

PARADISO PRESENTEERT



**GONE BALD**

SOUL VACATION IN REHAB CLINIC  
CD presentatie

paradiso bezetzaal. + Damos&Neemi (USA)  
WO 8 OKTOBER 22:00



Schip Internas presenteert:  
**30 april**  
tussen 12:00 en 24:00

**OLGOS DE GATO**  
**TEENAGE TITS**  
**MINDFOK**  
**MORBIDE EENHEID**  
**MAKAZORUKI**  
**GONE BALD**  
**LOS LOOCHES**

U.S.A. Savage Royal Protocol  
www.savageprotocol.nl

Schip Internas zal aangenaam liggen op het festivalterrein.  
Op de top van het Java-eiland, 15 min lopen, daarbij van Amsterdam C.S.



kythibong association  
présente :

**GONEBALD**  
rock noise croate  
entre oxbow et slint  
+ TO LEARN  
émo-core / Nantes

le dimanche 28 septembre  
à 20H30  
au BLOCKHAUS DY10  
5 bis Léon Bureau  
44000 Nantes  
entrée : 5 euros

www.kythibong.fr.st  
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**gone bald.**

**DUDE!**  
Where's My Tour? 2004  
www.gonebald.net

De Vakantiefotograf  
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**GONEBALD**  
**INCENSE**  
**XAEB**  
**SGP**  
**BLAUWE AANSIAG**



WC



# THIS BOOK

Introduction  
Peter Bruyn

Jesus is coming soon  
the history of Gone Bald  
Stijn Dissen

Exotic Artwork  
Igor Hofbauer

Together we were stronger  
Marc Hurkmans

I've seen hippies turn to zombies  
John Prop

Gone Bald: An appreciation in three parts  
Vido Liber

Cut the crap, listen!  
Pfaff

The truth about Gone Bald  
Gabry

Paint portraits  
Bubba

Ivica: god of noize!  
Wim van de Herik

Emails to Razorblade  
Hansko Visser  
Mr. Menno

100 Ways to become cool  
CD and DVD info, lyrics,  
credits and liner notes.



# GONE BALD

## MANIFEST OF INTENSITY

Introduction by Peter Bruyn

Gone Bald is an underground rockband, to begin with. There is no doubt whatsoever about that. Neither is it very likely that they will ever escape the underground to reach top 40 fame. And they should be happy about that. Because the entertaining quality that top 40 music needs to succeed is contradictory to the quality that characterizes the essence of Gone Bald: intensity.

Reading the half a dozen contributions to this book – interviews, memories, pamphlets, even poetry – it is interesting how all those writers circle around the essence of the group, without really touching it. Even by calling it 'intensity' I know I do not touch the nucleus, because everybody has a different interpretation of that expression. And we can be glad about that. As soon as you start noticing a concept behind the magic, the magic disappears.

Gone Bald is a trio. The triangle is the most stable angled mathematical form, in which each angle is in touch with both other angles and each side is in touch with both other sides. That makes the trio 'tight', but not necessarily 'intense'. The intensity of the band comes from that one man who founded the group and dragged it through more than twelve hard years of rock'n'roll. Razorblade Jr. People, also in this book, keep calling him 100% dedicated and that – only that! – is what fuels the intensity of Gone Bald. No matter if they play loud or not, speeded up, bluesy or even a ballad, no matter in what line-up the trio appears, the intensity is there. Also on this new album, '100 Ways to become cool', that has, besides a number of audiostorms, some of the quietest Gone Bald songs ever.

