

The Association for Diplomatic Studies and Training  
Foreign Affairs Oral History Project

**PHILIPPE DU CHATEAU**

*Interviewed by: Charles Stewart Kennedy*

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**TABLE OF CONTENTS**

Background

Born in Illinois; raised in Illinois and Indiana  
Indiana University; Cornell University; Middlebury College; Harvard  
University  
United States Coast Guard  
Coast Guard Cutter Wachusett  
Vietnam War  
Joined USIA in 1973

Soviet Union: USIA Exhibits; General Services Officer 1973-1977  
Moscow; Ufa, Bashkiria  
Tatars  
Marriage, 1974  
Soviet government and public reaction to exhibits  
Rudolf Nureyev  
Comments on Soviet Union  
USIA Exhibit personnel  
Yuri Zarakhovich  
Operations  
Soviet surveillance and restrictions  
America magazine

Headquarters, United States Information Service: Escort-Interpreter 1977-1978?  
;to bands touring Soviet Union  
USIA-USSR Cultural Exchange Agreement  
Public reception  
Musicians

Library of Congress, Washington, DC 1977-1979

Entered the Foreign Service (USICA) 1979  
United States International Communications Agency;  
(subsequently to become USIA)

Washington, DC: Headquarters, USICA; Initial training	1980-1981
Washington, DC Bulgarian language training	1981
Sofia, Bulgaria: Assistant Public Affairs Officer	1981-1984
Brian Carlson	
Environment	
Surveillance	
Security	
Relations with locals	
Government	
Turks	
Gypsies	
Internal travel	
Cultural and exchange programs	
<u>America</u> magazine	
Ambassador Jack Richard Perry	
Ambassador Robert Barry	
Bulgaria relations with neighbors	
Housing	
Food and recreation	
Todor Zhivkov regime	
Chancery	
Rotation officer experiences	
Kidney stone experience	
Health system	
Alleged plot to Kill Pope John Paul	
Bulgarian Intelligence Service	
Local press	
Greece	
Russian presence	
Washington, DC: Russian language refresher course	1984
Moscow, Soviet Union: Assistant Information Officer (Press and Cultural Section)	1984-1987
Duties and operations	
Wife (Golmar's) work at NBC News Bureau	
Children	
Walt Rogers	
Yuri Zarakhovich	
<u>America Illustrated</u> magazine	
Wireless File	
Ambassador Arthur Hartman	
Preparing Press Briefings	

Embassy building  
Soviet employees  
Embassy security  
Local contacts  
Gorbachev  
*Refuseniks*  
Wife's Soviet relatives  
Film showings  
Minsk "Technology in the Home" exhibit  
Baltics  
American Home Exhibit  
Dealing with foreign press  
Ray Benson  
Sergeant Lonetree  
VIP delegations  
Soviet "bugging" embassy  
Domestic help (Soviet spies)  
Marine Corps and local help  
*Moscow Station. How the KGB Penetrated the American Embassy*, by  
Ronald Kessler  
Moving into new quarters  
Gorbachev changes  
Internal travel procedures  
Border crossing difficulties  
Embassy personnel expulsion and retaliation  
Operating without local personnel  
American contractors  
Embassy radiation  
Embassy morale  
Embassy facilities  
Local employee morale  
Yuri Zarakhovich  
Cultural recreation  
Vladimir Horowitz visit  
Charlie Wick visit  
Children's schooling

Additional comments on Moscow assignment

Chernobyl  
*Diplomatic gastronom*  
Gasoline coupons  
Daily living facilities and problems  
Changes for the better  
Wife's family Russian connections

Comments on USIA assignment procedure

Washington, DC: Foreign Service Institute: Hebrew language study	1987
Tal Aviv, Israel: Chief; American Cultural Center, Jerusalem	1988-1991
Wireless File	
Relations with government	
Relationship to American Consulate Jerusalem	
Local staff	
Housing	
Security	
Israeli press	
Local travel	
Security	
Environment	
Ultra-Orthodox Israelis	
Israeli settlement	
“Peace Now” movement	
“The Women in Black”	
Israeli diverse society	
Israeli political divisions	
Natan Sharansky	
Russian Jews	
Kahane	
Cultural Center operations	
Alison Kraus	
VIP visitors	
Moslem leaders	
Family religious orientation	
Daughter adoption	
Israeli adoption process	
Wife’s work at Consulate	
Working relationship with Embassy	
Ambassador Tom Pickering	
Travel precautions	
Father Godfrey	
Anglican School	
Redeemer Lutheran Church	
Stafford family’s American Colony	
Effects of Intifada	
War	
Evacuations	
Air and missile raids	
Environment	
Eagleburger visit	
External travel	
Holy site visits	

Washington, DC: Chief, USIA Operations Center Operations Staff Morris Jacobs Temporary Duty to St. Petersburg, Russia City changes Helsinki, Finland	1991-1993
State Department: Foreign Service Institute: Finnish language Training	1994-1995
Helsinki, Finland: Public Affairs Officer Ambassador Eric Edelman Ambassador Derek Shearer European Union Ambassadors' activities Relations Staff American Resource Center Finnish National Library Environment USIA/State consolidation Major changes Budget restrictions Staff reduction Operations Clinton-Yeltsin Summit meeting Local press NATO International Visitors Program Yrjo Lasipuro Finnish-American Society Finn internet proficiency Computer porn sites Economy Local alcoholism Finnish culture Staff Fulbright Commission Recreation	1995-1999
State Department: Career Development Officer Operations On-the-job learning Bidding and Assignment process	1999-2002

Microsoft e-mail lists  
TDY: St. Petersburg, Russia: Bush-Putin Meeting: Press  
Officer  
Duties  
Changes noted

State Department: Board of Examiners/Chief  
Changes in exam and scoring process  
Evaluations  
Examination venues  
Pass rates

2002-2004

## INTERVIEW

*Q: Let's start at the beginning: when and where were you born?*

DU CHATEAU: I was born in Highland Park, Illinois, which is a suburb north of Chicago on Lake Michigan, about twenty miles north, in May 1945. We had peace with the Germans, but we were still fighting the Japanese and the atomic bomb had not yet dropped. So I guess I was born during WWII.

*Q: Where does your family come from?*

DU CHATEAU: Family history, that of both sides of the family, was a constant topic around the dining room table when I was young, and my brother and I still trade stories.

*Q: On your father's side, first.*

DU CHATEAU: My dad, Roy DuChateau, was born in the Upper Peninsula of Michigan, near a little town called Nadeau. It was in 1902. He was born in a log cabin, quite literally, on a very, very small farm. His father lived most of his life in the Upper Peninsula, but he was born in Door County, Wisconsin, in about 1860. My great-grandparents came from Belgium, so my last name is Belgian, I suppose. For some reason, a considerable number of what we might call working class Belgians settled in Door County, Wisconsin.

But my dad moved out from Nadeau when he was very young, when he was 16. He followed some of his older brothers to work in paper mills in the U.P. in towns like Iron Mountain, where he almost died during that big flu epidemic in 1918, I think it was, and in factories in Detroit, but then he ended up in Chicago where he was an artist, a commercial lettering artist, for many years, until I was in my teens.

*Q: What was he doing?*

DU CHATEAU: Dad was a naturally gifted artist. Although he had fine arts training in painting at Chicago's Art Institute, he had to make a living, so he took courses and became what was then called a lettering artist. Up to the 50s, before graphics programs on computers, all the ads that you saw in magazines were first hand-lettered by artists like my father. Then his work was photographed and formatted for printing in magazines and newspapers. My early memories are of him working at home evenings at his easel on deadline for some project due the next day.

*Q: On your mother's side?*

DU CHATEAU: Yes, well, my mother, Lydia Friedemann, came from a German Lutheran family. Religion, the Lutheran religion, was very important to them and for that reason the family immigrated into Oklahoma from the Russia of Alexander III in the 1890s. My mom was born literally in Indian Territory in Oklahoma in 1902, before it became a state.

Her people came from southern Russia. There were German colonies in Russia that had been there for quite a while, from the 1790s, I guess.

*Q: Catherine the Great, I think, had asked them to come on in.*

DU CHATEAU: That's true. People know about the Volga Germans, but my people came from west of Kiev, in Galicia. They were basically small farmers.

My grandfather, though, he was a doctor. He and a brother were drafted into the Russian Army and he became a medical doctor. I have a picture of him in uniform as a young man from when he was stationed in Poland, which was then part of Russia.

But my grandfather and his family were good Lutherans and, if you know your Russian history, during this time Alexander III was carrying out a Russification campaign. It was not possible to be in the army and to be Lutheran - it became very difficult for everybody.

Some relatives had already moved to the United States, into either Kansas or Oklahoma, and my grandfather and his family, including my great-grandparents, followed them and established themselves on the plains in western Oklahoma, in a town that still exists. It was then called Kiel, Oklahoma, and it was -- and is still -- very, very small. But it is no longer Kiel, Oklahoma. That name became rather unpopular during World War One and so they changed it to Loyal, Oklahoma, and it's Loyal on the map now. We visited it once, in 1999. There's even a Friedemann street there. But I've no idea where in town my mom's parents lived.

*Q: How did your mother and father meet?*

DU CHATEAU: By the early 30s, some of the family, I think some of my mother's brothers, were living in or around Chicago. The Friedemanns had a strong connection with the city. My grandfather, that is my mother's father, earlier went to medical school

in Chicago to get re-certified, I suppose you could say, in order to practice medicine in the U.S.

Mom was in Chicago in the early 30s, but I'm not quite certain what she was doing. She was a singer and I know she was working for a band, but I don't know the details. In any case, my parents met at a dance, at the Allerton Hotel in Chicago and got married about 6 weeks later. The marriage lasted more than 50 years, until they died in the 1980s.

*Q: Where did you grow up?*

DU CHATEAU: Highland Park, a suburb about 20 miles north of Chicago on the lake, but then we left there when I was 15. We moved to southern Indiana, to a town called Nashville, which is about 12 miles east of Bloomington, Indiana.

I went to the local high school in Nashville for a semester, but it wasn't working out very well - I really didn't fit in, being a kid from the big city, you could say, and the teaching wasn't what you would call very challenging - so my parents arranged for me to go to the University School in Bloomington, which was something like 12 miles to the west of where we were living. It was the teaching school for the School of Education at Indiana University, and it was an excellent high school.

*Q: Let's talk first about Highland Park. What was Highland Park like?*

DU CHATEAU: I was young, of course, but it was a nice place where I could walk or ride my bike to school, and did. No one thought of it. At that time, and I guess still, it was very much a bedroom community. My dad would walk from home to the station and go down to Chicago on the commuter train. But I only went down to Chicago a few times as a kid. I can remember them, visits to my dad's office and out to lunch.

They moved out to Highland Park from Chicago in 1938, before the war. My folks built two houses that my dad designed. I can remember looking down into the dug-out basement as the second house was started. My brother, Andre, who is considerably older than me, he's 9 years older, tells me that I would have been about three years old when it was being dug. I had come along in 1945 and the first house became too small. It was a nice place to grow up. I stayed there through the first year of high school. Those houses built some 60 or 70 years ago are still there, or were when I visited a couple of years ago.

*Q: In elementary school, you were going, I assume, to the public school?*

DU CHATEAU: Oh, yes.

*Q: What was your elementary school like?*

DU CHATEAU: The one I attended was for kids from kindergarten through the third grade. There was no such thing as pre-school then. It was called Green Bay Road School.



One time about ten years or so ago I went back with my wife. We found the school and we just walked in. I had done the same thing about 15 years earlier, and visited my old classrooms. This time, we walked in and it was quite different, and then I realized that I wasn't supposed to be able to walk in, because it was a home for people who had dementia.

Beautiful building, though. It was built well before World War Two, probably in the 30s, a very nice place. I went there through the third grade. It was an easy walk through a park to our house, so I walked to school. Can you imagine doing that now?

And then there was another school across town called Elm Place Middle School that I went to from grades four to eight. Part of it's been demolished, it's too bad, but I suppose the building was old. I used to bike to Elm Place. You could do that then, no one thought about it. Elm Place was about two miles away from home, I suppose. Today I watch local parents walk their children to the school bus stop near our house in Arlington and wait until they get on the bus. Someone's there in the afternoon, too. I guess it's become that kind of world.

It was about this time, when I was in Elm Place, that I started caddying at the local golf club, Exmoor Country Club, in northern Highland Park. Actually part of the golf course was an easy walk from our house. Anyhow, my brother, Andre, had been caddying there for years and he was really good at it. My folks thought it would be a good idea if I learned to work for money in the summer, and Andre could kind of look out for me, so I started caddying. I still have framed the so-called first money I made, \$2.20, on June 2, 1956. I had just turned 11. I guess this was legal then but surely wouldn't be now, to be so young and working, making money. It was exciting, being around the other guys in the caddy shed waiting for work. All were older, probably in their late teens mostly, but no one bothered me at all. I'd run around looking for coke bottles and turn them in for a nickel, and made candy money that way.

But I hated caddying and never liked golf. I was small, still am, so it was hard to carry the bags, and usually I pulled a cart. What was really funny, at least for the first year I did not wear glasses, so I really could not see where the balls went. I'm terribly nearsighted in my left eye, but my right eye is more or less normal, so I compensated and no one noticed that I couldn't see. So I caddied until I was 15, I guess, the summer we left Highland Park. I don't know if I learned any great life lessons by going to work so young, but I don't know what I would have done just sitting around the house all summer either. But my wage work, working for money, starting at 11. I haven't thought about that for some time.

*Q: What sort of classes did you particularly like, or didn't like?*

DU CHATEAU: As a kid? For a long time, I didn't like to read, and I didn't like to write. And then something snapped in me and I started reading compulsively. I always got along well in school probably because I sucked up to my teachers.

Beyond a special eighth grade trip to Washington, DC on an overnight train, I don't recall anything special until high school. In high school, I started running into real math, algebra, and I discovered that I am no good at math at all. It's still true.

*Q: When you started reading, do you recall any particular books that grabbed you?*

DU CHATEAU: Indeed, I do. I was deeply devoted to the Highland Park public library. It was about a mile from home and I used to walk or bike there. I used it constantly, and soon worked through all the books in the children's section and moved over to the adult area, especially for books about sailing. I remember they had bound copies of *Rudder* magazine that I used to look at and dream. But I also bought books as a kid during book sale fairs at school, and I still have some of them, bought in 1956, when I was 11.

What got me going reading, I think I was probably in third grade, were books by Walter R. Brooks. He wrote a series of books for children based upon a pig, Freddy the Pig, who lived on a farm in upstate New York. Freddy and the other farm animals could talk. Freddy's a very smart pig [**and we all know how that worked out in *Animal Farm*: editorial comment**] and had lots of adventures. I loved those books. I still have several of them, and apparently other people loved them, too, because the books are still in print and there's a web site devoted to Freddy the Pig. You can Google it. But I also liked other silly stuff like the Hardy Boys. I still have Franklin Dixon's "The Secret Panel." A real page-turner. And near worthless.

The Freddy books are still in print, or rather they've been reprinted, so they're that good. Probably written in the 1950s and late 1940s, they really got me going.

I also read the beautifully illustrated books by Holling Clancy Holling, books like "Seabird" and "Paddle-to-the-Sea." I still have those books. I bought some of them in 1956, too. I know because I had the habit of writing the date in the front when I bought books. The Freddy books are amusing, straight fun, but the Holling books caught my imagination in a different way, caught with my desire to go places, adventure, to explore. And "Seabird" is all about sailing ships, something I've always been interested in, and still am.

*Q: Did you find, once you started reading, that you spent quite a bit of time reading?*

DU CHATEAU: Yes, I am still a compulsive reader. I read slowly, but I read constantly. I'm never comfortable if I don't have a book around. Usually I am reading four or five, they are lying around the house. Now I have books on my iPhone and iPad, too, but I read them only if hard paper print isn't to hand.

*Q: Well then, by the time you moved to Indiana, was it -- this was, what?*

DU CHATEAU: It was the summer I turned 15, mid 1960.

*Q: You say you went to a school that was attached to ...?*

DU CHATEAU: Yes, Indiana University. It was the so-called university school, a practice teaching school, but also a regular high school. I believe Bloomington still has two high schools. One is Bloomington High School and then there was the University School. Many children of professors would go there, to University School, I suppose it was a natural thing to do, and it was free for them. My parents paid tuition, because I was from out of town, from another county.

We had very good teachers, I think, and I really enjoyed it. Once out of the Nashville school, I had a good high school experience.

*Q: Well, then, were there any courses that you particularly concentrated on?*

DU CHATEAU: Indeed, Russian language for one, but there are a number of things I should mention. Also, some of the people who have continued to be very important in my life I met there. Maybe we'll come to that.

But I had a daily challenge. How did I get to school? I lived 12 - 15 miles away in Brown County to the east and my parents couldn't drive me to school. There was no other way to get there but by car. There was no public transportation, no buses. I did not drive, I was too young.

However, there was another person who lived in Nashville, a man who worked at the university whose son was in the University School about a year ahead of me. Somehow my parents found him, and he agreed to drive me to school and home. We were living maybe half a mile up on a country road. I walked down to the main highway, I had to get down there by whatever time it was, probably 7 a.m., and he'd come past, pick me up, take me to school and then after school I had to wait for him to leave work in order to go home.

The school was out at 3:30 and he'd pick me up after work at 5:00 or something like that. So I always had that time to kill. He was very kind to me and I hope I was no trouble to him. Funny, one of my strongest memories of those trips is the cigarettes he smoked. They smelled great.

*Q: What'd you do with that time after school?*

DU CHATEAU: I read. I never was much into sports. Well, that's not quite true, I loved to hike and ride bikes, but I wasn't much into organized school sports, not at all. Football, baseball, all boring. And so I read, or I'd wander around the campus. I can't recall what I did. I probably did any homework I had, too.

*Q: What were you reading?*

DU CHATEAU: I have no memory of what I did. I just read anything that came to hand. I don't know.

But a couple of things were important. They stuck with me. One was, for two of the years I was there we had teachers who taught Russian. Russian was taught at our high school. This would have been the late Fifties and early sixties, part of the Cold War buildup, I suppose. The teachers had been in the Soviet Union on some kind of academic exchange, I think. This was the first I heard of such things.

*Q: Indiana has a reputation. Many of my Foreign Service colleagues went to Bloomington for their PhD or Master's.*

DU CHATEAU: If I recall correctly, there was a program that the U.S. Air Force sponsored there. I still have a typed copy of a "Dictionary of Russian Taboo Words and Expressions" that I believe came out of that school. It's full of stuff that in those days never appeared in a formal dictionary. I have no idea how I got it, and there is no author or any citation, but I think I got it from that school somehow. Anyhow, yes, Indiana had a very strong language schools. I even took some Chinese there later.

*Q: I think the Air Force did have. I went to the Army Language School in Russian in Monterrey and I think that then they moved at least part of it over to Bloomington.*

DU CHATEAU: I hadn't thought about this for a long time, but that's probably why my teachers were there. They were teaching at our high school, but they were probably associated with something else. Both of my Russian teachers had spent at least a year in the Soviet Union studying. I recall that the second teacher, the one I was closer to, had, I believe, a Fulbright grant to study there. Anyhow, he also played the banjo, he even lent me one. This was during the so-called folk revival time. He introduced me to songs by Pete Seeger and his style of banjo, but unfortunately, like math, ultimately I was no good as a musician.

Anyhow, I started taking Russian in high school. Of course, it was only high school and I didn't get very far, but the interest was there.

Perhaps it comes from other places, but part of my interest in Russian was because of my mom and her background.

But here's a bit of digression. I should mention that my mother spoke German at home in Kiel and Stillwater, Oklahoma, that was her first language. She learned English, of course, but her written script was always Germanic, shall we say. Eventually she went to college in Stillwater, Oklahoma, and she got her B.A. She was the only one in her family that stopped short of a Ph.D.

She had four brothers who all became either medical doctors or PhD research scientists. It was a very interesting family. My mother was the youngest and she was the only one that didn't get a post baccalaureate degree.

What attracted my parents to each other I don't know. They had far different backgrounds, really different, but they were married more than 50 years. My mom's was Lutheran, Germanic, a family where higher education was valued, with highly successful brothers and a charismatic medical doctor father.

My dad came from a far different, rural Catholic background. His parents certainly were not rich, although Dad never talked of poverty. As I said he grew up on a farm and he left home when he was 16. I've no idea what schooling he had, or that of his parents or brothers. I do know that he eventually passed his high school equivalency exam, but he did that as an adult, in Chicago, I think, when he was in his late twenties.

So mom and dad, they had their disagreements and one was about language. Mom's first language was German. I would have liked to learn German, but to do that would have cut out dad, even if it had been offered in school, and I don't recall that it was.

But Russian was a different story. It was exotic. It looked like fun and they were teaching Russian in my high school, so I started down that route and, as it happened, I kept with it.

*Q: Where did your family fall politically?*

DU CHATEAU: I don't recall any deep political discussions around the dinner table. Dad was pretty apolitical, I think. I believe if they were alive now my parents would be very liberal, but they were probably to the right of middle for many years. Mom liked Nixon and probably voted for him, but she became very disappointed. As I look back on it now, I grew up fairly conservative and remained so until I got to college. Then things changed. Conservative in the 50s and early 60s does not have the same meaning as it does in 2011.

*Q: How about religion?*

DU CHATEAU: My dad was raised as a Catholic; my mother was raised as a Lutheran. They both converted to Christian Science before I was born and they stayed with Christian Science the rest of their lives. My parents were very active in church, my dad even designed one church building, I believe. My mother was very, very religious, Dad perhaps a little less so.

*Q: Did you go to doctors and things like that?*

DU CHATEAU: My mom and my dad did not, but they made exceptions. You can see here, I have a crooked wrist, I broke it the summer I was nine. It's quite crooked and I have a big scar from an operation. You can see the stitches. I still remember when they were taken out, how amazed I was that it did not hurt. The story is that after dinner one June evening I went across the street to friend's house. He had a swing in the back yard. I was swinging there and I fell off and I hurt my wrist. But I wasn't supposed to be doing that, I was supposed to be weeding in our front yard, so I didn't tell anybody for a week. Guilt, I felt terrible because I was supposed to be helping my folks and I screwed up. I could move the wrist some so I hid it well, but eventually my folks noticed. The wrist had

to be re-broken and it did not grow straight. I still remember spending a week in a hospital in Chicago, such a long time it seemed. I was terribly home sick and lonely. This was before I started to read much, so I was horribly bored, too. There's some great lesson here, but I don't know what it is.

My mom was a Christian Scientist practitioner from when I was a little kid, and she continued to help people to the end of her life.

*Q: In high school, you say you weren't big into sports. Were there any other things you were interested in?*

DU CHATEAU: Well, there were a couple of things. One was, one of my Russian teachers at the University School, this was around the time of the whole folk song revival, he played the banjo, played the guitar. He lent me a banjo and we used to play together, or I would try to play. I never got any good.

Another person who was very important to me is a gentleman who's still alive, God bless him. He turns 90 this winter, and we are still in touch. His name's Bill Garrison. When I first met him, Bill was a middle school American history teacher, but he was and is a different kind of guy.

He would organize canoe trips that would have a historic theme to them. A group of us high school kids, we became a camping and canoeing group called *Les Voyageurs*. Garrison arranged it so that we recreated some of the trips by canoe that explorers made on Indiana rivers.

I remember that during the Cuban Missile Crisis, we were out on Indiana rivers, and ended up on the Ohio. We were aware of what was going on, and we were worried. We know now how it came out, but at the time it was fairly tense, and we wondered what we would do if a war started.

Bill got me going on many things. He would lend me his horse to ride, and more than once I rode it home from Bloomington. He organized a group of us who went out walking, hiking, camping. During the winter in my high school senior year we recreated the march that George Rogers Clark took across Illinois from Kaskaskia to Vincennes in the 1770s, during the Revolution. We hiked and camped across Illinois in the middle of the winter, about ten of us, although as news spread of what we were doing, we were invited to stay in houses. We got considerable press. The governor even came out to meet us and to walk the last mile into Vincennes. I still have the clippings that my mom collected.

I did a lot of winter camping. I was living out in the countryside, three or four miles west of Nashville, Indiana, on the border of Brown County State Park, a big park. The whole area was forest with basically no one living there except along a couple of roads. I was a teenager, I didn't want to be around my parents, I didn't watch much TV, and this was long before computers. But I loved to go out and wander, just to see what would happen.

I'd go out Friday night and come back late Saturday. And my parents didn't worry about it. Well, I'm sure they did, but they never let on. Remember, once I walked into the woods, they had no way of knowing where I was. I could tell them vaguely where I thought I would go, but usually I had no plan. Often I hiked with another school friend, Bill Burnham, but often I would go out alone, even if only to spend the night camping on a neighboring ridge.

I learned self-reliance from Bill, a willingness to just go out and see what would happen rather than stay safe at home, and I learned to push myself to do what I did not think possible. And I learned to work with other people under pressure, when things were not working out, when it was really cold and nasty.

Now all this does have relevance to the Foreign Service. Bill told me that his younger brother Mark was in the Foreign Service. It stayed at the back of my mind. Later on, after I graduated from Cornell, it was Mark Garrison who recommended me for my first job with U.S.I.A, the U.S. Information Agency, based upon, I am sure, what Bill told him about me. A couple years after that, when I was in Moscow working for USIA Exhibits, he was there as political officer - I believe that was his job - and he brought us to his home for dinner. Several years after that, when I was the USIA escort interpreter for B.B King's tour in the Soviet Union, Mark was in Moscow as the DCM, the Deputy Chief of Mission. And there's more to the story here. I now know that Mark worked in Sofia when we reestablished relations, was it maybe in the 1960s? Anyhow a good friend of mine from the Foreign Service, Adrienne Stefan, was there in Sofia at that time because her father, also in the Foreign Service, opened the legation. She remembers Mark and his wife well. It's such a small world, and it's very satisfying, the way these things tie together, but maybe that's a little ahead of the story.

*Q: By high school you were aware of the Foreign Service.*

DU CHATEAU: I didn't have it quite worked out, what the Foreign Service was and what it could mean for me, but already in high school I knew I had no artistic talent, I couldn't do what my dad did. My older brother Andre was a teacher, but I couldn't do that, that wasn't me.

*Q: As one looks at certain professions, you find yourself getting closed in. There are certain things, you either don't have the talent for or the interest in.*

DU CHATEAU: Later on, that was very definitely why I joined the Foreign Service.

*Q: You graduated from high school when?*

DU CHATEAU: It would have been June 1963. I didn't go to my graduation. I borrowed a horse from Bill Garrison and went out camping in southern Brown County for four or five days. His horse's name was Linda, a gentle creature who did not want to cross little streams. I'd rather do that, be out with Linda, wandering, than go to my graduation.

*Q: Were you pointed towards anything?*

DU CHATEAU: No. I couldn't figure out what I wanted to do. Because everybody in my high school, which was a high-achieving school, went to college -- and of course we were sitting on a college campus -- so I had to go to college. My parents didn't have any money, so it had to be Indiana University, 'cause it was cheap, I seem to recall tuition was \$500. And I got some kind of scholarship to study Chinese. It was minimal, but it was money.

We need to backtrack a bit, though. Indiana University had and still has a geology camp in the mountains east of Butte, Montana. When we got to Nashville, my parents were worried, what was I going to do in summers in Indiana when not in school. When we were in Highland Park, I caddied some at that local country club in the summer. In Nashville that wasn't an option.

I don't know how she did it, but mom found out about a job working in the kitchen in the Indiana University geology camp out in Montana and I got a job working there. And so for three summers in high school I spent three months out in Montana, washing dishes, making sandwiches for the geology students, and hiking in the mountains. It was an incredible experience.

The first time I went out to Montana, I flew for the first time. It was from Bloomington airport to Midway in Chicago, in a DC-3. I remember it well, a bumpy ride. Then I went by sleeper car in an overnight train. What a great experience. The other summers we traveled out as a caravan of cars, which was just as wonderful. How romantic can you get, a teenager going out to Montana to live in the mountains.

*Q: Where in Montana?*

DU CHATEAU: It's up in the mountains, in the Tobacco Root Mountains, south of Cardwell, Montana, which is maybe 10 miles east of Whitehall, Montana, maybe 50 miles east of Butte. Cardwell, Montana, is where Chet Huntley, of Huntley and Brinkley, was born, but it's not even a train stop, although there is -- or was -- a post office at the back of the general store. They'd put the bag of mail up on a mast next to the tracks and the train would come by and pick it off without slowing down. That store was all of Cardwell.

At the geology camp we lived in tents, very civilized tents built on wooden platforms, unheated, so it got a little chilly at night. But it was at the geology camp that I met my second mentor, another man that has had a lifelong influence on how I work and look at the world, Herb Dutton, who was the camp's caretaker. He and his wife Peg lived in a small house year round on the grounds. Herb was a genuine cowboy, later a Montana cattle farmer, but when I knew him, his hands hurt from injuries and arthritis, and the caretaker job suited him. He smoked hand-rolled cigarettes, which I later learned to do, but more important, he taught me that if I wanted his respect, and I sure did, I had to do a



good job and earn it. I couldn't be a wise-ass kid. Unfortunately Herb died a few years later. He'd had a hard life. I've never forgotten him.

Normally they hired new kitchen boys every summer, but I was rehired each summer until I joined the Coast Guard.

I graduated from high school and went to Indiana University for one semester. I carried a full load of courses, and I tested through the first semester of others, especially history courses, because of all the reading I had done. That was the fall when Kennedy was killed. I remember that day well. Classes were cancelled, someone came into the class and said that the president had been shot, and that class was cancelled. We sat around the dorm trying to understand what was happening.

And about then in November I realized that things were wrong. I was in school, in the university because that's what everyone did that I knew in high school. But I had no idea where it was all going. I was doing well in my classes, but I knew that this was going nowhere.

I always wanted to go to sea. There's no reason for this. It's in my genes, perhaps - who knows? Nobody in my family has ever gone anywhere near the ocean except to get across the Atlantic from Belgium or Germany.

*Q: Indiana doesn't strike me as being the birthplace of seafarers.*

DU CHATEAU: Highland Park is right on Lake Michigan and I'd go down to the shore there, up on the bluff, and I'd look out and look for ships. I would bike there after school. I could bike anywhere I wanted, then. You wouldn't do it now, but when I was a kid, from the time I went to fourth grade, I biked everywhere in town and down to the lake bluffs to see the water.

I always wanted to go to sea, I don't know why. So when I was halfway through that first semester, I thought, "I don't want to do this." Continue on with college. But I could not figure out how to do get a job on a ship.

I finally learned that if you wanted to work on an American ship, you had to join a union, and the only way you could join the union is already to have worked on a ship, as far as I could figure out. I probably had it all wrong, but it was really hard to find out anything sitting in central Indiana. So that didn't work out.

I wanted to get out of town. My brother had just been discharged from the army after being in for three years. I didn't want to do that, the army. I just didn't want to practice killing anybody even if it was only practice.

I'm not a pacifist by any means. In fact, my friend Bill Garrison had guns, especially historic replicas of black powder muzzle-loaders, and in Indiana I was shooting guns

right from our back yard. I melted lead for bullets. We shot up things, made lots of noise. So no pacifism, but still, no army for me.

I had a good semester at Indiana, all “As” except for a couple of Bs, and one D, in the required military course, R.O.T.C. Men in so-called land grant colleges were required to take the Reserve Officer Training Corps course, but I hated it and never showed up for class. I would have flunked except I got an A on the final exam. That D in R.O.T.C. is a little joke for after the finals, I dropped out of Indiana University and joined the Coast Guard, which is a military organization. I was in the Coast Guard for four years and that was probably one of the best things I ever did.

I think I was the first among my high school classmates to go into the military. I was in the Coast Guard from February 1964 to the end of January 1968, all through the Vietnam buildup. But when I joined, I had barely heard of Vietnam, just an article or two in *Time* magazine. By the time I got out, the draft was going strong, but I did not have to worry about that. I’m sure that many of my male classmates were drafted and went to Vietnam. I know one of my classmates was killed there.

*Q: This was as a seaman?*

DU CHATEAU: Well, yes. I was not an officer, had no interest in being one. So I started at the bottom as a so-called seaman. I became a radioman, a technical specialty. I ended up Radioman First Class, I reached the highest enlisted rank you could get in four years. I went to boot camp on Cape May. The Coast Guard boot camp is still there. I was in boot camp all spring, until about a week before I turned 19. I had to spend extra time in boot camp because I broke some rules.

Then I went to radio school, which at that time was in Groton Long Point, a beautiful, beautiful campus, on the sea, on Long Island sound, across the river from New London, Connecticut. We learn a form of International Morse Code, and I still remember it. Dits and dahs. At that time long distance communication at sea was by Morse Code, but it’s no longer used. I was first in my class so I had a choice of where I wanted to go for my next assignment. I decided I wanted to go to Seattle, which was a bad choice. I should have gone to San Francisco, which was also a choice, because that’s where everything was happening in the mid to late Sixties. But I did not know that in the fall of 1964.

I went to Seattle ‘cause I had these romantic ideas. I thought I would go hiking in the mountains in my spare time, but that never happened. I was on a ship out of Seattle for a couple of years and then I was at an air station at Port Angeles on the Olympic Peninsula for a couple years.

