SOCIAL
WASTE
at utopia's
fiesta

SOCIAL WASTE

The album "At utopia's fiesta" is dedicated in the memory of Pavlos (Killah P) who was murdered by neo-Nazis

1.At utopia's fiesta

Lyrics, Presentation: Leonidas **Produced by**: DXR, Rizikos **Bass**: Stelios Mpotsaris **Scratch**: DJ Stigma

2.Strawberries of Manolada

Lyrics: Leonidas **Presentation**: Yiannis, Leonidas, Aniatos **Produced by**: Aniatos **Scratch**: Vaggelis (DST8)

3.The world's harbors

Lyrics: Leonidas **Presentation**: Leonidas, Rizikos **Produced by**: Michael Lener **Lute**: Yiorgis Nikas (Apostatis)

4.For them to win

Lyrics: Leonidas **Presentation**: Leonidas, Yiannis, Polytropos, Parias, Aniatos **Produced by**: Yiannis
Cretan lute, mandolin, accordion: Yiannis **Bass**: Apon

5.2011 (In the cabaret "La belle Gréce")

Lyrics: Leonidas **Presentation**: Leonidas, Aniatos **Produced by**: Yiannis **Guitar**: Yiannis

6.Seas in my wine

Lyrics: Leonidas **Presentation**: Leonidas, Rizikos, Yiorgis Nikas (Apostatis) **Produced by**: Yiorgis Nikas (Apostatis) **Clarinet, lute, bendir**: Yiorgis Nikas (Apostatis)

7.Kasbah

Lyrics: Nikos Kavvadias **Presentation**: Leonidas **Produced by**: Yiannis, Apon **Cretan lute, accordion, guitar**: Yiannis **Bass**: Apon

Mixed and mastered by Apon at Chameleon Lab except 1,3 and 6 which mixed and mastered by DJ Stigma at Studio GroundZero.
The tracks were recorded at studios: Studio Sound Dexameni, Estia, Music carpet, Chameleon Lab and SP08. At studio estia we were recorded by Jum.
Many thanks to b-trace for his contribution in the formation of 'Kasbah'.
The cover is the mural "El hombre controlador del universo" of Diego Rivera, the Palacio de Bellas Artes in Mexico City.
Editing/Artwork Ikonomakis I.

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At utopia's fiesta

-Chiapas and Florence 2012

The more I approach her, the more
she goes further and I never reach her
Unapproachable, beautiful utopia - Galeano was right
But when she is celebrating, she is promising me new paths
And then I start to believe again that the world can change
And I doubt Kemal, I also doubt Manos
I stand on my toes, but still I cannot reach her
The game is an old one, and if you want us to find the meaning
We gotta raise ourselves a bit higher
The poets have warned us, the game's rules
Were written by the centuries with ink of red
Just like back then in Chile, it must have been once de Setiembre
And you said "let it be" and "hasta la Victoria siempre"
Or like now that they told me they saw you in India
Harvesting sun and wind, together with the barefoot
With a red beret they also saw you once,
You were a word in the mouth of Thomas Sankara
And even now they still see you and ask the people
Where are the Don Quijotes and the Sanchos going?
You become a witch-moon, at night you set our path
And during the day, you just let us travel for fun

It must have been on some Sunday, some Monday
In a poem of Lorca, in the paintings of Rivera
In the Sea of Hikmet, the words of Galeano
And before getting to you, I always lose you
It must have been on a workday, or a holiday
Placards, banners, "state closed', and strike
- In some lyric of Akis Panou, or of Rasoulis that is shouting
"it can change Kemal, it can change"

I've looked for you lots, I followed the footsteps
They brought me to Chiapas - guerillas in the mist
At Syntagma, at the Square, thousands touched you
And earlier, in Iberia, Plazas del Sol and Catalunya
In Egypt and Tunisia you were flame and light
In Mexico they named you #YoSoy132
Salome is throwing her veils, head on the dish
But the precariato is resisting
Workers in the Greek Steelworks, "(we are) on strike cabrones!"
And miners in Asturias "...hasta los cojones"
Students in Santiago and Montreal
Because education is a public and free good
In Argentina barricades just like in the old times
In Cochabamba "the water is not for sale assholes!"
I've been expecting you to come like a May of '68
Or like a prohibited song of Oscar Chavez
You were a jailed book in Turkey And a dead reporter in Homs, Syria
In some places they call you Zapata, elsewhere Tupac Katari
Elsewhere Sandino, and in Greece, Ari

