

In a red car with tinted windows, tonight, somewhere on the CV-500 Spanish highway, there are four vampires driving at full speed.

BLOOD IS TESTIMONY¹. MUSIC IS BLOOD.

This is a fragmented, confused and jumping story about an encounter, my own encounter, with an unprecedented dance music scene that appeared magically and disappeared tragically on the margins of the aforementioned CV-500, next to Valencia, between approximately 1980 and 1993: *La Ruta del Bacalao* (The “Cod” Route, or just The Route, from now on). A broken dream that opens a conversation between three generations about lost feelings of freedom and cancelled desires.

For me, something about that time and space still makes sense in the present, and connects with my own desires. It appears in blurry glimpses, resonates in echoing voices, beats, and non-identified heartbeats.

But when looking backwards in time, it seems impossible to connect with it. When trying to grasp it, it disappears. It has been buried by a stream of poor images that have made it impossible for any other image to exist. This story is an attempt to actualize that moment through the vampire optic and its nuances, and to understand why it feels necessary today.

TO LOOK BACKWARDS IS TO SEE SPOOK FACTORIES

A night, which night? On the CV–500, time is out of joint.

Get in the car, let's go to the CV-500 to find the vampires. This road is literally a spook factory² and is full of ghosts of unrealized futures.

1980s

If the vampires are on this road, tonight, which night? How can you connect with something you can't imagine? The philosopher Thomas Nagel says, in “What is it like to be a bat?”, that

¹ *Dracula*, directed by Jonny Campbell, Damon Thomas and Paul McGuigan, written by Mark Gatiss and Steven Moffat, aired January 2020, on BBC One and Netflix.

² As defined in María Langarita Sánchez, “Territorios de excepción la CV500 como laboratorio de arquitectura,” (doctoral thesis, ETSArquitectura UPM, 2016), <https://doi.org/10.20868/UPM.thesis.40818>.

you cannot imagine something that is not in the resources of your own mind simply by adding or subtracting things.³

Nowadays I cannot understand what was happening then; I cannot make the connection with myself and I cannot revive it. That night no longer exists. There is an invisible barrier, a spectre. An emptiness, a cut between two scenes. The perception of time is distorted because there is something that has been erased from the story, and when trying to touch it, when trying to write the story again from beginning to end, as recovering the archive might be an attempt to do,⁴ it still doesn't appear.

2010s

In 2012, I saw a Canal Plus documentary that first aired in 1993: *Hasta que el cuerpo aguante*, "Until the body endures". The documentary portrays The Route, located in Valencia, in the south east of Spain. At the time, hundreds of people would attend every weekend, travelling up to 72 hours through a series of clubs on the banks of the CV-500, on the periphery of Valencia. The main character, Emilio, is in his twenties, wears a cowboy-like jacket and some cool sunglasses, and leads the French filming team around for 72 hours, partying around The Route. An incredibly charismatic and enthusiastic character, he shows them the parties as if he is giving a house tour. He is what is called a true *Rutero* (an inhabitant of The Route).

"It was a moment for imagination. What we wanted to imagine, we imagined it and we made it."⁵

Emilio drives a car on which he has installed a palette (for dancing on top of). He is a delirious *Autonaut* of the *Cosmoroute* of The Route. As the architect María Langarita puts it in her thesis "The CV-500 as a laboratory of architecture",⁶ The Route in those images seems to be a an *Autopy*, a utopia where cars have been reformulated as in-between, multifunctional spaces, creating sorts of atomized satellite clubs within the network of crowded parking lots.

A territory of experimentation and exception, extremely free.

³ "In so far as I can imagine this (which is not very far), it tells me only what it would be like for me to behave as a bat behaves. But that is not the question. I want to know what it is like for a bat to be a bat. Yet if I try to imagine this, I am **restricted** to the resources of my own mind, and those resources are inadequate to the task. I cannot perform it either by imagining additions to my present experience, or by imagining segments gradually subtracted from it, or by imagining some combination of additions, subtractions, and modifications". Thomas Nagel, "What Is It Like to Be a Bat?" *Philosophical Review* 83, no. 4 (October 1974): 435–50, <https://doi.org/10.2307/2183914>.

