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tennis-game-filled sunset together. No such luck. While meandering around the delightful Squire's, I noticed Conrad, Daniel and another friend, making a quick getaway. Not so fast, Mateys! I ran out the door, leaped across the gangplank and shouted, "Wait!" After all, they did not have my number, so however must we "get together for a game"? Conrad quickly entered my number into his cell phone, and I could hear the sweet sound of the riches from the love slot machine falling into my waiting palms. Once again, no such luck. The fallible technology of the Matrix blinded me. You see, Conrad was the woman in the red dress. He wasn't real. He was only a symbol of what I had given up to join the Matrix.

It has been three weeks since that Wet Wednesday at Squire's. Two voicemail messages, three million phone calls without-a-message-so-that-I-wouldn't-look-like-a-stalker later and I finally got Conrad on the phone. There was no apology. There was no reference to the fact that, not knowing his last name, I found out where he worked, left him a message as to when and where he could reach me, and he still could not return my calls. I may sound desperate, boys and girls, but what does a girl have to do to get some play around here? So do you want to know what the end result of finally getting Conrad on the phone was? He sounded distracted, so I said, "Are you busy? Do you want me to call you back?" His response? "Yeah, how about same time tomorrow?" I don't think so! That is it. Too much energy has gone into Conrad, when I could have languished it on Jim, Eric, Jason or the cute guy with the dog on campus several days ago.

So next week, will you hear of adventures where I am birthed from a gooey liquid-filled sac sprouting wires from my back into a world where Conrad is chasing *me*? You'll just have to wait and see.



Mad-ness at the S.A.C!

By Michael Johnson

Mad Chad lit up the stage Friday night at the S.A.C., providing one of the best comedy shows UAS students have ever seen. Before an enthusiastic crowd of approximately 100, Chad dazzled and mystified for a good hour-and-a-half, showcasing an unbelievable repertoire of coordination and gravity-defying juggling feats.

Chad, who has performed at big venues such as *The Tonight Show* (and don't think he'll let you forget it), was clearly at home up on stage, with his shiny black boots and flamboyantly flaming shirt. His jokes, while not near as enjoyable as his chainsaw juggling, were refreshingly clean, and he ridiculed himself far more often than audience members.

Talk about props. While Chad *was* verbally entertaining, a mute who had Chad's props could've pulled this one off. Chainsaws, a giant unicycle, shot-puts, and silicon breast implants headed an impressive slew of obscure delights. The Mad-man knew it, too, and rare were the moments when there wasn't at least a toilet plunger in his hand. A sincere thanks must be extended to Tish Griffin and other student organizers for a job well done. Everything went smoothly and everyone left happy.

Scott's Party

Was this a bad hair day or what?! UAS staff surprise Scott Foster at his farewell party Jan. 31. Scott seemed to enjoy seeing his former colleagues make clowns of themselves.



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a constitutional amendment.

Now don't get too excited, this doesn't mean you should run right out to frolic in your back yard flinging pot seeds to and fro. Though it does allow you to grow a plant or two in your closet and maybe carry a couple grams, most marijuana will still be bought and sold though the black market because any larger scale operations can still be penalized.

Another overlooked downside to marijuana legalization in that though you may have our local police force off your back, the feds could always come knocking. Even in California, where medical usage of marijuana is tolerated by state law, federal intervention brought down its heavy gavel onto several medical users who were otherwise protected by the state.

As you may know, there is a statewide operation afoot aimed at putting another marijuana legalization initiative on the ballot for 2004. They're working hard to address these federal issues and end marijuana prohibition. There has been no sign of the federal government intervening with Alaskan affairs as of yet. So until further notice, in our fair state the Ravin still flies *high*.



For more information and detailed court cases and laws visit www.freehempinak.org or drop by their office and visit them at 217 Seward Street across from Rainbow foods and Poseidon.

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