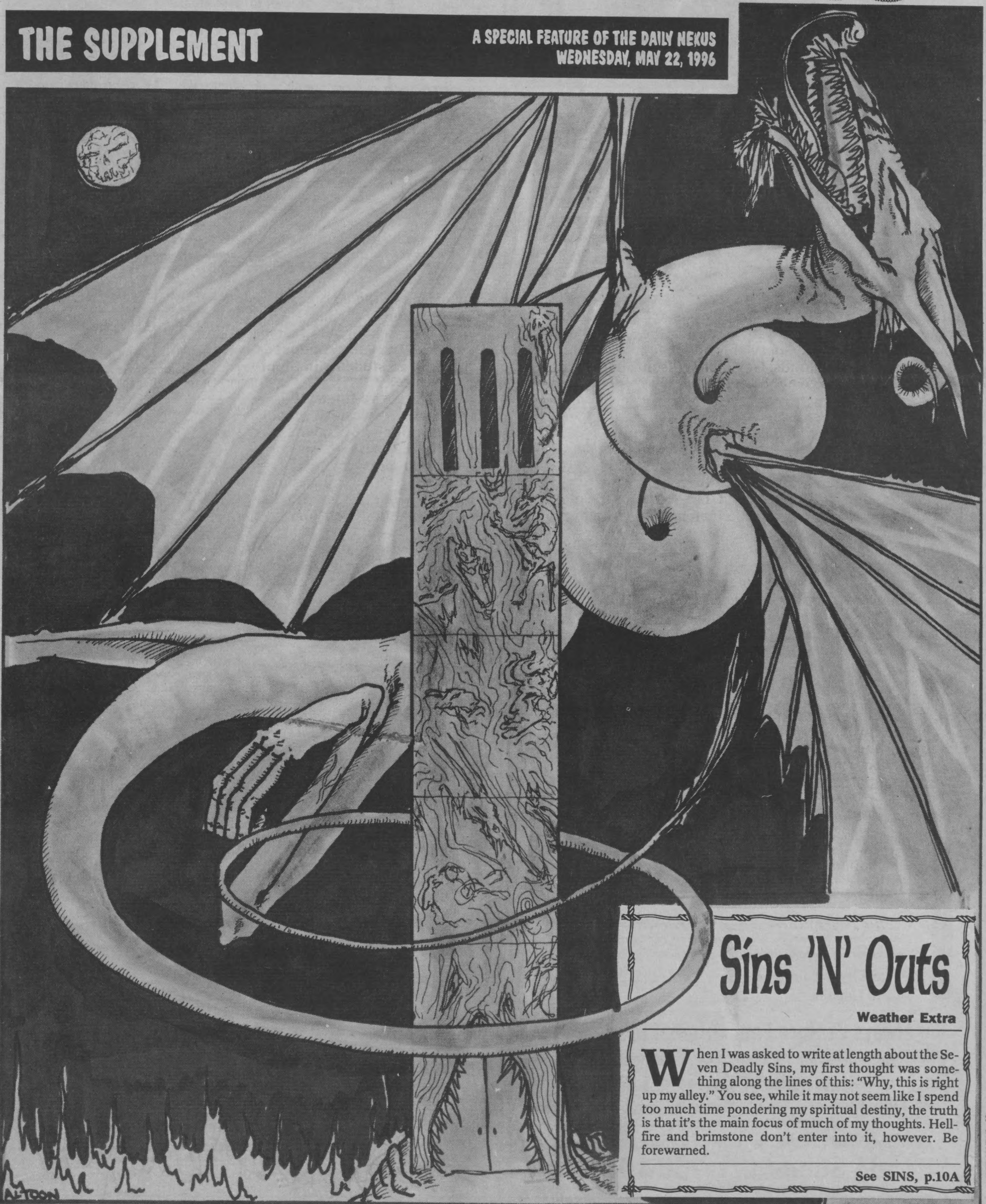


LIKE A GOAT-SUCKER
FROM HELL,
HERE IT COMES ...

SEVEN DEADLY SINS

THE SUPPLEMENT

A SPECIAL FEATURE OF THE DAILY NEXUS
WEDNESDAY, MAY 22, 1996



Sins 'N' Outs

Weather Extra

When I was asked to write at length about the Seven Deadly Sins, my first thought was something along the lines of this: "Why, this is right up my alley." You see, while it may not seem like I spend too much time pondering my spiritual destiny, the truth is that it's the main focus of much of my thoughts. Hell-fire and brimstone don't enter into it, however. Be forewarned.

See SINS, p.10A

RIVIERA

ADULT VIDEO CENTER

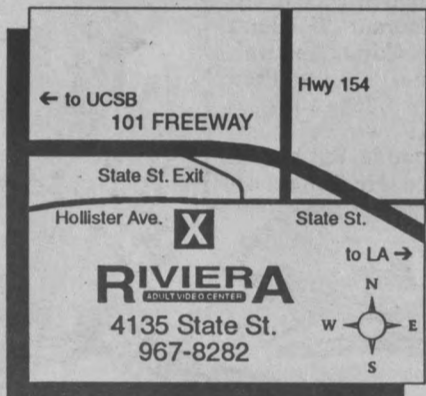
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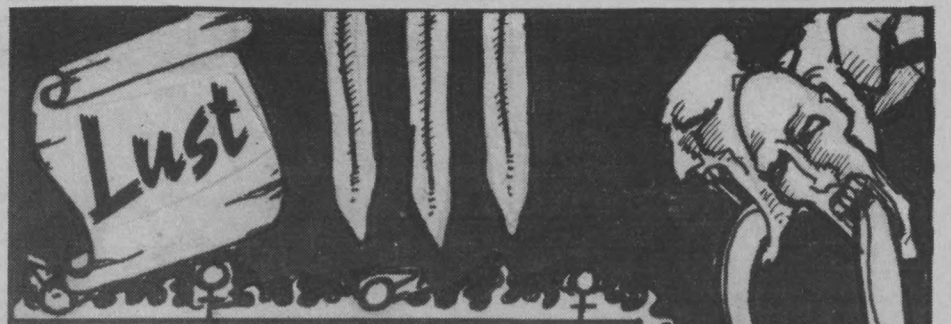
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By Marc Valles

Coming for you. And you. And you, too. That old urgent feeling. Throbbing in the veins. Swelling of the blood, and the pent heat, it's all there, festering like a sore you always hoped you'd never have, er, *catch* I believe is the proper word?

