

Harry Cloud – Lost Acres: strange vibrations...

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 Benzine
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Harry Cloud presents an album transformed into an animated film, where sound effects, instruments, and handcrafted images combine to create a total sensory experience. An unclassifiable work, at the crossroads of outsider art and experimental music.



One could draw a parallel between the anthropomorphic creatures of **Ladislav and Irene Starewitch** in **The Story of the Fox** , released in 1937, and the monsters, freaks, and other creatures crafted by **Harry Cloud** and **Tawd Dorenfeld** to illustrate his latest album. **Lost Acres ** is a record reconstructed as an animated film, where organic matter and salvaged waste intertwine to give birth to a hallucinatory odyssey, from which characters and figurines emerge as if rescued from an industrial dump. The musical association with the visuals symbolizes the global degeneration of the world, more specifically the fragmented emotions, the regurgitation of bodily substances, and the symbolic excrement of the soul. **Harry Cloud** 's discography transcends mere listening: it is inscribed within a physiology where each sense is transformed and prolonged beyond an immediate and ephemeral effect. The freak artist has never so thoroughly disrupted the functional codes of composition, resulting in a morphism of carnal plasticity patched together with different materials.



From independent to undesirable, it's a short step. Wanting to fight against noise pollution can seem retrograde in an interconnected society, just as wanting, quite rightly, to denounce the madness of individuals consumed by their own imagery can. This is why individualism invests itself in fragmented, incomplete, and confused activities. At **Harry Cloud's** , the imagination is constantly jostling for space, and outsider art has been a faithful companion since 2003.

Faced with the constraints imposed by the corporate machine, isn't it liberating to sit on one's

throne and thumb one's nose at the voracious and carnivorous labels, which drain the essence of the work because it is not commercial enough?

Beneath the surface of a chaotic album, the entirety of *Lost Acres* is a cathartic release, the most realistic reflection imaginable of our poor world, consumed by its contradictions, as if anyone could escape the condition in which each individual is merely a cog in the machine, a digital data point. *The National Anthem* definitively confirms the idea of a romantic-empirical manifesto. Carried by the exquisite, feverish voice of **Ingrid Andress** , who performed the anthem *The Star-Spangled Banner* in a trance-like state during an American football derby, the version is presented here unvarnished but reconstructed by the instrumental section, as if to drive the point home about an event marked by popular jubilation.



Within this jumble of images, strange vibrations follow one another, capable of creating an addiction and the irresistible urge to rewind the film, divided into two versions. It's worth highlighting the notable contribution of **Paul Roessler** on keyboards and production for the past 15 years, whose specific role is to create analog-like soundscapes within the multidimensional universe of **Harry Cloud** , of which *I Eat Rubber* is the perfect illustration: between gaming sounds and space synth, the lysergic immersion takes on its full significance thanks to the stereophonic effects and the ever-present, distinctive vocals of its creator.


It's with *"Red Eye"* that the band aspect resurfaces (all the instruments are played by Harry) with its stretched-out guitars whose undulations constitute a perceptible signature of the works of an extraordinary artist. It's worth noting the large number of instrumental tracks that complement each other, such as *"The Birds Whistling"* and *"Chicken's Thought "* (whose title is undeniably humorous), each end of the bridge converging. Mister **Cloud** 's music remains a mystery, but will undoubtedly be the subject of fascinating discussions, topics inherent to musicology—a sonic cloud capable of transforming in an instant. It is this malleable, distorted, and dissonant sound that characterizes the genius of a composer unjustly recognized as such: unclassifiable. As the inevitable unfolds, nothing is predictable on this disconcerting album, which remains in digital form but could serve as the soundtrack to a psychedelic film.

Indeed, the recent encounter with **Keith Hendriksen** will materialize in the form of a genuine musical group. Prolific and constantly evolving, transcending predefined styles, curiosity can only be the driving force behind **Harry Cloud** 's upcoming stage adventures .

★★★★★

Franck Irle

Harry Cloud – Lost Acres
(Self-produced).
Release date: October 31, 2025



Lost Acres

Preview Harry Cloud

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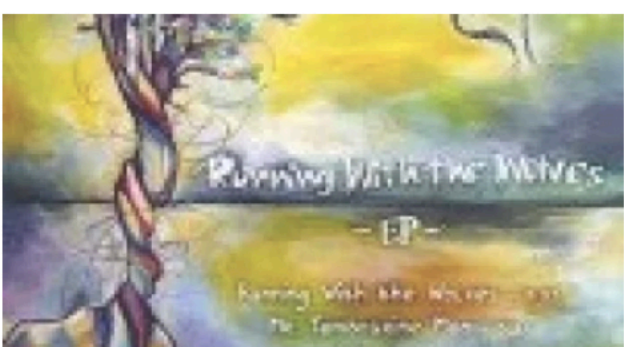
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1	Friendship Is Magic Harry Cloud	03:15
2	The National Anthem Harry Cloud	03:11
3	I Eat Rubber Harry Cloud	03:09



Harry Cloud – Sexy Tooth Situation: The Art of Incongruity
 February 21, 2025
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