

to displace the nation-state from its position in popular loyalties faces. A sense of place and continuity is crucial to the harmony of individuals and societies. It is challenged by the continued process of change, a process that entails the alteration, invention, and reinvention of traditions. Except in periods when there is a stress on the value of a break with the past, change is in large part acceptable to much of the population only if it does not disrupt their sense of continuity too seriously. The impact of disrupting this, by minor changes, such as altering coins and telephone kiosks, or by more sweeping social changes, such as the collapse of traditional shopping patterns and practices, or the enforced movement of people from condemned housing into modern projects that lack much of a sense of community, can cause much anxiety and irritation, and a more insidious loss of a sense of identity and community.

At this crucial level, the notion of European community is valuable if its institutional pretensions and prerogatives do not range too widely and are restricted by the preservation of a major role for the nation-state. Telling people and their elected representatives that, as they are Europeans, they must act, indeed think, in a certain fashion is unacceptable in a democratic society. In defending the configuration and continuity of British practices, politicians are not fighting for selfish national interests but for the sense of the living past that is such a vital component of a people's understanding, acceptance, and appreciation of their own society and identity.

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Letter From Chile

by William Mills

The Attraction Offshore



With the government seizing at least half our incomes each year and the "multi-diversity" crowd sowing seeds of anger and disunity that could well lead to civil war down the road, I hear more and

more people talking of places to relocate themselves and their capital: New Zealand, Australia, Switzerland, and Costa Rica. And Chile. Chile? Isn't that where a kinder, gentler Socialist-Communist coalition elected Salvador Allende in 1970 and a brutal military coup took place in 1973? That's the only version I knew about back then, certainly the only version being discussed on college campuses. Thus it was surprising to listen to a Chilean friend recently who was in the United States to study English for a few months say a good word about Pinochet, the army general who governed the country from 1973 to 1989. At that time Pinochet stood for election, lost, and stepped down. Felipe, my Chilean friend, described the stability that had taken hold while Pinochet was in office. Inflation holding at around nine percent and an economy that no longer depended on a single industry, mining.

He also explained how the first major disruption of Chilean democracy had taken place. After all, virtually two-thirds of the people had voted *against* Allende in 1970. Due to a peculiarity of the Chilean Constitution, when one of the candidates does not gain a simple majority, the Congress decides. The Christian Democrats (similar to our own Democrats in many ways), who had come in third, cut a deal with the radical left, and the rest is history. Much was made of the demand that Allende sign "guarantees" that he would follow the constitution, guarantees which lasted a New York minute. By 1973, with the economy and the constitution in shambles, even the Christian Democrats were calling for a coup.

After my friend suggested I come and look for myself, and after, coincidentally, the editor of an investment newsletter announced he had moved to Santiago (his words, "You know it as well as I do: the America we grew up to know and trust is no longer the land of the free. That is why I had to leave."), I decided to go south. I wanted to meet some writers and artists, and since my wife couldn't go, the trip could serve as cover for fly-fishing Chile's famous trout streams, escaping the February snows of Missouri.

I was invited to dinner my very first night in Santiago by Felipe's English conversation teacher, Charley McCarthy, an American retired from the cruise ship business, and his Chilean wife, Marta. Over Pastel de Chocla and

good local red wine, we held a wide-ranging, marvelously civilized conversation, which included the other guests, Marta's brother, a neuro-radiologist and his educator wife. I mentioned wanting to talk with José Donoso, perhaps Chile's best-known novelist—well, the good doctor knew Donoso's brother, also a physician. He would try to make contact during the week. (I was never to succeed. Donoso had fallen very ill in Spain, and was being treated in a local clinic.) We talked, of course, of Neruda, and his fellow communist, Volodia Teitelboim, author of a biography of Neruda I had read before leaving home. Teitelboim, formerly the party leader in Chile, had until recently been passing his time in Russia, ever since Pinochet came to power. Another Stateside friend had written a letter of introduction to Jorge Edwards, also a well-known writer. Someone left our table to give him a call (everyone I met in Chile seemed to know the person you mentioned, or to know his cousin who did), returning to say Edwards was currently at the embassy in Paris. I called Nicanor Parra myself since I had met him earlier in the United States, and learned he was at the beach.

