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## Victor Jara, the State University of Technology and the Victor Jara Stadium

The principal entertainer scheduled for the announcement of Allende's plebiscite at the State University of Technology (Universidad Técnica del Estado, UTE) was Victor Lidio Jara Martínez, known as Victor Jara, idolised and controversial folk-singer, hero of the poor and the left, scourge of the rich and conservative. Jara was from the oppressed copper mining and rural poor. His alcoholic, abusive father abandoned the family when Victor was a child; his mother gathered herbs from the hills, while her son collected firewood and grass for the pigs. In the 1950s the family moved to Santiago.<sup>1</sup> In the early 1960s, he visited the Soviet Union and Cuba and was impressed by both; returning he joined the Communist Party of Chile. He performed usually in his peasant's poncho, but a photograph in Joan Jara's biography of her husband, *Unfinished Song*, shows him equally at home at Stratford Upon Avon, Great Britain, strolling sedately in a suit with such artists as Dame Margot Fonteyn. Allende named him a Cultural Ambassador of his Popular Unity Party government, through which role he performed in most Latin American countries in 1971–73.

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<sup>1</sup> 'Victor Jara biography', Encyclopaedia of World Biography; see also 'Victor Jara', Biographías y Vidas.

Jara's nearest contemporary equivalents were, perhaps, Bob Dylan, John Lennon or Pete Seeger, but none is an apt comparison. Committed Communist, he was highly talented, passionate, brave, sarcastic, bitter, adored – and hated. Perhaps nothing better exemplifies the passion for social change, the depth of conservative hatred, and the manifestation of that hatred, than the life and death of Victor Jara.

Chile's upper classes believed that they had good reason to hate him. In 1969, following the massacre of eight landless peasants squatting on their absentee landlord's farm, he wrote the song 'Questions for Puerto Montt', aimed at the commander (whom he refers to as a 'Puerto Monkey'), about the would-be farmers who:

Died not knowing because  
they blasted them in the chest  
fighting for the right  
to a plot of land to live,  
oh, to be unhappier  
the one who ordered fire  
knowing how to avoid  
a vile massacre<sup>2</sup>

Another number that did nothing to improve his relations with conservative Chileans was the re-release, in his first album (1966), of 'The pious woman' who fell in love with her confessor. Through various not very subtle references to shoes, sandals, cassocks and short candles, Jara was again satirising not only the country's establishment, but any Chilean who distrusted the direction of what might seem, under Allende, to be Chile's apparent and inevitable march towards Cuban dictatorship.

Worse followed. In 1971 he adapted the 1967 hit 'Little Boxes' by the US singer Malvina Reynolds, later popularised by Pete Seeger, to his own, much more biting version.<sup>3</sup> No longer a cover, it became more his own creation in making the rhythm more spiky, altering the melody and adding jarring discords. While Reynolds's little boxes were cheap postwar housing covering the hillside of Daly City, California, Jara's were in the 'barrio alto', the wealthy and much better constructed suburbs on the foothills of Santiago's cordillera. The first

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2 Victor Jara, 'Questions for Puerto Montt', LyricsTranslate.

3 'Little Boxes', Wikipedia; 'Malvina Reynolds: Song Lyrics and Poems: "Little Boxes"'.

verse of 'Las Casitas del Barrio Alto' ('Little Houses of the Barrio Alto', or more colloquially, 'Little boxes of the flash district') did not mince matters:

The Little Houses of the Barrio Alto

The little houses of the barrio alto  
With railings and gardens in front  
A pretty entrance for the garage  
Waiting for a Peugeot.

Entertaining as this may have been for those who did not live in the 'barrio alto', Jara's critique now sharpened. Reynolds's 'doctors, lawyers and business executives' became:

... dentists, businessmen  
Large scale landowners, drug traffickers,  
Lawyers and slum landlords  
All wearing polycron [polyester]  
and all triumphant on Prolen [equivalent of Prozac]

They play bridge and drink dry Martinis  
And the kids are little blondies  
And with other little blondies  
They go all together to private schools.

Daddy's little boy  
Later goes to university  
Starting off with his problems  
And his little social intrigues.

