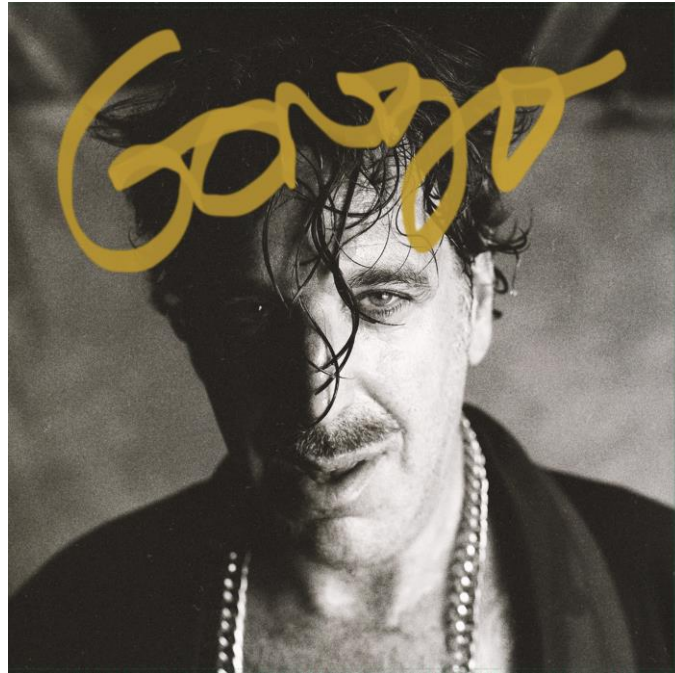


## CHILLY GONZALES

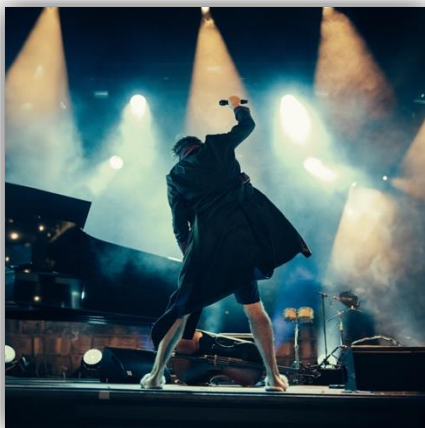


**DATE DE SORTIE: 13 Septembre 2024**

**FOCUS TRACK OPEN THE KIMONO (feat. Bruiser Wolf)**

**ECOUTER L'ALBUM & TRACKLISTING**

**ECOUTER L'ALBUM ICI: <https://s.disco.ac/tmmznkybkvkd>**



1. Gonzo
2. Surfing the Crowd
3. High as a Kite
4. Fidelio (*focus track*)
5. Open the Kimono (feat Bruiser Wolf) (S4)
6. Neoclassical Massacre (S5)
7. Cadenza
8. F\*ck Wagner (S1)
9. I.C.E. (S3)
10. Eau de Cologne
11. Poem (S2)

## RELEASE SCHEDULE

Mer 3 Avr	SORTIE S1	<b>F*ck Wagner</b> Single
<b>Jeu 25 Apr</b>	<b>ANNONCE SORTIE ALBUM</b>	incl ARTWORK + DATE DE SORTIE + PRE-ORDERS
Jeu 2 May RELEASE V1	SORTIE 2 Poem Clip	<b>Poem</b> Single
Mer 12 Jun	SORTIE S3	<b>I.C.E.</b> Single
Jeu 13 Jun	SORTIE V2	I.C.E. Clip
Mer 26 Jun	SORTIE	<b>I.C.E. Kryptik Joe Remix</b>
Mar 3 Sept	SORTIE S4	<b>Open the Kimono (feat. Bruiser Wolf)</b> Single
Mer 4 Sept	SORTIE V3	Open the Kimono (feat. Bruiser Wolf) Video
<b>Ven 13 Sept</b>	<b>SORTIE</b>	<b>Gonzo Album + Fidelio Focus Track</b>
Lun 23 Sept	SORTIE V4	Fidelio Video Live in Montreux
Mer 16 Oct	SORTIE V5	Neoclassical Massacre

## ALBUM BIO

***Maybe making it rhyme could be the remedy***

***Words as weaponry might be the recipe***

***-Surfing the Crowd***

Après 12 ans d'albums instrumentaux (les Solo Pianos, un album de musique de chambre, des albums collaboratifs avec Boys Noize, Jarvis Cocker et Plastikman et même un best-seller de Noël), Chilly Gonzales a beaucoup de choses à dire.

