



LOVE PARTY


YA TOSIBA

LP-ATR 5817

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“Love Party” is, in part, an audio documentation of historical conditions and marginalized people. It lends a voice to voiceless civilians from the street corners of suburban Baku in Azerbaijan. The language they use is a hybrid of Russian, modern Turkish, strong Baku dialects, local jargons and slang. The vocals are drawn from texts originating in the genre known as *meykhana* and were discovered on trips to Baku and its suburbs. *Meykhana* is an ancient local tradition, part of the wedding culture in and around Baku, where ‘*meykhana* acts’ are booked for festive audiences consisting exclusively of men. Gatherings and performances can also be held independently on any street corner or at the Caspian shore. Today, there is a new form of *meykhana* emerging in local media, and it represents an innovative and different mainstream genre. As soon as globalization and the new open-market capitalism hit the streets of Baku, the genre took on a new meaning in contexts that had little to do with political mobilization or artistic and intellectual stimulation. Indeed, knowledge about the genre has been used to create new products for consumption, such as TV shows and the like. If one looks at the material today only as a former expression of opposition, one would be neglecting the relevance of the genre’s recent reappearance. With this in mind, the texts chosen for “Love Party” attempt to describe resistance – no matter whether it is part of an imperialist past, of low and high local statu-

ses or current stereotypes. We used these texts – or parts of them – as inspiration and combined them with slightly more Western-style musical compositions. Traditionally, the backing music to *meykhana* poems consists entirely of very simple, percussive 6/8 beats, such as finger-snapping. Underground *meykhana* events represent yet another local tradition of gender-separated ceremonies. Although the poetry presented speaks of universal issues, it is performed by and for men. For those familiar with the tradition and its context, the idea of having it performed by a woman might be considered disturbing.

The word ‘meykhana’ is translated from the Persian for ‘wine house’: the gatherings where it is performed – called ‘*meykhana medjlis*’ – are Sufi get-togethers and places for religious chanting in Islamic literature. Metaphorical meanings are attached to wine as spiritual intoxication and love as well as to the wine house as the space where this act takes place.

**Ya Tosiba** is a young electronic duo that mixes old street poetry traditions from Azerbaijan with underground electronic beats. **Zuzu Zakaria** has a Master’s degree in Turkish Studies from Oslo University and actually went deep into the *meykhana* tradition as part of her thesis. Then she opted for Berlin as a base for her music, where she hooked up with Finish whiz kid Tatu and formed the duo **Ya Tosiba**. Tatu is the birth name of the skweee pioneer **Mesak**, here expanding his universe and establishing a new concept of pan-European club music.

The song **Keçi**, written by Bəbir Bəyməmməd oğlu Məmmədzadə a.k.a. Bəbir Şağani, is a rhyming fairy tale in traditional Turkic dastan style, with superstitious content about a king and his goat. It describes the power of bribery in a distant village. **Qurban Gəlibir**, written by Əliağa Vahid İsgəndərov, is about the abuse of religious power. **Love Party** is a *ghazal* written by Imameddin Nasimi that has a similarity to the *meykhana* mode of utterance. (For those who don’t know, *ghazal* is a metric poetic love poetry popular among Sufis). **Futbola**, written by Ağahüseyn, is about soccer, or hating it. **N Qədar**, written by Mirpaşa and Əlislam, traces historically recurring patterns of political ideas, the main point being repeating behaviour. It was written at the beginning of the 20th century and played in the intermissions of theatre performances at the Satiragit Teatrosu. **Qoçu**, written by Əliağa Vahid İsgəndərov, is about the fall of the Soviets at the beginning of the 90s. It is written in the classical eastern poetic style of *Sikâyetnâme*. **Misra-misra** tells the story of a satirical event in the city. This improvisation was created by Ədalət Abdullayev and Hacı Kazım, each contributing one short verse in an alternating fashion and building the story forward. **Maşın**, written by Agaselim Childag, is about the sudden rise in the number of cars in the streets of Baku in the 1980s. **Arif**, written by Zamir Suleymanov, is not from the *meykhana* genre, and thus is an imperfection. Only God is perfect.