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Strawberries of Manolada

How lucky we are, the storm is over
What do you want? Samaras said it clearly
I am telling you they are coming, arriving shortly
The Banks of Venizelos,
the Development of Hadjidakis
"Oh welcome, welcome, what shall we offer you?"
OPAP (public gambling agency), DEI (electricity)
and water we are offering them
And if they also happen to discover oil
Then, my friend, we'll be really fucked
Just like in Halkidiki and Stratoni
-"it feeds us, gets fed from us, and kills us"
And you that you are taking it to the streets shouting
They are beating you up,
so that you don't scare the 'investors'
After having pushed you into unemployment
Now they are switching work with slavery
And you'll be working for 6 and 7 days
Sundays will be no different than Mondays
Around your neck they have passed your salary for
a chain -"and now dance bear, for your 500 euros"
Channel-owners and publishing houses are directing
us They want us quiet, like the chicken
The ship-owners in the background are assisting
And the deputies inside the Parliament
are sabotaging us!

And Greece keeps reminding me
Of strawberries in Manolada
As long as you have strength,
you keep picking (them)
And thenafter, they throw
you from the Ceadas
The "guards" are guarding
And the "masters" are
enjoying themselves
The cops are running after us
And they keep hitting
and hitting and hitting…

When the animals in the farm do the ostrich
They are all equal, but some are more equal
And when they go nuts and make noise
The police gives them beatings and photoshop
Stupidity is undefeatable, just like the shit in the head
of the Golden Dawn member
In this second Metapolitefsi With the neoliberal gov-
ernment They cut your salary and they fired you In
three years, three times they sold you out
Ifigenia left, to look for a job abroad
And they sacrificed to the fascists the Citizenship
Law Justice is an arrow in their weaponry
Just one more, of the hookers in their agenda
And not even the most expensive you gotta know
"How did Pretenderis come into my mind now?"
The game is set and the
referee slavishly submitted to power
And, with your head down, strawberries in Manolada
For the good of the bosses…sorry, Greece!

Harbors

Eternal spaces of reunion and separation. Personal, beloved harbors-
Thessaloniki, Piraeus, the Great Castle of the Mediterranean, Casablanca.
Harbors of poetry and literature- Kavafy's Alexandria, Izzo's Marseilles, and Kavvadias' Colombo.
Harbors of lovers, spices, music- Lisbon, Algiers, and Cesaria's Capo Verde.
Harbors of the "ballet of the working class"- Buenos Aires' Boca, and the team-symbol of Catalunya.
Harbors of fiction- Hugo Pratt's and Corto Maltese's Escondida, and the Flying Dutchman.
Harbors of poverty- my friends' Karachi - against the Golden Dawn's neonazis - and Mogadishu.
Harbors of Utopia.

Leonidas, Social Waste, summer 2012

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The world's harbors

*To Alkis Alkeos

I will board a ship, a big ship -
And when I let myself free
I am gonna fight against
Poseidon and St. Nicholas
And I'll travel the world's harbors

I am gonna leave from Thessaloniki at night
(do not ever dare to view her from the land)
And a shirt with gold on the sleeve,
I will leave behind me somewhere in Kalamaria
I will head, through Piraeus, towards Crete
Khandakas, Chora, Candia, Great Castle, And
I'll keep asking the old-Aposperites
Where this star of the south is hidden
And thenafter, southern Libyan sea
And after asking permission with a wine-toast
On the search of the perfume of some woman
I will let myself reach charming Alexandria
And from there, with light-speed
That emerges from the ancient lost Lighthouse
On the search of the perfume of some woman
I will sail to the port of Marseilles
I am gonna drink
French champagne, wine, and beer
And when the night starts throwing her veils
I will escape the multitude
Setting my direction towards
Catalunya, Barcelona
I am gonna enter the city like a
trophy-bearing St. Jordi
I will head towards the Ramblas
and Barceloneta
And with a yellow and red flag
I will pay do my homeage at Mont Juic
and Camp Nou

From the Ballearic sea
Like a Berberian Pirate
I will reach Algiers
And through the straits of Gibraltar
A sad, erotic fado will bring me to Lisbon
With the wind I will travel to Maghreb
Arab sight, and Berber's blood In Casablanka
I will spend a night And in the Kasbah
I will look for Fatima, in vain
I will cross the Atlantic's waters
Will say farewell to the land at Capo Verde
And in the harbor that the Left often visits
I will set my anchor for a while, Porto Alegre
Blue and yellow I am gonna paint my sails
-the flame will be burning in the spermaceti-
Buenos Aires, colorful neighborhood
And Boca juniors "es un sentimiento"
And then, in the seafarers' steps Full of rum,
I will raise the glass Flying Dutchman,
eternally struggling with the waves
Outside Hope's Cape And there,
in the poverty's waters,
hold on fight from the ropes
Somalian Pirates are expecting
us in Mogadishu
Further from Aden, and many of them may
belong To Willy's, the black stoker's, tribe And
then altogether to Burma
And once we reach there
To free Aung San Suu Kyi from the Dictatorship
And after putting on an orange Buddhist cape
We'll head towards Pakistan and India
We'll stop for a while in Karachi,
where I have friends
We'll ignore the sharks of the Indian Ocean