⁴ Recently some works have arisen, recovering voices of DJs, producers, clubbers. Some of the most relevant would be: Sánchez, "Territorios de excepción"; Luis Costa, *¡Bacalao! Historia Oral de La Música de Baile En Valencia, 1980-1995* (Barcelona: Contra, 2016); Joan M. Oleaque, *En éxtasis*, trans. Alberto Haller (Valencia: Barlin, 2017); *Tower Of Meaning* (blog), <https://towerofmeaning.blogspot.com/>; *Valencia Destroy*, podcast, <https://www.podiumpodcast.com/valencia-destroy/>.

⁵ Carlos Simó on *Valencia Destroy*, podcast, September 21, 2017, <https://www.podiumpodcast.com/valencia-destroy/>.

⁶ Sánchez, "Territorios de excepción."

In 2018, twenty-five years later, we looked at the parking lot of one of these clubs, Spook Factory, the morning after its 25th anniversary party. It was completely empty except for one red car in the distance.

During that night, we looked around and thought: They are not dancing at the party, they are dancing at a party that happened twenty-five years ago.

ES IMPOSIBLE, NO PUEDE SER

Fran Lenaers played “Es imposible no puede ser”, “It is impossible it cannot be”, an anthem of The Route, produced in 1989. I realized that it embodied many things about the situation. It is impossible, it cannot be. Something that is damned from the beginning. It is impossible, it cannot be. Something that is out of the real world. It is impossible, it cannot be. Something so good that you cannot believe it.

It apparently was impossible to keep that freedom; that territory of exception seemed meant to disappear. But why?

It was nine in the morning after the party and we decided to approach that one red car in the distance.

Emilio was there.

We ended up nine hours later in his village after frantically chasing his car at full speed. It is impossible, it cannot be.

The 2018 Emilio seemed a Derridean Hamlet, a paralyzed spectator whose ability to move forward was blocked by a disappointment. He has seen a spectrum. Still partly living in the nineties, where everything is still possible, no one around seems to understand him. He has been living in a dream. But a dream he doesn't seem to have control of. Likewise, the 1993 documentary has made him a character over whom he has no agency.

What was there was gone for good. The Route is now a ruin. Empty buildings and dead palm trees.

Vampires are able create their own world. Their endless night. Their chosen family. Damned from the beginning, what is left behind after the collision of their dark nightly dreamworld with the shiny day, the real world, is mostly death, delusion and disenchantment.

Who is the vampire here?

1989

In the sleeve of “Es imposible no puede ser,” it can be read that it is actually an edit of “How Much Are They?”.⁷ It is a mix coined in the Spook Factory DJ booth. Blending two issues of the record with a sample of the voice of a friend of his saying, in Spanish, “It is impossible, it cannot be”. It is a fragment of time. A vampire record. How much are they? The first solo project of its producer, Holger Czukay, was called Les Vampyrettes; they only pressed and produced one record. He was a pupil of Stockhausen, the twentieth-century music visionary who was actually known for keeping all his instruments in coffins.

1993

"The apocalypse is happening and our kids are the protagonists."

The documentary is part of a torrent of images, distributed in 1993, that portrayed The Route in its death rattles. Trash TV had just been born, and the front pages of newspapers and even the General Directorate of Traffic⁸ spread their weekly visions of post-apocalyptic scenes in which deaths from drugs, car accidents and repetitive music appeared as the only notable news.