*Q: What type, was it a big cutter?*

DU CHATEAU: Yes, well, big, by what standards? The Coast Guard Cutter Wachusett, WPG-44, radio call sign NRUJ. Funny, the things you remember. It was 270 feet long, if I remember correctly. It was built right at the end of World War Two, so we had pipe

berths, a piece of canvas stretched across a pipe frame as a bed, and such, it was very old style. We were stacked up three high in berths with maybe a foot between your nose and the guy above you. We'd go to sea for a month at a shot.

*Q: What were you doing?*

DU CHATEAU: One time we went on a fisheries patrol up to Alaska, to the Bering Sea, and we were patrolling to make sure that the Russians and Japanese obeying the fishing zones. I remember one morning coming out on deck and seeing a Russian whale catcher coming right past, close to us in the fog. I yelled across "hello" in Russian, and the guy on the bridge waved.

We did tow some poor Japanese fishing boat into Adak. They were fishing where they weren't supposed to.

Other times, we went out to what was called an ocean station in the middle of the Pacific. I suppose this was already outdated even in the mid 60s, but they wanted to have a predictable place where a plane could ditch in the middle of the ocean, half way flying from Hawaii to San Francisco.

So there was our ocean station, Ocean Station November they called it, a twenty square mile area where we would just sit. We'd be out from Seattle and at sea for a month. We couldn't anchor or anything, we'd steam up wind in the zone and then drift downwind, and we did that for several weeks while on station, and then another ship would relieve us. I can still remember the Morse call sign: 4YN. I can give it to you in Morse Code if you'd like.

We would be in contact and give positions to all the airplanes coming over, so they could get a good position fix. My colleagues and I would be monitoring for emergency situations – distress signals. It was a weather station, also. We radiomen would collect hourly weather reports from merchant ships in the area and relay them to the west coast, all by Morse Code. We also sent our own weather data. This stuff is all gone and rightly so, but it was interesting. There are no more radiomen, either.

*Q: The Arctic Ocean's pretty rough, isn't it?*

DU CHATEAU: Well, in a storm especially because the Bering Sea is rather shallow. And the weather up there can change in an hour, up where several ocean currents come together. The first time we went out from Seattle it was rough. I remember being terribly seasick, but I still had to go to work, to go on watch. But I was fortunate, after a while I didn't have any trouble with seasickness. Five days miserable and then that was it and I've never gotten seasick again.

I did have one colleague, a radioman, who was chronically seasick. He just couldn't adapt and unfortunately for him he had to leave the Coast Guard. I heard that later he got picked up by the army to go to Vietnam.

I joined the Coast Guard because I wanted to. I just wanted to get out of town and I wanted to go to sea, no further thought than that, really. At the time I thought maybe I'd make a career of it, but later I realized that wasn't going to work out. I don't like discipline that much, as my semester at Indiana University R.O.T.C proved.

But, later on, of course, after I got out, the whole issue of the draft came up and I didn't have to worry about that at all. Actually, while in the Coast Guard in 1967 I volunteered to go to Vietnam, but I didn't have enough time left in my enlistment to go.

*Q: As a Coast Guardsman?*

DU CHATEAU: Yes, we had ships that would patrol up the rivers. Actually that was terribly dangerous. But I had this all worked out. I'm a wimp. Because of my rate, because I was a radioman, I would have been out at sea, off the coast there. We had ships patrolling there, search and rescue. I wanted to do that 'cause I could go to Australia for leave. Hell, that'd be fun!

*Q: In Saigon there was a small Coast Guard office that dealt with merchant ships that came in. Actually, it was under my control. I was consul general. This was '69-'70.*

*Well, did this give you G.I. Bill benefits?*

DU CHATEAU: Oh, yes.

*Q: The Coast Guard was...*

DU CHATEAU: The Coast Guard's a military service.

*Q: Was it under the Treasury?*

DU CHATEAU: Yes, Treasury, then.

*Q: But it's still ..?*

DU CHATEAU: Absolutely, it was and is military, but I don't think it is under Treasury any longer. In fact just a couple weeks ago I started using some of my veteran's benefits for the first time, for a mortgage. In retrospect, I think joining the Coast Guard was one of the better things I ever did, but it was not a natural choice. As I said, my school friends all stayed in college, but then, when they got out, the draft got them and off to Vietnam. I didn't have to worry about that, although the draft was not the reason I joined the Coast Guard. Vietnam, the draft, none of that was on my mind in 1963 and 1964.

*Q: So you got out of the Coast Guard when?*

DU CHATEAU: In early '68, late January.

*Q: Did you, in your voyages, ever run across the Foreign Service or anything like that?*

DU CHATEAU: No, I don't think so.

*Q: So what did you do when you got out?*

DU CHATEAU: Well, I knew I had to go back to college. I was a different person than the guy I was four years earlier. And I was very committed, maybe driven is a better word. While I was in radio school, a good friend of mine, also in radio school, he had a girl friend who lived in Upstate New York, just south of Ithaca, New York. So we visited there one time, in the fall of '64 and it's beautiful, the Cornell campus was beautiful. I thought, "I've gotta go here."

While stationed at Port Angeles, I drove across country through a big snowstorm in late 1967 to interview at Cornell. It helped that I had good grades at Indiana. And I was soon to be a veteran. So I got into Cornell. I didn't try anyplace else. I just wasn't interested. After all, I liked the look of the campus. By this time, I really knew what I wanted to do and I wanted to study Russian.

I also was committed to getting through college as fast as possible. I was already 22, almost 23. I had to get going. Indiana University had an intensive Russian language summer course, so I went to Indiana University in the summer 1968, to get started again. Then I went to Cornell that fall. The following summer, 1969, I was back at Indiana University for another summer program. That was the first time I went to the Soviet Union, in an Indiana University study program. They had a summer language program that took you to the Soviet Union for six weeks of travel after a couple of weeks of language training on campus.

*Q: How did that work?*

DU CHATEAU: You were supposed to speak only Russian when traveling, which, of course, we all violated. Middlebury College has the same idea in its summer language courses. I went there the following summer. Anyhow, this was the first time I went to Europe. We flew to Stockholm and stayed there a night. Then to Leningrad were we went through customs, which was quite thorough, and stayed at the Northern Hotel, if I recall correctly. I stayed there again a few years ago while backing a Bush presidential visit to St. Petersburg. While we were there, our men landed on the moon. The Soviets showed the coverage just of the landing. Our tour leader managed to get a TV set and we saw it, I guess it was live, in a dining room. From there we traveled. I think we went to Moscow first and then we went over on the Volga, to Kazan, where we got on a riverboat to go down the Volga, stopping at Lenin's birthplace. It was at least a month traveling.

*Q: What were your impressions of the Soviet Union?*

DU CHATEAU: This was the summer of 1969, that first time. Our hotels were very basic. I was scared to death to talk to people and anyhow my Russian wasn't that great. But it was vastly interesting, and always is, and at the same time somehow off putting. A love-hate relationship. That's the view I have even today no matter the times I've been back there. I'm always fascinated by that place and yet sometimes can't stand it, I get so irritated with the Russians' chauvinism. Anyhow, I came away from that first trip vowing never to go back unless someone paid me. And that's what I've done. I've never yet paid my way back.

*Q: How about Cornell? Was there a Russian studies..?*

DU CHATEAU: No, no Russian studies or Soviet Studies program, but in effect I built my own. My formal major was Russian literature. I was horrible at my major, although my grades were fine, 'cause I'm not a literature scholar. In fact, I'm not much of a scholar at all, although I could stagger through classes and fake my way through exams. I also had any number of history and government courses, even a music course, all related to Russia and the Soviet Union. I made my own Soviet studies or Russian studies curriculum.

*Q: How was social life on campus?*

DU CHATEAU: Well, when I was there, it was very interesting. The spring of the first year I was there was when everything fell apart and they had a revolt on campus.

*Q: Wasn't this the campus where they had Black Power guys...?*

DU CHATEAU: With guns, yes. Took over the student union for time. But I wasn't much in sympathy with those disruptions.

I wasn't going to school for fun, I was going to school to learn a trade. I was already older than everybody else or felt I was, and so I was very, very bothered by this, because I couldn't go to classes. I was there to get an education; I wasn't there for an ideology.

It took me quite a while. I eventually moved quite far to the left, but it took a while. I actually supported the war in Vietnam for many years, until I realized that it wasn't going the way people thought it was. Invading Cambodia was a step too far.

I didn't have much of a social life, although I worked some evenings at a coffee house on campus. I wanted to study and so I took every course I could and I spent my time studying. I was boring, head in the books.

*Q: Boredom seems to be a theme.*

DU CHATEAU: Might be. No, I was very strongly committed to getting my B.A. as fast as possible. I didn't have any money beyond the GI Bill and help from relatives. I knew what I was paying to be at Cornell and I wanted to get my money's worth out of it. I did

have friends, of course, some very tight. Looking back, one of my regrets is that I didn't have a bike, that is a bicycle, because later I did considerable biking. Still do. It would have been a good place to bike once on top of the ridges.

*Q: What were you pointed towards?*

DU CHATEAU: I couldn't figure that out. I did not know. I knew I was interested in Russia, but I didn't know what that meant.

*Q: Outside the government, it's a little hard to figure out...*

DU CHATEAU: I thought maybe something to do with business, but I didn't know, I didn't have that part of it worked out, really. I knew that I liked being abroad, that trip in 1969 was a revelation. I liked being outside the United States, I was very comfortable doing that. I was intrigued by the Soviet Union, but I didn't know what I was going to do with it, not really.

*Q: As one that's going through this, did you feel any, say, constraints or concerns? This was a great time for radicalism.*

DU CHATEAU: Well, my girl friend at that time and I, we were pretty committed to going to school. I was thoroughly socialized to a certain point of view while in the military. Eventually - it took a year, maybe more - but some time in the early Seventies, I did get radicalized, as I said. But it took a long time. I've never been one for joining organizations or marches, though.

I kept on looking for things to do at Cornell, but I was taking such a heavy course load that I had little free time. I looked at the campus radio station, that didn't look very interesting. I mentioned working a bit at the coffee shop on campus. I also took up downhill skiing at a little ski place nearby, Greek Peak - what a name.

*Q: Well, as time progressed, you graduated when?*

DU CHATEAU: Somewhere along the line at Cornell, I first became aware that USIA existed and had exhibits in the Soviet Union. My memory about this is vague, but I recall seeing a poster advertising USIA exhibits in the Soviet Union on the door of the Russian Lit. department. Later on, of course, that was a big deal with me.

I graduated from Cornell in the winter of 1971, in January. I guess it took 3 years, as I went to summer school at Indiana two times, and Middlebury College one summer. There was no ceremony, of course, although later they sent me my diploma and my parents had it framed.

During the time I was at Cornell, a professor of Russian History from Harvard came down to Ithaca, Ed Keenan. He gave a lecture at a Russian history class seminar. He was

absolutely fascinating, inspiring. I got really interested in what he had to say and wanted to know more. He was talking about Ivan the Terrible, as I recall.

When I was a kid I lived on a street called Harvard Court, so I said to myself, "You know, you've gotta go to grad school, because you don't know what the hell else to do." So I applied to Harvard. Besides, I really liked Boston and Cambridge. I wanted to live there.

And I liked Keenan, I wanted to take his courses at Harvard. So all of that was reason enough. To enter Harvard grad school at that time, all you had to have was recommendations and good grades. So I got into Harvard.

*Q: Well, you said you got radicalized. Was that it?*

DU CHATEAU: I don't think I could say that I was radicalized, although that's the word I used. My thinking changed considerably while at Cornell, but I wasn't a marcher, a sit-in kind of guy. I wrote my letters to the White House and such, but I was not out there marching, no. Then, too, I suspect that I wanted to keep my name out of things, because I wanted to make sure I could get a government job.

*Q: I take it Nixon was not a god?*

DU CHATEAU: My mother was politically active and liked Nixon. We had constant political discussions at home. We did not agree. During my time at Cornell I moved far to the left of her.

It's easy nowadays, in retrospect, to knock Nixon as a bad man and bad president, but I don't like doing that, I'm not comfortable with that. I think he was better than that.

The Vietnam War, it took me a long time before I doubted. John Steinbeck, I was reading a lot of John Steinbeck then, he supported the war. Many people I admired supported the war and I bought into it, not simply because I had been in the military, but also because I thought it was probably the right thing to do and maybe for a while it was, I don't know.

*Q: Still, I can't put myself into the anti-Vietnam camp, because I have sort of the nagging suspicion that if we hadn't gone in, Indonesia would have probably gone communist and it would be a different world to deal with.*

DU CHATEAU: I think my basic attitude evolved. Personally, I've never been in that part of the world and I know only from - what? - magazine articles, but I think that probably the Vietnam war was one of these things like some we're doing now, Afghanistan, perhaps, that went on too long, that the reasons for starting probably were as correct as one can have, but things changed over time, we got committed to things we probably shouldn't have.



*Q: That happens. At least from my perspective, looking at it, there was a reason to go into Afghanistan, but now, basically, the Taliban is not our enemy. It's not our friend but it does not particularly pose a threat to us and the objective moves.*

DU CHATEAU: I agree, but, anyhow, so, somewhere along that line I watched myself say, "Well, no, I don't agree." We had many good discussions at home.

*Q: Okay, you were at Harvard from when to when?*

DU CHATEAU: Well, like I did before at Cornell, I worked hard to get out of there as fast as I could, though I really liked the school and its atmosphere. Unlike Cornell, where I lived by myself, I had excellent living arrangements. It was a very good time. I also did things other than simply grind at study.

The spring after I left Ithaca and moved to Cambridge, I found an apartment through a little ad posted somewhere in Cambridge. The guys I lived with became good friends. I found work in the warehouse of a small recreational equipment company. It was a good fit as I knew much about the stuff they carried. I had a car, a 1964 VW bug, but I bicycled to work. Later that summer - was it 1971? - I took a long bicycle camping trip from Boston up to Maine, across Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island, up eastern Canada to Quebec, and down into Vermont, where my bike totally broke. A friend from Cambridge rescued me. The following summer I saved enough money to go to Europe on my own for the first time. Two of my roommates were British, which was an inspiration. I bought a terribly small moped in Amsterdam and chugged alone with that at a max speed of 20 miles per hour across Germany and Denmark, up the west coast of Sweden and across Norway to Bergen. The moped did not have a front headlight, which made going through those long Norwegian highway tunnels most interesting. I took a ferry to Britain and traveled from Scotland to Cornwall. Eventually the moped died in London. All the way I camped or stayed in youth hostels.

But to return to Harvard. I was in the Soviet studies program. I was associated with Harvard from 1971 to 1975, but in the middle, from the spring 1973 to the summer 1974, I went to the Soviet Union and worked there with a USIA exhibit.

*Q: Okay, where would you put the Soviet studies program. How would you stylize that?*

DU CHATEAU: The program? I don't know. I never thought in those terms. It was not a PhD program, although one could get a PhD in a more traditional area, history for instance. It did what I wanted it to do, but for me it was kind of a trade school in many ways, a continuation of the way I looked at things when I was at Cornell. You could get an M.A. in the program without doing a thesis, which was good for me. I just had to get good grades and do well on a final test. I never did a thesis.

But it gave you access to extremely good courses and very, very smart people and that was great. I did take my courses with Ed Keenan, an amazing guy. I wish I could have videotaped them, but I just took good notes. Now days they would be on YouTube.

He spoke Russian, of course, but he also spoke Turkish or other Turkic languages. He had considerable expertise in Central Asia and he was a medievalist, specializing in early Russian history, but I was fascinated by the way he looked at things. He didn't look at the history of medieval Russia from a Great Russian point of view, but from the point of view of movements and people, particularly the peoples of the steppe. It was very fascinating, still is fascinating. He had a strong influence on me.

*Q: When did you go to the Soviet Union?*

DU CHATEAU: First in 1969 as I mentioned, and then with USIA exhibits in 1973. I had been vaguely aware of the USIA exhibits program for a couple of years, since seeing some sign at Cornell, I think.

I'm not very good about the history of the program, but from the late Fifties or early Sixties we had a cultural exchange program with the Soviet Union. We would send exhibits on a theme to the Soviet Union for a period of time and they would show in various cities. The Soviets would send a reciprocal exhibit to the United States, which would travel to several cities here.

The first such exhibit was at Sokolniki Park in Moscow and that's where the famous Kitchen Debate took place between Khrushchev and Nixon.

My memory is vague here but I think one of my high school Russian teachers was part of that USIA exhibit program, so this program may have been at the back of my mind for many years.

We had exhibits in the Soviet Union more or less continuously for maybe a couple of decades, except for a number of years after the Soviets invaded Afghanistan. When I was stationed in Moscow from 1984 to 1987, I was the embassy liaison for one of the last of the USIA exhibits.

The exhibits would travel. They would always go to Moscow, but they might go to Kiev, they might go to Leningrad, what have you. USIA had such traveling exhibits in other countries, Poland, Yugoslavia, Bulgaria. Later I worked with one in Bulgaria.

These exhibits were large. Finding a suitable hall of a size to hold the exhibit and all the crowds was always a problem. The exhibits would have a theme centered on some aspect of American life. The ones I worked on were about outdoor recreation in the U.S., the architecture of the American home, and photography. Others might be about the theater in the U.S. or computers, what have you. The USIA would hire perhaps 20 people who spoke Russian, usually college students, who would work with the exhibit for 6 months. Then a new fresh group would come in. That was the typical pattern when I was involved. If someone reading this is interested, I believe ex-guide and ex-exhibit director Roland Merullo wrote an article about the exhibits for the State web site. I know there's a web site set up by John Aldridge, who worked for exhibits many years:

[www.usiaexhibits.com](http://www.usiaexhibits.com). And Tomas Tolvaisas wrote a book or article about the exhibits. I'd think a Google search would bring up his name. We were in touch by email while he was doing his background research.

Anyhow, while at Harvard, I became interested in these exhibits and I applied to get into the program. You had to be able to speak Russian and you took a phone test with a gentleman at USIA to see if you were good enough. I just remembered his name - Yuri Yerlagin. I never met him, though.

After passing the telephone Russian test, I went for a job interview in downtown Boston and I passed the interview. I came back to Cambridge with this big sheet of papers I was supposed to fill out, including a whole, long background security form. I looked at that, I started filling it out and I said, "I don't want to do this. I don't want to fill out this form. I'm not going to do this!" So I just withdrew. This would have been in the late fall, 1971, I think. A friend of mine in the Soviet Studies program, Gerry Nadler, did go that spring. He had a good time, which influenced my thinking. Anyhow, I continued in school that spring and worked the first part of the summer.

Come a year later, I said, "Oh, I really do want this. I need a job!" So I reapplied, went down this time to Providence, Rhode Island, for the interview, took the language test and passed all of that again. Came back home, filled out all those security forms I refused to touch the year before and got a job starting that May or June, 1973, working for USIA Exhibits in the Soviet Union.

I remember the timing well, too, because in my spring semester of the second of those two years at Harvard, I was enrolled in a Soviet economics course. I was in way over my head. This just was not my field, and perhaps the course itself was not all that great. I was supposed to write a paper on some aspect of Soviet economics. I was within a week of having to come up with an idea for the paper, and I had no idea what I was going to do. I did not sleep well. When I got this job with USIA, I was out of there so fast, within days, what a relief. I've never forgotten and I've never looked back. I later returned to Harvard, after I worked a year for USIA, finished the Soviet Studies program and got my Master's degree by mail in March 1975.

I had kept in touch with Bill Garrison all through college, the guy who did all that hiking when I was in high school. He had moved from Indiana to western Connecticut and I visited him from time to time. I remembered that his brother, Mark, was a Foreign Service Officer, a political officer. At some point I met Mark and persuaded him to write me a letter of recommendation to become an exhibit guide. I kept in touch with Mark for many years, even after I left the Foreign Service. He was an extremely nice guy, a brilliant guy, and he had a big influence on my eventually joining the Foreign Service.

Anyhow, early summer 1973, I came down to Washington. I had a real government job, I was getting paid, which was wonderful, because I had no pocket money before while in school, not much money at all beyond just enough for food, gas, and the occasional record purchase.

Came down to Washington, met my group of fellow guides, we got ourselves indoctrinated - well, trained - then flew off to the Soviet Union. I worked there on the floor as a Russian-speaking guide talking to the crowds of visitors.

Each of these USIA exhibits had a theme. Although originally I was hired to work only 6 months, I ended up working with USIA exhibits for almost 4 years. That first exhibit I worked on was called Outdoor Recreation. One of the reasons I got the job as a so-called guide on Outdoor Recreation was because I had some considerable expertise in hiking, camping, what have you, as I mentioned earlier.

I mentioned all this experience during my interview to be an exhibit guide. As it turned out, one of the people who interviewed me in Providence for the Outdoor Recreation exhibit was a Foreign Service officer. He asked me some specific questions about the Appalachian Trail that I answered correctly. I later found out he'd hiked parts of it. It was kind of a trick question, because the Appalachian Trail does not start where you would think it does looking at a map of Georgia, it starts several miles away from the nearest road head and he asked me about that.

We went to Moscow and set up the exhibit in a large park in western Moscow, below Lenin Hills. It was in a horribly hot pavilion. The exhibit had a number of different stands with things like fishing gear or horse saddles. The walls were so-called light boxes with big backlit photos. The floors were covered with Astroturf. We had an artificial hill for skiing, we had snowmobiles, we had cars - for sure we had cars. I think we had some guns that did not work, we had a Winnebago camper that we talked about. I remember the fishing stand, because I was on that, and the cars.

We learned the vocabulary for our stand, so I could talk about fishing, which I had never done - but our real job was to answer any question anybody could ask us. The questions tended to be fairly repetitive, but it was interesting.

You had this area with some stanchions with rope in front and you had some prop behind. You'd have a press of people right in front of you and they would just be continuously asking questions, bang, bang, bang, bang, bang.

My Russian got rather good when answering some specific questions, gas mileage or the cost of gas for instance. I never was grammatically precise, and I'm sure my accent was terrible, but I could communicate.

That outdoor recreation exhibit showed in Moscow and then went to Ufa, Bashkiria. We were the first large group of Americans in that city, perhaps the first large group of any foreigners, for many years. Ufa was not a closed city in any formal fashion, but was not set up for tourists, so foreigners normally could not travel to Ufa. After Ufa we went to Irkutsk.

As I worked with the exhibit, I knew I didn't want to go back to school right away, but then I could not continue being an exhibit guide, so essentially I made a job for myself with the Outdoor Recreation exhibit and continued doing it for several years. It had become clear during the chaos of taking down and packing up the Outdoor Recreation exhibit in Moscow that essentially no one was in charge. There was no organization. It was horrible. The exhibit director, Don Gayton, knew something had to be done, and, essentially they hired me to do it. I was this work coordinator already in Irkutsk, in addition to work on the stands and talking to people, but the job really started in the second half of the exhibit, when a new group of guides came.

I figured out a way of organizing the American guides and the Russian workers who were with the exhibit. I organized the guides into work groups and then we did the grunt work setting exhibits up, taking them down, and packing them into wooden crates or containers. I kept inventory and worked with the Soviet shipping people. It was not glamorous, but it was interesting. I continued to do that for several years.

It took me a long time to understand that I have a very limited ability in language. I'm just not wired for it, apparently. So my Russian is still my best language and my reading ability is as good as it ever was, but there's a certain limit I get to and I can't go beyond. I'm very disappointed in that, but it's just the way it is. My vocabulary got to be, in certain specific things, quite good and so I never had any trouble communicating with anybody, but I also learned ways to work around things, too. I worked constantly with Soviet laborers attached to the exhibit. We got along well, I thought.

I should mention, because it's rather important in my life, Ufa, that's where I met my wife. Now, you know, it's not unique for guides to get together. Many have. My future wife, Golnar, came to Ufa as a Tatar-speaking guide. Bashkir and Tatar are closely related languages, and also there is a substantial Tatar community in Ufa, so USIA wanted someone with the exhibit who could communicate with these people. My wife is Tatar, she's a native speaker of Tatar and both her parents are Tatar, but she was born in Sweden. There's a long story here. Golnar had worked with that earlier exhibit that I turned down, Research and Development in the US. That exhibit went to Kazan, among other places, because Kazan is the capital of Tatarstan.

I should talk a bit Tatars, but you may be bored by it. So anyhow...

For more than 100 years there's been a group of Tatars in Finland. They are Muslim. They have a mosque in downtown Helsinki. They have been there at least since the time Finland was part of Russia, say the 1850s.

The Tatars from Russia - we all know about Mongol Tatar hordes and all that - but the Tatars, for most of Russian history, were traders who would leave their village in the winter trading and in the summer would be back down on the farm. They were not serfs. I'm not sure what they traded, but my wife's relatives that I have met had small shops dealing in furs or textiles.

For the most part, more than ninety per cent, they were and are Muslim. The northernmost established Muslim community is in Tatarstan on the Volga, and it has been there for centuries. The long hours of sunlight in the summer can create problems fasting during Ramadan - you can imagine.

This gets a little complex and I'll simplify as much as I can. After the revolution, Golnar's mother's family escaped Russia to Finland in the 1920s, but they continued to have very strong ties back into Russia, to St. Petersburg and back to the east to their old ancestral village. They left Russia after the revolution and went to Finland once it became clear that they were going to get killed. Some of them were. They were considered to be kulaks, the enemy. That's the mother's side.

Golnar's father's family stayed in the Soviet Union. My wife's father was a Soviet soldier who was shot and captured by the Finns during the Winter War or Continuation War, I'm not sure which. I believe that he was held near Kotka, where Golnar's mother lived. Anyhow, at the end of the war, in 1945, the Finns had a sense of what was going to happen to former prisoners who were sent back to the Soviet Union. The Soviet prisoners of war in Finland were essentially given a choice: you could 'escape,' that is, they would open the jail doors for a time and look the other way, or you could go back.

The Tatar community is not large and Golnar's father already had already made connections in the Tatar émigré community. So on the day that the gates were not guarded, he left and made it to Sweden. As I said, he had been held in a prison in Kotka, which is a port city in southeastern Finland. Somehow he was able to make connection to the Tatar community in Kotka where Golnar's mother was living. I wish we could have gotten the real story about this, but it is too late for that.

Anyhow, so Golnar's father made it to Stockholm and her mother joined him there. That's where Golnar and her brother were born, in a northern suburb of Stockholm. Later they moved to the United States, because even in Sweden Golnar's father was worried that the Soviets could get him. Perhaps they would have if he had remained in Finland. He did not live long enough to return to Russia after the Soviet Union fell apart and he never saw his family again.

*Q: Is there a Tatar community in the United States?*

DU CHATEAU: Yes, there is.

*Q: Where is that located?*

DU CHATEAU: Oh, basically in New York City and in San Francisco.

Before I had anything to do with it, Golnar had gotten associated with the USIA exhibits program. That exhibit I didn't go on, the one I withdrew from, went to Kazan, a city on the Volga where Tatar is spoken. The USIA exhibit people needed Tatar-speaking guides to talk with the people in Kazan. The Tatar community in the U.S. then was fairly tight

and people knew one another. Basically through family connections, they found Golnar and my wife was recruited to work as a Tatar-speaking guide for exhibits. I'm sure the Soviets knew who Golnar's father was, but that did not cause any trouble, although there was some concern at the time. As I understand it, people who knew people, so to speak, checked and said that there would be no trouble.

She worked in Kazan and Leningrad. That was probably in 1971 or 1972, but I'm not sure of the exact dates, and the next exhibit, Outdoor Recreation, the first one I worked on, was going to Bashkiria, a Tatar-speaking area in central Russia, to Ufa. Golnar was recruited to work with exhibits again, and that's where we met, in Ufa, Bashkiria. I recall the day we met well. We were setting up the exhibit and I was putting together the hunting and fishing display, cleaning a western saddle, when Gail Becker, the guide trainer, brought Golnar around for introductions. Who knew?

She continued with the Outdoor Recreation exhibit through our third city, Irkutsk, and then returned to the U.S. I continued to work with that exhibit in the Soviet Union through the spring. Outdoor Recreation showed last in Odessa.

Then I came back, we got married, I finished my degree at Harvard, and we had a few months before the next exhibit started. So Golnar and I went on a little bicycle camping trip. I've always biked and I thought it would be fun to go on a little trip with my new bride. We left Cambridge and went west, then up Vermont to Canada, east to the Maine coast and home, roughly 2 weeks of camping. Golnar was a terrific sport, but it seems for some reason that was the last time she went on a bike trip with me. Then that fall, in 1974, we started with yet another exhibit, this time on housing in the U.S. It was called Technology for the American Home. I was again hired, this time for 18 months, to help setup, takedown, maintain and ship the exhibit. Depending upon the city, Golnar was able to work, too.

*Q: What was your impression of the Soviet citizens who came up to talk to you?*

DU CHATEAU: They were enormously curious and of course they appeared not to believe anything we told them. Did they? We didn't know. You could see that all the time we were talking, they were trying to put themselves into life in the U.S. What would life be like for them, is this car for real, can anybody buy this car, how much does an average worker make, how much does bread cost? Just about any question you could think of coming at you as fast as people could ask.

We had some high-priced items in the exhibit, but for the most part, they were the typical things you could buy, nothing special. But to try to convince people of that - it was fun to try. We'd get into unending conversations about anything, but most of the time it boiled down to some kind of comparison of who had it better. Usually the conversation would end with "*U nas luche,*" "We have it better," which was a little hard to take because all we had to do is walk down the street, or try to buy some food in a store, and reality was clear.

It'd be about, "How much do your parents make? What kind of life do they have? How do you live in the United States? How did you learn to speak Russian? What's this car cost? What's the average wage in the U.S.?" Everything possible and it would be exhausting. You'd be talking for an hour answering these questions as fast as possible, and then you'd take a break, and then do it again. The exhibits were open some 8 hours a day, 6 days a week. We had one day a week off. The volume of visitors was enormous. If we had fewer than 10,000 people come through in a day, we wondered what was happening, why so few. The exhibits took a beating and in some cities, I remember Tashkent especially, the dust was horrible. Basically we could not clean the exhibit adequately, much as we tried.

*Q: Did you have professional provocateurs?*

DU CHATEAU: Of course, but you'd get used to that. We were followed. I assume our rooms were bugged. Of course that was going on. We were very much a target.

When we were in Ufa, there were foreigners there, but only two. I think there was a French couple there who were working for some company, but we were the first Americans in Ufa since who knows when. There were 20 or so of us, Russian and Tatar speakers, and we had an impact.

In fact, in a way, the exhibit in Ufa was too popular. One morning people broke out of the lines and rushed the front door to the hall. It became almost a riot. But that was unusual, normally people lined up nicely and waited in line for hours to come in. It was just constant, the stream of people.

And yes, of course, people would ask stupid questions. You'd get used to it, who cares? And everybody knew what was going on. Some visitors would try to make us angry, but then other visitors would argue with them, so provocation really did not work. I think the watchers in the hall were more concerned with what exhibit visitors were doing and saying than with us.

If we went out for a walk or shopping, there was somebody behind us, but you'd get used to it.

We did attempt to meet people. Exhibit visitors would invite us to their homes. We had more invitations than it was possible to handle.

In Ufa, people really wanted to meet Golnar, to take her home, to talk more. She was out constantly, constantly. The dancer Rudolf Nureyev is, well, was half Tatar. He defected to the U.S., of course, but he came from Bashkiria, I believe. One of my wife's regrets is that although she was in contact with Nureyev's mother, who was living in Ufa, and they tried to arrange a meeting, it didn't work out. As I recall, she got a call and was told not to come.



Working with the exhibits in the Soviet Union was very, very intense. We were working six days a week and on our day off, of course we were still in the Soviet Union, so it really wasn't a day off, you couldn't do what you wanted.

The Soviet side of the exhibit staff always tried to arrange excursions for us and sometimes these excursions were wonderful. I think that they had good intentions, although mutual suspicion was hard to overcome.

*Q: Were you under constraints?*

DU CHATEAU: No, we could do whatever we wanted, within reason. After we left work in the evening, we could do what we wanted, see whom we wanted. No one on the American side was keeping track of these things. We got security briefings before we left Washington, and certainly we got them at the embassy, so we were told to watch what we were doing, because certainly other people were. We were young, male and female. I'd say that there was more of a tendency to get together within the group than form questionable relationships with Soviets, although surely the temptation was there. Sometimes it was quite obvious, laughable, the approaches.

I was associated with the exhibits for about four years, and in that time I think we had only one person we kicked out, but I think with him it was alcohol more than anything else. But my memory may be failing me here.

We had marriages following the exhibit and some before the start of the exhibit. I know of one couple that got married because she had the exhibit job and he wanted to travel with her but could only do that if they were married. So they did it. This was in 1977-1978, I think, but anyhow, they are still married. I'm in touch with them from time to time.

But if we are talking about provocateurs and Soviet crowd control: here's an example. When we went to Ufa, Bashkiria, in 1973, as I said, we had enormous crowds, 10 to 15,000 people a day, maybe more. The hall could hardly hold them. A couple of years later we went back to Ufa with another exhibit, this one about photography, and nobody came to the exhibit. Well, people came, but not in the numbers we had earlier. That is, instead of the 10 to 15,000 a day, we'd be down to 5,000 or 4,000 a day. Visitors told us that they, whoever they were, went around to the factories and said, in effect, "You will not show up, you will not go." So, the first time around, they didn't have good control and the second time around, they had real good control. Ufa, Bashkiria, it's a memorable place, at least for me.

