

METER'S RUNNING

FLINGING FOAM



It has been a while since I've seen anyone foam the downtown fountain. In fact I haven't seen anyone foam the new fish fountain downtown since it's been installed, and it's not all that new. The old fountain was foamed all the time. At every major holiday (before they were banned), someone dumped a whole bottle of dish soap into the old fountain. This created a huge foam pile covering the sidewalk on that side of the street. The foam crawled like a slow moving white bubbly blob into the 15-minute parking spots and out into the first lane of traffic. As far as I can remember the great white blob always slowed by the time it reached the middle of Main Street.

When this freak occurrence was in the process of happening it made it easier to clean any puke off the side of my taxi. Coinciding with the old busy banned holidays, whenever I saw the fountain get foamed, someone seemed to puke out the window of my taxi the same night. As long as it all went on the outside of the cab it was alright, all I dealt with was the stench of the rancid vomit during the process of the upchuck.

Once I dropped off an overindulged victim who did just that: puked all over the side of my cab. After dropping them off, I headed right to the foamy fountain. Making sure I had all the windows up, I swung in close to the curb, smashing blindly through the huge blob of foam. It was thick, it was everywhere and it was like my worst day shaving. I couldn't see a thing. I hit my wipers just in time to see a dozen or so hippies scattering from the corner near Duffy's. The corner near Duffy's was quickly approaching my uncontrolled car. I was on the brakes, but my soapy bald tires slid ever closer toward the cringing crowd. I cranked the wheel, pointing the steel beast up 4th Street, and stepped on the gas. I caught some traction on an abandoned Birkenstock and, flinging foam all over the unfortunate crowd, I fishtailed my way up 4th.

Then it was time to seek out the broken sprinkler. They were always easy to find. Broken sprinklers ran throughout the night all around town. Sure enough, just up the street I saw the sprinkler I had been seeking. It looked like a geyser spraying up from the sidewalk. The geyser shot high into the air and pointed a few degrees towards the street. I pulled my cab up as close to the curb as I could. Then I pulled the cab up onto the curb to get the full rinsing effect and broke a couple more sprinklers in the process.

Once fully rinsed, I headed back to Duffy's, knowing full well that there would be a frightened fare ready to flee. Sure enough, when I pulled up, an older couple was ready to go. The older couple was telling me some story about a crazy cabbie that was up on the sidewalk with foam all over his car (I wonder who that could have been?). They seemed sincerely upset about the lack of safety the foam covered cab executed.

The older couple didn't figure out that I was that crazy cabbie until the end of the ride. In front of their home the couple was standing beside the cab with the door open. The older gent was handing me money and thanking me for the safe ride home as I watched out of the corner of my eye a nipple of foam collecting on top of the open door jam. I held my breath and tried not to look at the incriminating foam. He paid me with a nice tip and as he withdrew his hand, the collecting nipple of foam formed into a drip. The large foam drip fell, intercepting his hand at the threshold of the door. The old guy gave me this angry shocked look and I tore the hell out of there with the door still open and my sinister laugh echoing through the streets.

HARRYCANYON@SYNTHESIS.NET

REEL DEAL

THE WILD PARROTS OF TELEGRAPH HILL

PELICAN MEDIA

THE PAGEANT - RATED PG

Mankind has a long and infamous history of taking wild animals from where they belong, transporting them somewhere they don't, and then letting them run loose to wreak havoc on the local flora and fauna. You'd think the locals would have some kind of built-in advantage, being on their home turf and all, but introduced species often do surprisingly well in new environments even when you would suspect the opposite. If, for example, you dropped a flock of parrots into the middle of San Francisco, you'd probably expect them to drop dead over the winter. But if you headed over to Telegraph Hill anytime in the last few years, you'd find a healthy and happy wild population composed of several species (red-crowned conures, mostly), tended to by a musical bum named Mark Bittner.

Judy Irving's latest documentary is essentially devoted to the parrots, but it includes Bittner out of necessity. Unlike, say, *Winged Migration*, there's no epic journey across continents to document here; the birds basically just hang around, and nobody's really sure how they got there.

