



WHERE ARE THEY GOING?

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bromera

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No man is an island,
Entire of itself.
Each is a piece of the continent,
A part of the main.
If a clod be washed away by the sea,
Europe is the less.
As well as if a promontory were.
As well as if a manor of thine own
Or of thine friend's were.
Each man's death diminishes me,
For Y am involved in mankind.
Therefore, send not to know
For whom the bell tolls,
It tolls for thee.

John Donne

The text of this album is loosely inspired by a text by the Lutheran pastor Martin Niemöller (Germany, 1892-1984). In 1946 he delivered a sermon highly critical of the indifference to Nazism, which had made possible some of its worst crimes. He himself, in the first moments of the regime, had been favourable, although he took it back and withdrew very soon.

A part of this sermon became popular with the title *First They Came...* Falsely attributed to Bertolt Brecht, the passage has been quoted many times and different versions are known.

We wanted to start our own version of Niemöller's text with a poem by John Donne that offers a similar idea: nothing that happens to others can be indifferent to us. If we are truly «united to all humanity», we have to take sides with all the people who make it up. The bells always toll for us. In every preventable death we die a little. In each life that is saved we are born again. Now that certain bells are ringing very loudly again, let's listen to them carefully instead of covering our ears. Just in case that later we regret it and there is no one who can defend us.

Fran Parreño and Gonçal López-Pampló