Heh heh heh. Yeah. Boys and girls, bods and breeders, lickables of all shapes and sizes, I'm coming for you and I'm urgent. In need, shall we say, probing and enveloping

You see all you can't experience and it knocks your knees out from under you sure as a sledgehammer. Oh yeah. Feel that slow pulse? Think about it the next time you're in the bathroom. Nothing but the slow pulse, the pain, the wave that builds up slowly *oh* so slowly before crashing over your head like a waterfall of broken glass —

But I'm getting ahead of myself, aren't I?

I want to close around you, run all through you, skim over the silk of your skin. Who are you anyway?

Are you urgent underneath your upholstery?

Or on top of it? Heh heh heh.

I'm losing all concentration watching all of you walk by. I wonder if you know what's being thought in your direction, and by whom. Or if you're thinking along the same ... lines.

Damn. Have to stay clear of those bikepaths. Nearly lost a toe. But look at that face —

What's a toe or two between friends? Just lean my way. Gad! I wish I wish *oh yes* I wish —

I'm in chains here. I'm a

"Are you urgent underneath your upholstery?"

you with my eyeballs. Swallowing you up with my senses. Mine, all mine. Can't walk straight and late to class but I don't care.

You *know* the feeling, all right. Don't lie.

Passing by all those bulges and planes, you learn to appreciate sweet geometry, don't ya? Curves, straight lines, something in between. In between something.

Heh heh heh. *Urgently*, you understand.

See LUST, p.8A

SANTA BARBARA



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BREW CO. would like to THANK everyone that patronized Santa Barbara Brewing Company during our first year.

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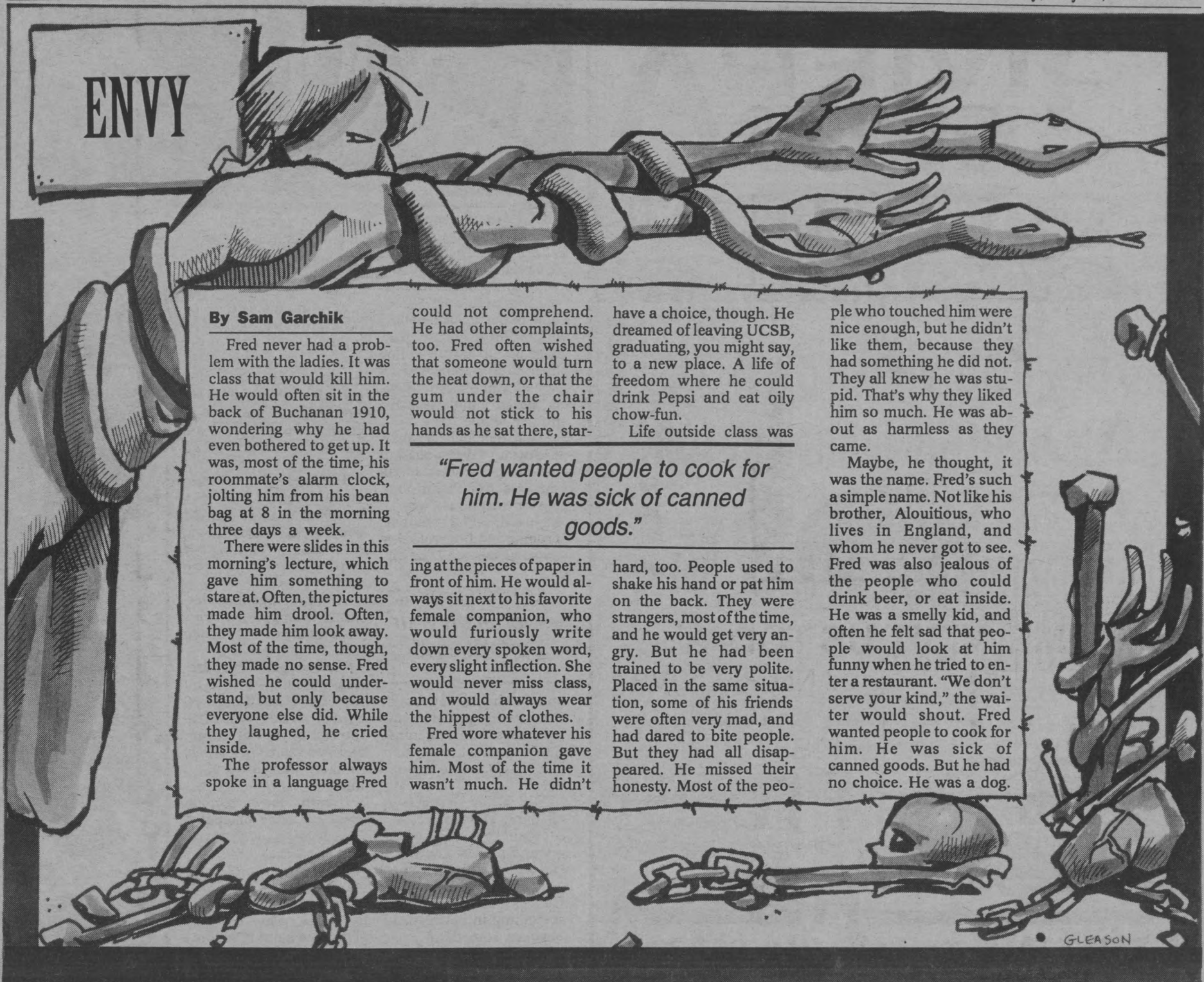
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By Sam Garchik

Fred never had a problem with the ladies. It was class that would kill him. He would often sit in the back of Buchanan 1910, wondering why he had even bothered to get up. It was, most of the time, his roommate's alarm clock, jolting him from his bean bag at 8 in the morning three days a week.

