

Iron Curtain Rocks: V. 2/17/2010 – WMBR MIX

Mixed by Kuma Lisa

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TRACK NAME	ARTIST	ALBUM
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4 Kwiaty we włosach	PL Czerwone Gitary	Przeboje
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EASTERN BLOC ROCK OF THE 60's and Early 70's: a mix of Psychedelic, Pop, Surf, Folk, Blues & Prog.

In most of the Soviet bloc of the 1960's, the government saw Rock n' Roll as a threat: more decadence from the West with the potential to foment revolution against the State. Initially, many governments tried to stop access to the music, but people began to smuggle in new albums from the West however they could, and the influence of British and American protest music spread.

In the late 60's, when there was serious threat of youth revolution, many communist governments in the region cracked down on protest groups. In Romania, for example, the group Phoenix was harassed by the Secret Police, threatened with imprisonment or expulsion because their music was provocative to the government. To be able to continue playing, they began to incorporate elements of Romanian Folk music into their work. This allowed them to pass off their music as true to the Romanian identity, and not at all influenced by the decadent West. Similar strategies were employed by many groups in the region, further enriching an already blossoming world psychedelic / folk scene.

At other points during the 60's, governments realized they could not stop the influence of the music, so they tried to curb it's power by sponsoring musicians through the official recording labels. Sometimes they tried to restrict the contents of lyrics to fluffy subjects like chocolate, or sunshine in an attempt to prevent introspection. Even songs about love or desire were a danger, as they encouraged listeners to put their emotional needs before the needs of the State.

These attempts to mitigate the influence of the Rock revolution failed, and the spirit of long hair, and lyrical experimentation spread ever eastward.

NOTES & LYRICS:

1) Trzynastego

by Katarzyna Sobczyk in Polish

Title means "13th" in Polish.

Everyone is nervous on the 13th of the month, but the singer is optimistic, the world could turn pink on the 13th; anything could happen.

TRZYNASTEGO
NAWET W GRUDNIU JEST WIOSNA
TRZYNASTEGO
KAŻDA DROGA JEST PROSTA
TRZYNASTEGO
NIE LICZY SIĘ STRATTTRZYNASTEGO OD MORZA DO TATR
TRZYNASTEGO
KAPELUSZE Z GŁÓW POWAŻNYCH ZRYWA WIATR
TRZYNASTEGO
WSZYSTKO ZDARZYĆ SIĘ MOŻE
TRZYNASTEGO
ŚWIAT W RÓŻOWYM KOLORZE
TRZYNASTEGO
NIE SMUCĄ MNIE ŁZY
TRZYNASTEGO
PIĘKNIEJSZE MAM SNY
TRZYNASTEGO
A TY TRZYNASTEGO JESTEŚ ZŁY.

WIEM, ŻE GNIEWASZ SIĘ NA MNIE
BO POWODÓW MASZ TYSIĄC
ALE JEDNO CI POWIEM,
JEDNO MOGĘ CI PRZYSIĄC.
TRZYNASTEGO
WIOSNA TWOJE MA IMIĘ
TRZYNASTEGO
TWOJE MYŚLI SĄ PRZY MNIE
TRZYNASTEGO
NIE WIDZĘ TWYCH WAD
TRZYNASTEGO
PIĘKNIEJSZY JEST ŚWIAT
TRZYNASTEGO
I DLATEGO WŁAŚNIE DZISIAJ ŚPIEWAM TAK.
TRZYNASTEGO
WIOSNA TWOJE MA IMIĘ
TRZYNASTEGO
TWOJE MYŚLI SĄ PRZY MNIE
TRZYNASTEGO
NIE WIDZĘ TWYCH WAD
TRZYNASTEGO
PIĘKNIEJSZY JEST ŚWIAT
TRZYNASTEGO
I DLATEGO TRZYNASTEGO ŚPIEWAM TAK.
TRZYNASTEGO
OD MORZA DO TATR
TRZYNASTEGO
PIĘKNIEJSZY JEST ŚWIAT
TRZYNASTEGO
ZAŚPIEWAM CI TAK
TRZYNASTEGO !

2) Shotgun

by The Matadors (Czechoslav group)
in English

For more information on the Matadors, go to the Funky Czech-in, hosted by Lou who knows more about 60's and 70's Czechoslovakian music than anyone around.

<http://blog.loukash.com/2008/04/shotgun.html>

3) Perfidia

by The Singing Guitars (Soviet Union)
Pojuschie Gitary (Поющие гитары)

Soviet Surf mega group.

