a military blockade. The Allies wanted to ensure that Germany would accept the terms of the peace they had yet to design. It was a blockade enforced with a vengeance. French hatred for the people who'd started the war in the first place was made explicit in Prime Minister Clemenceau’s remark that there were still 20 million Germans too many. So, too, was their fear when Clemenceau added that while other nations have a taste for life, Germans have a taste for death” (Hudson 1).

Even after the fighting stopped, the country would never be the same again. The unease that besieged Germany gave rise to the Expressionist movement, and Expressionist films, the influences of which are still found in modern cinema. The monster movie itself seems to be a product of Expressionism, with its emphasis on the costumes and set designs revealing the monster’s inner-self, and perhaps the Jungian psychological demons of the audience as well. As Expressionist horror films were a reaction to the war, it is fitting that many of them deal directly with fears of foreign influence and invasion. In studying early expressionist horror films and later films influenced by the movement, we can better understand the fears related to foreign intruders and how to deal with them.

Nosferatu is perhaps the best-known Expressionist horror film, and is widely regarded as the first feature-length vampire movie. Directed by M.W. Murnau and released in 1922, the film tells the story of Jonathan Harker, a real-estate agent who is told that a wealthy client from the North is interested in purchasing a house in Harker’s hometown of Bremen. Leaving behind his wife Nina and his and idyllic home life, Harker makes the journey to the land of the phantoms. On the way he stops at an inn and is warned that the place he is traveling to is infested with evil, but he blows it all off, even a cautionary book he finds next to his bed, as local superstition. However, when he does finally meet Count Dracula, Jonathan is just a little perturbed. Dracula notices the picture of Nina that Jonathan keeps with him and remarks on her “lovely neck.” Jonathan begins to suspect that something is amiss with is strange host, and tries to spy on him, but as soon as he opens his door, Dracula wakes up and pursues him. “Faced with this horrible prospect, Jonathan cowers under [his] bedcovers like a terrified child, which in his naïveté he has always been” (Waller 182). Meanwhile back in Bremen Nina is having nightmares, bouts of sleepwalking and calling out to Jonathan in her sleep. The film clearly establishes some sort of psychic connection between her and the vampire after he sees her picture. It is only a short matter of time before Dracula has loaded up a carriage full of coffins and charters a ship to take him to Bremen, while a weakened Jonathan travels home by land. They reach the city at almost the same time.

In Nosferatu, Dracula (played by Max Schreck) is portrayed not as the suave, gothic seducer he became in later films, but as a lanky, otherworldly creature with pale-skin rat-like teeth and long, pointed fingers. It is perhaps one of the most inspired monster designs in all of cinema, and in many ways reflects the threat of foreign invasion. First of all, in contrast to modern vampires, who are usually designed to look like normal people with fangs and sometimes gothic clothing or red eyes, in Nosferatu the vampire only looks humanoid — his proportions are all off — his body is too thin, his arms and legs are too long, his ears are too pointed, his hands look like needles. He appears alien in every sense of the word. Additionally, Murnau’s Dracula invokes the fear of another type of invasion: foreign disease. He is surrounded by rats plague carriers), and in many ways resembles a rat himself with his rodent teeth and shrunken eyes, and his pale, deathly appearance reminds us of the effects of sickness itself. The connection is not only visual — when Dracula arrives in the town of Bremen he brings with him a sort of pestilence
that the disease was carried to the town by Dracula's hoards of rats, while others call it more of a supernatural curse. The filmmakers never tell us for sure, but I'm not sure that it matters — what does matter is the analogy drawn between the entrance of evil into the city and the introduction of a deadly virus.

The parallel is a striking one, for it suggests that foreign influence into a town will spread rapidly, like a communicable disease, until it has touched every life and no one will remain unaffected. In a way Murnau and his collaborators seem to be saying that there's no such thing as a benign foreign influence — anything introduced will infect the whole community. Thought Jonathan was the one who invited Dracula to Bremen, he is not the only one to face the consequences, as the foreigner from The Land of the Phantoms has brings evil and disease to the whole town.

With every horror film the question invariably arises: what could have been done to prevent the tragedy? Even if evil is stopped in the end, what could have been done from the outset to stop evil from even getting a foothold? In Nosferatu the answer seems clear — Jonathan should have stayed home. By venturing out of his community in search of profits, he compromises the well-being of his family as well as the entire city. When he prepares to leave for the Land of the Phantoms at the beginning of the film Nina begs relentlessly with him to not go, but to stay with her. Jonathan seems oblivious to her obvious concern and leaves anyway. In neglecting his marriage and home life, he left the door open for evil to intrude, and intrude it did: the film ends with Nina sacrificing herself to the vampire in order to save the city.

In The Golem, a film by Paul Wegener released two years before Nosferatu in 1920, the situation is slightly reversed — the townspeople call upon a monster to save them from foreign influence and oppression. Based on Jewish folklore, the film tells the story of the Jewish community in Prague, who are told by the Emperor that they are being exiled from the country and must leave the Ghetto. Rabbi Low receives instruction from God to create a clay golem (played by Wegener himself), which through a mix of Jewish sorcery and science, is given life and becomes the Rabbi's servant. A star on its chest inscribed with a magic word gives it life, and when the star removes, the Golem returns to stone again. After taking the Golem through the city on a test run, the Rabbi shows up at the Emperor's palace and when he demonstrates the Golem's power, the Emperor allows the Jews to stay.