There were slides in this morning's lecture, which gave him something to stare at. Often, the pictures made him drool. Often, they made him look away. Most of the time, though, they made no sense. Fred wished he could understand, but only because everyone else did. While they laughed, he cried inside.

The professor always spoke in a language Fred

could not comprehend. He had other complaints, too. Fred often wished that someone would turn the heat down, or that the gum under the chair would not stick to his hands as he sat there, star-

"Fred wanted people to cook for him. He was sick of canned goods."

ing at the pieces of paper in front of him. He would always sit next to his favorite female companion, who would furiously write down every spoken word, every slight inflection. She would never miss class, and would always wear the hippest of clothes.

Fred wore whatever his female companion gave him. Most of the time it wasn't much. He didn't

have a choice, though. He dreamed of leaving UCSB, graduating, you might say, to a new place. A life of freedom where he could drink Pepsi and eat oily chow-fun.


Life outside class was

hard, too. People used to shake his hand or pat him on the back. They were strangers, most of the time, and he would get very angry. But he had been trained to be very polite. Placed in the same situation, some of his friends were often very mad, and had dared to bite people. But they had all disappeared. He missed their honesty. Most of the peo-

ple who touched him were nice enough, but he didn't like them, because they had something he did not. They all knew he was stupid. That's why they liked him so much. He was about as harmless as they came.

Maybe, he thought, it was the name. Fred's such a simple name. Not like his brother, Aloutious, who lives in England, and whom he never got to see. Fred was also jealous of the people who could drink beer, or eat inside. He was a smelly kid, and often he felt sad that people would look at him funny when he tried to enter a restaurant. "We don't serve your kind," the waiter would shout. Fred wanted people to cook for him. He was sick of canned goods. But he had no choice. He was a dog.

KEVIN GLEASON/Daily Nexus



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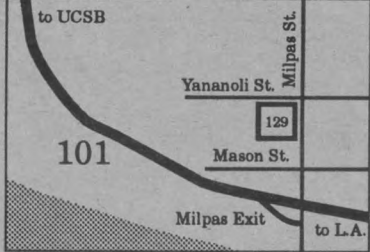
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By Sam Garchik

K.C. Gabor was the most stuck-up person at UCSB. He lived on the 6600 block of Del Playa, in his own apartment. In his own house. He parked his Land Rover in front, and never bothered to turn the alarm on, or put the Club on the steering wheel. He knew that if anyone stole his car, he could just buy another one.

Mr. Gabor had very rich parents who bought him everything he could ever need. He owned a Rolex and a Mount Blanc, which he chewed on incessantly. He used to smoke Monte Cristo cigars, and he always wore a double-breasted suit with a bow tie. He was, in fact, style incarnate.

He was captain of the crew team, and was a very good-looking man. He always dated the best-looking women on campus and was never far from a martini. He preferred them stirred, not shaken, because he thought that he was better than James Bond. He had a live-in cook and a live-in butler. He even had a bidet.

He was president of Associated Students. The biggest perk of the job was his free A.S. notes, so he would never have to go to class. When on campus, he would order double decaf mochas at Nicoletti's, be-

cause he valued consistency more than anything. He would never sit with the students at basketball games, and would opt for the adult side of the stadium.

All that changed one day. His father told K.C. that if K.C. did not work, he would get cut off from the family fortune. K.C. set off to find a job. He landed the easiest job on campus: working at the library, making sure that no one stole any books. He would read the Wall Street Journal and drink Snapple.

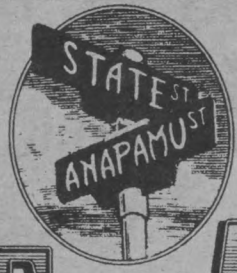
One day, while working, K.C. Gabor had a crisis. He was actually called into duty. Some student, wearing pants that were too long and that hung around his waist, ran by Gabor with an armful of magazines. Gabor could see that the student had absconded with the all-important back issues of *Bottled Water Monthly*. The student had taken them from the reading room. It was up to K.C. Gabor, library guard extraordinaire, to stop that student.

Gabor could have tripped the bandit. Gabor could have ran after him. Gabor did none of these things. Gabor opened his backpack and took out his cellular phone. He dialed 911. He'd just had a manicure, you understand.



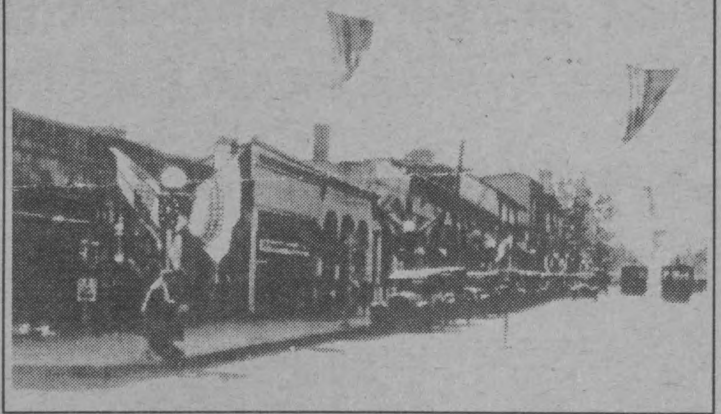
KEVIN GLEASON/Daily Nexus

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SLOTH



By Nick Robertson

- **6:12 a.m.** — Awakened by the sunlight. Must ... crawl out of bed ... crawl to the bathroom ... orally disgorge stomach contents ... God, last night was fun ... crawl back to bed.
- **12:34 p.m.** — Someone two doors down is blasting Oasis. Want to heave again, partially from alcohol and partially from the music ... but getting out of bed requires too much energy ... stuff pillow over ears.
- **1:47 p.m.** — Roommate

"I said it was too bright outside, but he points out that the sun is nearly setting..."


just got home from work. Pesters me about rent and promised racquetball game ... I tell him to screw off, he tosses racquet at my skull ... it hits, but oddly, I feel no pain ... he storms out the door, I decide it's time to wake up.