4) Kwiaty we włosach

by Czerwone Gitary
in Polish

The title means "Flowers in the hair" a hippie theme song. The group, Czerwone Gitary means Red Guitars. They were one of the big 60's Polish bands, eventually exploring funk in the 70's.

LYRICS:

Kwiaty we włosach potargal wiatr,
po co wiec wracac do tamtych lat.
Zgubionych dni nie znajdziesz juz,
choc przejdiesz swiat w szerz i wzdłuż.

Kwiaty we włosach potargal wiatr,
dawno zmienilas swych marzen kształt.
Bo dzisiaj ty, bo dzisiaj ja, to drogi dwie,
i szczescia dwa.

Wiec choc z daleka wolasz mnie,
nie powiem tak,
nie powiem nie.

Bez wspomnien czasem łatwiej zyc,
nie wraca nic.

Kwiaty we włosach potargal wiatr,
wyrzuc z pamieci ostatni ślad. Bo dzisiaj ty,
bo dzisiaj ja, to drogi dwie i szczescia dwa.

Wiec choc z daleka wolasz mnie.....

5) Nosete si novite drehi, Momcheta (Wear your new clothes, boys.)

by Nestinari (Walking on Fire)

In Bulgarian

НОСЕТЕ СИ НОВИТЕ ДРЕХИ, МОМЧЕТА -

падаме, както ходим,

умираме, както спим.

Въпросите на тази планета

я решим,

я не решим...

Но не казвайте: утре ще бъдем красиви.

Не казвайте: утре ще бъдем щастливи.

Не казвайте: утре ще бъдем, ще бъдем...

Ще обичаме утре, утре ще бъда любим.

Носете си новите дрехи, момчета,

падаме, както ходим,

умираме, както спим.

Не казвайте: утре ще почнем голямото,

днес да спечелим пари за прехраната.

Не казвайте: утре да бъдем честни,

днес тихичко

ще се проврем...

Носете си новите дрехи, момчета,

ходейки падаме,

сънувайки мрем!

Не казвайте: утре с вик на площада

ще кажа истината – после на клада!

На клада, но утре. А днес потърпете,

днес се налагада премълчим...

Носете си новите дрехи, момчета

- падаме, както ходим,

умираме, както спим!

Стефан Цанев, 1972 г.

6) Hetki Lyö: (Beat the clock)

by Kirka (Kirill Babitzin)

in Finnish

Finland was never part of the Eastern Bloc, but this song is just too good to pass up. Indulge me. Kirka (Kirill Babitzin) is a much loved Finnish singer of Russian extraction who sang from the 60's to his death three years ago. Sanna would sometimes see him running in the park near her place outside Helsinki.

Lyrics with translation from Lollipop via the internet:

Hetki lyö, viime hetki lyö
Moment strikes, the last moment strikes
Kukaan aikaa lahjomaan ei käydä voi milloinkaan
nobody can't bribe the time
Hetki lyö, meille hetki lyö
moment strikes, the moment strikes for us
En vaan päivää seuraavaa mä tiedä
i don't know, what day it would be,
Milloin kohdataan
when we meet (again).
Kellon seisahtuvan tahdon
I'd like the watch to stop
Hiljentyvän lyöntien
slow down the ticking
Kauas lähteä mä saan
I go far away
Tunti kuluu viimeinen
The last hour is passing by
Tahdon ennen kuin on myöhäistä Mä kuulla sen
I'd like to hear it, before it is too late:
Kun taas saavun Luotas löydän kaiken entisen
That when I come back, I'll find former (life) beside you

Nään jo sen, hetken viimeisen
I already see it, that last moment
Enää aikaa sulla on vain kyyneliin katkeriin
You only have left time for bitter tears
Hetki lyö, riittänyt ei yö
The moment strikes, the night was not enough
Mukaan tulla et sä voi
You can't come along
Nyt lausun sulle näkemiin
Now i say goodbye to you

Kellon seisahtuvan tahdon
I'd like the watch to stop
Hiljentyvän lyöntien

slow down the ticking
Luotas lähteä mä saan
I go away from you
Tunti kuluu viimeinen
The last hour is passing by
Vaan nyt tiedän
Now I know
Että sulle kuulun ainiaan
That I belong to you forever
Muistan kyynelsilmät
I remember those teared eyes (eyes with tears in it)
Jotka jäivät katsomaan
That stayed behind, looking (at me)

Hetki lyö, viime hetki lyö
Moment strikes, the last moment strikes
Kukaan aikaa lahjomaan ei käydä voi milloinkaan
nobody can't bribe the time
Hetki lyö, meille hetki lyö
moment strikes, the moment strikes for us
En vaan päivää seuraavaa mä tiedä
i don't know, what day it would be,
Milloin kohdataan
when we meet.