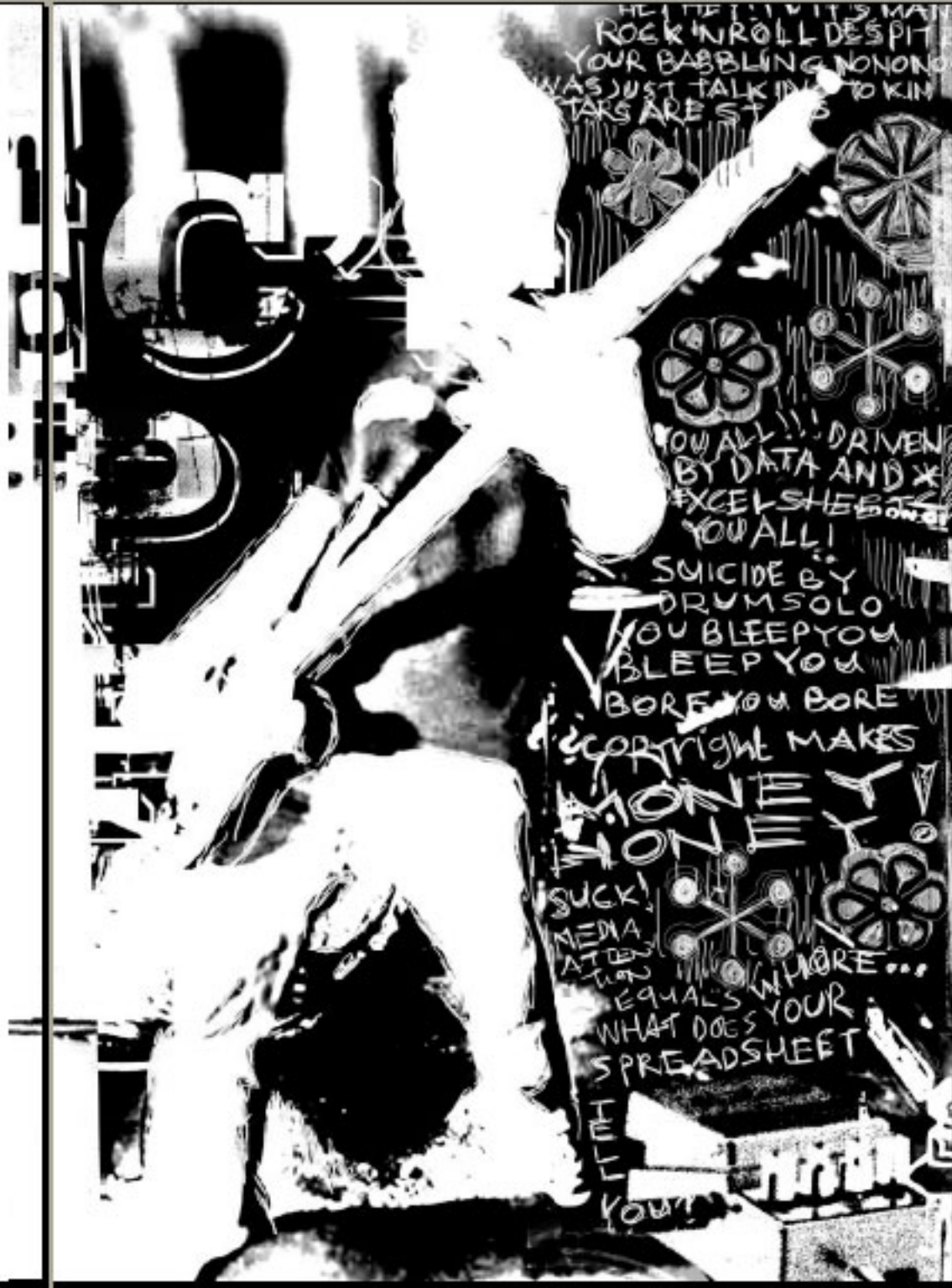
It can't be a coincidence, that almost everybody contributing to this book, brings up his

or her first meeting with Razorblade Jr, who is known by friends as Ivica Kosavic. He impresses everybody the first time you encounter him. And that impression must have something to do with the same intensity that is in his aura and comes with him wherever he goes.

