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### **Yure: Scene, Personification and Nature (00.00.1999)**

Yure/ex-Darkage, Wed 18 Apr 2007

#### **Scene, Personification and Nature - by Yure/ex-Darkage**

**Publication: around 1999**

There are so many sides of the scene I am madly in love with. So many sides that take me here in front of a screen without a rag to put on as idea, waiting for the words to rise, as helped by an improbable prophet. But if I had to write down a chart, all these sides would stay exactly on the same level. Yes, but which level? High? Low? None. No level, the attempt to categorize the faces of the scene would be just like trying to determine if the letter U is nicer than F, there are many letters on the keyboard I am typing on now, can I tell which of them is the "most fundamental one"? I really think no. In the same way I can't say which face is the most wrapping one, the most characterizing one, the most original one. But there's a core of the scene that makes me mad: the scene is false, the scene is bad, the scene is wicked.

#### **Why is the scene false?**

To be true the scene can't be considered an expression of falsity, as it is expression of pure bastard-ment. Just, saying that the scene is bastard seems ugly, even if it is so. In Italian "bastard" means son of no one, isolated in a world of names and surnames, but also means the coolness to live impassibly with this world. And where are the differences with the scene? Scene has no fathers, scene has no mothers, scene has sons, only. Sons of no one, who meet in the reality of a shared passion that makes all free slaves. But this condition is the soul of my concept of scene, to this condition is related its immortality. If it weren't bastard, scene would not be immortal, would die like the market that evolves killing itself, committing suicide with the constant revolutions, while in its reality of "being of no one" it can dare not to care about the rest of the world, no one imposes to change, to adequate, to perform a sort of natural selection to survive, it doesn't care and keeps on living with its nature, and is immortal. Obviously there's a recharge of powers, the sceners go away, new ones join, in a looping circle that sees no end, end whenever it would see it, it would prepare a new revolution of the nothing. The scene is her mother, it's like a pregnant dead she-dog. Outside it may seem that there's no sign of life, but in it there are some little ones that soon will see the light, full of vitality and strength. Even when we'll arrive to say that the scene is dead, there will always be some life near to get out, it will be more hidden, even more underground, but there will be, there are no alternatives. She's immortal and bastard.



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### **Why is the scene bad?**

I wonder if anyone tried to count how many the sceners are. No sense lists sceners that don't do anything but sell for little price names who become anonymous and cold, it's not possible to count the sceners, there would be too many problems. For example, a guy who follows the scene but is not part of it, is he a scener? And another who hates even being in it? But a feature is common to all the sceners: many are fogged by the ideal of friendship, by this enormous aura that like a miracle embraces all the sceners in a shining circle of peace and happyies. Bullshit. Real friendship doesn't exist, it's not passing a joint at a party, it's not having fun, it's not getting the respect of the others only because of coolness. Friendship is no more than an illusion. Sure, you have friends, you are in a group, you enjoy the time, you get crazy. And then? Is this the limit of friendship? Just have some foolish joy? Of course it's not the rule, sometimes, or maybe I have to say often, friendship which comes from scening activity may become real, pure like only true friendship is. But saying that the sceners are all friends just because they are sceners is one of the biggest pieces of bullshit that may be heard. Because the friend scener, besides being a friend, is most importantly a man, and a man is traitor, a man doesn't care to turn the neck to anyone for interest. The concepts of "friendship" and friendship are not the same, nope, they are opposite in an hypotethic hierarchic scale. The scenic friendship represents only that part of us that is enough to make us forget the rest of the world for a while, wrapped in the atmospheres of total indifference that grow in the maximum of scenic activity. After every party, meeting or something else, also the most little one, a lone thought is in everyone's mind: "I live for the scene." The involving is total, the thinkings multiply themselves. In these moments the "badness" of the scene shows itself at the maximum of its potential, because out of it life continues, and you realize that at the end of all you can't really live for it. And in these moments you feel she is yours, and in a while she leaves you. Until the next time.

It seems strange to talk about her like if she were a person, and nevertheless it appears as spontaneously, all talk in the same way about it, like a friendly foe, without minding concreting an abstraction. The wickness of the scene coincides with this: in its personification. The sceners are subjected to this strange phenomenon: in most cases, they are not considered reality by the rest of the underground, they do their work in their group, apparently ignored. But it's not so. Every, also the most little sign of activity, is weighed. And the scene is wicked because if you do even a little mistake in this activity, you pass a while in a condition of total lameness, while it seems that nobody cares about you, everyone is ready to point at you on the first occasion. No matter how important you are, do a mistake, you're finished. And this may look strange, but it's fine. She's wicked, and I love her.