What I hadn't figured on was that everyone who could leave the city was gone until school started the first week in March. Well, when in Chile, do what the Chileans do; I drove south with Felipe the next day, and while he enjoyed the air in Pucón (some eight hundred kilometers to the south), I fly-fished the Trancura River. I was told by the guide that the fishing was even better around Coyhaique in the Aisen region (2,300 kilometers from Santiago). After dallying in Puerto Montt on the way south, I fished the fabulous streams around Coyhaique, the Simpson River and the Ñirehuao, the first surrounded by the towering Andes, the second on the edge of the pampas. All in all, like Colorado or Wyoming before Barbra Streisand started visiting. After several days at the end of the country in Patagonia around Punta Arenas and Puerto Natales (there's a hotel in the Paine National Forest at \$400 a day for a single, for those who are interested; I had an Austral beer at five dollars, the only one to be had for probably 75 miles), I flew back to Santiago, hoping the locals had returned, and they had . . . in spades. El Centro was jammed.

What's on the minds of Chileans? For one thing, they were upset with Pres-

ident Eduardo Frei for having pardoned the drug smuggler involved in the largest drug seizure in Chilean history (a half ton of cocaine from Bolivia, on its way to the United States). The smuggler's family is active in the party of the president, the Christian Democrats. The pardon was especially embarrassing since it occurred just as the government was kicking off its drug abuse campaign. The president was attacked not only by the two conservative parties, National Renovation and the Independent Democratic Union, but even by some elements of the Concertacion.

"Concertacion" designates the coalition made up of Christian Democrats and everyone else on the left, the Socialist Party (PS), the Party for Democracy, and the Radical Social Democratic Party. One Chilean described the Concertacion as a sack of cats, outwardly "in concert," but snarling and clawing inside.

During one week in February, Socialist Party President Camilo Escalona and Party for Democracy President Jorge Schaulsohn (perhaps the most important politician of the left) met with Fidel Castro in Cuba. Castro is an addiction for the left, and this visit was a way for

the leftists to thumb their noses at everyone else. This was the first official visit of a Chilean delegation since consular relations were restored during the Aylwin administration, the one preceding Frei's. All this occurred near the time when our loyal French "comrades," who invented nose-thumbing of anyone who might ever have pulled their *huevos* out of the fire, wine and dined the "great liberator" in Paris.

Another big domestic story was that of retired General Manuel Contreras, formerly head of the Chilean intelligence police (DINA). He was convicted by a lower court for his role in the 1976 assassination in Washington, D.C., of Allende's Foreign and Defense Minister Orlando Letelier, and the case is now before the Chilean Supreme Court. After being exiled by the Pinochet government, Letelier ended up in Washington, working as a fellow for the Institute for Policy Studies, one of our own centers of radical thought. At the same time, Letelier was given the task of coordinating exiles in the United States and was paid a thousand dollars a month by Beatriz "Tati" Allende, treasurer of the Socialist Party, who was living in Cuba. She was married to Luis Fernandez de Oña, a senior member of the Cuban Embassy. Previously, Fernandez de Oña had been the desk officer in Havana coordinating Ché Guevara's Bolivian activities. During Allende's government, she, along with Allende's mistress, generally decided who would see Allende and who wouldn't. Sometimes her husband would sit in for her in her absence. A year after the Letelier assassination, the Cuban press agency announced she had committed suicide.

Like anywhere else in the world, but especially in tightly knit Santiago, the good citizens gossip and guess what actually took place. In the opinion of some I talked to, Letelier was not only actively attempting to overthrow the Pinochet government, which he certainly would have confirmed, but he was in the pay of the Soviet-directed Cubans. During the trial in the United States of Townley (the American who had been involved in the assassination), a fellow prisoner of one of the other conspirators said he was told that Letelier was killed because he was a "double agent who had been educated at the Espionage College . . . by the CIA." Some Chileans also believe that for some reason Tati Allende was eliminated. Her husband had abandoned her

by then. Those on the left would hotly deny this, of course.