“The legend of the vampire is perhaps one of the few great myths created in the modern age. And it is perhaps the thing that comes closer to the camera film. Both have to be kept in the dark. And their ultimate sacrifice is also the path to their liberation. They live and die when light caresses their skin. It can be no coincidence that the figure of the vampire gains notoriety with the emergence of photography.”⁹

1993 was the year when a stream of images made impossible every other form of imagination.

“Nowhere girl, you´re living in a dream.
Nowhere girl, you stay behind the scenes.”

The Nowhere Girl, in order to live in the dream, needs to stay behind the scenes. The appearance of images means the death of the vampires. I wonder where it is, what is lost when one image makes another disappear.

⁷ A track produced by the composer and drummer of the Krautrock band CAN, Jaki Liebezeit, and released in 1982.

⁸ Simón J. Bernal, “Las Espinas del ‘Bakalao’,” *Revista Tráfico*, no. 90 (July-August 1993): 8–15, <http://www.dgt.es/revista/archivo/pdf/num90-1993-pags8-15.pdf>

⁹ Jacopo Benassi, *The Vampire Manifesto – Learning from Argento*, ed. Antonio Grulli (Venezia: Bruno, 2017).

The vampire, in order to survive, had to return to the shadowy night of the 1980s, where it originally belonged. When there was no images, because everyone was living in the night. To the red frame.¹⁰ The frame that holds back from converting life into image-

1989

"It is impossible, it cannot be" was first said in 1989. What is impossible? What cannot be?

"Daddy, what happened in 1989?

[...]

It is the triumph of neoliberalism worldwide.

Any possible opposition comes to an end.

[...]

The wall falls.

[...]

We fell long ago."

FROM A FEELING OF FREEDOM TO A FEELING OF DISENCHANTMENT

1977

My father, among many others, had devoted a good part of his youth to political activism organized within the clandestine structure of the Communist Party. When he says, "We fell long ago," my father refers to what happened to them after the first democratic elections in 1977. In Spain, the fascist dictatorship of General Franco lasted forty years, from 1936 to 1975. He says, "We just wanted to breathe." That dictatorship felt like a heavy and thick curtain.

1977 was also the year of Punk, when the dream of the dark night started to infiltrate and influence Valencia through records in car trucks, and a void for things to come opened.

"We have fallen many time ago".

But falling towards where?

Yung Beef says, as Delia Derbyshire said,

¹⁰ "Have you seen that red frame? Stop it! Do not miss it! You must check it. You will see that the frame before the red is not like the others. You see it? I get up and then Flash! and I collapse again. [...] Do you realize? Look at it, it is as if the camera has refused to photograph. When I first saw it, I felt something inexplicable". *Arrebato*, directed by Iván Zulueta (Nicolás Astiarraga Producciones Cinematográficas, 1979).

“I’m falling, I’m falling upwards”

Disenchantment is realizing that something you thought would last forever has simply disappeared, has become a ghost, a paralyzing vision.

“I felt that there was no space for me. There, the bureaucrats came in, but you, you are not a bureaucrat. It wasn't said out loud but it tended to be – there was a void, I think that there was a void. I mean, of, of, of...”

A void of, of, of...”

In 1977 they felt they were losing a future they had been dreaming of for years. If, after the Francoist dictatorship, came the transition to democracy, the disappearance of the heavy thick curtain, which was supposed to bring with it the promise of freedom, why did they feel they had lost something?

For me, freedom is the absence of fear and is connected with desire. It takes place sometimes in this dark night.

“The power of non-power, the knowing of not-knowing and the liberating movement brought by not fearing”.¹¹

Why is it that some forms of freedom cannot be made real, they cannot leave the night, they cannot be outside the dark, and in their contact with the light, they disappear?¹²

My father explains his idea of freedom, and I understand that it is connected with the desire of a self that cannot exist. Like my dark night. The "communal future", drinking from the "dictatorship of the proletariat," would make those things possible. A world for all.

Emilio speaks about what he felt when he entered Spook high on mescaline: "That we were all family."

