

## Editorial 08: There is Everything Yet To Lose

The cleaning crew has just arrived. It is a crew of one. This scene plays itself out almost every Sunday morning when the janitor and I make furtive contact near the vending machines, he at the beginning of

a long day, me at the end of mine. I wonder where his motivation comes from to get up every morning and do the same thing. He wonders about mine. I think about what secrets these halls hold. How many undergrads lost

their virginity in this building, or got stoned in the bathroom, or stashed their text books in the bathroom to cheat on exams? On this morning I am thinking about the man who empties our trash cans, and cleans our halls.

He looks at me with a patriarchal glow that I cannot pretend to dislike. He is an anxious man, not able to spend much time chatting with me, but his impact is felt, if only by myself. The paper this week has been the most rewarding so far, all the elements are here

now, and almost all the people involved are totally committed and cool to be around. So come see us now before it gets too popular and you look like a poseur. The best thing about Main building in the middle of the night is that it looks almost

nothing like the daytime version. The walls creak and the floor belch and it would seem that every darkened room carried the secrets of the academic life. And no one hears it but me, and my friend the janitor. We are more than enough. Selah. **END**



date

**Nov. 29+30**

place

**ITEC Theatre**

hours

**9-8**

last day

**9-5**

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