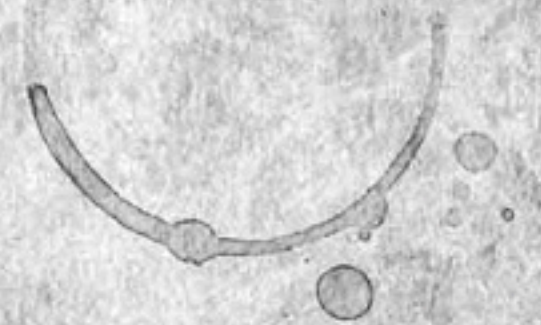


THE BURNING BEARD



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Welcome to the The Burning Beard...



Avid consumers of vinyl, whiskey & all the best stoner, doom, psych, desert, space & southern rock, old & new.

We do our best to support all the small, up & coming bands and independent record labels that really keep the stoner scene alive.

Each week we try & bring you all the latest bands from around the world that otherwise you mite just not have heard of. As well as that we will try & keep you updated on all the new & forthcoming vinyl releases that may just be to your liking...

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Riding With The Devil, Vol I



Monday, March 10, 2014

Crazy Music For Crazy People...

Harry Cloud ~ *Red Barn* (2014)



Ahhhh, what can I say about Harry Cloud that hasn't already been said?...

Imagine if Kate Bush was diagnosed with schizophrenia and got heavily into drone and habitual drug use. Well thats pretty much where you are with *Red Barn*. After *Cry Now*, *Cry Later* and *Our Love Is Bad*, *Red Barn* is, I suspect, as accessible as Mr Cloud will ever endeavour to be, and you know what? Despite sounding like you've been tethered to a quad bike and dragged full speed, over broken electrical equipment and through a successive series of Kraftwerk, Atari Teenage Riot, Anal Cunt and Sigur Rós shows, it is just that. Kind of. All that trademark disjointed psychotic madness is still there in droves, but its been amalgamated just that little bit more accommodatingly. Although, given your own personal experience with the genre you may well disagree with me on that one.

The album begins with what can best be described as an early Pixies like, folksy harmony, albeit with deeply disturbing lyrics. Which is in fact one of Harry's true talents. That slightly deadpan delivery of wholly unsettling subject matter, which borders on being quite Kurt Cobain esque. But it's not long before caution is pissed directly into the wind and my girlfriend turns to me with a bemused expression and demands to know what the fuck I'm listening to. That moment comes around with the opening bars of *Constant Power*, and thats when all the hallmarks of a Peyote induced fever dream really begin to take hold. It's actually so bat shit crazy I'm not even going to bother attempting to describe it in any credible form here. I've not ingested remotely enough narcotics nor do I have that time do conjure up anymore suitably bizarre analogies.

Seriously, just go and bloody listen to it.

~ Jay

For Fans Of; Jay Randal, David Lynch, Japanese Comedy Torture Hour, Tank 86 The Cosmic Dead

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Red Barn

by HARRY CLOUD

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