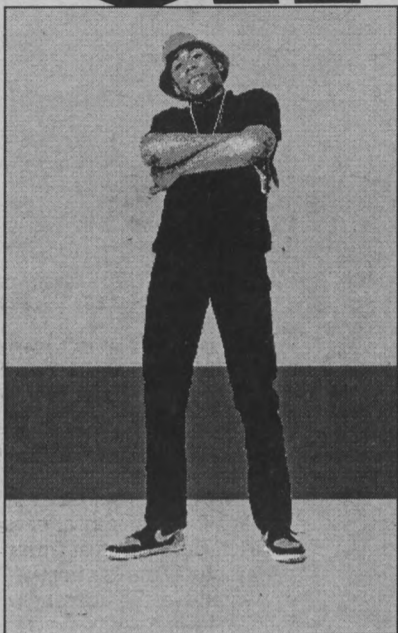
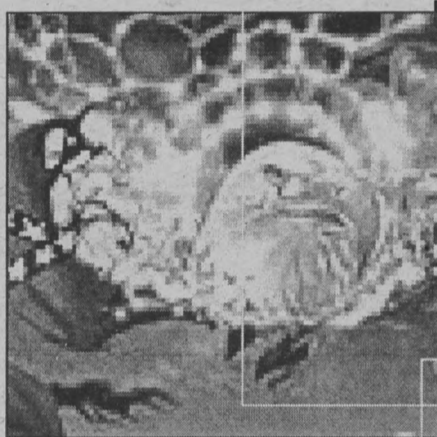


artsweek

even though we've been allotted only four pages, we're giving you a real gift ...



"HI, MY NAME IS L.L. COOL J. AND I AM GONNA SHOW YOU HOW TO HAVE A HIP HOP HOLIDAY. WHEREVER YOU SEE MY PHOTO, YOU'LL FIND GROUND-BREAKING HIP HOP INFORMATION, MUSIC REVIEWS, EVENTS OR GEAR. IN CASE YOU'RE CURIOUS, I'VE BEEN PUTTIN' IN WORK BEHIND THE MOVIE CAMERA. I WAS THE CHEF THAT WOULD NOT DIE IN 'DEEP BLUE SEA.' DID YOU SEE IT? WELL, NEITHER DID ANYONE ELSE. SO DON'T WORRY, I'M STARRING IN AN UPCOMING OLIVER STONE FILM 'ANY GIVEN SUNDAY' WITH AL PACINO. OH, ENOUGH ABOUT ME. READ ARTSWEEK!"



WHEN THE GRAFFITI HITS

AT ZERO ONE GALLERY'S OPENING OF **CONTEMPORARY CORRUPTION: THE ART OF GRAFFITI ANYTHING GOES**

written by | jenne raub



As hip hop culture has slowly gained more recognition and respect in the last decade for elements other than 'rap' — b-boying, deejaying, graffiti art, etc. — it comes as no surprise that the opening night of "Contemporary Corruption: The Art of Graffiti" was packed with a diverse array of thugs and hipsters alike. As Celestial Recordings' DJs Hive and Daddy Kev spun underground hip hop and drum 'n' bass beats, art enthusiasts of all kinds drank 40s and white wine while viewing works from many Los Angeles graffiti artists. The heady aroma of pot loomed in the air while the wall-to-wall crowd, only inches away from the art, admired the works of Chaz, Saber, Mear, Krush, Siner, Skill, Miner, Relic, Retna and Tyke.

To me, however, the topic of graffiti art remains a tricky one. While the genre itself has gained an increasing amount of attention from both the mainstream and more independent media, graffiti art is in an odd place. It's still an expression of defiant youth vividly decorating their oft-impooverished surroundings, much to the dismay of those who see it as property defacement and a warning sign of violence; but when graffiti moves into a semi-private place, what happens to the raw political

potential of the scrawl across a subway, bus stop or vacant lot? Does graffiti art lose its meaning when brought into a new sphere for a radically different audience? I'm not one to judge, but while the works are indeed legitimized in the space of the gallery, surrounded only by each other and high white walls, they surely lose some of their initial force.

