

# The Virtues of Nerdy Women

*by* Con Chapman

Back in college I had carnal knowledge  
of a woman who danced bare-breasted  
and frenzied as a Bacchante, along with  
her friends, to any music bad or good



while the men stood around,  
staring at the ground, until pulled  
into the ring with the raving ones,  
there to shuffle idly back and forth



unless they thought it would do them good to join in the madness of the dance, in which case they would prance on demand and simulate convulsions without compulsion.

Me, I figured out after a while that a Maenad goes for the frenzy and not so much for the man at hand and so, standing apart one night I noticed a nerdy girl, a



little *zaftig*, off to the side, not dancing, just soaking it all in, taking the under on the bet whether she should drink tonight because tomorrow she might die.

And so I asked her to dance, and got her number to the horror of the Bacchae who told me that she wasn't my type, she wasn't one of the mad ones, the

bad ones, the *creative* ones; if you want to roar like Dionysus the bull, you've got to spend the coin of your talent in living, like a sailor on shore leave,

they said, to which I replied it's all well and good to say that, you who

follow the god of ecstasy and madness  
but remember what happened to Pentheus.



What, they asked. He wanted to see the mad  
women, I said. Dionysus disguised him as  
one and when he was discovered,  
they tore him apart in their frenzy.

*Moral: Wall flowers aren't carnivorous.*