However, things aren't quite that easy. When Rabbi Low returns to his workshop and attempts to remove the Golem's star, the creature stops him from doing so, and suddenly gets angry and begins to attack him. When the Golem raises its fist the Rabbi quickly snatches the star, stopping the creature in its tracks. He returns to his mystic books and learns that on certain astral phases the spirits that were used to create the Golem return to it and make it act evilly. And so the Rabbi finds that a weapon used for the defense of national security can become potentially a threat to national security. I found this scenario eerily similar to the situation the United States faced after developing the Nuclear bomb . . . which of course didn't happen until over two decades later!

Swearing not the reactivate the Golem the Rabbi leaves to go to the temple. However, another intruder is on the scene — the Emperor's messenger who fell in love with the Rabbi's daughter when he came to deliver the eviction notice, and who has snuck into her bedroom. When Rabbi Low's assistant, also in love with the daughter, comes to see her he is furious to hear another man's voice behind the door, so he runs to the Rabbi's workshop and calls on the Golem to break down the door. The furious Golem does more than that, though: he ends up killing the foreign suitor, kidnapping the daughter and setting the Ghetto on fire. Fortunately Rabbi Low is able to subdue the monster and save the village, although the film never exactly makes it clear how he does this.

So if Nosferatu is a film about the dangers of letting outsiders in and the necessity for closed borders, The Golem works as a counterpoint to that film, illustrating the dangers of vigorously protecting those borders. The Ghetto in The Golem is surrounded by walls and protected by two gigantic wooden doors, which are featured prominently in the film — they are at once the Jews' defense against the outside world and their gateway to it. By isolating themselves inside the Ghetto the Jews achieve solidarity and a sense of community — we see them worshiping at the temple together, shopping in the marketplace and their children playing together in the fields — but they also become an easy target for the Emperor, as he can simply lump them all together and exile them all at once. The Golem, too, a symbol of their united power is able to keep them isolated, but also represents how consolidated power can potentially lead to a consolidated downfall if left in the wrong hands. The Rabbi's assistant, in his rash attempt to remove the "foreign influence" from the life of his ladylove ends up nearly destroying the whole Ghetto. Everything is risked at the expense of removing one foreign element, and while it could be argued that The Golem is
Everything is risked at the expense of removing one foreign element, and while it could be argued that *The Golem* is saying that those city gates should never, ever open, I think instead the film is saying that foreign influence is inevitable — the guards at the gate have no way of stopping the messenger from sliding a message under the door or opening the peephole — and it is important to be responsible in how we deal with that influence.

Although some critics say that Fritz Lang's 1931 film *M* came too late to be considered part of the expressionist movement, I believe that its use of expressionist elements, such as dramatic shadows (the child killer's silhouetted shadow on the poster of the missing girl is echoes the shot of a shadow Dracula ascending the staircase in *Nosferatu*), geometric designs (the window displays in particular) and moral ambiguity not only make this a film heavily influenced by expressionism, the way the soundtrack reveals the inner psychology of the characters I would suggest makes it the first expressionist sound film. Additionally, *M* is not a traditional horror film, as there are no overtly supernatural elements inherent in it, and for the most part the violence is only implied; at first glance it would probably be classified as a crime thriller. However, while the serial killer (played terrifyingly by Peter Lorre) in *M* may not look like a monster, his actions do indeed make him a monster, one that is in a way far scarier than any vampire or wolfman. In fact, part of what makes his character totally creepy is that he doesn't look scary at all — he has a round, amicable face and looks almost like a child himself.

What makes *M* of particular interest to us, is the fact that there seem to be parallel invasions going on in the film — one that is civic and one that is psychological. The civic invasion isn't a politically foreign one, but it is very much an invasion. The film centers around a child murderer and the city's reaction to him, and in this way we can see that the multiple spheres of society that are affected. The families who lose children are ripped apart and the other families are paralyzed by the fear that they could. The police officers are compelled to crack down on crime to try to catch the murderer, and in the process interfere with the city's organized crime, who decide to go after the murderer themselves, partly because they find him detestable themselves and partly to get the cops off their backs. This furthers the idea seen in the *Nosferatu* and *The Golem* that just one intruder will penetrate deep into society and create a ripple effect of invasions.

At the end of the movie when the mob succeeds in capturing the murderer and have him face trial in a kangaroo court, the second, psychological invasion becomes clear. Our baby-faced monster has a demon inside of him. In his speech in which he tries to defend himself we see that unlike the members of the mob who have "arrested" him, he's not wholly autonomous. "He says that his accusers are criminals only because they are too lazy to work; as for him, 'I can't help myself! I haven't any control over this evil thing that's inside me — the fire, the voices, the torment!'" (Armour 99). Whether this "evil thing" is a demonic force or just psychological damage is left for the audience to find out, but the incredible thing about Lang's film is that we feel sympathy for the child murderer. Lorre lets the audience see past the crimes of his character and reveals a deeply damaged man who hates what he does but cannot stop. "He says he wants to escape; especially he wants to escape from himself" (Armour 101). So here we have the ultimate invasion — the invasion of the psyche. Lang offers no real solution to protect against this intrusion, but does get to the core of the problem: the evil's first intrusion is always into the heart and mind of an individual. With the rise of Hitler truly frightening many at the time the film was made (most of Lang's contemporaries had fled to America by 1931), it truly was a frightening proposition. As was the implied notion that the same thing could potentially happen to anyone watching the film.

The idea of having the "monster" character play an unwilling host to evil was revisited in producer Val Lewton's 1942 film *Cat People*. Again, this film is not widely regarded as part of the Expressionist movement, and is certainly not German Expressionism as it was made in the United States. However, it can certainly be considered an heir to the movement based on its emphasis on psychological horror, the use of light and dark, and stylized elements that reflect the characters' inner nature. A number of scenes in this move, especially the two sequences in which Alice is stalked, would be right at home in a Fritz Lang movie.