*Q: Well, did you come away with an impression of the Soviets? Obviously, you had to.*

DU CHATEAU: Over the years that I've had anything to do with the Soviet Union and Russia, looking back I see that I've been fairly consistent. For reasons I do not understand, I'm fascinated by the place, have been since high school and I still am. I'd like to go back very much today, if somebody else will pay for it. In a strange way, I feel comfortable there.

But at the same time, I get so turned off by their attitude of “We have it better.” That phrase was a constant on the exhibit floor then. Later I heard it from Soviets whom I met here, in the U.S. I got tired of it. It wasn’t true that they had it better. These days things are rich and exciting in Moscow and St. Petersburg for those who have money, but for the rest?

I have considerable tolerance for their loyalty to country, but that constant phrase from the Soviets did and does bother me.

I’m still fascinated by the place. I don’t know why, I just am.

*Q: It’s a very rich culture.*

DU CHATEAU: Absolutely.

*Q: Doesn’t look very promising these days.*

DU CHATEAU: Maybe. I have considerable faith in the Russians. I’ve always been especially fascinated by Russia during the 1890s, I guess perhaps because that’s when my grandfather left. You can see, if you read into it, how elements of society in the cities were becoming rich, a real middle class was developing, and the government was restrictive, autocratic. Of course the revolution stopped all that.

It seems to me that the last 70-80 years were a bizarre turn away from the main path, and the Russians are back, continuing what they were developing 100 years ago. As before 1917, the government is up there, not to be messed with. It’s a tradeoff the Russians have made, “We won’t mess with politics, if you let us travel and have a good life.” And they can travel. That was never true in Soviet times. Some things are much better. At least in the center, Moscow and St. Pete are rich.

Jumping quite far ahead, when I was in the Foreign Service, my second assignment was to Moscow. My family and I left Moscow in July 1987. Golnar has not been back, but I’ve been back two other times, in I think it was 1993 and about ten years later, I think it was 2003. Both times the U.S. government paid my way. My vow from 1969 still stands.

In 1993, I just could not believe what I saw, the rapidity of the change. It took no time at all. But in 1993, I could see the extraordinary poverty of those who were not winners in the new system. I remember in St. Petersburg, people, especially older women, standing outside churches trying to sell things. One never saw this in Soviet times, perhaps it was not allowed. Anyhow, I can’t imagine what it was like for these people, such a change, so fast. It’s hard to comprehend.

*Q: While you were doing this, was anybody trying to recruit you to the Foreign Service?*

DU CHATEAU: No. I was around Foreign Service Officers, though. We had one who traveled with us on the exhibits, probably he was an Assistant Information Officer from the Moscow embassy. For him it was an opportunity to meet many Soviets, which was hard to do while living in Moscow and working at the embassy each day. One person I remember well, John Fredenburg, now long since retired. I recently checked his name on the Internet, and he's teaching high school in upstate New York.

Anyhow, he was traveling with us on the Outdoor Recreation exhibit, and I remember asking him, "How do you join the Foreign Service?" I had not thought of it seriously before, but it looked like an interesting way of making a living and I thought that I could continue living abroad. Besides, I needed something after exhibits. As I recall, John could not help me much. I think he told me about an exam, but who knows, that was long ago.

I think at that time there were other ways of getting in to the Foreign Service other than through the written and oral exam we have today, but that's all past and anyhow it didn't work for me.

However, Golnar and I were around the Foreign Service in another way. When we were with exhibits, when an exhibit was being shipped from one city to the next, all the guides and staff were on vacation, paid vacation as it were, for we were on salary and per diem as long as we were in the Soviet Union. Frequently we traveled around the Soviet Union or abroad at our expense. Golnar and I certainly did. But sometimes we only went to Moscow, which felt very western after several months in the Soviet provinces. We would go to the embassy snack bar for breakfast and lunch – it was such a treat. Sometimes if we were real lucky we could find someone in the embassy who was on home leave. Naturally, given the not-so-friendly atmosphere, they would want reliable people to stay in their apartment if they were living off the embassy compound.

I remember one time staying in somebody's apartment, taking care of their dog and thinking, "Jeez, this isn't a bad way of living at all." I remember thinking that compared to a Soviet hotel room, this was rather lux. A bedroom, living room, and kitchen, and a little balcony. That was good living.

I was around the Foreign Service, but I didn't know what it meant. I didn't really know what the Foreign Service was or how to join it, but at least in Moscow, around the embassy, I had some feeling for it. Later I got fairly close to other USIA FSOs who traveled with the exhibits, especially Jack Harrod and Dolly Foley. Dolly is no longer with us, she died a few years ago, she was such a good lady, but Golnar and I are still in touch with Jack.

John Fredenburg, it's strange. As I said, I think he had the job in 1973 that I would have some 10 years later, AIO for Press and Publications, which included exhibit liaison. But that reminds me of someone who was very important to me, Yuri Zarakhovich.

But first, maybe a thought about this whole Foreign Service experience. As I think back on the 30 some years I worked in and around the Foreign Service, I keep seeing circular

patterns. The same people keep turning up in different jobs and in different places. This has been very satisfying, but I guess it is a good thing that Golnar and I get along with people fairly well. Otherwise I would have been in trouble.

I mentioned some of the people that kept cycling back over the years. Mary Kruger, who Golnar worked with on an exhibit to the Soviet Union in 1973, she ended her active career working at State's Board of Examiners, BEX, and that was my last assignment. Mary and I worked together a couple of years, and we're still in touch by email. The Foreign Service can be a good family, but I guess that doesn't work for everyone. It did for us.

Anyhow, Yuri. We were the same age when we met, 29. I'm short and relatively thin. Yuri was up at 6 feet, but a man of great girth, so to speak. He was very Russian, from Siberia, and very proud of it. He worked as the so-called protocol assistant for the Soviet side of the exhibits program during that first year with Outdoor Recreation. He traveled with the Soviet side to Ufa and Irkutsk. As best I could tell, basically he was their translator, but we all assumed that he had other duties, so to speak. I did not trust him.

He spoke English fluently although he had not been abroad that I know of at that point. His Russian was fast and hard to understand, partly because of slur, but mostly because he assumed that I understood more than I did. I liked Yuri, I did not trust him, but I liked him.

So it was with a little shock that I learned from John Fredenburg that the Embassy Press and Culture Section, P&C, where John worked, had hired Yuri as their interpreter. He was hired to do all the translations from Russian to English and back for all of P&C. John said that they had done some kind of background check on him and he came up clean. I always wondered what that background check involved.

We'll loop back to Yuri, I think, but long story short, we remained friends until he died two years ago, a loss I still feel.

*Q: After you finished doing this, what did you do?*

DU CHATEAU: You know, I worked for USIA exhibits in the Soviet Union for a long time, almost 4 years, none of it in the U.S. Nobody had done this before, that is, work for one exhibit after another. I'm reminded of when I was working summers in Montana during high school, I mentioned this earlier, but nobody had worked at the geology field camp for more than one summer before, and then I did. I stayed with them for three years.

After three months of being an exhibit guide in 1973, I grew tired of that as I said earlier, but they needed someone to help manage guides setting up and taking down the exhibit, and keeping it clean, managing the Soviet workers, and so I did that for that spring with Outdoor Recreation, then I did with the next exhibit, which was called Technology of the American Home, the Photography USA exhibit after that.

With USIA exhibits, I became what was called the GSO or General Services Officer, a strange title. Essentially, I was a Russian-speaking manual laborer and boss of other workers. I was the hands-on guy working with American or Italian exhibit people, with Soviet laborers, and with the American exhibit guides to get the exhibits up by scheduled opening day. We always made it. Then while the exhibit was operating, several of us maintained it. Cleaning the green Astroturf carpet we had was almost impossible, even with industrial vacuum cleaners, there were so many visitors and the dust was so thick.

My GSO colleague Earl Simmerson had a career civil service job with USIA. He was my theoretical boss because he had the career job, but I did what I wanted. We came in early each morning to clean and check the exhibit stands for damage and theft. Earl mostly did the paperwork. I did anything that involved Russian because Earl didn't speak it. I organized the labor, unpacked and packed the shipping boxes or containers, and arranged shipment to the next town. Take down was especially hard work as we all wanted to get the job done as fast as possible and get on vacation. We were always done ahead of schedule and almost no one got hurt. I did run over Bud Jacobs' toe with a fork lift in Zaparozhiye. He was a Russian-speaking exhibit guide who stayed on to help during the Technology for the American Home exhibit. He later had a very successful career in USIA's Foreign Service, retiring in the Senior Foreign Service. He's another guy that I kept circling back to. And his toe was fine, but I still feel bad about that.

Working hard next to Soviet laborers is not something they teach you in college. Perhaps because of my years in the Coast Guard where I learned to live and work with people from different backgrounds, and my willingness to get dirty - but I never had any trouble. My Russian went in new directions, to a vocabulary one doesn't learn reading Pushkin. They, the Soviet workers, weren't paid much and had little incentive to work hard, so it was a challenge. Sometimes vodka helped, as I recall.

Golnar and I got married after the Outdoor Recreation exhibit in June 1974. We returned with the Technology for the American Home exhibit and then a third time, for Photo USA. So something that was supposed to last for 3 months went on for almost 4 years.

I've another little story about exhibits. Sometimes we would go to a city where there was not a suitable building for our show. I can remember at least three, Zaparozhiye, Novosibirsk, and, oddly enough, Moscow for the Photo USA show, the last one I worked. We built large geodesic domes for the exhibit in those cities. A USIA construction specialist and I would go to the site a month or so early and supervise Soviets who would lay down a cement or asphalt pad, and put in bolts to fasten the structure down. Then, when the guides came to town, we would take all the tubing out of containers and bolt the construction together, and finally cover it with a thick fabric skin. It took about a week to do all this, but we got good at it. I may have mentioned him earlier, but a guide on the Outdoor Recreation exhibit, Mike Hurly, later worked for a time for the company that made the domes after his 6 months with OREC. He came back as the specialist to build the domes in Novosibirsk and Moscow, and we worked together up on the scaffolding

putting it together. Mike later joined the USIA Foreign Service and replaced me as AIO/Press & Publications in Moscow. Now he is the PAO in Moscow.

Anyhow, Mike and I were high up on the scaffolding working one morning in Novosibirsk, and a group of guides were sitting on the lower level of the scaffolding to weigh it down, to anchor it down, as it were, when I brushed my glasses off my face. I said something and people looked up. I had enough time to think that they were gone, when one of the guides, Roland Merullo, reached out and neatly snagged them before they hit the ground. Just like that. So easy.

It comes to mind each time I get Roland's newsletter. He's an accomplished author now, and his publisher sends it around. I think Roland continued with exhibits for a time. I believe he was director of one of the last shows in the late 1980s.

It's interesting how many future FSOs worked on these USIA exhibits, and sometimes met their spouses on the exhibit. I know a few. There's Golnar and me, of course. He's not there now, but our last ambassador in Moscow, John Beyrle and his wife, Jocelyn Greene, met while working on exhibits. John and Nadia Herbst, he went on to be an ambassador. Rose Gottemoeller, who is Acting Under Secretary for Arms Control at the moment, she never became an FSO, but rather specialized in Soviet arms control issues, she was a guide on the Photo exhibit. My friend Paul Smith was our liaison in the embassy in Moscow starting with the Outdoor Recreation exhibit. He retired from State as DCM in Moscow. Mary Kruger started as a secretary on the Research and Development exhibit where Golnar first worked with USIA. Mary was principal officer in St. Petersburg toward the end of her overseas career. And Rick Ruth met his future wife Tania on the TAH - Technology for the American Home - exhibit. Rick joined USIA as an FSO and served in Jordan, Jeddah, and Moscow, but he then converted to civil service. He had a long run as chief of staff to various USIA directors. He's presently an office director in the Educational and Cultural Affairs Bureau, I believe, but I've no idea of his real job title. Our families have been close for some 35 years. Tom Robertson, he went on to become ambassador to Ljubljana and now he's in charge at FSI of training new ambassadors, I think.

USIA exhibits in the Soviet Union – It was a very important program, it continued until it got to be meaningless once the Soviet Union fell apart.

But at the end of all that, at the end of the Photography USA exhibit in Moscow, Golnar and I were tired, gut tired. I still have a photo of locking the last container ready for shipment. I was ready to go, ready to quit.

*Q: Did the Soviets clamp down on visitation?*

DU CHATEAU: It depended upon the city. One of the things we realized after a while was that pressure on us varied with the local government and its abilities to do things. Moscow, we never had any trouble, we could do what we wanted and no one bothered us

and we had all the visitors the hall could hold. Same was true in Leningrad, they didn't bother us much.

Further afield, where we stood out more, yes, sure. I remember when we were in Alma Ata, Golnar and I went out for a long walk and saw the two guys behind us, following us. That was ok, we were not doing anything, but then we saw two more obvious followers ahead of us. They were following Tom Robertson, another guide, who was out walking ahead of us. It was interesting watching the watchers trying to figure out what to do. But in all those cities, we had all the visitors we could hope for. It was only that second showing in Ufa that we knew for sure that people were kept from visiting the exhibit.

In Kishinev surveillance was very tight and not fun. This was on the second half of Outdoor Recreation. Here's another story.

You may remember our magazine *Amerika*, which was produced by USIA and was sold in the USSR as part of the cultural exchange agreement. It was a glossy magazine, looked like the old *Life* magazine. They had an equivalent publication, *Soviet Life*. *Soviet Life* didn't sell well in the United States, nobody would buy it except for the five people that cared about it, but *Amerika* was extremely popular, yet, oddly enough, it didn't sell that well at newsstands. It seemed to sell about as many copies in the Soviet Union as *Soviet Life* did in the United States. Later on, when I was stationed in Moscow as an FSO, one of my jobs was to drive around Moscow to newsstands that we knew sold the magazine to check what was happening.

Each month there were many unsold copies of *Amerika*. The Soviets trucked them to the embassy and they piled up in a storeroom. So when we were with exhibits, we had these excess *Amerika* magazines that we would give away to people at the exit from the exhibit. Of course they were extremely popular, but everything we gave away at the exhibit had to go through the clearance process with the Soviets. That makes sense in that they did not trust us, and they wanted to make sure of what we were doing.

So all this said, in Kishinev, what do I learn, but there was one issue of *Amerika* magazine we couldn't give away. It turned out to have articles about Jews and Jewish life in the United States. I'm a little embarrassed about this now, I should have known, but my knowledge of history was lacking here. That's when I learned about pogroms in Kishinev. No wonder we weren't allowed to give away this issue of *Amerika*, but that's the only time this happened, as I recall.

*Q: Kishinev in Moldavia?*

DU CHATEAU: Yes. We usually showed in sports arenas, because that was where we could get a big enough space to put our exhibit, but the place we had in Kishinev was rather horrible. It wasn't much of a town, either. The main street was paved, but beyond that it was mud and dirt, what have you. There were many agitators in the crowd in Kishinev, as I recall. I can remember some tense exchanges about Solzhenitsyn, who was

deported about this time. We were glad to leave that town and go south to Odessa. It would be interesting to go back and see what has changed.

*Q: Well, you were sort of out of this business when?*

DU CHATEAU: Golnar and I kept working for USIA exhibits until I got kicked out by the USIA exhibits people in late 1978, but by then I was thoroughly tired of it all and probably would not have continued in any case. When I say “kicked out,” well, there’s a story here.

I love photography and probably the most interesting exhibit I worked on was that last one, Photography USA. I mentioned them earlier – now Ambassador John Beyrle and his future wife Jocelyn, they worked in Photography USA.

We had a small library in each exhibit that a limited number of people could visit. With Photo USA, Golnar managed the library. All our books, of course, the Soviets would look at, to make sure that they didn’t contain anything “bad.” I remember one of the books they didn’t allow us to put in the Photo USA library was a National Geographic book about Alaska. They would never tell us why a book was rejected, but we think in this case it was because it had a picture of Solzhenitsyn in it. We weren’t trying to do anything, but the Soviets were super sensitive and so they would check through all books, and there were a couple of hundred, I suppose.

So we were showing in a geodesic dome in Moscow a year or two before the Olympic Games were held there. They were building a stadium near us where some of the Games were to be held. This would have been late 1978. Just before opening day, a reporter for the Los Angeles *Times* came around. He was talking to me and for some reason the subject of censorship came up. He asked and I said, “Yes, they censor our books.”

With that he had his story. My name was all over the place. The people at USIA didn’t like that kind of publicity too much, so they didn’t renew my contract. They were right. And as I said, Golnar and I were tired of this life.

I mentioned him earlier, but I think that fall Mark Garrison was the DCM in Moscow. He pulled me in and said something to the effect, “You know, I think this is pretty funny. You’re probably a little tired.” He was kind.

USIA exhibits came under the charge of the PAO, the Public Affairs Officer, in Moscow. The PAO was Ray Benson. He spent multiple tours in the Soviet Union and knew what he was doing. A few years later, after he retired, he became connected with Russia studies at Middlebury College in Vermont. Anyhow, Ray was not happy with me and really chewed me out, because he, too, did not want bad publicity to threaten the exhibit. Rather scathing, as I recall. But looking back, I don’t regret it at all, and I learned something very important about working with the press, which I did all my Foreign Service career.



It's a small world and strange things happen. Later on, when I was stationed in Moscow as a USIA Foreign Service Officer from 1984 to 1987, Ray was again PAO there and my ultimate boss. He gave me a really rough time when I was in exhibits in the 70s and then maybe six years later I came back and worked for him. I was worried, but we got along well. At one point after a couple of years working there, he mentioned that he remembered me from the Photo exhibit press incident, but that was then and obviously things had changed.

Anyhow, so after exhibits, after clearing out of Washington, Golnar and I went back to western North Carolina where my folks lived, south of Asheville, and stayed there a couple of months, decompressing.

We'd been married several years. We were worried, because we were very used to living out of Soviet hotel rooms, moving constantly, and being under this very intense - I don't think I can exaggerate it and I don't know how I can describe it - but very intense scrutiny all the time.

The Soviets knew who my wife was and her family connections to the Soviet Union, and certainly by late the 1980s, I'd been there a long time, so they had some kind of nice file on me, too. Not that we ever did anything wrong, but that isn't to say they didn't assume we weren't doing things not somehow permitted. Given their ideology, given our propaganda mission, how could they not?

We were wondering what our marriage would be like when we were not under scrutiny, when we could move freely.

We came back to the United States and we spent a year traveling. We had saved up more than \$20,000, a considerable sum for a couple who were basically penniless 2-3 years before. I fixed up a Ford Econoline van and we traveled around the U.S. We lived in that van for the better part of a year, traveling where we wanted, generally camping in KOA campgrounds.

We had spent four years telling people about the United States and we had not traveled in it ourselves, so we started out in January and we finally decided we had to quit in September. We traveled all around the United States, from Key West to Cape Flattery. I don't know how many rolls of slides we took.

We came to Washington, DC and we found an apartment - but why come to Washington, DC?

At that time we had good friends living up by the National Cathedral, Rick Ruth and Tania Ponomarenko. I think I mentioned them earlier. They had met several years earlier on the American Home exhibit, they eventually got married, and they had just joined the Foreign Service, or rather he had, and he was taking Arabic. We were friends, still are. And we said, "Let's go and live near them" and so we did, but unfortunately they left town for their first assignment about three months after we moved near them.

That was when I was looking around for a job and realized I didn't want to work for a private company. I spent hours in research, trying to figure out what to do next. I was very fortunate in that Jack Harrod, who was then the Russian Desk officer in Washington with USIA, I think that was his position, well, Jack recommended me for the job of so-called escort interpreter with a couple of bands going on tour in the Soviet Union as part of the USIA-USSR cultural exchange agreement.

A couple of bands - well, you know it was more interesting than that. First I traveled with B.B. King and his group. We played in Moscow, Leningrad, I think, Baku, Yerevan, some other town, I think Tashkent. What an experience. The Soviets simply loved him; all the shows were packed. I still remember once, I think it was in Moscow, having to interpret for him on stage in front of a full house. I was a horrible interpreter, but no one cared. The Soviet translator-escorts traveling with us, good people but even more shy than me, refused to go on stage. It was all sudden, unexpected. B.B. was near his last song for the evening when he motioned back stage and said he needed someone to interpret for him because he wanted to talk to the audience. No one volunteered, so there I was, stuck.

The second group, a couple of months later, was the Preservation Hall Jazz Band. Golnar and I flew down to New Orleans to meet them, and we got a terrific back yard meal out of it. Preservation Hall played smaller venues and some smaller cities than B.B. I remember a small hall in the mining town of Donets, and a terrific corner room in the Hotel Europe (*Evropeiskya*) in Moscow, with a view out over a park to the Russian Museum. I never had such a nice hotel room again during Soviet times. Not so nice was having to carry this big wad of Russian rubles everywhere, thousands of rubles because all expenses for the group, hotel, food, I had to pay in cash. I had this bag of rubles with me everywhere with not a calm moment. We've all forgotten it, but back then the Soviets, it was really just a cash economy.

Also the band members were old - that's the whole point of Preservation Hall. They were wonderful to travel with, never complained about anything, but health was a worry. One of the band organizers from New Orleans who traveled with us was a nurse, so that helped. We had a scare in Moscow when one gentleman had a serious problem with diabetes. We got him to the embassy medical unit and were very close to a medevac to Helsinki, but then he suddenly recovered, so the tour continued. They were wonderful people, those musicians. All gone now, of course.

I was asked to go on a third trip with Jessica Tandy and Hume Cronyn, but I turned it down. I still regret that decision, but I thought I had to find some kind of real job in Washington.

Eventually, both Golnar and I found jobs at the Library of Congress, but the work had nothing to do with the Soviet Union, nothing at all. They were low-level jobs going nowhere. During that fall we realized that we really were interested in the Foreign Service, a life we knew.

So then I got serious. I studied hard, especially economics, reading first year college textbooks. I took the written exam and I passed it. Golnar took the exam, too, but mostly for fun. Her heart wasn't in it.

I passed it, went to the orals and failed miserably.

*Q: You remember the questions on the orals?*

DU CHATEAU: Not at all. This was back when questions, the whole oral exam, was not very structured. Recently, I worked on structuring the oral in BEX, State's Board of Examiners. That's what I did for many years, before retiring, so I now know something about the exam. But then it was not structured and as professionally thought out as it is now. I suspect that it wouldn't have stood up to a good challenge in court. Administration was rather unprofessional from today's point of view.

Anyhow, it was a horrible day, that oral, I remember that much. I was anxious and did not really sleep the night before, so I did not do well during the group negotiation and in-basket test, at least I think that was the case. Unlike today, we got no feedback. I do recall that back then, the BEX examiners were not supposed to ask you any questions about your background. They were not supposed to know anything about you, but just analyze your skills. I had so much relevant background for the Foreign Service, but I could not bring it out. So I failed, and I think I deserved it, but it hurt.

These days candidates know if they passed or failed at the end of the day, but then, in the late 70s, the test material was sent out to a contractor for evaluation, and having taken the exam in December, we would not know if we passed the orals for months, until some time in late spring. Then a letter came in the mail. If it was thin, that was bad, a one-page rejection. If it was thick, well, that was good news. That meant follow-up material was in the envelope.

In the 70s, the written exam was actually quite hard. It has become easier now, I think, because BEX puts more emphasis on the oral. So I failed, and I continued to work at the Library of Congress, and in the following December, I guess this was 1979 now, I took the written again, and again passed.

The first year I took the written, I said, "Well, I want to be part of the State Department" and I checked that box on the application and failed miserably. Over the year I thought more about what I wanted to do and where my strengths were. I was no kind of political or economic officer, consular, maybe, but I was not interested. So that next year I checked the USIA box, passed the oral, and I got an offer within about three months after the test. I was in the USIA Foreign Service, and I haven't looked back.

I should mention that I learned much from my first attempt at the orals. The second time I made sure that I got rest the night before. I knew what to do in the group negotiation. The in-basket exam was an obvious organization test. But it was the interview that I worked

on. I knew that the examiners could not ask me questions about my past or background, but I figured I could twist my answers to bring it out, and I did. I no longer remember the questions, but they may have been along the lines of “what would you do if?” Anyhow, it all worked.

*Q: So when was this?*

DU CHATEAU: I took the written exams in 1978 and 1979, that would have been December. I got my acceptance letter in the late spring and I came into the Foreign Service in the fall of 1980, right at the end of September. I think they had to wait until the new fiscal year to swear us in. Golnar and I were very very happy.

*Q: USIA was in full flower?*

DU CHATEAU: Well, actually, when I first came in, it was USICA, the U.S. International Communications Agency. Do you remember what that was all about, that strange name?

*Q: Oh, yes. I was wondering, what the hell?*

DU CHATEAU: I can't help you. I don't know where that wonderful agency name came from. I've forgotten all about that, but as I recall, USICA was changed to USIA because ICA was too close in sound to CIA. We didn't want to be thought of as spies.

*Q: It was Carter, probably.*

DU CHATEAU: It was rather strange. Anyhow, yes, so I came in. I finally had a real job that would go somewhere, good pay, it had security. I was in my mid 30s, 35, I think, and finally things were working out.

*Q: I assume you went into sort of a basic course, didn't you, to begin with?*

DU CHATEAU: It was nothing like the formal A-100 course that State has, although I would not have known about this then. USICA had a series of lectures, we had off sites, but I don't recall much about it, except Jean Kirkpatrick, who was still an academic at Georgetown, I believe. I recall one of my classmates asking her some tough questions. It wasn't as rigorous, it wasn't as structured as State.

This was the winter in 1980-1981. We met around a long table at USICA headquarters at 1776 Pennsylvania. That building has long since been torn down and rebuilt and what a pity. It was a great place for USIA's headquarters, just up the street from the White House, right in the center of things. I remember going through the USICA Operations Center, which years later I managed. I wish I could recall more, but it's gone. Looking back later, though, I think what was missing was a sense of how to get things done, how the Agency worked, who did what. I don't think I had a good sense of that when I got to my first post, so our training was somewhat lacking.

*Q: Were you able to direct where you were assigned, or how?*

DU CHATEAU: Yes, we had a list, of course, but in my case, I had Russian, and I qualified at the so-called 3/3 level, which is minimal professional proficiency. At that time that was worth money, an immediate pay increase. Later, I was able to get such pay increases a number of times with Bulgarian, Hebrew, and Finnish. I think the system has changed now, but at that time, the step increase, the pay increase, you got it when you passed the exam and it stayed with you. I think now you only get the extra pay when you are actually assigned to a place where the language is used, which makes sense, but I liked the old system for sure. It was language incentive pay for so-called hard languages.

But assignments. They needed somebody in Bulgaria as soon as possible. They had created a new job there, assistant PAO, assistant Public Affairs Officer, the number two of two USIA officers there. The gentleman who was PAO there then, Brian Carlson, had expanded work in Bulgaria considerably, and he needed another person. Brian went on to an excellent career, eventually becoming ambassador in one of the Baltics before retiring. I only worked with him for maybe 2 months, which is a great pity because he was good, knew what he was doing, and his wife, who was a nurse, was very helpful to this new foreign service family. Brian helped me understand how to deal with the workload, the constant flow of stuff coming in that had to be dealt with. This was really different from my past work experience. With exhibits, you know, once you packed the container, it's done and gone. As an FSO, it never ends.

So Brian needed somebody, another body, he needed that person pretty fast, by the summer. This was November-December, while I was in JOT training. They said, "You know Russian. Bulgarian won't be that hard." I accepted the assignment, of course, but I confess to looking at an atlas to see where Sofia was. Then they sat me down with somebody, a Bulgarian expat who was not a teacher and said, "Learn Bulgarian." It was a horrible experience. I was supposed to get fluent in Bulgarian by summer, but the person they hired did not know what he was doing. And grammatically Bulgarian is quite different from Russian.

At that time, USIA usually did not send language students to FSI for fiscal reasons. It was easier on the budget to find a teacher through one of the private instruction firms in Washington. I went to one up by Dupont Circle.

*Q: You were in Bulgaria from when to when?*

DU CHATEAU: Let's see, it would have been 1981 to 1984, three years, summer 1981 to summer 1984. Bulgarian is similar to Russian, you can understand some words, but structurally it's different, it has more cases. It is an entirely different language from Russian. I had considerable trouble getting to the 3/3 level. I had at least two teachers, because I complained about the troubles I had with the first one, but eventually I did pass the proficiency exam, although the examiners complained about my Russian accent. My Russian accent is terrible, too, so I took that as a compliment.

Living in Bulgaria was so different from life in Moscow. You could travel freely for the most part. You didn't have to put in a travel request like you did in Moscow to drive outside of town. Sometimes we would decide on a Friday afternoon to drive down to Greece, and away we would go. There were some places that were closed to foreigners, but that did not trouble us.

Their security service was very efficient. We had a very young girl, our first daughter, at that point. We'd drive out and go someplace in the car, just to get out of town, into clean air. We'd pull over for a picnic and then after a little while we'd watch a car go down the road and stop and be watching us. They knew we were there, but they didn't bother us. Or in the winter, I would go up cross-country skiing on Mount *Vitosha*, just outside of town. I'd be out on the snow and after a little while, there would come a car down near where I parked mine, just checking.

So, they were very efficient. We were under considerable pressure in the embassy, in the sense of surveillance. Of course our locally-hired Bulgarian embassy staff was reporting on us. I worked closely with many of them and they were good help, trying to do the right thing by us, while living in this strange system.

Our older daughter was born in a military hospital in West Berlin while we were posted to Bulgaria. Using a Bulgarian hospital was not to be considered - their health care was so primitive, and there were the obvious security problems. Anyway, my wife would go out to the playgrounds Sofia, nice playgrounds around and Bulgarians would come up to my wife and start talking. Golnar spoke some Bulgarian. They would think she was German, something like that, for she was clearly a foreigner with very blonde hair, and there were many Germans in Bulgaria.

She'd just let them know that we're Americans, American diplomats, and the kind Bulgarians would walk away saying nothing, they'd just disappear. They didn't want anything to do with us, even though they were there with their young children only to play. They knew that someone was watching.

We would let them know who we were, so they wouldn't have problems.

Americans who were there on USIA exchanges were not living in that kind of fishbowl. We had Americans there both in Sofia and in other cities and they had no problem at all getting close to Bulgarians. Being an official American, it was tight.

*Q: What kind of government...*

DU CHATEAU: Communist, absolutely.

*Q: But, I mean, was it different from the Soviet model?*

DU CHATEAU: Well, Bulgaria was, probably still is, a peasant country, the southern Balkans, they have a different history. They have conquered neighboring countries and been conquered themselves at various times. Compared to the Soviet Union, it is a very small country and people in power knew one another well. Todor Zhivkov was tsar then and, as I recall, his daughter Lyudmila was very powerful in cultural circles. The communists came to power after the war, so they were not as deeply into everything as it was in the Soviet Union.

History plays here, too. The Turkish influence is very strong, particularly in the eastern part of the country, but, they hate Turks, shall we say. As I recall, there was a movement to oust Bulgarian Turks and force them back to Turkey soon after we left the country in the mid 1980s. There is no such feeling toward Greeks to the south, Romanians, Yugoslavs, at least not to any extent. Gypsies are there and the attitude toward them is very racist. Hard, nasty labor is called "Tsiganskaya rabota," "Gypsy work."

Bulgaria doesn't have the Great Northern culture that Russia has, though, come to think of it, they did have tremendous opera singers. Boris Christoff comes to mind.

But it's a small country, a small Balkan country, with a fascinating history that I knew nothing about 'til I went there. I got slowly sucked into it.

We had a nanny in Sofia. She was a wonderful lady. She had worked for a number of American diplomatic families, so she had been vetted, but we could trust her. We would take her home at night. I'd drive her home to a neighboring town where she lived in a village south of Sofia. Everybody there knew who she was, everybody knew she worked for Americans, but she always said, "Don't take me to my front door. Drop me here at the square and I'll walk home," because she just didn't want others to see that car with diplomatic plates in front of her home.

But what's different about Bulgaria, well, if got real tired of being in Sofia, then Greece is right there and we could come and go as we wished. Driving fast, Greece was about a four-hour drive away. And so quite often on a Friday afternoon about five o'clock we'd get in the car and go down to Thessaloniki. We'd either check into a hotel or, at that time, there was a consulate there and they had a transient apartment - that is, an apartment for official Americans passing through. We'd spend a couple of days there, shop for food, and drive back up again. My passport was fat with additional pages full of border stamps.

Then, too, if we were short of fresh food, which was sometimes difficult to find in Sofia, we would simply drive down to a Greek border town on a Saturday outing. No one bothered us. I confess, though, that looking back now I wish we had spent more time in some of the towns along the way when we made those speed trips.

Toward the end of our tour we fixed it so that we could bring our Bulgarian nanny with us to Greece. We did this for her, as a parting gift as it were, for we were used to traveling with our daughter and did not need help. Indeed, earlier, we drove in mid-winter

from Bulgaria up to Warsaw with a car trunk full of diapers, to see our friends Paul and Chris Smith in the Embassy there.