Bittner's job is to make the movie personal rather than observational, to make sure that we're seeing individuals rather than just animals and to provide a secondary story to supplement the main theme. Fortunately, he's able to do all of the above because he knows all the birds on an individual basis and he has his own story arc that connects to the making of the film in a very intimate way.

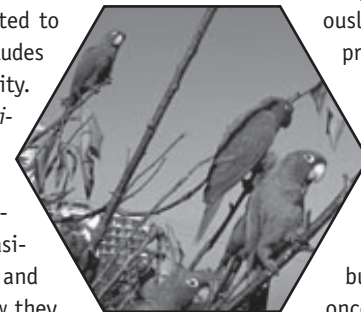
It's appropriate that the birds are treated as individuals instead of as a collective, since they all have distinct personalities. The one named Mingus stands out because he's apparently institutionalized, preferring to stay indoors even when he's given the option to leave. Connor is a blue-crowned conure, the only one of his species in the bunch and something of an outcast; he makes friends with the other interspecies misfits and protects injured birds from harassment by insensitive mem-

bers of the flock. Olive is a mitred conure who mates with one of the red crowns to produce a new breed endemic to the Bay Area. Picasso and Sophie are an inseparable couple until he goes missing and she gets condolences from Connor, who's been in a number of unsuccessful relationships himself since his mate died some years before. All the birds have their own little role in a larger soap opera. Bittner is there to note who's been doing what with whom, and Irving manages to catch a lot of it on film.

The birds, of course, are pretty photogenic. They do the usual bird things like preening, fighting, dangling from branches, popping out of the nest to take their dramatic first flights, etc. And even though they have to share the spotlight with Bittner, that works to everyone's advantage since Bittner is obviously more concerned about promoting the birds than himself. You'd think a quasi-homeless street musician and failed writer would pimp the fact that the movie was based on a book he wrote, but Bittner mentions it only once, in an oh-by-the-way kind of manner. He's a bit of a

hipster doofus, but he's sincere and articulate, and by the end of the film you like him just as much as any of the animals he tends to.

Another thing you notice by the end of the film is a sense of narrative progress lacking in most documentaries. There was a moment in the middle where I thought Irving had run out of steam and was trying to pad out the last 30 minutes or so; later I realized she was pacing herself. The last few scenes are unexpectedly emotional, and the end is tragic, hopeful and absolutely perfect. You walk away feeling sad but optimistic — the flock is a few members short by the end and Bittner is no longer there to care for them, but they're still there, as are other flocks in various areas of the country. Hell, we might have one in Chico, if Daniel's escaped lovebirds managed to survive the winter. I just hope somebody fed them...



SCENE REPORT

THE LOW BUDGETS, BALLISTICS, AFTERTHOUGHT & MC OROVILLE

OFF LIMITS

THURSDAY, MAY 26TH

Yet another solid show at Off Limits. It was a little surprising to see three full bands and then MC Oroville at the bar-cum-venue, but it was nice regardless. The \$4 cover charge was really worth it, especially when you factor in the whole Dead Milkmen tie and the great drink specials.

MC Oroville is one goddamn raunchy son of a bitch. Between barking at the crowd and barking at the soundman, Oroville is pure entertainment. I mean, look at the guy standing up there with a 40 (at a bar) in one hand and a mic pressed up against his lips between his beard and long shaggy hair in the other. His sexually-charged rants are as funny as they are refreshing. You must take him with a grain of salt, however, because a lot of his act is about shock value. He's not out to change the world or save the rainforest; just trying to get your attention and make you laugh... a little.

Afterthought could really use some help in the equipment department. Their puny little practice amps just don't cut it. Get real amps, pretty please. You're just a little too shy about being in a band. The band did give it their best shot and showed some enthusiasm for playing, but the crowd didn't seem to care. A good portion of the floor immediately in front of the stage was empty throughout their set.