Smokes joints in the Austin Mini  
Plays with bombs and politics  
Assassinates generals  
And is a seditious gangster.<sup>4</sup>

A Peugeot, even a TV set, were symbols of luxury in Chile of the early 1970s; even the profession of dentist smacked of privilege and conservative power. Yet it is possible that Jara, of dirt-poor rural origins, and with an irony that possibly escaped even his critics, was aiming his sarcasm at more than the extreme right with their exclusive education. He may also have been condemning the mostly high-born leadership of the MIR, that Movement of the Revolutionary

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4 Translation and interpretation by Paula González Dolan.

Left which, through its ceaseless demands for armed revolution, was causing almost as much trouble to Allende as was the right. In this interpretation, the idle critics of the socialist revolution, both left and right, were content to fool around with explosives, political theorising, plots and criticism, instead of committing themselves to lending a hand without which the state experiment in workers' rights could not survive.

The following year brought another, even more famous, Jara number, 'Ni Chicha Ni Limona'. Now Jara made an appeal to everyone not already committed to the government to join the revolution 'where the potatoes are burning', that is, at the driving-point of social change. The title literally means 'Neither *chicha* nor lemonade', a Chilean expression hard to translate, but here contrasting '*chicha*', a home-produced alcoholic drink, with home-produced lemonade; the peoples' simple drinks, aimed at those who accepted neither one nor the other, the uncommitted, the unwilling to decide, sniffing the air to see what the future held before joining in. Jara's wife Joan believes that Victor aimed his lyrics also at the Christian Democrats who still, in 1973, were undecided as to how far they should cooperate with the Allende experiment.<sup>5</sup> In 'Ni Chicha Ni Limona', the sharp sarcasm of 'Little Boxes of the Barrio Alto' was darkened by a threat, in the last verse, of what would happen to those who did not cooperate. In one of the still-current YouTube performances, clad in his poncho, Jara unequivocally presents the threat of expropriation. The song is even now an astonishing performance: catchy, invocatory, arrogant, clever, funny, menacing. It is the voice of the many thousands who had expected so much of their first democratically elected Marxist government, but who now, day by day, could see their hopes and their nation disintegrating. Jara begins:

The party's already started  
 Here where the sun shines  
 If you're still used to twisting and turning  
 No harm will come to you  
 Where the potatoes are burning

You're nothing  
 Neither *chicha* nor lemonade  
 you keep massaging – Caramba! – your dignity

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5 Joan Jara, *Un Canto Truncado*, Punto de Lectura, Madrid, 1983, p. 267.

The party's already started  
It's burning bright  
You who were the quiet one  
(now) want to join in the dance  
finally for those still sniffing the wind  
There's no smell that will not escape them

If we want a bigger party  
First we'll have to work  
And we'll have for everyone,  
Shelter, bread, friendship  
And if you're not with us  
It's up to you  
The party's [the social revolution] still advancing  
There's no question of retreating

Leave your sideburns  
Come and make good your sins  
Even here, underneath my poncho,  
I don't have any dagger  
And if you continue pulling us down  
We're going to expropriate  
The pistols, the tongues  
And everything else as well

Following this last verse, in a televised performance Jara's smile fades as he turns to camera in close up to repeat the chorus:

You're nothing  
Neither *chicha* nor lemonade  
Hey listen, you,  
you keep massaging – Caramba! – your dignity.<sup>6</sup>

Neither the President's attempted Cuban-style reforms nor the biting sarcasm of Jara would be forgotten by their enemies in the events that were now to follow.

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6 Tr. Paula González Dolan.

## 11 September 1973, 5.30 am

Today is not only the day scheduled for the announcement of the plebiscite at the State University of Technology, but that also chosen secretly as the moment for the armed forces' coup against Allende. The trucks that will take the detained to prearranged holding centres throughout the city have been ordered days ago from distant locations. The principal interrogators heading for the UTE, led by their commanding officer Colonel Juan Manuel Guillermo Contreras Sepúlveda, have already departed the College of Military Engineers, two hours from Santiago. Thousands of young conscripts are being trucked from their bases in southern Chile towards the capital for a purpose still undisclosed. At first light detachments will start rounding up hundreds of proscribed workers in the industrial ports and mines. Some marked leaders will be dead by noon. The engineers' base at the port town of Tejas Verdes will shortly become the first headquarters of the new state security service later known as la DINA (National Intelligence Directorate) and commanded by Contreras. It will be here that the first strategic torture methods learned from the School of the Americas will be refined.<sup>7</sup> It will be here that the DINA agents will first enact what they have learned at the centres for training in torture, extermination and disappearance.<sup>8</sup> Simultaneously, tanks are moving into position to surround the seat of government, La Moneda, in the city centre. Planning seems complete, except that the military have failed to foresee the problem of how to dispose of the bodies of the many hundreds of leftists – whether Allende supporters or not – that they propose now to kill. Plans for the plebiscite are of course abandoned, as Allende, contrary to the advice of his bodyguards, rushes to La Moneda. At about the same time, a university official rings the home of Vice-Chancellor Enrique Kirberg of the State University of Technology, to inform him that soldiers have just destroyed the university's radio station. With a long history of communist sympathy and participation, Kirberg rushes to his own headquarters, the Chancellery, known as the Casa Central, in the main

