# Welcome
# to the Future

Servando Rocha

‘I simulated loss of memory.’
Rudolf Hess

She is a phantasmagorical apparition, a strange interruption in a programme intended to have broad appeal, something that emerges out of left field. Nina Hagen, the German artist who had set the world on fire with her strange punk, a thousand light years from just about everything else, walked resolutely out onto the stage. Her appearance and the way she moved, that unusual crossing of boundaries into territories totally beyond control, seemed to have come from another planet. The year 1986 was drawing to a close. Concha Velasco, the host of the New Year’s Eve show (*Viva 87*), introduced her with her usual forced smile: ‘A prodigious voice’, Velasco announced as her sequinned dress sparkled, almost blinding viewers. ‘About her outfit, well… I don’t want to say anything about what she’s wearing. She can sing opera just like she can sing a song in the purest punk style. Do you surrender? Ladies and gentlemen, Nina Hagen!’

I surrendered.

She drew the curtains aside, took a few small steps and emerged from the back of the stage, very timidly at first, as if this were not Madrid nor, of course, the last day of 1986 but Weimar Berlin and the audience before her a very mixed bunch: future Nazis sharing a table with others sporting a sinister gaze, lesbians and young fans of swing. The Cabaret of Atrocities. In the eyes of a country that boasted of its modernity, Hagen could be Yolanda, the main character in Pedro Almodóvar’s film *Dark Habits* (1983), who ended up in the arms of the

Humiliated Redeemers. Yes, she could have been her, a drug addict on the run who, as she flees, bumps into reality: the mother superior is also a drug addict. Nothing around her is what it seems: Sister Sewer Rat (Chus Lampreave), Sister Damned (Carmen Maura), Sister Manure (Marisa Paredes) and Sister Snake (Lina Canalejas).

That was the effect of Hagen's entrance. Waving a kind of tiger's tail about, with her pale, almost cadaverous face and her feline look, Hagen seemed to be playing a character from *The Wizard of Oz*, perhaps the lion in the film who looks to fulfil his dream of being brave but is very much the opposite. That tremendous ambivalence (light and darkness in a single spot, just as that year was bidding farewell, with the delirium of modernity and state terrorism, the economic boom and unemployment and marginalisation) pervaded the country as its own brand and recognisable style. Democracy was now firmly established. Or so they said.

Her performance was, of course, over the top. A sham. A pretence. Now you see it, now you don't. Like the very spirit of punk: a damned fraud served up on a silver platter. When the almost six-minute performance was up, the song began to fade; the sound died away, but she continued to move her lips and, supposedly, sang on. But we were not listening to her. The barefaced miming seemed not to matter to the audience. The curtain closed: 'There's no doubt that Nina Hagen rules the roost of the punk world', improvised Concha Velasco to top it all off, skating on thin ice and coming across as pedantic. 'She rules just like Margaret Thatcher, like our… eh?' She came to a halt and, with a smile on her lips, pointed upwards in a gesture that no one understood. 'When will we women come to power?, she wondered.

The previous year, Hagen appeared on Spanish television in another influx of what were supposedly the last barbarians. She was the 'noble savage' of the jet set, a symbol of everything that reflected the events that had already occurred on that luxury cruise between the world of art and the ruling class, a voyage without shrillness, tamed, civilised, hand in hand. We had the best of all possible worlds, they said. It took us years to transpose many bands' lyrics into the real world, when, as the veil fell, love songs transformed into odes to life on the fringes, and heroin wiped young people out. Many believed themselves

to be untouchable. The lion in *The Wizard of Oz* who dreamed of being brave. They did not succeed.

Hagen and icons like her came and went, traversing the sets of TV shows without triggering civil wars, just as happened when the socialists came to power while prophecies of doom were broadcast on Radio Nacional de España. Clashes and confrontations were predicted, two generations opposed to each other (the grandchildren of those who waged the war). But those *old new times* had magical properties, mysterious qualities, gestures that had much that was illuminating and prophetic about them: the old guard of the Franco era ended up getting along splendidly with the new arrivals. That was the old politics, but it would also be the new politics ready and willing to build absurd myths. Kings and queens of a lie.

