it's a wrap! beautify your gifts by covering them in this fine paper.
Every year, a massive gift exchange takes place among the party-goers. In years past, the gifts have revolved around particular themes chosen by the Glorious High Committee of Artsweek, including such themes as “The Manifestation of Art as Social Commentary in a Post-Ironic Yet Nuclear World” and “Pastiche as Manifestation of Art as Social Commentary in a Post-Quarter of 2000 the Artsweek “Recognition of Excellence” award goes to both Artsweek co-editors, Jennie Raub and Trey Clark. “I really couldn’t think of anyone better to give it to,” said Raub. “I feel I deserve this award as an individual, but if I have to share it, there is no one I would rather share it with than Trey,” said Raub. “But still, I think I exhibit the qualities we look for better than he does.”

Clark found some solace in his prize. “At least I can sell this back. I could probably get four bucks for it.”

Although only the two co-editors voted, Raub has petitioned the Artsweek editorial board for a recount, claiming that certain editors may have not fully understood the ballot and voted incorrectly for Clark.

The unappreciated prize that Clark mentioned was a promo copy of Field Mob’s 6:13: Jury to Clays. Clark’s choice for Raub was a rare copy of the misprinted 2000-2001 UCSB A.S. Student Directory. Both Clark and Raub included a candy cane with their respected gifts, which they had previously received as office gifts.

“I really thought he was going to get me something nice,” said Raub, regarding her gift from Clark. “This thing is almost useless. What an asshole.”

Clark prepared for the event begins in early April, and planners follow a rigid schedule in order to ensure that all aspects of the party will go off without a hitch. Although the world’s top scientists, athletes, politicians and royalty always attend bearing gifts, the VIP lounge is set aside only for members of the art community deemed most important.

During the celebration’s history, all information surrounding the event has been kept top secret. Although reporters from The New York Times, CNN, The Associated Press, Wall Street Journal and other international newspapers and television stations beat at the doors, all information surrounding the event has been kept top secret. Although only the two co-editors voted, Raub has since petitioned the Artsweek editorial board for a recount, claiming that certain editors may have not fully understood the ballot and voted incorrectly for Clark.

Every year, a massive gift exchange takes place among the party-goers. In years past, the gifts have revolved around particular themes chosen by the Glorious High Committee of Artsweek, including such themes as “The Manifestation of Art as Social Commentary in a Post-Ironic Yet Nuclear World” and “Pastiche as Performance: Remodeling Human Transformation in Chaos Theory.” In keeping with tradition, Artsweek’s theme for the gala this year is “Hardcore Bastic, Foxy, Fu’ Sho, Fu’ Sho.” Partake in the tradition by nabbing the following gifts to bestow upon guests at your Artsweek party.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>gifts</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>HO HO HO’S UP, ARTSWEEK’S DOWN</strong></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
| A closer look into the voting process reveals more egocentric activity than you might think. Raub’s ballot shows a vote for herself, while Clark unseals a vote for himself. “I feel I deserve this award as an individual, but if I have to share it, there is no one I would rather share it with than Trey,” said Raub. “But still, I think I exhibit the qualities we look for better than he does.” Usually the prize attached to the pure recognition for this award is decided upon by Clark and Raub after the balloting is done. “This time around we decided to surprise each other, since we both won and it is close to Christmas and all. But now that I see what I got, I guess it would have been better if we had just gone shopping for ourselves,” Clark said.

The unexpected prize that Clark mentioned was a promo copy of Field Mob’s 6:13: Jury to Clays. Clark’s choice for Raub was a rare copy of the misprinted 2000-2001 UCSB A.S. Student Directory. Both Clark and Raub included a candy cane with their respected gifts, which they had previously received as office gifts.

“I really thought he was going to get me something nice,” said Raub, regarding her gift from Clark. “This thing is almost useless. What an asshole.”

Clark found some solace in his prize. “At least I can sell this back. I could probably get four bucks for it.”

Although only the two co-editors voted, Raub has since petitioned the Artsweek editorial board for a recount, claiming that certain editors may have not fully understood the ballot and voted incorrectly for Clark.

The unappreciated prize that Clark mentioned was a promo copy of Field Mob’s 6:13: Jury to Clays. Clark’s choice for Raub was a rare copy of the misprinted 2000-2001 UCSB A.S. Student Directory. Both Clark and Raub included a candy cane with their respected gifts, which they had previously received as office gifts.

“I really thought he was going to get me something nice,” said Raub, regarding her gift from Clark. “This thing is almost useless. What an asshole.”

Clark found some solace in his prize. “At least I can sell this back. I could probably get four bucks for it.”

Although only the two co-editors voted, Raub has since petitioned the Artsweek editorial board for a recount, claiming that certain editors may have not fully understood the ballot and voted incorrectly for Clark.

The unappreciated prize that Clark mentioned was a promo copy of Field Mob’s 6:13: Jury to Clays. Clark’s choice for Raub was a rare copy of the misprinted 2000-2001 UCSB A.S. Student Directory. Both Clark and Raub included a candy cane with their respected gifts, which they had previously received as office gifts.

“I really thought he was going to get me something nice,” said Raub, regarding her gift from Clark. “This thing is almost useless. What an asshole.”

Clark found some solace in his prize. “At least I can sell this back. I could probably get four bucks for it.”

Although only the two co-editors voted, Raub has since petitioned the Artsweek editorial board for a recount, claiming that certain editors may have not fully understood the ballot and voted incorrectly for Clark.

The unappreciated prize that Clark mentioned was a promo copy of Field Mob’s 6:13: Jury to Clays. Clark’s choice for Raub was a rare copy of the misprinted 2000-2001 UCSB A.S. Student Directory. Both Clark and Raub included a candy cane with their respected gifts, which they had previously received as office gifts.