This isn't to say that the works in "Contemporary Corruption" don't live up to the expectations (emotional, aesthetic or otherwise) that I hold for art in general. In fact, the works of the show are, overall, thought-provoking, beautiful pieces created with a variety of media, including spray paint, oil, acrylic, wood, canvas, a part of a bus stop and metal. Styles vary significantly — take the collage mix media of Miner's "Lucky," for example. It's certainly not those hard-to-read bubble letters considered by many to be sheer vandalism. Graffiti artist Mear is perhaps the most famous artist participating in the exhibit (from what I've researched, anyway), as his works decorate the covers of Limp Bizkit, Hive and Freestyle Fellowship albums (just to name a few) with a mythical and lyrical grace that doesn't detract from its simultaneous energy. It can be a beautiful moment when worlds collide, when boys wearing hooded sweatshirts drinking malt liquor come together with Armani-clad art lovers swilling chardonnay to appreciate the splendor and message of graffiti art. And, indeed, the scene at this past Friday's opening was an interesting mixture. Yet I hope that graffiti art doesn't lose its raw energy and force as it is increasingly legitimized by the same corporate world that maintains the conditions that have helped lead to its birth.

"Contemporary Corruption: The Art of Graffiti" runs through Jan. 7, 2000 at Zero One Gallery, 7025 Melrose Ave. in Los Angeles. For more information, call (323) 965-9459. If you can't make it to L.A., you can visit Mear's website at www.mearone.com.

WHEN BOYS WEARING HOOD-
ED SWEATSHIRTS DRINKING
MALT LIQUOR COME
TOGETHER WITH
ARMANI-CLAD ART
LOVERS

STEP TWO | GET YOUR HIP HOP EDUCATION



"The Frontiers have disappeared, and we are left with the aesthetics of plagiarism"

thetics of

plagiarism"

-Tom Zé

As my end-of-the-world anthem, Mike Ladd's *Easy Listening for Armageddon* played in the background (a musical take on Douglas Adams' *The Restaurant at the End of the Universe* combined with some of this next-millennium paranoia), I stood. And the words should have been, "put 'er there, pad-nah," from all the people crowding me. Do my fans make a big fuss because I, son of Enik the Advanced Slezstack, born of the computer chip, creature of Silicon Valley, love mimes, love pumpkin pie even more and am not all that I seem? Real name: Ace McCool, and time travel still sucks! But on my watch no bad deed will go unpunished. Foiling plans on the regular after I drag villains for meters through glass shards and lifesavers, forcing them to admit that "Wing Commander" sucked as I say to their whimpering faces, "Who's your Daddy?"

I, who was the guy in the back of the Jurassic 5 concert yelling, "Tru-dat son, tru-dat!" I, who am filled with the urge to right injustices throughout the world. I, who burns with anger for evildoers everywhere, and who strikes fear into the hearts of fauns and starfish all over the planet, would like to remind you that any true contemplation of moral fiber can send your mind

"I MEAN, I AM THE MOST ELIGIBLE ROBOT BACHELOR IN THIS LOVELY LITTLE CORNER OF VIRTUE KNOWN AS ISLA VISTA"

spinning "like a shiny pearl from end to beginning" into oblivion.

"Whatever," I say in my best Alicia Silverstone accent as I use my index fingers and thumbs to make the "W" I hold above my head like a sparkling new tiara. As long as I keep the world safe from those busty bikini-wearing blondes running in slow motion next to David Hasselhoff (who happens to have green eyes), it is all rad. Or at least it should be, shouldn't it? I mean, I

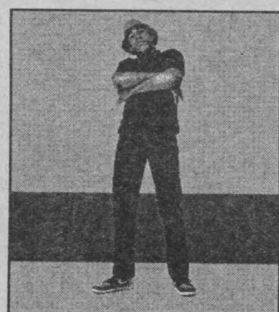
am the most eligible robot bachelor in this lovely little corner of Virtue known as Isla Vista. Who am I kidding? I get lots-uh-luv and, as it turns out, I do not even have to live in buttland to pick up more women than some nerdy-yet-charming English poet guy with a frilly shirt, a moustache and a knack for making rhymes. Basically, I got game like any random Cassandra who holds the sword of death in her hand as she tells those who would listen about the sadness of the world. I say, "Just approach it mathematically."

Yes, approach the New Year mathematically. For me, preparation is already in the works. I have come a long way since my talking gorilla sidekick left me. I have moved past that time I was kicked out of The Brother Hood of the Snake Pliskin. No longer do I idolize any girl that shows the least bit of interest in me. We have less than a month left and I am prepared to make resolution after resolution so that I can truly be as wise as Jarell.