The film tells the story of a young architect, a real all-American boy named Oliver (Kent Smith) who falls in love with Irena (Simone Simon), a Serbian immigrant and fashion designer. Irena has had no real friends in America before meeting Oliver and she falls for him as well, but is afraid to pursue a relationship, due to her cultural history. Like the murderer in *M* she feels as if there is an evil inside of her that she cannot control. "She tells her lover, 'I am a refugee — a refugee from the past — from evil things you could never know or understand'" (London 42). She explains that her village had been a hotbed for witchcraft long ago, but many of the traditions still survive and legend has it that if a woman from her village either kisses a man becomes jealous of another woman she will turn into a panther and kill them. Oliver believes this is preposterous and convinces Irena that they should be
He suggests that she go to a psychiatrist, who she feels patronizes her and over simplifies her problem, while in the meantime Oliver bonds with Alice, another woman from his firm. Irena becomes terribly jealous of this relationship, and Alice begins to think that Irena is trying to kill her. When Oliver sets a time for himself, Alice and the psychiatrist to meet with Irena so that he can tell her that he plans to divorce her and marry Alice, Irena doesn't show up. After waiting for two hours Ollie and Alice leave; the psychiatrist, however, stays behind and waits for Irena to show up. When she does, he reveals his own desire for her and kisses her. Irena, as she predicted, turns into a panther and kills him. She then goes after Ollie and Alice, but they manage to ward her away from them. Later, when Irena is human again she visits the panther in the zoo that had been fascinated throughout the movie. She unlocks its cage and the panther leaps out at her, killing her before running into the street and getting run over itself. Ollie and Alice, the all-American couple show up on the scene too late to save Irena and they mourn her.

Many interpretations of this film seem to say that it is xenophobic and cashes in on the paranoia at the time regarding foreign influence and invasion. And while I agree that this may be true, I think the Lewton was going for a more subtle point with the film, and actually criticizing Oliver's cultural blindness. Oliver, for all his good intentions to help Irena, never really listens to her — he waits patiently as she expresses her fears, and then dismisses them all as far as tales and sends her to a psychiatrist who does essentially the same thing. The filmmakers take small pains to call attention to Oliver's unwillingness to step outside of what he believes is "normal" and "American" — every time he goes into the coffee shop the waitress offers Ollie an exotic dish, and every time he says he'd rather just have apple pie. This is obviously symbolic of him refusing to look at other cultures or ideas, or anything that doesn't fit in with his "American pie" ideals. He wants his marriage with Irena to be the same way, a "normal" Norman Rockwell relationship, and makes no real effort to embrace her cultural background or sincerely listen to her fears. This just makes Irena feel more repressed and alienated and in the end she finds that she can't trust anyone. Even her doctor wants to fit her into a mold.

The violence at the end of the film can seem as an allegory for what happens when we push the "foreign elements" in our society as far away from us as possible — if instead of seeking to understand them and deal with them in a positive way we repress and hide from them, those elements, whether they are psychological or cultural will come back to literally haunt us.

The ending of Nosferatu particularly underlines this point. While Jonathan Harker refused to do anything but scoff the cautionary Book of Vampires in his hotel room, and cowered in fear when Dracula came around, Nina Harker faced her fears — she read the book, becomes educated about vampires and is able to go against the cultural grain and meet Dracula face to face, on his terms. "By opening the window, Nina violates official orders and signals her willingness to allow the outside world into her private domain, rather than merely to watch the street from a safe enclosure, or to turn — like Jonathan — completely away from what is outside" (Waller 192). In doing so, she is actually able to defeat the vampire, thought it is at the cost of her own previously happy domestic life. If Jonathan had been able, like Nina, to open up his eyes to what was going on around him, and really tried to understand, he would have been able to stop Dracula from ever coming to Bremen in the first place. "If Jonathan had only heeded the wisdom of the learned folk, then he and Ellen could have escaped the curse of the vampire" (Crane 63).

The message that we can learn from these horror films is that when we work towards understanding the influences, foreign or innate in ourselves and others, we can eliminate, or at least lessen the possibilities of evil. In Nosferatu and The Golem the solutions to stop the monsters lie in books and when that knowledge and education were neglected, terror reigned. In M and Cat People the issues were more complex as they dealt not with physical monsters, but with psychological ghosts. No book could have unraveled Irena or the child murderer, but had someone truly listened to them before they became so tightly wrapped up in their demons, it's easy to believe that the pain they caused could have been avoided. While these films all appear at first glance to be about the fear of the foreign and unknown, they all also advocate confronting the unknown and understanding the foreign, and in this way they are just as relevant today as they ever were.

Aaron Humphrey is bread dipped in a batter of egg and milk and sauteed until brown, usually served sprinkled with sugar and cinnamon, molasses, or syrup.
Filmography

Cat People (1942).

Golem: How he Came into the World (1920).

M (1931).

Nosferatu (1922).

Works Cited


This mysterious note was left on the door of Sue’s office in the direct aftermath of Paul Traska’s N-E-R-D presentation. The identity and intent of the author is still a puzzlement; but it seems positive enough.
Canvas

I paint my face on oil canvas
Striving to define myself
As if a box of an existence
Were on par with perfection.

I paint my nose
But all I see is yours, like a princess
Revolving in my mind like shuttles
That circle the idolized mouse all day
Like your tone-deaf songs, coffeehouse serenade
Over iced mocha fairytale and cigarette butts that
Illuminate the smoggy sky like stars
Attempting transformation.
Driving through the smell of rain, all wet,
Through windows that won’t roll up
And dreams of dancing in our underwear:
Well-wasted days of feminist slush.
My nose is undefined.