The Ballistics have been putting together some new songs after what has seemed like an eternity of the same old thing. The great thing about the new songs is that



they're more technical, drawing from Rise Against-style guitar work, and are more dynamic. This batch of new songs exploded and stuck out much more from the songs we've all heard before. The songs weren't the only new thing; some girl invented a crazy dance which caught the attention of pretty much everyone at the bar at some point during the chaotic set.

When you think of old punk rockers who've started new bands 20 years later, you usually think of idiots like Jerry Only and the lame-ass new-look Misfits, or the entire Dead Kennedy's fiasco. It's really nice to see an old punk rocker playing music for the sake of playing music. The Low Budgets, which features Joe Jack Talcum (previously of Dead Milkmen fame) on keys, brought the rock. A solid set from start to finish of happy-go-lucky, yet rough around the edge punk in that poppy, fun fashion. It seemed like they played a shorter set than the other bands, but then again, time flies when you're having fun.

SCENE REPORT

KFOG KABOOM

PIER 30/32, SAN FRANCISCO

SATURDAY, MAY 21ST

No, you don't need to recheck your calendar. It's really not the 4th of July yet. So what's up with all the fireworks in San Francisco in May? It's KFOG's annual free concert, Kaboom, held on Piers 30/32. The day is dedicated to celebrating music with the best "listener" party around which attracts a few hundred thousand spectators of all ages. This year the crowd was noticeably younger than in previous years. Sure, there were still plenty of tie-dyed veterans scattered around the pier checking out three bands plus what has to be one of the best fireworks shows around. It's kind of tough to say anything bad at all about a free concert, and you have to hand it to San Francisco radio station KFOG for putting on such a well-managed show, especially considering the size of the crowd.

Kaboom begins at about 3 PM (if you want a good spot) and runs until around 9:30 PM. Getting in and out of the city is another story entirely.

KFOG normally takes this annual opportunity to introduce its listeners to one emerging artist, one established artist and then reacquaint them with one of their favorites. This year's lineup included opener, singer-songwriter Kathleen Edwards, Australian band the John Butler Trio and the crowd favorite the Wallflowers. Edwards opened the show with a full band and gave a solid performance, showcasing her talent for a full hour. John Butler Trio, making an effort



to duplicate their success at home here in the US, followed with an incredibly powerful set that included a drum solo by Michael Barker that made everything that followed seem just a little dull in comparison. The band's style of folk, with a dash of reggae, is definitely a soulful sound to take notice of. Finally, The Wallflowers took the stage playing a mix of old favorites including "Three Marlenas," "6th Avenue Heartache," "One Headlight" and "The Difference." The set also incorporated a preview of the band's new release, *Rebel, Sweetheart*, including "The Beautiful Side of Somewhere," "Back to California," "Nearly Beloved" and "Some Flowers Bloom Dead."

And then there are the fireworks...and more fireworks and bigger fireworks. KFOG cleverly synchronizes the fireworks show to classic rock, so be sure to bring a radio and headphones so you don't miss out. In the end, even the fireworks are all about the music.

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SOUND BITES


Gorillaz
Demon Days
 VIRGIN/EMI

In these trying times, even our favorite cartoon characters are becoming cynical. With a new producer (Danger Mouse) in tow, the four-color foursome of 2D, Noodle, Murdoc Nicholls and Russel Hobbs have returned with a darker disposition.

Though "Feel Good Inc." has plenty of radio-worthy bounce, it's imbued with *Demon Days'* ominous feel — from Damon Albarn's bleak vocals to the mocking tone of the raps spit by De La Soul. This kind of atmosphere permeates the album, beginning with an intro containing elements of "Dark Earth" from the film *Dawn of the Dead*. Danger Mouse uses similar moods and elements throughout the album — choral voices, thick bass lines and almost subliminal acoustic guitar strumming — amidst an expansive library of ambient sounds and sharp beats. If this album has any shortcomings, it's how deftly Danger Mouse melds one track into the next. He handles the atmospheric material so smoothly, even *Demon Days'* most magical moments seem commonplace.