She performed a number that defies classification, her famous 'New York, New York', which bears no relation, however, to the song sung by Frank Sinatra. Hagen waved goodbye to a year that had begun with Spain's admission to the European Economic Community. In June, Felipe González was once again elected president of the government with an absolute majority. Cities such as Madrid, where Hagen could be their emblem, assured us they were the capital of Europe, even of the world. We do not know if that was a gesture of pure modernity or perhaps postmodernity. It makes no difference. Paris, London… New York.

'New York, New York.'

9 July 1986, *El País* newspaper: 'Last night, the three policemen allegedly involved in the disappearance of the repeat offender Santiago Corella, also known as El Nani, reconstructed the events that took place on 13 November 1983 in Vicálvaro (Madrid), when, according to the police version, El Nani escaped. The three police officers present were Superintendent Francisco Javier Fernández Álvarez, Inspector Francisco Aguilar and Inspector Victoriano Gutiérrez Lobo, who have been remanded in custody. According to the version told by relatives of Corella and Federico Venero, a jeweller from Santander, who recently made an official complaint about an alleged police corruption ring, El Nani died of a heart attack while in police premises at Puerta del Sol. The reconstruction of the events took place between 10.00 pm and

3.00 am in the presence of the examining magistrate number eleven of Madrid, Andrés Martínez Arrieta, a public prosecutor and a court-appointed lawyer. At the end of the reconstruction, the judge released the policemen from custody.'

The official version: 'El Nani died of a heart attack.'

Disappearances. Shootings. Tortures.

'New York, New York.'

Even Ana Torroja, the lead singer of Mecano, repeated it over and over: 'No hay marcha en Nueva York' (There's no life in New York), as if it were the pop reaffirmation of a lie, something unnatural, a pretence. Splendid tours were invented, mobile units that attested to Spain's triumph. *La calle de Europa*, a series of programmes that spied on life in other countries in modern Europe, won awards and put a voice to that new obsession promoted by the new politicians.

Those closing moments of 1986 provided an opportunity to look back at a decade which had the strength to demolish a building and, while it was at it, an entire country. A decade in which Spain would at last emerge from the darkness that had gone on too long. But that dream was impossible. First, as in every exercise involving new brooms and scorched earth, starting afresh with no debts, the rooms had to be aired and beds looked under in case the bogeyman was there, waiting to leap out at us. And he was.

And so the big narratives were constructed (as false and forced as ever, propaganda for our own consumption, sleights of hand by lazy historians) and the small stories were buried. We know now that there was a plan. There were also secrets, those that the old regime had been so fond of. Many years later, Fernando Morán, the first socialist minister for foreign affairs between 1982 and 1985, at the height of the exercise in memory/forgetfulness, revealed that there was no improvisation whatsoever at that time: 'I particularly remember that all the big decisions had been made two years earlier.' NATO too, he hastened to add, that first reality shock for many, an accumulation of disappointments which were later followed by others yet more sordid, in the old style of the men who kept order. History as a short unit of time. 'Two years earlier'. What was waiting for us round the corner made our hair stand on end.

The uplifting disorder of the second half of the seventies (the *leaps* that were followed by huge demonstrations, the strength of the libertarian movement and the longing for things to go back to the way they had been before the war, the prison riots, workers' independence in the face of the big unions, an art whose weapons were imagination and bravery) was followed by the pact between men of order, a pledge to annihilate the dissidence among the left wing that was further to the left than the Communist Party, which was at least fulfilling its dream of entering politics. And, of course, allaying the fears of the right. The notion of a coup, initially as a threat, like a ghost from the past, and then later as a real attempt, drove the process on: an *old new* regime in which there would be no trials, no anger, forgetting by dint of propping up a handful of big narratives (Suárez and democracy, Carrillo and the intelligentsia, González and pragmatism), making the new system pass for modernity. The old and the new.

Spain, however, was drowning. The eighties could not free themselves so easily from the seventies, and likewise the nineties from the decade that preceded them. Sooner rather than later, questions emerged and there were doubts about the euphoria. On 5 January 1980, in an article entitled *Los infelices setenta* (The Unhappy Seventies),[1] Eduardo Haro Tecglen asked: 'Can we talk about them in the past? Within the artifice of segmented time, yes. But the reality is that history is a continuum, a river that flows constantly.' What did this modernity represent? A modernity which sought to advance side by side with the bogeyman, which did so under the threat of a coup if it refused to accept certain conditions; that modernity with two or three or four speeds which left unemployment, marginalisation, legal assassinations and restructurings in its wake. What was the true nature of each and every one of the big narratives which served, years later, to explain those times? How can the present understand that past? Official history describes a scenario in which González, Guerra and Carrillo, among so many others, dressed themselves up in the garb of Shackleton, Peary and Amundsen. They were the 'builders', the ones who 'sacrificed' themselves for a collective project, men with their sights set high. But the summer could not last forever.