# A1

## Keçi

Ey camaat biliniz hiyləgər əyyarı mənəm  
Lotuyam, bambılıyam, könlünüzün yarı mənəm  
Mey mənəm, məsti mənəm, kaman mənəm, tarı mənəm  
Müxtəsər siz biliniz hiyləgər əyyarı mənəm.  
Bu bizim mürşüdülmüz, bizsə onun qulpəçəsi  
Mahimiz, xurşudumuz, bizsə onun növbətçisi  
Hələ biz tək deyilik ki, vardı bizim kimiləri  
Dam daram daram daram, dam daram daram daram.  
Bilmirəm qüssə nədir, dərdi də qəmsiz yaşaram  
Məclisə girən kimi çiltiq vurub oynaşaram  
Yerdə Rüstəmbaz olub göydə məyallaq aşaram  
Dam daram daram daram, dam daram daram daram.  
Yerdə Rüstəmbaz olub, milçək kimi mən uçaram  
Od saçar aləm əgər ağzını bir dəfə açar  
Qarğalar on ağacdan məni görükdə uçar  
Dam daram daram daram, dam daram daram daram.  
Mən əgər meydan edim qəlbimdə qəmlər durular  
O qədər güldürərəm əlli bağırsağ qırlar  
Ləhcəmin şuxluğundan yerdə qoduğlar vurular  
Şir mənəm, pələng mənəm, bəbir xətakarı mənəm.  
Böylə nəql eyləyir o sahibi xoş təb'i nəvan  
Vardı bir padişahı zalim'i qəddarı cahan.  
Adı cüm-cüm, özü zalim işi də fitnə fəsad  
Bir sayağ kişi ilə taxta çıxıb aldı bir ad  
Məzluma rəhm eyləməz düstangil idi  
Bilin insan qani içməkdə o çox kamil idi.  
Vardı şahın o zaman bir dənə qumral keçisi

Gəzdirərdi onu əl üstə neçə qul pəçəsi  
Özü qaşqa, tükü məxmər, çulu atlasdan idi  
Qoşa buynuzları çəmbər kimi almaz idi.  
Günlərin bir günü şah taxta çıxıb verdi qərar  
Ki, sabah tezdən hamı etməli di əzmi şikar  
Üləmayı üzəyari üdəva  
Neçə əmmamalı qurşağlı ədalı üdəva  
Baş əyib cümləsi birdən ona təzim etdi  
Keçi də sizlər ilə getməli di! Şah dedi  
Subh oldu doğdu günəş, hamı ordu atlandı  
Vurulub qoş nağara hamı yola yollandı  
Hərəsi bir tərəfi seyr etdi etdi etdi  
Bütün günü bu ordu iynə yarım yol getdi  
Keçi ceyran kimi dağda qaçır,  
Gah durur otlamağa, gah çəmənlikdə yatır  
Nagahan bir dənə qurd gəldi onun mənəziline  
Neçə vaxtdandır bəri heç dəyməmiş ət dilinə  
Yetişən bu keçini, dişinə çəkib par etdi  
Keçinin şövqü isə şah urəyin yar etdi  
Şah bir nəre çəkib dağlara səs saldı aman  
Hardasa gərək qurdu tutulub olsun əyan  
Salaraq bir kisəyə gəzdiriniz bazarı  
Qaparaq keçməsinə götürüb vurun ıbarı  
Hansı darvazada ölsə onu tez cərimləyün  
Verməsə cərməsini çəkib çıxardın bəbəyün  
Arayıb bir dənə qurd tapdılar o gün çöldən  
Yazığı vurdular o qədər ki, düşdü dildən

