



ZZZLORG

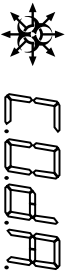


everywhere in america the world
 you mean the sun is up out high big yellow stuck to the sky am stuck to the ceiling of your house tent mud hut looking down way down through the dirt floor carpet hook and loop oceans of dust dried skins pollen hair soil mites spiders past the kitchen steels stainless tiles ceramic sink splash splintered wood dull knives feed food fed toilet white bucket hole wastes pastes pills powders lounge room fire couch mantle tree crowded with photos framed place and times get stuck affixed family and friends strangers smiling laughing standing starving eating with their fingers as wide gut bulging gasping for air food on paper plates seated lying

collapsed on the ground in the backyard on plastic chairs dont stop here combat photographer duck fall keep falling down fast past through the basement mass graves old books and exercise equipment rusting ordnance drip drip scritch scritch wormy wanderings under now the house bomb shelter trenches tunnels into the dirt the earth its folds geologic loomings where history is compressed filed lost found where spades serape and shovels dig dig gut brown clay mud iron essentials essential to life to bodies and ideas click clack sulphur yellow charcoal black white nitrates here children bandaged blind stirrup a cruor thick mix a sticky sack of bang boom crash the party is just now just now hopping and bopping roiling and boiling blood for the bloodhound

MI SVEGLI CON LAGNANZE DI ANTICHI COLORI, SOGNO DI SANGUE CHE VESTE
 NEI MEI RICORDI QUESTA PELLE BIANCA,
 PER UN APPUNTAMENTO PER UN RITRATTO NUOVI
 PER UN DOLORE NUOVO COME QUESTO.
 IL TUO ARRETRATO NEL FUMMO, PALMATA
 E IL CASCAPO LO USI COME SPORCINO
 SOTTAVANTO, NOSTRI CON IL TUO SANGUINO
 MI TERROPRITA, FALCIA IL FONDO DI OCCI
 DELLA BELLEZA.

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CATORCIO

Bologna is a schizo, grinding mix of medieval and modern; its stone streets lead you past iconic porticos -- which were built as a projection of private buildings onto public land -- to food festivals, political strikes, wild music, and the world's oldest university. Chewed by the assault of market think and history, here critical minds struggle to maintain their raw crust. Catorcio are that rare lump of raw organic thought spit out by Bologna's relentless mastication of seeming contradictions.

With two EPs on their shoulders (catorcio.bandcamp.com), this four-piece smashing asset led us to believe their style to be a mixture of Noise Rock and Mathcore, yet their intentions don't seem to be all that predictable. In fact, their live shows tend to be misanthropically devastating especially when they infiltrate Hardcore Punk parties, which happens often. Of course, they desecrate punk too by making their music both mechanically technical and radically obnoxious. Through this interview I wanted to see what kind of dynamics might give spring to such a goo of ideas, and try to decypher them better... failing, probably!

Hello Catorcio, your name literally means "wreck", and your sound insists on this concept: are you trying to make us understand how the heart of the socio-political death machine we live in everyday sounds?

Catorcio is an ironical way of describing the noise we tend towards. We want to play raging music, bent but not brainy, both for pogo and active listening. Our major influences are traceable to historical groups of the '80s and '90s, all attributable to Noise Rock, Math Rock and Post Hardcore: Jesus Lizard, Don Caballero, NoMeansNo, Dazzling Killmen to drop some names. We blend these sonorities with the anger and expressive urge of grindcore. Our tracks are all composed in the rehearsal room: they always start from a musical idea (a sound, a rhythm, a phrase) or from a guitar riff around which we assemble the rest through a cut&paste collage, trying to create logical yet unpredictable structures.

You share the stage with different types of bands: How do we make sense of your live shows in Bologna's extreme music scene?

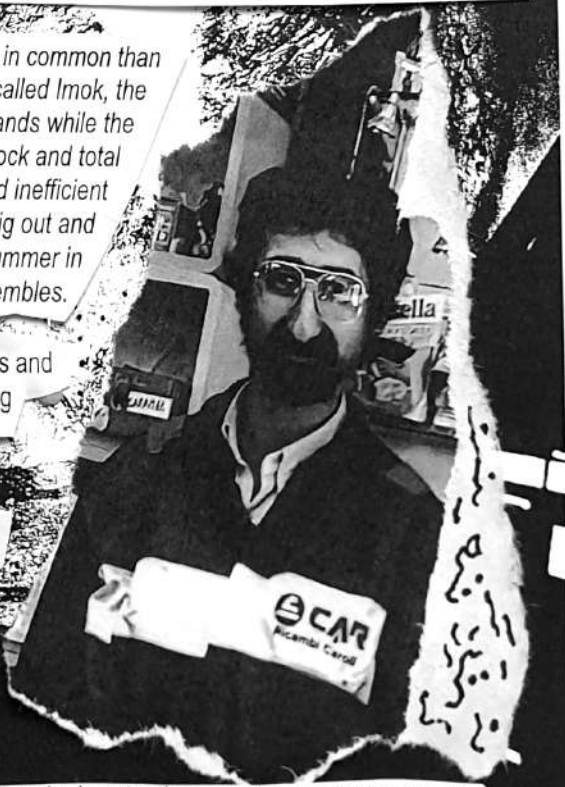
We met each other in the legendary XM24 social centre in Bologna, during one of the many extreme or experimental music nights we attended there. We then started rehearsing in the space that XM24 gave to bands. For a year, XM24 was our headquarters since we could play there until 3 in the morning. Unfortunately, with its closure (which also represented the peak of a general cultural and political repression which has been haunting Bologna ever since) in 2019, extreme music gigs in town have been halved. All of this is also to say that yes, we split the stage with many punk and grindcore bands due to the fact that most of our gigs happen in social centres.

Your music feels like a mash-up of your various side projects -- all of which seem to pull in various intense directions. Could you tell us more about them?

Actually, the music we try to create comes more from the sounds we have in common than those that differentiates us. Anyway, our singer has a solo noise project called Imok, the bass player was active in different Post Rock, Sludge and Thrashcore bands while the guitarist and drummer have a duo of their own where they mix Noise Rock and total improvisation. STRONTZO is the name, they have a complete "fuck all" and inefficient attitude (with very long and rambling rehearsals) through which they dig out and obsess on ideas of 'good music' and various forms of written music. The drummer in particular studies at the conservatory and plays in various jazz ensembles.

Take us through your last eponymous EP, published by Vollmer Industries and Zero Produzioni. It contains four tracks of drilling Math Rock, with grinding tendencies AND lyrics. what are you so angry at?

The EP is a result of scrappy rehearsals between XM24 and other spaces run by some of the finest Bolognese characters (above all Aut and Pecos). "Esisto Male" is a track against language conformity. "Deprivatio" describes an hallucinogenic encounter that actually happened with a couple of hominids, in the suburbs of Valencia. "Coprovoro" is in praise of Reverend Burn, one of the best persons in the world, for us. "Colardose" describes a person who ODs from micro doses of cholera. We describe everyday manifestations of human nature, nothing makes us angry but we are deeply bothered by: Lodo Guenza, overcooked pasta, the guy who passed by with his electric scooter the other day, those who hesitate at a green traffic light, Lorenzo, the pack of birds, you, the new parking spots with surcharge, Luca, emojis, department stores, things with sexual references.



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