- **2:09 p.m.** — Finally dragging myself from bed, I go to the bathroom and toss water on my face ... I guess I should shave, but there's no razor ... oh well, it can wait another week ...

opening the front door, I'm forced back by the bright light ... shut the door, quick ... head to the couch ... have first smoke of the day. ...

- **2:51 p.m.** — The ceiling's not so interesting anymore ... turn on the TV and watch golf ... some hot dogs would be good.
- **3:27 p.m.** — The golf match just ended ... Davis Love III won some cup ... I want those hot dogs, but there's no clean pots or pans, or dishes or forks, for that matter ... will wash them fairly soon ... make Cheerios in a Barbary Coast casino change cup ... go back to couch.
- **4:17 p.m.** — Watching some show on The Learning Channel called *Wonders of Weather*. Tripping out on the northern lights ... they're made from some sort of light beams from the sun ... who needs to go to class when you've got TV?
- **6:14 p.m.** — My roommate comes through the door ... looking at me in my boxers and stained T-shirt, he asks if I've left the house at all today ... I said it was too bright outside, but he points out that the sun is nearly setting ... I decide to motivate and go for a walk.

See SLOTH, p.8A

**YOU GO TO SCHOOL,
YOU RIDE A BIKE,
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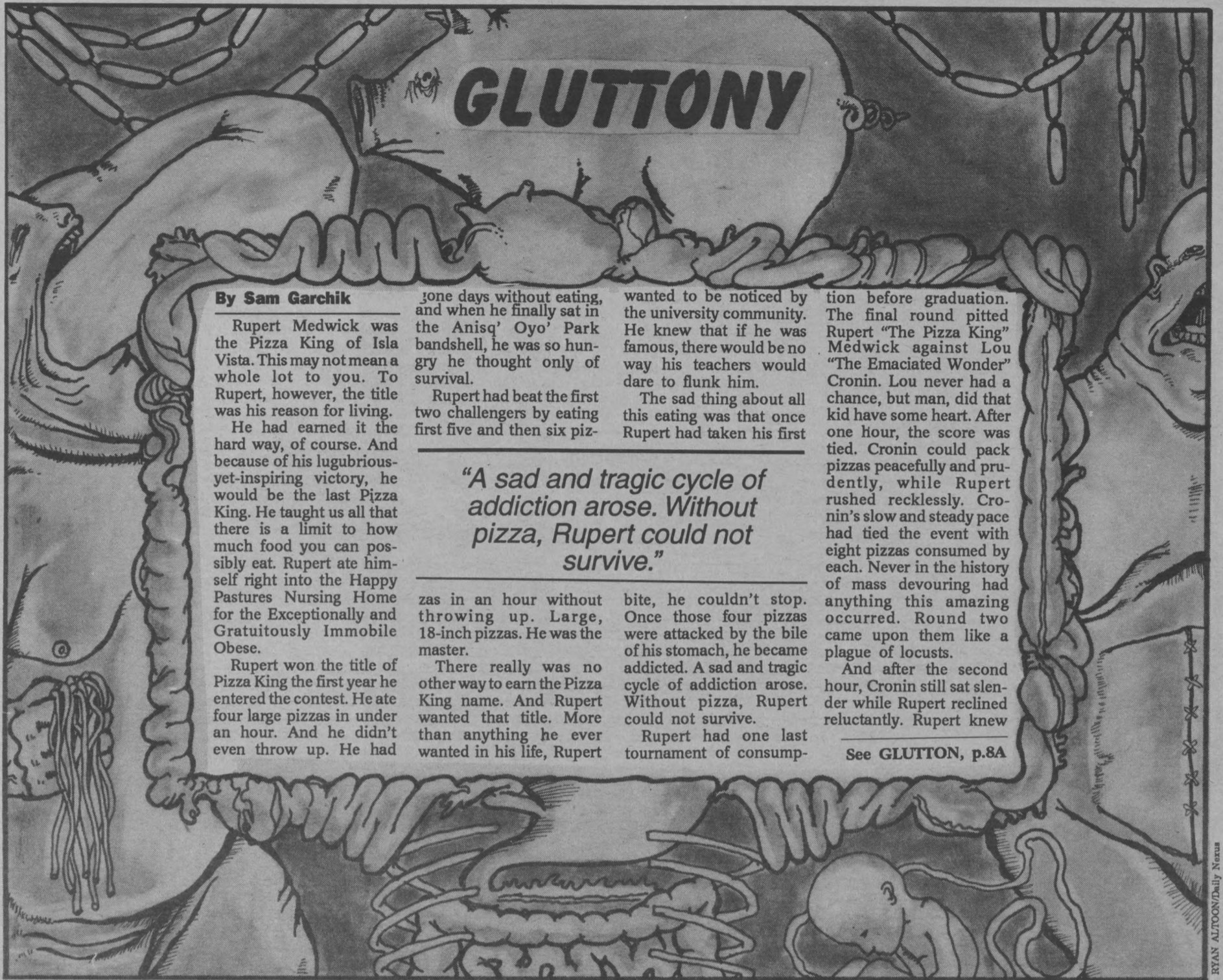


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By Sam Garchik

Rupert Medwick was the Pizza King of Isla Vista. This may not mean a whole lot to you. To Rupert, however, the title was his reason for living.

He had earned it the hard way, of course. And because of his lugubrious-yet-inspiring victory, he would be the last Pizza King. He taught us all that there is a limit to how much food you can possibly eat. Rupert ate himself right into the Happy Pastures Nursing Home for the Exceptionally and Gratuitously Immobile Obese.

Rupert won the title of Pizza King the first year he entered the contest. He ate four large pizzas in under an hour. And he didn't even throw up. He had

gone days without eating, and when he finally sat in the Anisq' Oyo' Park bandshell, he was so hungry he thought only of survival.

Rupert had beat the first two challengers by eating first five and then six pizzas

in an hour without throwing up. Large, 18-inch pizzas. He was the master.

There really was no other way to earn the Pizza King name. And Rupert wanted that title. More than anything he ever wanted in his life, Rupert

wanted to be noticed by the university community. He knew that if he was famous, there would be no way his teachers would dare to flunk him.

