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SPLENDOR
IN THE
SUMMER

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By Lance Scott Walker

FLEET FOXES

Fleet Foxes (Sub Pop)



The music public's ongoing, eternal fascination with great music created by young minds could

be said to be rooted in our own perceptions of when someone's creativity should bloom. It doesn't really work that way, but while it's easier to understand youthful folks such as this (all hovering around age 22), stumbling upon something original and yet simple, **what this band of young Seattleites have crafted is not only spirited, innocent and original—it's also incredibly complex.** That speaks to the musicianship, for one. The band themselves discredits any suggestion that they are a rock band, which is fitting, but that's not due so much to a lack of abilities as it is to the fact that their songs are so heavy with necessary intricacies that playing them as rock songs would loot them outright. There are also comparisons to the Beach Boys—which is fitting to a point, but misleading. Fleet Foxes have a grip on that airy, baroque pop feel, yes—but with the brooding candor of railroad blues tangled in with an uplifting, pastoral feel to their harmonies. They sing as a choir—an armful of voices aimed at center and filling up the sky. It would be misaligned to call them campfire songs; perhaps more fitting to call them bonfire ballads. Still, it leaves you tapping your pencil against your chin as the same time as you tap your foot ... **how did those kids learn all that shit at their age?** Easily one of the best records of the year.

LIL WAYNE

Tha Carter III (Cash Money)



The traditional understanding of a trilogy is that it is an epic work of sorts consisting of three parts—which, though part of the bigger work, also stand alone. Though 2004's *Tha Carter* and its successor *Tha Carter II* the following year offered up no such hint of a trilogy, **it was actually with little surprise that Weezy announced the title of**

his newest to be *Tha Carter III*. He also did so far in advance, then saw his album suffer numerous setbacks—something which only fed the minds of fans as to what this record was all about. And it's weird. You knew it was going to be—he gets stranger and more difficult to predict every time he issues an album. And this is no exception, culminating perhaps in the weirdest track of his career in "Phone Home," which starts off in a nice big, warm roll across the piano before funneling down into something that sounds like the music to a scary kids' show. A bad one. All the while, Wayne's narrative in the track is his proclamation to be a Martian while someone sounding not unlike Mike Jones howls the title in the background. But, besides a blatant David Axelrod theft in "Dr. Carter," it's one of only two misfires on an album that goes beyond swagger, beyond flow and far outruns the metaphorical prowess he has continued to develop over the years. And he even knows when to just lay back and give it to you straight ("Comfortable," ft. Babyface) and go over the top ("Lollipop"). But that's further a clue that Weezy views his career from the outside rather than from the tower. Every piece of every album feels like a cog in some greater machine—a machine only he can see. And only he knows where it goes next.

THE AUDITION

Champion (Victory)

Here we go. An open letter to pop punk: Stop. Don't think. Loosen up. Quit practicing. Forget your chops.



Throw beer on each other. Don't wipe off your strings. Don't buy new sticks. Tape up your old ones. Play old drums. Play an ugly guitar. Forget what song is next in the set. **Start off in the wrong key. Forget what a 'key' even means.** Get the words wrong. Be bad at stage banter. Have a shitty haircut. Maybe a SportsCut. And a t-shirt that's not ironic nor a gift from a sponsor. Don't be sponsored. Don't be signed. Don't be marketed. Take it back to the roots. **Really, pop punk—you're too tight, too glitzy, too perfect, and that's why you're lifeless.** And always will be. It's too bad, really. Your forefathers had something going. You just... all become boy bands.

EVENT SEX & THE CITY PREMIERE

WHY WHY NOT?

WHERE ANGELIKA THEATRE

WHEN MAY 28

The shoe-obsessed and fashion savvy showed up in droves at Angelika Theater to get a first look at the *Sex & The City* movie. The fortunate invited by VitaminWater, 002houston and 104.1 KRBE enjoyed special VitaminWater drinks like "Carried Away" and "Single & Fabulous." Chloe Dao debuted her collection with a fashion show that would make the girls proud. Guests left the theater reeling at having gotten to see the film a few days early.

