backward, to see the world with the wondering eyes of a child. It was a similar ability in Wordsworth and Kipling that gained his admiration for those authors. I think it might be said that a certain childlikeness inheres in Jarrell's criticism as much as in his poetry, and that it governs both his approach to literature and the tone in which he writes. He never forgot that one is a reader before one is a critic; he speaks out of solid self-understanding when he says, "The true reader 'listens like a three years' child:/The Mariner hath his will.' Later on he may write like a sixty-three year old sage, but he knows that in the beginning, unless ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of art." The vehemence of some of his denunciations is that of the child who has yet to learn what his elders call tact: seeing the Emperor naked he is bound to announce what he sees. The stubbornness of his loyalty to those writers he reveres has in it likewise something of the child to whom life would mean little without heroes. But it should also be said that to the childlike vividness of his perceptions he added a measure of wisdom and moral insight which deepened with the years. He grew capable of making his points without the easy dismissiveness of wisecracks; if one begins by laughing with him one ends by being instructed by his more sober judgments. I mean judgments such as that which ends his review of E. E. Cummings's *Poems: 1923-1956*:

> What I like least about Cummings's poems is their pride in Cummings and their contempt for most other people; the difference between the *I* and *you* of the poems, and other people, is the poems' favorite subject. All his work thanks God that he is not as other men are; none of it says "Lord, be merciful to me, a sinner."

Aside from poets, the writers Jarrell praises most highly in this collection are, interestingly, B. H. Haggin the music critic and Ernie Pyle the war correspondent. He writes of them in terms which one can, without straining, apply to Jarrell himself. Of Haggin, he writes:

> [His] taste has extraordinary consistency and rigor—and it is not distorted by having friends and enemies, by being part of any movement, by needing to like or dislike some work in order to prove something. . . . Few living critics have been so exclusively concerned with intrinsic values; have worked so unremittingly and undeviatingly to maintain the highest standards of excellence in an art.

As for Ernie Pyle: "He was their witness; and he looked not to find evidence for his own theories or desires, to condemn, to explain away, to justify, but only to *see*, and to tell what he saw." I think it is the first sentence of this eulogy for a clearsighted reporter that sums it up most succinctly for Jarrell: "He wrote like none of the rest." □

Importing State Terrorism

JORGE NEF

ASSASSINATION ON EMBASSY ROW. *By John Dinges and Saul Landau. Pantheon Books. 411 pp. $14.95.*

It has been nearly seven years since a bloody military coup brought Chile's long-standing democratic tradition to an end. To implement its "free-market" economic model, the junta replaced Chile's liberal market politics by means of a rigidly authoritarian National Security regime. In practice, this meant the systematic administration of fear among Chileans, whether they were apolitical, Marxists, Christian Democrats or supporters of the dictatorship. The institutional mechanism to carry out such forceful political demobilization was the National Directorate of Intelligence (DINA), created in 1974. Its prime directive, in the words of its creator, Col. Manuel Contreras, was "the management of silence."

The newly created DINA combined some organizational features of both the German Gestapo and the Soviet K.G.B., although it was modeled even more closely on the pattern of the Iranian Savak, the Brazilian S.N.I. and the Korean K.C.I.A. As with the last three agencies, DINA received substantial backing in technical, organizational and financial areas from the U.S. Central Intelligence Agency.

With the establishment of what quickly developed into a vast and complex apparatus of surveillance, intimidation, torture and authorized murder, the Chilean National Security "model" transformed the country into a full-fledged "terrorist state."

In the current boom of literature on "international terrorism," almost no attention has been given to the phenomenon of state terrorism. Indeed, few people are willing to recognize any sort of terrorism besides that of radical organizations such as the Red Brigades, the Red Army Faction or the Iranian militants at the U.S. Embassy in Teheran.

John Dinges and Saul Landau's *Assassination on Embassy Row* is, among other things, a provocative study of this largely unexplored area. On one level the book reads like an absorbing spy thriller, almost cinematic in its narrative style. At the same time, its materials are drawn from the three-year investigation that the Institute for Policy Studies conducted following the murder of an I.P.S. associate, exiled Chilean Minister of Foreign Relations and Ambassador, Orlando Letelier.