Məşədi, kərbelayı, ducçer, hacı, molla başı  
Düşdülər qorxuya cür hamsının artı təlaşi  
Verdilər ruşvəti sərbazlara saysız dinar  
Yıxılıb qapısında ölməyə qurd cəriməsi var  
Neçə təqdiri qəza öz işini işlətdi  
Bir nəfər yoxsulu da bu dərddə kiriftar etdi.  
Binəvanin evini darmadağın eyledilər  
Qurd ölübdu qapında cəriməsini ver dedilər  
Bu yazığın o cürə bircə keçisi var idi  
Döşü südlü özü hey vazlar idi.  
Sahibiylə keçini çəkдилər şahın önünə  
Dedilər şah sağ olsun! İndi daha əmrin nə?  
Şah əmr etdi ki, lazım deyil heç bir tədbir  
Bunların her ikisi bircə döyüşsünlər bir  
İki buynuz keçirib bu yoxsulun kəlləsinə  
Hamı əhsən dedi şahın bu cür hiyləsinə  
Yıxılıb bir neçə sərbaz onu məhmizlədilər  
Öz keçinlə duraraq üz-üzə toqquş dedilər  
Ay keçiyə toqquş görək, toqquş görək, toqquş görək  
Gücünü biz də bilək, biz də görək, biz də görək  
Əhli məclis bilin əmmada durub  
Sahibiylə dolanıb oldu üzbəüz birdən  
İldırım sur'ətiylə qalxdı o saat yerdən  
Qorxusundan kişi də tezce yatırdı özünü  
Keçinin buynuzu gur eylədi şahın gözünü  
Bəli, hər kəs kasıba qazsa məzar, qazsa məzar  
Bu yəqin işdi onun lap özünə qismət olar!

A1

## The goat

Folks, you should know that I am a cleaver sly  
I am a bully, a joker and a lover of your hearts  
I am wine, I am tipsy, I am a violin and a tar  
I repeat I am a clever sly.  
This is our pathfinder and we are his slaves.  
He is our full moon, our sun, we are his guards  
And there are people like us, we are not alone  
Dam daram daram daram dam daram daram daram  
I don't know what sadness is,  
I live through grief without sorrow  
As I enter the party I start to snap and dance  
On earth I am a fan of Rostam, on air I do backflips  
Dam daram daram daram dam daram daram daram  
On earth I am a fan of Rostam I fly like a fly  
Fire will burst if you open your mouth  
Seeing me craws will fly off thousand trees  
Dam daram daram daram dam daram daram daram  
If I perform, sorrows of your heart will melt away  
I could make you laugh until heart-attack  
My dialect is loved by even the worse bastards  
I am a lion, I am a tiger, I am headache for leopards  
It is said by a generous nature with kind master that  
Ones upon a time in the world there was  
a ruthless King.  
He was tyrannical to the world.  
His name was bang-bang, he was unmerciful,  
his work was traps and tricks  
He managed to climb to throne and get a crown  
He was unforgiving to oppressed, jails were his thing

You should know that he was a blood thirsty master  
This king had a goat at this time, chestnut colored  
His people took good care of it and carried it around  
Patch skinned, velvet fur and with satin caparison  
His horns was like a diamond hoops  
One day the King rose on the throne and made a verdict  
That we must start a big journey today  
Big turbans, rainbow colored cassocks  
His nation was bowing for him and complimenting  
The goat will join you on journey!- ordered the King  
In the dawn, people woke up and mounted their horses  
Double drums were played and they hit the road  
All directions were observed  
The troops traveled one and half inch  
Goat was jumping and running in the valley as a gazelle  
It got up to eat or lied down on grass  
Suddenly one wolf noticed the goat  
It had almost forgotten the taste of meat  
It torn apart the goat with his teeth  
Goat's grief broke the Kings heart  
The King's roar reached every mountain  
Wherever this wolf is, find it! He said  
Put it in a sack, bring it to the market!  
It is compulsory to hit him in every door.  
What house it dies in front of he is our man  
Make him pay for it, if not, blind his eyes!  
That day solders found one wolf in the mountains  
They beat poor wolf until it was knocked out  
Mashhads, karbhalas, imams, hadjis and mullas