Passing from Colombo,
we'll signal to Hagel Harbor
It is sure, we'll find ourselves in Escondida
The south wind will be blowing us
And you will never reach us Corto Maltese –
ballad of the salty sea
It will seem like we are just out
of Hugo Pratt's pages
Like the thousand and one nights
the end will take long
And when the hours, typhoons, storms,
and rainfalls pass
We'll head for unexplored lands
And from a corner of the sky,
Kavvadias will be secretly smiling
While the island of utopia
will be distancing itself

*The lyrics about Thessaloniki, Willy, Hagel Harbor
are obviously references to the work of Nikos Kavvadias.

For them to win

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Let's say you are born rich, with houses and yachts and summer houses
And that you belong to the category that we call "good society"
You first saw the light in a clinic, of course a private one You went to the kindergardens and the crèches and in general started off smoothly
And then there came that moment that they send you to school
To receive an education that would be saint, and as you may have guessed not public To make it more specific, let's say fate was keeping for you To live in Athens, London, Paris, and in general somewhere in the 'West' To attend the best Universities, to mix with the Academia, and the economic, political, and cultural elite to have a life average of a bit less than 80, not to need to ever wait in the line everything in your life to be going smoothly –the rhyme is not coming out- but I won't give you more clichés about money because in fact for you to have health, even technology will be running for your sake and you won't care, why would you? What does it mean 'the roof is leaking'?
You will wear the eponymous clothes, will drink the expensive alcoholic drinks Will turn the page in the newspaper, looking for news from the world and the motherland You 'll light a cigarette and plan how and where you'll spend you holidays you 'll get a car, you 'll say 'i'm fine', you 'll want to put our life in order because so they say we should, those who supposedly are as they "should be" And you won't search for explanations, and then your turn will come…to persuade the others

It is a topic of your concern,
this world is wearing two masks One in the South,
and another in the North,
and it is not all fine It is for that that I cannot stand
this world's powerful,
that are trying to enter inside me
To talk to me, to persuade me…
for them to win

And now forget it all and let's say that you were born in Marrakech
In Sierra Leone, and in Liberia, in Senegal, and Mauritania
No it wasn't in a hospital, neither did you ever go to school
You did not buy toys from a Mall, neither will you live for long
Maximum 50 years, provided that life will be nice with you
And you don't come across problems of course, like civil wars and coups
If you get used to a self-sustaining life, and if you don't happen to step on a landmine Then you will be of the lucky ones, and of the strong organisms
And you may even get some education, you never know, you may even grow old You will have a salary of less than 2 dollars, and malaria for your company They may even photograph you, you may even reach the Pulitzer prizes You 'll have a life of doubtful quality and 15 minutes of publicity
Or let's say you are born a girl in Pakistan, in the tribal areas
Not to be reached by miracles, neither of men nor of gods
Or somewhere in Egypt, a child-worker in the tobacco fields or in China to be manufacturing shoes, shirts, and balls or to be of those kids that a different fate prevailed on them, and had a Blue-helmet for a rapist In Port-au-Prince or in Monrovia, and got an ever lasting stamp
For that I cannot stand the world's powerful that try to enter inside me
To talk to me, and persuade me….for them to win….

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2011
(in the cabaret "La belle Grèce")

At the "Saray" they took the decision to sell out
But before selling out, they will lay off They say,
they want to set up rightful businesses Foreign
and local investors are pushing them (in order)
To persuade us, they started politely -The "boss-
es" are 30 families- And a fat man whom they
are using for propagating came to the frontline
to coordinate the fraud They started with tricks
–as if we are stupid- In the restaurant –they
say- we were "eating together" They had set
up the grand fiesta And they were not leaving
us "hungry" either (they say) And now that the
bill eventually came It is both right and appro-
priate for the people to pay Their announcers
also went out to assist -in an effort to get a part
of the pie as well- "The celebration must come
to an end now!", they say. They were doing us
a favor, for as long as it lasted In the restaurant,
they will only be organizing soiree's And they
will transform it, from a shanty-house into a
cabaret...