We like to get in the car and go. So we took our beloved nanny down to northern Greece. She had no problem crossing the border. Such a trip would have been absolutely unthinkable for a Soviet citizen, absolutely unthinkable.

Thinking about Thessaloniki does remind me - those transient apartments were a wonderful deal. In Thess, Thessaloniki, the consulate had two of them. If they weren't being used for official business, one could reserve one of them for a short vacation for, I don't know, maybe \$10 a day. There were cooking facilities, clean bedding, it was wonderful. And the consulate was right downtown, right on the waterfront. I'm sure that they have moved by now. It was too easy a target.

I remember staying one night at the transient apartment in the embassy in Budapest. We were traveling down to Sofia from Vienna with a bunch of stuff we had bought in IKEA. What I remember, and maybe this is all wrong, the apartment we stayed in was used by, lived in by some religious figure who got political asylum in the embassy. I think he was there for years, but I don't recall his name. Anyhow, we were told that's what happened. It was a small place way up high, up near the attic, as I recall.

*Q: What sort of programs were you doing?*

DU CHATEAU: Not much that I recall, as we couldn't do much. Everything had to go through the government, get government approval, everything. We supported Fulbrighters in Bulgaria. I still can recall two of them. Faith Beane and her French husband were teaching at a university in Eastern Bulgaria, in a town called Veliko Tarnovo. Golnar and I still have the Bulgarian donkey pack made out of woven wool that she gave us. In another year we brought over an artist, Alan MacTaggart, who came with his wife Eleanor. He came from South Carolina, as I recall, and taught art at a school to the south of Sofia, in Samokov. We have a couple of lithograph prints that we bought from him on our walls at home.

We did send IVs, international visitors, to the U.S. on the IV program. Essentially, the Bulgarians would give us a name and then we'd go interview the person. We'd then say, "They're okay, they're not too bad." I recall sending one of Bulgaria's most prominent writers, a mainstream writer of course. I recall a young lady artist who was the daughter of an important government official, I want to say the Defense Minister, but my memory may be bad. It was that kind of program. But when we did the exit interview after the visitors came back, we could see that it did make a difference. Certainly it was worth the effort, even if we did not really choose who went on the program.

We gave out Russian language *Amerika* magazines, we ran off and distributed a newsletter based on the daily USIA Wireless File. We'd take that down in the night and run off 20-30 copies on the Xerox machine, then our driver would deliver them to some government offices and, if I remember correctly, some newspapers. Actually, those were



read, because that was a way for people to get access to real information in real time. We had some connections with the university there, but it was pretty slim pickings.

We tried to get to know some younger people. Once Golnar and I made the effort to invite a group of students to our apartment for drinks and a movie. It was difficult as, again, we had to vet the guest list through the Foreign Ministry. I seem to recall that it worked though.

But mention of a movie reminds me of a technology now gone. I'm not certain how widespread the program was, but at least in Moscow and in our embassies in Eastern Europe embassies received a batch of new-run movies in 16mm format. Most embassy apartments were assigned a 16mm projector. We got very adept at threading film and running projectors. I think we got the movies through the Defense Department, that is, through the Defense Attaché office, but they were shared evenly throughout the embassy. It was a wonderful perk.

Once we rented a movie theater downtown and showed a 35mm flic there to an invited audience. We got the movie through USIA, so it was our program. I wish I could recall the title. Gosh, how could I forget?

Anyhow, well, there's a bit more to that story. If there's one thing I learned when working for exhibits, it's don't trust the people who say that they know what they are doing, because what can go wrong, will go wrong. Or to quote Reagan, "Trust, but verify."

So the local projectionist supposedly knew what he was doing, and our general helper, distribution clerk, what-have-you, Savov, also knew how to project films. Seemed like everything was covered, but still I thought my place should be up in the projection booth for some reason. And that's a good thing, because Ambassador Barry gave his speech, the movie started - and it was being projected backwards. Backwards. Can you believe it? But the Bulgars in the booth would not believe it until I told them to stop. They had to rewind lots of film to get it right. That was embarrassing. The Americans couldn't even show a movie properly it seemed.

The DCM had a fairly large new house outside the city center. Eventually we brought music programs there, individual musicians like the classical guitarist William Matthews, or groups like Gary Burton. As I recall, we brought a Bulgarian ex-pat, Milcho Leviev, a jazz pianist. Wow, I can't believe I remembered his name, haven't thought of him in many years. Anyhow, these were attempts to reach out to select Bulgarian audiences, Bulgarian officials, and, largely, they worked. We also advertised a regular movie showing on a weekday evening at the DCM's house, again using those 16mm films. Usually only other diplomats showed up.

I just thought of two other major programs we brought in. One was a major art exhibit called "American Impressionism" that came to us from the Smithsonian. It was a big deal. It traveled all over Eastern Europe. We got it after it showed in Bucharest. They

even paid me to go to Cologne to meet with the Smithsonian exhibit organizer so that I could make sure that the Bulgarian venue was properly prepared. My friend Paul Smith came in from Warsaw for the same thing. The exhibit eventually took up the better part of the main floor of the Sofia's national art museum, on the main square right across from Georgi Dimitrov's mausoleum. It was a big deal.

Then, in my last months in Sofia, USIA's exhibits division brought another major exhibit to Sofia, "Theater USA." I loved it - it was just like old times in the Soviet Union. My old Viennese friend Georg Koman was the technician in charge. We had worked together for years in the Soviet Union. He's still a friend, now living in Virginia on the Chesapeake.

You know, looking at this list, I guess we were busy. And I said that we didn't do much in Bulgaria.

I got to Bulgaria in the summer and as I said, Brian Carlson, who was a brilliant officer, left within three months. That was a tremendous shame because he was one of the best people I ever worked for. I could have learned so much, but there we are. After that my bosses in Bulgaria were not the greatest. I learned much the hard way, by making mistakes. There was no one on the local Bulgarian USIS staff to ask as they were definitely not to be trusted. Much of the time the two PAOs I worked with after Brian left, they were not in country and I was in charge.

*Q: Who was the ambassador?*

DU CHATEAU: My first ambassador there was Perry, Jack Richard Perry, but he left a month or so after I arrived.

Then Robert Barry arrived and he was there for the rest of my tour. He had been in charge of the Russian service at VOA, as I recall. He was a career Foreign Service Officer and he had much to do with Soviet affairs earlier in his career. We got on well. He and his wife Peggy were very helpful to me and my family. Wonderful people. Ambassador Barry and Peggy were very, very good. Almost 30 years out now I remember them fondly.

Remember, this was a small mission in a rather small country. We all got to know each other well. I was in and out of the Residence all of the time.

*Q: Well, Bulgaria's a beautiful country, isn't it?*

DU CHATEAU: Yes, it is, with a couple of mountain ranges, there's a big mountain, Mount *Vitosha* right in back of town. Bulgaria has a strong sense of its complex history. You turn over a rock there and you come up with something Greek or Roman. There are major ruins in the center of Plovdiv, an important town about 50 miles from Sofia.

I may have said some nasty things about the Bulgarians, but that's my frustration with working with the Communist government. Also, my education had been totally focused

on Great Russian culture. I also had a very strong interest in Central Asia, due to Ed Keenan, that professor of mine at Harvard. And then, too, I married a Tatar and that does change your point of view.

But I knew nothing about the Balkans until I was stationed there. I got fascinated by the history, which is extraordinarily complex.

*Q: I spent five years in Belgrade. The Turks did this and they did that and...*

DU CHATEAU: Bloody, bloody, bloody. And the Turks don't have any great love for Bulgars, either and nor do the Macedonians and all that. It's a lot of fun.

*Q: It's still there. They've had wars in the last decade.*

DU CHATEAU: Yes, I think I mentioned that earlier.

When I was working USIA exhibits in the Soviet Union, many of our professional staff from the USIA regional exhibits support office in Vienna, they were Yugoslavs. One of them, Mladin Martinko, now unfortunately no longer with us, I worked with him for many years. He was from Croatia. We visited his home in Zagreb and a summer house he was building on the coast. Knowing him and having traveled a little there, I could not imagine that Yugoslavia would fall apart into the bloody mess it did. Maybe you could.

*Q: I didn't, no. Quite frankly, the Serbs liked to smash people and they certainly were stupid enough to get caught up in this ethnic conflict, they didn't particularly care for the Croats, but what the hell.*

DU CHATEAU: It's like the Soviet Union: after it fell apart, I saw many people predict that it was obviously going to fall apart, but when I was there I didn't hear that from anybody who could tell you how it would happen and be credible.

*Q: One of the things that is startling to me is you've got Bulgaria and Romania and people say that there's hardly any contact between the two.*

DU CHATEAU: Well, I don't know about now. I traveled up to Romania several times from Bulgaria in connection with moving that Smithsonian art exhibit from Bucharest to Sofia, but that's kind of true. When I was there, there wasn't much connection between the countries that I recall. Bulgars never talked of going to Romania, and I never heard of Romanians coming to Sofia.

We'd laugh about this in the embassies, because we would send Bulgars to the United States on exchange programs and they always came back. The people in Bucharest would send Romanians to the United States and they didn't come back. The Bulgars were more disciplined. They had a different way of looking at things.

When I was there, the total evil of Ceausescu was still not quite as obvious as it later got to be, at least in my memory, but then I was only up there a couple of times.

You know, maybe I should talk about the great living conditions we had in Sofia as high-end foreign diplomats.

We were assigned an apartment in a relatively new high-rise building, maybe 10 or 12 floors, maybe two miles from the center of Sofia. It was high class by Bulgarian standards. Other diplomats lived there and some Bulgarian minister lived on the top floor. I would see him take the elevator down and get into his chauffeur-driven official car. He was enormously fat.

Our apartment had two tiny bedrooms just big enough for a double bed, a living room combined with a dining room, a scary balcony that looked over the city southwards and another looking west toward Mount *Vitosha*, and a tiny kitchen. Oh, yes, and one-and-a-half baths. We had the luxury of a washer and dryer in the bathroom. No real storage except what we could find on the balconies. But who was to complain? We lived better than most Bulgarians.

And the thing held together in an earthquake. We were home once when things started to shake, but no damage.

There was no obvious security or guard for the building, nothing to keep any Bulgar from coming to our apartment. This was quite different from the way American diplomats lived in Moscow, where there was always a guard on any diplomatic building for our supposed security.

Actually food was not as much of a problem for us when in Bulgaria as it was when we were working outside of Moscow on exhibits. Things just required lots of advance planning. We got duty-free shipments that came in by truck from Peter Justesen in Copenhagen once a month or so. That's how we got baby food, as I recall. There was good yogurt available in local shops, Bulgaria is famous for its yogurt, and sometimes we could trust the meat from the "DipGast" downstairs, the *diplomatic gastronom*. Eggs and cheese were always available locally, but it was hard to find things like oranges. That is one reason why we would drive down to Greece every couple of weeks, to stock up on fresh fruit. Even just across the border one could buy all the produce you could want. There was nothing across the border in Yugoslavia, which was much closer to us.

But I don't recall eating out much except in a couple of the big hotels catering to foreigners. There was a somewhat Japanese restaurant in one hotel that we went to sometimes. During the workday, I mostly ate at my desk, but we did find one not-too-bad place downtown for lunch, the Golden Chicken, the *Zlatoto pilae*. Half a roasted chicken, fries, and some local beer. Tasty. I suspect it is long gone. It would be fun to go back and see how things have changed.

*Q: You left Bulgaria when?*

DU CHATEAU: In the summer of 1984.

*Q: Whither?*

DU CHATEAU: Moscow, but via some language training in Washington. But maybe before we travel north, I should say a bit more about working in Bulgaria, a country I grew to like even though we were under pressure from the security folk and the Todor Zhivkov regime was as nasty as anything in Moscow.

As I mentioned earlier, at this, my first Foreign Service overseas posting in Bulgaria, they wanted an assistant public affairs officer, but they had no place to put that assistant public affairs officer. The embassy building was very small. Half the time I shared an office with my boss, which was very uncomfortable. Later on they found me a closet, almost literally, downstairs off the library. It was very dark and had no ventilation. Still later we rebuilt the USIS area and things improved, but office space was always tight and dark, with no windows.

The embassy itself was downtown, on a block off the main square, maybe a hundred yards from the central park, not much further from the Georgi Dimitrov mausoleum. The embassy building was a former department store, maybe 5-6 stories high, but narrow with a few windows only on the front and back. There was no room in it at all. It was right on the street, it was a security nightmare, even then.

Everything above the ground and first floors was a so-called secure area where visitors and Bulgarians, anyone without a security clearance, had to be escorted. There was an old rickety elevator, one of those kinds with a security fence you had to pull across and a door you would pull shut. Supposedly you could not open the outer door if the security fence was not in place, but one day our USIS administrative assistant, Ruth Sweet, managed to do it. We just caught her before she stepped into the shaft.

But it was an old department store, with big display windows at the ground level on the street. We were on a main street with plenty of pedestrians going past. So we had exhibits out front, photos and text mounted on foam core board, nice propaganda exhibits which I was in charge of. I would develop an idea and work with the RPO Vienna, the USIS Regional Programs Office, which supported USIS programs all through Eastern Europe. They were trucked in to us. I put them up and, because it was a main street, the Bulgars all saw it. It was quite effective, actually. I think we had only one exhibit that we were asked to take down, although I can't recall what the problem was. When we put up a new one, there was always a crowd in front of the windows.

But no Bulgars could come into our library. One time an East German couple came in. They talked to me a bit, very nice people, and later they came back and said, "You know, we got picked up outside. We didn't expect that at all. They kept on questioning us about why we came in." I thought that was interesting - basically confirmed what I always knew.

When I came to Bulgaria as a new FSO, I was supposed to do a rotation through the various offices, consular, political, what have you. I did work in the political section one week. I think I went to a meeting and wrote a memo. Jim Jeffrey, who is now our Ambassador to Iraq, was the Consular Officer, and he wanted to leave town for a week. He did, leaving me in charge. I'm not sure if it was legal or not, but then this was little Bulgaria, and we did things as needed. Anyhow, I signed any number of visas. Jim had a trusted Bulgarian consular assistant, and basically she told me what to do.

I recall she and I made a prison visit, checking on the only American in prison in Bulgaria. He was some kind of dealer who got caught at the border. He was released a few weeks later and came past the embassy to get some money, a small embassy loan, so that he could leave Bulgaria. I remember him remarking how glad he was that he got caught on the Bulgarian side of the border.

I did those rotations, but then I was made the embassy GSO, for real, not as some temporary stand-in, working directly for Lou Kohanik, who was the Administrative Officer. It was sudden. There was an emergency and the assigned GSO had to leave the country right away, permanently. There's a story there, but I'll leave it be.

So they needed a GSO. I had no training at all, but the work I did for exhibits in the Soviet Union was related, so they made me GSO. I didn't know anything about how State worked. I was a new junior officer trying to figure it all out. It was really interesting. Fortunately, I had considerable experience leading local workers, and that helped.

*Q: For somebody reading this, a GSO is...?*

DU CHATEAU: The GSO, the General Services Officer, what a strange title, anyhow, the GSO is in charge of anything that has to do with housing, getting goods in and out of the country, embassy and housing upkeep and repairs, the motor pool. Just about anything to do with embassy physical property. Sofia had what we would call a farmers' market downtown where local farmers would come in and sell what they made or grew in their backyards. We had a warehouse that was right off that market. There was probably some dealing out of that warehouse, I'm sure. I had a work crew of Bulgarians. It was similar to dealing with the Soviet workers I used to have on exhibits in the USSR and we got along very well.

Any kind of services that people needed, the plumbing went wrong, offices had to be moved, went through my office. Most of the embassy work force was mine, almost all of the Bulgarian work force. The State Department has rules and regulations, and I had no idea how I was supposed to do anything, so I used logic and made it up. And Lou was an extremely good boss and so it worked out quite well.

I was glad when the true replacement GSO came after a couple of months. It was his first assignment also, but he had been through GSO training at the Foreign Service Institute.

One of the bad parts about being GSO is that everyone comes up to you at odd times, at a reception say, and tells you their troubles. You are never off the job.

In the summer of 1983, we were out earlier in the evening at a French Embassy reception for Bastille Day. Later on in the evening I started hurting badly and I blamed it on the food at the reception. But eventually it was clear that I did not simply have indigestion. Things really hurt. My insides were in trouble.

We had a nurse practitioner in the Embassy, she was the wife of one of the defense attachés. Dee Shoffner, a very good lady. She got in touch with the so-called Regional Medical Officer, a State Department doctor stationed in Vienna who supported all the small posts. They figured that most likely I had a kidney stone.

For obvious security reasons, and because they were not the most competent people in the world, we embassy personnel were not supposed to go to a Bulgarian hospital or doctor.

Dee couldn't administer controlled drugs, the good pain killers, although that was what I needed. What they tried to do, after a couple of days and realizing I wasn't going to pass the kidney stone without help, they tried to send me out to a U.S. military hospital in Germany on a Bulgarian commercial flight. The pain would come and go, and on that day, I felt no symptoms, so away I went, unaccompanied.

We got up in the air and I was feeling okay, and then I wasn't feeling okay, the pain came back about an hour into the flight. I started really hurting. My luck was not with me. I've flown all over the place, on strange flights in the Soviet Union, western Europe, the U.S. This is the only flight I've ever been on where they had to abort and turn back, but not because of me, it was something else entirely. Of course they couldn't just go back and land, they had to circle and dump fuel, because I understand that you take off with more fuel than you can land with. So for two hours I was up there, very unhappy. I could not sit, I had to stand up, leaning over, to deal with the pain. I think I managed to explain to the stewardess, in Bulgarian, what was going on, and they let me be. Now there's useful Bulgarian.

We got back down on the ground with no obvious trouble. I never learned what happened to the plane, but one would not expect to know anything in such a Communist paradise. The embassy people had pulled some strings and met me at the plane, Dee Shoffner, Golnar. Come to think of it, I have no idea how they knew I had returned – I suppose I called them somehow or the people on the plane called the embassy. No cell phones back then. Anyhow I felt quite special. Then Dee took me to the local hospital emergency room. This was interesting, because there was nothing in the room, almost no equipment, just a kind doctor. It was just the most spare place you can imagine.

But there was a doctor who could administer morphine, and that got me through the next days. They arranged to put me on another Bulgarian commercial flight to German, and this time Dee came along for the ride. I got to a base outside of Frankfurt, where I spent a

couple of weeks that ended with an operation. For about a week, the first week, I was told to drink as much as possible, which included beer. Which I did, but I had to be careful that I was always near some facilities so I could pee. I remember it fondly, a luxury sitting around reading in cafes and drinking beer.

But I got a really good look at Bulgarian health care system. Well, maybe just one room, but it left an impression on me and it was not a good one.

Golnar gave birth to our older daughter when we were stationed in Bulgaria. There was never a thought of giving birth in Bulgaria, again for obvious reasons. She flew to Wiesbaden for early exams and was going to have our daughter there when our good friends Paul and Chris Smith volunteered space in their apartment in East Berlin. I think I may have mentioned Paul earlier. He was the USIA exhibits liaison in the embassy most of the time we worked on exhibits there. Paul was now a USA Foreign Service Officer, Assistant Public Affairs Officer in East Berlin. Golnar spent a month with them before our daughter Guzel came. From the apartment balcony, you could look down on Check Point Charlie. I later flew up to Berlin when the time came close.

I strongly remember the wall. Just around when Golnar was due, we went through the checkpoint and walked along the wall, through deserted land, over to Brandenburg Gate and back. You probably know all about this, but going through the checkpoint as diplomats, the trick was to only display the visa in our passport, but never to hand it over. If the East Germans got it, they would put in an entry stamp, which implied acknowledgement of the status of East Berlin – it was a kind of game we played.

We also had a good time leaving East Berlin to fly back to Sofia. Both Golnar and I had flown into East Germany with proper visas, what have you. All official. But we were trying to leave with this little third body, our week-old daughter. They kept us standing in front of the cage in passport control for at least a half hour, maybe longer, until it was all sorted out. Our daughter was of course written into Golnar's passport, but the Berlin guards could not figure that out and they did not ask us. We're still a little bitter about that experience.

Eventually it worked out. It was not hard on me, just standing there, but my wife was very very uncomfortable, standing in front of the passport booth with the barriers up in both directions.

I also recall that we came back to Sofia from Berlin with a large canvas mailbag full of goodies for our newborn bought in the military stores in Berlin.

So looking back, I guess Bulgaria wasn't as boring as I earlier made out. The whole business about the plot to kill the Pope, which everybody's forgotten about now, kept us busy. The Bulgarians were accused of being involved and probably were, but nobody could pin it down. No matter, it was a big news story. One can Google Mehmet Ali Agca and Pope John Paul, something will turn up.



Anyhow it was a big story at the time, which meant was that we had American press descend upon the embassy all of a sudden. It was my job to deal with them. I had never done that before and I found I really enjoyed it. I got along with those correspondents. They were smart and I had a good time working with them.

*Q: Well, how were they developing the story?*

DU CHATEAU: The Bulgars were doing things not in our interest and were involved with Agca, I have no doubt, but no proof either. They were certainly involved with dealing with drugs and moving guns around. My wife was out at the airport up on their observation deck one time waiting for somebody to arrive, maybe me, and she saw all these stretchers being taken off a plane. It was very strange.

She was working for DAO, the Defense Attaché's Office as clerk, so she called her DAO colleagues and told them what was happening. They came out and got a good report from what they saw. Apparently these were injured Palestinian fighters, though which group I don't know. This was during Israel's invasion of Lebanon, as I recall. After that the folks at the airport closed down that observation deck so that you couldn't see out to the planes.

Agca spent a lot of time in Bulgaria and so it was assumed, probably correctly, that the Bulgars probably were behind him in some way. We never had any real trouble, but the Bulgarian intelligence service, the *Derzhaven Sigurnost*, did not always play nice. That said, Bulgaria was a pleasant country to be in compared to living as we had earlier in the Soviet Union.

*Q: Did the Bulgars just stonewall questions about their involvement in the attempted assassination, or did they..?*

DU CHATEAU: Too long ago for me to exactly remember. I think that they just kept denying everything.

*Q: Were you able to get any information out, into the press or exhibits or anything like that, in Bulgaria?*

DU CHATEAU: The Bulgarian press was essentially closed to us, as you can imagine, although I'm sure we distributed our Xeroxed Wireless File to them. I may have mentioned this briefly earlier, but we learned through experience how to push limits when getting information out, especially with our street exhibit. VOA's Bulgarian language service was not jammed that I recall, but I could be wrong about that. I remember that one of my jobs was to monitor broadcasts and suggest content, which I hated to do. And we could drive around most of the country; we could travel freely through most of the country. I don't recall ever having to file travel requests like we had to do in the USSR. I'm positive we did not do that.

They had closed cities down near the border with Greece, but that wasn't a problem for us as there was so much country to see. We explored most of the country in our little red VW Rabbit, until that car got into an accident.

*Q: How about the Black Sea coast and all?*

DU CHATEAU: No problem. I drove down there, just to visit people and just to see what was going on. We didn't have any problem at all.

So it was an interesting place, because the security around us, the watchers, really did not bother us. We were used to being watched from our time with exhibits in the Soviet Union. We expected it and just planned accordingly.

*Q: What was happening to the Turkish minority?*

DU CHATEAU: Well, I think I mentioned something earlier, but some obvious generalizations. First of all, the Turks and the Bulgars have not gotten along, for good reasons. Borders have shifted in wars. People have long memories. It's a pretty bloody history, not exactly Canada and the U.S.

The Turks were not an issue while we were there, that is nothing was happening with Turkey that I recall. Ethnic Turks lived in the eastern part of the country, pretty much down near the border. As I recall, after we left there was a movement, I suppose an official government policy, to move them out and force them back to Turkey and it was pretty successful. I've heard that it's since been turned around completely. They just de-Turkified the country, I guess you'd say.

*Q: Did we care, or was this just a bilateral issue between Turkey and Bulgaria?*

DU CHATEAU: I'm sure we cared, but I don't know what we could have done about it. As I recall, it is not a topic we talked about while I was there in the early 1980s.

*Q: What were the Soviets up to?*

DU CHATEAU: They had an enormous embassy, but I had nothing to do with them. I don't recall having any interaction with them, although perhaps we sent them a copy of our Wireless File. They did have a large store open to the public. We bought a beautiful traditional Russian enameled table there, a kiddie table, but of course they didn't have chairs for the table. We later bought the chairs in Moscow. We still have the set. Both of our children played with it, and our granddaughter does now. One assumed that the Soviets worked very closely with Zhivkov.

*Q: Then where after Bulgaria?*

DU CHATEAU: Well, our next assignment was as AIO, Assistant Information Officer, in Moscow. I've always had good luck with assignments. I can never complain. We've

just been very fortunate. We went to interesting places, places we wanted to go. That's unusual, I guess.

At that time, the Soviet Union was our adversary, of course, but it was extremely important in the American psyche. We cared a lot about them. Nobody does now, except maybe we pay attention to Putin occasionally. It's all the Middle East these days, Iraq and Afghanistan.

But it was also true that at least for USIA people at that time, it was important to cycle through Moscow as a Foreign Service Officer. I heard an earlier USIA director, Frank Shakespeare, wanted to make it mandatory for anybody rising in USIA to work in the Soviet Union. Now I suppose much the same would be said about Iraq and China.

The Soviet Union was a so-called hardship post, of course, but it didn't make any difference to me or my family, because we liked being there. We were used to it. Golnar had relatives there. It was an assignment that other people might have avoided. I thought, "This is good stuff." And of course there was extra pay.

They made me AIO, Assistant Information Officer. Anything to do with anything written, magazine, books, I was the person in charge of it. I was the deputy press attaché, you could say.

We came back to Washington for about six weeks to relearn Russian and that was pretty successful. I had to retest in Russian, which was no problem, and so I got my incentive pay, which I always liked. And then we were off to Moscow in the fall. I think we arrived in October or November 1984.

Those of us who were due for transfer in the next year were supposed to bid on maybe 5 possible assignments. But as I recall, I never did that when bidding from Bulgaria. I think the AIO Moscow assignment was out of sync with the rest of the summer reassignment cycle for some reason. However, folks in the Washington office that covered the Soviet Union knew me, and I had a good reputation in USIA for working above my pay grade, after all I was acting PAO for months at a time in Sofia, so they offered the job to me. It helped that the timing worked well in that I could get some Russian language training before going over. After consultation with Golnar, I took it. That was easy. I don't recall bidding on any other job.

*Q: What was your wife doing at this time?*

DU CHATEAU: Well, my wife, first of all, like in any successful Foreign Service family, she was totally my partner in all of this. And she would always pick up jobs at each post. As I mentioned, she worked for DAO in Sofia. We also had a newborn child when we were in Bulgaria, so that became a full-time job.

In Moscow, Golnar ended up working as the accountant for the ABC News bureau, for a gentleman named Walt Rogers. This was interesting, because part of my job was to work

directly with ABC News as well as all of the news organizations in Moscow. But there was no conflict - Walt was very honorable. He never ever asked for any special information or access just because Golnar worked for him. I think my bosses in the Embassy were a little concerned at first, but it worked out.

There was a reason why Walt hired Golnar. He was getting cheated. He had hired Soviets to do his bookkeeping and they were just both incompetent and corrupt. He did not have the budget to bring in someone from Washington full time. Where would he find housing, for instance? So I guess he looked around in the Embassy community.

I don't know how my wife met him, but she did. She has no bookkeeping background, but she's honest, always a plus. So she worked for Walt for most of the time we were in Moscow. She got to meet some nice people through the bureau, and she had a very good time.

Her working in the ABC bureau helped me, too, in a way. I grew to have a better sense of what life was like for the correspondents in Moscow, what their pressures were. Often FSOs feel threatened by the press, but this relationship helped me understand better what the Embassy looked like through their eyes. Since my main job was working with the press, not as Embassy spokesman, that job went to my boss, but rather on a more mundane level, arranging press events, what have you, I think this very informal relationship with the ABC Bureau made me a more effective officer.

*Q: You were there from when to when?*

DU CHATEAU: I would have been in Moscow from the fall of 1984, when I got done with language training, to July of 1987.

*Q: What was your job?*

DU CHATEAU: I was the Assistant Information Officer for Press and Publications, an AIO. As I mentioned, there was a press attaché, my boss, and under him there were two Assistant Information Officers. I can't recall exactly how we split the work, but I recall the other AIO was in charge of anything having to do with movies, anything not in print. Our tiny offices were right next to each other up on the 6<sup>th</sup> floor, I think it was 6, anyhow up in the secure part of the Embassy, beyond where the Marine stood guard.

USIS Moscow was split into two main offices. The PAO, his admin assistant, our budget officer, the Information Officer or spokesman, and the two AIOs were all up in the secure area. The culture section, which had just as many people, was down on the ground floor. It was not in a secure area, anyone who had access to the Embassy could walk in, which was the idea. This is where Yuri Zarakhovich worked. I mentioned him earlier with USIA exhibits. We also had a space in the basement of the north part of the embassy where we had storerooms and our large Xerox machine.

The simplest part of my job was to see if USIA's *America Illustrated* magazine was actually being sold on newsstands in Moscow. Our Soviet staff knew where it was supposed to be sold, so when it came out on the first of the month, I and the P&C driver would go around to the kiosks and ask them if they got them and if they were selling.

I did it, but it was just a big farce, because the kiosk people I asked, of course they would say they were selling them. Yet somehow they couldn't sell all of them, even though it was obvious that the magazine was popular. At the end of the month, or every couple of months, we would get the "excess" copies of *America Illustrated* into the embassy and I had to store them. We had a little storeroom on the north side of the embassy building. I can still remember it, as well as how cold it was going around to the kiosks in mid Moscow winter.

If the Western press had any questions, they tended to call me and I would deal with it. They couldn't get to my boss that easily. It worked out well as I fielded the questions and made the call back.

I also ran the Wireless File reproduction operation. I think I've already mentioned that the File was a compilation of news stories sent out by dedicated line from USIA in Washington every workday. We would take it down in the night, and several of the Soviet staff I had working directly for me would run off copies for distribution. We had an enormous Xerox machine that always seemed to break down. I've forgotten how many copies we made, but it was considerable, because the driver for the press section distributed them by car throughout town each day, and we gave lots of copies to all the embassy offices.

Another job was to keep track of what anybody was saying about the Embassy and about the United States. I did this in order to prepare a press briefing paper for the ambassador every week.

I was very fortunate in my career. I always worked for smart competent ambassadors in all my posts, although in Jerusalem the ambassador was 40 miles away. Anyhow Arthur Hartman was the ambassador most of the time I was in Moscow, up to the last month or so. He had been ambassador to Paris and I believe he retired after leaving Embassy Moscow. I loved working for him and his wife Donna. I saw a lot of them.

Arthur Hartman loved talking to the press. He liked getting his views on a story out there, the reporters loved talking with him, because they could get something to write. The briefs were on background, but still it was good value for them. They always showed up.

My job was to get a briefing paper together in advance. The briefs were on Friday around 11, so Thursday afternoon I'd go around the embassy, the political officers, consular, science, the Defense Attaches, and ask people what was going on, what was happening that the press might know about. I kept a clipping file of ideas on hand, too. I'd write up the memo Thursday afternoon, it would go through my bosses for further suggestions and clearance, that's to say through the Information Officer and PAO Ray Benson, and then

up to the ambassador. Well, I suppose down, because his office was below ours. The memo also went out to all the section heads. It was considerable effort to put this together, but fun in its way.

I still remember the first time I did this, I had no idea what I was supposed to do, my IO boss did not help me, but I had already learned how to make things up, as it were. I was supposed to have several days of overlap with the guy I was replacing, but I barely met him. His wife was pregnant, she was being medevaced to Helsinki because of complications the afternoon after I arrived, so he was a little distracted. He had already cleaned out his desk, so he just went around in the morning introducing me, and he was gone. It was just as well. Too much is made of overlaps.

Anyhow, then at some point Friday morning, all the section heads would get together with the ambassador in his office and go through the points I thought of, and anything else I missed. It was hard, keeping ahead of these people, but I watched how Hartman would take something and use it to our advantage, turn the issue around as it were. I recall many questions about refuseniks, Congress, military affairs.

Then around 11 the reporters would get together at the embassy entrance and I would escort them up the creaky elevator, past the Marine Guard, and down to the small conference room where we had the briefs for the American press corps. I enjoyed just listening to the back and forth between the ambassador and the reporters. It was all on background, but Hartman gave good worth. He knew his subject well.

We did the same thing for the Western correspondents in town as well, but only about once a month. We held that brief in the Commercial Office, which was in a neighboring building where there was more room and security was easier. I think the only security then was the Soviet guard up front. Through that connection with the Western correspondents, I got to know a couple of correspondents who became good friends, and I'd like to think still are. Leif Davidsen was then the Moscow correspondent for Danish Television. He's gone on to be a very successful author in Denmark. His wife, Ulla Høy, became close to my wife. We still stay in touch and visit. Urjo Lansipuro was the Moscow correspondent for Finnish Television. We also became close, and, purely by chance, he was very important in my last overseas assignment in Finland roughly 10 years later. All this because I would answer the phone and help them out when I could.