They got scared and started to worry  
They bribed solders with many dinars  
They said, there is a wolf fee if it dies in front of  
your house.  
Calamity of this trouble did what it had to  
And took one poor fellow citizen to its captivity.  
The house of his was ruined completely  
The wolf died at your doorsteps, pay the fee! –  
they said  
This man had one beautiful goat  
It's breasts full of milk, gazelle like plays  
The owner and the goat was brought to the King  
They said God bless the King, what is thy wish?  
I have no further wishes, -said the King  
Let them two battle with each other.  
Two horns were put on the head of the man  
Everyone was impressed by King's wittiness  
The solders put a horse shoes under goat's feet  
You must fight your own goat.  
And you, goat, crash with your owner now!  
We want to see you power  
Show us what you can  
Everybody is watching!  
The goat circled around his owner  
And in the speed of thunder stroke  
He jumped up, the scared man pretended dead  
The goat's sharp horns blinded King's eyes.  
Yes whoever want to trap an innocent  
Will sooner or later fall in it self!

## Qurban Gəlir

Köhnələr oynatmadadır toxmağın  
Ulduzu doğmuş yenə her axmağın  
Hazır edib molla da qov, çaxmağın  
Yada salır müftə kefə baxmağın.  
Muştuluq olsun yenə qurban gəlir  
Məminə can mollaya meydan gəlir.

Pullu kəsib qurbanı ad eyləyir  
Məkkədə İsmaili şad eyləyir  
Molla da hökmündə inad eyləyir  
Bir soruşan yox kimi yad eyləyir  
Xatirinə huruyi qılman gəlir  
Cənnətə başmaqlı müsülman gəlir...

## Ramadan is coming

The old guys are playing with their canes  
Every idiot thinks they are the next lucky one  
Tinders and fires of Mullahs are ready  
They are remembered of free feasting  
Tricks on you, ramadan is approaching.

The riches excuse their spendings since it is a time of sacrifice  
They travel to Mekka and visit Ismael  
Mullas are insisting on their verdicts  
No one asks whom does he think of  
He thinks of virgins of heaven  
Look, muslim with flip flops is coming to heaven...

## Futbola

Əgər məni bağlasalar qol-qola  
Qələt edərim, balet edərim futbola.

Bir dostum var azarkeş, həm futbolist  
Top vurmaqda birinci specialist  
Dad edirəm: Get oxu ol jurnalis  
Bu kafiri gətirə bilmirəm yola.

Məsəl götür bizim azarkeşləri  
Ya zavmağları ya da prikeşikləri  
Atası ölsə, ya yansa ev-eşikləri  
Qoyar gedər futbola – İstanbula.

Bir gənşüm var 70 yaşa çatıbdı  
Gündə gəlir, Neftyanik yatıbdı  
Olan olmasını futboluna satıbdı  
İndi əl çatıb palaza stola.

Bu futbolda vardı min cürə oyun  
Tamaşa eyleməkdən ağrıyır boyun  
Oğrular da gənşuda qoymur qoyun  
Azarkeşdi, pul lazımdı futbola.

Futbolistlər elə vurur futbolu  
Az qalıb sınısın qıçı çıxsın qolu  
Hansı ki ifa edə bilmir rolu  
Dovşan kimi qaçıb tez girər kola.

## To soccer

Even if I was tied up,  
I would never like soccer.

I have a friend, amateur and footballist  
He is hitting the ball as if he is a specialist  
I beg him to go and study become a journalist  
I cannot change the mind of this infidel.

For instance take all of our fans  
No matter if they are owners or workers  
If the father would die or his house were on fire  
He would leave for football, for Istanbul.

I have a neighbor he is over seventy,  
Everyday he complains about Neftyanik<sup>1</sup>,  
He has played off all his belongings for football  
Now he is selling his carpets and tables.

There are thousand types of plays in football  
All the necks are hurting of sitting and watching,  
While thieves are outside and hustling,  
What to do, the man is an amateur, football demands money.

The players shoot so beautifully,  
One almost broke his leg and hurt his arm,  
Those who can not perform this act,  
Should hide in bushes as rabbits.

<sup>1</sup> Also Neftçi [oilworker in petroleum industry] – the name of football team..