Les carnets de notes restés vides depuis l'opus de rap orchestral « The Unspeakable Chilly Gonzales » en 2011 ont commencé à se remplir au début de l'année 2022, après avoir mis fin à une longue décennie de psychanalyse. Une coïncidence ? Pas vraiment.

Derrière les jeux de mots et le name dropping (Ron Jeremy, Marie Kondo, Genghis Khan et Phillip Glass pour n'en citer que quelques-uns), les chansons qui figurent sur le nouvel album Gonzo révèlent une tension permanente entre la persuasion et la confession, l'illusion et la conscience de soi et, enfin, la gratitude. La tension entre la créativité et le commerce continue également d'être une exploration tout au long de la carrière de Gonzo.

Mais s'agit-il vraiment d'un album de rap ? Des morceaux instrumentaux tels que le Stravinsky-esque *Fidelio* ou le larmoyant *Eau de Cologne* rappelleront aux auditeurs l'extravagante personnalité de Gonzo en tant que « génie musical », alors que les mots et les rimes des versets précédents montent à leurs oreilles.

***Can the artist and the art ever be separated?***

***It's hard to boycott something that you love, but it's easy if you hate it***

***-F\*ck Wagner***

À l'âge de 16 ans, le père de Gonzo l'a emmené voir les opéras de Wagner à Bayreuth, en Allemagne. Cette expérience l'a marqué à vie. Le jeune adolescent est subjugué par la musique mais comprend que son compositeur est un être humain monstrueux. De cette énigme naît *F\*ck Wagner*, qui pourrait tout aussi bien être une chanson sur Kanye West, la Cancel Culture et l'humanité tragique de tous les artistes. La séparation de l'art et de l'artiste évoquée dans *F\*ck Wagner* nous oblige à célébrer la musique de Wagner (ou de Kanye) tout

en ayant la liberté de dire « f\*ck them » (*trad: qu'ils aillent se faire voir*). C'est pourquoi Gonzo mène une campagne dans sa ville d'adoption, Cologne, pour retirer le nom de l'homme de la Richard-Wagner-Strasse et le remplacer par celui de Tina Turner, qui a choisi de s'installer à Cologne en tant qu'étrangère (comme Gonzo lui-même l'a fait en 2012).

***If I open the kimono***

***Let me set the stage and dim the lights***

***If and when I introduce the monster***

***One of us might not make it through the night***

***-Open the Kimono (feat. Bruiser Wolf)***

L'expression « opening the kimono », une expression de la Culture bro pour "transparence", est réutilisée ici pour décrire ce que fait un artiste. Comme le dit Gonzo, « I just hope that you won't hate me when I'm done » (Trad : « j'espère juste que vous ne me détesterez pas quand j'aurai fini »). Un véritable artiste n'a pas d'autre choix que de s'exprimer.

La seule voix additionnelle présente sur cet album est l'OG Bruiser Wolf, de Detroit (évoluant au sein de la Bruiser Brigade de Danny Brown). Il ouvre son kimono avec un couplet au swag enjoué et au lyrisme mystique.



© Victor Picon

***Mein deutsch rap, schnapsidee***

***Aber ich nach das anyway***

(Traduction: mon rap allemand, idée ridicule, mais je le ferais quand même)

***I.C.E***

Après le succès fulgurant de French Kiss (qui a connu de nombreux succès radiophoniques, Gonzo rappant dans la langue de Molière), il a eu une révélation : écrire dans une langue étrangère limite et libère à la fois l'écrivain. Gonzo a passé la majeure partie de sa vie d'adulte en Allemagne et rend ici hommage aux hauts et aux bas de la vie dans sa patrie d'adoption. Lorsque les Allemands entendront cette chanson, la chimie de leur cerveau sera modifiée à jamais.

***I hate it when my ears are not surprised,***

***That's when you know the composition's compromised***

***The piano has been monetized,***

***all those fingers trying to hit the sweet spot they've been Spotified***

***-Neoclassical Massacre***

L'album atteint sa température d'ébullition sur "Neoclassical Massacre", une diatribe sous forme de rimes qui interpelle les artistes qui créent de la musique pour se conformer à la culture de la playlist Spotify. C'est un sentiment compliqué venant de l'homme qui a involontairement créé la musique "néoclassique" en 2004 avec le premier album iconique Solo Piano. Il n'y a pas de réponses faciles, mais la vérité fait mal.