1 Eduardo Haro Tecglen, 'Los infelices setenta', *Triunfo*, no. 884, 5 January 1980, p. 24.

Perhaps the most complicated thing about those years, that colossal exercise comparable with crossing the inhospitable Bering Strait, was perpetuating the official truth which, like every big story, was based on a big lie, but a lie that helped to build the larger framework (with a vested interest, incomplete, a mutilated photograph) of Spain as it is today. Because the shadows of Sister Sewer Rat, Sister Damned, Sister Manure and Sister Snake appeared time and time again.

The same year that *Dark Habits* premiered, Andy Warhol visited Madrid. There, amid lavish parties and interminable eulogies, the new social circle flaunted itself, the faces of triumph in the modern era. Musicians mingled with film-makers, aristocrats and nouveaux riches swapped phone numbers with bohemians; former police officers retrained in democratic ways chatted with a troop of business people in the glamour industry. Everyone agreed on something: there was no need to question the very nature of Spain, no need, either, to go rifling through the dustbins; instead, there was a need to advance no matter what, even if it was amid sumptuous dreams that the Olympic Games and the Expo in Seville would take place as the culmination of that new capitalism and strokes of good fortune. Along the way, terrorism of every kind, including state terrorism, with its villains and ogres. 'The entire *Movida* frolicked about, looking for whatever it could find, because there were all kinds of fun', recalls Luis Antonio Villena, an eye witness and a protagonist during those years.[2] In Madrid, at a party at the home of the March family on Calle Miguel Ángel, or at the home of the Hachuel family, the great victors, patrons and bankers strolled about, among them Cuqui Fierro, Pitita Ridruejo, Isabel Preysler, Almodóvar, McNamara, Alaska y los Pegamoides, Sigfrido Martín Begué, Bernardo Bonezzi, Gorka de Dúo and Pablo Pérez-Mínguez. One of the people with Warhol, the photographer Chris Makos, said that his friend 'found Spaniards very sexy'.[3]

That was the balance. The god of modernity, who by then had to wear a corset all the time, hiding the scars from the time he

2. http://luisantoniodevillena.es/web/noticias/andy-warhol-en-madrid
3. *Magazine,* Sunday supplement with *El Mundo* newspaper, 10 June 2007.

was shot by the feminist Valerie Solanas, came and, after selling dozens of paintings, went. Behind the stage set, if you looked beyond the close-up, on the periphery of cultural life, that dream easily became the dream of the artistic crowd, a sad dream for the needy. Or a nightmare. Dance partners who cannot endure the first steps, who cannot hang in there for the opening bars. Collapsing. Around them, the sets fell, vanquished in that unbearable lie. That was the country of unemployment and social marginalisation, heroin and everything that went on in the basements of the Directorate-General of Security, right opposite the place where the years were seen out and the celebrations broadcast, all as false as the country which aspired to show each and every New Year's Eve special on television.

A month before Warhol's arrival, after elections won by the Spanish Socialist Workers' Party (PSOE), Felipe González visited the Brunete Armoured Division in Colmenar (Madrid). After inspecting the troops, amid heightened expectation, he gave a brief speech: 'I am a servant of Spain, who has been called on to shoulder a serious responsibility', he said, looking serious. 'I accept it with the serenity I have just stated, with the responsibility that I know weighs on my shoulders and with the hope that it is for the good of Spain.' He stuttered during mass, but showed confidence at the parade. He erred in the protocol, but his voice did not tremble during his military address. Mollifying the top brass, displaying the bearing of a man of order, demonstrating how the *new old times* were made. Because he could have said something else. He could have expressed what many were thinking at that time, quoting Marx in the words he wrote about Kossuth in his *Herr Vogt*. Marx, in fact, is describing González: 'A dancer on a tightrope, who is not dancing on the rope but on his tongue.'