On September 21, 1976, Letelier and his assistant, Mrs. Ronni Moffitt, were killed in a bomb blast in downtown Washington, D.C. He was probably the most prestigious and influential member of the Chilean exile community with direct access to liberal and socialist politicians throughout the world. The plot of the book focuses upon the murders and upon the subsequent investigation and prosecution of those implicated. Avoiding what might have been a tedious chronological account, the action moves back and forth between the drama of the Chilean coup, the Chilean concentration camps, the broad international network of state repression in Latin America and the events surrounding Letelier's death. As the puzzle starts to take shape, each new piece leads us closer to a picture of the Pinochet regime and its connection with the Cuban exile underground.

The characters in the drama are as well described as the events—especially the character of Michael Townley, the enigmatic American assassin. But it is the book's strength that it displays all of the characters, no matter how interesting, as bit actors in a global drama or mega-

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game whose changing rules they do not fully comprehend.

As in the old morality plays, the final scene is meant to be the Day of Reckoning—in this case, the day of sentencing in the courtroom. But unlike the morality plays, the final judgment is, if not anticlimactic, at least unsatisfying. True, "justice is done," but the larger ambiguities of the global drama remain. In part the justice system itself is at fault for this. During the trial, defense and prosecution seem to change roles: the prosecution deliberately prevents any evidence linking the Pinochet regime or American intelligence from being presented in court. The defense, in turn, appears increasingly interested in looking at the larger picture, the specifically political nature of the crime. Thus, while criminal culpability is finally assessed and the prosecution obtains the convictions, the context of the terrorist act is lost. The megaplayers—the U.S. Government, Gen. Augusto Pinochet, the C.I.A., the American military—who set the terrorist machine in motion walk away unscathed.

On another level, *Assassination on Embassy Row* is a bitter piece of political reporting with a number of disturbing themes. One of these is the objective but passionate indictment of a military regime whose repressiveness is especially compatible with its friendliness to the "free world." What at first appears to be the nearly insane brutality of state terrorism becomes, on closer inspection, a chillingly rational and effective technique for political control on the part of the elites. As Orlando Letelier himself pointed out in the pages of this magazine [*The Nation*, August 28, 1976] shortly before his assassination: "Repression for the majorities and 'economic freedom' for small privileged groups are in Chile two sides of the same coin." In a succinct and unpretentious manner, Dinges and Landau give us one of the most perceptive treatments of the Chilean ruling clique I have seen in a long time. They vividly portray the power struggle between the two major forces underpinning the Pinochet regime until 1977: the economic clans—the Larrains, Vials and Cruzats—and Colonel Contreras's DINA empire. Linked only by their rabid anti-Communism and their allegiance to the United States, the two represented incompatible social projects.

For the economic clans and the "Chicago Boys" (Milton Friedman, et al.), state terrorism constituted only a primary phase—that of demobilization—in allowing the market forces to operate unmolested by the strictures of powerful unions, leftist parties and the welfare state. In their view, by 1977 DINA had not only outlived its purpose but had increasingly become a threat to the power of monopoly capital. DINA's rigid cold-war ideology of counterinsurgency stood in sharp contrast to the "pragmatism" of Chile's economic establishment and the Chicago-trained technocracy. Both sectors drew support from external constituencies: DINA had the backing of the U.S. military and intelligence communities and their sister organizations throughout the hemisphere; Chilean financiers had a global network of bankers, transnational consortia and the new Carter Administration representing the "human rights" concerns of the Trilateral Commission. Inside the Chilean state two hegemonic projects—"Pentagonism" and "Trilateralism"—confronted each other. Pinochet's own survival depended on the outcome of the struggle. By mid-1977, he had decided that DINA had to go. Its institutional successor, the National Information Center (C.N.I.), while retaining much of the personnel and functions of DINA, was subordinated to the rules framed by the economic team.