***I hear the hum of nothing***

***So there's nothing left***

***Except***

***to Accept ...***

***the ending***

***-Poem***

C'est ainsi que l'album, et ce communiqué de presse, se terminent.

**PAROLES**

## **GONZO**

The first time that I entertained  
Was the first time that I felt sane  
It was crystal clear I couldn't stay the same  
It was crystal clear, so I changed my name  
To

Gonzo  
Gonzo  
Banging on those bongos  
Gonzo  
Gonzo  
If you want more say encore, say bravo

Bravado in a bathrobe  
Looking like Belmondo  
Spanish name but no hablo  
Soy guapo, no soy macho

Chilly so cold, gazpacho  
All eyes on me, Gestapo  
I spit hot flows to the front row  
Mmm  
You're gonna wanna wear a poncho  
Pronto

Piano Picasso  
I spark joints Marie Kondo  
I used to live in Toronto  
Now I live in your head, honcho  
Vous connaissez la chanson  
I sing with vibrato  
Sing along if you know how the song goes  
It goes

Gonzo  
Gonzo  
Banging on those bongos (Chilly, Chilly, Chilly)  
Gonzo  
G-G-Gonzo  
If you want more say encore, say bravo

Gonzo brought me such success  
Gonzo made me say "fuck yes"  
At first I was in love with it  
Now I'm stuck with it  
I'm stuck with it

'Cause  
People don't take you seriously  
When your name is silly like Chilly G, really  
It's a weird little alias that makes people think I'm hilarious



And they might be right, they might be wrong  
But don't forget I can write the songs  
That'll make you cry, be smart and funny  
I will never choose between art and money

So take a sip of this sweet potion  
Where personality meets emotion  
Where big joy meets big pain  
And big balls meet big brains

Gonzo  
Gonzo  
Banging on those bongos (Chilly, Chilly, Chilly)  
Gonzo  
G-G-Gonzo  
If you want more say encore, say bravo

G.O.N.Z.O  
G.O.N.Z.O  
G.O.N.Z.O

On with goddamn show

### ***SURFING THE CROWD***

Surf, surf, surfing the crowd  
Like a bird, bird, bird in the clouds  
The music is loud, the crowd is aroused  
Watch me surf, surf, surfing the crowd  
Surf, surf, surfing the crowd  
Like a bird, bird, bird in the clouds  
The music is loud, the crowd is aroused  
Watch me surf, surf, surfing the crowd

Surfing the crowd is like sex to me  
The agony, the ecstasy  
The crowd is aroused as they enter me  
This might end with a pregnancy  
Surfing the crowd, pure energy  
Taken to the nth degree  
I'm not kidding like vasectomy  
Yes, it's me

The show of the goddamn century  
I perform so many feats like centipedes  
If you're empty  
I will fill you with melodies  
Open you, sesame  
But I'm not your celebrity  
I did 10 years of psychotherapy  
So your friend is who I won't pretend to be  
Oh you want a selfie? I don't think it's healthy

Born in the 70s, sad child  
My own worst enemy  
Maybe making it rhyme could be the remedy  
Words as weaponry might be the recipe

My life was a movie I was in every scene  
Adrenaline shots like amphetamines  
I thought CG was a better me  
'Cause the old me was a memory

I was attention starved  
Wanted too much, I went too far  
All this pain left a scar  
Don't let it get too close like ASMR

I had a feeling I would be a star  
And it gets me hard, engorged enlarged  
In charge like a credit card

I penned these bars for my repertoire  
Fuck self-regard, Fuck avant-garde  
This is beyond music, this is air guitar

Surf, surf, surfing the crowd  
Like a bird, bird, bird in the clouds  
The music is loud, the crowd is aroused  
Watch me surf, surf, surfing the crowd  
Surf, surf, surfing the crowd  
Like a bird, bird, bird in the clouds  
The music is loud, the crowd is aroused  
Watch me surf, surf, surfing the crowd

Surf, surf, surfing the crowd

It was unexpected, so I let it be  
I found the exit and I felt the breeze  
Blowing through the leaves of a tree that I'd never seen  
No one is always nice, no one is never mean  
I'm projection free, your hands carry me, protecting me