The sad thing about all this eating was that once Rupert had taken his first bite, he couldn't stop. Once those four pizzas were attacked by the bile of his stomach, he became addicted. A sad and tragic cycle of addiction arose. Without pizza, Rupert could not survive.

Rupert had one last tournament of consump-

tion before graduation. The final round pitted Rupert "The Pizza King" Medwick against Lou "The Emaciated Wonder" Cronin. Lou never had a chance, but man, did that kid have some heart. After one hour, the score was tied. Cronin could pack pizzas peacefully and prudently, while Rupert rushed recklessly. Cronin's slow and steady pace had tied the event with eight pizzas consumed by each. Never in the history of mass devouring had anything this amazing occurred. Round two came upon them like a plague of locusts.

And after the second hour, Cronin still sat slender while Rupert reclined reluctantly. Rupert knew

See GLUTON, p.8A

"A sad and tragic cycle of addiction arose. Without pizza, Rupert could not survive."

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RYAN ALTOON/Daily Nexus



By Matthew Nelson

Dear Diary,

The little punk dies tonight.

No jury in the land would convict me. After everything that this rollerblading weenie has put me through, there's no way they could see it as anything other than a surgical strike on a festering pimple on the butt of mankind. No one should have to endure what I've had to endure with this freak as my roommate.

He still hasn't done the dishes. It's been four months now. I'm beginning to think he's really started a cockroach farm and hasn't told me. I've managed to ignore it so far, but the pile has started moving whenever I walk by. I think it's hungry.

And that's nothing

compared to the refrigerator! He put a pile of leftovers over on his side of the fridge and left it there. Not only has it started growing, but it's spreading to my side. I think it has actually formed some sort of intelligence and wants to con-

quer new lands. I swear my condiments are forming a skirmish line and digging in for the ensuing battle.

"I swear my condiments are forming a skirmish line and digging in for the ensuing battle."

quer new lands. I swear my condiments are forming a skirmish line and digging in for the ensuing battle.

But not only that, that little-piece-of-phlegm-floating-in-a-used-toilet-bowl did it again today. He used my milk, drank from the carton and then put it back in the fridge when it

was empty. It was my milk! He said it must have disappeared because of magic. Magic? Who does this piece of turd think he is? Houdini? He couldn't magic himself out the plastic bag that I'm planning on wrapping around his

head while I beat him senseless!

And he keeps putting the seat down on the toilet before he pisses in it. Before, I tell you! He says he has good aim. But we're the only ones living there, so I don't know why he just doesn't leave the seat up all the time. But you

know what he said when I confronted him about it? He told me that I should relax and get a good proctologist so I could get "that stick" removed. I'll show him a stick! He'll have a great look at it when I shove it past his shattered teeth and use it to pry off that little pinhead of his like a bottle cap and then I'll use his bleeding, severed neck to — oh, it's just too horrible for description!

For the sake of any future roommates this clueless puke might have — no, for the sake of humanity — I must stop this sack of pus and send him back to the sixth level of hell that spawned him. I can't bear this hatred of him any longer — tonight he sleeps his last!

Oh well, happier entry next time. Bye.

DEBI RAMOS/Daily Nexus

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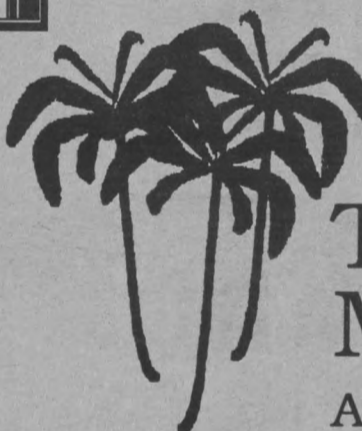
Saturday-ultimate voyage
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(doors open at 2pm, drink specials&bbq till 5pm, all you can drink beer bust 6-9pm: \$5 domestic or \$10 import)

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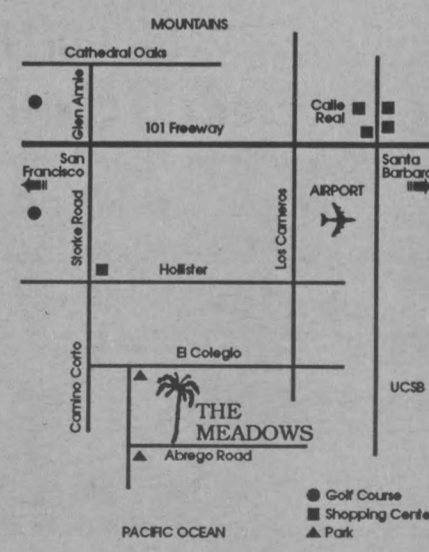
Within the community, located just minutes from the beach, residents can enjoy same street bus-line, walks to the parks/beaches, UCSB, Goleta's business district, and shopping.

Consistent with the high levels of quality found, The Meadows apartment homes provide not only an excellent home within a well planned community, but professional and efficient management as well.

The Meadows is managed by LJC Development Company, which is known for quality residential development. LJC Development Company is committed to quality development and management in the Southern California area.

The Meadows. Excellence in the beauty of natural surroundings. Quality lifestyles in the best of locations.