Time is not forgiving, but it is frequently forgetful. The appearance of that man, who had not long before sworn to give his life to socialism, had to be up to the standard of Hagen's performance. That tragedy which twists the mouth as it tries to break into a smile, the result of which is frightful, from time to time, right on midnight, raised demons and whispers that were dire premonitions. In that epic of contrasts, nothing was as it seemed and that world of secrets, just as the years

before had been, came and went, demanding its space. In the end, those years and that country still belonged to the military and the industrialists who had financed the dictatorship, and the new era also called for a new economy. Just as occurred with the Movieplay record label, most of the capital of which was controlled by Opus Dei which had no hesitation in promoting pop and progressive rock in Spain, right-wing businesspeople surfaced and adapted to the new style. Everyone learned that there is no system that will survive a thousand years by force of arms. Because it was the Economy.

The title of a column, 'El miedo al miedo' (The Fear of Fear), published at the very start of the decade, illustrated that feeling.[4] Fear was stewing on a slow burner. Gradually it imposed its own conditions: 'The creation of terror has reached new heights', a journalist who went by the name of Pozuelo explained, 'but there are limits to this as well, and terror, as ever, is what it is, and there is no significant difference between someone who dies of a heart attack because he has seen a ghostly shadow in the corridor of his old house and someone who sees above him the threat of the last war'. These phrases seem to have been slowly extracted, as if the person writing them had gone out onto the street and asked every passer-by what the nature of their fear was, as if he were able to gather together each and every one of the terrors as hallmarks of his time. The columnist, however, puts up resistance: 'Let us defend ourselves from those who wish to frighten us in order to make us act like children, to make us obedient and well behaved', he proclaims by way of a warning. Felipe González, inspecting the troops, preparing his last concession, which will take the form of heading straight into NATO and a policy of servitude and the continuation of the status quo in the army, allaying the fears of those on all sides and, meanwhile, assuaging his own too. A man, naturally, of order, the living image of a constituted, constituting and constitutional reformism.

Nothing happened. The socialists came and nothing of any note occurred. No insurrection, no uprising. Following the initial fear, the old fascism realised that it could now continue to be itself in a different manner, because the new

4 Pozuelo, 'El miedo al miedo', *Triunfo*, no. 885, 12 January 1980, p. 15.

fascism, despite being less strident and showy, and of course less military, was more efficient and promised to be very long-lived. After it had noted of the infallibility of the age-old laws, those which warn that there is no empire or totalitarianism that will endure a thousand years, it at last accepted that it would have to adapt. The columnist, despite all his reservations and defences, ended up succumbing. The last sentence of his article 'El miedo al miedo' reads as if it is definitive: 'But the truth is that this is a terrifying epoch.' A man who has hit his head over and over against a wall; a man fearful of saying something he feels to be inevitable; a man unwilling or incapable of putting a name to something terrible.

The heading on the flyer presenting Warhol's exhibition at the Vijande Gallery during that famous visit to Madrid serves as a kind of grotesque summary of Spain as it was then. 'Pistols, knives, crosses.'

January 1980. 'El miedo al miedo.' Not far from there, from the art gallery on Calle San Roque, just a few minutes from Puerta del Sol, a group of men, among them Luis Enrique Hellín Moro (a corpulent figure with an obtuse look, a brutish yet terribly familiar expression), tune into the police radio. They analyse all the information they receive and subsequently save it to a computer file. Not long afterwards, that computer became famous as the great technological object, the great totalitarian computer, the Alpha 60 in Godard's film *Alphaville*. The group of men are looking at photographs of a young woman, Yolanda González, a member of the Spanish Trotskyist Socialist Workers' Party. They do not know they will be arrested. She does not know she will soon be killed. That very same thing is what many, after sticking their tongue out at the beast, tried to ward off. They would not succeed, and many of those gunmen on the far right ended up, after a period of to-ing and fro-ing, reintegrating into civil life.