A mysterious woman indirectly involved in the assassination effort was at first only known to be blond, and very attractive. To aid my effort to meet artists in Chile, I was put in touch with Nena Ossa, former director of the National Museum of Fine Arts for 12 years. She graciously took me to meet Benjamin Lira, one of Chile's outstanding contemporary painters. In the course of our trip to his studio, she told me that a magazine editor had erroneously speculated that she was the mysterious woman involved in the Letelier affair, and this error had cost her several friends. At the time, even the alias of the actual woman, Liliana Walker, was not known. By the time her name was known, two of Nena Ossa's former friends had died without ever learning the truth. As she reminisced about the Allende years, she remarked that she had been in London when an old school friend worked in the Allende government's press agency. Her friend permitted her to read all the incoming and outgoing cable traffic between Santiago and London. Ms. Ossa said she in turn passed on any interesting information to William Buckley and *National Review*, for which she sometimes wrote. So only the tiniest bit of espionage.

With these fragments of Chile's time of troubles as prologue, I stood before Lira's solitary, meditative nudes. The effect of these single figures is quietly to arrest the viewer's attention, whereupon he is led to meditate himself. Because of the texture of the surfaces, portions of which may have been removed to reveal an earlier surface in the way of old frescoes, one feels as if he has accidentally entered a room of a newly discovered Pompeii. And as our habit is to try to illuminate our present by looking at our past, the viewer is driven to scrutinize each of these human figures for some human essence, or if one will have no talk of essences, for some new perspective on this curious caravan through time we call man. Sniffing some narrative spore, I comment on some subject possibilities while tracking, but Lira gently dismisses any such intent. How unsettling to have the artist at hand with me champing to veer off on my own painting. Yet I confront human faces often with no mouths, faces locked in with helmet-like visors of medieval armor. Then the more recent work where the faces

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now can speak if they wish. I keep my stubborn analogy to myself, but for me there remains some subterranean part of the Chilean soul in this, an opening up, an emergence from the time of troubles.

Are Chile's troubles over? Of course not; nobody's troubles are ever going to be over. But 22 years after Allende and the Marxists departed and six years after Pinochet gave up the leadership, life seems reasonably buoyant. Obviously, most Chileans don't live like those in the suburbs of Santiago, Providencia, and Las Leonas, for example. Given that comparison, most people in the States don't live like those in Beverly Hills (and are glad of it). Yet, even in remote southern farm towns like Coyhaique, there is a bustling, healthy rhythm. Far out on the perimeter of Santiago, rampant new business construction is much in evidence.

The "underclass" of Chile is proportionally larger than in the States, but the politics of class envy are as prevalent as they are here at home. Further, the awareness of this difference in class seems to be a dominant theme or background for much of Chilean fiction and theater. Certainly this is true of Donoso's fiction; I'm thinking of *Coronation* and *This Sunday*. Carola Oyarzún, of Catholic University and a critic for *El Mercurio*, assures me this is also true in the theater. Egon Wolff is a case in point. In plays like *The Invaders*, or *Paper Flowers*, the street hustlers invade and take over the homes of the well-off, sort of like Lenny Bernstein having an "at home" for the Black Panthers. As a matter of fact, the balance is so tipped as to reduce the middle class to a stereotype: meaningless, anxious lives filled only with material things and unhappiness. The beggars and street hustlers are always very clever, witty, energetic, and self-assured.

Wolff is in his 70's, whereas Marco Antonio de la Parra is a younger playwright, at one time part of a group called the "New Generation." His theater is much different from Wolff's realism, filled instead with ghosts and grotesque fantasy. Yet, even here, as in *Every Young Woman's Desire*, the smart lower-class thief invades a middle-class woman's apartment and transforms a mousy, repressed young woman into a vamp who ultimately kills him. The dynamics of Parra's work are more complex perhaps than Wolff's, but the tumultuous, threatening social upheaval is always in

the background.