I guess I'm emphasizing this because so many FSOs are scared of the press, afraid that they will say the wrong thing and that it will ruin a career. Of course that is possible, I know from my experience with the Photo exhibit, but I think it never hurts to be helpful, does it?

At the time, our offices were in what's now called, I guess, the old embassy building, right on the ring road. What was the street name? Tchaikovsky Street comes to mind, but maybe it's changed. It was an old building and it had its problems. Other than the high rise fronting on the street, we had a courtyard out back surrounded by low wooden buildings that housed the garage, the all-important snack bar, and the General Services

offices, the workshop. Oh, there was a small medical clinic there, too, the one where I took the musician from the Preservation Hall band. Other Soviet buildings were all around, towering down on us. I'm sure there were normal apartments in those buildings, but surely people in others were watching everything we did.

Earlier I called us USIS Moscow, but actually we were called the Press and Culture Section of the embassy in Moscow, P&C, because, I guess, the Soviets didn't particularly like the U.S. Information Agency much. So we had this fictional mask. The culture side of the office was downstairs, in the south wing of the building, open to anyone who could get past the Soviet guard out front. People could walk in on it without any trouble at all and sometimes did. It was the so-called P&C Down. That's where all of our Soviet employees worked, except the ones in the north wing basement that ran my Wireless File distribution outfit, and P&C Down's where the CAO, the Cultural Affairs Officer, and two ACOs had their offices. They were tiny, too.

I mentioned P&C UP a minute ago. It was quite the schlep between offices, but I was always on the move, up the stairs a floor from my office, past the Marine Guard, out to the elevator and down to the street. We never took the stairs up or down, maybe partially out of laziness, but also because they were blocked at the street level for security reasons. And things were stored on the stairs I later found. It was exhausting, all the up and down.

My office was tiny, but I had a door to a little balcony overlooking the main ring road that we never opened. I have a picture someplace of the office in winter with snow that came in under the door. The only security violation I got in my career, I got up there one time when I didn't close a safe properly. Funny now that I think of it. The rest of my career abroad in Jerusalem and Helsinki I worked in unclassified places alongside my local employees, so no security violations were possible, and I liked that.

At that time, when I first came to Moscow in the fall 1984, at least in theory it was pretty easy for people to walk into the embassy. Foreigners just had to show their passport to the Soviet guard out front. There were a couple of large archways through the building into the courtyard through which we drove cars, the north one going in and south one going out. You could just walk through there. As I recall, that fall there was no Marine Guard at the ground level. The Soviet militiamen on the sidewalk out front of both drives would make sure only the right people came in.

The good times could not last, of course. Fairly soon we had a Marine Guard stationed at the vehicle entrance. And things tightened up considerably. We all hated it, because we had to wear these newly issued badges and show them to the Marine. It was terrible. I recently looked at the building using Google "Street View" and it looks like those archways are all filled in. Apparently we still have the building though because the picture shows an American flag out front.

So it was an old building. Full of bugs in all forms. We assumed there were listening devices beamed at us from the neighboring buildings, so we never had a conversation in the courtyard. Supposedly our upstairs offices were clean, but certainly not P&C Down.

*Q: Did you have much contact with Soviets, the citizenry, rather than Embassy Soviet workers?*

DU CHATEAU: Yes, all I wanted, but, you know, I was tired pretty of it after years of meeting Soviets during exhibits.

Maybe I mentioned this earlier. After my father-in-law died early-on while we were stationed in Moscow, my mother-in-law moved back to Finland where she grew up. At one point we brought her down to Moscow to live with us and visit with a sister she had not seen in at least 50 years, they were separated in the 1920s or 30s, anyhow well before the war. It's a long story and not worth going into here, but it's enough to say that we had close contact with Golnar's local family, not just with Soviets we somehow met. So we saw people, we knew people, we knew what was going on, we had, through family, extremely good unofficial contacts. We could go out all we wanted to around the city and did. Driving outside the city was another matter, though. Unlike Bulgaria, that was tightly controlled.

As I mentioned earlier, the Bulgars would not talk with us unless they had official sanction to do so once they knew we were with the embassy, and so that made it very difficult to get people to come to our home. They had to get cleared by someone someplace to come to have dinner at our house. Russians didn't give a damn.

*Q: This was during the Gorbachev period, wasn't it?*

DU CHATEAU: Well, no, not quite yet. We went through two official funerals, Andropov and Chernenko, while I was there. Brezhnev died while I was in Bulgaria. Andropov soon after I got to Moscow. By the next year when Chernenko went, we had the system down pat. We knew what the American press would want and how to do it for them.

But I remember Gorbachev coming to power. I remember watching him give a speech on television and thinking, "Oh, Jeez, we're in trouble. This guy's smart. He can talk, he thinks, he's not dead." And the poor people in the political section actually had to work.

*Q: I guess the refuseniks were not on your beat.*

DU CHATEAU: Well, no, not officially, but P&C dealt with them a lot. One of the things that Hartman did at least once a month on a Saturday afternoon was to have a 35mm film showing at Spaso House, the ambassador's residence in Moscow, that was for the *refuseniks*. The idea was that they could all meet on safe ground, and so that those embassy people interested in talking with the *refuseniks* could do so easily. As I recall, this was basically a P&C program, so all the AIOs and ACAOs had to show up and help. Of course other FSOs were required to be there also on those Saturday afternoons. There's really no time off, is there?



You could not just walk in to Spaso House and see the movie. *Refuseniks* on our list were sent an official invitation, one of those nice pieces of cardboard with the seal on top. A couple of us ACAOs and AIOs would stand on the street out front of Spaso House and check the invitation, but check it along with the Soviet militiaman who was supposedly guarding the residence. It was a bit of a dance, for if we were not there, the Soviet *refusenik* would not get beyond the guard, no matter the invitation. It was fun in the summer, a little less so in bad weather.

So I got to know these people somewhat. The problem was they were difficult. They were not nice folk in that they had hard lives and were bitter. It's all understandable, but it was hard to know what to say sometimes.

My wife's relatives were just run of the mill Soviet citizens and they were hard to deal with, too, because they would constantly come up with the same sort of comments and criticisms of American life we used to hear from Soviet visitors to the exhibits. It all boiled down to the phrase, "*U nas luche*," "We have it better." That was a little irritating.

But let me take a minute to explain that 35mm film business, because it was a big deal at the time, and I expect that it is all gone now. Maybe it's the techy in me, but I think it is kind of neat.

I don't know who had it built, but there was a small movie projection room, a little cabin, built on the outside of Spaso House, outside the ballroom on the north side of the building. You climbed up a ladder from outside to get in. No heat, I think, but none needed as there were these two large movie projectors in there, and they could project movies through a hole in the wall. There was a 16mm projector in there for the typical flic that came into the embassy through DAO, the Defense Attaché Office, but the real deal was the two 35mm projectors. You needed two projectors to switch reels while showing the film, which was a trick. You could tell when the reel was going out, and so you watched the screen for a mark that's in the film, start up the second projector to bring it up to speed, then when the next mark came up, you shifted projectors. Done right, no one in the audience sees the process - which is easy to say. Anyhow, if I remember right, and after thirty years, who knows, the 35mm projectors came from the military. They were a kind of portable outfit.

One of the people I supervised, I think his name was Vlad, Vladimir, knew how to project films, so he worked overtime doing it when needed. I tended to hang out with him some, partially to make sure everything was going well, and probably also because I didn't want to be down with the guests.

These 35mm movies were a big deal. The ambassador, Ambassador Hartman, I guess though others must have had the same access, could get first run films directly from the U.S. One of us AIOs, my upstairs colleague or me, had to be around the film at all times so that we could say that no one had the chance to copy it. I suppose that's another reason I would hang out in the projection booth. We had great representational showings, I think

we showed flics to the *refusenik* crowd, and I think we did something for the embassy kids.

*Q: While you were there, did you sense any unrest among the various nationalities who eventually broke away into independent countries?*

DU CHATEAU: No, I wouldn't say so. I think many people have excellent hindsight. I didn't sense that at all. Sure there were *refuseniks*, sure there were people who wanted to get out, including some of Golnar's relatives. It was there, but what does it mean? There was no way anyone really predicted what happened a few years later.

*Q: The Baltic States are usually considered something different from the Soviet norm. Did you have a feel for the Baltic States?*

DU CHATEAU: We did travel into the Baltics when we were there with exhibits, but not while stationed at the embassy. A feel for them? I think so. First of all, Estonia always was different. In the 1970s we traveled up there on our own, but the US government could not bring an exhibit to the Baltics. We couldn't go into the Baltic States with exhibits, because we did not officially recognize their annexation into the Soviet Union.

The closest that we could come was to Minsk and we did that with one exhibit, Technology in the American Home in the fall of 1976, I think it was 1976. People from Baltic States came down to see the exhibit in a big way.

Minsk was a very difficult city. It wasn't a nice place at all. The people we worked around were very nationalistic, nasty, and of course the city had a pretty rough time during WWII. Golnar and I walked out one day around in the neighborhood of the hotel, around where there were small private houses, and there was a big depression in the ground and a monument to Jews who were killed there.

We were very tired by the time we packed up the exhibit. I have a picture of it someplace, but also a good mental picture of looking out of our hotel room and seeing the Soviet cranes pick up the exhibit containers for shipment to Vienna. Minsk was our last showing city with that exhibit. We just made it during takedown, for as I looked out, I could see that it was snowing real hard.

Anyhow people came down from the Baltics like crazy. Their train would be stopped and they would be told to get off, but they would still come. It was amazing.

We traveled up in that area, to Tallinn and Vilnius, we never got to Riga, and you could see that it was so different. There were real stores on the streets, for instance, and at least in the center of the cities, things just did not look Soviet. The Soviet system really wasn't taking there at all.

I mentioned that when I was working for exhibits I had a little problem with the PAO, the head of the Press and Culture section.

*Q: Yes, you said, talking to the press.*

DU CHATEAU: I talked to the press and told them about the censorship that the exhibit went through and about the censorship of books and that and of course I wasn't supposed to do that - and I made my comments on the record, my name was in the article, what have you. It was embarrassing. The PAO, Ray Benson, was scathing in his criticism of me, and he was right.

*Q: I know Ray very well. He was a Red Diaper baby.*

DU CHATEAU: I don't know what that means.

*Q: Well, his families in the Thirties went back to the Soviet Union and he was a little kid and he got the hell out, eventually. We served together in Yugoslavia.*

DU CHATEAU: That's probably about the only time he wasn't in Moscow, or back here in Washington, because he was back and forth constantly, stationed in Moscow if not in DC.

I had no regrets whatever about talking to the press during that exhibit and maybe it was useful, a lesson learned for the future. I'm sure I put Ray in a bad position. Well, low and behold, he was my boss when I got to Moscow, Ray Benson and his office was like twenty feet away from mine. I knew he would be PAO before I was assigned there, but I thought, "Well, what the hell. Why not?"

We never talked about that whole experience until I was leaving town, when basically I was saying goodbye. It was in my so-called outbrief with him and I said, "You know, I was a little worried about coming here."

And he said something to the effect, "Yes, I remember the incident well." He thanked me, though, in more direct terms than I'll get to here, because I was dependable and I did not let strange personalities get to me. There were some problems in P&C Up, but I made it work. Ray and his wife Shirley were there the whole time I was there, all three years.

*Q: Did the Sergeant Lonetree thing impact on you?*

DU CHATEAU: I was going to talk about that.

*Q: You might explain what it was.*

DU CHATEAU: Lots of things happened when I was there in Moscow that made the news; anything that happened in Moscow made the news in the United States. Anyhow one of the Marine Guards got involved with a Soviet young lady and was accused of being a spy and letting the Soviets into our classified areas of the embassy.

Whether that was true or not, I don't know, but there was sufficient paranoia at the time that they were worried about it, whoever "they" are. They should have been worried about other things, too, by the way, because they should have been worried about the way they were building the new embassy down the street. But that's a different story.

But, anyhow, poor Sergeant Lonetree. If I remember correctly he was an American Indian, that is, Native American, and I remember him vaguely as a very nice guy. It was a big deal because we were looking for spies everywhere. I remember an Olympia Snow CODEL, congressional delegation. It was a big press issue, lots of people came to town to do their supposed research and then talk about it to the American press in Moscow. Such press briefs would have been one of the things I arranged. Lonetree was taken out of the embassy quickly, but I don't know what happened to him. I suspect one could find out on the Internet.

We had an unending number of delegations, congressional delegations, secretaries of state, commerce, and again I would be working very closely with the American press arranging press briefings. My office would be the one that would do transcripts, if they needed them. There's a lot of scut work associated with these visits. My P&C colleagues and I got very good at typing up the transcripts and sending them by cable to the US so that they could appear in the Wireless File the next day. Actually, I hated it, but loved working with the press.

But, yes, the new embassy building was a lot of fun, too, because the central building, the brick main office building was already up, the brick outsides at least. There was always a question of what were the Soviets doing to bug the new building, as all materials were stored in a Soviet warehouse off site. Of course I did not work in that department, but I think the reasoning was that we were smarter than the Soviets, one had only to look around and figure that out, and so we would catch anything they did. We eventually found out they were very clever. I'm sure there are books written about this, but as I recall, the Soviets were able to implant devices into the structural steel.

*Q: Was it a topic of conversation, that the Soviets must be sticking all sorts of stuff in the new structure?*

DU CHATEAU: Yes, we just couldn't figure out how they did it. But, yes, as I recall, it was a constant question raised in press briefings. Eventually they had to tear the building down and start again, but this time trucking everything in under guard directly from Finland. What an incredible expense. Hard to believe. But that all happened after we left town. Much later, maybe about 10 years ago, I was back in Moscow for a day and visited my friend Paul Smith in the embassy. He was DCM. What a nice place it is now, a wonderful place to work.

I was on the outside with the Lonetree business, but here's another spy story that I really know. At that time, I guess it would have been in mid 1986, we were living in a very small, not very elegant, apartment, way out on Leninsky Prospect, Leninsky 83. My wife, as I mentioned, she was working for ABC News. Our time to go on home leave came and

as was commonly done, we arranged for somebody to live in our apartment in order to keep the bad guys out.

We knew that the Soviets were going to ferret through our stuff when we weren't there. For once I'm not being paranoid at all - we saw the things we lost, small things, some of my daughter's clothing, pairs of shoes, that kind of thing, when we went out of town to Finland. It would be hard to spot sometimes, but you would notice these things just disappear. But they, the guys who came in, would never be nasty, they were just light fingered when they were going through our apartment. Other embassy folk had things damaged sometimes, but perhaps they were more of a target.

So one of my wife's colleagues at ABC News, he was glad to get a better place to live for the month while we were gone. So he agreed to stay in our apartment, and we left on vacation.

But then soon after we came back, a month would have passed, the guy from ABC approached my wife at work and said, "You know, the strangest thing happened to me and I didn't know what was going on, but when moved into your apartment, we came in the front door and we heard some commotion in another room, in the bedroom, and one of your marines came out with a young lady and said he was doing an inspection of the apartment and they left."

There's some background needed here. In the years of all the increased security in the embassy, for a long time the marines employed Soviet cooks who would come to their quarters to work. The marines lived in the old embassy building, the same place where we all worked, but on a lower floor. Then, because of tightening security, the cooks were let go. I guess the marines had to start cooking for themselves, or more likely they brought in cooks from Finland or the U.S.

Anyhow, one of the cooks was a favorite with the marines. She was highly recommended, the marines loved her, she was a nice lady, we needed a nanny, my wife was working full time, and so she became our nanny, Nanny Galia. I don't remember her last name. She spoke English. She was a very, very intelligent young lady, very good with my daughter. I sincerely want to be very complimentary about her in anything I say as she was a good person and I have no reason to think she was anything else. However, she was, as we know, working for the Soviet government, reporting on us. Of course she was and we didn't mind that, we were very used to it, we knew what was going on. Working in the Soviet Union, we expected it. Who wouldn't?

Unfortunately, one of the Marines, a Corporal Bracy, did get involved with Nanny Galia, who was a very attractive young lady. I don't recall how we knew who the Marine was in our apartment, but we did, it was Bracy. And so as soon as my wife and I learned of what was going on, we got in touch with the embassy security officer and had a little discussion in one of the secure rooms in the embassy. Poor Bracy, I don't know what happened to him, but he was such an innocent. He was a nice guy. We really liked him, we really like Galia. This all hurt.

Corporal Bracy later went on trial, I think, and maybe he did some time. They, whoever they were, they were looking for such compromising connections involving the Marine security guards in Moscow after the Lonetree affair earlier in the year, and we gave them one. It was a working assumption that these things were going on. Everyone was looking for spies.

I have no idea what happened to Nanny Galia. Golnar and I haven't forgotten her. She was a good lady and my daughter really liked her.

A book called *Moscow Station, How the KGB Penetrated the American Embassy*, written by Ronald Kessler, who is a prolific author of books on intelligence topics, he quotes me at length and I don't recall ever talking with him - but I must have.

In *Moscow Station*, Kessler attacks Art Hartman, "he must have known what was going on," this kind of thing. But, no, it doesn't work that way at all, that isn't the truth at all. My quotes are accurate I think, if anybody ever wants to follow up on what was happening, but it's a tendentious book.

I think you can find out more about all this stuff from the *New York Times* archives. They did lots of reporting at the time, and my memory on detail isn't that great after some 25 years.

*Q: Yes, well, again, ambassadors aren't fully aware of what's going on in their own embassies.*

DU CHATEAU: Well, actually, if you look at it, as I've tried to lay this out, people did the right things. The ABC tech told us what happened. The Marine left, I think, and we never saw our nanny again. The weak link was the Marine guards and the Soviets very skillfully targeted them, just as I would hope we did the same to them here in the U.S.

So, that fall in 1986 was quite the interesting time. I've mentioned Walt Rogers and that my wife was working for him at ABC News. It was his American employee who discovered Bracy and Galia, and surely he told Walt. It's too good a story. But Walt never, ever, tried to get an exclusive story of any nature because of our personal connection to him. He was an honorable guy and we appreciated that greatly. Still do. Anyway, it was an interesting time.

Because of the Bracy affair, my wife and I got more than a little paranoid, living out there on Leninsky, exposed to anyone who wanted to do us harm. I said that earlier we only had very minor theft. Now I was worried. For one thing, we busted up their network, or whatever they were developing with Bracey. I expected something to happen to us.

In addition to that famous, empty, central office building, the embassy had built new housing on the compound. Nobody had moved into it, yet, or not many people. So there

was housing there, they were moving gradually the pre-school in there, the pool was working, and I think the commissary had moved by this time.

So I was paranoid, but that doesn't mean I was wrong. I talked to people and made arrangements to move into a new apartment. I think I was one of the first because many of the apartments were not finished and we could not yet drive onto the compound. As I say, I felt very exposed, partially because we had relatives in Moscow and Leningrad, partially because "they," whatever you want to call them, knew us very well, we must have a dossier, my wife and I, who knows how thick, very thick, from a long time, lots of transcripts, I'm sure.

The embassy admin people said, "Yes, you can move in, but you have to make the move yourself. We don't have the manpower to do it." So we packed up the old apartment on Leninsky, scavenged every darn box we could find. I would take the P&C car, the one I went around town in to check for *Amerika* magazine, it was a station wagon, rather used, and I would carry boxes out of the apartment, into the elevator and down 6 or 8 floors, whatever it was, and out to the car. Down to the embassy, which was miles away, but I couldn't get into the compound and up to the townhouse we were given, because they hadn't finished the roads. So I would park outside the gate, take a load, put it on a dolly, take the stuff up to the townhouse, unload, go back. I suppose it would take maybe an hour and a half to make one trip, maybe more.

I did this for probably two weeks, on my own time, in the evening and on the weekend. All I can say is because I had done so much of this kind of moving and lifting with the exhibits, it was second nature, difficult, but doable. We did get moved in and I was very glad. The townhouse was wonderful, some of the best housing we ever had.

I guess, looking back, you can see from these examples the kind of pressure we were under. At the time we knew it, but it was part of the life. Perhaps because we knew the country fairly well for foreigners, we didn't expect much else and we just got along. And then, too, we knew how much better we were living than the Soviets around us.

*Q: How was the embassy, during the time you were there, reacting to Gorbachev?*

DU CHATEAU: I didn't have much to do with it, in truth. I would set up these press briefings, distribute the Wireless File, what have you, but my job would be dealing with the press at a lower level. I have no idea what the political section doing, although I suspect they had to be working hard. Also I've forgotten, pretty much, to tell you the truth. It's been a while. Maybe it's me projecting back, but you know for years everything in the Soviet government was predictable. Just dust off last year's cable, you know. But now, with Gorbachev, everything changed.

*Q: You'd been there, going back to when you were doing exhibits and all. Had the Soviet citizenry changed, when you got back?*

DU CHATEAU: No, but then as it turns out we hadn't been away that long. We left in the fall of 1977 and came back in the fall 1984, what is that, seven years. I guess that's a bit of time, but as it turned out, there wasn't much difference. The old guys were still in power, the shopping systems were the same, the embassy was in the same old building, and the same old crowded offices. Just like going home.

We left Moscow in July or August 1987, and everything changed in - when? - summer 1991, I guess, four years later.

But you know, as I keep saying, all this is clear in hindsight, the breakup of the Union and what have you. There are so many books written about it, and we were thinking about that, also, at the time. But you know, I'm a hundred per cent positive that nobody in charge, nobody really knowledgeable about the Soviet Union, in any way predicted what would happen a few years after we left, nobody.

Yeah, everybody figured the place was going to fall apart sooner or later, because that was our ideology. And you looked around and you figured, yeah, this is not working. But when and how? The place could have staggered on another 20 years, just on inertia.

*Q: Apparently, our ambassador in West Germany, Vernon Walters, was telling his staff "do a study of whether maybe Germany might eventually reunify" and everybody was saying the guy had gone off his rocker. He had at least an instinct that ...*

DU CHATEAU: I think that Germany would be, in its way, more easily predictable, in the sense that the two Germanys had not been divided that long - not even my lifetime.

*Q: It really boiled down to, eventually, to what the Soviets were going to do, would they back the East Germans or not? There were a few mistakes that were made on the part of the East German Politburo, they really didn't realize the consequences of their actions.*

*I think what it does show, anybody who knows about foreign policy and all, we tend to straight line predict. You can think about alternative futures, yes, it could happen. Right now we're going through the Arab Spring. Time tested regimes have fallen in Libya and Tunisia and Egypt and now we're looking at Syria, which seems to be going through a very painful process, but less than a year ago, nobody was predicting this.*

*It's very hard, because what you're doing is, you're talking about unpredictable events and if you're in the foreign policy business, you have to sort of work on the assumption that things, this is the way they are, and how do we deal with present reality?*

DU CHATEAU: Well, actually, in that sense, I'm fairly conservative. I think that that's probably the only way you can do it. You should never say things can't happen and you should be out there listening, but you have to deal day to day with what's in front of you, it seems to me.

*Q: Did you travel much?*



DU CHATEAU: In the Foreign Service? Yes, constantly. I think I've emphasized enough how easy it was to travel in Bulgaria. We basically got in the car and went whenever we wanted. The first couple of years we had a little Volkswagen diesel Rabbit, but then someone hit me in the side when I was driving home on my birthday in 1983. Poor guy, it was his fault. So we had it towed to Thessaloniki where it could be fixed, and then we sold it to another diplomat. Golnar's people in DAO were using Volvos, and we learned that they did not cost much more than the Volkswagen, and were so much safer. So we used the insurance and sales money, and bought a Volvo in Germany and drove it back. We sold eventually sold to an Iraqi diplomat in Moscow.

We traveled a lot with the exhibits all over the Soviet Union. We had paid free time between exhibit cities, when the exhibit itself was on the road to the next city, and we used it. I think I've been to almost all of what were then called "open cities" in the USSR, that is, the cities that foreigners were allowed to travel to. Never did get to Frunze, though. It's Bishkek now.

So we had seen much in the Soviet Union, but now we had a young child and travel in the Soviet Union never was easy. In Bulgaria we tended to travel most weekends. We would get into the car and go places, because that was easy, we could pack up, put the kid in the back, and she was happy as a clam.

But in order to travel outside of Moscow, it was a different story. We had to file a travel request several days ahead of time. We did it through the embassy travel office, which would send the request to the right people someplace in the Soviet bureaucracy. So in that sense one could travel as a diplomat in the Soviet Union, but you had to plan ahead, and my wife and I are really bad at planning ahead. But we did, we made a point of getting out and getting around as best we could, mostly to places we could reach within a day and return, Tolstoy's *Yasnaya Polyana* near Tula, for instance.

Also, in 1986 I think it was, my wife's mother moved back to Finland, to Kotka, a town east of Helsinki where she grew up. We would drive up to visit her. What that means is we would put in a travel request during the week, and then we would get up at five in the morning, get in the car and drive like hell. Of course you could not go off your route, and the Soviet traffic police checked on you as you went up the road. They had checkpoints outside each city where you had to slow down so that they could get a good look at you. We never had any trouble with them, but we obeyed their rules.

I should mention, anytime you left the Soviet Union you had to put your car in and have it inspected, to make sure it was up to international standards, they said. Again, the good folks in the embassy garage would expedite this. Our assumption was that someone was either taking in or putting out some kind of position tracking device. I think that's what I would do, so I'm sure they did it.

So we would drive like hell. On our way, sometimes we'd stop and visit my wife's relatives in Leningrad. Then we would drive up to the border.

But one time, we saw a church just off the road, over there a quarter mile to the right, something like that, so we just decided to eat our picnic lunch over there, it looked nice. We went there, we were there probably about ten minutes and a car came up, a highway policeman came out and said, "You've gotta go back to the road." So we did.

But how did they know we were there? We didn't see anybody behind us. We weren't trying to evade anybody. I think it's because we didn't check in to one of their checkpoints at their expected time, so they lost us and they had to find us.

Driving north to Finland was not much trouble as the trip was mostly in daylight, but coming south was harder. For some reason, the Soviets did not let you drive on the highway at night with regular beams, much less high beams. It was insane. If anyone was coming toward you, you had to put on your, I don't know, what do you call them, running lights. It was impossible to see anything on the road. It was horrible in the rain. I think I was told that the Soviets did this because their lights were always out of whack, blinding on-coming cars. Anyhow, it was nutty, and just added to our already low opinion of the Soviets.

We had a lot of trouble with spies in Moscow, but there was a spy and I forget his name now, it's well known (*Ed: Vitaly Yurchenko, previously the security officer at the Soviet Embassy in Washington, of all things, and later a senior KGB staff officer in Moscow prior to his abortive defection. He actually managed to survive this escapade once he was back in Soviet custody, supposedly because he was a protégé of the KGB chairman, probably an unappreciated early sign that the savage internal discipline that made the KGB such a fearsome opponent was unraveling*), he defected and got to the United States and then he re-defected, if that is a word, whatever, he changed his mind. Anyhow, he went back to the Soviet Embassy in Washington.

While this was going on, while he was in the Soviet Embassy in Washington, we took one of our trips up to Finland. Going across the Soviet border was never much fun. Well back from the actual border you would get to a building to go through passport control and they would look at the car, what have you. Then once checked, you would drive slowly to the actual border. I think maybe they checked documents again. It was all very, well, off-putting. Very controlled.

Well, being diplomats, they're not supposed to search our car, and being diplomats, we were not supposed to allow them to search the car. We took three or four trips out to Finland during that time and knew the routine.

But this one time, they said, "We have news that you have something wrong with your car," a bomb in the car, or something like that. They said that they were trying to protect us, that somebody had done something to the car and they had to inspect it inside.

We couldn't let them do that. Back and forth, back and forth, and I think we were there a couple of hours. I suppose we would not have minded so much, but Guzel was little,

maybe 4, which made things uncomfortable. The outcome was we negotiated to the point where I would open the trunk lid, they would look inside, but not move anything, and I would close the trunk lid. That was the way we did it and we got on our way.

Looking back, I'm sure that the timing was such, they decided to hassle us at the border because of what was going on with the defector Washington. We happened to be the unlucky ones. If I recall correctly, we went into the embassy in Helsinki to report what happened, but nothing came of it. I probably talked with the RSO, the regional security officer, but I don't think anyone knew what to do with the incident.

Should I talk about when the Russians were taken out of the embassy? This is when we lost all our Soviet employees.

*Q: Oh, yes, yes. As somebody who worked in Yugoslavia for five years, I'm well aware, of course, that all the local national employees were reporting. So there's no real problem. As a matter of fact, it's helpful.*

DU CHATEAU: Well, we thought so and I believe people like Ambassador Hartman thought so, also. He knew what was going on. He was not an innocent. Nor were the political officers, the DCM, what have you.

Who did what and in what order, I've pretty much forgotten. This would have been in late fall in 1986. I had already moved the family into the new embassy housing, thank goodness. Anyhow, details of the back and forth spy expulsions, it's all in the books. But, essentially, what happened was, people I knew had to leave the embassy and Moscow very suddenly. We now know they were CIA agents, and had to leave suddenly because they'd been exposed. This had happened at least once before while I was there and we now know probably why they were exposed.

In the United States we picked up some of their agents, in retaliation. Or maybe it was the other way around, we kicked out their people and they retaliated. As I said, I can't recall the exact chain of events, but I remember well that we were all wondering what was going to happen next, waiting for the other shoe to drop. What would Gorbachev do? And the assumption was that some of us were going to get kicked out. I remember well thinking what would happen to my family and me if the Soviets fingered me and kicked me out. I was no spy, but that didn't make much difference. It would have been bad, as we had no place to stay in the U.S. We didn't want to leave. It was a tense time.

And then all of a sudden I learned when I got to work one morning that Soviets were going to pull all of their employees out of the embassy. Right then. That day. No one had predicted this. It was new times with Gorbachev, for sure. UPDK, the *Upravlenie diplomaticheskoy korpusev*, that is the Soviet government agency that was the monopoly supplier of local national staff to foreign embassies in Moscow, was told to pull all the Soviet employees from the embassy, all of them, gone. They had to clear out their desks, they had one day to do it and in fact we had to escort them around, to make sure that no sabotage was done.

I had about six employees that ran things, Wireless File delivery, running the enormous Xerox machine, people like Yuri Zarakhovich that I mentioned earlier, translators. Everyone gone, cooks, cleaners, repair people. All of these people were gone that day. I really hated it. – these were good people, some of them I had known for years.

Lots of stories were written about this, but generally everyone pitched in and did what needed to be done. The embassy admin people really had to work. They organized us into work crews to clean up the building, I had already learned how to run the 35mm movie projectors for those dissident film showings at Spaso House. I already knew how to run the Xerox machine and how to get around Moscow. I think this whole business did not bother me much except for losing the Soviet employees that I really liked working with. That hurt. I still think of them and hope things worked out for them. At least the people that worked with me, these were good people. I still remember the shock that I saw in them. Working for the embassy was a good life for them, and now it was gone, just like that.

In addition to my folk, I especially remember the lady who ran the embassy snack bar. She was tough, kept us all in line, kept order, played no favorites. She was famous, or I guess famous among those of us who were privileged to know her. She was gone. Her life gone. She had worked there all the time I had been going to the embassy, at least from 1973. All gone in a moment.

As it happened, I did not mind physical labor, and my wife and I were very comfortable working on our own in Moscow. We had language. I was really good at cleaning, at improvising solutions. I knew how to do it, because I had done it for so long with USIA exhibits. In fact, except for losing good people among the Soviet employees, I thought it was great fun, didn't bother me at all, especially as I was fairly bored with my regular job at this point. I now had a perfect excuse to let slide any tasks that I did not want to do.

Cleaning the embassy and keeping things going inside was the easy part. But it was a pretty rough winter for we had to figure out things like how to submit travel requests. Those Soviet bureaucratic details didn't quit. So we had to figure out how to do them ourselves and where they went in the foreign ministry. I remember making deliveries to this rather anonymous side door in the foreign ministry skyscraper.

I suppose there's a positive side to this, because we got to see things now for the first time that we didn't do before. We'd have more contact, in a way, with the bureaucracy than we'd had before, because earlier we'd had our Soviet national employees as a buffer between us and reality.

Eventually we got contractors in to help. I remember the company name, PA&E, for some reason. American contractors came in that wanted to work in the embassy. Also, at the beginning that winter, for a short time we had American military Seabees helping out until the contractors could arrive. They did things we couldn't like automobile maintenance.

*Q: I would think one of the problems with contracting things out, in many ways you're having a greater problems with security, because if you hire a guy from Des Moines who knows how to do some skilled labor task, he's an American, so you kind of have to trust him to a certain point, but the thing is, he's not accustomed to dealing with the Soviet system. If you have a Soviet who does the same job, you know where they stand and you can take necessary precautions, but your guy from Des Moines is more problematic.*

DU CHATEAU: I agree entirely. That was my attitude toward the whole thing, but try to tell that to the Congressional committees. Anyhow, we did not kick out the Soviet employees, as much as they might have been a security risk. Gorbachev and friends did it. But you know, I know of no such security problem that arose from the contractors. But that doesn't mean much, I simply may not have heard of the problems. There was such a stir of new people, someone could have been gone without this AIO knowing.

*Q: How about radiation bombardment at the time?*

DU CHATEAU: Well, indeed while we were in Moscow, there was this whole issue about microwave or some kind of radiation beamed at the embassy from a building across the way, across that ring road. I think the business predated our arrival, but I'm not sure. Anyhow, my office was right on target.