I paint my eyes
But all I see are hers, the one he chose
Whose curls are feet mimic mine;
Bubbly, like detergent suds.
Degrees of shadows make her sunny.
We meld together in a dance of comparison
For he has forgotten our sushi at sunset,
Masquerade of coy comments,
Rollercoaster rendezvous.
My mind fills with chocolate pudding,
His bad taste in movies,
His hypocrite tongue, that bites.
The brushstrokes blur my eyes.

I paint my lips
But all I see is a mouth painted shut
Laborious lockjaw, a constant defense.
Their lips billow smoke, billow greed, billow craving
Like movie star lips, botched Botox jobs,
Lips whispering rumors like brushfires.
Eyes like fortresses surround me here
Though I try to escape cement facades,
I want a home. They mold me like clay.
I cannot yell out my “huhs” and “heys”
Like theater class, where everyone’s brave.
My lips are painted pale.

I paint my life
With visions of others
And it all falls together.

I paint pink carpet, spotted with dog hair
I paint green plastic tables, sanctuary unknown
I paint palm trees and thrift stores and smoothies and stages
And there I am.

And I’m learning myself
As I paint myself
And pain myself.

Jessie Randle is a freshman theatre major.
She laughs at her own jokes, but nobody else does.
A Noteooked Glimpse of Bookshop Brains
by Dead-a-Lust the first

Within the Honors Book Forum, a social shelter of sorts was born. This so-called forum for literature offered divine oblivion of high-thoughted care during which its attendees made forays into mild and magnificent notions of the universe using the printed text as their guide. So with that, allow us to encounter each amicable guest and receive and wrap them in eternal rest of camaraderie wherein each has and will continue to gather as often as possible, if not always, and remain together, against reason and discouragement to murmur quietly to one another in the presence of some holy images or mysteries.

O, nerdy souls of ceaseless Nrmrangao!
Come hither sisters and salivating brothers
Whose blackberry stubble fuzz is no match for mine!

Amadas Bytheway: She dressed in rich materials but did so with a casual, casual air so that a subtle bridal gill often emanated from her surroundings. Her shoes were either sandals or Converse sneaker, well worn and splendid. A pair of draped window shades, and the plane of her face was a vanilla tree, which was pure and fashioned itself as a sign of modesty. Soft eyes of an ease and was careful not to fret her fingers too often when speaking in front of new company. The effortlessness with which she formulated her thoughts came from a mind, which was thoughtful yet coy, keen and generous.

Ko Kaine: A self-conscious craftsman who enjoyed the solitude of faith and the endeavor of labor but a young man, still, who felt within the deeper more fragile caves of his heart a desire to understand, feel and love the tenderness of that found surrounding the globe for age-crippled libraries, ancient texts concerning miscellaneous and assorted findings as telescopic and Greek deities.

Freshblooming hope and soulful but serious calculation were suffused in the soul of his eyes, which were customarily adorned with simple, almost oval glasses, but based on a name of an archaeologist, large enough to smell the fine remnants of or when a humorous comment flown into the air, his lips naturally shrank and grinned with wrinkled courtesy quite coyly as if he mannerly as if he were continuously attending a dinner gathering among adults wearing overcoats and colored socks. Thus was Ko,

Christopher Whatcha McCellum: Sometimes and sorrowfully so, Christopher Whatcha McCellum has been idle and humorously characterized as possessing curiously a slackish gill of nonchalance as rumored popularly by his absence from the entire reading curriculum of the book forum. What has yet to be discussed or delineated is the McCellum most genuine and entertaining, at all handsome man with a pair of smoky eyes channelled deep beneath his brow. Christopher was scribble but smooth, charming, from under an American smile and playful, comfortable gesticulations. Equipped with an array of premeditated "rants" with know what he thought of them. If there was even a character-acted between Holden Caulfield and Adam Corolla who held the heart delights.

Zelda: Flitting nimbly over the obstacles of curbing her enthusiasm, Zelda was the apple-cheeked, doe-eyed wraith who with whose swath of windblown and elegantly stylish vestments created an aura of fashion that was both smartly modern and delivered zingers—often punctuated with a "Jeze, I’m sorry" glimpse. When others spoke, her eyes followed the trail of their with a silent sensation of comfort and excitement.

Lisa Amber: The rhythm of a kind, sincere and effervescence gait belonged to a woman, a pristine delightful addition reason why the world is actively engaged to the business of genuine camaraderie is due to people like Lisa. Resting on her was a summered purely on her fair face. The swiftness with which she spoke was sedately unhurried and thoughtful. Inserted in her club, well-spoken and rich in joy.

Tap Haner: Never had there been such splendor in a majestic, motherly candid woman with the eyes and rest of mulled purity such as Tap. Her desire to succor the sense of the universe for conversations with smartly students and tirelessly musing weekends instilled within her a beautified image of a calm but animated sage, true and bona fide. A golden mesh of hope and curiosity, varicolored like festive slippers of silk and silver satin, ran through her veins wildly and well. But to say more about her through the printed word would duly do her a disservice and I will cease thusly for fear of foibles.
[Publisher's Note: All of the characters mentioned above are real (or are they?) but their names have been changed at the behest of the publisher in order to bewilder you. Guess who's who (though they'll never tell!) and you win a free goose. The mysterious author has been deemed:]

Dead-a-lust the First... is an hypothetical agent or device of arbitrary small mass that is considered selectively to admit or block the passage of individual molecules from one compartment to another according to their speed, constituting a violation of the second law of thermodynamics.

