



## Our Past Shall Always Be Our Present.

By Alberto Kurapel

### **Cane Flute speaks:**

Our history is filled with massacres whose memories have been censored. Nowadays, few artists have the courage to take the muzzle off it – for this history has been written, as accustomed, by money and power.

Language creates the room; when language is perverted, the room becomes uninhabitable.

*“Two days of torture, hunger and bitterness,  
The dream has been taken away, life has been condemned.  
Ashore he has been taken, God will take him in His hand,  
Tied of hands and feet he was launched to the Strait...”*

### **Palms speak:**

***Acid rain corrodes this imposed omission, letting Memory flourish from within the ice.***

Mass murders for defending social rights in Santa María de Iquique and Ranquil; the extermination of our Selk'nam and Mapuche natives; massive violation to human rights during Pinochet's dictatorship, have been uncovered by great artists, such as Luis Advis, Isidora Aguirre, Sergio Ortega, Gracia Barros, Alfredo Jaar, Reinaldo Lomboy, Pablo de Rokha, Violeta Parra, etc. There are no small killings, mass murders or massacres at all. What horrifies the most is their careful planning, worked out by tyrannus-of-the-day, who deceive, get together, and kill hundreds of people at ease and scotfree.

### **Voices say:**

*“How long have they planned this  
crushing upon our dreams.  
The halls and books of our Federation are burning.  
No one will come to help us,  
Our screams just stay inside.”*

### **Keyboards muse:**

***Acid rain sculpts the invisible names of the Federación Obrera de Magallanes unburied victims on their planetary tomb.***

Now, again, artists are the ones who present another cist in our history records: the Federación Obrera de Magallanes massacre - frozen, as a sort of ancient tale; deeply hidden, as every massacre -, in order not to mean more than a big moguls' favorable and justifying, scotfree anecdote. They still own the country - land, sea, and air they took in the early days of the so-called “Independencia” - and gave it in heritage to their families and close associates.



*“All hands high in front of the ruler and his weapons...  
Federación Obrera de Magallanes.  
Federación Obrera de Magallanes.”*

**Kaoss Pad and Acoustic Guitar whisper:**

***Acid rain paints calafates darker, so that the sparkling of this tortured blood guides the stranded traveller.***

Now, when the essence of human beings is channeled into an offer-and-demand ethos, and where marketing and downright lying has turned into currency for this society, ceaselessly supurating pus from hurtings inflicted by military dictatorship and their supporters, who, nowadays, are in executive boards or government offices, embodying moral standards in a kitsch, gross make-up, through institutions and mass media who have violated chilean population dignity. It is crucial, therefore, to narrate, via arts, this censored memory, still muzzled by the ones who still plunder and trade with this land.

*“Day and night they work  
We must keep up with their implacable pace  
We are tired, we can't go on anymore  
We'll be replaced like a broken piece...!”*

**Electric Bass speaks.**

**Programming Manifests:**

***Acid rain breaks the cowbells for the beaten-aborted child to be born time and again in Liberty streets in Punta Arenas, Santiago, Montevideo, Gaza Strip, Temuco, Argel, Bagdad, Johannesburg, Buenos Aires, Ciudad de Guatemala.***

Media deals only with the irrelevant: armed forces activities, endless sermons of catholic church, entertainment, macro economy, and lots of daily surveys; but not a word on the reasons for this horrendous, hidden reality of our country, because who supported and applauded Pinochet's dictatorship are involved in it, in conjunction with the ones who, after fighting against it, have, out of a sudden, sold out, changing discourse and ideology as if they were clothes, getting in turn power and control of the local economy (resulting in unemployment, speculation, antiterrorist bills, prohibition for forming up guilds, syndicates or workers' associations, education just-for-profit, endless pending status in Health, public transport, railroad transport issues, etc., etc.); they remain silent, cynically smiling, making ironies, and tearing off the pages of a history written in blood - and stained on a whole population's collective unconscious.

**Quenas and Synthesizers tell:**

*“We're hidden in our homes  
waiting for the door slammers to come.  
We'll speak very softly, but rage and anger for such disgrace  
Is strong in our hearts...”*



**Woodwinds say:**

**Lluvia Ácida** [Acid Rain], Rafael Cheuquelaf y Héctor Aguilar, have taken a stand to present, via their sensitive contemporary songs, the Federación Obrera de Magallanes Massacre, moving us, placing us right in the midst of an event thru diverse music intervals, timbres, vocals, instruments, and harmonies, turning this unfair human pain - inflicted by a perverse power that has moved all along our planet's History and Times - into a universal feeling.

Nothing but acknowledging Pueblo Nuevo netlabel, Mika Martini y Daniel Jeffs, for their risky, bold, visionary stand, and, of course, **Lluvia Ácida**, and their rainy, cloudy music from Magallanes: music that washes the aching cardinal directions of the universe with biting, corrosive harmony, leaving a sign of music and humanity in future history. Let us not forget we humans vibrate, just like the cosmos does, and have been made alike; the opposite is going against life. Now, we are in front of a work of art, placed at that corner where underdogs meet our Third World abandoned hopes.

**Alberto Kurapel  
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*English version by Gerardo Figueroa Rodríguez  
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*Alberto Kurapel short bio at:  
<http://www.myspace.com/kurapel>*