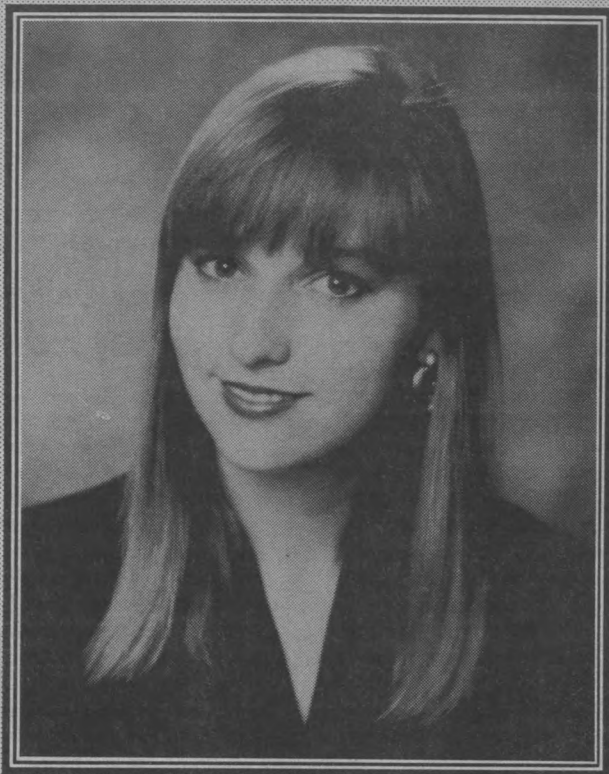
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GRADUATION PORTRAITS



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**DAVID
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PHOTOGRAPHY

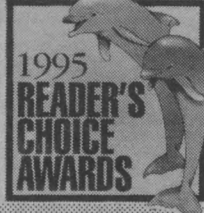
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Photo Session

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News-Press



LUST

Continued from p.2A
slave to all this. Even if I sewed my eyes shut, I could still hear you all, *smell* you. I realize you all may be concerned by this, uh, *attention*, shall we call it?

I assure you I'm trying to stop. But let's be honest. Neither cows in plaid nor the human bomb brigade nor society's benevolent members could drag me from my appointed rounds.

OK, so now I know that you know that I know I'm

not making any sense. But with all those throats out there, I really am losing it. I won't even mention the shoulderblades.

Bulges and planes, bulges and planes. ... Urgency.

Oh, but what is that noise? It's pounding in my ears! Some steady red thump, like a freight train or a monster heart. Is it the trilling of my vesicles at the sight of you? Is this the face that launched a thousand ships and toppled the topless towers of—what is that noise?

ITEM: Tragedy struck on campus late yesterday

as a UCSB student was mowed down by a pack of unruly skateboarders, who fled the scene.

According to campus police, who spent most of the night attempting to scrape up the bloody paste that remained at the scene, the corpse was so horribly mangled in the accident that the victim's identity remains a mystery.

Investigators were able to identify the deceased as a UCSB student, however, due to several textbooks for Sociology 152A that were thrown clear of the collision.

SLOTH

Continued from p.5A
• 6:29 p.m. — I return from my walk. I made it all the way to the beach and then I got too tired to go any farther ... so I go back

to the couch and take a nap. ...

• 9:43 p.m. — I wake up to my roommate saying he's going out to a party, asking if I want to go. I ask where and he says it's on the 6700 block of Trigo ... lacking that kind of energy I decide to stay home ... I

watch a few minutes of *Step By Step* and decide to go to bed. ...

• 12:57 a.m. — The alarm goes off with the annoying industrial sound of electronic beeping ... at last! What I've been waiting all day for! *Fishmasters* is on!!!!

GLUTTON

Continued from p.6A
his life was at stake. His reputation was on the line, and from the depths of his bowels he gushed forth a promise that shook our seaside hamlet. "As God is

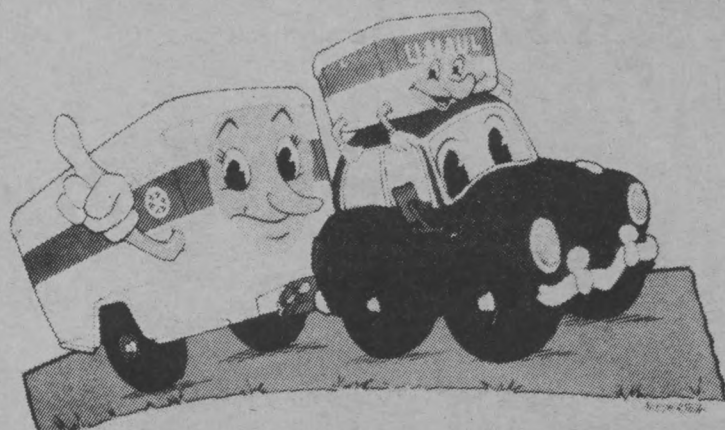
my witness," Rupert Medwick said with a purpose not often seen in Southern California, "I'll never go hungry again!"

Cronin began to lose his stomach halfway through round three. Rupert went on to win, by technical knockout, but the cost was

punishing. He never was able to digest his food again, and for the rest of his days at Happy Pastures, lived on thin gruel administered intravenously by a severe nurse. And the pizza-eating lifestyle in I.V. was never the same.



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Greed

By Sam Garchik

Dr. Frankenstein had a good life. After he received his Ph.D. in biochemistry from Transylvania University, he managed to get a posh job at the University of California at Santa Barbara. It was a great for him. He hadn't worked his entire life to get a degree and land some lousy job in Granada teaching medical students.

Dr. Frankenstein liked UCSB because he could have three jobs at once. First of all, he had his teaching. He liked teaching because it allowed him to work on his own. He liked getting paid \$78,000 a year and only having to talk to his students once a week. His three graduate candidates were busy injecting cocaine into rats, and he made sure they didn't bother him.

He also liked UCSB because he could be an I.V. slumlord. Dr. Frankenstein loved owning property, and would often charge exorbitant rents. All that he knew of America he had seen in *Field of Dreams*, and he knew that if He Built It, They Would Come, no matter what the condition of the apartment.

Dr. Frankenstein was happiest with the third project. He was building a human being. He was a specialist in genetic mutations. He was also very

lazy. Being a landlord was a piece of cake. So was being a professor.

And so was publishing big fancy papers, if you were like Dr. Frankenstein. He never wrote anything himself, for he was a master of publishing papers that his students wrote. Some call this plagiarism, but Dr. Frankenstein knew how to avoid that. He threatened to flunk his students if they reported his indiscretions. He had tenure, and knew that he could never be fired.

One day, Dr. Frankenstein went to work a little bit under the weather. He had spent the evening dancing with his wife, Mrs. Frankenstein. He had drunken too many Long Island ice teas, and had thrown up late into the night. At work, he was confronted by another professor, Dr. Jekyll.