A Fractional Limmerick
A Truth of Fractioned Integers

Archimedes had some glasses of wine
"Half of them," he said, "are mine."
The number of glasses
Can be 'ternally massive
But cannot be fewer than twine.

Paul Traska is a senior United States history major.

There are a certain number of men living in his brain who tell him to do things.
Half of the men are of blue complexion, a quarter are red, a seventh of them are green and six of them are yellow. How many men are crammed in there?
Someday this riddle will be all we know of him.
Whitney Owens is a tax demanded of persons who then reimburse themselves for it at the expense of others, the tax being levied on commodities before they reach the consumer and are paid ultimately as part of their market price.

Blues + Brass
Sultry Jazz
Sweet Jumbalaya Dreams
Cobble stone street
Rhythm in my feet
I'm home in New Orleans

~W. Owens~

Publisher's Note: The following items were dutifully collected by her at the National Honors Conference in New Orleans. First there is a napkin with instructions on how to play the harmonica dictated by Riccardo who apparently served as a guide-about-town for our Conference folks as they gattered about town. The rest are recipes she collected from a restaraunt. The café au lait is particularly good. I've tried it!
To play harmonica

1. Get a boyfriend/girlfriend who live 50 miles from the city.
2. Ride the bus to visit them every weekend.
3. Sit in the last seat of the bus.
4. Play your harmonica all night long.
5. Start with "Happy Birthday."
6. Do this for a year.

Then you will learn how to play the harmonica. - Riccardo
Crawfish Etouffée

2 pounds crawfish tails
1 cup oil
¼ cup flour
1½ cups onions, chopped
¼ cup celery, chopped
¼ cup garlic, mashed and minced
¼ cup green peppers, chopped
¼ cup butter
½ cup tomato paste
1 can chicken broth
3 cups water
2 chicken flavored bouillon cubes
2 teaspoons salt
2 teaspoons black pepper
1 teaspoon Tabasco pepper sauce
1 teaspoon fancy paprika

In a large skillet, make roux by stirring oil and flour over slow to medium heat. When roux reaches peanut butter color, add chopped onions, celery, garlic and green peppers and sauté for 5 minutes. In another skillet (small) melt butter and add tomato paste. Sauté paste in butter until smooth and thick, about 5 minutes, and then mix with roux. Pour in broth, slowly add the water with the melted bouillion cubes in it, and balance of seasonings. Cook for 30 minutes. Add crawfish tails 5 minutes before serving. Serve with rice.

Recipes by Ralph and Kacoo's Restaurant

Szechuan Spicy Alligator

2 pounds alligator meat (use fresh if you can get it)
¾ cup celery
¾ cup carrots
¾ cup onion
1 cup red or green bell peppers
4 green onions (2” slices)
4 dried hot peppers
½ teaspoon garlic (chopped fine)
½ teaspoon salt
2 teaspoons sesame seed oil
2 tablespoons sugar
1 tablespoon crushed Szechuan peppercorns, optional
2 tablespoons vinegar, 2 of sherry

Marinade:
3 tablespoons soy sauce
3 tablespoons cornstarch
3 tablespoons oil
½ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon white pepper
3 teaspoons egg white

Slice alligator ¼” inch thick and 2” long, remove fat and gristle. Sprinkle with cornstarch, soy sauce, oil, salt and pepper. Mix thoroughly. Coat with egg white and let marinade ingredients sit for 20 minutes. Cut all vegetables julienne style, about 2-2½” inches long.

Heat wok or heavy skillet until very hot, adding ½ cup oil for 45 seconds over high heat. Drop alligator in hot oil. Stir gently to separate and cook until 70% done. Remove meat from pan and drain oil. Reheat pan with 3 tablespoons of oil. Break dry hot peppers in half into the oil until it turns brown. Add garlic, then add vegetables. Stir-fry for 1-2 minutes. Add alligator back into wok. Add sherry, vinegar, soy sauce, salt, peppercorns, sugar and sesame seed oil. Stir for 30 seconds. Remove from wok to serving platter. Serves 4.

Recipes by Troy Yuen (see pages 51 and 54 for more)

Beignets

(French doughnuts)

Drop ½ cup of butter and a good pinch of salt into a pan containing 1 cup of hot water. Bring to a boil and add 1 cup of sifted flour. Stir and cook thoroughly until it comes together and pulls away from the pan. Turn off heat and add 4 eggs. You must beat after each egg you put in. Now the dough is ready to drop into deep fat, which should have been raised to 375 degrees. As the beignets brown, they will turn over by themselves. Have some heavy brown paper laid out and dip them out and onto the paper as they are ready. Drain well and immediately sprinkle with powdered sugar. They must be served right away, usually with a castor of sugar on the table so that more can be added as your guests turn them over.

Café Au Lait

This is coffee in the French style. Both Cajuns and Creoles-like it this way. The coffee is always made from coffee that is roasted until it is very dark, and often has chicory added. The milk is simmered to the boiling point, when tiny bubbles begin to appear around the edge of the pot. At that point, it is poured into scalding hot coffee. At the French Market, they pour it out of two huge pots, one of coffee in one hand, and one of hot milk in the other, at the same exact moment. If you are very clever and agile, you can learn to do it, too. If not, you may add the milk to the coffee.
Muffaletta

The only way I can tell you how to make a Muffaletta Italian sandwich is to send you to your nearest Italian market. Buy all the different kinds of Bologna and Italian Sausage that can be sliced for a sandwich, but only as much as you think you can eat. The same instructions follow for the wonderful Italian cheeses, Mozzarella, Provalone, Romano and so forth. Then get a large round loaf of Italian bread and some fresh Italian chopped up olive salad, or get it in a jar. Now go home and go to work. Slice the bread in half crosswise and layer in the meats and cheeses, alternating them if you like. Toss some of the salad olives across the top, and there you are. You may dress the sandwich any way you like; with butter, mayonnaise, or by lightly pouring a little olive oil over the bread to sort of lubricate it. There is no law that says you cannot put lettuce and tomatoes on it, but I think it will be better without. Now cut the big loaf across the top and then across again at right angles, which will give you 4 sandwiches, and most people can only eat one of them. If you want to make it really authentic, wrap each quarter in butcher paper, stick a toothpick in the top to hold the paper, and pass them out. Have fun!