I cared about it, but not because I had an office door out to a balcony that I would never go out on - it was a Soviet-built balcony. Scary. In fact, in the winter, the snow would come under the door. I cared because my office was one floor above the political section and the ambassador's office and it faced directly onto the big ring road and the Soviet buildings across the street where I'd heard the radiation supposedly came from.

*Q: In order to eavesdrop.*

DU CHATEAU: Well, eavesdrop in some fashion. There was no question that something was happening, as folks came in and measured the radiation that was coming at the embassy, but nobody could figure out what was going on, what it was good for. At least that's what I heard. As I recall it, I heard that best speculation was that they probably had some kind of devices in the embassy that they were accessing through that radiation. Who knows? I don't know. That's not the kind of thing covered in the ambassador's press briefings - what it was for and what they were getting - although the question would come up.

But it was the health issue - that came up a lot in my press briefings. Nobody was able to ever pin down a cause and effect health problem, in other words, there was no statistical difference between our embassy staff and any other comparable group elsewhere. I think probably the real worry was cancer, but no one could prove any cause and effect.

We had screens on the windows to stop the radiation. I've no idea if they worked. Maybe someone someplace figured out what the Soviets were really getting, but I never heard.

*Q: Well, was there any movement among our Foreign Service people, through their union or whatever, to threaten essentially go on strike over the issue? There was a way of stopping this, by saying we're going to cut diplomatic relations unless you stop doing this to our people.*

DU CHATEAU: It's a good question and I don't know the answer. I don't recall any talk about doing that. It's been a long time now, but I seem to recall that we're not talking about lots of radiation, maybe stuff that was not much above normal background in the city. And then there's the constant paranoia in the embassy. I think that the Soviets probably denied anything was happening.

*Q: You put up monitors that show this is happening and then say, "Cut out this stuff, or we're not going to play anymore."*

DU CHATEAU: I suspect that the radiation was found to be low enough level that we could not show a real health hazard.

*Q: Maybe we were doing it, too. I don't know.*

DU CHATEAU: I have no idea. It's the kind of paranoia that we lived with at that time, too. You're right, maybe we did do it.

For instance, it was well known that with the new housing compound I lived on, there was a church across the street, and it was well known that they had their listening devices up there. You did not have a serious conversation on the street in the compound. It's probably still true today, though I think the church is now what we used to call a real "working church" with regular services. That doesn't mean it couldn't be used still for other purposes. Actually, also we were line of sight from a very tall apartment building to our north. We lived – we were down in the fishbowl.

It was there, it was part of the way we lived. Living in Moscow then, it was pretty hard on folks. I've been back to Russia a couple of times since, once to Moscow, and it's certainly much nicer now than it was then.

*Q: How was morale?*

DU CHATEAU: Well, it depends upon the person. Moscow was a hardship post with extra pay, and people who didn't come in with our background, my wife's background, a feeling for the country, maybe family background and language, lots of time they found it very difficult, especially support staff personnel, anybody in communications or anything like that. They couldn't talk to Soviets, they had a hard time going out, and rightly so, I'm afraid. So it was pretty rough on them.

We had a pretty good commissary and a big effort to keep stuff in there and keep it stocked up, especially beer, which I appreciated. We had weekly mail runs by train to

Helsinki. Everyone had an opportunity to escort the mail on overnight train out to Finland.

To be the escort on a mail run was a paid weekend vacation to Helsinki, overnight train both ways. We accompanied the mail bags so that the Soviets couldn't get to them. And that was a morale booster. That chance came to everybody in the embassy, it was on a rotation. Probably once a year you got that trip.

We had a very good snack bar, it was the place to eat in Moscow. It had Italian and Peruvian chefs who lived in Moscow with their families. Tasty stuff, I still think of breakfasts and lunch there most fondly. Soviets that worked in the snack bar eventually got kicked out, as I said. They'd worked there a long time.

*Q: Who instituted the removal of the UPDK staffers?*

DU CHATEAU: Oh, Gorbachev. It was a beautiful thing. We went after their spies. He said there would be consequences. And as I mentioned earlier, there was a day when everything was in limbo and we were trying to figure out what's he going to do. He decided to do kind of what you suggested a few minutes ago with the radiation business, except what he did was more effective. He knew we depended upon our Soviet employees and so he pulled them out. We could not do the same thing to the Soviet embassy in Washington because they did not have many American employees, maybe a couple of translators. It was a beautiful move if you want to think about it that way.

They, the Soviet employees, were all protected in the system, in a way - they got jobs and what have you, but it wasn't fun at all for them, either. I talked with my people and they were very unhappy. They liked working for us, at least my people did, they had a good job, I didn't hassle them. They did their work and they went home.

I'm sure - in fact I know - they went down the street and reported on us, but who cared? It was the way the system worked and everyone knew it. It just made no difference.

But it wasn't a disaster for all the Soviets. I've got a little side story here. Earlier I mentioned my friend Yuri Zarakhovich, whom I first met working as the so-called protocol assistant with the Outdoor Recreation exhibit in 1973 and 1974. Then he was hired by the Press and Culture section as a translator, and - you've got to love it - I became his supervisor when I came to Moscow ten years later.

Anyhow, Yuri was exceptionally gifted. He was a poet and a published author in Russia. He could knock out any work we gave him in a few minutes. By the time I got there, he was totally bored. More than once he came to me and asked to be fired. You see, if we fired Yuri, then UPDK would have to find him a new job. That's how the system worked. Of course I could not fire him.

Then all the Soviet employees were pulled out. Within a week or two Yuri found work at the local Time magazine bureau. He was terrific. Eventually, after the Soviet Union fell apart, he became a full-blown correspondent for Time with his own by-line.

And then his daughter moved to the U.S., to Florida, went to school here and became a lawyer. And a couple of years ago, Yuri and his wife followed and moved to the U.S. But we never got to see him in the U.S. He died of pancreatic cancer maybe a year after he got here.

I'm very bothered by this whole story, the assumptions made back in the 70s, the strange road we all took. Yuri Zarakhovich, bless him, he was a good guy.

*Q: What about cultural life there, from your perspective?*

DU CHATEAU: Well, first of all, things were cheap. You could go to the Bolshoi for almost nothing, you know, a good seat for five dollars. Anything that's high culture that the Russians had, we had access to.

There were things going on underground that I knew less about. I was kind of a homebody, I'd be tired at the end of the day, and I wanted to be around my wife and daughter. But younger people and especially our P&C cultural folk got to know a lot of people, because there were things going on with music, with pictorial art, what have you. It was their job to know these people. I personally, I confess, had less to do with it.

Vladimir Horowitz, the pianist, he came to Moscow to play. That was a big deal, because he had his special demands and his wife had her demands. My colleague Mark Taplin was responsible for the visit. It was constant small things he had to do. Horowitz was famously demanding.

We had constant delegations coming in: former President Carter came in, the Secretary of State came in, I had to arrange the press conferences and do the transcripts. Charlie Wick, the head of USIA, came at least twice. He needed a lot of special handling. Everything he did had to be recorded and transcribed for him, he thought everything he did was important. We'd send cable the transcripts back and then they put out on USIA's Wireless File the next day. It was horrible, a total waste of time.

We would spend hours listening to the tapes and making the transcript, usually me and one other AIO or ACAO, whoever I could drag in. We'd do it by hand, as it were, transcribing, listening to the tape going over it again, and typing on a Wang word processor. It had to go out in a cable that same day and took hours to do.

Then in the summer of 1987 we had to leave our beautiful townhouse with its hand built parquet floors. It was probably the best housing we ever had. Well, maybe not, considering where we lived in Jerusalem and Helsinki, but it was wonderful all the same. In the evening I would go across the street and use the sauna. The embassy had a full swimming pool right next to the sauna. The commissary was there. It was good living, a



good time after all the years of not-so-much fun living in Soviet hotel rooms, what have you.

But it was time to go. Art and Donna Hartman had left a month or so before that summer. I'd really liked working for them. I met Ambassador Matlock out at the airport. Things were changing and we had our next assignment.

But maybe one more thing before we go, how we met some people we are still friends with today.

By 1985 or 1986, our little daughter Guzel was old enough to go to pre-school. There was an international preschool in our embassy, international because all sorts of folk from other embassies or western private companies in town had their little kids in there. I recall that the wife of the British ambassador was a teacher.

This preschool had wonderful facilities in an apartment in the embassy south wing, one floor up the stairs from P&C down. I think kids went for half a day. We'd truck little Guzel up the stairs for a good time. Actually, it was a wonderful experience for her. But perhaps more important in the long run, somehow Golnar got on the school board, and a fellow board member was Ulla Høy, the wife of Leif Davidsen, who was the Moscow correspondent for Danish Television. They had two children in the school. Their older boy, Thomas, was Guzel's good friend. He's now the correspondent for Danish Television in Japan, following in his father's profession. But more important to me, we've remained friends with the Davidsens all these years. He's now one of the most popular writers in Denmark. It's the good part about the Foreign Service, the good people you work with, the luck you can have.

We left the embassy in July. A good friend of ours drove us out to the airport for a flight to Helsinki. So we went out to the airport and who should show up but one of my wife's relatives. She wanted help getting out of the country: "How do I get a visa?" We told her we couldn't help her, I guess she thought we had some special influence.

But there's more to that story. After everything fell apart, that same lady immigrated with her husband to New York City in about 1993, a few years after it was possible to leave the country. Two weekends ago my wife and I drove up to New York City to visit her, to have lunch together with other of my wife's relatives whom we had not seen since 1987. They came over from Russia and were in New York for a visit.

Unbelievable, it is just hard to understand, to get my mind around how much things have changed and how quickly after all the years we had to deal with *refuseniks* and exhibit visitors who wanted out. The nastiness of everyday life in the Soviet Union. Now Russians can move in and out of the country as they wish, that is if they have the money to do it. They're happy to be able to travel, but they're happy in Russia, too. Others like our relative up in New York City have no interest in going back. This is all a change that is hard for me to get my head around, things were so difficult and different in the 1970s.

We left. We visited for a bit with my mother-in-law up in Kotka. I had gotten an assignment to Jerusalem. I was assigned to become what's called the ICD, the Information Center director, in Jerusalem and so we came back to the United States. I had to learn Hebrew. I took Hebrew for about nine months with a couple of other people going to Israel. We were in one of the high rises in Rosslyn - this was before the FSI campus was active. Indeed, and I thought about it every day going into the building, this was the same building where I took my oral exam to get into the Foreign Service. Different elevator, though.

Anyhow, getting back to culture and what we could do, we did the best we could to bring aspects of America in and get them before the Soviet public, but it was difficult. I think we forget now how hard it was. These were the times when LPs were smuggled in, when Andrei Sakharov was exiled in Gorky. It was tense. Willis Conover was broadcasting jazz over VOA. In P&C we did the best we could to bring things in and get them before the Soviet public.

Here's an example. Paul Caponigro was, and still is, a well-known fine arts photographer. His work is fairly abstract and not the least bit controversial. USIA arranged for a substantial photo show of his work to travel, and we got it. But when we tried to place it in a venue where the Soviet public could see it, we couldn't do it. Ultimately I mounted the exhibit on panels in one of the main rooms at Spaso House where official visitors could see it. Mostly no one saw it, I guess, certainly not the Soviet public.

When the Soviets invaded Afghanistan in 1979, we cut off all our cultural exchange exhibits to the Soviet Union, the ones Golnar and I worked on, although they continued to other places in Eastern Europe, I think. Anyhow, the U.S. government stopped doing that program dead, but it had been enormously successful. It was perhaps the only way that a typical ordinary Soviet citizen could legitimately get in and see something of the U.S. and talk to regular Americans. Well, maybe not so regular, because we spoke Russian. But these exhibits had been very successful. I personally think we shot ourselves in the foot, the Carter administration did, by shutting down this one public venue for contact, but no one asked my opinion.

Things pass and things change. As I was leaving Moscow, in the last 6 months or so, the exhibits program started again. I was the embassy contact for the program, another irony considering how USIA exhibits wanted nothing to do with me maybe ten years earlier. Anyhow, one job I had was to go through the exhibit brochure carefully, the one that would be given out to every visitor. I've forgotten it all now, but I would have been the one who helped get things organized, liaison with whatever Soviet bureaucracy. That first new exhibit was about computers, it was called Information USA. What I really liked was that some of the same people I worked with ten years before came in with the exhibit. It was very satisfying, and a good way to finish that tour, that time in Moscow. The exhibit itself was enormously popular. Soviets would come in, the kids would come in with their computers that they'd built using what parts they could find from who knows where.

*Q: When did you arrive in Jerusalem?*

DU CHATEAU: It would have been in the summer 1988. I should mention, with Hebrew, I passed the test, but learning Hebrew, it was a tense time to learn Hebrew, because of what was happening in Israel - the first *intifada* had started in late 1987 and nobody knew what to make of that. One of my Hebrew teachers, an Israeli who had lived in the US for many years, was very conservative, someone who did not like Muslims, and so things got tense in class when we discussed politics. What I did was, I learned to let people know early on that while I was raised a Christian, my wife was raised Muslim. This helped eliminate the problem of, what shall I call it, embarrassing comments about Muslims coming up.

But you know, before we go off to Jerusalem, maybe I should spend a minute or two talking about the USIA job bidding and assignments system, because it was quite different from State's. USIA had a much more informal system.

Well then, too, USIA was smaller. I've forgotten the numbers, but it seems to me that there were maybe 500 USIA Foreign Service Information Officers, as we were called. Could have been fewer, probably was. Anyhow, I think I mentioned the Wireless File earlier, that compendium of press material from various print sources that we had rights to distribute as widely as we could. Then about every two weeks, or maybe it was once a month, an assignments list came out in the File from the USIA personnel office. It had two parts. One part was a list of who got what assignment where. This was quite neat, as we could see what our colleagues were doing, and of course we could see if a job we had bid on had gotten filled. Actually, if we get to it, I'll get back to the list later if we talk about my time in the State personnel office.

The second part of the list had the open assignments, the jobs to be filled. It would have a list of jobs, the title of the job, the grade, you know FS-1 or FS-3 or whatever, and timing. Probably language requirement, too.

Starting from about a year out from reassignment, we were supposed to have 5 active bids for the next job. What was completely different from State's way of business, we in USIA were not to suppose to lobby for a job. By lobbying, I mean call people, go for interviews, write letters, that sort of thing, the complete opposite from the way business was done in State. Decisions were made within the USIA Personnel Office, the geographic bureau, and the gaining post. This is where good performance files and good reputation counted.

Here's another way our cultures differed. USIA people tended to stay longer in jobs overseas. Most of our jobs were 3 and 4 year assignments, 2 year assignments were unusual, probably in a greater hardship position. In State, it seemed that people were encouraged to move jobs frequently in order to build up experience, I guess. This must have been costly, I'd think, and hard on families. Also it seems like many State people spent maybe half their career back here in Washington. USIA people seemed to stay overseas more, or at least that's my impression. Anyhow, Golnar and I did not move around much once I got in the Foreign Service. We spent 3 years in Bulgaria, 3 in

Moscow, a year back for Hebrew language, 4 years in Jerusalem, and then we came back for a domestic job and we were back 3 years, and then out to Helsinki for 4. So from 1981 to 1999, we were in Washington roughly only 4 years, and two of those were language training, Hebrew and Finnish. We really did like the foreign part of the Foreign Service.

So maybe back to this job bidding process. I guess I put in a bid list when I was a junior officer, but the European Bureau basically picked me out of the group for Sofia, which was never listed in the jobs. I must have put in bids in Sofia, but I had a good enough reputation in Sofia and in Moscow, that the AIO job was never in doubt. And I already had language. I suspect I asked Bob Barry, Ambassador Barry, to put in a word for me, too. Or maybe he asked if he could help me, which is more likely, as I don't tend to ask for favors much.

Jerusalem was a different matter. Golnar and I wanted to stay overseas but we were tired of Europe, and we were never attracted to Asia, Africa, or South America - but the Middle East, that's a different matter. I wanted to learn Turkish and bid on a job there. Golnar was attracted to Tunisia, and I think a job there was at the top of the list. The Jerusalem job was my third choice, I think. And that's what I got. Looking back, we're very happy, it worked out well. That's where we adopted our younger daughter, Leyla, for instance.

You know, if you believe in fate and such things, maybe that's there too. My mother died in the fall 1986, soon after we moved into that new housing on the new embassy compound. We went back for the funeral and to pack out her house. When we got back to Moscow, the first thing I heard was that I was going to Jerusalem. Mom was very religious, very Christian. She was much on my mind. She would have appreciated the assignment.

*Interview date: September 12, 2011*

*Q: You had a couple things you wanted to add about your tour in Moscow.*

DU CHATEAU: Well, several things, I guess. For one, I totally forgot to talk about the whole Chernobyl business, which is rather important.

*Q: You might explain what that was.*

DU CHATEAU: Well, this must be all over the place in Wikipedia, but a nuclear reactor in the Chernobyl complex north of Kiev blew up, I guess quite literally, in 1986, so there was a bit of concern, first of all, about what was going on, the Soviets didn't tell us, of course, and then what's the danger to the embassy, which the Soviets also wouldn't tell us.

So there was considerable anxiety about. One of my long-time friends, Adrienne Stefan, was a science officer there in the embassy at the time. I just asked her to remind me how we learned about it in the first place, because the Soviets wouldn't tell us. I believe it was because of western monitoring in Scandinavia, but neither of us recall anymore. Anyhow, soon it was all over the news.

What it meant for us, though, what I recall strongly, was that this happened when we still had local employees, Soviet employees, in the embassy. They would come to us for information, because they couldn't get any from their own side, their own media. They just were totally disgusted with their own system, because nobody would be honest with them at all.

Here's another one. I mentioned that whole business with radiation coming at the embassy from Soviet buildings around the compound, but I forgot so-called spy dust. Here's yet another thing we were paranoid about, but that doesn't mean there wasn't a real issue. The dust was some kind of marking powder that was put on some people in the embassy to track them, somehow. At least that's what I've read. As I recall, the whole affair was mostly gone by the time I got there, or else buried in radiation and other hot topics.

*Q: Everybody's learned to say as much as they can now on these things.*

DU CHATEAU: It was just one thing after another, and so you got used to dealing with problems as they came. It was hard at the time to see that one thing was better or worse than the next one. It sort of made the work interesting, too.

As I recall, for the most part we were not concerned about the risks posed by Chernobyl, but maybe we should have been. As it happened, the winds blew the radiation plume to the west of Moscow.

Gasoline was another issue. As best I can recall, in Bulgaria we just paid for gas like everyone else, with regular money, although I think the tax was taken off. But in Moscow, you had to have coupons to buy gasoline, these special coupons in different amounts of money, one ruble, five rubles, what have you. It was like play money, Monopoly money. And you had to have coupons to go the *diplomatic gastronom*, where you could get food that was not available elsewhere. We bought all these coupons through the embassy cashier, I think. Then, too, you went to the embassy cashier and you got your real Soviet rubles there, at the official, highly fictitious and unfavorable exchange rate. There was an active black market of course in rubles in the Soviet Union, but we were honest about it. It was very tempting, but we were honest about it. I know people who bought wads of rubles in London and Vienna, but we never did.

But the *diplomatic gastronom* was open to other people, too, special Party folk, you would see them in there, but mostly it was for diplomats. I've read that the real Party leadership had a separate store that was near Kremlin and they didn't have to go to the one we used.

Gas coupons, the same thing. In order to buy gasoline, you went up to the pump, you gave the person who ran the pump gas coupons, they would fill it up to the amount of the coupons, then off you'd go. You had to guess how much gasoline you would need. You couldn't just fill the tank. You had to have those things, it was part of living there, it was just another very strange part of the Soviet economy. It also meant that you had to do considerable advance planning.

You could give those things sometimes as presents, too, but that was kind of a different issue, you had to be kind of careful about doing that. Regular Soviet citizens were not supposed to have these special coupons.

In Bulgaria, we would take our car down to the VW people in Thessaloniki for standard work. No one in Bulgaria could do real work on a western car. In Moscow, we had good mechanics in the embassy garage on the compound. When not working on official cars, they could do simple jobs for you, as I recall, but you had to bring your own parts. We got our car worked on during our trips out to Helsinki.

If you wanted to communicate rapidly with someone outside the Soviet Union you had to book a telephone call through the Soviet system, and you had to book it in advance. You called the international operator and set it up. Then you sat around until they called you back. It was extremely inconvenient and not cheap. That's the way we did it when we were there with the exhibits. Usually the connection was lousy, and of course other folk were listening in.

That's the way we did things in Bulgaria, too. But when we were in Bulgaria, when we went down to Thessaloniki, we went to the post office there to book a call to the United States. That's the only we could have a private phone call home, because certainly anything that came out of our residence or a hotel room in Bulgaria was being recorded.

I suppose I called home once a month, not more. We sent letters constantly. Even when with exhibits, we could send mail through the embassy at U.S. stamp prices.

When we were stationed in Moscow in the 80s, there was a special telephone line in the embassy direct to the United States, to the State Department, that was always open. It was supposed to be there so that people could call the ambassador easily from the State Department, but they'd rigged it up such while we were there so that people could book a time to make personal calls on that line, if it wasn't being used for official purposes. The calls were totally free and presumably somewhat secure, but who knows.

Otherwise, all the time we were overseas, until we got to Helsinki, there was no Internet. And so a lot of mail, monthly phone calls home, that was probably about it. Golnar and I used to tape record conversations around the dinner table and send the cassette to my parents, just to give them a sense of what was happening, and so that they could hear the voice of their granddaughter. I don't know what they made out of it, but at least they could hear the kid's voice.

Oh, another thing, selling cars. This was a bit of a scam, I suppose. When stationed in Moscow, whether as an FSO or a member of DAO, the U. S. government paid the shipping so you could bring one private car to Moscow. We did this, shipping in the Volvo we had toward the last in Bulgaria. I've heard of people that had brand new cars shipped in and they kept them locked in rented garages, never using them.

The thing was, toward the end of your tour, you could sell your car to other diplomats for a great price, but a great price in rubles. The buyer had to have duty-free privileges - you couldn't sell to an ordinary Soviet citizen. I think I mentioned that there was a big black market in rubles, that you could buy rubles cheap in the west, in London, let's say. This was absolutely forbidden to U.S. diplomats for obvious reasons - you were violating Soviet law - but diplomats from other countries commonly did it, especially ones coming from poorer countries. My figures will be off here, but the official exchange rate was something like 75 rubles to 100 dollars, but out west it was something like 5 to 1 in the other direction, that is 100 dollars would get your 500 rubles. I think it was even more extreme.

Anyhow, toward the end of your tour, you'd advertise your car for sale to other diplomats in the embassy newsletter for, let's say \$10,000 or more, a very high price for a used car. But people with lots of cheap rubles could easily pay it, but in rubles. These were all cash transactions, of course. Then you had to convert the rubles to hard currency, and there was a limit in the U.S. Embassy on how much you could convert.

In our case, we weren't greedy, and we sold the Volvo to an Iraqi diplomat for a fair price and got a pile of rubles cash, far more than we could convert. Basically we went around Moscow buying art, some of which we still have. But I remember there was a bit of tension on the day of the car sale. It seems that was the day there was some kind of Iraqi attack on one of our ships in the Gulf and the Iraqi diplomat was worried that our deal would not go through. However, business is business, I guess. We signed the papers. I just checked, though, and it was the USS Stark that was hit, lots of Americans killed.

*Q: Looking at it, obviously things have changed there a lot. Whither Russia, in your mind?*

DU CHATEAU: Well, maybe it's just me, but in a way I think we've been here before. I'd been reading 19<sup>th</sup> century Russian history and when in college, I'd taken lots of Russian history courses, so the way I see it, there's almost a continuum in many things. Russia had a very rich culture especially in the fine arts and literature, and that continued into the early Soviet era, up until the late 1920s, I guess. Stalin and his friends changed things. But now I think we're back to the creativity of early last century, and with the same old repressive government on top, but one that seems to be smarter than the past.

Today it's a freer society than it was in the late 19<sup>th</sup> century, because people can and do leave the country as long as they have the money. I don't know of any restrictions they

have getting out. People have learned, those guys at the top, let them leave. And they seem to be able to get money out, too.

I've got another little story for you: I mentioned this before but my wife has relatives both in Moscow and in Leningrad, well, now St. Petersburg. We used to visit the Leningrad people when we were in the area. Once, I think it was in the 70s, we were visiting a group of her relatives there for dinner, in a very small Soviet apartment.

They were all academics, university scholars, very senior academics of one kind or another, at one part of the table. And then across the table one cousin and his wife who had some kind of trade connection, who had actually traveled outside the Soviet Union to Bulgaria, I think it was. But while we were eating and talking, one of the academics was passing me notes underneath the table saying, "Watch out for that younger guy. He's spying on you."

I wasn't worried about this, because we were so used to this happening that we just didn't think about it. I didn't trust him anyhow for some reason, but Golnar and I would never do anything wrong. Still even meeting with us in the 70s could have been a problem, especially in this family, which had had a lot of problems in the past. Parts of my wife's family escaped from Russia at the revolution, her grandfather did, ending up in Kotka, Finland. Anyhow, it was a bizarre evening that I haven't forgotten, one part of the family worried about the other part spying.

*Q: These relatives, did they feel fairly open to talk and entertain you and all?*

DU CHATEAU: It was a concern. We did not meet in public, for sure. No going out to a restaurant. There's a lot of history here. As I said, Golnar's relatives on her mother's side lived in Kotka, Finland, and over time they and other Tatars in the Finnish community were able to reconnect with relatives and other Tatars in the community in the Soviet Union. When my wife was offered a job as a Tatar-speaking guide with a USIA exhibit in 1972 or 1973, through family connections it was asked, "Would she have problems coming to the Soviet Union as the daughter of a defector?" and the answer came back, "No, she won't have problems. She can meet people," what have you, enough time had passed, they didn't worry about it.

So back to that dinner in Leningrad. They, our hosts, probably told whomever they reported to that they were seeing us, and everybody knew who we were. So it was not an issue and we never heard anything back about anybody being in trouble because of meeting with us, having dinner with us. But I suspect that it had been worked out beforehand, very carefully checked and if you lived in the system, you knew who to check with. As it turned out, at some point we learned that my father-in-law was reported as killed in the Winter or Continuation War, I'm not sure which. I understand that his name's on a monument on the Finnish-Russian border, but all the same, the security people knew that he was alive and living in the U.S. I wonder if it is possible to find that monument now? I've no idea how.



Ok, enough of the Soviet Union. We left in July 1987 and Golnar's never been back. I've been back a couple of times on short trips.

So we came back to FSI and I took Hebrew for a year, the first time I actually took a language at FSI. Earlier I had just worked with contractors USIA hired. Anyhow, that time at FSI was really interesting, because anything to do with Israel was and is contentious, as everybody knows. I think I mentioned it earlier, but I started taking Hebrew in the fall of 1987 and a few months later, in December, the first *intifada* started, but nobody knew what was happening.

There was a lot of tension even among the teachers, the Hebrew language teachers, because some were very conservative and were very anti-Arab and others, not so, thank goodness. I remember one lady, she was employed part-time, she was the wife of one of the Israeli defense attachés attached to their embassy, and she was the most rational of the whole bunch.

It was always interesting, because we spent a lot of time talking politics when we were in Hebrew language class and certainly my lead teacher was very conservative politically, very opinionated. Any time we got tired of the language struggle, we would bring up Israeli politics and away we'd go. Eventually I managed to pass my Hebrew language test, I staggered through it. I still think it was a gift and I think it was a gift because I didn't get angry for the whole year.

This was important, passing the test. I don't know what the system is now, but under USIA, most overseas positions had a language requirement. For super hard languages like Chinese or Arabic, it might be 2/2, that is, not quite proficient reading and speaking. For my jobs in Bulgaria, Moscow, and Jerusalem, the jobs were designated 3/3, that is, fully competent reading and writing. If I didn't pass the test, I'd have to stay longer in the US and take more courses, which would have been a disaster, for we were already packed out. It was a time of lots of tension, lots of worry and study. I was very very glad to get a 3/3 in Hebrew. The incentive pay increase was nice, too.

*Q: Do you have any ties to Judaism?*

DU CHATEAU: None whatsoever. I grew up in a Christian family, but I am not particularly religious, although I think I'm very well read in religion. I'd taken courses in Western religion in college and I've done considerable reading on Christianity and Judaism. As I mentioned earlier, my wife is Muslim. We have strong cultural ties to our religious backgrounds, I'd say, no pork in the house, for instance, but no real observance at all.

As it happens, though, one of the towns I grew up in had a large Jewish population, so I was very aware of people going to synagogue on Fridays and Saturdays, but, beyond that no, I didn't have any particular background.

I loved the idea of going to Jerusalem just for where it was, for the incredible importance of the city. It turned out to be an excellent assignment in ways I never anticipated, although I guess I'd have to say that I've never had a bad assignment.

*Q: Was there sort of a pro-Israeli lobbying group or something within the State Department?*

DU CHATEAU: Sixty-seventy years ago there was a pro-Arab bias, I've read. Now, I don't know about such a bias in State, although there sure has been in the White House. But then, I'm the wrong person to ask. I don't think I had any contacts in State in those years, beyond my colleagues at work. So, no, I wasn't aware of that at all.

*Q: How'd you find Hebrew?*

DU CHATEAU: The language itself, of course, has its problems - the writing is completely different from anything I knew. It was very difficult for me, but I've come to understand that languages in general are difficult for me. I can still read some Hebrew, it's not like I totally dropped it, and ultimately I was able to use it well enough that I made my own translations for all the papers that had to do with getting my adopted daughter her visa to go to the United States, so that was something. All her documents, I translated. I had somebody check them, but I was able to do it. So it was good enough for that.

From a work point of view, at that time everybody I had contact with in the ministries or at the university spoke better English than I did. That was kind of discouraging, and of course all my staff spoke excellent English. I think only one, our courier, wasn't a native English speaker.

But I was glad to spend the time doing it. It certainly was not a waste of time. You can't be in Israel and working where I was without knowing Hebrew.

I also appreciated the area studies program, something I never participated in for earlier assignments to Bulgaria and Moscow. Dr. Bernard Reich was the chair and I wrote a paper for him about the history of the neighborhoods outside the walls of the Old City. I just loved it, all this played to my continued interest in the history of the city. I still remember that we rented an Apple II computer to write that paper. As it happened, Dr. Reich came as a USIA speaker to Israel in the December just before the start of the Gulf War, the first Gulf War, and my staff arranged a program for him in Jerusalem and I took him around.

*Q: You were there from when to when?*

DU CHATEAU: We were there for four years, from the summer of 1988 to the 1992 summer transfer cycle. You know, everything about Jerusalem is unique, not by the rules, so of course I had a very unusual job.

I was assigned to the Tel Aviv embassy, not the consulate in Jerusalem, which had, probably still has, a special status, and I was accredited to the government of Israel.

My job was to run the American Cultural Center in Jerusalem, which was a branch of USIS Tel Aviv. The embassy had this center in Jerusalem because of the importance of the city. Whatever we officially thought, it's the capital of Israel.

Because I was accredited to the GOI, the government of Israel, I could take visitors into the various government offices and into the prime minister's office, what have you. We were also delivering the Wireless File and other material all over the Israeli side of Jerusalem. The university was part of my domain also. So when someone like Dr. Reich came to Israel, my staff would make all the arrangement for Jerusalem, all the appointments, and I would accompany.

But my boss the Public Affairs Officer was forty miles away in Tel Aviv. Occasionally he would come up, maybe twice a year, and I went down for weekly staff meetings in the embassy and then go shopping in the embassy commissary, and that was about it. So from a work point of view the ACC was completely independent, certainly in the sense of day-to-day work. As I recall, we had an arrangement where we could get our cables and mail at the consulate. Its main building was really just around the corner, a 5-minute walk away, and I would go over to get cables.

I had an absolutely terrific staff - I was so fortunate. All were Israeli Jews, none of them were American citizens. I guess all except Sami, our courier, were dual citizens. One was a Canadian citizen, she was the head of the team. Others were from Australia or South Africa, Britain. At that time we could not employ local Americans in the embassy for whatever reason, though I think that's changed. Anyhow, they ran the political gamut and religious gamut from the Australian guy who was a conscientious objector, which is extremely difficult to be in Israel as everybody, certainly every male, serves in the military if they don't have a religious exemption, all the way through several of the staff who were ultra-Orthodox. One of the ultra-Orthodox, Sara, she ran the place, she was the manager of the office, really good at computers, and just an amazing lady, and she had at least nine children.

There was a similar center down in the embassy building as part of USIS Tel Aviv. That was closed a few years ago because of budget cuts, but the ACC Jerusalem still exists, I looked it up on the Internet the other day. Like Tel Aviv, we ran a research and lending library, we had visiting speakers, we had a nice place for presentations inside the library. The staff members were in constant contact with people in the ministries, who would call to ask research questions.

We supported the consulate, which was just around the corner, with things like the Wireless File and copies of daily news videotapes that we took down on our recording system, but they were entirely separate. I couldn't work for the consulate, though they did do maintenance for the ACC.