I resolve to go into rehab, thus shunning women, and having surgery to remove my lower ribs. I resolve to understand that déjà vu really is a flaw in "The Matrix," that Shakespeare did in fact write "Shakespeare in Love" and that sometimes underground hip hop compilations show potential, but do not live up to it. Case in point: *Cater to the DJ*. The Fat Jack (of Abstract Tribe Unique/Project Blowed fame) construction excels at some points but fails at others. A stellar lineup, featuring the A-Team (Aceyalone + Abstract rude), Of Mexican Descent, AWOL One, Phoenix Orion, Busdriver, P.E.A.C.E., and more. These folks have fresh songs that stand out, but as a whole it just does not work. The double-CD release is good, but only in a mediocre next level of hip hop sort of way. Of course who cares, since we will all be playing Prince back to back to back for these last days.

Anyway, in the new year you can expect Robotsex to be found undressing more of his mind, taking over western civilization as we know it, and going by *Robotsex2000*. So I suggest that you make a resolution to prepare for it. After all, what else is there to do?

Robotsex in no way whatsoever looks anything like Lamar Odom



"I know I told you I'd be true ... Trey Clark got a big ole butt So I'm leavin' you"



"Artsweek, you got me shook up shook down shook out on your loving"



CLUBS+EVENTS+ART ALL OVER THE WEST COAST



Thursday, Dec. 9
Emulsion Side Up

OK, so it's not really hip hop, but it should indeed be fun. And it's tonight right here in

Santa Barbara. Our very own photography students are putting on an exhibit in the Veteran's building with wine and jazz. Delightful. 5p.m. to 10p.m., 112 W. Cabrillo.

STEP FOUR | GEAR
BUY THESE SHOES

Gear for the futuristic techsteppin' organic-yet-utilized urbanite. Dope! Now who wouldn't want a neat-o pair of sneaks? Sure to be a hit of any holiday gathering, or a great gift for the hip hop pal close to home (or in our homes). Royal Elastics, \$85. Available with lots of other gear at www.boe.com

Abraxas: Paintings of Doze Green

The work of graffiti artist Doze Green, whose work you may have seen on the cover of Om Record's *Deeper Concentration* compilation. Until Jan. 30, Tuesday through Saturday, 1 - 7 p.m. 111 Minna Street Gallery, 111 Minna Street, San Francisco (between New Montgomery and 2nd). Call (415) 974-1719.

Saturday, December 11**Anticon Presents**

The Anticon (a record label based in San Francisco specializing in progressive hip hop) presents hip hop groups Third Sight, Green Think, Araknophobix, So Called Artists, Reaching Quiet, 1200 Hobos, Pedestrian Trip, Them. 78 Minna/Rico's Loft. 78 Minna Street, San Francisco. Call (415) 709-0401.

Tuesdays**The Beat Lounge**

Club Storyville, 1751 Fulton St. (at Masonic), San Francisco. 21+. (415) 441-1751.

Wednesdays**Koncrete Jungle**

Drum 'n' bass and hip hop with resident MC Phoenix Orion and DJs Hive, Daddy Kev and Eddie Sour. Special guest turntablists each week. *Spaceland*, 1717 Silver Lake Blvd., Los Angeles. Call (213) 833-2843.

December 15**The Coup, Pharoahe Monch**

Oakland's socialist revolutionaries kick it with Queens' apocalyptic Pharoahe Monch. *The Palace*, Los Angeles.

Sunday, December 19**Rage Against the Machine, Gang Starr and Queen of the Stone Age**

Also December 20. *Great Western Forum*, Inglewood. Call (213) 480-3232.

December 23**Kool Keith: A Black Elvis Kristmas**

A show at which certain Artsweek staffers will most definitely be present.. *House of Blues*, 8430 Sunset Blvd. Call (323) 848-5100.