Kellon seisautuvan tahdon
I'd like the watch to stop
Hiljentyvän lyöntien
slow down the ticking
Kauas lähteä mä saan
I go far away
Tunti kuluu viimeinen
The last hour is passing by
Tahdon ennen kuin on myöhäistä Mä kuulla sen
I'd like to hear it, before it is too late:
Kun taas saavun Luotas löydän kaiken entisen
That when I come back, I'll find former (life) beside you

7) Малкият светъл прозорец (Malkiyat Svetil Prozorets)
by Щурците (Shturcite—The Crickets)
in Bulgarian

Малкият светъл прозорец
снощи до късно не спа,
дълго стоя отворен,
тихичко някой пя.
Мракът донесе дъх на липи,
кой тази вечер може да спи.

Малкият светъл прозорец
нямаше грижи и страх
весело беше горе,
бликаше топъл смях.
Мракът донесе дъх на липи,
кой тази вечер може да спи.

Малкият светъл прозорец
в утрото праща лъчи
кой ли ще му отвори,
дълго ли ще мълчи.
Мракът донесе дъх на липи,
кой тази вечер може да спи.

8) Wszystko kwitnie w koło (Everything is Blooming)

by Skaldowie

in Polish

Skaldowie is from Poland, another major band of the 60's and 70's. The women singing are actually another band called Ali Babki. They did their own stuff as well as being the hardest working backing singers in Poland in the 60's-- collaborating with almost every major band around.

The song celebrates spring fever, where everything comes to life, however unlikely: umbrellas bloom, grandpa walks out of his framed portrait. (They were really stretching for some rhymes here.)

Lyrics:

Wiosna - cieplejszy wieje wiatr

Wiosna - znów nam ubyło lat

Wiosna - wiosna w koło, rozkwitły bzy

Śpiewa - skowronek nad nami

Drzewa - strzeliły pąkami

Wszystko - kwitnie w koło i ja i ty

Ktoś na niebie owce wypasa, hej

Popatrz zakwitł już twój parasol, hej

Nawet w bramie pan Walenty stróż

Puszcza wiosną pierwsze pędy już

Portret dzidzia rankiem wyszedł z ram

I na spacer poszedł sobie sam

Nie przeszkadza tytuł, wiek i płeć

By zieloną wiosną w głowie mieć

9) Canarul (Canary)

by Phoenix
In Romanian

<http://vodpod.com/watch/1489257-phoenix-canarul-1969>

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=EZ4kJMUVJVg>

In Ceausescu's Romania of the 60's, a number of groups were threatened by the secret police-- the government condemned their music as antithetical to the Romanian communist spirit. Groups like Phoenix managed to avoid persecution, for a while at least, by looking to Romanian folk music traditions, and thus a Nationalist artistic effort, as "suggested" by the government. There was no influence of decadent Western music, no no. A number of Phoenix's songs from the late 60's have medieval and folk motifs in the genre popularized by Simon and Garfunkel.

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Transsylvania_Phoenix

<http://www.transsylvania-phoenix.de/>

10) A lány és a csavargó

Illés
in Hungarian

<http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Illés>

From the Album: Az Illes Osszes Kislemeze Original Release: 1971

Translation: http://www.getalyric.com/listen/HOcOj173M9o/ill_s_a_l_ny_s_a_csavarg_

The girl and the vagrant

Down in the valley lived a girl.

she wasn't said to be beautiful.

She was orphaned, and lonely but her heart clean, as snow

After wandering for so long passing near, a vagrant came.

His torn shirt and shoes followed by the sound of the flute

(flute melody)

The wanderer one afternoon arrived to the girl's house

He was tired and all worn out for a little food and drink he asked

The girl invited the lad inside set him down at her table

And then, when the evening fell laid him down in her bed

(flute melody)

The vagrant - for the night, with praiseful heart he gave her thanks

With a quiet voice the girl replied: Stay with me forever...Your thirstiness... I will quench hungry you will be no more, During the day we work together ,and at night you shall bring me joy...

(flute melody)

But came a day, and the boy says this: - They are waiting for me, so I will go It's been good with you, but I can't take more of this life any longer

The girl asked for just one more night, tomorrow you may go - she promised him.

