

Lana Del Rey - Ultraviolence (2014)

Written by bluelover

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01. Cruel World 02. Ultraviolence 03. Shades of Cool 04. Brooklyn Baby 05. West Coast
06. Sad Girl 07. Pretty When You Cry 08. Money Power Glory 09. F****d My Way Up To The
Top 10. Old Money 11. The Other Woman 12. West Coast (Radio Mix) 13. Black Beauty 14.
Guns and Roses 15. Florida Kilos 16. Is This Happiness 17. West Coast (Radio Mix) 18.
Cruel World (Clean) 19. Brooklyn Baby (Clean) 20. Pretty When You Cry (Clean) 21. Fucked
My Way Up To the Top (Clean) 22. West Coast (ZHU Remix) 23. West Coast (Ten Ven
Remix) 24. West Coast (The GRADES Icon Mix) 25. West Coast (MK Remix)

The maelstrom of hype surrounding self-modeled Hollywood pop star Lana Del Rey's 2012 breakthrough album, *Born to Die*, found critics, listeners, and pop culture aficionados divided about her detached, hyper-stylized approach to every aspect of her music and public persona. What managed to get overlooked by many was that *Born to Die* made such a polarizing impression because it actually offered something that didn't sound like anything else. Del Rey's sultry, overstated orchestral pop recast her as some sort of vaguely imagined chanteuse for a generation raised on *Adderall* and the Internet, with heavy doses of *Twin Peaks* atmosphere adding a creepy sheen to intentionally vapid (and undeniably catchy) radio hits. Follow-up album *Ultraviolence* shifts gears considerably, building a thick, slow-moving atmosphere with its languid songs and opulent arrangements. Gone are the big beats and glossy production that resulted in tracks like "Summertime Sadness." Instead, *Ultraviolence* begins with the protracted, rolling melancholia of "Cruel World," nearly seven minutes of what feels like a sad, reverb-drenched daydream. The song sets the stage for the rest of the album, which simmers with a haunted, yearning feeling but never boils over. Even the most pop-friendly moments here are steeped in patient, jazz-inflected moodiness, as with the sad-eyed longing of "Shades of Cool" or the unexpected tempo changes that connect the slinky verses of single "West Coast" to their syrupy, swaying choruses. Production from the Black Keys' Dan Auerbach might have something to do with the metered restraint that permeates the album, with songs like "Sad Girl" carrying some of the slow-burning touches of greasy blues-rock Auerbach is known for. A few puzzling moments break up the continuity of the album. The somewhat hooky elements of "Brooklyn Baby" can't quite rise above its disjointed song structure and cringeable lyrics that could be taken either as mockery of the hipster lifestyle or self-parody. "Money Power Glory"

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steps briefly out of the overall dreamscape of the album, sounding like a tossed-off outtake from the Born to Die sessions. Despite these mild missteps, Ultraviolence thrives for the most part in its density, meant clearly to be absorbed as an entire experience, with even its weaker pieces contributing to a mood that's consumptive, sexy, and as eerie as big-budget pop music gets.

Del Rey's loudest detractors criticized her music as a hollow, cliché-ridden product designed by the music industry and lacking the type of substance that makes real pop stars pop.

Ultraviolence asserts that as a songwriter, she has complete control of her craft, deciding on songs far less flashy or immediate but still uniquely captivating. As these songs shift her sound into more mature and nuanced places, it becomes clear that every deadpan affectation, lispy lyric, and overblown allusion to desperate living has been a knowing move in the creation of the strange, beguiling character -- and sonic experience -- we know as Lana Del Rey. ---Fred

Thomas, Rovi

Ultraviolence, bo taki tytuł nosi druga studyjna płyta Lany, jest następcą wydanego na początku 2012 roku krążka Born to Die. Debiutancki album artystki swego czasu robił na mnie ogromne wrażenie. Były dni, kiedy nie słuchałam niczego innego. Dziś emocje, jakie towarzyszyły mi sięgając po takie kawałki jak Summertime Sadness czy National Anthem, już opadły. Mimo wszystko Born to Die jest płytą na wysokim poziomie. Lana zawiesiła sobie poprzeczkę niezwykle wysoko. Nagrać pierwszy album jest ponoć łatwo. Dużo trudniejszym zadaniem jest zaprezentować potem materiał nie tylko lepszy, ale i ciekawszy i bardziej intrygujący. Przyprawiający o ciarki. Nie wiem jak, ale Lanie się to udało. ---Zuzanna Janicka,

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