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7 The School of the Americas (now the Western Hemisphere for Security Co-operation) was founded in 1946 to teach 'anticommunist counterinsurgency training', especially in Central and Latin America.

8 Javier Rebolledo, *El Despertar de Los Cuervos*, CEIBA, Santiago, 2013, pp. 1–20.

UTE campus. From the upper storey he can see bombers circling the city, especially threatening to La Moneda, the centre of government, where Allende shortly will make his last speech and his last stand.<sup>9</sup>

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At home Victor Jara, like everyone else in Santiago, understood exactly the significance of the circling aircraft and the thunder of distant heavy weapons. Already a marked man, he knew that they would be coming for him. As a visiting Professor of Music at the UTE, his duty was to the campus, to his colleagues and to his friend Allende. He filled the car with the last of the petrol he kept for such an emergency. A neighbour, a pilot, came out on his balcony to shout an insult at him. Getting into the car he called out to Joan, 'I'll see you when I can, mamita. You know what you have to do ... Keep calm. Bye.' When she turned to look, Victor had gone.<sup>10</sup> At the campus he joined the hundreds of other students and staff still gathering to demonstrate no longer their support for the plebiscite but rather their solidarity against the coup despite the obvious danger to themselves. Few had any conception of what the Pinochetistas had in store for them.

Within the Chancellery Kirberg, having summoned his senior officials, announced through the public address that it was time to abandon the campus. Some students responded that their orders were to return to their urban zones to fight, and left. Some of the other leftist groups dispersed to their local headquarters or homes; several offered Kirberg sanctuary. By 9, troops had entered the campus itself. Staff and students who remained gathered to hold a nervous rally amidst bursts of machine guns in the close vicinity.

At noon Jara managed to put a call through to Joan. 'How are things, mamita? I couldn't call you before. I'm here, at the Technical University. You know what's happening, yeah?' Joan told him of the dive-bombers, Jara replied that everything was okay. 'When will you come back?' 'I'll call you later. Now they need the phone ... Bye.' Next door Joan's neighbours were all on the upstairs patio talking

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9 Kirberg's narrative is taken from a transcribed interview by Luis Cifuentes S., 'Kirberg. Testigo y Actor del Siglo XX' [Kirberg: Witness and Actor of the Twentieth Century], 2nd edition, August 1999, especially chs 4 and 5.

10 Jara, *Un Canto Truncado*, pp. 389–90.

excitedly, standing on chairs the better to see the aerial attack on La Moneda, drinking toasts or waving a flag.<sup>11</sup> At about 4.30, Jara managed another phone call. In Joan Jara's account, he said "'I'll have to stay here ... It'll be difficult to return because of the curfew. At first light tomorrow morning, as soon as I wake up, I'll come home. Mamita, I love you.'" "Love you too." But I'm choking up while I'm saying it, and then he's cut the call.'<sup>12</sup>

Shortly before, a senior armed forces officer had imposed a curfew on the campus, followed by a summons to Kirberg to meet the military delegation. The vice-chancellor retorted that he would meet no one except off campus. There they told him that the university was cordoned off, that no one could enter or leave, and that tomorrow buses would come to take everybody to their homes. By mid-afternoon soldiers in army trucks had completely surrounded the university. The 800 students and staff were ordered not to attempt escape. They scattered to rooms and offices for warmth and mutual comfort on the bitter September night. All night, shooting resounded round the campus; several people died. Jara remained with his friends. He again phoned Joan to inform her that he would not be able to return at present. It was the last time she heard his voice. Survivors recalled that that night he and his friends wrapped themselves in newspapers, terrified of what the dawn would bring. In the darkness, the campus students and staff crept about to make contact with their friends and planned the morrow. Others crept into the metallurgical workshop to make Molotov cocktails out of whatever materials were to hand.