And the lad stayed in the valley buried there, forever

(flute melody)

Lyrics in Hungarian:

Lenn a völgyben élt egy lány
nem volt szépnek mondható
Árva volt és magányos
de szíve tiszta, mint a hó

Hosszú vándorlás után
arra járt egy csavargó
Szakadt ingét, cipőjét
kísérte a furulyaszó

A csavargó egy délután
a lány házához elért
Fáradt volt és kimerült
egy kis ételt, italt kért

A lány a fiút behívta
asztalához ültette
És mikor az est leszállt
az ágyába fektette

A csavargó az éjszakát
hálás szívvel köszönte
Halkan szólt a lány szava:
- Maradj velem örökre

Szomjúságod eloltom
éhes többé nem leszel

Nappal együtt dolgozunk
és éjjel boldoggá teszel

De jött egy nap, s a fiú így szólt
- Várnak rám, s én elmegyek
Jó volt veled, de nem bírom már
tovább ezt az életet

A lány csak még egy éjszakát kért:
- Holnap mehetsz – ígérte
És a fiú a völgyben maradt
eltemetve, örökre

11) Dvama (From the film "Koziat Rog" 1972)

Maria Neikova

In Bulgarian

The Golden Songs of BULGARIAN Cinema

Вървят ли двама на дълъг път
и път да няма не ще се спрат.
Ще бродят близки по таз земя,
ах, как не искам да съм сама.

Решат ли двама да дирят брод
в тях грейва пламък за цял живот.
Той пръска искри в скръб и тъма,
ах, как не искам да съм сама.

Делят ли двама една съдба,
допрат ли рамо в една борба,
ще легнат чисти във таз земя,
ах, как не искам да съм сама,
ах, как не искам да съм сама

Transliteration:
Vyrviat li dvama
na dylyg pyt,
i pyt da niama,
ne shte se sprat.
Shte brodiat blizki
po taz zemia,

ah, kak ne iskam da sym sama.

Reshat li dvama,
da diriat brod,
v tiah greiva plamyk
za cial jivot,
toi pryska iskri,
skryb i tamian,
ah, kak ne iskam da sym sama.

Deliat li dvama
edna sydba,
dopryt li ramo
v edna borba,
shte niknat chisti
na taz zemia,
ah, kak ne iskam da sym sama (2)

12) **Cantic De Haiduc**- Song of the Bandit

by Dorin Liviu Zaharia

In Romanian

The Best Of Club "A"

I've had trouble getting information on the singer. He sang with a Romanian group called Olympic '68, and died young, but I am desperate to know more. This song haunts me with the raw vocals.

http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=yGipPse_tJs

13) **Czas Jak Rzeka**: Time [flows] like a river

by Czeslaw Niemen

in Polish

Czy Mnie Jeszcze Pamietasz

In the song, Niemen mourns the passing of time, which flows like a river. He remembers his childhood near the river which lives in his dreams.

Czeslaw Niemen was one of the biggest figures in Polish rock in the 60's and 70's. He holds a Bob Dylan-like presence in terms of his measure of influence, and unique nature of his voice, though stylistically the comparison falls flat. He was born in my ancestral village (he from the Polish Catholic side, my grandparents from the shtetl)-- now in Belarus. He and his family emigrated with many other ethnic Poles in the 1950's. He took his stage name Niemen, from the river which runs near our town.

In the 60's he was one of the first Polish Hippies, adopting a unique look mixing long hair and bell bottoms with folk motifs from the traditional Polish Highland dress (Gorale). His music incorporates elements of folk, blues and funk. In the 70's he began collaborating with French and American musicians, and moving further into jazz influenced experimentation.

Czas Jak Rzeka: Lyrics

*Gdzie modra rzeka niesie wody swe,
tam słońca blask ująłem pierwszy raz,
nad brzegiem jej spędziłem tyle chwil,
że dziś bez rzeki smutno mi,
tam każdy dzień to skarb
dziś mój jedyny skarb.*

*Choć czas jak rzeka jak rzeka płynie,
unosząc w przeszłość tamte dni,
choć czas jak rzeka jak rzeka płynie,
unosząc w przeszłość tamte dni,
Do dni dzieciństwa wraca moja myśl,
w marzeniach moich żyje rzeka ta,
tak bardzo chciałbym być nad brzegiem jej
więc niech wspomnienie dalej trwa
tam każdy dzień to skarb
dziś mój jedyny skarb.
Choć czas jak rzeka jak rzeka płynie...*

14) Hej ti by Indexi in Bosnian

<http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Indexi>

15) Idę Dalej by Halina Frąckowiak in Polish

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=4kGGBDD5zuo>
<http://www.halinafrackowiak.pl/>

16) Oni zaraz przyjdą tu by Breakout in Polish Oni zaraz przyjdą tu

<http://www.breakout.pl/>