

Composed with producer Paul Roessler (True Sounds of Liberty, The Lords of Altamont) each track flirts with experimentation. Do not look for any kind of stylistic label "I want to create a dreamlike universe absent from reality. The lyrics come from my subconscious and only suggest a meaning," he explains. Precisely, it is in this that we detect the genius of an artist, giving free rein to the imagination. Everything seems to fit together perfectly, in a seemingly unintentional way. We come to wonder if Harry Cloud is not the heir of the Butthole Surfers, Pere Ubu or Camper Van Beethoven, dissonant deconstruction and vocal combustion intertwine in suggestive images. "You Never Came to My Party" is a bit of a sad party, the personification of absence as absolute presence.

It is precisely this ambivalence that has made Harry Cloud a unique creature in the panorama of alternative music, embodying what is commonly called folk freak. We can only be totally seduced by this album which we do not want to leave, preferring to listen to it in loop ad infinitum ("Soft Pillowcases Colored Red"). Harry Cloud is ingenuity coupled with a certain gloom that is not entirely concealed, an inextricable creativity trigger. -Frank Irle