On the periphery of our vision, throughout the narrative we are aware of the elusive shadow of American security—chiefly the C.I.A. Yet the authors deliberately leave many provocative questions about the Agency unanswered. It is up to the reader to fill in the gaps and draw conclusions. The book itself does not offer any direct evidence about C.I.A. involvement other than to point to its "uncooperativeness," lack of diligence and "administrative mistakes" in handling the Letelier case. However, a number of other works do provide background material on the C.I.A.'s Chilean connection: Victor Marchetti and John Marks's *The CIA and the Cult of Intelligence*, Armando Uribe's *The Black Book of American Intervention in Chile*, Anthony Sampson's *The Sovereign State of ITT* and, on a documentary level, *The Secret Documents of ITT* and the U.S. Senate report on covert action in Chile. All of these works suggest a high degree of "company" involvement in Chilean affairs.

It is now a matter of public record that American intelligence was implicated in the assassination of Gen. René Schneider in October 1970 and in subsequent plans to wreck the Chilean economy and precipitate a *coup d'état*. It is also known that both President Richard Nixon and Henry Kissinger gave their approval to these operations. Moreover, the official U.S. Senate report mentioned earlier has stated that the C.I.A. station in Santiago, Chile, was "instructed to sponsor a program . . . [to] enable the Chilean armed forces to retain their integrity and independent political power; provide direct financial support to key military figures who can be expected to develop a meaningful following in their respective services to restrain and, perhaps, topple the Allende government."

One aspect of particular interest to the C.I.A. connection, which Dinges and Landau discuss in various sections of the book, is the so-called Operation Condor. This multinational undertaking involved a consortium of Latin American intelligence services from a variety of repressive military regimes. DINA's Contreras was its main architect. In its operational part, Condor involved three phases, the first two referring to exchanges of intelligence and international surveillance of exiles on a country-by-country basis. Phase III, however, was the "hottest" of them all. It involved the creation of jointly constituted killer teams to retaliate against and assassinate political opponents. The Letelier murder was one example of an operation in Phase III. Before the Condor operation existed, joint ventures against Chilean dissidents had already occurred: for instance, the killing of Gen. Carlos Prats and his wife in Buenos Aires in 1974 and the *attentat* against former Vice President Bernardo Leighton in Rome in 1975. In all of these, hit-man Townley played a central part. Letelier's murder, however, was the first Phase III operation on U.S. soil.

Columnist Jack Anderson has asserted that all Condor "spy outfits had an important common feature, all had intelligence liaison with the C.I.A., and they operated with a relatively free hand here." If Anderson is correct, it appears highly unlikely that American security, both in the C.I.A. and the military, had no advance knowledge of the plans to eliminate Letelier.

In retrospect, the resolution of the Letelier case, with all its publicity, pro-

vided interesting pyrotechnics but had negligible political consequences. Of the co-conspirators, the Cuban terrorists were the ones most severely punished. Townley became a witness for the prosecution and received in return a very light sentence. And Pinochet refused to allow Colonel Contreras's extradition, or that of his DINA accomplices. Less than a year after the trial, the main political reverberations of the affair died away in red tape and high-level *Realpolitik*. In time also, the Carter Administration's rhetoric of human rights was attenuated by the "realism" of its born-again hawkishness. The events in Iran, Nicaragua and Afghanistan have made counterinsurgency and National Security doctrines fashionable once more.

As for the Pinochet regime, the General received no more than a "slap on the wrist." He could weather the political storm by promising a kind of "restricted democracy" within the terms of the Linowitz Report—the Trilateral project for Latin America—and by easing up on some of the more ostensible signs of repression. On the whole, his type of regime still appears to many in the North American establishment as "the last best hope" for maintaining dependent capitalism in the Third World. □

TELEVISION

MARK CRISPIN MILLER

The Shakespeare Plays

The British Broadcasting Corporation, the Exxon Corporation, the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company and the Morgan Guaranty Trust Company of New York have now presented two seasons of "The Shakespeare Plays," with the promise of another four to go. The first year was very bad, and this year's productions were much worse. "The worst is not," however, "so long as we can say, 'This is the worst' ": next year's offerings might prove fatal. Unsatisfied with an opening season that was dreadful only half the time (including, as if by accident, good versions of *Richard II* and *Henry VIII*), the folks ruining the show evidently decided to go all the way. Except for a rerun of *Richard II*, this year's productions—*Twelfth Night*, *The Tempest*, *Henry V*, both parts of *Henry IV*—were stunning, like severe head wounds; painstakingly mounted, like stuffed bears.