So was it all a dream?  
Is the answer a question?  
Am I a contestant on the game show "jeopardy"?  
Why am I obsessed with intensity?  
The feeling when she sleeps next to me  
The safest space, like an embassy  
The song of the bird in the clouds like it was written by Claude Debussy

Surfing the crowd is my destiny  
Surfing the crowd, it was meant to be  
And you can't change the past  
But the future is bright like a Xmas tree

And time is a flat circle

And it looks like a pizza, so I want extra cheese  
I'm on a spending spree  
Twenty g's for a show, yes please

How sweaty can a fellow be  
This Tacchini tracksuit is a felony  
Porn star 'stache Ron Jeremy  
Living in your head rent free, telepathy

High as the mezzanine  
And making it last like the letter Z  
'Cause I got plans for 2023  
This is the end of the song, not the end of me

Surf, surf, surfing the crowd  
Like a bird, bird, bird in the clouds  
The music is loud, the crowd is aroused  
Watch me surf, surf, surfing the crowd  
Surf, surf, surfing the crowd  
Like a bird, bird, bird in the clouds  
The music is loud, the crowd is aroused  
Watch me surf, surf, surfing the crowd

### ***HIGH AS A KITE***

In a smoke-filled room on the island  
In a cashmere cage I designed  
Been a long time since I have opened  
The venetian blinds of my mind

Getting used to see in the darkness  
There is no such thing as outside  
I will deal with you  
When the light breaks through  
The venetian blinds of my mind

High as a kite  
High as a kite  
It's a long way down to reality  
To the big bad bottom  
High as a kite  
High as a kite  
Through a trap door in the top floor  
To the big bad bottom  
Ouch

Are you there?  
I'm up here  
Can you hear...me?

I'm feasting when I should be fasting  
My fame needs a famine

So non-plussed, time for subtraction  
Make me a minus  
I long to be mindless  
Take my security blanket I'm Linus  
Can I accept ego death?  
Who me? Not yet  
Just let me catch my breath (Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha)

High as a kite  
High as a kite  
It's a long way down to reality  
To the big bad bottom  
High as a kite  
High as a kite  
Through a trap door in the top floor  
To the big bad bottom  
To the big bad bottom  
Ouch

Are you there?  
I'm up here  
Can you hear...me?

### ***OPEN THE KIMONO (FEAT. BRUISER WOLF)***

If and when I open the kimono  
Let me set the stage and dim the lights  
If and when I introduce the monster  
One of us might not make it through the night

When I open the kimono  
When I open the kimono  
When I open the kimono  
Oh no

When I open the kimono  
I can paint the painful picture  
Of a man who's half a vampire  
Who screams into his pillow  
As he looks for his reflection  
In the mirror on the ceiling  
He's covered like a martyr in a shroud

When I open the kimono  
When I open the kimono  
When I open the kimono  
Oh no

When I open the kimono  
I'll be dodging all the boulders  
That have gained so much momentum  
In this avalanche of secrets  
I'll be dancing like St. Vitus



But I'm too tired to fight this  
I just hope that you won't hate me when I'm done

(Uh)

Listen

Don't cover your eyes when I open mine  
It's no surprise, ain't got nothing to hide  
From Rosemont to Paris  
Rhinestones to carats  
I was a reject with a fear of rejection  
I don't regret shit everything was a lesson  
It ain't easy but I do it with ease  
You don't believe me  
I put it out there for everyone to see  
Behold, the benevolence!  
Perfection ain't begging for acceptance  
Grew up from beginnings that were desolate  
This role one size fits all, no measurements  
You can judge me, sure  
But what we gonna see when you open up yours  
Tax fraud, divorce, finishing quick during intercourse

Now that I've opened the kimono  
The belt falls like a feather to the floor  
We can't put the booze back in the bottle  
We can't live on dreams anymore

When I open the kimono  
(Come on! Open the kimono, open the kimono, open the kimono)  
(Come on! Open the kimono, open the kimono, open the kimono)  
Oh no  
(Come on! Open the kimono, open the kimono, open the kimono)  
(Come on! Open the kimono, open the kimono, open the kimono)  
When I open the kimono  
(Come on! Open the kimono, open the kimono, open the kimono)  
When I open the kimono  
(Come on! Open the kimono, open the kimono, open the kimono)  
When I open the kimono  
(Come on! Open the kimono, open the kimono, open the kimono)  
Oh no  
(Come on! Open the kimono, open the kimono, open the kimono)  
Oh no oh no oh no oh no  
(Come on!)  
Yeah