Yet the vampire has no limits, crosses boundaries, crosses bodies. It is infinite desire. The dark night brings with it a sense of connection with others, of collective joy.

I ask,

“Did you believe it for real? Did you believe for real that it was going to happen when democracy arrived?”

¹¹ María Salgado comments on Rosalía singing “Aunque es de noche” by San Juan de la Cruz. See: María Salgado, “Lírica / 5. A Partir de Una Versión de Aunque Es de Noche. Sobre La Transmisión,” in *Programa sin créditos en modo celebración: otros relatos sobre comunidades artísticas de aprendizaje*, eds. Lila Insta and Selina Blasco (Madrid: Comunidad de Madrid y Ediciones Asimétricas, 2018), <https://archive.org/details/MSalgadoLirica5USinCreditos2019/mode/2up>.

¹² “In order to shift from virtuality to actuality, a possibility has to be embodied in a subject and this subject needs potency. How can a possibility be embodied in a subject? How can a subject have potency?” Franco Berardi, *After the Future* (Oakland: AK Press, 2011).

He replies,

“Why would we have fought if we didn’t believe it?”

In their clandestine actions during the dictatorship, the young activists acted, "as if what they were fighting for was really going to happen". I think that the collective joy and the great commune were themselves at that time, conspiring in the shadows, secretly practicing those freedoms.

I also think of the two voids: the 1977 void, as a feeling of having lost something that you belong to; and the void, through which the 1980s can be understood, in which rules and norms were temporarily suspended, opening up the possibilities for inhabitation.

Why is it so important to be able to build a place where you can feel something like freedom? Coming back to the question: Where are the vampires now? For me, the dark night and the freedom that it treasures raise the notion of a possible future in the present through the feeling of that future in bodies.¹³ Disenchantment is the update of that desire, a bad passion.

¹³ Deeply inspired by Berardi, *After the Future*.

THE VAMPIRE TURN: BITE IF YOU GOTTA BITE

Ghosts disappear, vampires bite.

Those feelings were inaugurated in 1977, in 1989 and in 1993 with the formalization of the discourse of capitalism: fragmentation, disconnection, individualism, fear of the other. In 1977, with the first general elections, in 1989, with the first neoliberal policies, and in 1993, with the wheel of media fear, which actually opens the way, via the manipulation of public opinion, to sneak through new regulations on the night.¹⁴ They mark turning points, invisible ghostly curtains, when certain ways of being are no longer manifestly possible. Desires cancelled. There are only two possibilities: embrace it or go away from it.¹⁵

Biting involves going through matter. Pierce. Cross. What has been lost seems to be a form of reality, a possibility of imagining. A feeling that is now impossible, it cannot be. A way of being. Vampires take us from 2019 to 1989, from 1979 to 2019, piercing time. Direct access. Slaying. Crossing stories faster than history. Vampires resist. They are there, they are there forever. They will survive and infiltrate our bodies, they will pass from one to another. Nothing will be lost because there will be a transmission.

¹⁴ Such as the "Corcuera Law", also called the "Kick on the door law," which strictly limited the opening times of the clubs.

¹⁵ Berardi also cites Spinoza saying that power is the agency that reduces the range of possibilities to a prescriptive power, the source of bad passions. Its existence is the effect of subjugating the soul to the power of power.

LOOKING FORWARD IS FOLLOWING THE BEAT TO THE HEARTBEAT

The future was becoming faster and faster, as heartbeats were.

I think that music is a vampire medium, and like blood, it is a testimony of stories and bodies.

In the sleeve cover of “Es imposible no puede ser,” it can be read: “Sound of Valencia.”

From 1977 to 1993, the Sound of Valencia is the main intangible trippy substance that keeps bodies moving. It is a subject that changes and transforms, vampirizing itself.

The perception of the future does change too.

Let me follow a heartbeat starting in 1977, the year of the void, the year of the infiltration. Dark sounds from abroad passing from hand to hand, records and magazines coming in car trunks, bringing the dream of modernity from overseas.