What prompted the BBC and those other corporations to embalm Shakespeare's entire corpus, at a cost of $13.6 million? Surely not love of drama, since there is little that's either loving or dramatic in this enterprise. We can also rule out any longing to "bring Shakespeare to the masses," since the project's relentlessly pedantic approach has made the plays incomprehensible, and therefore inaccessible. What made the BBC decide to "blow the horrid deed in every eye" was, in part, a desire to improve the company image. Accused of lowering its standards in unseemly competition with Britain's commercial TV companies, the BBC felt compelled to do something classy. (Exxon, envying the Mobil Oil Corporation's sponsorship of *Masterpiece Theatre*, was similarly motivated.) And this image-saving endeavor will certainly not bankrupt its sponsors. The corporations have devised lavish "kits" to supplement the broadcasts, and "it is imagined," writes one reporter, terrifyingly, in *TV Guide*, "that most high schools and colleges in the U.S. will own a complete set of the plays on video cassette, a development that may revolutionize the teaching of Shakespeare."

It certainly may, since it will turn "the teaching of Shakespeare" into a hypnopaedic exercise. But even if those woozy pupils can stay awake, the video cassettes will teach them only to hate Shakespeare's plays, as one naturally comes to hate all heavy lozenges that do no good. We should read the plays, not because somebody tells us to, or because an acquaintance with those texts will make us enviable, but because they continue to be inimitably meaningful. Unfortunately, the BBC's grim Standard Edition is based on the assumption that Shakespeare's plays must be produced only because they are "The Shakespeare Plays." These adaptations are desperately "Shakespearean" and entirely meaningless, turning the plays into empty antiquarian spectacles.

Their emphasis, in other words, is the opposite of Shakespeare's. The actors at the Globe performed on an empty stage, expecting their audience to listen with imagination: "Think, when we talk of horses, that you see them/Printing their proud hoofs i' th' receiving earth." Shakespeare's language was evocative enough to make backdrops and props redundant. In order to let that language do its work, the best directors of Shakespearean film and television—Olivier, Brook, Welles, Kozintsev, Hall—have tried to stylize their productions. Each has avoided historical literalism, using his medium not to bolster vulgar notions of the past but to convey a certain set of meanings derived from personal study of the text. "The Shakespeare Plays," on the other hand, reflects the corporate approach. hiring lots of "experts," spending too much money and making something deadly out of something good. Each play is just another useless product, meant for quick consumption.

Struggling to create the proper aura, the BBC has blown a wad on late medieval bric-a-brac: hogsheads, crossbows, goblets, scrolls—everything but ye kitchen sinke. These irrelevant items clutter irrelevant sets, all those dungeons and taverns and banquet halls which Shakespeare only mentions, but which the BBC has meticulously reconstructed. Such "realism" is supposed to lend these shows an atmosphere at once authentic and colorful, but it only distracts us from the verse, and has the further ill effect of implying a certain condescension, both to the plays and to the past. This literalism becomes hilarious when the action moves "outdoors," that is, onto a studio set covered with fake knolls and plastic trees. While the film studio can present a credible illusion of the natural world, the nails and plaster are always obvious on television. (Using the real thing is no less of an error, as last year's *As You Like It*, set disconcertingly amid actual woods, made very clear.) This fact of video adds a touch of humor to the BBC's battle scenes, in which small groups of uneasy men try to roughhouse on fields of Astroturf.

As with the many props and sets, so it is with the endless costumes, as splendid

NOTICE TO READERS

The Nation's biweekly summer schedule will be in effect during the months of July and August. As a result, the next issue you receive will be dated July 19-26.