

# Believo! in Enon's Pop-Rock Experimentations

By ASHLEY ATKINSON  
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Enon is an indie-rock band with multiple personality disorder, dressed up as an electronic act for Halloween.

The group's musical personalities duke it out in an endearing cacophony on *Believo!*, the group's full-length debut.

No one wins, but everyone goes home happy. And the indie-rock world gets hit with a surprise left hook.

**CD REVIEW**

Enon  
*Believo!*



In this corner: John Schmersal, guitarist for the defunct cartoon-rock outfit Brainiac, plus Rick Lee and Steve Calhoun of Skeleton Key.

They hail from New York City, but the group is named after a small town in Ohio (or a microwave manufacturer, whichever you prefer).

Enon rocks and pops its way through an amorphous collection of indie oddities that veer dangerously close to arty experimentation, but redeem themselves with the occasional well-placed melody or beat.

It's far from your standard drum-bass-guitar act. There's plenty of loopy,

fuzzy bleeping and blooping and wobbling hiding underneath the rock-song veneer.

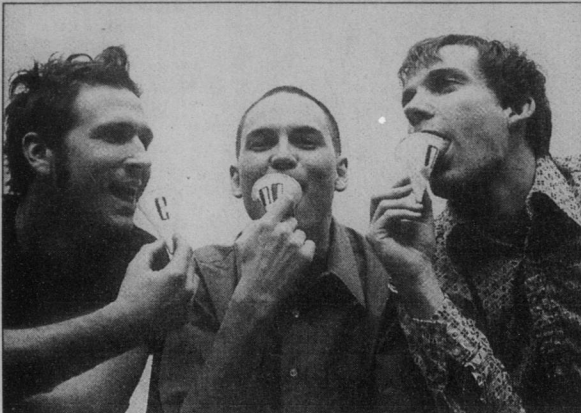
Enon collects found sounds and samples via a suitcase implanted with a recorder and carried through the streets and subways of New York City. It's sort of the electronic equivalent of banging on pots and pans, but it works.

The group puts together a knockout combination of samples and rubbery guitars, multiplied by more samples and divided by a healthy dose of sonic distortion.

The result of this complex musical equation is a thick, texturized sound that leaps from the ominous industrial evil of "Elected" to the sampladelic freakout of "For the Sum of It" to the pure pop bliss of "Get the Letter Out" and "Come Into."

And in as many different character roles as there are songs, vocalist Schmersal sounds, alternately, like Prince, Sloth and Dr. Claw (there may be a Vocoder involved here).

His lyrics aren't philosophical dissertations, but quirky, often unintelligible ruminations that occasionally present small truths. Take this, for example, from "Come Into": "Oh daughter, daughter, I hope you noticed/ The look of the actress wasn't gladness."



New York City-based Enon is composed of members of Brainiac and Skeleton Key. The group recently released its debut album, *Believo!*

The album is studded with pop gems like "Conjugate the Verbs," a lovely paean to junior-high-English-class romance: "When we were given Saturdays/ To think of all the things to you I wanted to say."

Dreary dirges like the PJ Harvey-esque torch song "Cruel" and the depressive, plodding "Matters Gray"

balance out the animated feel of the rest of *Believo!*

Some have been busy declaring that indie rock is past its prime. Enon, in the meantime, drags it back in the ring for another round.

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# Intellectual Conversation Provides Entertainment



DAVID POVILL  
DUTY CALLS

I write a column for the Diversions section, so I guess I'm supposed to comment on entertainment-related issues. The first column I ever wrote was about the most rockin' parties in Chapel Hill. I'm sure many of you remember it, as it advocated vomiting on fraternity house floors.

Now I'm a year older and at least three whole weeks wiser, and I have a new thought. Screw parties. The intellectual climate is where it's at. Scoff if you will, Croakie'd ones, but I say thinking is the new cool thing to do.

Here's how it should go down. You and a few of your smarter friends, perhaps out-of-staters (Just kidding. Please don't write an entire column bashing me for being an anti-Carolinite), get together on a Friday or Saturday night, drink some wine (not tooty-fruity Boone's Farm, you idiot. We intellectuals appreciate fine wine, the kind that comes in the box with the built-in spigot) and wax philosophical.