At 7 next morning Kirberg, after not much sleep in an office armchair, was awakened by a tremendous concussion of artillery. The phone rang:

'Ah, Rector, things have changed. Surrender.'

'Look, tell your commanding officer whoever he is, to cease fire, and everyone will leave.'

The officer replied, 'I'll see what I can do. Things aren't that simple.'

Presently a shout from outside,

'Come out with your hands up'.

11 Ibid., p. 391.

12 Ibid., p. 392.



A soldier addressed him in what is, in Spanish, the very discourteous second person singular when addressing a figure of authority. 'Now you're going to learn what university autonomy means.' An army Captain came up rapidly to confront him. 'Ah, so you're the Vice-Chancellor, are you? Now you'll see, what we do with people like you, you shitty mother-fucker.' A soldier stood him facing the wall, warning him that he had 15 seconds to tell him where the arms were concealed. But apart from a few pistols, and whatever had been manufactured in the Metallurgical workshop in the past 12 hours, there were none. The heavy weapons opened up on the Chancellery to blast it to bits.<sup>13</sup>

Most of the UTE captives – for that was what they now were – spent the morning lying flat on their stomachs, ordered not to move. By mid-afternoon of 12 September, Jara was trucked or marched, like everyone else who had chosen not to escape the day before, six city blocks into the Stadium of Chile.

In most accounts, based on the memories of surviving eyewitnesses, several hours passed before Victor was recognised at the stadium by one of the military. 'You're that fucking singer, aren't you?' Set apart from the others, he was taken away to be interrogated and beaten up, at first in a broadcast booth. A particular swaggering guard, tall, blonde, Germanic, known as 'el Príncipe' (the Prince), mimed guitar playing, ran his fingers round his neck in mock execution. He is supposed to have said, 'What's this bastard doing here? Don't let him move from here. He's reserved for me.'<sup>14</sup>

Returned to the arena, smashed and broken, Jara found comfort with his friends. They washed his face, shared with him a small jar of marmalade and biscuits. He asked for pen and paper and began to scribble.

In this small part of the city  
We are five thousand.  
I wonder how many we are in all  
in the cities and in the whole country?  
...

13 Cifuentes, 'Kirberg', pp. 170ff; Carlos Orella, in Sergio Villegas, ed., *El Estadio*, LOM Colección Septiembre, Santiago, 1974/2013, p. 166.

14 See also Joan Jara's account, *Un Canto Truncado*, pp. 410–12.

Six of us lost themselves in the space of the stars  
One dead, with a blow like I never believed  
Could be dealt to a human being.  
The other four wanted to end their terror  
One throwing himself into space, others beating their heads against  
the wall  
What fear is brought by the face of fascism  
They make their forward plans with such cunning precision...  
Without letting anything get in the way.  
Blood is medals for them  
Massacre the proof of heroism.  
Oh my God, is this the world you created  
Was it for this the astonishing seven days of labour?<sup>15</sup>

The meaning of 'six lost themselves in the space of the stars' emerged during a tour of the Stadium of Chile in 2014. What was already apparent then in these words was Jara's incomprehension of the depth of violent hatred that the military was visiting upon the detainees, and soon to be further visited upon him.

During the afternoon, as the military continued dividing up those who were to remain, those to be released, and those to be sent to the much larger National Stadium, Jara was dragged to a concrete downstairs changing room below the military corridor, reserved for 'important or special prisoners'. An unnamed eyewitness account continued:

Up comes the chief of the 'prisoners section' and proposes 'Let's bust the hands of this mother's cunt'. He gives him blows with his stick. 'Sing now, you bastard. Get up' he orders. They bend his wrists over a bar and begin to beat his hands and wrists until they're a bloody mass. All this happens in the passage ... Victor is on the floor ... They show him up as a war trophy. Up come three officials from the Air Force. They arrange themselves in front of him, insulting and beating him by turns. 'Do you want a smoke, cunt?' they ask mockingly. Victor doesn't answer. They push a lighted cigarette into one of his hands.<sup>16</sup>

In the evening Jara was dragged back to the main stadium, bleeding, broken, barely alive.

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15 Abbreviated version. The full song is reproduced in *ibid.*, pp. 415–17.