This doesn't deter from the album's effectiveness, however. Seemingly endless layers of production can make *Demon Days* sound like a different album each time you listen, depending on how closely you're paying attention, and the many guest appearances are worked in naturally. MF Doom drops methodical verses on the dreary "November Has Come," his grainy voice mingling well with Albarn's ghostly hook. *Demon Days* is far from a lazy summertime listen, but better suited to those who stare at the blazing sun hoping for rain.

James Barone


An Angle
We Can Breathe Under Alcohol
 DRIVE-THRU

If singer/songwriter Kris Anaya could find a way to sound any more manic, there'd be a straightjacket and a fistful of Thorazine waiting for him right outside the recording studio. With trembling livejournal memoirs, simple high school band orchestration and delightfully wounded acoustic ballads, his second album is well crafted, but buckles under the weight of its presumed influences. Walking into a room with *We Can Breathe...* on the stereo, you'll likely ask which Bright Eyes record you're listening to. On that note, you kinda want Anaya to give back the page taken from Oberst's diary and step beyond the omnipresent Saddle Creek shadow. But *We Can Breathe's* inherent beauty shows that Kris is capable of much more than merely retooling his influences.

Maurice Spencer Teilmann


Athlete
Tourist
 EMI RECORDS

As much as I'd love to say that Athlete has risen above the indie-pop fold and delivered an amazingly groundbreaking record, I can't. Not to say I don't like this album; I actually really enjoy it. They have made a really good studio album here, employing a string section, synthesizers and at one point a choir (see track eight for some fantastic synthesizer usage). It's all very well orchestrated, with some very decent vocals atop the whole thing. It's definitely a very good album, but I doubt it will garner fans from outside its particular genre.

Rob Reeves


Cadiz
Breakers
 SWANN HOUSE

Cadiz's debut album is brimming with alt-country rock and lyrics that reflect rural life. However, *Breakers* seems to embody the humdrum of small town existence too well. While there are some pleasant events that occur, the album on a whole feels a bit lackluster. The slowly cascading pedal steel guitar of "Under The Farm" is not enough to hide the faulty phrasing of Robert C. Lee's singing. Some excitement is injected in "Girl At The Zoo" with its tweaked out guitar sound, but three songs later the mediocrity of "Making Plans" numbs your once happily tingling eardrums. Interestingly, the album's quietest song, "Spiders," is one of its best with quickly creeping spider leg guitar arpeggios.

Connell Burton McDaniel


Des Ark
Loose Lips Sink Ships
 BIFOCAL MEDIA

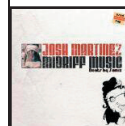
Loose Lips Sink Ships begins with a floating female voice and the moderately strummed guitar of "Some Are Love." "No More Fighting Cats, OK?" ups the ante with jagged guitars and stressed singing contrasted with a sudden mid-song pause, followed by a melodic change that almost makes one believe another song has begun. Then, a minute into the fourth song, "Yes Sir, Yes Way," singer Aimee Argote lets loose with a throaty wail that brings both the song and album to a greater emotional and sonic height. Using their pause-and-change formula to tweak typical song structures, the Des Ark guitar / drum duo of Argote and Timothy Herzog have crafted an enjoyably dynamic disc.

Connell Burton McDaniel


The Epoxies
Stop the Future
 FAT WRECK CHORDS

With a sound recalling mid-'80s, bored-with-suburbia-valley-girl-angst, Portland's The Epoxies manage to infuse two genres meant for weirdos (punk and new wave) into an album of goofy nostalgia. Without the gloriously cheesy synth-lines of Fritz M. Static, or the heavy voice of frontwoman Roxy Epoxy, The Epoxies would sound like your regular neighborhood punk band. Now, the band is fun and all, but without eliminating the proper amount of self-consciousness and adding the needed amount of inebriation, *Stop the Future* tends to grow a bit tiring. However, songs like "Toys" can help aid one in having a good time with The Epoxies. So if you're currently feeling the '80s right now, and you just dig weirdo hairdos and sunglasses, *Stop the Future* might be enjoyable.