Ugly Duckling

Club Pop, Los Angeles

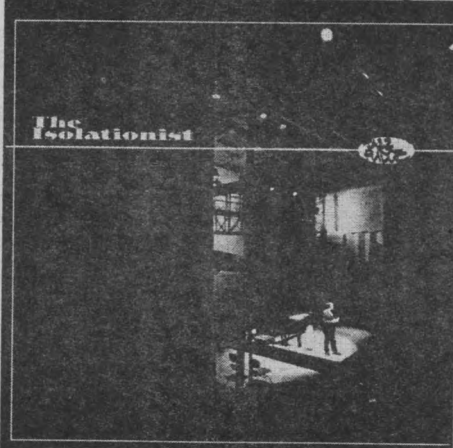
December 28**Project Blowed 5 Year Anniversary**

A true L.A. hip hop evening, as the most prominent West Coast hip hop legends Freestyle Fellowship perform. Global Phlotations, Medusa, Abstract Rude, DJ Drez and many others will also be there. So should you. *Arcadia*, 250 Santa Monica Pier, Santa Monica. Call (323) 299-2929.

Friday, December 31**Abstract Science**

You might want to check on this because it might be cancelled due to New Year's Eve, but Abstract Science usually brings you hip hop and breakbeats on the last Friday of every month. 111 Minna, San Francisco; \$5 before 10 p.m. Call (415) 332-5800 x211 or access it on the world wide web at abstractscience@netscape.net.

STEP FIVE | MUSIC DO OR DO NOT BUY THIS HIP HOP



The Isolationist | The Isolationist | Jazz Fudge

Dear me! Just a few months ago DJ Vadim put out *U.S.S.R.*, the innovative mix of beats with the occasional guest rhymers or two. Now all of a sudden he has popped up as the producer of *The Isolationist*, a group comprised of Vadim and the Anti-Pop Consortium. Vadim never fails to impress with his beats, even after producing 19 tracks here and 20+ tracks on *U.S.S.R.* His beats move from creepy to creepier, offering the Anti-Pop Consortium a sonic playground to run wild over.

And run wild they do. These New York emcees have rhymes, and they aren't scared to use them. Content-wise, the Consortium is all over the map, dropping battle rhymes one moment and getting "deep" the next. They surpass the "Keep it simple" battle cry of MTV emcees and forge ahead, exploring new territory with every rhyme.

The Isolationist is good. Very good. Buy it. Enjoy it. Thank me for telling you about it. [Trey Clark thanks Erik for telling him about it]



COG | Childrin of da Ghetto | Priority

After sitting through *Childrin of da Ghetto's* self-titled album for the first time, I immediately dismissed it as just one more example of the modern gangsta rap cliché. On the surface the beats were repetitive and dull, not even interesting enough to outshine the lyrics, which appear to have been chosen for no other reason but their inherent offensiveness. My roommate described it wonderfully as "the sound a perfect alarm clock would make ... who could sleep through that?"

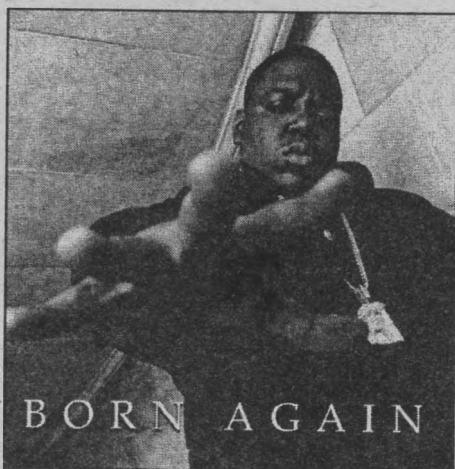
But much to his dismay I decided upon playing the album a few more times, concentrating on the few songs that made me feel the toughest, which I do believe is the greatest upside of gangsta rap. *Childrin of da Ghetto* has the ability to instill emotion in levels high enough to make shooting down cops sound quite justifiable. What I realized was that while there is a tremendous amount of time spent explaining all the sex and violence that these "Childrin" partake in, by the end of the track they are in a sense apologizing for their actions. They admit that what they were doing was wrong, only that because of their environment, New Orleans, it was a type of behavior that came naturally to them.

Now, I am not saying COG has any real place in rap music fame, because their talent is limited. What I am saying is that it is nice to see a group stay true to their

"Yo P-Diddy/
Why didn't I get to rap with Biggie?/
Sha na na na, Sha na na na"



musical style, while still attempting to generate some positive thought. I would rather hear some street thugs acting and rapping like street thugs, than hear them singing about love and friendship. If you want that, go get yourself the Beatles' *Anthology*. If you want to hear an album full of reality presented by three seemingly unsavory bad boys, then maybe you should give this album a chance. Just make sure you really do give it a chance. [Mohahn Gilad Mandelbaum has single-handedly diagnosed the apocalypse]



The Notorious B.I.G. | Born Again | Bad Boy Records

Biggie is born again like a Christian with Puffy as his messiah, just in time for the holiday season. But this album is no godsend. Instead, we are bombarded with recycled Biggie beats and hip hop cameos by everyone from Snoop to Method Man to Busta Rhymes and Missy Elliot, all trying to get in on the profit. What more could you expect from Puffy and the Queen Bee, Lil' Kim?