16 Testimony of eyewitnesses, in Villegas, *El Estadio*, pp. 101–10.

Though he handed the words to his comrades, nobody knows if he finished the song. Perhaps he could endure no more. Oral history relates, though the story may have improved with the telling, that he managed to croak these broken words that night on the basketball court, along with 'Venceremos' (We shall Overcome) from his repertoire.<sup>17</sup> The last words he dictated, part of this last song, were an appeal to the mecca of the Chilean radical left:

And Mexico, Cuba and the world?  
Scream this shame! ...

And the enduring incomprehension of violence as unforeseen as it was unimaginable:

What I see I have never seen  
What I have felt and feel  
Will give birth to the moment.

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It was probably in the pre-dawn of 16 September that he died. With many bones broken, including his spine, one account has him killed by a single bullet in an extended game of Russian roulette in the underground changing room, after which his guards were told to put as many bullets in him as they liked.<sup>18</sup>

## The tour, 2009<sup>19</sup>

As we shall find at almost every site of torture and disappearance before 2009, no official tour exists either at the State University of Technology or the Stadium of Chile. At the UTE a campus official expresses surprise that anyone should be interested in exploring the UTE's part in the coup. He finds another employee, Don José Uribe, soon to retire, who not only holds the information, but is anxious to share it.

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17 'Venceremos' was composed by Sergio Ortega for Allende's 1970 election campaign.

18 At great personal risk, Joan Jara and several Communist Party members buried Jara in an empty niche in the Santiago General Cemetery. It remained as a site of international veneration until he was reinterred, at the state's expense, in December 2009; 'Chile reburies coup victim and singer Jara', BBC News, 5 December 2009.

19 José Uribe, interview and guided tour, December 2009.

He begins with memorial plaques scattered about the campus. Near the main gate is a list of 18 students, officials and staff known to have been executed during the whole 17-year period of Pinochet's dictatorship, the figure known, that is, in 2003 when the plaque was erected by the 'politically exonerated'<sup>20</sup> staff of the university in September of that year. In the main campus student rallying point, stands a 4-metre mural, erected in 1991, removed in the later 1990s under orders of a conservative vice-chancellor, now reinstalled. Its dedication reads:

With Victor with Kirberg the UTE lives.

Close by, erected in 2006, is a memorial to all students and staff associated with the university who died during the dictatorship, a three-dimensional sculpture of three figures, at least one a woman, bearing a body between them. Their heads are bent in grief in what seems a direct allusion to Michelangelo's *Pieta*.<sup>21</sup>

Uribe's next stop is the plaque dedicated to Gregorio Mimica Argote, in 1973 the president of the engineering student body, and well-known Communist Party member, detained on 12 September, but inadvertently released. On the 14th a patrol of 14 troops re-arrested him 'by order of the Ministry of Interior' in his parents' house. No one had realised how lucky he was to have been released at all. This time Argote's parents were ordered to say goodbye to him for they would not see him again. And they did not: their son remains one of the 'detained-disappeared', that is, one of the many thousands whose families join the cry *Donde está?* Where is he? Where is she? On 11 September 2003, 30 years after his disappearance, a memorial plaque to him as a detained-disappeared was fixed on a classroom corridor. A second student victim whose disappearance threw her family into agonising confusion and doubt is that of Michelle Peña, who was disappeared eight months into her pregnancy. The whereabouts of her baby, if it was born, remains unknown. The university crèche is named after her, and every year Michelle's mother, so relates the Alumni website, returns to the campus to remember her and others who disappeared. The plaque to her memory was dedicated 'thirty years

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20 Those dismissed from the Pinochet regime and later vindicated and/or re-employed by the State University of Technology.

21 Reproduced in Alejandro Hoppe, photographer, *Memoriales en Chile: Homenajes a las Víctimas de Violaciones a Derechos Humanos*, Ocho Libros Editores, Santiago, 2007, p. 62.

after the commemoration of her death', 11 September 1973; yet now it is understood that she actually was murdered by the security forces in 1975.<sup>22</sup> Even the date of Jara's death, inscribed on the sculpture to his memory in 1991, is wrong – 14 September. The plaque reads:

Victor Jara Plaza  
Assassinated 14 September 1973  
For the right to live in peace

The inaccuracy and confusion evident in this and other campus signage equally reflects for how long relatives were kept from knowing what had happened to their siblings, parents, partners or children, an ignorance indicating either the security forces' bureaucratic carelessness, or its intention that nobody should find out.