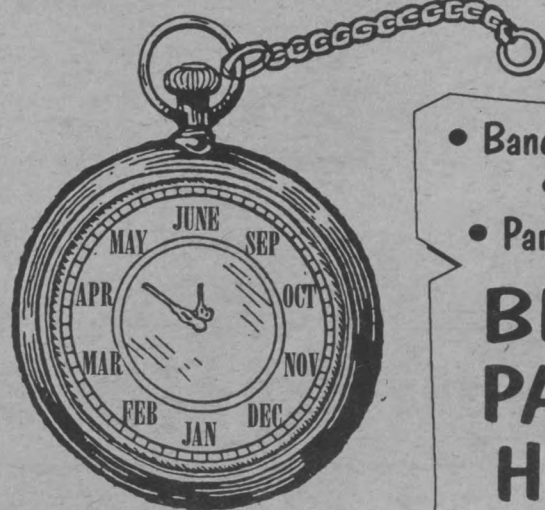
"Dr. Frankenstein," Dr. Jekyll said, "I have received reports that you are a cheating, lying bastard. Is this true? Are you scum of the earth?"

Dr. Frankenstein secretly recorded the conversation, and when he told the dean that he had been harassed by Dr. Jekyll, who after all, was only an assistant professor, Dr. Jekyll was fired.

Dr. Frankenstein, unsatisfied, went on to sue the entire department for slander and win millions of dollars.

KEVIN GLEASON/Daily Nexus

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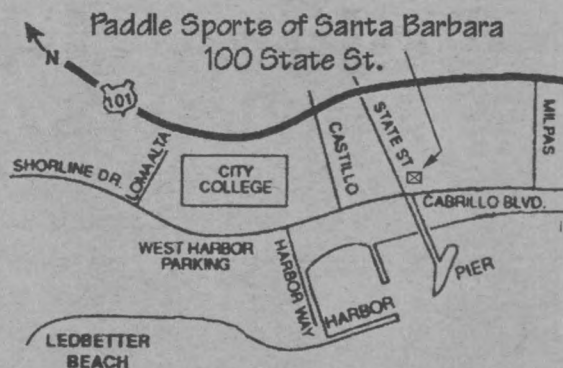
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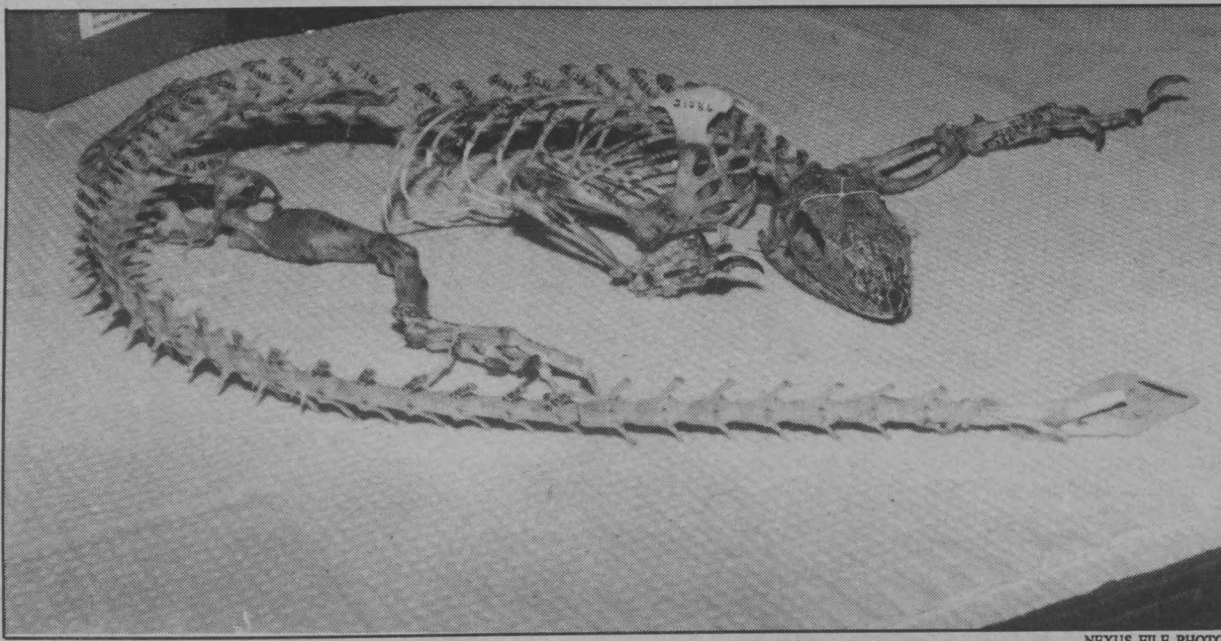
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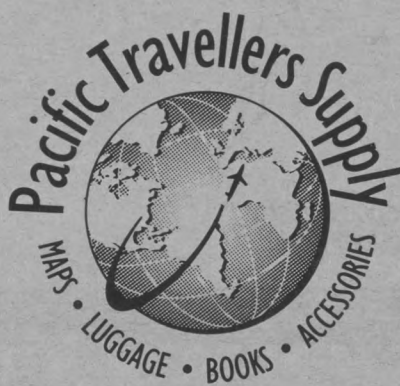
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SINS

Continued from p.1A
First, let's start with the numerology. Seven Deadly Sins. My good friend Martin is a compulsive list-maker—he won't stop until there's nothing more to add to the roster. I like a good list as much as the next person (unless the next person is Casey Kasem), but I like to think I know when to stop. The ancient pagans were partial to the number 12, generating the zodiac on this number and other such things. Printers and typesetters, being the godless heathens they are, follow suit and measure things in base 12 as well. These days most people gravitate toward the number 10 when making lists and rankings. This may be a homage to Chuck "I love you man" Heston and that commandments thing. Maybe not.

"Doesn't this kind of celestial double standard just piss you off?"