## N Qədar

Əhli məclisdən əgər izin ola  
Ey bimizi söyləyəmə müxtəsər  
Başınızı gər eyləsəm dəngəsər  
İnciməyin n qədəri, n qədar

Ağıl olan həqq sözə bir söz deməz  
Məsləhətimdən bir adam inciməz  
Zənn edirəm heç işimiz ləngiməz  
Bir-iki para işlərə salsaq nəzər.

N qədəri, n qədəri, n qədar  
n qədəri, n qədəri, n qədar.

Bəzi çəkir xalqımızın zəhmətin  
Bir kişi verməz ona öz qiymətin  
Bəzi bu yolda əridibdi ətin  
Bəzisinin qarını motal tək şişər.

N qədəri, n qədəri, n qədar  
n qədəri, n qədəri, n qədar.

Bitdi hər iş indi fəraçətlənək  
Gördüyümüz işlə kifayətlənək  
Qözləyirik yay gələ rahatlənək  
Qəhvə, kakao nuş eyləyək hər səhər.

N qədəri, n qədəri, n qədar,  
n qədəri, n qədəri, n qədar...

## N number of times

If the people of the gathering will let me  
I wish to preach of our weaknesses  
If I bore you with my speech  
Please forgive me n number of times.

Smart person would not argue against fair words  
My advice won't offend anyone  
I think we would not be late to any place  
If we could raise couple of issues here.  
There are n number of them.

Some are making all the efforts for the nation  
Some would not value this at all  
Some has lost their flesh and health for it  
Some are growing fat bellies  
The are n number of them.

All the work is done now let's get comfortable  
We could be content with our achievements  
We are now waiting for the summer so we could rest  
So we could enjoy coffee and cacao.

N number of times, n number of times...

## Qoçu

Bir qoçuydum çoxdu qabaq hörmətim  
Xalqi döyüb söymək idi sənətim  
İndi qalib ürəyimdə həsrətim  
Öldürə bilmirəm, döyə bilmirəm

Heç kəsi incidib söyə bilmirəm.  
İncidirdim qabaq bənnə fəhləni  
Gətirmişdim tənqə bütün məhləni  
İndi döyür söyür hər yetən məni

Öldürə bilmirəm, döyə bilmirəm  
Heç kəsi incidib söyə bilmirəm.  
O gündən ki şəhrə düşüb inqilab  
Bu qussədən qəlbim olubdu kabab

Körpələr də mənə qaytarır cavab  
Öldürə bilmirəm, döyə bilmirəm  
Heç kəsi incidib söyə bilmirəm.  
Əsirdi qonşular gələn tək adım

Bir kişidən yoxdu qorxum zadım  
İndi bəyənmir məni öz arvadım  
Öldürə bilmirəm, döyə bilmirəm  
Heç kəsi incidib söyə bilmirəm.

## The bully

I used to be a bully, I was respected  
My art was to swear and curse the nation  
Now my dreams are unrealized memories  
I can not hit, I can not kill  
I can not harass anyone.

I used to bully every worker  
I made live unbearable for the hood  
Now I am beaten by random one  
I can not hit, I can not kill  
I can not harass anyone.

From the moment of the revolution  
The sorrow of my heart is fried like kebab  
Even babies are not afraid of me  
I can not hit, I can not kill  
I can not harass anyone.

The neighbors used to shiver seeing me  
No other man I was afraid of  
Now my own wife does not respect me  
I can not hit, I can not kill  
I can not harass anyone.



## Maşın

O yanda maşın, bu yanda maşın  
Adam az qalır itirsin başın.

Cavan uşaqlara dövlət Zil verir  
Kilometraji yüz qırx mil verir  
Adam vuranda iş on il verir  
Sudya soruşmur cavanın yaşın.  
O yanda maşın, bu yanda maşın  
Adam az qalır itirsin başın.

Varam Volgaya, bir de ki Zim-ə  
Halaldır alsan onu yüz minə  
Əlindən rulu vermə heç kimə,  
Tutalım ola doğma qardaşın.  
O yanda maşın, bu yanda maşın,  
Adam az qalır itirsin başın.

