

'Loathe Story' wins hearts in the absence of literate public

by Lenox Rawlings
A DTH Satire

(Ed. Note: "Loathe Story," America's current phenomenon, is an unparalleled success in book form. The movie, also racking in bread, will soon open a Chapel Hill run.

"Loathe Story" first weaved its way into the hearts and lungs of West Virginia's coal miners in 1969. Tops on "The Bituminous Times" bestseller list for months, "Loathe Story" is a brilliantly contemporary novella about loathing, and centers around two With It loathers, Oily and Hennifer.

The literary classic was conceived and written by Ermush C. Gall, a graduate of the Old School. The author, a former coal miner himself, acquired his prose finesse deep in the mine tunnels during 15-minute Coke breaks.

Mr. C. Gall (friends call him Mushy) has allowed this condensed version, with apologies to "Readers Digest." When told of the small sum (\$1.98) paid by the DTH, Mr. C. Gall blandly replied, "Another day, another clean T-shirt."

The story:

Part I

What can you say about a 25-year old girl who killed herself?

That she was forlorn. And lonely. That she had a lot of moxie. That she loathed Astaire and Jettel. And Wayne. And me. One night I poignantly remember, when she massed me with those entertainment hacks, I asked her what the order was. She answered, frowning, "Alphabetical."

At the moment I frowned, too. But now I can't decide whether she was placing me by my first name—I would precede Wayne—or by my last name—I would follow Astaire. Either way, I don't finish last, which is quite depressing for a young man who has always failed. Product of my background, you know.

Part II

In the fall of my senior year at Wake County Technical Institute, I would often stop off at Joe's hamburger stand for some greasy french fries and a root beer. It was a busy place, always crowded with drunken college kids. (In a way it reminded me of my youth in the Bronx;

riding the packed subway with my father each New Year's Eve, furtively rushing to make Times Square by 11:30).

Anyway, I eventually fought through the bodies and plopped my heavy arms on the counter. And ordered my usual.

The waitress dabbled around for a few minutes and finally produced the slimy fries and root beer.

"That'll be 52 cents, kid." "I'm no kid," I replied. "I'm Oily Barnacle." I was self-assured, cocky. After all, my old man is the only whaler operating on the Hudson River. I'm proud, although I loathe him.

"Oily Barnacle, huh?" she questioned, obviously bored. "Never heard the name."

I was shocked. Knew I had to come on strong in a hurry.

"What'cha doing after work hours, baby?" I demanded.

"Nothing."

"How 'bout shooting some heroin over at my place?"

She wanted to say no, but she had severe acne and was hooked. And she hadn't dated in the five months since coming to Judy Curl Hairstyling Academy.

"O.K., kid, if that's your bag. But it better be good stuff." She sneered and turned away. I could immediately tell she loathed me.

Part III

As the early morning sun gleamed through my bedroom window, I glanced down at my freaked out date sitting on the floor.

"Incidentally," I slurred, reeling from the heroin, "what's your name?"

"It's not Mary or Sue, if that's what you're thinking."

"I wasn't thinking anything."

"Don't be so proud of your ignorance."

"I'm not ignorant, except of your name," I said, ego-tripping in the Bogart-like reply I had offered.

"The name's Hennifer. Hennifer Mortelli."

"Alright if I call you Hen?" It wasn't.

Part IV

Winter came, full of coldness. My evening classes in welding at The Tech grew more and more boring. So did Hennifer. But nobody else would date me. And who would date a harsh, acne-ravaged daughter of an Italian immigrant? A woman whose father, in fact, had failed with the Mafia and now sold pencils on a streetcorner in Gary, Ind.

So Hen and I saw a lot of each other. I had good contacts and she supplied the bread. Heroin flowed as Blue Ribbon had in my earlier years, before I got With It. It wasn't a terrible time, just very bad.

The drug expenses soon forced us to live together in order to cut costs. We began to argue more frequently.

I specifically remember one night when I couldn't find any heroin. We had to settle for speed. What a Bummer. Not used to the stuff, both of us became violently ill.

Really piqued, I stared into Hen's dull brown eyes, searching for some chastisement. Her zit-infested eyelids closed.

"I loathe you," I muttered.

"And, dear Oily, I loathe you."

Part V

With the end of first semester, things got worse. To top it all, our landlord (a God, family and children type) threatened to take us to court if we didn't marry.

Economically, we had to stick together. And I no doubt loathed Hen with all my heart. The feeling, I knew, was mutual. It would be a disastrous marriage.

But revelation came as I watched the Roller Derby on the tube one January night: we loathed our own selves much more than we loathed each other.

The marriage ceremony was a simple affair. Only her father and the preacher were present. (Hen's old man somehow got a job selling colored pencils on a chartered train heading South, making it to Apex just in time.)

Campus calendar

Newman is alive and living on 218 Pittsboro Road. The Catholic Center on campus—Sunday masses at 9:30, 11 and 12:15. Weekday masses at 6:45, 12:15 and 5:15 P.M. Saturdays at 5:15 P.M.

