

# Eleventyseven And The Land of Fake Believe

Flicker Records

[www.eleventysevenrock.com](http://www.eleventysevenrock.com)



One of the more nauseating things about today's emo bands is the ever-decreasing ages of the participants. It'd be okay if these bands had paid some dues in all-ages clubs dealing with bloody Chiclets and amber waves of Bud barf, but the fellows of EleventySeven appear to have just graduated from Super Mario U.

Regardless, emo in its modern form owes more to car commercial

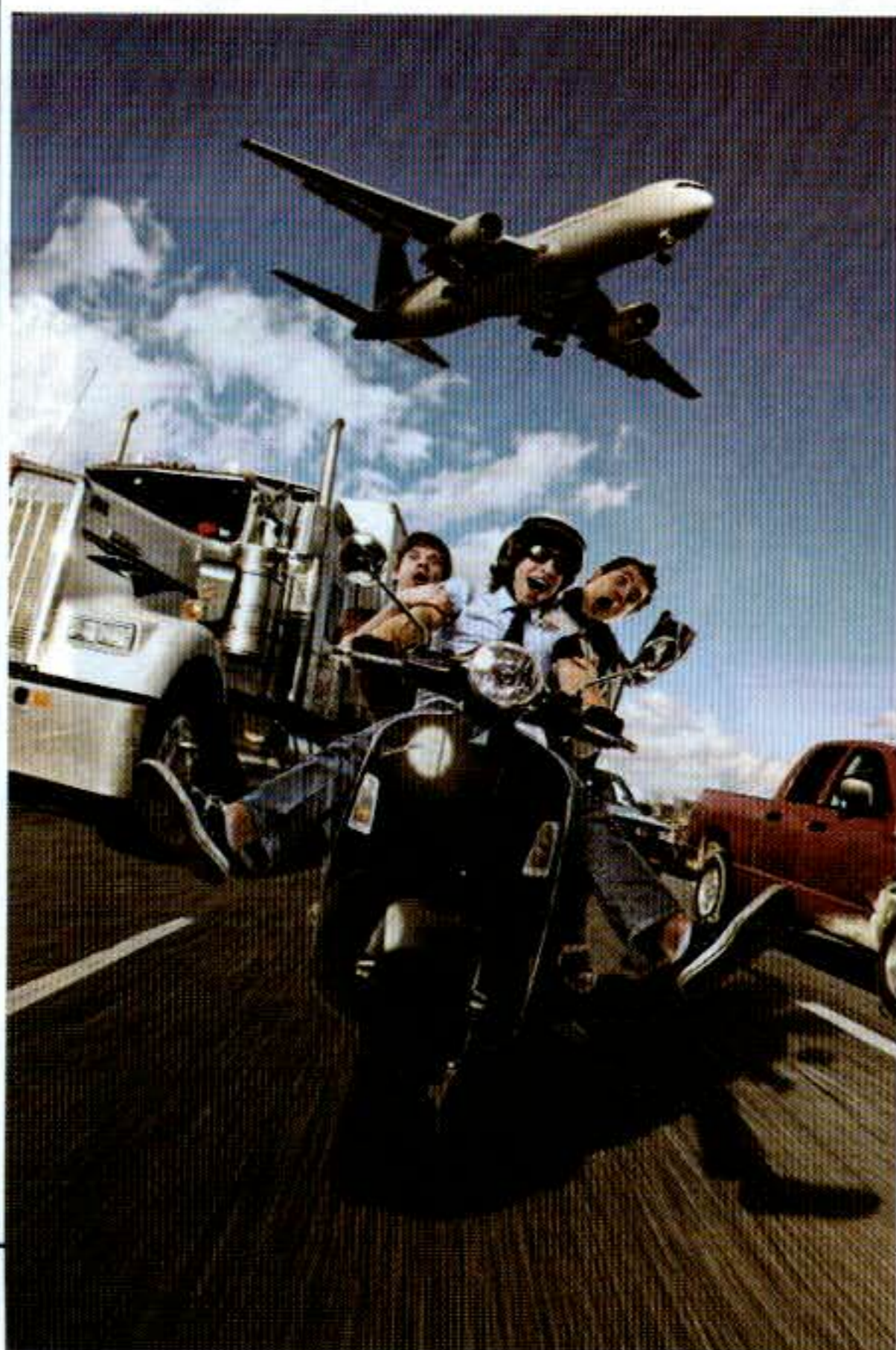
soundtracks than Sid Vicious, really; it's all about the angst and hooks — such as they are — being shoved down your throat ready or not than some sort of punk-jingoist set of rules and regs, which EleventySeven would most likely be too distracted to follow anyway. Had they ever been handed a few black beauties, Hanson would have done something horribly akin to this.