It is Friday and the date is 1 February 1980. The decade is just beginning to take its first steps. And there is already talk of disappointment. For many there was already a sense of a missed opportunity. Others, in contrast, trusted in those new politicians and their splendid promises. The path came to an end somewhere very different to the

place that had been dreamed of: a democracy about which little or nothing was known but which many of those who had participated in the dictatorship soon hurried to define and to establish its boundaries. This new democracy had no desire to break with the past, as a real democracy would have done, that democracy that seeks to flush out the pipes and tilt the balance. Adolfo Suárez, an unknown man who was appointed the great reformer, the defender of what is known as centrism (but which was no such thing nor ever could be because what on earth is 'centrism'?) authorised the political parties. Everything that remained on the fringes, at those very limits, was shut out and suffered harassment and violence in the face of the inertia of the 'controllers'. That laissez-faire attitude culminated in attacks and murders committed by far-right groups connected to people high up in the police. The Scala case (1978), for example, involving police infiltration and agents provocateurs, ended up marginalising the libertarian sectors, who were forced to operate on the fringes in the eighties. It was a gentlemen's agreement, gentlemen who talked daily about what was possible and about realism, about accepting this as the best of all possible worlds, about resignation as a state of life, of pragmatism and setting your sights high.

Of course, there were no trials or peace commissions. The guilty were never summonsed. Many self-confessed torturers crossed seas to make their home, not in hellholes or poor countries, but where the sun and their new life would suit them. Ignored by the authorities, who turned a blind eye to them, they set up businesses (in many cases, private security operations) and even changed their identity. But some, a very small number, were recognised on their return. Like Hellín, who by then was going grey but was still a stout man with an unpleasant face. It was not simple. The name of the writer Juan Ramón Jiménez had to be bandied about to cut that omnipotent man down to size. Hellín was out of his depth. 'The spectre was killed by his own name':

— Emilio Hellín Moro?
— My name's Luis Enrique Hellín…
— Excuse me, but aren't you Emilio Hellín, the man who murdered Yolanda González, the young 19-year-old woman who

died in 1980?
— No… Emilio Hellín died three or four years ago… We're related.
— I didn't know he had a brother called Luis Enrique.
— It's a long story because we're brothers. We have the same mother but a different father. Then we combined our surnames… You see? Family business I don't want to talk about.
— You are just like each other! And you were both IT specialists. You've changed your surname and your CV on LinkedIn gives your name as Luis Enrique Helling. There's an extra *g* at the end of your surname.
— Our grandfather was of English stock.
— Do you know what Emilio died of? Where can I find his family?
— I don't know.
— What town are you from? Can you show me your identity card to prove you're not Emilio Hellín?
— This conversation's over…[5]

It was Alpha 60 (in actual fact a large antenna, a VHF scanner and a receiver with which they picked up the police and Civil Guard radio broadcasts) that provided Yolanda's name. Emilio Hellín Moro and Ignacio Abad Velázquez, both of them members of Fuerza Nueva, went to her house. The first time they called she was not there, but at midnight they turned up again. And this time they did find her. Terrified by the attack, she tried to shut the door but in vain. Outside, just a few metres from her home, a car was waiting and they shoved her into it. Yolanda was scared and asked them what they wanted. Hellín and the others, however, just spoke to her about terrorist cells and attacks. She had no idea what they were talking about. Hellín forced the girl to get out of the car at an area of wasteland and, without giving it a second thought, shot her twice in the head.

'Cuadra tus hombros / nubla tu mente / lerdo lerdo / que lo que sientes es dolor / Obediencia y nada más... / No eres nadie /

5. José María Irujo, 'La vida oculta del asesino de Yolanda', *El País,* 24 February 2013.

ya no existes / sucios emblemas cubren tu pecho / y la emoción / Obediencia y nada más... / Obediencia / Cuida tu imagen / limpia tus botas / cerdo cerdo / cuando vas a comprender...'[6]

Gabinete Caligari, 'Obediencia' (1982)

It started just days before the start of the trial over the massacre of the labour lawyers in Atocha. Black terrorism. The song by the band Gabinete Caligari, with all its lugubrious shadows, put that moment to music. The whole truth would never be known about the case, or Yolanda's murder, in which far-right groups were connected to Fuerza Nueva. Despite all the voices that called for the extremist right-wing organisation to be proscribed, it was never banned, not so much out of a resolve to be democratic but because of that 'fear of fear'.

It was the aristocrat Jaime Mesía Figueroa who let the cat out of the bag, though by now the decade was making giant strides forward. The dream of modernity had now been fulfilled: we were, at last, in Europe and the new regime was marvellously merged with the old. The two generations were interchangeable, exquisite corpses. In January 1988, after several attempts to bury the matter, Mesía Figueroa, a friend of the policemen involved, told *Interviú* magazine that El Nani was dead and that 'he himself had buried him'. Other bodies would be found alongside him, Mesía Figueroa said.