Note, I said philosophical, not political. Nothing turns friends against friends quicker than a political debate. Just look at what happened to Alan Keyes and John McCain. They used to share a locker back in junior high. Now look at them.

So, keep it philosophical. For instance, last night I was taken aback by a reading about the characteristics of language from my cognitive psychology book. It pointed out that words in a language can refer to things that are not currently present (e.g. the Amazon River), things that exist in an intangible form (e.g. truth, calculus) and things that have never even existed (e.g. dragons, elves).

"Wow," I said, upon gaining this insight. "Dragons are pretty sweet." Of course, nothing complements a philosophical discussion than some "you-know-what." A little sumptypin', if you know what I mean. That thing that's been turning get-togethers into parties for years and years.

That's right, folks. I'm talkin' about Mad Libs. What crazy party animal thought those up? It's like, you have this story that's supposed to be about bowling, but it ends up being about a horny fart and his kinky butthole. Who! That's entertainment!

Actually, I think most of you know

the conversational enhancement to which I was really "reefer-ing." I'm not gonna get into it too much here, as my parents usually read my columns, but in the words of The Pharcyde, "I'll have to play the part of the adviser /because the bud is just a tasty tantalizer /the bud, not the beer, 'cuz the bud makes me wiser."

I know what you do-gooders out there are thinking. Drugs are bad, m'kay. Well, let me tell you something. Without drugs, there would be no hour-long discussions of the merits of cheese. (This actually happened. Apparently, one of its more remarkable qualities is that it comes in so many different forms, all of which are delicious.)

But besides cheese, there are literally an infinite number of ideas and concepts in the world worthy of a long, hard, thoughtful examination to be interrupted periodically by jamming handfuls of Chex Mix into your mouth.

Expand your mind. Your brain is the most powerful computer ever designed. Exercise it. Don't just drown it in alcohol, and then hide it with your head of unkempt fraternity hair.

And you surely need not partake in any illegal activities to enhance your experience. If you don't think your brain needs any outside help, by all means, skip it. Plenty of great thinkers

have managed without the aid of mind-altering substances. Einstein probably never even heard of marijuana. (Yeah right. E=mc<sup>2</sup>? That probably started out as (E) instein (=) has the (M)un(C)hies (P) Big-time!)

Regardless, my point is that we're here at college to learn, not just from textbooks, but from each other. Feed your mind. Create that intellectual climate. I'll bring the Brie. You round up the dragons.

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# Film Series Continues Decades After Original Debut

By JOANNA PEARSON  
Staff Writer

ambitious and intensive undertakings in documentary making.

**MOVIE REVIEW**

"42 Up"



Documentary filmmaker Michael Apted began catering to people's voyeuristic tendencies long before anyone had ever heard of Internet diaries or webcams. Apted figured it out early — we love the chance to peer in through our neighbors' windows.

His "Up" series, which he began in 1962 for the BBC, is one of the most

In 1962, the series commenced with "Seven Up," a film exploring the lives of 14 British children from different socioeconomic backgrounds. Every seven years, Apted caught up with these same people, catching view-

ers up on their lives at 14, 21, 28, 35 and now, 42.

The most remarkable thing about "42 Up," and perhaps any film in the series, is its unremarkable subject matter. Rather than interviewing children in gangs or some weird religious sect, Apted has chosen to explore normalcy.

The people in this film series have experienced school, careers, marriages, divorces and their parents' deaths. In fact, the only thing that makes them unique is that the public has access to the details of their private lives every seven years.

"42 Up" is not an enthralling film, but Apted did not intend it to be a nail-biter. Rather, he sought to capture real life.

Apted stays true to reality and refrains from spicing up his clips with flashy image sequences or much of a soundtrack.

He uses clips from all his previous

films, layering images from his characters' lives since age 7. "42 Up" should be the most interesting film in the series because we get the best of all the previous films.

Take Tony, for example. He starts in black and white as a scrappy, likeable East End kid. Throughout the years he becomes a jockey, an actor, a cabbie and a dad. At 42, he's lost some of his spunk, but he seems content with the life he's found for himself.

There are two things one comes away with from a film like "42 Up." The first is that little British boys at age 7 are the most adorable creatures ever.

The second is that in an increasingly disconnected world, it's somehow satisfying to return to this same group of people every seven years, if only to hear them talk about their children.

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