In my case it must have been in 1999 in the Kalenderpanden, the famous Amsterdam squat that programmed underground-bands on a regular basis. I went there once to see the free-jazzgroups The Flying Luttenbachers and Laddio Bolocko. Ivica's own noise-jazz outfit Pink Noise Quartet supported both American bands. We got in touch after the show. I bought him a beer and he gave me a Pink Noise cd-r, immediately asking if I knew any venues where they could possibly play.

Everytime our paths crossed since then, Ivica came up to me and hugged me, sweaty and smelling of beer. The international rock'n'roll perfume. And there was always the same enthusiasm. About the show. About future plans. And always that same intensity. I know I am not the only one who experienced that. It is amazing how emotional people can get when it comes to Ivica – also the people who wrote or were interviewed for this book.

And there is that 'noiserock'-thing, of course. Funny enough Ivica (and nobody else) came up with that expression himself. I remember interviewing the band for their tenth anniversary in 2004, when Ivica labeled his music 'noiserock' and came with an almost academic definition of what that meant. Now, three years later, I listen to '100 Ways to become Cool' and I hear a rockband. Noiserock? What the fuck! I hear intense rock'n'roll. I hear rock that comes from deep, from the souls of the musicians, and that goes deep into the souls of the listeners. Deep under the surface. Underground. Forever underground.





Gone Bald is a noiserock band. Noiserock is a beast with many heads. Over the years, the band had drummers that played respectively basic and loud patterns, sophisticated jazz rhythms, fast and free styles, and precise mathematic styles. There were bass players with a style deeply rooted in rock, others with a more loose and improvisational approach to playing. The band has recorded a three minute rock song and a fifteen minute freejazz track on the same day.

Gone Bald has been carefully piling up riffs, jazzy intervals, beat poetry and movie samples into nearly symphonic pieces of music, but also recorded a seven minute song based on one single melody. And still, there is a constant factor that makes it possible to categorize it all as noiserock: it's the vicious guitar riffs that frontman Ivica, better known as Razorblade Jc has never turned his back to. The original members of the band had a background of hardcore and punk related bands before they started playing noiserock.

GONE BALD  
Jesus is coming soon



**GONE BALD**  
**JESUS IS COMING SOON**

1. Judge the Size  
2. I Had a Bad Dream About  
3. Noiserock  
4. Working Class  
5. The Best of Me  
6. Loveless Love \*\*  
7. Nothing to My Head  
8. St. Gabriel's Dream

Produced by Ivica Ivic  
Recorded by Ivica Ivic  
Mixed by Ivica Ivic  
Mastered by Ivica Ivic  
© 1994 GONE BALD



On April 23rd, Kornel informed them that he planned to re-release the album. Two days after quitting a band, there was a new band with an album and a record deal. This was all great, except for the fact that Achtung Dichtung was quitting in the first place because Bojan and Ntka had planned to leave for Amsterdam that same week.

# JESUS IS COMING SOON

Achtung Dichtung was a "garbage core" band and it quit on April 21, 1994. On that day, the three original members of the band played a final farewell rehearsal in Fun House Studio in Zagreb, Croatia. Ivica played drums, Ntka played bass and Bojan guitar. After jamming for a while, Bojan and Ivica decided to change instruments: Bojan sat down behind the drumkit and Ivica picked up the guitar. After a short time of playing like this, they realised that this lineup fit them perfectly. The chemistry in the room was so strong that they decided to record some material the next day, so the magic of the moment would not slip away. At home that night, Ivica frenetically worked on new songs in his bedroom. The next morning, the three young men recorded eight songs live on two tracks and named the recording "Jesus is Coming Soon". The day after