Yet there is no mistaking the emotion of the sculptor of the Jara memorial. Above the plaque, at the edge of a grassy plaza stands his monument, 3 metres tall, a bronze guitar on a plinth. Above the body of the guitar, the neck transforms into an arm and hand, fingers outstretched and bent slightly backwards, outflung in the face of the horrors he is witnessing and suffering during his last terrible days.

Perhaps anxious not to confront his memories, the impromptu guide saves the most difficult moments till last. It's obvious that some of the events that occurred on the campus on 12 September are too painful to mark, even discuss. Entering the cafeteria, Uribe points to a small entrance in the wall. It is whispered, he says, that when the military discovered that some students had crept into this tunnel leading down from the cellar of the café (tipped off, perhaps, by the aggressive right wing 'Patria y Libertad' (Fatherland and Liberty) student movement) they bricked it up. If so, then their bodies must remain immured somewhere beneath the campus. No plaque marks the site. Meanwhile, in the metallurgical workshop, the bomb manufacture continued until soldiers, perhaps following a second tip-off, burst in, machine-gunned everyone, raped at least one woman on the workshop table and, it is said, threw at least one of the bodies into the workshop furnace. Again, the story is only whispered and known to very few. On the wall of the workshop, some of the marks of bullets are still plainly visible. Any explanatory signage is absent.

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22 'Michelle Marguerite Peña Herreros', *Memoria Viva*.

Should there not be some kind of marker?  
Maybe. I've never shown anyone this place before.  
Doesn't anyone else know about it?  
Yes, maybe. But we never talk about it.

Today the Stadium of Chile, renamed the Victor Jara Stadium, is owned directly by the state and controlled by the Minister for Sport. In 1973 it hosted gatherings not much larger than table tennis and boxing matches, while today its uses are similarly limited. A roofed structure of 6,000 seats, it stands in a rundown area of Santiago city. One enters unceremoniously through a dingy side street. In 2009 a caretaker expresses his pleasure as well as surprise that anyone should visit the stadium on such a mission, though it is surely memory for some as well as uninterest for others that restrains Chileans themselves.<sup>23</sup> Indeed, more than at the UTE, memorialisation is not to be found on plaques but in the oral history of the stadium workers. Once, a bronze marker, says the caretaker, was fixed on the wall outside but that was destroyed by Pinochet supporters and has not been replaced. The one remaining is the bronze relief, there above the foyer, the only evidence of the terrible events of September 1973. Part of Jara's last song is inscribed there. Beneath the inscription are the words:

In this place they took the life of Victor Jara, the popular artist. In his honour, 12 September 2003, during the governorship of Don Ricardo Lagos, this stadium was renamed Victor Jara Stadium. To the memory of Victor and others like him who lost their lives here. He lives in our memory always.

The caretaker continues. Detainees escorted from the UTE were forced through the main entrance, past the ticket office, down this right-hand passage into the main arena. The arena is surprisingly small, holding only a single basketball court. Totally enclosed and roofed, it booms and echoes oddly to the sounds of traffic outside. The prisoners must have heard the sound of daily life so clearly through the stadium walls.

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23 Juan Medina, interview.

## 2. VICTOR JARA, THE STATE UNIVERSITY OF TECHNOLOGY AND THE VICTOR JARA STADIUM



Interior, the Victor Jara Stadium. Students and staff from the State University of Technology were forced to sit on the left, workers on the right. Several detainees in terror and despair jumped from the balconies to the right of the picture.

Source: Photograph by Peter Read, editing Con Boekel.

Downstairs now, to a 'vestuario' (changing room). This is the room where Jara was first taken, but after the 15th used as a morgue. Its entrance leads to a steep metal staircase where a slamming steel door reverberates for several seconds. Cement walls, roof and floor, 7 metres long, 5 wide. The exhaust fans make a deafening roar: perhaps this is what Jara meant by the phrase 'the pulse of the machines' in his last song. When switched off, the roar becomes the silence of the grave, for this chamber is 3 metres below ground level. The night watchman, says the caretaker, has only recently stopped feeling the spirits of the murdered, although a 'spiritual cleanser' has been here twice. It is here that Jara was killed.<sup>24</sup>

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24 'Ex soldier confessed to shooting Victor Jara', Freemuse, 8 June 2009.

NARROW BUT ENDLESSLY DEEP



The seat painted white, in the 'dangerous prisoners' section, is that believed to have been occupied by Jara for a period after being recognised.

Source: Photograph by Peter Read, editing Con Boekel.



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