“I really thought he was going to get me something nice,” said Raub, regarding her gift from Clark. “This thing is almost useless. What an asshole.”

Clark found some solace in his prize. “At least I can sell this back. I could probably get four bucks for it.”

Although only the two co-editors voted, Raub has since petitioned the Artsweek editorial board for a recount, claiming that certain editors may have not fully understood the ballot and voted incorrectly for Clark.

The unappreciated prize that Clark mentioned was a promo copy of Field Mob’s 6:13: Jury to Clays. Clark’s choice for Raub was a rare copy of the misprinted 2000-2001 UCSB A.S. Student Directory. Both Clark and Raub included a candy cane with their respected gifts, which they had previously received as office gifts.

“I really thought he was going to get me something nice,” said Raub, regarding her gift from Clark. “This thing is almost useless. What an asshole.”

Clark found some solace in his prize. “At least I can sell this back. I could probably get four bucks for it.”

Although only the two co-editors voted, Raub has since petitioned the Artsweek editorial board for a recount, claiming that certain editors may have not fully understood the ballot and voted incorrectly for Clark.

The unappreciated prize that Clark mentioned was a promo copy of Field Mob’s 6:13: Jury to Clays. Clark’s choice for Raub was a rare copy of the misprinted 2000-2001 UCSB A.S. Student Directory. Both Clark and Raub included a candy cane with their respected gifts, which they had previously received as office gifts. **notes**
What's Your Favorite Thing About the Artsweek Christmas Party?

"The bitches."  
- Roger "The Goat" Hoffman, copy shop employee

"Look, it's not you I'm concerned about, it's all the other kids out there. I know you're a good kid, but those other ones. Man, I worry."  
- Jack Arnold, short-tempered, overworked dad

"It's a great place to socialize, catch up on old times, and get freaky to the phat jams!"  
- Jacqueline Chan, recent graduate

"Well, uh, is that tape recorder on? I'm not talking until I find my lawyer. But, off the record, I'd say it was the bitches."  
- Harry Walton, pharmaceuticals

"Goooooaaaaaaaah, maaa-aaaa."  
- Xavier Wordsworth Goldfellow, IV, baby

"I was in a commercial!"  
- Rickie Robertson, lying

"Well, it certainly wasn't cleaning up after you!"  
- Jane Wright, homemaker

"The bitches."  
- Avery Goodefuche, experimenting

It's a pity not a whole lot of British films make their way across the pond to cozy American megaplexes. The land that has put out clever films like "The Full Monty," "Lock, Stock & Two Smoking Barrels," and "Love and Death on Long Island" — as well as the great "Croupier" — has some talented directors in the name of Sam Mendes, Danny Boyle, Guy Ritchie and Anthony Minghella. Though "Billy Elliot" is more for the "Waking Ned Devine" set than the "Transporting" one, Stephen Daldry makes his mark as another quality director.

For those who haven't heard, "Billy Elliot" is becoming the sleeper hit of the season. Yes, it's slow and decidedly marketed toward an older crowd that enjoys heart-warming and earnest moments, but in the end the film gives the viewer a very inspiring story of perseverance and artistic triumph. This time around, the fact that your grandma liked it is not an altogether bad thing.

Set in northern England in 1984, Billy (Jamie Bell) is an 11-year-old growing up in a grim, economically depressed mining town full of rude and unhappy people. His mother recently passed away, and his angry father (Gary Lewis) and brother are on a bitter strike against the local mining company. Against this backdrop of working class depravity, young Billy practices the accepted sport of the town, boxing, but is no good at it. Hanging around the gym one day, he becomes entranced watching the girls perform ballet and soon starts to practice with them. Billy, however, cannot suppress his inner Baryshnikov from coming out of him and keeps going to lessons with his cooperative ballet instructor in order to audition for the Royal Ballet School. In the meantime, he wows the neighbors with his Broadway tap-dancing.

Like the phenomenally successful "The Full Monty," "Billy Elliot" is very preoccupied by social class and, in particular, with working-class views of art and the power of artistic expression to transcend the individual from an unworthy existence. The story is most charming and winning when it rides this theme as it chronicles Billy and his secret progression into ballet. The dancing numbers — all performed by Bell himself — are not technically impressive, but they are full of a color and enthusiasm that is hard not to appreciate.

Billy, however, is spent dallying on the strike and in the personal conflicts of Billy's teacher, Mrs. Wilkinson (Juliet Walters). Meant to further dramatize the hardships he has to overcome (and Daldry pulls no punches), this backdrop occasionally adds needed dimension though too often manages to overstep its bounds and drag the story on.

Daldry also portrays his elementary-age characters too much like adults. At the same time their American cousins are manning PlayStation and foursquares, Billy is busy being the tortured artist and coddling his 11-year-old transsexual friend. Or maybe it could be that British youth are just a lot more mature than us dumb yanks.

None of this would hold together for 90 minutes plus if it weren't for the completely convincing and amazing performance by Jamie Bell. He inhabits the role, and shows the repression of himself in a very sympathetic fashion. Few roles could be as challenging and as complex for a young actor, yet Bell never misses a beat. Though the slow pace and overdramatic elements of "Billy Elliot" can be a little trying at times, as a whole it is a satisfying film. It's a good weekday movie for the holidays when your mom says she wants to see something "nice."

No Time To Shop?  
Artsweek's Got Your Back!

Stop by the Nexus office and pick up all sorts of free goodies — posters, promo CDs, stickers — that you can give out to your best friends and family members as gifts. They're in front of the office. This isn't a joke. Please come by and take this stuff. We're going crazy with it all!
If Kafka went to UCSB, he totally would have worked here.

Come write for the Daily Nexus.

Apply in our office under Storke Tower.