There were many factors involved in Bojan and Ntka's decision to leave Zagreb. There was the war Croatia was involved in, and a possible call for military service. But it was also the simple call of adventure. Bojan: "Zagreb was too dark and depressive, we were young and totally into music. That was our main interest, and every-



thing surrounding music was in a blur, we did not care for it. Now I see that it was the force that kept us sane in those terrible grey times of war and brainwashing. Earlier on, I had been to Amsterdam for two weeks and I had the feeling I could breathe normally there. What was weird behavior in Croatia at that time, was perfectly normal in Holland. That was the key feature we needed. We thought we would be accepted and recognized as young artists." Ivica: "Bojan and Ntka had been planning the move for some time already, and it left me at a terrible crossroad. They were due to leave at 6 a.m. the next morning, and they told me, 'If you want, you can come with us and we'll keep the band.' After lying awake all night thinking about it, I showed up at 5 a.m."



recording, they gave the material to Kornel, who had an avant garde tapelabel called Kelere Aquarium.



# TOGETHER WE WERE STRONGER

Trying to write about one of your favourite bands, in which you happened to play for one year, got kicked out of, and got more or less in touch with again...Is like opening a tube of mayonaise and, while working those damn french fries into the hole of your mouth, making sure you don't squeeze too hard. Hey ho, let's go.

## GONEBALD... YIEAIEAIEAIEAHH

Remember the gigs. Remember the electrical thrills across your back. Remember, always remember. Because that's what it's all about. In the end, all you want is to be blown away by something bigger, larger, huger than yourself. By music. And Gonebald did it. To me. More than once. Thank God they did it!

Gonebald is huuuuuuuuuuuge! An encyclopedia, a one man's burning train, a burning trail, a snail, a snake wrapping itself around you until your lungs burst out of pleasure and pain at the same time. Gonebald is a church, a Gonebald song a prayer. Gonebald is a planet upon itself way beyond the milky way. Gonebald is the story of a couple of kids with no nail to scratch their ass trying to be cool as hell. The story of being as noble as the four musketeers; which rhymes with beers (and tears).

## AMSTERDAM WITHOUT GONE BALD IS LIKE FRENCH FRIES WITHOUT MAYONNAISE

Today Is the Day Is Steve Austin. Swans Is Michael R. Gira. Shellac Is Steve Albini. Oxbow Is Eugene Robinson. Dazzling Killmen Is Nick Sakes. Gonebald Is Ivica Kosavic, better known as Razorblade Jr. Razorblade Jr., the ambassador of noiserock. A man you learn to love and a man you love to hate once in a while. A man, a soundtrack, a song for the endless highway. Sometimes way too loud and sometimes way too quiet. The man is not made of flesh and bone but of music. One day he will blow himself up like all the times he blew his amplifier up.

## WHICH REMI

One of those days, th  
I'm sitting in an Amste  
practice room. You know  
home, your girlfriend  
you this look. Hi honey,  
okay. No answer. The tr  
right. Right in front of  
He's pushing a shopping  
rain coat flipflopping ar  
ankles. In the shopping  
blend of Albert Heijn  
oh no, Razorblade Jr. Is  
blown-up amplifier. Stra  
of yet another repairsho  
Maybe right now, as I v  
1000 kilometres betwee  
forward his amplifier. F  
nity here I come.

## WHICH REMI

1995, my first encounte  
Of course in OCCII. The  
Bojan on drums, Nka a  
guitar and vocals. The  
a Gonebald song took  
maybe five or six, seven  
ten minutes. I'd heard  
earlier on Radio 100 (th  
Dick Spaanenburg). Th  
Love was presented and  
Gonebald plays. Goneb  
audience a safe couple  
the middle of the destr  
cymbal crashes to the  
what I'm doing I jump  
cymbal back, jump off t  
to my place. (Little did  
ple of years later I wo  
stage with Gonebald,  
the drummer.)  
After the gig, sweating  
and smiling as if in a s  
ven, Ivica points me out  
me a free beer, thankin  
neous roadie act.