Creole Chicken Gumbo

1 large chicken, cut up
4 tablespoons cooking oil
1 large onion, chopped
2 quarts chicken stock, heated
2 tablespoons parsley, minced
2 tablespoons green onions, chopped
1 teaspoon chopped thyme, if fresh
½ teaspoon if dry
1 clove garlic, minced
3 bay leaves
1 pound smoked sausage (or andouille)
1 pint oysters
1 tablespoon filé powder
cayenne pepper to taste
salt and pepper to taste

Use a heavy pot, iron if possible, and brown the chicken slowly in oil. Remove the chicken. Sauté the onion until soft. Return chicken and any juice that has drained off to the pot with onions. Cover and cook on low heat for about 10 minutes, stirring occasionally to prevent burning. Add the heated stock, parsley, green onion, garlic, and bay leaves. Season generously with thyme. Add salt and pepper to taste. Cook over low heat until chicken is tender. Precook sausage for 10 minutes; add oysters and oyster water and cook for 10 minutes more. Remove from the fire and immediately add the filé powder, stirring while adding. Serve immediately in large bowls, pouring it over steamed rice.
In spite of much fanatical gutheaving on the part of certain zealous evolutionists, there still remain to this day a great many people who—for one reason or another—find it consistently difficult to believe the notion that the human race may have evolved from monkeys, apes, orangutans or chimpanzees.

And understandably so.

For in spite of a great deal of circumstantial evidence, no one has—as of yet—found definitive fossil evidence of a transitional creature—the proverbial "missing link". Thus, for now we homines sapientes are forced to content ourselves by lurking in hot, sticky rain forests whilst holding staring contests with our (alleged) evolutionary cousins—gazing deep into dark simian eyes for the causal

I—Don't—Know—What

which so many scientists hope to find.

Relatively, it is time to meet another unlikely primogenitor which appeared in 1950 thanks to an enterprising explorer of imaginative worlds names Dr. Seuss. His book If I ran the zoo tells the fictitious story of young Gerald McGrew and of the fantastic animals which he (Master McGrew) would fill his zoo with if so given an opportunity. He lyrically rattles of the names of the fantastic creatures that he imagines, and the reader is given—through illustration—an image of what the young McGrew imagines these creatures would look like.

The twenty-ninth creature thus described is the one most worthy of note here. Found in the mythical land of Ka-Troo it looks like a cross between a penguin and an old cranky man.

McGrew designates it:

a nerd.

It is generally agreed upon that this is the first appearance of the term "nerd" in the English language.

It should be noted, however, that apart from the name, the modern nerd has little in common with his or her Seussian ancestor. There are some similarities, though: For instance, Seuss' nerd seems withdrawn and anti-social (a typical quality abundant in nerds). And like the typical human nerd it is probably rarely invited to parties.

However, it must be conceded that these similarities are probably coincidental and that Seuss was more than likely not attempting a caricature of a group of brainy people. Thus, Seuss' must be classified as a kind of nerd sequiter along with Willy Wonka's candied "nerds".

This paper is the written companion to an oral presentation which I gave to some Honours folks and friends on 4 October (the anniversary of Sputnik—a big day in nerd history). In it I chronicled the contributions of nerds throughout history discussing how nerds were instrumental in the Allied victory in the Second World War, how they advanced the Space Race and how they invented the personal computer. This written portion will seek to discuss more of the philosophy of nerdiness and the responsibilities which we nerds must live up to.

In October of 1951 an article appeared on page 28 of Newsweek magazine entitled "Jelly Tot, Square Bear-Man!". The article was an investigation of new slang terms and expressions such as "twenty lashes with a wet noodle" and "she's real George all the way".

"The word 'man' prefixes nearly every teenage sentence in Los Angeles (Man, that's great)."
Within this article is a rather interesting statement that:

"In Detroit, someone who once would be called a drip or a square is now, regrettably, a nerd, or in a less severe case, a square." 

This is probably the one of the earliest mentions of the term in print with a definition attached to it. Thus, it seems that the term was probably in verbal use even while Seuss was penning his book. It also seems that it was a term invented by young people which may discredit some notions that the term was invented by middle-aged engineers and professionals. The fact, however, is that it will probably never be known exactly where the term came from.

Therefore, the attention will now be turned to the nerds themselves: Who are these people? What do they want? Why do they have to act like that?

The first thing that I should do at the outset is to declare myself:

I AM A NERD.

Thus, this is not a mere disassociated study of an alien group. Rather, this is an exploration of a unique minority group to which I myself belong.