Letterman has his Top 10, Casey has the Top 40. Early Christians came up with the Seven Deadly Sins. Why they broke with the biblical 10 tradition, I'm not sure. The only explanation I can think of is that they realized that gluttony and greed were bordering on redundancy and called it quits when they couldn't come up with anything more. They apparently didn't consider "homicidal urge" quite qualified to make the cut and hadn't foreseen potential candidates like "paying someone to kneecap your figure-skating rival" or "thinking that being the owner of a major league baseball franchise makes your opinion worth an ounce of attention."

Who knew? Anyway, seven is a fine number, as things go. It's a prime number, which is close to being a pride number. This is where we'll start, because it might not be too long before we find ourselves with only Six Deadly Sins. Pride, you see, isn't considered totally deadly anymore. Sure, when some fool is going on about their own greatness, we can all relate to the idea that excessive pride can lead to what seems like eternal torture for somebody, but there are lots of times when we hold pride up as a noble virtue. It's the title of a U2 song, so how can it be all bad?

When people ask me what my favorite sin is, I'm usually inclined to say it's sloth. I pronounce it "slahth," but some people go for "slowth." Nevertheless, having spent many a lazy afternoon sitting on my porch, drinking some Red Stripe or Henry's Dark when there is a host of productive things I could be doing, it appears that with my actions I am definitely promoting sloth. Actions speaking louder than words, I still remain attached to this one. Espe-

cially since, no matter how you pronounce it, sloth sounds better than "laziness" or "lethargy."

What gives sloth competition for the ranking of my favorite deadly sin probably isn't the one you're thinking (lust, which we'll come to forthwith). No, the sin that's beginning to intrigue me the most as I develop spiritually is wrath.

As I understand it, the concept behind the Seven Deadly Sins is that these are the ones that will send you straight to perdition's flame. Talk about playing with fire! These sins are so heinous (it feels good to use that word in proper context) that they turn the sinner away from God's grace right away—the Almighty laid down the law on these seven and *no one* gets away with any of them. No questions asked, no quarter given.

But think about wrath. I mean, how many times do you hear about the Wrath of God? How could any preacher worth the pulpit get through a stirring sermon without invoking the Wrath of God? What is this crap? What are they telling us, that God gets to indulge his Wrath but we humans get sent to Hell for doing the same? Doesn't this kind of celestial double standard just piss you off? Jesus H. Christ, but I'd like to give that God a piece of my mind! It ain't fair and I won't stand for it one minute longer!

Not that I indulge in wrath myself, mind you.

Anyway, what's next, hmmm, oh yes: envy, greed and gluttony. I guess the concept of the 7DS was arrived at before we started to think of morality on the continuum. Envy was clearly resenting the achievements of others (feeling that they rightfully belonged to you), greed was unrestrained desire for anything except food and sex, and gluttony was the unwillingness to be content with your share of anything except sex. In the enlightened age that we live in now, however, we can see that the root problem of all three of these deadly sins is our refusal to be satisfied with what we've got. Capitalism (not, incidentally, a deadly sin) is to blame, of course.

If we did away with gluttony, greed and envy, our civilization as we know it would collapse. It's up to us to keep right on sinning, for the betterment of humanity.

Which leaves us with lust. To avoid any confusions that could possibly lead to dysfunction, lust is a deadly sin and arousal is just good fun. In case you're not sure if you've been caught in the iron fist of lust, here's a tip: When you feel lust, your insides are all cold and you can't think about anything but the object of your desire. If you're experiencing something more worthy, you feel all warm inside and you can't think about anything but the object of your desire.

Usually, the problem with lust isn't so much the lust itself, but individual people's inability to handle it. This may be true of all of the seven, which leads me to the inescapable conclusion that what this world really needs is a good sin camp. Hey, a little Knowledge can't be dangerous.

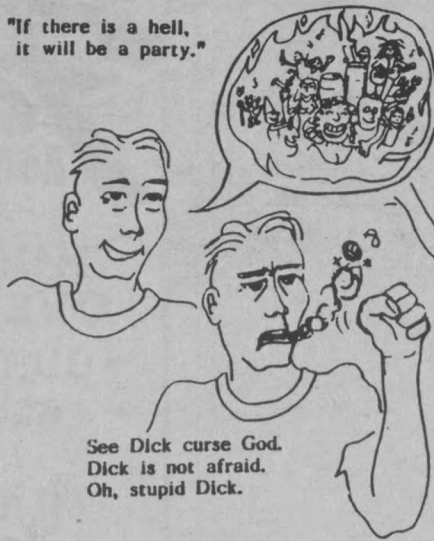
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See Dick.
Dick is cool.
Dick is bad.
Dick gets drunk.
Dick does bad things with girls.
Dick says good boys are sissies.

Dick says, "There is no God."
Dick doesn't believe in hell.

Dick says, "If there is a hell,
it will be a party."



See Dick curse God.
Dick is not afraid.
Oh, stupid Dick.



See Dick die.
Now Dick believes in God!
Now Dick is afraid!

See Dick in the fire.
Now Dick isn't cool or bad.
Hear Dick scream and cry.
Now Dick believes in hell.
Now Dick knows the party's over.
Oh, stupid Dick.
You should have believed and
obeyed God while you were living.
Too late for Dick!



See Jane.
Jane thinks she's
a good girl.



Jane thinks boys shouldn't
stare and hoot when
she wears her short shorts
and tight tee shirt.



Jane doesn't really love Jesus.
Jane loves her sin.
Jane believes her pastor's lie
that no one can stop sinning.



See Jane die.



See Jane thrown into
hell fire!
Hear Jane scream and cry!
Oh stupid, foolish Jane!
You should have
stopped sinning and
loved Jesus!
Too late for Jane!



Jane will only "do it"
with boys she loves.
Jane would never "do it"
on the first date.
Jane only "does it" with "protection."



Don't be like stupid Dick
or stupid, foolish Jane,



or you'll be thrown into hell fire!

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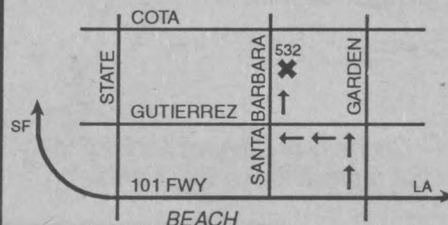
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