Nick Walker


Josh Martinez
Midriff Music
 CAMOBEAR

Josh Martinez gives the disclaimer that this album is "summer music," the kind you put in the player, light up the grill to and kick back with friends, and he's right. *Midriff Music* is a mix of mellow beats and fluffy lyrics, each song more upbeat than the last. The album includes the futuristic yet soulful sounding "One More Sucka," the funky old school throwback "Played Out" that features Kunga 219, and "Tranzar," which combines melodic humming with Spanish guitar. But it is the remix to "Nightmare" that, if this is a true look at what is to come from this Canadian born artist, is quite promising. The bottom line: it's summertime, and this is the perfect accent to lazy days of lying in the hammock with a beer in hand.

Katie Patterson


Mommy and Daddy
Fighting Style Killer Panda EP
 KANINE RECORDS

This is a tough one. It's kind of got a romp-driven beat, like the type of music you would find at a sporting event or something, but at the same time it offers a lot of high-pitched dance-y silliness. The vocals tend to be passionate, but in a way that encourages dancing, like disco on steroids. All in all, it comes off a little like bad skate punk, only minus the bad parts, and plus some good parts. Geez, I don't know. It's catchy. There's a lot going on in the music and it's fairly interesting, but at the same time it's nothing that would weird people out. This band is on their way to inventing the disco mosh pit.

Charles H. Peckham V


Pigeon John
Pigeon John Sings The Blues
 RED URBAN RECORDS

Pigeon John's fifth album, *Pigeon John Sings the Blues*, is a breath of fresh air in the dank cavern known as modern hip-hop music. Pigeon's career as a rapper began in the early '90s in the suburbs of Los Angeles in the city of Hawthorne. In a genre that is wrought with violence, misogyny and bling, Pigeon reminds us of what true hip-hop is supposed to be: personal, soulful and most importantly, honest. His unorthodox style borderlines R&B, jazz and blues. Pigeon's down-tempo jams inspire the listener to love, to live and to think. Pigeon makes music that anyone can relate to; he's a self-described average John. So if you're in the mood to listen to something different, funky and original, don't sleep on this one.

Chris De La Madrid


Smoke or Fire
Above the City
 FAT WRECK CHORDS

Self described as "a rock band with ethics," there's no doubt that Smoke or Fire brings something to the table with their freshman release, *Above the City*. They have the political rants such as, "forget everything they said/ don't let them into your head/ can't you see that's what they want from you," along with some pretty heavy thunder sticks on behalf of Nick Maguire and vocals that successfully exist somewhere between a screech and a gravelly roar. These contributions collide best with the whines and rhythm of Joe McMahon and Jeremy Cochran on guitar in the charged opening "California's Burning" and the head nodding "Fire Escapes." However, most songs on the 12-track release are able to find their sound within the standard two-minute time lapse. It's an enjoyable album if you don't ask yourself why this Richmond, VA rock quartet sings "you and I are leaving Los Angeles."

Noel Pearson


Victor Wooten
Soul Circus
 VANGUARD RECORDS

The cover of *Soul Circus* features an eight-armed Victor Wooten playing his bass. While Wooten is known to some as the "Funktapus," this album aims not to drive the myth so much as to dispel it; to prove that Wooten is, in fact, mortal. It begins with "Bass Tribute," a shout-out to past bass aficionados, and a melodic rendering of the bassist's increased importance over the years...as expressed by 12 different vocalists. This theme rings throughout the following tracks. "Play with the soul, and not just with the hands," Wooten raps. The man has already proven — via Bela Fleck and the Flecktones — that the bassist is no longer just the background guy, and this chaotic collection of funk, soul and soloing sets it in stone. It screams of autonomy.

David P. Brown

MISCELLANEOUS DEBRIS



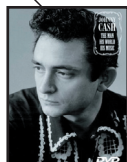
Public Enemy
***It Takes A Nation Of Millions:
 London Invasion 1987***

SLAM MEDIA-DVD

Remember when hip-hop was scary? Where did we go wrong? It used to be powerful and leave people with either a sense of enrichment, or disgust. There was no middle line. Public Enemy embodies hip-hop the way it's supposed to be: A threat to the mainstream way of thought, motivated by the movement, not dollars; pro-black, and truly pumped by the music.