# AN APPRECIATION IN THREE PARTS

## PART ONE LET'S GET VISIBLE

A couple of venues in Amsterdam have vanished after a visit by Gone Bald - wiped out of existence, erased from memory. Some of these buildings do still exist in a physical form but their spirit has been sucked out. It's like Gone Bald has drawn a sign next to the main entrance, saying: we've done our job, we're finished here, now you take what's left of it. The squat church at the Rijnstraat has actually been torn down. Azart, the Ship of Fools, drifted away to the far side of the equator, pulling loose every underwater electricity cable on its way. AMP in Zeeburg, Entrepotdok near Artis Zoo - all gone.

When Gone Bald landed on Dutch shores in the mid nineties the Sleep Inn Arena was not the petty disco it is now, but a rocking youth hostel in the East of Amsterdam harbouring amphetamine reptiles, skinny grafters, noise mongers and a handful of low budget stoner tourists from around the world. For the three scraggy guys from Zagreb this former nunnery must have felt like heaven, and for a couple of years it was. I didn't know the real meaning of the word noise back then but when Razorblade Jr. arrived at the Arena and shook my hand for the first time (I think it must have been just after Oxbow had finished their set in October '96) I immediately understood what he was so excitedly talking about. One month later I witnessed the noise of Gone Bald for the first time in full effect during a festival at the Arena. It was the last gig in the original line-up and I wish I could still visualize the trio in my memory, but my aging brain is failing me. The impression the musicians made was enough to draw me to most of their gigs in Amsterdam and from 1998 on I saw all the incarnations of the band. A year without Gone Bald was a year not properly lived.

by Vido Liber

The second line-up of Gone Bald was a perfect synthesis of different musical approaches: Razorblade turning his guitar into a dangerously attractive, growling beast; Igor, the jazz drummer, stoned and concentrated at the same time, arms all over the place, making Gone Bald the most swinging noise dudes around; Harvey on bass guitar, quiet and calculating like he didn't give a fuck, always choosing the best lower notes as possible, his all seeing eyes killing every good joke within a one mile radius. After a few years it was Gone Bald the Third: 'Manic' Marc, mounting his arms behind the drum kit and throwing his torso onto his instrument, letting his body do the talking; Bitz, the unsmiling Indian of the band, not bothered by his sweeping Mohawk, hitting his bass intuitively, being simultaneously in and out of sync with great effect. These days it's Bubba, drumming like an architect, giving every song its solid structure and Stanley Disko taking good care of basics. In all line-ups the same thing applied: nobody in Holland sounded like Gone Bald, and still nobody does. Quite an achievement. And I'm not saying this only because someone is promising me a shitload of dough right now.

## PART TWO LET'S GET VISCERAL

Gone Bald is the rhythm of the beast. No words are needed. A title will suffice, thank you very much. I don't want to know what the lyrics are about. Words in music work for me if they sound right, I don't care about meaning. Give me Croatian lyrics anytime. I do not understand one word, but I do prefer the percussive quality of its consonants above the English vowels. English words are too much acting for a melody and melody is not the essence of noise. Croatian whoppers are more ominous, drawing you closer, seducing you into the maelstrom before pulling you into the gaping mouth and squashing you between devouring teeth.

Aside from being menacing at times Gone Bald can be plain fun too. It's serious business and humour combined. During the best of their performances the band drills holes in your eardrums and makes you smile at the same time. Looking Razorblade Jr. always able to examine the surroundings no matter how complicated they are. Including those parts already occupied by his fellow band members. Sometimes he hides himself while performing, walking to the toilets in the middle of a song like the ones behind the stage of The Cave in '98. He's not afraid to take off his pants and to complete the show wearing nothing more than underwear. When he's thirsty in the middle of a guitar solo, he takes the glass between his teeth, drinking beer without missing a single note. Razorblade Jr. is the jester who will be king.



Thomas van Aquinewerk tegen de vijanden

The band even had the sense of humour to participate in more than one of those dreadful local battles of the bands, trying to finish two arbitrarily long songs within the required fifteen minutes and mostly getting disqualified because they were playing too damn long. Needless to say, during these battles Gone Bald was always far more superior to the other contestants.