Activities complete education

The sight of hundreds of freshmen walking around campus brings back all my memories, some that make me smile and some that make me wince. It is satisfying to remember the excitement and naivety of R/O week. I think that both of these things are still there, but I think that I am more able to stand on my own feet now. I think that I should be more careful about whether I should get back into the passion and sentiment I faced during that week.

There are a few memories about which, thinking about them, I find that I am simultaneously congratulating myself for my courage, and chiding myself rather angrily for some that make me wince. Column/Ben

The central theme of debate was whether students would spend less effort in their classes and whether the extra leisure they got would be worth the sacrifice to coursework. I think that most people now question the wisdom of the policy, but I personally applaud it for a different reason than most.

The best thing that has come out of Pass/Fail has been the opportunity for freshmen to join a student activity. It is possible to go through four years of MIT, subsisting entirely on textbooks and problem sets. But I would say that as MIT education is not complete without exposure to some extra-curricular pursuit.

There is a similarity to what students can learn inside the classroom, and freshman year is the perfect time to find out what you can learn from other students or your teachers.

Whether your interest is in campus media, athletics, music, or any of the other weird and wonderful groups that make up MIT, you owe it to yourself to check them out this year - the earlier the better. One way to test the waters is to hang around several events for the first few weeks and stick with those that please you. I guarantee you that group representatives will do their best to help you find fun and feel at ease, so you should not let fears of insensitivity or social inaptitude hinder your fun from trying.

When I remember joining The Tech, I smile at the good times I had, and wince at the thought of how much the paper has changed. The paper has fulfilled a lot of my needs, some of which I did not recognize until a year or so ago. It has given me the chance to serve the community, it has given me an idea of my own worth, and it has given me a sense of responsibility to others.

I know that I would have walked out of MIT a drastically changed person regardless of whether I joined The Tech or not. But I think there would have been something lacking, a gap in my experience, and that gap is what I came to college to fill.

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Alternative views of Daily Confusion

Bertrand, my evil twin, who recently showed his head to inject some realism into his "Uncle Fred" routine, raised his head up last night to talk to me about some ideas he had for changing Residence/Orientation Week. I was intrigued, swaying, stagger- ing out of a nightmare in which Tammy Bakker, stuffed in a wild bikini, had given me the goo-goo look out of a nightmare in which I was missing the most important game of the season. I had given him the goon eyes.

Bertrand gave me a nudge, with his billiard-ball head shining in the moonlight. Opening my eyes, I thought at first that it was Buddha on a visit, but I soon realized it was just the hell, let's have Armageddon tonight.

"Tom," Bertrand said, "I'm worried about this R/O thing. Don't you think it's kinda gone overboard?" I asked, "Yeah, I know what you mean. Let's expose it to the public." Then he added, "I think most of the freshmen are smart enough to realize MIT isn't all fun-and-games, Bertrand."

"Well," he replied, "it was just a thought, was all. Excuse me for living. Hey, anyways, could you take a look at these Rush ideas I came up with?" He handed me a scrunched piece of paper. "I'll be back," he said, "I'm just going to get some of those leftover chicken wings and some beer from your fridge -- philosophy makes me hungry and all."

When he was gone, I looked out the window. The Clio sign was off; the river was still running. I turned on the light and read the version of the Daily Confusion.

Thursday evening Freshmen dinner: SPINACH, SPINACH, SPINACH!! Feast on Chef Ed's hockey-lick style Satisfy needs and dephosphated spinach from MIT food service. Ed: "We make sure those vegetables come all the way from the Gobi desert."

Ips: Freshmen Seminar I, "Time Management: How to Skip Breakfast and Your Morn- ing Shower." Best your priorities ... nutrition and hygiene aren't what they're cracked up to be.

Ips: Freshmen picnic. You can't go in the picnic. You have to go in classes.

Ips: 10-10 Phone to a pro- fessor who looks like he crunched his way out of the House of Usher. Sit through class (Please turn to page 2 for more).