Motor səs salır, yağlamayanda,  
Kapotu möhkəm bağlamayanda,  
İnspektorçuya saxlamayanda,  
Ağardır gözün, oynadır qaşın.  
O yanda maşın, bu yanda maşın,  
Adam az qalır itirsin başın.

Məştağa yolu bir azca yoldu,  
Bir yanı sağdı, bir yanı soldu,  
Yük daşıyan maşın o yolda boldu,  
Karyerin daşıyır torpağın, daşın.

O yanda maşın, bu yanda maşın  
Adam az qalır itirsin başın.

Maşın çox idi, yollar dar idi,  
Bütün sürücülər məndən zar idi  
Əlimdə təzə bir maşın var idi,  
Marşrutum oldu Bakı – Qutqaşın.

O yanda maşın, bu yanda maşın  
Adam az qalır itirsin başın.

## The car

Cars are there, cars are here  
How not to lose your head.

Young boys get cars from authorities  
And they drive 140 miles an hour  
If they hit someone, they will get  
10 years in jail

And the judge will never ask their age.  
Cars are there, cars are here  
How not to lose your head.

I go good for Zil and Zim<sup>2</sup>  
Clap on your shoulder if you manage to  
buy one for 100K  
Borrow your wheel to no one  
Not even to your own brother.  
Cars are there, cars are here  
How not to lose your head.

Motor will make a noise, if you don't oil it  
It will noise if you don't shut the hood  
It will noise if you don't stop for cops  
Cop will lift his brows and evil his eyes.  
Cars are there, cars are here  
How not to lose your head.

The road to Məştağa<sup>3</sup> is not that long  
It's sides are right or left  
On its roads are cars transporting goods  
Stones and soil from its mines.  
Cars are there, cars are here  
How not to lose your head.

Cars were many roads were narrow  
Every driver was irritated by me  
trucks carrying goods were many  
on these roads  
They were stealing its stones and soil.

Cars are there, cars are here  
How not to lose your head.

<sup>2</sup> Both being Russian truck, vehicle and heavy equipment manufacturer

<sup>3</sup> Village in Abşeron Peninsula in suburban Baku.

**A****1\_Keçi (The goat)** 6:55*Center Of The Universe: tar and synth solo***2\_Arif (Arif)** 3:42*Center Of The Universe: additional synths and edits***3\_Qurban Gəlir (Ramadan is coming)** 3:36*Joxaren: synth solo***4\_Love Party** 6:14*Center Of The Universe: saz and synth solo***B****1\_Futbola (To soccer)** 5:21**2\_N Qəder (N number of times)** 4:15*Music by Uday; Patric Catani: additional synths and edits;  
Tatu Metsätähti: additional percussion and arrangements***3\_Qoçu (The Bully)** 3:48**4\_Misra-misra (Strophe by strophe)** 4:12*Music by BaBa ZuLa; Osman Murat Ertel: electric and acoustic saz;  
Levent Akman: spoons; Periklis Tsoukalas: electric oud;  
Ümit Adakale: davul, bendir, def, darbuka;  
Instruments recorded by Aras Tüysüz;  
Tatu Metsätähti: additional compositions, edits and synths***5\_Maşın (The car)** 3:51*Neybuu: tabla; Antti Satta: additional drums*

*All songs by Ya Tosiba. Zuzu Zakaria: vocals, melodies, arrangements, rhythm programming, percussions, SH-7, Bisquit, Shruthi-1, editing of the tar and saz recordings of Jørgen Skjulstad (alias Center Of The Universe). Tatu Metsätähti: recordings, mixing, arrangements, rhythm programming (RYTM, Miami, Leploop, Kontakt, HR-16), percussions, modular synths, SH-7, JX-3P, Sammich SID, DX100, Microwave I, Minod Vorga, Dark Energy, 0-coast. Recorded in 2011-2016 in Berlin, Helsinki, Oslo, Stockholm, Kaarina, Portland, Istanbul and Baku. Mixed in Helsinki at Studio Ahmat in 2016.*

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Produced by Ya Tosiba, Frequencies lifted by LXC at Watta Sound

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