This particular DVD documents the posse on their first trip overseas to London for the 1987 Def Jam tour. People may recognize some of the audio from this show on *It Takes A Nation Of Millions* from the intro to various fills. Obviously, if the show was good enough to be pressed on DVD, then PE did their thing and turned the show out. The film and sound quality is what would be expected from a tape filmed in the '80s, but anyone who complains about that is missing the point. Between songs are filmed interviews with British media which gives more insight into what Public Enemy was really about, and it wasn't a joke. These cats were really about making a statement in society, and after viewing it 18 years after, I would say that they succeeded. Not in the sense of a full on revolution, but the awareness and consciousness that they instilled in black people, and anybody who listened to their music. There will never be another Public Enemy; a group who is progressive with their sound, but whose prowess goes beyond music.

Corey Bloom



Johnny Cash
***The Man, His World,
 His Music***

SANCTUARY?BMG
 DVD - Not Rated

By far the best tribute to Johnny Cash I've seen is a bootlegged sticker of his famous Folsom Prison flip-off with the words "Now you buy my damn records" scribbled across it. *The Man, His World, His Music* is a close second. Where posthumous releases can seem disingenuous, designed less to further a legacy than line pockets, *The Man...* is a touching tribute to not only Cash's enduring music, but to Cash himself. Interspersed between concert footage are clips of Johnny and June with family, passing time on the tour bus, and just relaxing on the couch with a guitar. It is in these candid moments where we are given clues into the gruff, yet surprisingly tender character of the man in black.

Maurice Spencer Teilmann



Death By Audio
Brooklyn, New York

www.killerrockandroll.com/deathbyaudio

Oliver Ackermann is the guitarists equivalent to a mad scientist. His company Death By Audio has been providing the tools for crazy sonic manipulation for almost three years now, and shows no signs of letting up. His lineup of pedals includes things like the Sound Saw (two filters in one box), Supersonic Fuzz Gun (gnarly, unstable fuzz), and the Total Sonic Annihilation (makes other effects do unholy things). Another cool aspect about the company is the ability to create a totally custom effect. It will probably cost you, but you pay for what you get, and if you want your guitar to sound like a car horn, he can probably oblige you.

Rob Reeves



Modern Drunkard

www.moderndrunkardmagazine.com
 Web site

Drunks nationwide haven't had a reason to be this proud since the repeal of prohibition. *Modern Drunkard Magazine*, that Denver based monthly bulletin of booze, has an online site stocked with a free archive of articles back to the magazine's 2001 inception. What's the drinking scene like in Antarctica? Do monkeys actually brew up their own vats of wine? Does drinking actually make you sexier? Sure, some of the articles are — how do you say? — a tad on the *adolescent* side, but that's what you get when your demographic is the ordinary lush. Maybe you can't drink at work, but that shouldn't stop you from wasting an afternoon plumbing the depths of alcoholic pleasure, right?

Warwick McCallaghan



Snakes and Earrings
By Hitomi Kanehara

DUTTON BOOKS

Snakes and Earrings is an exquisite single serving of a book, literally gauged by gauges. 19-year-old Lui is rapt by a young man's snaked tongue and that passion serves as the catalyst for her future decisions and encounters. With the change of each gauge, the hole in her tongue widens, mirroring the expansion of her understanding of the superficial world in which she surrounds herself: Tokyo's clubs, tattoo and piercing parlors and bars filled with sex, violence and murder. As the hole widens, her ideas of pleasure, pain, semblance and substance tangle. Lui is a sad, delicate narrator in a tough fashioned shell who tells a fast paced and engrossing story to be read in a single sitting.

J. Bibbo

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 gag gifts - miscellaneous
 fun - candy

KOZMIC DEBRIS



MAY 30TH -
JUNE 5TH

Aries: Everything is renewed this week. You reach some sort of emotional, as well as intellectual resolve. You're learning to love your neighbor. What do you regard as good everyday conversation? Who do you consider to be close friends? Are you on an eternal quest for your soul mate? May you bloom where you're planted.