Often our visitors would have an East Jerusalem program and the Jerusalem PAO, David Good, who was there our first year, or Gil Sherman, would handle their side of the city. Gil, he and his wife, we were close. We worked together for three years. They both were FSOs, he for USIA and she was the head of the Consular Section. They had two girls who looked after Guzel from time to time. From Jerusalem, after we left, they went to Cairo, and Donna had an aneurism and suddenly died. That was horrible enough, but then Gil died about a year later. I think it was from grief, although he was a diabetic and that was probably the official cause. They were wonderful people. I have a picture, a photo I took of Gil on our wall at home from a wonderful day when we walked down the Kidron Valley together.

So it was a wonderful job. I really walked into something great, but then, anybody who's been to Jerusalem knows it's just an absolutely magic city. To top it all, we lived close by the office in the neighborhood of Talbieh, and had a beautiful, an easy walk, a five minute walk, to where I worked at the ACC or over to the consulate.

We lived in a house originally built in the 30s by an Arab family who left in 1948. The original house had two stories, and then at some point a third story was tacked on top, which is where we lived. It was a three-story walkup, and you could see Mount Zion from our entrance door. We never turned on the air conditioning, it was dry and clear and comfortable even on the hottest days. Of course, when the rains came in November, then that was different, but during the summer, for six months, it was just dry, clear. Hang your laundry on the balcony outside, it'll dry in five minutes.

For me, thousands of years of history were right there, within sight, and we could be walking where it all happened. Just think about the timing. The city walls themselves date from around 1500, which was late in history, built by Suleiman. You could walk around the top of the wall except the area bordering the Haram-esh-Sharif on the east and south.

I was just tossed into the most wonderful place for me and my family. It was magic.

*Q: How did the Intifada manifest when you were there?*

DU CHATEAU: The uprising, the *Intifada*, was some 6 months old by the time we got there. The consulate staff who had been living in exposed places like south near Bethlehem, they were moved into western Jerusalem. Others like David Good, the PAO, and his family continued to live in East Jerusalem where things were active from time to time.

We were always aware of so-called strike days, times not to go here, not to go there. Consulate security was very good about keeping everybody informed of what was going on, but we were aware of it anyway. We were part of the Consulate's security responsibility and on their radio net.

There was considerable tension reflected in the Israeli press and it was very difficult for me to handle. I was struck by the hatred and anti-Arab racism in the English language

press when I got there, and I assume the Hebrew press was the same. So the *intifada* was constantly with us.

We had to be careful when we were traveling and know what was going on around us.

At that time, of course, everything, all the land, down to the Dead Sea was all Israeli territory, so we could drive down to the Dead Sea and we would do it all the time. We'd just get on the road and drive down to the Dead Sea, just to do it, for the fun of it, but, you know, when you came back up, you had to think about what roads you were going to use to go through East Jerusalem.

If you went through Arab neighborhoods in eastern Jerusalem, you had to think about it, where you were, what was happening. One time we were over visiting Gil Sherman at his home, which was then right on the border between East Jerusalem and the West Bank. We were coming back at night and my whole family was in the car. We were coming around a bend in the Bethany area east of the Mount of Olives and in the headlights we saw a bunch of rocks across the road and people around with bandanas over their faces. We had diplomatic plates, but that doesn't exactly protect you or it just confuses the situation if the other guy doesn't realize what dip plates are. If we had blue West Bank plates things might have been clearer.

Anyhow, so what to do? Well, in our case it was important not to do anything fast. Our mind-set had to be that we were on their side, as it were. So I rolled down the driver's window and said who we are and tried not to be worried and that's what we did and they let us through. They could have easily rocked out the windshield. That's what happened to a lot of so-called Israeli settlers who lived on the West Bank.

When coming back from our weekly meetings in the Tel Aviv embassy, I never hesitated to drive up the old road through the Modi'in area north of the main road and come into Jerusalem from the north. It was a beautiful drive. It's amazing to think that I was driving around villages that the Maccabees came from. Of course I wouldn't do that drive on a strike day, but I never had any trouble.

For the most part, nothing was happening in West Jerusalem where we worked and shopped. I recall one bomb that went off in a covered market area in Jerusalem called Mahane Yehuda, but that was an exception. So that was constantly around us and we had to know where we were, what the situation was, and think about neighborhoods. But that didn't slow us down. We walked all over the Old City. It was just an incredible time to be there.

*Q: What about the religious Orthodox areas and that influence and thinking?*

DU CHATEAU: Well, part of my staff, as I said, was Haredi, ultra-Orthodox. In fact, one of my successes was getting one of the ultra-Orthodox rabbis on an international visitor tour to the United States. That was extremely difficult to do, for dietary reasons if nothing

else, and he was politically very conservative, but we were able to do it. It could only happen because some on my staff were Haredi. I think it was very worthwhile.

I knew a lot about what was going on in Jerusalem, about who, what, where. And then, of course, within the ultra-Orthodox community there are different ways of belief, different groups among the ultra-Orthodox. Through reading and talking with my colleagues, I got to know pretty well who was what and what they thought was important.

*Q: Was there a lot, using an American term, block busting of radical Orthodox Jewish people grabbing hunks of neighborhoods and trying to extend their ...?*

DU CHATEAU: I'm not sure how that applies to the ultra-Orthodox. They lived in very definite neighborhoods in West Jerusalem, and any expansion was incremental, maybe from house to house, and those neighborhoods are very dense with lots of kids in every family. I know what you're asking, but the expansion of the ultra-orthodox wasn't that much of an issue then as it has become more recently. It's not the ultra-Orthodox that grabbed hunks of land, not necessarily, much of such activity came from people quite secular moving into Palestinian neighborhoods, and I have the sense that many were non-observant Jews.

I want to emphasize that I really loved living in Israel, but we were there in difficult times. I have a great deal of trouble with Israelis who were born in New York City of parents who were born in the U.S., let's say, and who move to Israel to live. Of course they get immediate Israeli citizenship, because they made *aliyah* to Israel. Then they go out and they establish settlements in the West Bank, because it's "their land" and they kick out Palestinians, or make life extraordinarily difficult for Palestinians who'd lived there for generations. I have a lot of difficulty seeing that as right and just.

But not everyone in Israel is like that. It's also true that many Israelis have a problem with settlers. The Peace Now movement was quite active when I was there. There was a group called Women in Black who every Friday afternoon in Jerusalem before *shabbat*, they would meet in a silent protest against the occupation just up the street from the ACC.

Jerusalem starts to shut down on Friday around noon, all work stops around 2 or 3, but people are rushing to get things ready for *Shabbat*. And then of course everything starts again on Sunday morning, the start of the work week.

But people are out on early Friday afternoon, because they're buying to get ready for the evening. The Women in Black would be out, just up the hill towards prime minister's residence from my office and from where we lived, they'd be out there demonstrating, just silently carrying signs like "Get Rid of the Settlements." It was interesting to watch them and to watch the reaction of Israelis driving past. They were not always very nice, in fact frequently not.

So there's a tension in Israeli society. We had contacts with the whole range of West Jerusalem society, with the academics, the ministers, and the religious. We had contacts, through my staff, with the ultra-Orthodox. We had unofficial contact with the settlers. The sister of one of my staff was living in a West Bank settlement and would come to town every so often and swing past the ACC.

It is very bothersome to see Israelis in civilian clothes walking through Jerusalem with AK-47s, or whatever they have, over their shoulder or for people who are clearly settlers with weapons at their waist. It's very disturbing. I never got used to that. Anyone using the ACC had to check their weapons with our Israeli guard downstairs before coming in.

But, again, many Israelis cannot be lumped in here. It's a fifty-fifty kind of thing, or it was when I was there, the Israelis were quite divided about these things. Of course by now the settlements have expanded, so the situation is worse from my point of view.

*Q: Being a former Soviet hand, what about the Soviet Jews? I know Russian society is not very susceptible to other groups and there's a lot of anti-Semitism there.*

DU CHATEAU: Still is.

*Q: And coming out of the Soviet Union, these are not the most tolerant groups.*

DU CHATEAU: No, they're not. Natan Sharansky, for instance, who we worried about while I was in Moscow, he was talked about at every press brief, so finally he got out and of course became and still is, as far as I know, quite conservative, quite far out there on the Israeli right. What's one to make of that? Suppressed in one system, apparently supporting suppression in another.

I'd say, as a terrible generalization, that these new Israelis from Russia did tend to vote far to the right in Israeli political terms, and I think some of the most rightist politicians now in Israeli politics came out of the old country. I'm thinking of Avigdor Lieberman and his followers. Maybe it's a reaction against the anti-Semitism they grew up with. But you know, the U.S. has bred its Israeli radicals, too. Meir Kahane was quite the issue when we lived in Israel.

So anyhow the Russians started coming out while I was there. That would have been after 1991 when the Soviet Union fell apart. They were coming out, trickling out, before, but after 1991, after things fell apart and freer travel and emigration became possible, a lot of Russians came to Israel.

Here's a story – maybe I told it before. Anyhow, when I was getting rid of my car towards the end of my tour, I went down to the equivalent of the Department of Motor Vehicles there to finalize the sale of the car. I started in Hebrew, but then I did it all in Russian as the lady behind the desk, her Russian was better than her Hebrew, and so was mine. I think it is kind of fun to think about, this American diplomat and this new Israeli doing business in Russian.

And, again, I mentioned Kahane earlier, and Americans who move into settlements on the West Bank. When you think about it, the Soviet Jews who come to Israel, they are not that much different from some American Jews who come to live in Israel and end on the far right of things.

*Q: I was a consular officer and I've been up against ethnic groups, starting with Germans who came back to Germany after the currency reform of '48, they'd left during the Depression, gone to the United States, got through World War Two, then they came back and they're pretty obnoxious and threw their weight around. I've dealt with other groups, Greek Americans, Yugoslav Americans and all.*

*The American Jews, I would think they would be pretty much wanting everything and more demanding than not. How did you find them?*

DU CHATEAU: Well, again, because of my job, I didn't deal with these people that much. American services would be through the embassy in Tel Aviv or maybe the Jerusalem consulate. The consulate's consular section was on the other side of the Green Line, in East Jerusalem.

So I didn't deal with that every day. We did work with Americans coming in to the American Cultural Center, because we had American books and newspapers and VHS videotapes, and God bless them, that was fine. Occasionally somebody could get very demanding, but I don't know whether I'd want to say that this was any different than it could be anywhere else.

*Q: How about sort of the really Orthodox Jews, the ones from New York that followed one of these rabbis who...*

DU CHATEAU: Well, folks like Kahane, we didn't have anything to do with them. I'd read about them in the press, but on the job, my job, I wouldn't have anything to do with them. I didn't have to worry about them.

Mind you, my staff didn't want anything to do with them, either. They had no use for these people. My staff came to Israel to make a life, not to change the world into their image.

*Q: You were running a cultural center, is that it? Okay, what did that mean?*

DU CHATEAU: What did that mean? We were the best place, the best source, for information about the U.S. in our part of Israel, in Jerusalem, where the Israeli government was. We were a very good lending library, we'd do research for people in the Israeli government, and we distributed USG material. For example, and this has all gone away now, but back then we were still getting the Wireless File, that daily compilation of official material and press clippings that USIA sent out, and we distributed it by hand, by courier, to the prime minister's office, what have you.



Anybody who was coming to Israel for any kind of USG program, speakers, what have you, they would always come to Jerusalem and we would take them in to the foreign ministry or up to the university, wherever it was appropriate. I remember it well, I was with a visitor talking with the American Desk officer in the foreign ministry when my wife called, I guess it would have been through our 2-way radio with the ACC as we had no cell phones then, and asked where I had parked our car. That's when I found out that my car had been stolen from right in front of our house. But that is another story, interesting in its way about Israeli society then, and maybe we'll get to it. Anyhow, so we'd take visitors around, and we would be a part of any cultural or political program that the embassy in Tel Aviv was doing.

The bluegrass musician Alison Kraus is extremely well known now, but that wasn't always the case. I guess it would have been about 1988 or 1989 when she was on a tour with her group, Union Station, for the U.S. Information Agency. Hard to believe now that we could book someone like that. Anyhow, so the group was in Jordan playing in Amman and had to come to us. The easiest way to do this was by car. Our courier Sami and I down to the river Jordan with a big van, literally down to the river, to meet them. This really resonates when you think of the importance of the river Jordan in American gospel and country music. Because we had vehicle with diplomatic license plates and the right connections, we could down to the river beyond the military checkpoints, right to the border. So we brought Alison Krauss and her group across the river Jordan. That kind of sounds romantic, doesn't it.

And then I remember taking them through security checks. Israelis went through all their stuff as they would for anyone coming across the river from Jordan. The group's bass player, he had a real acoustic bass in this big case and he had to open it up. What do you know, there were all these dirty clothes packed around the bass. He was a little embarrassed.

Alison Kraus had a following in Jerusalem, to my surprise. We arranged a radio interview for her, and I remember the interviewer asking her why she quit classical violin and came to bluegrass because that's where Alison started, in classical, and she said, "because you can make mistakes." Later I took her and her group into the Old City. She especially wanted to see the Holy Sepulcher and Golgotha - o many songs she'd sung about these places and now she got to see them.

And all our visitors, any of these people, they always wanted to go around the Old City to see things and so I became a really good tour guide. I loved to do it because I was really interested in the history of the city. Golnar and I, and our daughters, we were always in the Old City, we felt very comfortable there, and we got to know where to go.

Then there would be the press part. When I first got to the ACC, I was disappointed that my job did not bring me in contact with the American or Israeli press, because I really enjoyed that part of my job in Moscow. But the IO, the Information Officer, down in Tel

Aviv, that was his job and he wanted to make sure that he was the source of information. I guess that made sense.

Anyhow, the ACC did have an important press function. I don't know if I mentioned this, but maybe because of the *Intifada*, we had a constant stream of visits by secretaries of state or other important USG people, and we would arrange press conferences for them, whatever was needed. The consulate could not do it, and Tel Aviv was too far away. Often they were staying in town, usually at the King David Hotel, and we would run the press center for them there. Usually the SecState would be traveling with American press, so we would make sure they got the Wireless File and anything else needed. Occasionally I would take some of the American press into the Old City on a quick tour. And of course, we did transcripts of press conferences, but, I was so happy, I did not have to do the typing. My wonderful staff did them - I just proofed the transcript. It was such a relief after all those hours doing it in Moscow. They were really good at it, too.

*Q: Did you feel that you were being monitored by Jewish opinion?*

DU CHATEAU: Well, first of all, kind of apropos of that, everything had, still has, religious connotations in Israel, everything is seen through a religious prism, everything. It is a religious country, a country formed because of a religion. Everybody wants to know where you stand on any topic, but to do that, the first thing they want to know is, are you Jewish or not?

So rather than have that discussion or have anybody worry about it, I made sure everybody on my staff or otherwise knew where I came from on things, same as I did at FSI. I came out of a Christian background, I wasn't Jewish. I also made sure that they knew, ahead of time and didn't have to find out afterwards, that my wife is Muslim. She's about as religious as I am. She doesn't eat pork and that's about the extent of it, though she grew up in a religious household. Her parents were practicing Muslims.

But I just didn't want anybody to be embarrassed by assuming I was Jewish and basically agreed with the Israeli attitude toward Palestinians and Muslims, which tends to be rather harsh. So when I got there, I made sure my staff knew, and I have absolutely no doubt that this information went out around town immediately, who this guy was.

*Q: Okay, let's talk a bit about that. How did you feel about the Palestinian cause?*

DU CHATEAU: Well, you know, I've never been able to understand the Israelis, because the country was founded by people who were horribly persecuted in Europe, or people who came from Iran, South Africa, or other Middle Eastern countries, they didn't have life any easier there. Some of my staff came from this world.

I understand self defense, I have no problem with that and I've pretty well read into the history of Israel and certainly Jewish history in the 20<sup>th</sup> Century. But I have difficulty understanding the lack of empathy and the willingness to suppress other people. And the racism and discrimination by people who were subject to it themselves. I understand

security and I've been in Israel when it's under attack, but I'm bothered by that attitude. I don't understand it.

Palestinians haven't helped themselves a bit. They have lousy leaders. Arafat was terrible. They missed every opportunity to solve problems. Israel is not going away, you know. Hamas was not an issue when I was there, but it is now and that just makes things worse.

We adopted our younger daughter when she was 9 days old. She was born in Bikur Cholim hospital in West Jerusalem. We started the adoption process pretty soon after we got to Jerusalem, but it took about a year before everything became final. We adopted her through the Israeli adoption agency, whose office turned out to be a block or so up the street from where my office was. It couldn't be easier, in that sense. My daughter's birth mother was Palestinian, Muslim, and her birth father was Israeli, Jewish. That's all we know about her past.

But the point is another story about Israeli society, at least as it was then. Many Israeli Jews we met wanted to adopt children, but they could only adopt Jewish children, which in practice meant adopting from another country like Brazil as so few Jewish Israeli children were available for these people. Often they had to wait for years, and we heard some bitterness about the situation. I had to get a physical with an Israeli doctor before we adopted, and I remember his talking about this as he wanted to adopt. Anyhow, we got to the head of the line because our daughter's birth mother was not Jewish. I felt very uncomfortable with this, but we did not create the situation.

I think I may have mentioned that my wife worked in the consulate, in the West Jerusalem building, as the CLO, the community liaison officer. So we had to get a caregiver for our newborn Leyla. Like in Bulgaria, and in its way in Moscow, we found another wonderful, wonderful person, Huda Arnita, who has an Israeli passport, but who is Palestinian. We didn't talk politics, but we did hear when her brothers had a hard time of it, they would get hassled all the time. When we were working, Huda would take our little daughter to her home in the Old City. She lived just a block from the Holy Sepulcher. Our little girl would be surrounded by these wonderful Palestinian ladies all day. Her feet would never touch the ground.

On a daily basis, it's kind of like a lot of things in the United States, race relations in the U.S., in Washington DC, you read about things, but when are you looking at it right in front of you, you don't know the whole story of what's really going on.

*Q: How about Americans coming to the cultural center and all? Did you have you sort of, you might say radical Americans?*

DU CHATEAU: I don't recall that, no. I don't recall anything like that.

*Q: How about the hand of the embassy?*

DU CHATEAU: Well, we got along very well with the embassy, but it was downhill 40 miles away. They knew where we were, but they left us alone. A very light hand, I guess you'd say.

*Q: Who was the ambassador?*

DU CHATEAU: Ambassador Thomas Pickering was there when I first came, but he left after a year, maybe earlier. When ambassadors came up to Jerusalem for visits, I would be taking them around, I might be the embassy officer to accompany them, if there was no reporting to be done. Somebody has to be with them as the bag carrier, what have you, and that would be my role.

If they were coming up the hill to address a straight political issue, an embassy political officer would accompany them, they'd go directly into the foreign ministry and out, down the hill. But sometimes they were doing something else and I'd be around, perhaps they were up for dinner or something like that.

The rest of the embassy, if they needed help from us, they'd get it, or else they'd work directly with the consulate, if it was a consulate issue, a West Bank or Gaza Strip issue. I'd go down the hill for staff meetings once a week, if that.

*Q: Did you get into the West Bank much?*

DU CHATEAU: All over it.

*Q: What did you observe there, sort of Israeli rule there?*

DU CHATEAU: You'd be aware of the checkpoints, the observation posts. They were there in Jerusalem, all over the place in East Jerusalem. I remember them just below the Old City, in what is called the City of David, looking out over the Kidron Valley and Silwan. It was just the way life was.

We would drive through East Jerusalem and down the hill to the Dead Sea just to get out of town. You could go the southern route through Arab east Jerusalem, or you could drive up to the northern part of the city and drop down on the new road that lead directly to some settlements. From there you could drive up and down the Jordan River valley, north toward the Galilee, or you could drive along the Dead Sea down to Masada, and down to Eilat on the Red Sea. That was no problem, we always felt that it was safe, at least during daylight.

Driving on the West Bank itself, in the hills above the Jordan River valley and the Dead Sea, that was an issue. Bethlehem was fine, it is really not much of a walk from south Jerusalem, but below Bethlehem toward Hebron was not. Going on the roads up to Nablus or south to Hebron and further, the consulate did not like us going there. Because of the *intifada*, it really was not safe, even during daylight. The consulate liked to use armored cars when they moved around the West Bank.

I have driven all the way down the West Bank from Jerusalem through Hebron and down to Be'er Sheva with our unarmored Center station wagon. That may not have been a smart thing to do, but our courier Sami and I did it on a trip down to the university in Be'er Sheva. Otherwise we would have either gone down the Dead Sea route or more likely down toward the Mediterranean, which was longer, but safer. I only did that trip down through Hebron once.

My wife was on a so-call "small grants" committee in the consulate and, as such, she would visit projects of the West Bank on non-strike days. It would all be official and cleared in advance, and she'd go with a consulate driver in a consulate car. And she would bring me along. We got to meet some wonderful people that way. Other times, Phil Wilcox, the Jerusalem Consul General, would arrange trips for the consulate staff to places like Hebron, so I visited the tombs there.

You're always aware of where you are and that you were not in friendly territory. So we never traveled on the West Bank after dark.

We lived and worked on the west side of Jerusalem, a different world from across the Green Line. When there were strike days, we were not supposed to go into East Jerusalem. It was supposed to be off limits to anyone from the embassy, which meant me, and there were enough other things to do that we didn't do it, generally speaking. Although I do recall one time, there was a wonderful place where we got bread and something that's called Armenian pizza in East Jerusalem, it was basically a hole-in-the-wall shop with a big oven and not much else, and we were in there on a day when maybe we shouldn't be there, my whole family was with me, and here's the consulate security officer coming in. I said, "You're not supposed to here." She was getting bread, too. We laughed about it, that's all.

So it wasn't a problem. You just had to be well aware of where you were and what was happening around you. Jerusalem is divided into four quarters. The Jewish Quarter, that wasn't an issue. The Armenian Quarter, there's actually just the one road into the quarter. You can go into churches there, but there's not much else, one pottery shop owned by the Sandroni brothers, that pizza place. The Christian Quarter, I was in there all the time. And the other areas, we wandered there all the time.

*Q: Speaking of friendly and unfriendly things that you did, did you ever get mixed up with the priests looking after the various Christian shrines, the Ethiopians were fighting, the Ethiopian Orthodox and the Copts...*

DU CHATEAU: No, I didn't get mixed up in it although I was well aware of it. The Ethiopians were on top of the Holy Sepulcher, literally on the roof, and you'd go up there and see their village, a real African village on top of this old building that was built by the Crusaders. I've said that I'm not religious. I don't count myself as Christian, but I do count myself as being well aware of what's going on, as best I can. I'm one of those

people that read books on religion, books by Karen Armstrong, for instance, or Elaine Pagels.

Anyhow, I'm not sure if I mentioned this, but my parents were very religious. They were Christian Scientists, very devout. Partially because of that, and more because of a lack of interest, I never had any dealings with priests of any kind, Catholic or Orthodox, in my life before I came to Jerusalem. I sure did in Jerusalem. There was one priest, Father Godfrey, who was kind of like "the priest to the consulate" in the sense that he just liked us, perhaps because we, like he, were American. He lived in a building that was just up the street from us at the ACC. He would come to all the consulate receptions - he'd be invited, I guess because he was just a very nice guy.

I remember one time, this would have been in the fall we got there, the consulate had a really neat Halloween party for the consulate kids, American and local staff, in the Consulate Residence building, this century old structure with thick stone walls. Father Godfrey was there dressed in his monastic robes, sitting quietly in the curve of a stairway, quiet, mostly in the dark, but he was holding a scary pumpkin. In his way, he was making fun of himself. He loved children. He loved little gadgets that did things. His rooms, which we visited, were full of them. Just a wonderful person, Father Godfrey, who unfortunately has since passed away here in Washington. He's buried in the Franciscan Monastery in northeast Washington.

Father Jerome Murphy O'Connor, a Dominican, fortunately very much with us still, was another important influence on me. He is an historian. Father Jerry. He lives and teaches at the École Biblique on Nablus Road a bit north of Damascus Gate. He's written much on the history of the Holy Land, including a terrific guidebook to the Holy Land, which I strongly recommend. So he really liked what the UN was trying to do in the Middle East, keep the peace, and the UN was all around us, of course, in Jerusalem. Also he had a great appreciation for the consulate and the cultural center, and certainly for the NGOs working to help people on the West Bank.

I doubt that he still is doing it, but at least to when we left Jerusalem, about once a month he would take us on guided tours to important historic places all over Jerusalem and all over Israel, although not much on the West Bank. You had to be able to get to the place in about a two hour drive or less. He did this roughly once a month on Saturdays. These were incredibly interesting trips, and again, they have had a big influence on my thinking. We would take lunch and make a day of it. I would backpack my little daughter on these walks. But if you were a regular Israeli, or from the Tel Aviv embassy, well, they weren't invited.

I came to very much appreciate these people. They made living there so much richer. So I knew the Jewish side of things and I had my Catholic friends, too. I guess I didn't have much to do with Protestants, though my older daughter went to the Anglican School in Jerusalem and we knew the teachers there. The Anglican School is quite the institution. It may have moved, but at the time it was housed in buildings the British built as a hospital,

in the 1930s, I think, but maybe earlier. The classrooms were made of Jerusalem stone, quite beautiful but cold in the winter.

No, I'm wrong. We did get to know a Lutheran pastor at the Redeemer Lutheran Church in the Old City, Pastor Bergman. His son was in my older daughter's class in the Anglican School. So he baptized Leyla, my younger daughter that we adopted in 1989. I think it is quite wonderful, her baptism there. My aunt was able to come from the U.S., and the Shermans, Gil and Donna, were her godparents, Leyla's godparents.

The church is maybe 100 yards from the Holy Sepulcher, but it is a new building. The Germans built it in the 1890s, and the Kaiser came for the dedication ceremony. Funny, like I said, I'm not religious, but it has an emotional impact that Leyla was baptized in Jerusalem and is, at least formally, a Lutheran like her grandmother. She's the only one in my family who was baptized. We had to have her become officially Christian in order to complete the adoption. Everything is religion in Jerusalem, like I said.

And there's now one other neat connection, the kind I like. For the last 5 or 6 years, Golnar has been a pre-school teacher at the Redeemer Lutheran Church in McLean. It's all fate, or something.

*Q: It's a fascinating history. At one point I went into the Historian's Office and read all the consular letters and reports talking about the elders of the American Colony who would absorb the younger wives of members into their coterie. It was dirty old men rule for quite a while.*

*Talk a bit about the intifada, what happened while you were there?*

DU CHATEAU: Oh, but first the American Colony. You know the American consul in Jerusalem back then hated that group, so consider the source. This was when, the 1920s maybe? Anyhow, watch out for what you read. It may have been all about religion, for all I know, as the so-call Colony was established by some religious, I guess you could call them radicals. They established a hospital that, I believe, is still in use inside the Old City. But more important, they moved to a building to the north of the Old City that is now just east of the Green Line and is a wonderful hotel, and it's still owned by the descendants of the Spafford family that established the Colony, I think. We'd go there for Saturday or Sunday brunch often. They also had the only swimming pool in Jerusalem that we felt like going to. The kids loved it.

Well, anyhow, the *intifada*. The *intifada* kept on going, it was just a constant thing to be aware of. Its main effect on us was travel on the West Bank or in the Old City. It was mainly then passive resistance to Israel rule in East Jerusalem and especially on the West Bank. Settler cars would be stoned, sometimes Israelis would be hurt, and Israelis would fire back. And Palestinians would be killed. It was a constant background, this violence.

But I think more vivid in my memory, certainly, is the first Gulf War. It is not related to the *intifada* in any way, but certainly was something that got our attention at the time.

*Q: Okay, how did that impact on you all?*

DU CHATEAU: Oh, immediately and completely. We know how it all came out, now, so that's fine and dandy, but nobody knew what was going to happen at the time. There was a long run up to the Gulf War, you may recall. December 1990 was particularly interesting, with lots of threats around and lots of speculation, but we continued to operate normally in the ACC. I recall setting up a program for my FSI professor, Dr. Reich, during November or December, and of course all we talked about was what Saddam and Israel would do.

During that period, of course, we had, inside the embassy and consulate, our own long buildup. First of all there was a drawdown of staff, people could leave voluntarily if they wanted to. I didn't want to leave and my wife didn't want to leave. We felt safe in Jerusalem and anyhow we had no place to go in the U.S.

In Jerusalem, what was happening was a lot of the religious folk, mostly the ultra-Orthodox living in northern Jerusalem it seemed, they suddenly realized that they were Americans. They came out of the woodwork, these Americans, and registered with the consulate. There was a lot of Xeroxing going on, too much for the consulate, so we just took on a lot of it to try to help. There was just such a volume of people coming in.

These were Americans who came to live in Israel, usually ultra-Orthodox, but not necessarily, though I do recall lots of black coats and black hats. I think that they were convinced that we would have an airplane to take them out when things got bad.

During this whole period, the Israelis were getting ready too, and their big issue was gas attack. There was a very big fear of gas attacks. Saddam had threatened it and the Israelis took him at his word. So eventually we were issued gas masks. My little daughter, who was maybe 18 months old at that time, she had a plastic cage-like thing, because she was too young, too small, for a mask. The three older people in the family, we all had masks. The Israeli government issued them, but I think we got them through the consulate. Eventually we had to give them back, which was too bad as they were an interesting souvenir. Guzel had to take hers to school every day, of course, and she decorated the gas mask box quite nicely.

The masks were an issue, because a significant part of the population in Israel is Arab and they are Israeli citizens. They did not get gas masks. So that was constantly discussed and added to the tension. I think they eventually got them, but I don't know, I no longer recall. Of course no one on the West Bank got them and I seem to recall some problems inside the Old City.

We had them, we had to go through instruction on how to use them. We also had to make a so-called sealed room in the apartment, a place that we were supposed to go to when under attack. So we got the plastic sheeting and tape and sealed up a room just so we could say to those that worried about this stuff that we had done it. I strongly remember



thinking that this was a farce, that there was no way to protect ourselves from gas. It would get everywhere. But we did it.

So December and January 1991 there's this constant rise in tension. Then the war started on January 17, and we watched it on Israeli television. The first missiles went over the next day, heading for Tel Aviv, and at that point, we were told that everybody except for very essential personnel were supposed to get out.

It wasn't that simple. There were no planes, or no space on planes down at the Tel Aviv airport, so people from the Tel Aviv embassy came up through Jerusalem and went by bus down to be evacuated by a U.S. government plane from the southern desert area, an airport down there, a military airport down there. A lot of embassy people left.

*Q: I'm told that one of the things on Israeli TV was all of these Orthodox, with the dreadlocks and the hats and all, getting the hell out.*

DU CHATEAU: Well, they tried to get out on El Al. It must have been horrible for the people running the airport in Tel Aviv, Ben Gurion Airport. Yeah, but I wouldn't want to say it was just the ultra-Orthodox. A lot of people got out. Certainly all the tourists had long since left.

It's interesting. Around this of course is the problem of dual nationalism and loyalty. I felt that constantly in the air. Americans who were living in Israel who were part of the Israeli military, they didn't leave. People who were in the country for just purely religious reasons probably had a little bit less attachment to Israel as a political body, to the government, which the extreme ultra-Orthodox didn't recognize, anyhow. Their motivations were different.

Phil (Philip) Wilcox, he was the Jerusalem consul general at the time and my wife, who was the consulate CLO, community liaison officer, worked very closely with him. We were instructed to pack up our bags and meet down at the West Jerusalem building consulate that evening. We were going to go get on that bus that was taking people from Tel Aviv down to that field in the Negev. We were not essential.

So I shut down the center. I talked to all my staff and explained the situation, that I had orders, told them to just go home and I'll be back whenever, we just closed the place down. I was extremely conflicted about doing this. I was very comfortable living where I was, even with missiles coming over. One always takes chances in life, you do it every day driving down the road, and being in Jerusalem, which was not a target, I wasn't all that worried. I did not feel threatened any more than any Israeli did, than my staff did. I just didn't buy it at all. I couldn't see Saddam attacking Jerusalem. My wife was a little bit more concerned, but I think it's because of the children.

So we went down to the consulate with our luggage, and we sat around waiting. We sat around there and we were very unhappy, because we didn't want to leave at all. I felt

very guilty about leaving my staff, I didn't think that was right. We had no place to go in the US, either. This was looking like a disaster coming.

And then after an hour or two Phil came down and said, "Well, you know, I've got permission that anybody who wants to stay here can." I guess it was Ambassador Brown that made the decision, I don't know, but I'm sure that Phil Wilcox was lobbying for us. And so we were very happy. I couldn't thank Phil enough for letting us stay. They brought around a van and we went home. I remember Simon, a consulate driver, I think he was originally from Australia, anyhow he told us how happy he was that we were staying.

Cindy, Phil Wilcox's wife had to leave. One of the communicators in the consulate had a young son, maybe in his early teens, and someone had to be with him on the flight, so Cindy did it, took him to the US. Apparently the trip was just horrible: it took forever to get down there to the airfield in the Negev, there were air raid warnings while they were driving down there that evening, and she couldn't get back for months, as I recall.