The experience of this pitch-black night seems to exceed the limits of the human, beating bodies to the tempo. Feeling the music inside your body, synchronizing to it. The beat and the heartbeat mutating each other, as if they were beatmatched, shared among many bodies.

The notion of the future held by my parents in the 1970s went hand in hand with the idea of the future of Marxism, which had also infiltrated the subculture, in books passing from hand to hand, through voices and stories shared among comrades. Marxism was known as a kind of predictive science that assumed that it could predict its own outcome: the final victory, the abolition of classes. Believing itself able to analyze the relationship between the bourgeoisie and capitalism, and the dynamics of the economy. The future, understood as a place of progress without limits, as a result of a trend inscribed in the present. The catastrophe appears to emerge when a new landscape emerges.

As Bifo says:

"The limits of the language are the limits of the world."¹⁶

1977 is the year of my parents' generation's disenchantment and it is also the year of Punk. The first Sound of Valencia brings Punk, and with it, the cancellation of the future itself. “NO FUTURE”. The beat, the rhythmic base that echoed in pubs like Tres Tristes Tigres, coming directly from the London nightclub The Batcave, back then, is that of a wild drummer, wrecking guitars and torn voices. Spasmodic and sweaty bodies feel close to each other, that imported world becoming visible and possible through the reinterpretation of its

¹⁶ Franco Berardi, *Futurability: The Age of Impotence and the Horizon of Possibility* (New York: Verso, 2017).

aesthetics, with a local sensibility. And above all, through dancing it, jumping it, feeling it every night.

The rhythm emanating, shaping this decade, the 1980s, went from the drummer itself to the subwoofer, and again to deeper frequencies. Bats, the alter egos of vampires, communicate through ultrasounds. Like the subwoofer, a shared vibration that keeps you glued to the dance floor. A way of communicating with another time and world.

The influence of the guitar and the bass is still present, however they are downplayed in favour of the more groovy, synthetic-like and sensual Post Punk / New Wave sound that arose in the early 1980s. Music seems more layered, its landscape wider. Synths fluttering. Darker voices, melancholy flooding the scene, screams. But also, more melody. The drum rhythms never stop beating.

The future continues to be absent, but the physicality of the infinite night fills the present. A hunger for the new suddenly pops up. The so called "Children of The Night" from Valencia start to adopt their own sound, building their own imaginary and as a consequence their own subculture. Again, more synthesizers, more environmental guitar sounds, and more Spanish in the lyrics.

Local and foreign bands start playing in Valencia at untimely hours, and that night, halfway between human and synthetic, thrives in the eighties. What David Toop describes as Sinister Resonance, sound effects such as crackling, distortion, echoes, gradually collapse the music. One theme after another, the drum machine or the rhythm-based voice, begins to replace the drums. The pitch of the voice changes, modulating itself, diluting its genre, dehumanising it. The pulse shows no sign of stopping, while the dancing has faded away a long time ago to the dark periphery of the city, where the so-called Children of The Night meet every weekend among the rice fields. Twenty-five kilometers away from the beginning of the CV-500, in the city center of Valencia, Barraca invites you to live your nightly fantasy as Chocolate persuades one with its darkness and the sweat dropping from its walls.

The night starts to find its infinite potential around 1986. In the cabin of Spook, something begins to be cooked that had not been felt or danced until then. Its sound system was designed to the millimeter. The triple-turntable DJ booth allowed for the needle to be set at a specific angle that made mixing easier and smoother, and the sound was layered spatially with the display of the speakers in the club space. The lights were also controlled from the DJ Booth. This allowed the first mixes, stories told by records that couldn't be found elsewhere, to be made mid air, building a sound space. Guitars and choirs begin to fly, to move in circles from one side to another. Rhythmic, physical and electronic bases, again merging the vocal with the synthetic, begin to be confused. The Sound of Valencia experiences the true potential of infiniteness: dancing bodies contorting to exhaustion.