### **NEOCLASSICAL MASSACRE**

Sorry, not sorry, if I sound rude  
But I was the first underground dude  
To make a piano record with a pop attitude  
Now I got so many children it's a family feud

And that was way back in 2004

« Solo Piano » was the album that opened the door  
Today they call it neoclassical but don't confuse it  
It's a stretch to even call that shit yoga music

A song without a melody is atmosphere  
It's okay but it can't catch your ear  
When there's no tension, then there's no passion  
It won't hold my attention I guess I'm old-fashioned

I hate it when my ears are not surprised That's when you know the composition's compromised  
The piano has been monetized  
All those fingers trying to hit the sweet spot  
They've been spotified

Catalog with the Grammy nod  
Piano God I'm not mad at all  
I got entire albums at a hundred million streams  
Which means I keep 'em listening

And you  
A slave to the playlist  
Face it, you're faceless  
Your label's a rapist  
Your music leaves no traces  
Nobody loves it... or hates it  
And your status is so swagless  
The saddest part is that your art creates no addicts

You're in a musical prison (ha ha)  
Nobody's choosing to listen (ha ha)  
There's a new algorithm  
It's pitching your pieces  
To someone in their kitchen  
Trying to finish their thesis (oh no)

Oh no, they say they love you but they lie  
Your stats will stay high the more you sound like A.I.  
Your wafer-thin songs are vapor  
You are not a painter  
You are wallpaper  
And do not @ me  
'Cause I am not peaceful  
Your math doesn't add up  
'Cause we are not equals  
In your Philip Glass mask, amateur  
Welcome to my Neoclassical massacre

Peaceful piano, pitiful  
Arpeggios unoriginal  
Stereotypical  
Sounds like you're typing three chords on a digital keyboard  
I call you mini-me  
You call it minimal

And your performance is conformist  
I cringe at all those pictures of your piano in the forest  
You say you take your inspiration from nature  
But there's nothing faker than seeing you play on a glacier  
You told your camera crew to make it look organic  
Oh your piano suddenly appeared as if by magic?  
You posted a sunset but the sky is cloudy  
You're not Einaudi  
You are Zwei-naudi

And if you wonder who I'm talking to  
Well it's probably you because it's all you  
And if you're offended, call my manager  
The numbers 1-800-Neoclassical Massacre

### **F\*CK WAGNER**

F\*.C.K Richard Wagner  
What a motherf\*cking monster  
King Kong conquered Western culture  
F\*ck him and his Nazi granddaughter

F\*ck his fan club and his converts  
They're not welcome at my concerts  
Harder, faster, better, stronger  
Kanye West is the brand new Wagner

King Kong  
Ding Dong  
This song is a diss song  
Wagner lives on like the bloodline of Genghis Khan  
And I know that we shouldn't speak ill of the dead  
But this decomposing composer needs a kick in the head

First of all, he was antisemitic (what)  
But worst of all (what)  
He was glad to admit it (what)  
He said a Jew poet (what)  
Couldn't be a true poet (what)  
But have you heard "Hotline Bling"?  
A Jew wrote it

So can the artist and the art ever be separated?  
It's hard to boycott something that you love  
But it's easy if you hate it  
Like if I never hear Richard Wagner again  
I know I wouldn't miss him  
But I still bang that R. Kelly remix to "Ignition"

Fans can't see clearly  
That's why it's called fantasy  
Fans can't see clearly  
Every criticism is blasphemy

And fans can see the answers in the blankness of the canvas  
Through the cancerous unblinking eyes of the cameras

Fake martyrs fall the farthest  
Every artist is a target  
Fire starters, arsonists, narcissists, professional liars  
That's why it's called artifice  
They're not good people  
They're just people

So when I say f\*ck Richard Wagner  
It's cheap and it's easy  
I'm a clown in the media circus on TV  
With Böhmermann speaking in German  
Perverting the truth and fulfilling my purpose to purchase attention by spitting these verses  
But does he deserve it?  
Because he's imperfect?