Taurus: Friday and Saturday will be highlighted by a Taurus moon. You get to have it your way. Celebrate the way you live. In other words grandstand your values. Just remember that you're expected to practice what you preach. Venus moves into your third house allowing social grace and poetry to replace materialistic vanity.

Gemini: Dance, sing and shout. This is your last hurrah before breaking into something new. You need to consult your radical side before settling for something mundane. The pressure you're under at work needs to be addressed. Plan for future financial endeavors. When thinking in terms of kayaks or jet skis, think ecologically.

Cancer: I'm writing this horoscope naked as the day I was born. Getting to know your naked self helps to alleviate fears of exposure. This is especially true when skinny dipping with friends. Limitations need to be rebelled against. Resolve the things you fear being discovered. Wilderness retreats are in order.

Leo: If you have any good Gemini friends, now would be a good time to throw a surprise party for them. Otherwise you need to throw a party for yourself and your friends. You're ready to mix it up. It is our imperfections that give us purpose in this world. Make plans for improving future activities.

Virgo: Performance anxiety shouldn't keep you from performing. Your skills and talents are needed now more than ever. Your ability to lead needs to be tempered with diplomacy. Escapism needs to be replaced with spiritual development. You work like a "Jack of all Trades" or a "Jill of all Skills."

Libra: Your lucky side is showing. It feels good to be a winner. Travel opportunities are likely to present themselves. Even long distance love affairs are possible. Don't wait for other people to make the first move. You need to see yourself in terms of being an initiator. Waiting for tomorrow is stupid. Act now.

Scorpio: Take time off for creative inspiration. Believe in yourself as an artist. Your actions need to reflect what's in your heart. Engaging with others requires patient exploration. Nothing can be forced. Get rid of things that you no longer need. Liberation is found in lightening the load. Accept the gifts that others offer you.

Sagittarius: Meet your smatch. Goals seem to move in two different directions at once. You ask yourself; "what the heck is happening here"? Relationships are bound to intensify. You're seeking a balance yet you don't know what a balance is. Fortunately you have friends that step up to the plate for you.

Capricorn: It's a good time to take yourself for an annual physical. Take good care of yourself. Limit hard physical labor to early in the morning and towards the evening. Siestas could prove useful. Avoid candy coating your difficulties. Be honest with your partner. Friday and Saturday are good for getting in touch with your heart.

Aquarius: You're able to show off your artistic genius this time of year. When you're living from the heart you have nothing to fear. Play like you did when you were a little kid. Form a band, join a street theater group or work on a community mural. Beyond all tragedies, it's time to count your blessings.

Pisces: Risk taking can't be avoided at this point. In fact you'll do things just for the thrill of it. Your creative potential is about to accelerate. What do you consider to be spiritual honesty? Are you locked between exaggeration and outright denial? You would try something boring and safe if it came your way.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY:

Moira McGuiness, 6/3/61;
Sushie Rose, 5/31/47;
Allen Ginsberg, 6/3/26

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3. Free ads: Lost & Found **Phone: (530) 899-7708**
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E-mail: calendar@synthesis.net

Fresh Ink

Authors:

Martin Chavira
Anne Wycoff
Jeremy Votava

Blue Room



Don't touch that play, the ink is still wet! Welcome to the 12th annual Festival Of New Works, and our fifth installment of the FRESH INK project. Our desire here at the Blue Room is to present something new, exciting, bold, daring, and yes, even a little scary - something FRESH in every sense of the word.

On Monday, May 16th, four playwrights were introduced to a pre-selected cast and a director. They were then given an assignment: write a 15 - 30 minute play for your assigned cast in one week. To make things more interesting, each play must somehow incorporate the following elements: **A reference to Hooker Oak in Bidwell park, a cigarette that is never lit, 15 seconds of silence, a helicopter flyover, and the word perfidy.** On May 22nd the plays were handed over to the directors and they were given nine days to rehearse.

The result, as you will see, is a stunning glimpse into the creative process.

June 2-11 Thurs.-Sat 7:30PM

\$6 Thurs. \$12 general \$10 (seniors) Fri & Sat

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