El Nani was never located.

These and so many other stories were left on the fringes of official history. Now that we mention them here, they are like ghosts, presences and nightmares that refute these historical truths. Mothers and fathers opening telegrams like the one received by the family of the murdered Agustín Rueda. Infinite cruelty, heartless cruelty, like any cruelty that feels strong and untouchable, self-assured, arrogant. But there is always an impulse that will reveal itself sooner

6. Translator's Note: 'Square your shoulders / cloud your mind / half-wit, half-wit / what you feel is pain / Obedience and nothing else… / You're a nobody / you don't exist any more / dirty emblems cover your chest / and emotion / Obedience and nothing else… / Obedience / Polish your image / shine your boots / pig pig / when you're going to understand…'

or later. Morfi Grei, the singer with La Banda Trapera del Río, said in an interview with *Ajoblanco* in November 1978: 'You can explain these huge concrete buildings, you can explain drunk blokes falling over at night… masturbating because of the repression, you can explain doing rumbas or folk, saying "Amnesty, freedom", but the members of COPEL[7] slicing their veins open in a bid to get out, what's going on there, eh, man?'[8] The ghosts, the nightmares, the dead always come back eventually.

El Nani was the typical member of a generation that grew up in squalid neighbourhoods, atrocious urban development projects, cities devouring other cities. Beyond the reality sold elsewhere, in the centre of the news pages, accompanied by a soundtrack featuring Obús, Chunguitos and Tony el Gitano (*La droga* [Drugs] and *Mossos d'Esquadra* [Catalan Cop Squad]), that generation swelled the ranks of prisoners, the vast proletarianised army of the era, in which the echoes of the COPEL protests and riots, the shadow of the sad fate of Agustín Rueda, were all too soon a distant memory.[9] There was a need to move fast and the past challenged modernity. The very same people who had worked for the old regime insisted on 'starting a new chapter'. Prior to 1995, what came to be known as the "Penal Code of democracy" had not as yet been enacted. Bustaid,[10] Dexedrine, Minilips,[11] joints, unemployment and marginalisation. Grei talked about punk, creating and, in passing, about the way we construct history; each and every one of the big narratives, the flashes of light and the subsequent darkness, those fades to black that masked how that country was breathing, its frustrations and the dead end of industrial reconversion and militarisation. They called it 'restructuring' and 'adjustment'. Someone used the term 'maladjusted people', and then everyone repeated it. Before this, neighbourhood rock, communiqués from prisoners, the pulse of the street, social collectives, outsider art, the opening of the first social centres, the residents' association movement and the first men who refused to do military service…

7. Association of Protesting Spanish Prisoners.
8. *Ajoblanco*, no. 39, November 1978.
9. In 1988, the Madrid Provincial Court came to the view that the beating prison officers meted out to Agustín Rueda was a crime of reckless endangerment and not a case of murder. This despite the fact that expert witnesses could not agree on the causes of Rueda's death and in spite of the social outcry.
10. A diet pill containing methamphetamine.
11. Amphetamine pills.

they had another story, without euphoria or shrillness. Voices like theirs ('what's going on there, eh, man?') were consigned to the dustbin of history.

But sooner or later, they end up coming back.

The place had a sinister look. You had to walk about with extreme care. As you couldn't see the bottom of the water, in the pitch-black you ran the risk of having an accident. Slowly advancing, shining a light here and there like explorers of the new world, amazed at the size of that Jurassic park, the group traversed huge rooms where climbing plants emerged from just about everywhere.

This was not the Amazon jungle but Cartuja Island, Seville. What was left of Expo '92.

Once it had been a luxurious pavilion. A decade after that costly event, a small group of friends entered some of the pavilions to check their state of repair. Having obtained an official pass, they talked to some of the people who had formerly been in charge, who advised them to go with a full survival and climbing kit. The visit turned into a descent into the catacombs of tomorrow, obsolete before their time. Abandonment had led to other hazards: vandals, drug addicts, thieves. All around were the remains of the looting. Little European flags covered in excrement, holes in the walls where there had once been touch-sensitive screens, glass and dirt in the all-enveloping darkness. Everything dilapidated and silent. Everything broken. Hanging off to the side at the end of a huge room was a poster: 'Welcome to the future', it entreated.

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