The Sound becomes a sound cathedral, strikingly similar to La Masclatá. La Masclatá is a pyrotechnic event characterized by the achievement of a noisy and rhythmic composition which is traditional to Valencia – a phenomenon from centuries ago. Strong, rhythmic, overwhelming. But also soft and musical. Dark and vivid, it breathes, alive. The experience of dancing inside it is like living in a movie in which you are the main character. A shared

movie, a form of communication. Bat ultrasounds. The future is a vampire future, a consequence of the desire of the present being repeated, like a locked groove.

Mescaline, a mysterious green pill with semi-psychedelic effects, a sort of proto-MDMA, sets the limits of the body and distorts the music into a more diffuse feeling.

The vampire has no present, past or future. It embodies time itself. All experiences at once. The temporal limit of the Sound of Valencia, like that of any sound landscape, is, as an assemblage, distorted. The old media, layered and spliced in samples, anticipates a future that sometimes has never happened, and brings with it potential that enters a different future when it is updated. The line between the present, past and future is broken; the potentialities of the past are updated every night.

Sounds of machines gain more and more prominence as the decade progress. Pace accelerates. Economic growth, and the distinction between working time during the week, and time devoted to leisure, the weekend, along with greater access to cars, begin to see these increasingly endless nights overpopulated with young people from all provinces, every weekend. The cars travel at full speed along a route that has progressively more and more kilometres, and more branches expanding through Spain, so that The Route become The Routes. Friday becomes Monday.

The end of the 1980s also predicts the country's entry into an irrevocably accelerationist paradigm: that of neoliberalism. The economic elites who had not felt their power threatened by the turning point of 1977, the first democratic elections, take their positions for the economical feast that will be the 1990s.

1987 is the year of Acid House. The rhythm, increasingly stripping off elements from the past, now features alien frequencies that stab brains and disrupt the frequency of thought. It accelerates and intensifies. The working class dances to the rhythm of the machines, as Reynolds says, and is turned into a web that connects the scenes of Manchester, Chicago and Valencia through a simultaneous experience.

The machines combine with voices, the voices definitely become machines. The rhythm becomes more consistent, and dancing bodies are more and more beatmatched.

“Economics are the method,” said Margaret Thatcher in 1981. “The object is to change the heart and soul.”

The year of “Es imposible no puede ser”, 1989, is the year in which the mescaline mysteriously disappears, maybe because of the increasing presence of non-psychedelic and accelerationist drugs such as cocaine, and their drug mafias, the neoliberal economic policies that begin to be applied after Spain's entrance in the European Union, and Margaret Thatcher's economic policies, which make it more and more expensive to import music.

The Sound of Valencia begins to get closer and closer to a perverted and hyper-accelerated version of itself: Mákina. The one that we can hear in the documentary from 1993. The catchy melodies that had become popular on the scene in the 1980s are mixed with industrial-esque and acid-like basslines.

The darkness of the night was no longer intimate, it had become mainstream. The sound was increasingly produced ad hoc to be consumed. The night becomes a business and the experience is diluted. The sound, more and more vulnerable to bastardising itself, is subjugated to a speculative process, becomes flatter, closed to contamination and mixing. A disproportionate overflow of formulaic music. A four on the floor repeating itself to eternity.

The accelerated heartbeats of a dancing crowd on speed replace the previous gentle and seductive dance. The experience is getting closer and closer to being one and only, to being controlled and designed. It is conceived as pop, like a liquid that has direct access to your neuronal membranes and leaves a trace of its melody in your brain.

Futures were becoming faster and faster, and so were the beats. The capitalist experience had become a loss of consciousness and agency. The protagonists could no longer control what was happening or what would arrive.

Emilio, who might have started touring The Route in 1989, was predestined to be a disenchanting character.