Tell me, are they happy in the Saray,
now that the "karagoz berde" is down?
It won't spoil the(ir) view anymore
And please tell me, are the tourists OK now?
Are our assessments correct?
Now that you have put an order
in the cabaret "La belle Grèce" ?

We said fine, let's give them a hand
We didn't suspect
–though it was obvious- the fraud
And they immediately set off
to set up hangmans in our size
You gotta realize my family-men
this show has Sultans and Viziers Viziers'
daughters and sons, and also Bey's, Criers ,
but also Arkoudeides (famous police chief of the past)
So it was, and when the jokes were over
We went to the Square and set up a tent
To get together, to discuss, to live and –after
voting- to decide And they immediately sent
Veligekas To spray us with chemicals and
mega-propaganda And somewhere there,
between cops and beatings we got a dog for
our shanty-house And in this roma-camp of
ours, They 'll never manage to sell Loukanikos
And whenever the crooks enter the Saray
He raises on leg and pisses on them

Tell me, are they happy in the Saray,
now that the "karagoz berde" is down?
It won't spoil the(ir) view anymore
And please tell me, are the tourists OK now?
Are our assessments correct?
Now that you have put an order
in the cabaret "La belle Grèce" ?

Seas in my wine

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I'm tied on the middle mast
The game is set and the team crap
The journey is old and last for centuries
And you, a siren screaming from the screens
You wanna persuade me that
'my friend it's all right'
Sit comfortably on your couch
You 've turned stupification into my first nature
For me to miss out that you've torn my sails
And you were a team of Beos ,
a ship of Papandreou
The latest loan we got once again
The threat and the ghost of unemployment
And an undercover cop who sneaked
into (Villa) Amalias
A family man at night, at home,
in front of the screen
You were the empty head
of the Golden Dawn fanatic
A boss that is looking for slaves in his job
A journalist that is working for his bosses

In my wine I see seas
And even though you've spoilt my sails
Still in my wine I keep seeing seas...

You were trembling like a fish in
the court case of Kasidiaris
You were a CO2 mist in Athens
blocking me the moon
A fired worker of Rizospastis on behalf of Perissos
And a gas bomb into the school of Ierissos
The state monopoly on violence
And that corruption of power
The political parties screaming for me
to vote for them
And the elections that do not change the world
You seem to me like the idiot's revenge
Screaming for the race and the blood
You were the knife in Ifigenia's neck
And the populist, vote-hunting blocking
of the citizenship (law)
The oligarchs that own Greece
And my friends who don't even have a job Be-
cause the system is unfair,
no more jokes
We are pawn of capitalism stupid!

In my wine I see seas
And even though you've spoilt my sails
Still in my wine I keep seeing seas....

Kasbah

N. Kavvadias

*The song Kasbah is dedicated to the memory of Irini who loved Kavvadias' lyrics and our songs.

We were heading slowly towards the Kasbah.
My partner was wearing an Algerinean fes.
Oh poetry give me your brightest lyrics to
narrate some dark things.
The slope, very high and steeped,
full of ancient shops and weaponries.
Down there one could see the beach with the ships
and a multilingual crowd that was coming.
Black women, ornamented in white,
noisy Algerineans that were laughing
and sailors from foreign lands wearing weird caps
and tropical clothes.
Old houses, without windows, tall and sitting on stone
steps old-women as if taken out from hell
rolling the dice and smoking shisha.
Inside divided, dark rooms on wide and dirty beds,
whites and blacks, with terrible,
lightless eyes without horizon and without skies. Inside
the room 'Talaat' a white body of a woman on a
black sofa in her hands she is skilfully
playing with a knife and is reading a thick, old, book.
She is greeting me with an Arabic verse and tells
me a few words from every language that were
taught to her in the foreign quarters
by the sailors that slept with her.
But thenafter she keeps her lips shut.
If you stay –she said- don't ask my name.
I hate pointless confessions
and men's pointless warm words.
We stayed without talking till dawn and when I paid
and started leaving, she held the money in her hand
for a moment and threw it on my face with fury.
And said: If you lived long in the tropics and read
weird books, you only learned to drive the ships slowly,
bended over the Mercatorian maps.
But the still journey of the prostitutes,
which of you, blind, ever saw it?
The midnight sun always covers it and the star
of some skies unknown to you.
I went out. Outside her door in line were waiting
French, Englishmen, and Senegalese.
And her, closed, playing with her knife throwing
it on the wall this time.
And I head, trembling, with a slow step, until I
reached, thanks to god from the ancient city of
Algiers to our huge ship that was losing its color.