Draft Counseling: Monday through Thursday, 3-5 and 7-9 P.M., Suite C, Carolina Union.

The debate between the UNC Conservative Society and the Young Socialist Alliance will be held at nine tonight in Gerrard Hall.

The Cinematheque. Tonight, "The Private Life of Henry VIII" starring Charles Laughton in his Oscar-winning performance. This is one of thirteen more classical movies available by subscription for \$5. Admission at the door is \$1 each. Shows at seven and nine in Murphey 111.

Mid-East, South African and Indochina study groups will meet upstairs at the YM-YWCA (Y Court) at 7:30 tonight. This is a planning session for the lobbying which will occur in Washington this spring.

There will be a meeting of all people

interested in doing volunteer work at Murdoch Center this semester tonight at 7:30 in 112 Davie Hall. Old volunteers are also asked to attend.

A ring showing and sale will be held today from 9 a.m. to 4 p.m. in the lobby of the Student Union. Classes of 1971 and 1972 and Pharmacy class of 1973 are eligible to order rings.

Sailing—The UNC Sailing Club will meet tomorrow night at 7:30 in room 304, Woolen Gym. The meeting is open to all those interested in sailing. For more information, call 967-4655.

Lost: Three keys in a green alligator key case on North Campus. If found, call 933-1644.

Lost: Red wallet behind Student Union Bldg. Contains drivers' license, I.D., athletic pass, etc. Am desperate. Reward offered. Call K. Bullard, 933-1847.

Lost: Woman's purse, lost Friday night at Zeta Psi house. Keep money, but please return other contents of wallet to DTH office. No questions asked.

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There is, incidentally, a most informative article that first appeared in the Family Management column of "Better Homes and Gardens", entitled: *10 Most Common Misconceptions about Financial Planning.*

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The preacher was a foreman at Sludge's Garage in Raleigh. I requested him because I knew the event would help me to get a job there upon graduation. It was the worst garage in the county, and I earnestly yearned to labor among my peers.

Part VI

Four months passed slowly. I was 27th in the welding class of 30 at The Tech and really had to screw the final to finish last. But I made it. Hen worked at a local beauty salon now, and was always tired and hassled.

One day in early summer I learned Hen had seen a doctor and undergone some tests. The doctor, whose little black bag was his office, diagnosed the disease as terminal cancer of the cervix.

I was overjoyed. And so was Hen. She envisioned an existence free of bouffant hairstyles and acne; a state void of bills and bad heroin. And me.

We marked off the final days on a calendar I ripped off a porno dealer downtown. The hours went tepidly and we learned, in the turtle-like agony, how much we really loathed each other.

The appointed hour eventually arrived, however, and we rushed to the doctor's home in a '57 Chevy with "All Power to the People" painted on the side.

While the doc put Hen in a private bed with mung-covered sheets, I sat on the john reading the latest "Playboy."

Part VII

Quietly tucked away and viewing her last segment of "Love of Life," Hen was an almost sympathetic figure. Almost.


Thursday—Mar. 4—8:30 P.M.

National Shows Presents
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URGENT. Will person(s) who witnessed auto accident at McCauley and Columbia Sts. on Jan. 27 please call 942-4336 after 6 p.m.

FROGGY, is the hilly pad big enough for two?

Boy and girl need ride to New Orleans for Mardi Gras. Will share expenses. Call 942-5703.

FEMALE ROOMMATE for two-bedroom house on Airport Road. Walking distance to campus. \$75 per month. Pets welcome. Call 967-4329 after six.

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FOR SALE: Large stereo component system. Most sell whole set. Features color organ, strobe, and 170 LP's. Call 966-2647 after 6, and 170 LP's. Call 966-2467 after 6.

VOLVO 544, 1960. In good condition, this car is a good deal for \$300. For details call 933-6371, 156 Craige.

USED MOTORCYCLE WANTED: 100-150 cc. Honda, Harley-Davidson, Honda, Yamaha or Kawasaki. Can pay around \$150. 933-2807.

VOLVO 1958 PV 444, \$175. Call 929-4249.

MUST SELL: '65 Suzuki 150 cc. Electric Start. \$150 or reasonable offer. Contact Kim Bertram 929-6730, Apt. 73 Fidelity Ct., Carrboro.

SUMMER IN EUROPE! Student flights: May 29-July 28: \$199
June 11-Aug. 28: \$205
June 29-Aug. 18: \$230
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SYLVANIA STEREO. One-plus years old. Like new! Air suspension speakers. Garrard turntable. Was \$230. Yours for \$150 or best offer. Call 933-3480 after 7 p.m.

FOR SALE: 1965 Rambler American wagon. Recently rebuilt engine, brake system, etc. Air conditioning, straight drive. Economic transportation at \$400. Call 929-4271 after 5 p.m.

Student Party meets Thursday 6:30 in second floor Union lounge. SL vacancies MD3, WD James filled. Those wanting vote at convention must attend.

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FOR SALE: Toshiba 8-track CAR DECK plus TEN TAPES. \$69.00. Contact Kerr Spencer 933-9376.

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