The immanence of the present or the possible hides in the eternal of the night in which dancing, conspiring, or simply disappearing, is actually possible, and does not find its place in the future, outside the collective body.

But The Vampire, in that new dream in which it does not belong, embraces being a missing character and returns to the shadows to stay alive.

LIVING IN A DREAM

The song “Nowhere Girl” by B-Movie, from 1982, became amazingly popular in The Route when it was released. B-Movie actually played it live there, when that night was still dark.

“Nowhere girl, you’re living in a dream.
Nowhere girl, you stay behind the scenes”.¹⁷

The four vampires in the car are four nowhere girls, still living in a dream behind the scenes.

“Every day, every night
In that all old familiar light
You hang up when I call you at home”.

The founding dimension of a collective experience was lost between beats at some point, perhaps precisely on that night of 1989. Acquiring awareness, says Fisher, is not just about having information about the source of your oppression. It is also about being able to feel connected and alive. That dark night apparently allowed them to be alive, to feel the experience of a less individualistic world. Its radical and transformative potential is not clear; it seemed also easily commodifiable and convertible into a distraction used to tolerate the ravages of an increasingly alienating day.

“And I try to get through
Ant I try to talk to you
But there's something stopping me from getting through”.

This is the failure of this text. We cannot get through. Looking backwards and seeing spectres, driving at full speed forward, chasing the vampires, never getting there.

“ Although it is night.”¹⁸

But still, these voices.

“When all this is over,
I’m sure we would see each other in any other party”.¹⁹

Voices in the dark night that come back. Songs and bits and pieces that still make sense. Feelings that are felt meaningful now.

“Well, you don't know me,
But I know you.

¹⁷ “Nowhere Girl,” track A on B-Movie, *Nowhere Girl*, Sire, 1982.

¹⁸ “Aunque es de noche,” single, lyrics by San Juan De La Cruz, performed by Rosalía, Universal Music Spain, 2017.

¹⁹ “En cualquier fiesta,” track B4 on La Mode, *La Mode*, Nuevos Medios, 1987.

And I've got a message to give to you".²⁰

There is not only one voice. And the voice of the text is going to try its last chance: becoming other voices. This is what the vampire is: a mixture of all others' experiences. As Count Dracula says: Blood is testimony. So, as pointed out before, the vampire in this text would literally...²¹

- How long will 24-hour clubs last?
- They are going to exist until people continue to live that way.²²

"Gitano, I saw the devil".

"Bela Lugosi's dead.
Undead, undead, undead".²³

- I don't belong to a place, because I belong to all of them.

"We're a blank generation, In the danger zone".²⁴

- The public television reported that they were a group of young people in search of their own identity, creating a world that fitted them: with no breaks.

"White-on-white translucent black capes".²⁵

"The light didn't enter in that squared box, with a dancefloor flanked with speakers resounding with a deafening volume and walls that bounced the sounds in thousands of evocative and uncontainable fragments".

"Release the bats".²⁶

²⁰ "O Superman (For Massenet)," track A on Laurie Anderson, *O Superman*, One Ten Records, 1981.

²¹ ...disappear. Hello, it's me. I have come to live in the footnotes, in the dark part of the text. I will try to disappear among the uncontainable fragments. If the Vampires are somewhere they are where the text ceases to be text and where time ceases to be time.

²² Paula Pérez-Rodríguez told me a story about The Route in 2012 and sent me this quote in a mail with no subject.

²³ "Bela Lugosi's Dead," track A on Bauhaus, *Bela Lugosi's Dead*, Small Wonder Records, 1979.

²⁴ "Ignore The Machine," track A on Alien Sex Fiend, *Ignore The Machine*, Relativity, 1983.

²⁵ "Bela Lugosi's Dead," Bauhaus.

²⁶ "Release The Bats," track A on The Birthday Party, *Release The Bats*, 4AD, 1981.