**Column/LaCombe**

"Silly questions" are the roots of discovery

Young children are natural questioners. They have a natural curiosity about everything around them and constantly ask about it. Their endless barrage of questions often taxes their parents to their limits, causing them to overwork parents. Sometimes, the questions are based more on curiosity than anything else they can go some work done.

At some point during development, a child learns to stop asking "silly" questions. The parents may try to make the parent angry and do not want to learn about things. They also learn not to exper-iment on their own. For some reason, the summer before the child enters a clumsy attempt to find out what is inside is usually followed upon by parents.

To explore MIT I should not ask questions, they might be silly, and make me look like a fool. I must ask pithy and "helpful" questions. Estes I definitely, however, I wonder why some silly questions. Scientists do not think I will develop a theory a life. Be yourself! This will go a long way in gaining you find your niche at MIT. As you will soon find out, you will get a lot of contact, information . . . August at the Worcester Center, Foreigner and is your local music outlet. The prized tickets go on sale Monday at the bookstores and all Ticketron outlets. It was a concert I had wait-ed a long time to have a chance to see. I was not completely satisfied, but I was prepared for a good time. I wanted to be there. I wanted to fit in.

One of the closest Ticketron outlets is at MIT in the Orpheum theater, next Park Street in Bos-ton. My roommate and I decided to go. The concert was worth camping out all night. There were some less stressful ways to get decent seats, but none had the potential for the best seat in the house. We wanted to try for front row center.

The line at the Orpheum stretched on a long, lonely, Hamilton Place. A small crowd was already lined up when we arrived around 1 am on the first sched-uled day of the tour. Their presence made us change our sealing goal to anywhere in the first ten rows.

Waiting is old hat to some in this group. An overnight guard stood near our friend's chair that she had camped out three times already in the past week: Bryan Adams, Eric Clapton, Robert Plant and now Foreigner. What else can I do? I was there.

She made us confident about our chances for excellent seats. Along with imagining front row center seats, we also considered the possibility of not getting good seats. But people on line had come before. "We were in the 16 row for Deep Purple . . . we saw Kim from the fourth row . . . but wasn't Van Halen excellent up close?" In the end though, we would not do nearly as well.

A young man, wearing jeans and a button-down shirt approaches the line. Another ticket holder? Maybe not. He is on our left, along the Orpheum wall. He is just staring at the wall, having no interest in the concert at all.

The solid black door finally opens, quickly and silently as the attendant pulls out his belt. The first two fans are let in as the Park Street church's bells conclude today's vigil.

Our tickets finally are printed out of the overburdened Ticketron computer at 10:05. The seats are in the middle of the arena — not the terrible, but certainly not great. Was it right to decide to try up all of the seats? We’ll find out on August 6.

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