This album is just more of Puffy Daddy's, or should I say P-Diddy's, shameless (absolutely shameless) sampling of classic tracks. I am personally appalled at the absolute defamation of Duran Duran's "Notorious" on the song "Notorious B.I.G." currently playing on every rap station across America. But Puffy doesn't stop at Duran Duran's demise; he continues in his quest of musical plagiarism sampling Barry White, Diana Ross and Marvin Gaye among others. The day that Puffy creates an original song that doesn't suck is the day that Biggie truly will be born again.

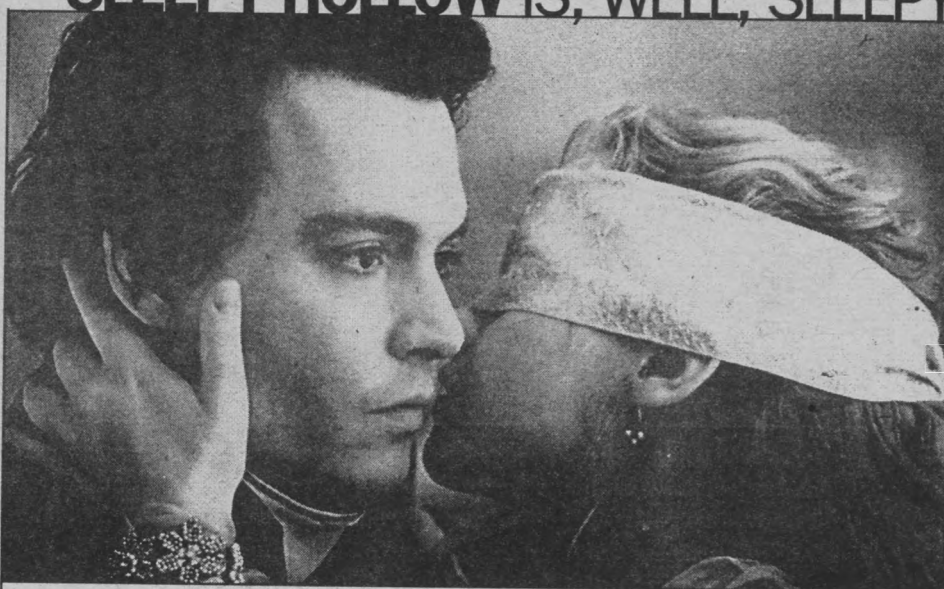
Regardless of Puff Daddy's imminent wackness, *Born Again* definitely has that Bad Boy Records style, tailor-made for mass consumption. I foresee *Born Again* as the soundtrack for every DP party well into the millennium. I just hope that we will not be forced to live through another of Biggie's miraculous resurrections. [DollFace is collaborating with Puffy on her next rap project]



STEP SIX RAP YO'SELF SILLY

I want a girl with extensions in her hair
Bamboo earrings, at least two pairs/
A Fendi bag and a bad attitude/
That's all I need to get me in a good mood/
She can walk with a switch and talk with street slang/
I love it when a woman ain't scared to do her thing/
Standing at the bus stop, sucking on a lollipop/
Once she gets pumping it's hard to make the bottle stop/
She likes to dance to the rap jam/
She sweet as brown sugar with the candied yams/
Honey coated complexion, using Camay/
Let's hear it for the girl, she's from around the way/
I need an around the way girl/
That's the one for me

FILM REVIEW SLEEPY HOLLOW IS, WELL, SLEEPY



I've never understood what people see in Tim Burton. Some of his films have been enjoyable, but there's something about him that people see that I miss. A lot of what I think people like about his films and what I hate are in "Sleepy Hollow."

Adapted from the Washington Irving story "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow," Burton's new film is noted as an adaptation of the campy horror classics of the '50s and '60s, and that can really be seen in the final product. "Sleepy Hollow" is all artifice and no substance. The sets, costumes and special effects make this one of the best-looking films of the year. But to what effect?

