



KAMI NO VIRUSU

Hi everyone! Dark Demon here! Today I'm going to talk about "Kami no Virusu" a short-film directed by Luciano Attinà (aka Cieli Oscuri) and produced by M.B. Productions.

This 15 minutes short is set in an Italian city close to the end of a pandemic, where a fictional corporation, the "STOKER", is distributing vaccines. Meanwhile a pale girl – infected – wakes in an abandoned industrial complex then moves around the city. The story switches constantly from a scientist employed by the corporation giving shots to the people, to the girl as she gets more and more sick. A narrator follows up each scene with harsh but somehow fatalistic criticism of modern society. While the scientist explains the company ideals and policy through a variety of monologues, the girl roams around the city crossing paths with other people afflicted, like her, by a Carpathian variant of the virus.

Visually this movie makes a lot of references to the 80's/90's horror and Japanese cyberpunk movies, "Tokyo fist", "Anatomic Extinction" and "Tetsuo" among them, and also to No Wave cinema, Richard Kern and Carpenter. Despite that, Kami no Virusu follows its peculiar style immersed in the Italian squat scene, switching from well lit open spaces (focusing on the scientist) and disregarded alleys (focusing on the infected girl). This short-film surely sends a provocative message through powerful music and particularly strong photography, a criticism to the way the vaccination campaign was delivered to the people, and how corporations might have exploited the situation to their own gain. The music chosen not only sets the tone in each scene, (with tracks from bands like blackened screamo punk rockers Egestas) but also conveys perfectly the message from the director to the audience, which is and I quote: "Giving the middle finger to society". It's worth mentioning that Cieli Oscuri is very fond of punk culture, from which he draws the anarchist ideology that permeates the movie and it's aesthetic. Kami no Virusu definitely reached its goal of social criticism, with a job done with attitude and passion that delivers a bewildering experience to the Italian underground.



All'Alba



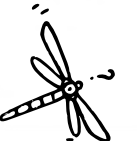
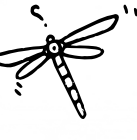
Prima dell'alba nel mantra ancora notturno di archi e colonne – che pure dona soffio vivificante all'elenco immutabile fermate e ripartenze del veicolo – il mio amore serpeggia per tutte le vie laterali che, presupposto un angolo retto, subito torcono come radici.



Se mi fosse concesso questo semplice buio piacere il non gettare l'occhio laddove termina il visibile, vivremmo allora il presente su strade maestre invece di bere la gloria del caos e sempre con insanabile desiderio desiderarci altrove.



Ma in ciascuno di quegli incroci sta il richiamo della tua bocca e la pania dei tuoi capelli in mia attesa.



Giovanna Demarchi

Dark Demon



Brazo Roto

I

Tras una violenta caída,
El peso del cuerpo etílico,
Ha sido atraído por su gravedad.

Humérus reventando,
Contra un suelo seco
Contra un piso severo.
Rompiendo su forma.

Un olor fétido,
De muerte y de sangre.
Sensaciones
De una cálida humedad.

Cuerpo sin extremidad;
Cuerpo incompleto,
Futuro cortado,
Mañana roto.

II

Quebradizo y herido,
Despierto con frío.
Frágil como el papel mojado.

El hueso roto.
Un inerte despertar.
Del concreto, las piedras y el metal
Nace mi nueva realidad.

Tengo todo el tiempo,
La suerte y la experiencia.
Me acompaña la vida.
Me falta la paciencia.

Intervención mecánica,
Ente y metal fusionado.
Una nueva oportunidad
Un cuerpo incapaz.

III

Miembro sin movimiento,
Sin peso, sin alma.
Imposible su flexión.

Dolor permanente,
Brazo sin respuesta,
Enérgica protesta
En su extraña reflexión.

Las almas corpóreas,
Sufren su pena corporal.
Calentándose,
Atrayendo su lluvia violenta,
Torrencial.

IV

Los nervios vibran,
Los días acelerados
Reducen su velocidad.

Frágil castillo de arena,
El tronco se reinventa.
La célula regenera,
Se forma el tejido.

Su sangre multicolor
Está nutrida del concreto.
Sabiduría del alma
Destinos inciertos
Y ganas de más.

V

La vida se llenará,
Como un vaso, de experiencias.
Llenándose despacio,
Se derramará.

Se quedará sin nada.
Casi vacío,
Se atestará de nuevo
Hasta encontrar su final.

Brazo roto, lento caminar,
Doloroso paso al avanzar.

Regresa lento el movimiento,
Torpe y sin fuerzas.
El cadáver roto regresa,
A ser lo que nunca será.

Giovani Della Mancha



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