

Linden in Lincoln: Linden enters bizarre dream world

By Mark Nemeth
Staff Reporter

Linden walked without a direction through the rain, and time went by. By the time Linden was aware of his direction, his socks were soaked. By the time Linden was aware of time passing, he was off campus, atop a railroad track.

Linden walked on a railroad track and saw wet pictures of naked women strewn along the tracks and wondered what they had meant to their owner.

Linden was walking through an undeveloped rail yard below Airport Highway, and between University Stadium and The Market of Hay Place of Postage.

The Market of Hay Place of Postage, or The Postage Place, as area residents called it, was a booming business — a commercial link between the late night mailer and the United States Postal Service. For a minor fee, the Place of Postage provides a beautiful array of pre-written friendly form letters, such as "I didn't know he was your brother . . .," "Your mother is driving me crazy . . .," "Send more information . . .," to "Let's Still Be Friends . . .," and "When I said tomorrow, I meant next week . . ."

The bright lights outside the Place of Postage lit docks and trucks that people worked upon.

Linden walked into the Place of



Paul Tisdale/DN

Postage and bought a card for Jill. It read: "Even though you and I don't agree on George Batailles, I miss the nights we didn't fight. I miss it when I stayed inside. Mostly because you're cooler now, I wish we could have made it right. Hello to you, I thought I'd write. I hope without me, your life is trite."

Linden signed his name and deposited it into a machine, selected NO BORDER from the computer menu, then FIRST CLASS, then LOVE STAMP, and then deposited 95 cents.

Forty-five minutes later Linden was removing his clothes. Five

minutes later Linden was drying his body. Linden then brushed his teeth.

Linden lay. His mind was clearing as he could see that he was at the end of a passage. He had been stoned and now he was tired. A series of colorful and changing emotions had washed through him. Linden fell asleep.

The floor of Linden's room was full of scattered clothes and unopened school books and syllabi. However, Linden saw a large console with screens, meters, levers and buttons, because Linden was asleep and dreaming about a large

console with screens, meters, levers and buttons.

Images of places and people were appearing at intervals on one of the screens, while on another appeared text. The meter levels would change along with the changing of screen images.

Jill Coptic's picture appeared on the screen. "Jill Coptic," read the text on the other screen. "1121 D, rock star in the eyes of some of the locals . . ."

On another screen appeared a picture of a unicorn repeatedly ramming its head into a bail of hay.

"Anyone you want up on the screen Linden, we can get them — as long as they're within the city limits. Just think about them, and they're there," said a voice to Linden's right.

Linden turned to see Cute Peter playing with a volume control and smiling.

The image on the screen was again Jill Coptic's. Linden tried to change the image, but couldn't.

"I'm thinking about Sylvia Julius, but nothing is changing."

"Oh, I'm sorry Linden," Cute Peter said. "I'm wearing the headset. Here."

Cute Peter handed the headset to Linden.

Linden was falling through a lake, to the bottom where sacks of thrift store clothes sat. Linden changed into a yellow miniskirt and swam to the top, but ducks on the surface swam down to peck at Linden, keeping him underwater. Linden swam further underwater and into a multi-leveled restaurant made from big sheets of sand paper.

"I can't breathe," he thought calmly to himself.

Linden was in a desert. It was a stage. Its walls were the confines of the universe. A big silver ball about a meter across came floating atop the stage, then two priests fell from the walls, and the ball flew on.

(14th in a series)

LIFE IN HELL

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MATT
GROENING



Van Pelt

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think I could interview you?"

"Ha ha ha, that's the stupidest thing I've ever heard of. Don't you know that it's due in 10 minutes? You'll never finish it now. Ha ha ha ha ha ha!"

ZZZZZZZ

Economics 211 Final Exam.

1) What is the marginal propensity of economic paralysis extrapolating from leading indicators on a Socratic curve. Assume the number of Yes albums to be held variable.
A) 90125 B) George Bush
C) King Lear D) King Lear
"Oh my god, all the questions are the same. I'm going to fail."

ZZZZZZZ

"Hi, Carter."

"Hi, Jackson."

"Oh, Carter, those Buzzcocks records you loaned me, the ones that you got autographed at the concert, I accidentally taped a George Bush concert over them. Sorry!"

"They're records, how the hell did you tape over them?"

"This is a dream, Carter, I can do things like that. Weird things, like changing into your mother without your realizing it. I need you to get me some groceries tonight; I haven't eaten in three weeks because of you."

"OK mom."

ZZZZZZZZZ

"Mr. Van Pelt, what are you doing at a road bike race with a tricycle that has square wheels and flat tires. And why are you so much smaller than everyone else? You're going to finish dead last in this race. Dead last! Ha ha ha! Four Thanksgiving breaks since you started college and you've never studied during one of them! And you never finished reading Plato for Professor Hugly! What would he think of you!"

ZZZZZZZZZ
"Carter, Carter, wake up, it's time for school."

"Mom, I think I'm sick today."
"You've got to go to school, Carter, you're never going to get into college if you keep up this attendance problem. You've got two days before you graduate, you haven't written for the Daily Nebraskan in weeks, and you haven't gone to class since 10th grade. I guess you'll stay in high school forever . . . and ever . . . and ever . . . and ever . . . and ever . . ."

BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP

8:24 a.m. Time to get up. I guess I'll just blow Bryan off again this week. I'm not going to be able to think of anything to say about sleep, except that I wish I could have a little more; it's so nice to escape from all the stress in my life for a few hours.

Van Pelt is a junior broadcasting major and a Daily Nebraskan A&E staff reporter.

Ever Get A Pal Smashed?

FRIENDS DON'T LET FRIENDS DRIVE DRUNK