Chorus: and contrapuntal ascending/descending lines, is another tune that's hard to shake.

The League of Gentlemen, Robert Fripp on Polydor Records.

I had a ticket to see him. Yes, Robert Fripp and his "contractual arrangement" band, the League of Gentlemen, wowed the crowd for four nights with a new brand of dance music that had you either on your feet or on your knees. The League (Barry Andrews as "No. 1 Headquarters, Sara Lee, bass and Johnny Toobad, drums) tore through tunes titled "Youth at Pavino," "Ooh, Mr. Fripp," and "Thang Perboral Gozibnal" (and the Phoenix had the gall to call Fripp humorless). Fripp's understated guitar playing was the highlight of the evening, and stands out as my clearest memory of the concert. It doesn't contain all of the tunes performed on the tour, and includes some new material, but this record stands out as Fripp's most accessible work to date. The arrangements are straightforward — Sara Lee's musical bass solo recalls that of John Wetton (one of Fripp's King Crimson initial fathers). She wrote to a number of contemporary writers, and students, prepares for and presents a documentary portrait of them. When the movie frame to the bursting point.

Charleen, we are captivated, temporary ecstatic. All Tech Sing 1981 from the 6 West Feebs (McCormick). I'd have you like "Hacking on the successful next time around."

The highlight of All Tech Sing 1981 came as the lady mazresses of 7th West McCormick wowed their way onto the stage. Their act was slick, sharply coordinated, bright, clever, and, above all, very funny. Their choral line included good, and they sang well and with an alertness and spirit that was unfortunately lacking in many of the other entries. They certainly deserved their first prize. Their act was slick, sharply coordinated, bright, clever, and, above all, very funny. Their choral line included good, and they sang well and with an alertness and spirit that was unfortunately lacking in many of the other entries. They certainly deserved their first prize.

Charleen is a beautiful and fertile film that I found well worth the trip to Central Square's other, the Wall. It plays with Resident Evil, the bitterly ironic story of an Iranian student living in America. Both end this evening.

Charleen, or how long has this been going on? Instruments, and the latter less than expected. The evening itself was not well-run. Bill Glickman, the emcee, was a bore, and there was a pregnancy interval during the judging. They certainly deserved their first prize. Burton 4 took second place with a splendid bit of craziness. Plenty of frantic movement went with lyrics rendered on a ventriloquism act to make up just the right blend of inspired awfulness. They certainly deserved their first prize. Burton 4 took second place with a splendid bit of craziness. Plenty of frantic movement went with lyrics rendered on a ventriloquism act to make up just the right blend of inspired awfulness.

There were too many tediously unoriginal "problem set/nerd" type acts during the evening. The exception came from Delta Upsilon — sparsely with picking calculated to heighten nerdica ab absurdum — a less virtuou~ group against less academic ambitions. The contrast was nicely made and the humor was pure MIT. There were too many tediously unoriginal "problem set/nerd" type acts during the evening. The exception came from Delta Upsilon — sparsely with picking calculated to heighten nerdica ab absurdum — a less virtuou~ group against less academic ambitions. The contrast was nicely made and the humor was pure MIT.

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