Right off the bat ("More Than a Revolution") the band implicitly declares itself part of some crypto-Christian boy-band jihad, attempting to plant its nu-Templar flag in Blink 182 territory, but when there's this little life experience behind things it's bound to come off like Harvey Danger's pesky little brother, which it does. If this were passable as anything it'd have to be straight-edge bubble-punk for red-state Jesus-teens (there are glaze-eyed props to "My Heavenly Father," and they're apparently from Tennessee), this not merely for their smarmy attempts to sound

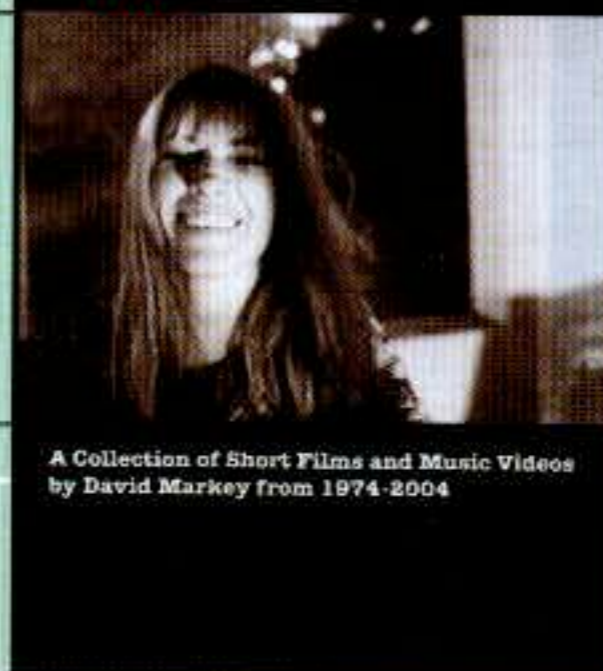
worldly wise (they pull a Dr. Phil Expounding On The Obvious For Dummies on "Teenage Heartbreak") but also for their gee-whiz worldview, all of which must have been done somewhere around a million-billion times by now, since Christian rockers have no equal when it comes to pounding the life and meaning out of a genre, particularly when Satan senses that the no-fun-at-all brigade may be getting a little horny over it.

There's also the incessant use of horribly Velveeta keyboards, but you probably guessed about that one by now.

- Eric W. Saeger



## "Cut Shorts"



# Cut Shorts

## Short Films and Music Videos By David Markey

Eclectic

[www.musicvideodistributors.com](http://www.musicvideodistributors.com)



David Markey is best known for his work as the director of 1991: The Year Punk Broke, a documentary featuring Sonic Youth on tour with then-upcoming Nirvana. Cut Shorts is a compilation of Markey's movie making from the ages of 11 to 41 and contains everything from short 8mm film clips to more watchable music videos for Eyes Adrift and The Posies.

What this DVD attempts to do is present Markey's films as though made in the punk rock Do-It-Yourself ethic. But, if a rose by any other name would smell as sweet, Markey's films still leave much to be desired under any guise. Even ignoring their rough edges—the shoddy camera work, the overblown sound levels, and the poor comic performances—these short films have little redeeming value for film or music fans.

One clip, titled "Grunge Pedal," features the Thurston Moore and Kim Gordon (Sonic Youth) along with Julie Kafritz (Pussy Galore) and Mark Ibold (Pavement) pretending to endorse the grunge guitar pedal. I'll admit, it got me; I had a good laugh and got a kick out of the irony. But when Markey claims that a 5-minute collage of sepia-toned footage featuring Sofia Coppola driving around L.A. is an Apocalypse Now-inspired paean, I don't buy it.

The worst thing a "punk" filmmaker can do is be pretentious about his work. Especially when it resembles little more than home movie footage shot by your little brother after he sneaked the camera away from dad. If you'd like to see a DIY video done right, check out Fugazi's Instrument and leave Cut Shorts on the shelf.

- Len Sousa