As a nerd I am into a number of dorky things. I often begin jotting noneties in Latin by virtue of the fact that I can. VERE, TEMPORES MULTAE IN DIE IN LATINO SCRIBO QUOD FACIO POSSUM. CICERO NON EST. "PUERULLUS LATINUS" EST. SED LATINUS EST EUMQUE SCRIBERE POSSUM. MULTUM TEMPORIS VERBA IDENTIDEM SCRIBO. Θεάνοι τούς βοράκαροι! Several moments ago I took a break from writing this paper and spent twenty minutes looking inside of my typewriter to see how it worked. I do have a HAM radio operator's license: KG6VSQ. I currently possess six library cards (Anaheim Public, Chapman University, Orange City, Orange County, Los Angeles County and San Bernardino County). I know complicated Cat's Cradle figures; I am learning to crochet. I do not know how to play cricket but would love to learn (true to form, I would play horribly, though). I can name all seven Mercury astronauts in the order in which they flew. My friends and I often deface walls with passages from Blake, Eliot and Joyce. I know about the War of Jenkin's Ear. I take on massive projects concerning the history of nerds. I would legitimately like to learn to play the accordion.

An oddity among many nerds is that they rarely wish to admit to that thing which the Germans might call Nerdachtum, that is the quality of "nerd-ness". They will often deny it and proffer evidence of social status, pop culture awareness and applicable knowledge in order to forestall the fatal curse of Nerd. The Washington Post Magazine published an article on 17 May 1987 entitled:

Evan Sherbrooke Has This Problem—He's Smarter Than Everybody Else

The article begins:

"Evan Sherbrooke wants it clear right off: he's no nerd!"

"Sure, his straight-A average ranks him No. 1 in Walt Whitman High School's senior class of 554 kids. And, yes, he's a National Merit Scholar headed for MIT, captain of Whitman's Latin Bowl team, veteran of the "It's Academic" squad, star of the Whitman math team and the only kid on this year's Montgomery County math squad to get the area-of-the-triangle question—1008 was the answer. But then you have to expect that from a guy with a perfect score on the math SATs."

But, lest we count him as one of our own:

"Evan figures that he's no nerd because nerdiness to him isn't an IQ score or an A-average, but a state of mind—a somber, pretentious, socially stunted state of mind. . . ."

Good Lord! I take offense. I mean, yea, it's true and all. . . . but goodness! I choose not to publish the full recounting of young Mr Sherbrooke's characteristics but rest assured that he is a nerd! (I can see his yearbook picture right now!) Thus, no matter how much a nerd tries to hide, someone will find out the truth. The Washington Post featured an article on 9 September 1986 written by James David Besser and entitled "Confessions of a Nerd". In Besser's case, it was his own wife who found him out:

"I told my wife I was thinking of buying a shortwave radio. She asked me why, and I explained all about listening to faraway stations and that this was something I had done as a teen-ager, when acne and an assignment as my school's audio-visual operator doomed me to the ranks of the very uncool.

"My wife's response shocked me. "That's a nerdy thing to do for a hobby," she said."
"The more I thought about it, the more I realized she was right. Having a hobby at all these days is pretty out of fashion, unless its something like polishing your BMW or collecting American Express receipts. Listening to shortwave is even less hip than collecting stamps. In fact, the reason I gave it up as a teen-ager was my fear that girls would find out and scoff at me."

Besser, of course, discovered that there was at least one girl on this planet that found out and didn’t scoff at him. (That’s a lesson to all of you, by the way.) All of this points to a general and unshakeable rule concerning the qualities of nerdness. It is a certain as the Laws of Gravity and Thermodynamics:

**A nerd cannot help it!**

This is a rule. Nerds will act like nerds. There is a rather humourous story about the novelist James Joyce when he was a small boy growing up in Ireland and his family would take trips on their holidays. While all of the other children were running around or swimming, little “Sunny Jim” (as his family called him) “would bring little notebooks with summaries of history or literature, lists of French and Latin words, and while the other children swam he would set himself tests and get his mother to examine him.”

The days of nerds hiding in catacombs went out with sock hops, pep rallies and all of the other meaningless froth of high school social life. As honours students at a major university (what are you snickering at?) we are nerds and it is high time that we started using our nerdy qualities to benefit the community at large.

I have an intensely nerdy friend whose only political actions thus far have been letters written on behalf of funding for her local library. And God love her for it. Libraries are historically the fortresses of nerds and when nerds attack, the footprints go all the way back to the library. Outspoken and socially aware nerds can be found working out of libraries. On 2 December 2004 the President of the American Library Association, Carol Brey-Casiano, issued a denunciation of a bill drafted by Alabama representative Gerald Allen proposing the banning of gay and lesbian literature from all public libraries, schools and universities. Brey-Casiano declared:

"Not only is the bill unworkable, it is discriminatory and unconstitutional." 2

The ALA is a staunch upholder of the First Amendment and even dedicates the last week of September to awareness of books which have been banned or challenged including, but certainly not limited to:

- *Scary Stories* series - Alvin Schwartz
- *Harry Potter* series - J.K. Rowling
- *I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings* - Maya Angelou
- *Of Mice and Men* - John Steinbeck
- *The Catcher in the Rye* - J. D. Salinger
- *James and the Giant Peach* - Roald Dahl
- *Slaughterhouse-Five* - Kurt Vonnegut

Most books are challenged on the basis of protecting children from sex, obscene language, superstition and race issues. (If that be the case then perhaps it would be best not to let our children near the breakfast table.) Actually, just a few months ago I was in my local library (one of the six I have access to, remember?) and I was browsing an intriguing display of banned books which had been placed on a display shelf in the centre of the library. Tsk-tsking my way through such thought-provoking books and the thought of them being given up to book burners I was prompted to approach the librarian. I thanked her for putting the display up and for reminding people of the importance of the rights and privileges of literacy. I also politely suggested that she include *Ulysses* by James Joyce (which I have been reading with some of my nerd friends). It was banned for a time in all English-speaking countries. She thanked me for the suggestion and also told me that a number of people who had commented on the display were highly suspicious and negative towards it and that she appreciated my approval and support. We nerds have to support one another!