So when I say f\*ck Wagner (what)  
How about f\*ck Chilly? (what)  
How about f\*ck everybody? (what)  
'Cause we're all guilty (what)  
We are all trolls (what)  
We are all triggered (what)  
And the truth hurts  
We are all Richard

F.U.C.K Richard Wagner  
What a motherf\*cking monster  
King Kong conquered Western culture  
F\*ck him and his Nazi granddaughter

F\*ck his fan club and his converts  
They're not welcome at my concerts  
Harder, faster, better, stronger  
Kanye West is the brand new Wagner

### ***I.C.E.***

Mein deutschrapp? Schnapsidee  
Aber ich mach das anyway  
Könntest du seh'n, was ich seh  
Aus dem Fenster im ICE ICE ICE

Smalltalk in verspätet'n Züg'n  
Entschuldigung, kann kaum Deutsch  
Muss noch üben

Was machst du beruflich?  
Ich bin Musik Ich bin Kunst  
Ich bin Künstlich Ich bin Punk  
Ich bin Pünktlich  
Servus, mahlzeit, grüss dich

Ich bin wie Brahms  
Ein Clara Schumann groupie  
Schnelle Nummer, Schumi  
Besessen wie Fitzcarraldo  
Wolfgang Amadeus Falco

Was steckt unter dem Dirndlkleid?  
Einigkeit, Disziplin und fleiss und billigfleisch  
Klimastreik bei der metzgerei  
Festgeklebt im vierten reich  
Haiyti, Deichkind, mein dichterkreis  
Chilly eiskalt, Antarktika  
Mein kunst ist entartete

Ich bin Caspar David Friedrich in den Gebirgen  
Übermensch Friedrich Nietzsche ist mein Lieblings comedian

Kabelsalat mit Kummerspeck  
Deutsches essen wird schwer unterschätzt  
Meine witze sind schlecht übersetzt  
Get reich or stirb trying, Fünfzig cent

Mein deutschrap? Schnapsidee  
Aber ich mach das anyway  
Könntest du seh'n, was ich seh  
Aus dem Fenster im ICE ICE ICE

Der fürst in mei'm veedel  
Judenrapper MC Bagel  
Aus dem kiffer-nebel  
Strewelpwter, mit langen Fingernägeln  
Bin der Bösewicht ohne Umhang  
Klavierklang wie stürm und drang  
Haters haben hunger auf mein Untergang

Sie trink'n Kamillentee  
Ich esse cameltoe  
Gonzo, porno  
Drehbuch von Adorno

Fame tangiert mich nur peripher  
Ich go everywhere mit ein'm joint in mein'm necessaire

Trainingsanzug aber schickimicki  
Ich bin Reich wie Raniczki  
Kopfkino immer kinky  
Ich Bin christlich wie Klaus Kinski

Mein deutschrap? Schnapsidee  
Aber ich mach das anyway  
Könntest du seh'n, was ich seh  
Aus dem Fenster im ICE ICE ICE

Das Vaterland ist kein trister Ort  
Quadratisch Praktisch Gut, Ritter sport  
Ich lebte früher wie Gott in Frankreich  
Aber süsser ist es hier, Marzipanweich  
Ich liebe dich, aber ich bin kritisch  
Dieses Lied ist ein Liebesbrief  
An die Bundesrepublik, hier bin ich nie allein  
Im ICE vom Berghain bis nach Hildesheim

### ***POEM***

In the beginning  
A bundle of joy  
Penetrating a cloud  
Spooning a honeybee with a halo  
In a blizzard of rainbows

A velvet volcano  
A flurry of fireflies  
Lights the entire sky  
And the hug of a sunbeam  
Like a garland of wet dreams  
Of kissing a mermaid  
In the hot springs  
In a bathtub with wings

And drinking a potion of ecstasy  
From a bottomless goblet  
A chocolate ocean  
I'm drunk on the droplets  
Inhaling a heavenly melody  
Played by hundreds of giggling violins

High on the flickering lights  
Climbing the root of a peach tree to celestial heights  
Where only a giant can reach Jupiter's beach  
Sweating a tropical storm  
Wild, warm, fresh  
Eroding the flesh, til it transforms  
To a statue of King Kong carved with the horn of a newly born unicorn

And millions of miniature fountains  
Spraying up in a swarm  
So hear the thunderclap  
Watch the horizon collapse  
Into the stratosphere I disappear  
Into a black hole made of cashmere  
A light at the end of the tunnel  
I'm running, I'm running, I'm running  
Into a blond beautiful sun  
Oh God  
Here I come!

After the spasm  
I fall to the fathoms  
I implode to the size of an atom  
The tiniest marble bouncing into a chasm  
Now I'm numb  
Now I'm done  
Now I'm no one  
I hear the hum of nothing  
So there's nothing left  
Except  
To accept  
The ending