Another member of the New Generation, Pablo Hunccus, is Chile's leading social critic. Like Parra (who is trained as a psychotherapist), Hunccus has another profession besides writing, namely sociology. Trained at the Sorbonne, he was a professor at Catholic University when in 1983 he was dismissed, charged with "inappropriate research" for writing the antinuclear book *Lo Impensable* (The Unthinkable). The university was under direct control of the military. Earlier, in 1980, he was fired from his weekly column in the Santiago daily *La Tercera* for being critical of Pinochet, and a collection of his essays was temporarily banned by the government. While we sat on the deck of his beautiful mountainside home overlooking Santiago, he remarked that the role of social critic was actually clearer then than now. "Everyone knew who the enemy was then; now that 'the good guys' are in power, we are just supposed to be quiet." He was equally critical of the Allende government in the early 1970's.

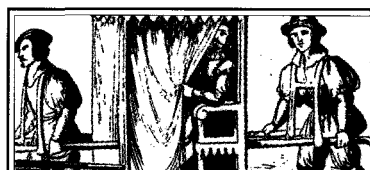
On my last day, I met with Mario Arnello, a lawyer who has lived close to the main currents of Chilean political life for many years. He was a member of the former National Party, founded in 1966 of the Conservative and Liberal parties, and followers of the conservative Jorge Prat. In the last two big elections of the 60's, the Nationals had joined with the Christian Democrats to win big. As I said earlier, the trouble started in the 1970 election. The Christian Democrats nominated a candidate when the Nationals considered not much better than Allende. Mr. Arnello, teacher and also poet (he has written a book-length poem, *Pedro de Valdivia*, An Epic of the Foundation of Chile), told me that the history of the Allende debacle could be traced to its step-by-step destruction of the country's democratic institutions. Allende had never intended to live up to the "Statute of Guarantees" that he signed as the price for Christian Democrat support. Further, the Christian Democrats had never demanded that Allende agree to the right of property.

Mr. Arnello had invited Senator Francisco Prat to join us, and he came later to our little session. Senator Prat, a tall, handsome man with brilliant blue eyes, represents the IX Region of Araucania, with its capital in Temuco. His great-grandfather was Arturo Prat, the Chilean naval hero whose martyrdom

during the War of the Pacific is remembered on May 21 as Navy Day. Senator Prat claims to occupy a little "island" in the National Renovation Party. His position is, as I understand it, to come together with those of similar beliefs in the country outside the party as well as in, and not focus on strategies that will keep the RN members in the "Club," the political and business leaders who govern Chile regardless of party membership. When asked the biggest problem facing Chile today, he said it was unemployment. Unlike the United States, where many of the "unemployed" wouldn't work even if offered a chair at Harvard, the unemployed here do want work, better work, and are very industrious.

The dynamics of Chile and the States are different, but Chile is moving upward and onward. Southern Chile and the entire Pacific coast are absolutely gorgeous, giving our own Rockies and coast a run for their money; the people are vital, vivacious, friendly; and if you try out the language, you will not get a sneer as you might from the Frogs on the other side of the Channel. Go see for yourself. As the end here comes closer and you wish to move your assets "off-shore," Chile might just be an answer. Be sure to bring your fly rod.

William Mills is a novelist and poet whose latest work of fiction is Properties of Blood (University of Arkansas Press).



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FOREIGN AFFAIRS

Singing the U.N. Blues

by Gary L. Bauer and
Robert L. Maginnis

The operational philosophy and military role of the United Nations have radically changed. In the U.N.'s first five years it launched only two peacekeeping missions, but since the fall of the Soviet Union the U.N. has mounted 19 operations involving more than 70,000 blue-helmeted soldiers. Last year these operations cost \$3.6 billion. The United States was assessed \$1.2 billion, and the Clinton administration spent another \$1.7 billion for American military participation in U.N. missions. Today, thousands of American soldiers wear U.N.-blue helmets in ten countries ranging from Haiti to Lebanon to the former Yugoslav republics. Indeed, the U.N. has experienced a renaissance with the unexpected fall of the Soviet Union, rising from near impotence in the early 1980's to worldwide peacemaker in 1995.