It doesn't help that the screenplay by Andrew Kevin Walker ("Seven," "8mm") is entirely predictable and shallow. Of course, those who have seen and liked it keep telling me that is the point. Different strokes for different folks.

One thing that is hard to deny is that this film is definitely Burton's. Every problem with the film seems to be intentional: the camp, the overacting, the explicit gore that isn't terrifying and Christopher Walken (as the Headless Horseman).

Johnny Depp, as the callow Ichabod Crane, walks away with his dignity. The only funny thing the film plays off of is his cowardice, which includes hiding behind every kid and woman whenever he's scared.

I can see Burton and his crew laughing hysterically to themselves, saying, "This is great! We're remaking a Hammer film and doing absolutely nothing with it; it will be just as stupid and pointless as they were!"

I'm sure it was fun for them, but that's certainly not what it is for the audience. There is no creativity in "Sleepy Hollow." There is no play, only replay. [John Fiske]

FILM REVIEW THE WORLD IS NOT ENOUGH AND NEITHER IS THIS MOVIE



If you ask most people, they like Bond movies for their adherence to the clichés that have become the Bond films. 19 films later, however, their success should be graded by how well the films can subvert or play with the clichés. Consider Michelle Yeoh in "Tomorrow Never Dies." Because she was the first female counterpart to Bond that kicked as much ass as he did, she was the best thing to happen to Bond films since they got rid of Roger Moore. What's funny is that director Michael Apted and Pierce Brosnan, the Bond *du jour*, were both interested in expanding on character, but unfortunately the script never delivers. What we're left with is a tease, proof that the makers could have done a better job, but chose not to.

This time, Bond is after Renard (Robert Carlyle), who is after Elektra (Sophie Marceau), the inheritor of an oil company intent upon finding a new source of gasoline. Bond is assigned to protect her, and this time Bond's moral crisis is that he's been ordered not to sleep with her. In any case, he sleeps with her, then finds himself a new chick to protect and eventually sleep with, Christmas Jones (Denise Richards).

Brosnan once again proves that he is the best Bond since Sean Connery, and with the right script and the right director, Brosnan could do even better. But the Connery Bond films had the benefit of witty scripts. Now, however, wit has been replaced with cheesy double-entendres and lousy one-liners. Denise Richards' terrible acting can't salvage the poorly-conceived character she's been given. In spite of the fact that she's a rocket scientist, the script fails to make her smart, and she spends most of the film being dragged like a rag doll by 007 from one supposed life-threatening situation to another. But, following more typical Bond film conventions, we know that their lives aren't in danger, simply because she can't die until Bond gets a chance to sleep with her.

Seriously though, who has ever really invested in Bond films? There's no point getting attached, since you know that within 2 or 3 years, the next film will come out and Bond will be on to his next three requisite seductions. In fact, that would be a good sequel: a harem of his jilted lovers from the past come to kill him, then he has to sleep with and kill all of them, one by one. Or better yet, a consortium of jealous husbands, boyfriends and lovers coming to kill him. Anything to change things a bit. [John Fiske]

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MALE GIGOLO (R)Fri-Sun -
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SLEEPY HOLLOW (R)
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251 N. FAIRVIEW - GOLETA

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FIESTA 5

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Sneak Previews Saturday 12/11

★ BICENTENNIAL MAN (PG)
7:00 PM

★ ANNA & THE KING (PG-13)
8:00 PM

★ TOY STORY 2 (G)
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(12:00 1:20 2:40 4:10 5:20)
7:00 8:15 On 2 Screens
Sat - (12:00 1:20 2:40
4:10 5:20) 8:15 only
Mon-Thurs -
(2:10 3:30 4:45 6:00) 7:15

AMERICAN BEAUTY (R)
Fri-Sun - (1:30 4:20) 7:10 9:55
Mon-Thurs - (2:20 5:00) 7:40

ANYWHERE BUT HERE (PG-13)
Fri-Sun - (12:10 5:30) only
Mon-Thurs - (5:10) only

THE BONE COLLECTOR (R)
Fri & Sun - (2:50) 8:00 only
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THE WORLD IS NOT
ENOUGH (PG-13)
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Mon-Thurs - (2:00 5:00) 8:00

PLAZA DE ORO

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Watch for the colorful *Holiday Airporter* signs to be attached to the MTD bus stops on Monday, December 13th.

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Last trip	1:00 am

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