As nerds we must use our obsessive quest for knowledge for the betterment of all people. We stand as the front line against book burners, extremists and morons. It begins with nitpicking tiny mistakes in books, periodicals and newspapers. *Life* magazine published an editorial on page 2 of its 17 November 1941 issue from an eighth grader named Robert D. Teeters who commented:
Sirs:

I liked the article on science very much. There was, however, one mistake. On your chart (p. 77) you give Tellurium as element 81. Isn't Tellurium 81 and Tellurenum 52?

On NPR just the other day I heard someone correct a biologist's misuse of the term "in vivo" referring to "in glass" when he should have said "in vivo" referring to "in living tissue".

It is important, though, to move beyond correcting publishers and radio interviewees and to begin correcting public officials and extremists. On 16 November 1973 Kurt Vonnegut wrote a letter to Charles McCarthy of Drake, North Dakota, the chairman of the Drake School Board who had ordered Vonnegut's books burned in the school furnace as well as several other authors'. Vonnegut rebuked:

"If you and your board are now determined to show that you in fact have wisdom and maturity when you exercise your power over the education of your young, then you should acknowledge that it was a rotten lesson you taught young people in a free society when you denounced and then burned books—books you hadn't even read. You should also resolve to expose your children to all sorts of opinions and information, in order that they will be better equipped to make decisions and to survive." 4

It would be wonderfully affirming to be able to say that nerds and intellectuals have always been successful in stopping major injustices and restrictions of thought. Unfortunately, this has not been the case. Nazi Germany still managed to burn books and eliminate Jewish students and professors from its school systems (among its other atrocities). And even in the United States intellectuals did frightfully little to combat McCarthy's Red Scare. The author Lilian Hellman stated that:

"I had, up to the late 1940's, believed that the educated, the intellectual, lived by what they claimed to believe: freedom of thought and speech, the right of each man to his own convictions, a more than implied promise, therefore, of aid to those who might be persecuted. But only a very few raised a finger when McCarthy and the boys appeared. Almost all, either by what they did or did not do, contributed to McCarthyism, running after a bandwagon which hadn't bothered to stop to pick them up." 5

As nerds, therefore, we have a great responsibility. Throughout high school we were being trained through the oppression of jocks and jerks to not care what other people thought of us. Let us seek to maintain our high-minded standards which demand perfect grammar, flawless arithmetic and literacy and free-thought for all. People will say that we are being elitist in holding the world to such high standards. Not so. We are simply demanding from the world what we demand from ourselves. Unflinching attention to the details of reality.

And so my friends I bid you good morning, good evening, good afternoon... wherever you may be in the world's prolific time zones!

We nerds cover them all.

Paul Traska is a senior
United States history major.
SEMPER SAPIENTIA, AMICI!
SEMPER SAP!

Endnotes


2. Statement by the ALA President, 2 December 2004.
   http://www.al.org/template.cfm?Section=News&template=/ContentManagement/ContentDisplay.cfm&ContentID=81084

3. The ALA's List of the 100 Most Frequently Challenged Books of 1990-2000:
   http://www.al.org/alas/oif/bannedbooksweek/bbwlinks/100mostfrequently.htm


The following collage is made up of items collected by Tyler Malotte while he was in New Orleans with our Honours Conferences. Brochures, tickets and coasters! We love ephemera!
New Chef. New Menu.

Hookah Cafe
Eat. Drink. Smoke.
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Wine Bar.
Hookah Lounge.

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5:30-11pm

November Dine-In Specials

* MONDAY *
6-8pm 1/2 Price Entrees

* TUESDAY *
1/2 Price Tapas & Draft

* WEDNESDAY *
1/2 Price Wine by the Glass

* Live entertainment & world lounge throughout the week
* We are open 5:30pm ‘till.
* Salads are served until 1am or later

Delivery Available to the Marigny, French Quarter & limited Bywater areas

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Finne Forum’s Wake Continued
by Janine Miller

When the wallet finds itself in the miserable situation of being buried, find take a sad song and make it better. Poor Laura sits alone. Corpse of lounge. Dank, smelly lounge. Don’t sit on the wet! No! The mime hath spoken. Calculus escapades, indeed! Excelsior! To the library! There we can find the whiskeyed coke in a paper bag. New Year’s in Dublin. Tap the shoulders in the parking structure and they’ll go away. Hey Jude says the bathroom boy. Sneepsnouts. He hee, funny word. Find the blood of grape in the Joycean supermercado-right next to the olive oil bottles of juice. They want world domination – like any self-respecting would. Eh. I don’t like brownies. Isn’t that the point? Says the girl to the Noah Haidle. The face that launched. Rich has gone and left us...poor. IDIOT! Gosh. Play with your food all you want, but remember the bloody knife goes in the water cup. Finally got my cheesecake and ate it to fast because the clowns yelled Fire! not rape as any self respecting self defense taking person would do. I hope I’m alive when that happens because the idea of it make you a better person. Last prayer; oh crap. Note all the semi-colons. Follow the rules. Ra has spoken. Thoth has written. Where is the conversation going? It’s uter-us, not utero-you. Healthful cronyism. Dial tone in the new lounge. Calling from above. Wander the cemetery... find the exhumed grave for 100 points. Don’t eat the berries, Ralph, the Kerrybush makes an upset. Memories many. Many more to come.
GABBO.

It's art
because we say it is.