Harvard fellow Ronnie Dugger has called for the creation of a United Nations military force composed of volunteer peacekeepers financed by global citizen-members who pay dues and carry citizen cards. If that doesn't fly, Dugger told *New York Times* readers in June, perhaps nongovernmental organizations like Greenpeace could become citizen-members of their own international agency and elect a world parliament to pass and enforce laws through a voluntary military force.

Franklin D. Roosevelt envisioned the U.N. as an organization dealing with traditional interstate aggression rather than the type of internal conflicts that now dominate its agenda. But the 50-year-old organization is adapting to the "New World Order." That change is echoed by U.N. Secretary-General Boutros

Boutros-Ghali, who has issued *An Agenda for Peace* suggesting a greatly expanded U.N. peacemaking role. He endorses the principle of "universal" sovereignty: "Underlying the rights of the individual and the rights of peoples is a dimension of universal sovereignty that resides in all humanity and provides all peoples with legitimate involvement in issues affecting the world as a whole." He has used this concept to sanction U.N. efforts in Somalia: "The magnitude of the human tragedy constitutes a threat to international peace and security." This justified the world body's intervention in the sovereign affairs of a nation-state without invitation. The same happened in Iraq after the Gulf War.

The 1990 invasion of Kuwait posed a classic situation for the U.N., a case of aggression in which the armies of one state crossed international borders to invade another. Desert Shield/Storm was a successful international effort to expel the invaders and restore the sovereignty of Kuwait. The U.N.-sanctioned follow-up incursion into northern Iraq to protect the Kurds (Operation Provide Comfort) in 1991, however, was the first time the Security Council had authorized the use of force to address strictly internal affairs of a member state. Thus began a dangerous new era for U.N. "peacemaking."

"Loose constructions of the U.N. Charter believe the existence of such problems justifies expanding U.N. jurisdictions to deal with them," says former American ambassador to the U.N. Jeane Kirkpatrick, who warns, "We are slipping into practices which enhance only the power of the strongest. Is this what we want to do? Someone had better think through this question—and soon." But Boutros-Ghali awards supremacy of rights to individuals and groups within countries. He argues that "the centuries-old doctrine of absolute and exclusive sovereignty no longer stands." Outside forces, then, do have a right to trump national sovereignty.

The U.N.'s "right" to intervene in the sovereign affairs of a country leaves all member countries, including the United States, vulnerable to having their own sovereign territory compromised. For example, the next time Korean-Americans bear the brunt of a Los Angeles riot, the South Korean government could ask the

U.N. to intervene to protect its citizens' rights. It couldn't happen now because the United States would veto the move procedurally and militarily. But it could happen in the future, especially if the U.N. has a standing military governed by a liberal world community.

There is no shortage of potential Bosnia-like situations on the horizon. The conscious choices that the international community makes about these situations will decide the new order. We can only hope that the U.N. will avoid the temptation to resolve these problems with the sword.

Meanwhile, the U.N.'s military focus has been growing. The U.N. Department of Peacekeeping has expanded from a staff of 23 to more than 350 with a modern situation center, staffed 24 hours a day, linked electronically to all U.N. hot spots. It has a standby system to tap troops and equipment from 185 member nations and has established a base in Italy to stockpile equipment, such as armored personnel carriers, for rapid deployment to peacekeeping missions.

There have been calls for a standing U.N. army. Former French President François Mitterrand endorsed the creation of a "U.N. Legion." This brigade-size unit of thousands would be available for immediate deployment when the Security Council authorizes military action. The legion has been discussed at the U.S. Army Peacekeeping Institute, where representatives from various American government agencies met with U.N. representatives in 1993 and 1994. Anticipating future trends, the U.S. Army recently published a field manual entitled "Peace Operations" outlining relationships with the U.N. and including extracts from the U.N. Charter.

Last year the Clinton administration issued Presidential Decision Directive 25 on reforming multilateral peacekeeping operations. This was supposed to make them more selective and effective. The directive claims, "The U.S. does not support a standing U.N. Army, nor will we earmark specific U.S. military units for participation in U.N. operations." Despite this assurance, White House Press Secretary Michael McCurry said President Clinton supports America's contin-