

Linden in Lincoln: Sondra, Jennifer

By Mark Nemeth
Staff Reporter

Sundays in Lincoln are like Sundays on the moon, but with buildings, cement and a few open theaters and phone lines.

Jennifer Jobbers lived in Near South Lincoln, student district, and was home and depressed; it was Sunday.

The phone rang.
"Sondra. W'sup? It's Jennifer."

"Hi Jennifer. Guess who I saw yesterday," Sondra said.

"Drew?" Jennifer asked.

"No, Cute Peter," Sondra said.

"Really, where?" Jennifer asked.

"By the capitol. We walked for a while," Sondra said.

"What did he say?" Jennifer said.

"He said he's walked on every crack in Lincoln 1,000 times," Sondra said.

"How did he look?" Jennifer said.

"Like Cute Peter," Sondra said.

"Really bad?" Sondra asked.
"Pretty bad. Where are you?" Jennifer asked. "You sound distant."

"Sorry," Sondra took Jennifer off speaker phone, and drank milk.
"Hang on, I've got another call." Jennifer pressed the reset button.

Piper Petrovsky was on the line.
"Hi Piper. I'm on the other line."
"OK, I'll call back," Piper said.

Jennifer pressed the reset button. Sondra was on the line.
"It was Piper. Where was I?" Jennifer asked.

"Rue de la Grind. How'd CP look?" Sondra asked.
"Good. You know, I think Piper likes me. He's cool and all, but I just can't imagine going out with an artist."

"Jennifer, this is Lincoln," Sondra said, laughing.
"Right. OK, so anyway. They picked up a movie and went to Sylvia's to watch it, only Jill didn't go. She fell asleep, right!"

"I don't think so," Sondra said. "I read today about these workers protesting in D.C. This guy said that these environmental groups are made up of a lot of rich, white kids who never held a job and who just want to tell you what to do."

"Is Action Never an environmental group?" Jennifer said.
"Oh, I guess. I don't know, it's hard to tell; they never do anything," Sondra said.

"Did you hear about Linden and Sylvia?" Jennifer said.

"Sylvia Julias? Linden Lemon? I hear they watched a movie together Friday night," Sondra said.

"What else?"
"Well," Jennifer began, as she took a deep breath, "Linden and Jill Coptic go out, right. Anyway, those two had sex Friday afternoon after listening to post-punk records, and then they got into a terrible fight about Linden not having a job."

"Really?" Sondra asked.
"Well, she asked him if he was going downtown, and he thought she was grilling him about not having a job, so yeah," Jennifer said.

Sondra put Jennifer on speaker phone and got up to get a glass of milk.
"So they go to the Rue de le Grind down in the Market of Hay where they see Cute Peter, Fred and Sylvia," Jennifer said on speaker phone. "I was there. It was right before I saw you at the New Grug bar. Oh, and Karen saw them at 14th and O, and said Jill looked bad."

"Who?" Jennifer asked.
"This is Chevec Weinberg. We're distributing several posters and pamphlets outside the Student Union tomorrow at 9 a.m. in order to educate people about the proposed departmental budget cuts. We need support. I was given your name because you're the president of The Catholic Club. I thought maybe you could just let your group know about it. They might be affected by the cuts."

"Oh," Jennifer said. The Catholic Club was a student group of mostly post-Catholic singles. "OK."
"Thanks," Chevec said.
"Sure," Jennifer said.

Jennifer pressed the reset button. Sondra was on the line.
"That Chevec Weinberg just called me to tell me about some protest."
"That's weird," Sondra said. "He's kind of cute."
"Sort of. He wears too much brown. Anyway, so where was I?"

Oh yeah, so anyway, Linden comes over right after Fred and Sylvia did it on the floor, and listen to this: I hear they speak in rhyme to turn each other on, or alliteration or something."

"That's weird. Fred bugs me," Sondra said.
"The next morning..." Jennifer said.
"Wait! What happened that night?" Sondra interrupted.
"Nothing, but listen to this; the next morning Sylvia went to Linden's house with a bullhorn," Jennifer said.
"A bullhorn?" Sondra asked.
"She was blowing a bullhorn outside Linden's window," Jennifer said.
"Cool!" Sondra said.
"Whatever. Anyway, so she asks him to go to Minneapolis, and they go," Jennifer said.
"Cool. I love Minneapolis," Sondra said.
"But Linden goes out with Jill, and Sylvia goes out with Fred," Jennifer said.
"Maybe Linden and Sylvia are better for each other," Sondra said.
"I don't know. Hey, I gotta go," Jennifer said. "Someone's at my door. Bye."
"Bye."

Piper Petrovsky was at Jennifer's door, and he was smiling. She said hi, and he said hi. He came in.
"Surprised? You look sexy," he said, holding up his hand. "Brought beer."
"Hi Piper. I like your pockets," she said.
"Linen," he said. "Look," and he held up a rock painted purple with a red triangle and three yellow dots inside of it. "It's you," he said.
"It doesn't look like me," Jennifer said, smiling.

"Your beauty betrays reality," he said.
Upon pose after pose, beer after beer, Piper's self-image soared.
"Your words are being weird," Jennifer said. Her mind was unclear.
Both sitting, moving slower, sitting closer, they kissed.
"Your words are sweet," Piper said.
Soon they had sex and soon they both wished that they had not.
"God is a word," Fred said. Fred Freeglove and Edlin Fileman were talking on the phone, both home alone, depressed; it was Sunday.
"God is like most narrators; unable to intervene," Peter said.
"God is dead," Fred said.
"The idea of God is dead," Edlin said.
"History is dead," Fred said.
"The idea of history is dead," Edlin said.
"Art's been done," Fred said.
"The art of the idea of art being done's been done," Edlin said.
"It's all just tricks of language," Fred said.
"Language is dead," Edlin said.

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(Fifth in a series.)

Paul Tisdale/DN



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"Jill Coptic came up to me once and asked me if I'd ever banged my head up against a wall," Sondra said.

"She reads too much Georges Bataille," Jennifer said.

"Who's that?" Sondra asked.

"Oh, I don't know. Let me tell you about Linden and Sylvia. Hang on. I've got another call." Jennifer pressed the reset button.

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