Bauhaus - Mask (1981)



01- Hair of the dog

02- Passion of lovers

03- Of lillies and remains

04- Dancing

05- Hollow hilla

06- Kick in the eye 2

07- In fear of fear

08- Muscle plastic

09- The man with the x-ray eyes

10- Mask

11- In fear of dub

12- Ear wax

13- Harry

14- 1. David Jay 2. Peter Murphy 3. Kevin Haskins 4. Daniel Ash

15- Satori

Personnel: Peter Murphy – vocals and guitar Daniel Ash – guitar and saxophone David J – bass guitar and vocals Kevin Haskins – drums

Managing the sometimes hard-to-negotiate trick of expanding their sound while retaining all the qualities which got them attention to begin with, on Mask the members of Bauhaus consciously stretched themselves into newer areas of music and performance, resulting in an album that was arguably even better than the band's almost flawless debut. More familiar sides of the band were apparent from the get-go; opening number "Hair of the Dog," one of the band's best songs, starts with a double-tracked squalling guitar solo before turning into a stomping, surging flow, carefully paced by sudden silences and equally sudden returns to the music, while Murphy details cases of mental addictions in pithy phrases. The energy wasn't all just explosive angst and despair, though; the one-two punches of "Kick in the Eye" and "In Fear of Fear" have as much hip-shaking groove and upbeat swing to them as portentous gloom (Ash's sax skronk on the latter, as well as on the similarly sharp "Dancing," is a particularly nice touch). Elsewhere,

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Written by bluesever Monday, 12 July 2010 20:34 - Last Updated Saturday, 14 October 2017 21:13

numerous flashes of the band's quirky sense of humor -- something often missed by both fanatical followers and negative critics both -- make an appearance; perhaps most amusing is the dry spoken-word lyric beginning "Of Lillies and Remains," as David J details a goofily grotesque situation as much Edward Gorey as Edgar Allen Poe. Add to that three of the most dramatic things the band ever recorded -- the charging, keyboard-accompanied "The Passion of Lovers," the slow, dark fairy-tale-gone-wrong "Hollow Hills," and the wracked, trudging title track, where the sudden appearance of an acoustic guitar turns a great song into a near-perfect blend of ugliness and sheer beauty -- and the end result was a perfect trouncing of the sophomore-slump myth. ---Ned Raggett, allmusic.com

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