This is horrible to say, but in a strange way it turned out to be a good time - you know it was a wonderfully calm and quiet time up in Jerusalem. Everybody had left. All the tourists were gone. The East Jerusalem consulate offices had to be closed down and we were just working with minimal staff. Of course and it was scary for people down in Tel Aviv because the missiles were going towards it. We would hear the sonic boom as they came over.

I let my staff know I was back in town, that I wasn't going anywhere, which made me feel very, very good. We were in touch with each other, but there was no work we could do. I had things to do in the center and I could record the news on videotape for the consulate. We had a satellite dish on the roof to take down television and a good recording system.

It was a time when we could walk everywhere in the city, it was so quiet. One time, towards the end of the war, we went down to Masada with one of my daughter's friends. Her parents were Mennonites who were living in Jerusalem and in charge of an NGO on the West Bank.

And it was eerie, because there was of course very little traffic on the road. But as we were driving south down towards Masada, along the Dead Sea, we were down, right next to the water and there are cliffs over to our right, to the west, and we looked over and we saw an Israeli jet flying very low, very slow, below the horizon, ducking behind buttes, and it was just eerie to see, it was fascinating.

So we went through a lot of air raid alarms, they came most evenings. When the sirens went off, you were supposed to go to your sealed room that I mentioned. The sealed room, we put plastic up on the windows, we sealed it down with brown tape and then we put wet towels around the door. We were supposed to stay in there until there was an all clear and we were supposed to put our gas masks on as well.

After a while we got pretty used to this. We used to go into the sealed room, which was actually little Leyla's bedroom with her crib and all, and we older folk played Hearts and we didn't put on the gas masks and my little daughter would go to sleep in her crib. The three of us had a running game of Hearts and so that's what we did.

And we had our communications radio, we were part of the consulate security net and so they'd call us up for a radio check and we'd say, "Yeah, we're here" and then they would report on what was happening as they learned it. And then "All clear" and then we'd go out and go on watching TV.

The Israelis had a code in Hebrew, which everybody knew, I mean, it wasn't trying to be a secret, of "an airstrike's imminent" and then "go to your sealed rooms" and then "all clear." So you see I've got this tee shirt on today that I got during the war, it's an Israeli tee shirt. And to describe it for the tape, what this tee shirt is, it's got three squares on it and the first one shows a snake, the first square on top, and underneath it in Hebrew is written "venomous snake" and it was what they'd say on the radio to announce that there's an attack coming, that missiles have been launched. And then the second box here in the middle has, it's pretty appropriate as it looks like my family, it has a bunch of people with gas masks, including a little one, a little child in a gas-proof cage, here and it's labeled in Hebrew "patriots." And the third one shows an open sky and that's "all clear." Those were the three parts of Israeli air raid announcements over the regular AM and FM radio during an attack.

*Q: Patriots were an anti-missile missile.*

DU CHATEAU: They came in to the Tel Aviv embassy, these American anti-missile people, all in uniform. They practically took over the embassy, but then so many regular embassy people had left. They ran the mailroom. The American military was all over the place.

Anyhow, after a time you got used to this stuff, this new way of living, and life went on. So I went down for meetings in the embassy, or to send mail or something like that and I'd go past these fields of these ground-to-air missiles deployed along the Jerusalem to Tel Aviv main highway. As far as I know, they didn't work, but they were there, a lot of military, American military. It made everybody feel good and I guess that's important.

I recall one time very strongly. In the run-up and at the beginning of the war, our main worry was that the Israelis would go it alone and retaliate against Iraq for its missile strikes. Everybody knows the outcome to the war now, but that sure wasn't clear after the missiles started to fly. The Israeli way is to not allow any other country to inflict damage on Israel. We knew about this, it was a constant discussion, what would happen, what would the Israelis do. As I recall, my staff thought they would bomb, and then things would get seriously out of hand. Remember, we all had our gas masks and SCUD missiles were coming in.

And so Secretary of State Eagleburger, I guess he was deputy secretary then, he came to town. Harry Sindel, an Israeli colleague from the center who was in charge of audio-visual stuff, and I were outside the prime minister's office, staking it out, to see if there would be any statement following Eagleburger's meeting. We had to be there because that was our job, but I recall also that we were a little worried because the day was getting late and the missiles could come.

It was a very, very worrisome few hours, to find out what the Israelis would do. Shamir was the prime minister at the time and he was under a lot of pressure to strike, but ultimately he did not.

Later that day of course Eagleburger gave a press conference, it would have been at the King David Hotel, I think, which we recorded, and then we sent the transcript back to the U.S. It was quite a relief that the Israelis decided not to do anything for the time being. I think that was about the time our Patriot missiles came in. It would have been real interesting had the Israelis attacked – who knows what would have happened, I can't imagine.

As it happened, I think the missiles only did some physical damage in Israel. I don't recall that anyone died from being hit, but I could be wrong. But they were dangerous. I think there was a bad hit on Saudi Arabia where lots of people died.

*Q: I've interviewed various people about this period. Our effort was to keep the Saudis mobilized and keep the Israelis out of the war.*

*And the gas mask thing, an awful lot of hanky panky went on. The military and CIA were distributing gas masks to their people, but not to the rest of the embassy and they were trying to do it surreptitiously, which of course didn't work.*

DU CHATEAU: I don't recall that. We didn't have any problem with it in Jerusalem.

*Q: There were big problems around...*

DU CHATEAU: We stayed there and the Anglican school continued to function and my daughter, my older daughter, I'd take her over to the school, drive her over, but the only way she could go to school was with her gas mask. So she'd go with her gas mask in a box, which she decorated, she'd put in on table outside the classroom and then everything went on. It became a new kind of normal life.

I think I said that my beard was quite full before the war, kinda bushy. In order to wear a gas mask, I had to cut my beard way back and so I did. It still wouldn't have worked as gas would have leaked in, but it made everyone feel good. I wonder what the ultra-Orthodox men did? It must have been a problem.

We continued in Jerusalem another year after that, went back to normal operations, as before.

I want to emphasize, I was so glad I was able to stay there with my staff. I felt really bad when it looked like I was going to be forced out and they, my staff, would stay. I didn't like that at all. I couldn't thank Phil Wilcox enough for giving us the possibility to stay.

*Q: What about relations with Jordan and Jordanians while you were there?*

DU CHATEAU: Well, formally there was a cold peace, so it was fairly easy to drop down to Jericho, to the Jordan River, and cross to Jordan. Israelis of course couldn't go in that direction, or at least didn't do it. I can't recall if there were formal problems or if it was just uncomfortable to travel to Jordan for an Israeli. We could travel over there, no problem. We went all the time, went down to Allenby Bridge and brought visitors over.

I was only able to arrange a trip over to Jordan once. Golnar and I wanted to travel around in Jordan. We couldn't go to Damascus directly from Israel with our Israeli visas in our passports, but we could go to Jordan directly from Israel - that was no problem, Israeli visas in our passports were not an issue.

We had a trip arranged, we were going to go down to Petra and look at the ruins, travel in the desert, maybe get down to Aqaba. This was in the spring before we adopted our daughter, in 1989, so it would be in the first year we were there and doggone it, they, the Jordanians, had some kind of insurrection in southern Jordan and we couldn't go down there. So we never got to Petra, at least not yet.

But that trip we went to places up in the north of Jordan and out to the desert to the east. We were there during Ramadan, and the hotel we stayed at in Amman had an enormous tent in its courtyard for the evening feast, *iftar*.

Again, we could travel over land to Egypt, no problem at all. No problem using our diplomatic passports with Israeli visas. We drove down to Mount Sinai - just an incredible trip. I fondly recall staying at a beautiful hotel just across the border in Egypt, a place where some terrorists came ashore and shot things up a few years later.

*Q: Did you go to Christmas and Easter services there?*

DU CHATEAU: I did, in Jerusalem, you mean. We made a point to visit churches on holy days, just to observe. Once, it must have been around Easter, we were outside the Holy Sepulcher and watched the lighting the Holy Fire. That was an experience. We were able to get a place above the courtyard in front of the entrance to the Holy Sepulcher, so we had no trouble being down in the packed crowd in front of the church entrance. Just being here and watching everything that went on was very interesting. A tremendous number of people were out there, thousands maybe crammed in there in the courtyard. It's not uncommon for people to get crushed in the crowd.

Christmas Day we would go down to Bethlehem. It was a kind of tradition with us. Of course the night before, Bethlehem would be packed with people for the midnight service - you could see it on television - but on Christmas day it would be quiet, deserted.

One time I remember driving down, it was raining some, and there was a beautiful rainbow over the area where, traditionally, the Shepherd's Fields were located. It all came together, that special area, beautiful rainbow, a double rainbow actually, it seemed very, very magical. One does not have to be religious to appreciate the symbolism, the event.

I think it was a week or so before our last Christmas there, we went on a tour of the Bethlehem area with Father Jerry, I think I mentioned him earlier. He ended the trip with a prayer in the church there near Shepherd's Fields. I'm not religious, but it's something to remember. Obviously I haven't forgotten.

But going to the church there in Bethlehem on Christmas day, it's quiet, you just look around and think. It was beautiful.

*Q: Well, you left there when?*

DU CHATEAU: In 1991, on summer rotation.

*Q: Where'd you go then?*

DU CHATEAU: Ops Center, USIA's Operations Center, I was the director of that for I guess two years. My deputy, Linda Sloan, ran the place, God bless her. She was the second Linda who made life and work easy for me, the first being Linda Slutzky, who was my deputy in Jerusalem.

The USIA Operations Center was not like the State Department's Ops Center, which is a big operation. USIA's was started in the 1970s, I think, after some problems getting in touch with USIA visitors traveling in the US during some crisis, something like that. Anyhow, it was a 24-hour operation. In addition to being a contact point, we reviewed all incoming cables for immediate action, maintained press files, what have you.

We always had at least two people working there round the clock, something like a half dozen during the work day, answering the phones or doing whatever was needed. As it was a 24-hour operation, I guess I was in charge of a dozen people at least, maybe more. State's Ops Center is noted for being a high-energy, high-stress job, a choice job for an early career assignment. We were much the opposite, quiet, just keeping on top of what was happening.

The hardest part of my job was staffing the center, because it was a job that you couldn't get promoted out of, and so not everybody wanted to work there. Well, that's an understatement. But we had a very good staff while I was there, only one problem person and he moved on eventually. This was the first time I worked with WAEs (*retired*

*Foreign Service Officers who work when needed and are paid only When Actually Employed, thus WAE).* I think something like half our staff were retirees, good people. They were very dependable, always there when active duty FSOs had to take leave or got sick. When I think of it, I was managing civil servants like Linda, retirees, and FSOs, quite the mix. Security clearances were an issue for a time. We got connected to a special classified fax system that linked us directly to the intelligence community, so everyone had to have special clearances in addition to top secret. Managing that was interesting and we had some bad days, but it all worked out.

I just remembered, I got a really interesting temporary assignment back to Russia while I was at the Ops Center. There's a bit of a story here. Roughly 10 or 15 years earlier, when I was the GSO on the Technology for the American Home exhibit in the Soviet Union, Bud Jacobs - really Morris Jacobs, but no one uses Morris - Bud was a guide on the first half of the exhibit, and then for some reason I no longer recall, he became my assistant on the second half of the exhibit, so we worked together fairly closely for a year. Bud later went on to work full time for USIA, and became a USIA Foreign Service Officer. He was a fast riser, and by 1993 he was deputy European Area director.

He had a problem.

The Soviet Union had collapsed a few years before, Leningrad turned back into St. Petersburg, but our consulate there was still crammed into a dark and horrible old building downtown. USIS was on the ground floor, just in a miserable place, but you will remember that everything had opened up, all things were possible it seemed, and somehow USIS St. Petersburg did a deal and signed a lease to move into a wonderful group of rooms in the Marble Palace. This big old palace on the bank of the Neva River was built in the late 1700s and was now part of the Russian Museum. USIS hired a Finnish firm to do renovations and make the space into office and library rooms, but someone had to oversee the work.

The Branch Public Affairs Officer would have been the right person to do this, but she was more interested in the arts than the crafts, you might say. Bud, who was in charge of things in Washington, talked me into going to St. Pete and making sure that things got done right. And I did. This was fun and played to my skills, for I had the Russian and I had the construction background. The best part was I didn't have to get dirty, but we did not know how long I would be gone. That was a little hard on my family. I think I was gone most of a summer, maybe 2 months, in 1993, I think it was 1993.

Anyhow, I traveled first to Finland and checked into the embassy, because building supplies were being shipped in by the Helsinki embassy GSO people. Then I went to St. Pete. It was simply incredible how much had changed in just a couple of years. I checked into an amazing hotel that did not even exist 5 or 6 years earlier. It was as lux as anything. Wonderful restaurants. Lots of strange things happening about, people having intense discussions. There were amazing big expensive cars on the streets. You know I was in culture shock.

There's much more to this, but I made myself useful and helped the Finns get things done, basically working as liaison with the staff at the Palace, who were understandably worried that we would do permanent damage to the palace - the Russians were really worried about that. On my way out, I traveled through Helsinki again, this time visiting the USIS office there, because I had learned that the PAO job was opening up.

We already had cell phones, my family that is, and I used mine to call home each day. We didn't have a computer at home yet, so email was not possible. I managed to run up a tremendous phone bill, and I think I actually lost money on the trip - but what an experience.

They in the St. Pete consulate had me come back in the late fall, maybe it was just before Christmas, for the grand opening. They wanted me there to make sure everything worked properly - but of course it would have without my being there. This was a wonderful trip partially because I was able to stay at the best hotel in St. Pete, the *Evropaiskaya*. It had a beautiful atrium where one could sit, drink beer, and listen to the harp player. I loved it especially because I remembered staying there in a corner room facing the park and the Russian Museum when I was traveling with the Preservation Hall Jazz Band in the late 1970s. It was such a contrast, the hotel in the 90s and in the 70s, it was hard to understand.

Anyhow this time in St. Pete, everything was different and I should mention that I worked closely with the USIS FSNs, local Russians who were wonderful and such a contrast to the very shady folk we used to employ before Gorbachev pulled out all the Soviet workers.

So Bud did me a real favor. I later got back to St. Petersburg one more time on the USG's dime for a Bush-Putin summit in 2002, I think it was. They were still using the Palace offices, but eventually the lease was up and the Russians took the space back. I've no idea what happened to all those good people and where they went - do we have a new consulate building in St. Pete?

But so working in the Ops Center was fun. A life-long friend of mine, a former exhibit guide who went on to be an FSO and then moved to the civil service, he was the USIA director's staff assistant, something like that, I don't know the exact job title. But he was my boss's boss and his office was just down the hall. We talked daily - and things went smoothly. I couldn't have had a better working environment in USIA.

You know one of the better parts about the Ops Director job is that you got to know people. I had a reason to wander the halls and meet with office directors from time to time and I'd call and let people know when I saw something that might be of interest to them.

*Q: How long did you do that?*



DU CHATEAU: I think it was 2 years that I was in the job. I was supposed to work in the Ops Center for 3, but then I got my next assignment, which turned out to be my last overseas assignment, to Finland. I was actually out of cycle for that position, but I managed to get it, so I curtailed out of the Ops Center job and went to Finnish language training at the new FSI campus for a year.

*Q: You were in Finland from when to when?*

DU CHATEAU: Well, I left there in 1999, summer of 1999, so I was there from 1995 to 1999, another 4 year assignment.

*Q: What was your job?*

DU CHATEAU: I was PAO, public affairs officer.

*Q: Who was the ambassador?*

DU CHATEAU: Eric Edelman was the second one and the first one Derek Shearer. Derek Shearer had been there a year before I came and he was there at least two years while I was there, and then I was with Edelman two years, I think that's right, while I was there. Eric was there for a year after I left. I was there in Helsinki for four years and Edelman wanted me to stay for a 5<sup>th</sup>, but USIA would not allow it - probably all for the best. Anyhow, both were excellent, just wonderful people to work for, and their families were good to be around, too.

*Q: What were the issues that particularly concerned us with Finland?*

DU CHATEAU: Well, Finland at that time was concerned about joining the European Union, but not being a political officer or econ officer, that wasn't my issue. I recall some environmental or agricultural issues were there was no agreement. Of course I had to know what was going on, but no silly demarches for me. Actually, it was the one place I worked was where there were no real problems with the U.S. The Finns felt themselves to be very close to the US. One of my enjoyable jobs was to be in close contact with their Finnish-American society, for instance. Their annual meeting took me all around the country.

Both of my ambassadors were welcome everywhere. My office would arrange speaking events when the ambassador traveled, and normally I was the embassy officer who went along, just to be there. Shearer especially liked doing this, public speaking, so we would fly in the morning up to Rovaniemi for instance, visit people, do lunch, speak at the university, and fly to Helsinki in the evening. Edelman was less interested in speaking on the record, but he was excellent value for the Finnish press. He loved to speak on background. We went out at least once a week. Edelman was of special interest to the Finns because he had extensive experience in the Soviet Union.

Maybe what was best about these two ambassadors, neither wanted briefing notes or speech texts. Shearer liked to speak without notes, and he was good at it. Edelman mostly spoke on background, and he was good at that. It made for a very enjoyable, not-to-stressful, time.

I should mention that USIS Helsinki was perhaps unique among USIS posts. Maybe it still is, I don't know. Anyhow, we had the typical FSN staff working in the USIS office in the embassy, 4 or 5 Finns, but across town, three USIS Finns, professional reference librarians, were working in the Finnish National Library, in charge of the American section there.

What happened was that USIS Helsinki used to have its offices and lending library in space in an office building in central Helsinki near the train station. However, my predecessor had to close those offices and move into the embassy, where it was impossible to have a library open to the public. This was at the time when USIA was being forced to close libraries all over the world, which, in my opinion was really stupid, but nobody asked me.

Anyhow, my predecessor, Jeremy Curtin, made a real smart move, a bureaucratically brilliant move. He worked with the director of the Finnish National Library, and made an agreement by which our library would move into an adequate public space within the National Library. They provided us space, we paid the salaries of the three USIS reference librarians, and we agreed to maintain the collection, purchasing books as needed. Of course the agreement had to go through the Washington lawyers, and it did. The agreement was for 5 years, as I recall, to be looked at and renewed if both sides wanted. We renewed it while I was PAO. It was called the American Resource Center. I hope that it still exists, it was just such a wonderful idea, and it worked.

The two offices were closely linked by computer connection, which was cutting edge at the time, and of course we visited each other all the time. It worked, but maybe this could happen only in Finland, where the people feel such a close attachment to the U.S. I mean we had an American library in rooms in the Finnish National Library. Can you imagine the Finns having special rooms in the Library of Congress? It couldn't happen.

So from the public relations point of view, I walked into an ideal environment.

There were other reasons why this was my ideal job, just the best one I could have hoped for. Of course I was PAO, and it is always nice to be in charge, but that wasn't what we might call an unmitigated good, as I had to deal with all the problems. We'll get to those. But you know, this was Finland. My wife was born in Sweden, but as a girl she spent summers with relatives in Finland. My mother-in-law had moved back to Finland after her husband died. I had been going to the country since soon after we were married, for more than 20 years at this point. It wasn't home in the U.S., but it was very familiar, a place where my family and I felt very much at home, and even somewhat a part of the society.

The most difficult thing I had to do was deal with the threat of so-called consolidation with State. During this whole period in the mid-1990s - everybody's forgotten it now - but USIA was under a lot of pressure. It was being starved to death for money by Congress. It couldn't, in many ways, justify its existence outside the State Department - at least that was what some in Congress felt, Jesse Helms comes to mind. And so there was a lot of pressure to show that we were producing, we were getting results, and that we were doing things that couldn't be done if we were consolidated with State. How do you measure results in public opinion and prove that it couldn't be done in State? It's something we could not do, but that was a constant worry, always on my mind.

This was the time when we had supposedly won the Cold War, and so we no longer needed to worry about what the overseas public thought about the U.S. Well, anyhow that's what was said, that was the theory. We had to close libraries everywhere since supposedly they were a needless expense. The word library could no longer be used. Collections of books and magazines became resource centers, information resource centers. It was incredibly short sighted, and I guess when I think about it, I'm still a little bitter.

But anyhow, when I arrived at post, I already knew that I had to cut positions, which was reasonably easy to do, kind of. I got a cable giving me my new budget soon after I arrived. I think the staff looked at me as this new guy who was going to do horrible things, and maybe they were kind of right. Anyhow, for starters, I got lucky. There was an empty FSN slot, someone was leaving and had not been replaced. I gave up that slot immediately.

However, that wasn't sufficient, and it was clear that I had to cut another FSN slot, minimum, maybe more. I spent considerable time trying to think of a good solution that would not hurt someone, but I couldn't do it. Certainly I consulted with my deputy, the APAO Les McBee, who had been there for 2 or 3 years already. Eventually we agreed to cut the job of one of the most senior FSNs. Emotionally, this was rough, especially as that person had been with USIS Helsinki for many years, but functionally it made sense. But that was my introduction to being in charge, being PAO - I would have had to make these decisions by the end of the fiscal year, by the end of September 1995, after being there only 3 or 4 months.

Eventually I was able to save a lot of money in the budget. There were two Americans slots there in Helsinki in 1995, a PAO and an assistant public affairs officer. When Les McBee left on rotation after my first year, in the summer of 1996, I cut the APAO position and that saved a lot of money, a lot of money. The expectation was that I would cut the local Finnish staff and keep the American slots to make life easy, but that was the last thing I wanted to do if we were to continue being an effective organization. It is true everywhere in the Foreign Service I think. The incoming Americans know nothing, it's the local staff that gets things done. The Americans gradually learn, and then they are transferred.

I had a terrific local national staff - they could do everything. Once again, like in the Ops Center or in the ACC Jerusalem, I got lucky. They were just so smart and so good and so inventive that I didn't have to do anything, I just kind of showed up for work.

And so I could cut the other American position and do the everyday work with the four or five Finnish USIS people in the embassy and nobody in Finland or in Washington noticed the difference in our effectiveness. The Resource Center had a well-defined job within the University library system, so I didn't worry about them much. I don't recall anything that I couldn't do after the USIS office downsized. It's later been added, that is, I heard that the APAO job's been added back, but then it's all part of State now.

So we made the immediate downsizing decisions by the end of that first fiscal year, and then came the U.S. government shutdown. Nobody remembers that little event now, but it was a disaster at the time. The biggest issue was salaries as other bills could float for a time, but people had to be paid, and we were told that we couldn't do that. Can you believe it? What stupidity. Anyhow, Les McBee left on vacation, and the FSNs went home. As everyone is paid for the two weeks of work already done, we had a little float, but I still recall the FSNs coming to me and explaining that they could not get Finnish government assistance. What were they to do? I had no answer. You know what a way to treat people who trust us. And then we know now how it all came out, but that sure wasn't obvious when all this serious silliness started. It was unfair to those who worked for us and trusted us.

The biggest event that I recall we had when I was there was a Clinton-Yeltsin summit meeting. It was arranged at the last minute, we only had two weeks or less notice. I don't recall the details, but for some reason Clinton couldn't travel to Moscow as planned. I remember that he hurt his foot, and probably other things were going on. Was Yeltsin healthy? I don't recall.

These meetings are a big deal, with lots of people involved. This was in early 1997, so I knew lots of people by now, I'd been in Helsinki a couple of years, and I was used to working alone. I got lots of help from other USIS posts. We brought people from London and I don't know where else to staff event sites like the President's house and the foreign press center, but basically it was just me and the wonderful FSN group that brought it off with no complaints from the very aggressive White House press person who was in charge overall of what we were doing. It was cold outside, which helped, and Helsinki is a compact city, which helped with logistics.

And so here I was, a so-called one-man shop, doing everything that's associated with a summit. It was interesting, but I got good help, we pulled it off. I didn't get much sleep, and I wouldn't want to do it again, and I have a picture of the president and my younger daughter at a press event.

*Q: How was the Finnish press, media?*

DU CHATEAU: Oh, they're wonderful. I was worked with the press all the time, they had easy access to me and my staff, especially my wonderful press person, Anne Laanti, and we had high credibility. I mentioned the great value they got out of the ambassadors I worked with. At that time we in USIA had a program, it was run out of USIS NATO, and we could bring groups of 5 or 6 to NATO for special briefings and then travel to related places in Europe. I would travel with the group just to make sure everything went well – and of course I made good contacts this way, too.

I did a number of these so-called NATO tours, sometimes with Parliament staff people and at least once with senior Finnish editors, both print and television. I remember on that trip we traveled to a forward UN base staffed by a Finnish contingent that was way up in northwestern Macedonia, overlooking Albania. This was before everything fell apart in that area.

We also had a very successful International Visitors program. This is the program where we send important people with little on the ground experience in the U.S. on a month-long familiarization trip. The Washington office arranges appropriate accommodations and meetings. I guess the highest-ranking person we persuaded to travel was the Speaker of the Parliament, Riita Uosukainen. That she would find time for this trip gives you an idea of the effectiveness of our program, I guess.

Oh, yes, there's another person from my past, a Finn, who was incredibly helpful. I may have mentioned him earlier, but Yrjö Lansipuro was a correspondent for the leading Finnish radio and television outlet in Moscow, he was the bureau chief for YLE, all the time I was in Moscow. So naturally we got to know each other then, especially as I'm close to Finland, you might say, and he felt free to call me.

Anyhow, small world, small world, Yrjö was in charge of press for the Finnish Embassy in Washington when I was taking Finnish at FSI. He came over to talk to my class at FSI at least once, so we could practice our Finnish on someone not a teacher we saw each day.

And then I get to Helsinki, and Yrjö has been transferred back to be the director for press and culture for the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. We would never put someone who was not a career foreign service officer, but a journalist, a correspondent, in a post like this, but the Finns did it all the time, moving people from what I guess you would call the private sector into appropriate jobs in their foreign ministry and embassies abroad.

So here I was, with a good long working relationship to the head of my counterpart office in the MFA. How lucky can you get? I've thought about this a little, and I'm sure glad that I was able to work well with correspondents when I was in Moscow.

There is a Finnish-America Society that we worked with, very strong, well organized, all over the country. We would always go to their annual meetings, and the ambassador or DCM would give a speech.

This was as close to an ideal assignment as I could ever hope to have. I was in a place where I knew what was going on, I was familiar with the country, I had been visiting there for at least twenty years, I had relatives there, and I loved the cold weather and the Baltic at our front door.

*Q: Were there any issues in Finland, particularly?*

DU CHATEAU: I'm sure there were and I don't recall them. But this does remind me of something else which was important at the time, computers, the Internet, and the Web. This doesn't make any difference now, but it did in the mid 1990's, Finland was considered to be the most computer-savvy country in the world, the most connected to the Internet. I think Singapore was right up there, too. Everyone used cell phones. Banking was done online by computer. We Americans felt very provincial using a checkbook to pay bills.

Anyhow, while the rest of the embassy was playing with Wang word processing machines, we in USIS developed an internal network of first class computers. I remember when we first started using Windows, Microsoft had just developed it. Anyhow, we wanted to set up our own Web page, so we, the Finnish staff and I, took HTML courses, Photoshop courses, and had someone come in and design our web page and logo. We had an absolutely wonderful computer person in USIS, Kim Wilgren, and he loved to work with this stuff. He was good at it, too. He especially liked working with Linux, a computer system that was developed by a Finn about this time. So anyhow USIS Helsinki was out there on the web far ahead of other posts, and maybe ahead of USIA. We had an excellent Internet connection that Kim developed, and eventually we sold, or whatever the term is, access to it to the rest of the embassy.

I even traveled to a conference in Vienna to demo what we were doing for other posts. We were early in putting up a firewall to prevent hacking. I remember Kim coming in one day and showing me this new search engine with the funny name, Google.

But it wasn't all great. The embassy had an inspection, as I recall, maybe it was just a security inspection, anyhow, I got called in to the DCM because our computers were being used, massively, to access porn sites. It was quite embarrassing. Kim and I figured out that people who were in the building after hours, the Marines I suppose, were using our equipment. The problem was, none of us were using passwords, which we immediately started to do. It's hard to believe that we were so open and easy, but this was early days, and it never occurred to us that someone would use our computers.

I constantly wondered how long we would have this independence. I could see USIA in Washington trying to get some control, but it didn't happen while I was in Helsinki. Everything changed at consolidation in late 1999, of course, but we had fun and learned a lot at the time.

Consolidation was hard on the staff, and especially on Kim, who was used to working independently. That couldn't happen under State's communication section, so he quit and

he's been working for private companies since. I think my other colleagues are still with USIS or retired by now.

*Q: Do they still have a problem, as many Scandinavian countries have and Russia, of heavy drinking and alcoholism?*

DU CHATEAU: When we were there, Finland was coming out of a terrible recession that was caused by the collapse of the Soviet Union. It's thoroughly capitalist, but the Finnish economy had strong ties east for obvious reasons. After the Soviet Union collapsed, the Finnish economy went downhill really rapidly.

I greatly regret that I didn't have an awful lot of money handy at the time, because we could have bought a nice apartment in Helsinki for not that much money. As it was, we were living in a beautiful apartment just a block from the Baltic to our south, and an easy walk to the embassy. In the winter, I would walk over the ice in the harbor to go to the embassy, and early in the morning, I would go cross-country skiing in the dark out on the ice. There would be some snow down on the ice. It was beautiful, dark, but you could see easily because of city light reflection off the snow. Anyhow, the rent eventually went up to well over a million bucks a year or something and so the embassy gave it up.

But alcoholism: Finns drink. Finns drink heavily, beer and hard liquor. So I think their reputation is well deserved. We never had a problem at receptions at our house, we served beer and wine, but we had a limited number of bottles and let it run out and people went home happy. There are big public picnics, like the one on May Day in Independence Park near where we were living, and lots of drinking is involved. You'd see people drunk, always men, on public transportation, but there was no problem if one just stayed out of the way. Young people drink heavily. I suppose there is an age limit, but it doesn't seem to mean much. My older daughter was in her mid teens at the time, and I suspect she may have had a drink once or twice when out with friends. I was jealous - I would have loved to do that when I was in my teens.

But I don't want to give the wrong impression. Finnish society is extremely civilized, highly cultured, with an outstanding medical system, much better than ours. They have a wonderful education system. There was an article in a recent *Smithsonian Magazine* about their education system, it's one of the best in the world. They are justly well known for beautiful design in all things from textiles to architecture, and firms like *Arabia* and *Marimekko* are out there.

But Finland does have what one might call a culture of violence, one especially associated with knives, the Finnish *puuko*, that every Finnish workman carries at his belt, so you don't want to be around a drunk Finn with a knife.

It's also a country where guns are registered, and I think handguns are hard to get, but a lot of people have rifles and shotguns, much more so than in Europe further south or, I think, in other Nordic countries. I don't recall there being any problems with guns while I

was there, but since I left, there was at least one incident when some young guy went berserk and shot up people, I think it was in a mall in eastern Helsinki.

Some of this has to do with Finnish history. Finns for the most part lived in the woods, out of cities, until fairly recently. And no one has forgotten the Winter War and Continuation War with the Soviet Union.

But as I said, alcoholism is a problem, but Finns don't drink and drive. I no longer remember the punishment, but it will be a heavy fine and loss of driver's license immediately. They don't fool around. Also, Finns have had problems with their diet. People worked in the winter in the forests, cutting timber, and they needed lots of calories. The diet used to be very heavy in fats. For example buttermilk was often on the table. It must be like drinking butter.

The Finns had bought several of our fighter planes and they were flown to Finland. I went with the ambassador, Ambassador Shearer, to an airbase and we were there for the first fighters coming in, and we were there for lunch, hosted by the Finnish Air Force. On every table was a big pitcher of buttermilk, which was surely going to clog your arteries. Even while we were in Helsinki, though, this problem was in the papers, and I bet they wouldn't serve such unhealthful stuff now.

*Q: How was your staff there?*

DU CHATEAU: Outstanding, just wonderful. I think I may have mentioned it earlier, but in Jerusalem and Helsinki, I was fortunate to work with amazing people. I was so lucky. Because we managed our own money and did not depend upon State and the embassy for funds, in many ways we were independent of the embassy at that point. Of course we couldn't simply go off and do something silly, but we did have our own cars, for instance, and we could hire staff if we wanted. We paid the embassy for services just like DAO and other agencies did.

The staff - among us we could handle most anything and did. Finns are notoriously quiet, but they are terribly competent. Any press event, we could do whatever was needed, easily. Anne Laanti, my press person, knew everybody in town in the press and she was respected by them all. So if the ambassador wanted to know something, or USIA wanted us to arrange something, we did it, no trouble.

The people over at the library, the Resource Center, that is, they had excellent relations with the professional staff in the university. I'd go over there as much as I could, and we had staff meetings where we'd all get together, but they worked largely independently. The staff couldn't have been better. I just don't know what I would have done without them, but consolidation with State was a constant worry, especially toward my last year.

Looking back, I recall spending much of my day in administration, one way or the other. Every year we had constant problems with USIA's so-called country plan process. This was the planning process through which we decided what we were likely to do in the next



fiscal year, and then got money from USIA to fund it. They started developing their own software while I was in Helsinki, and it never worked. I hadn't worried about this stuff in prior posts as it was all done by somebody else in the USIS admin section.

It seems like I was on every embassy committee, too, although I stayed away from the International School Board and was glad I did, because they had some major problems. I was chairman of the embassy housing board, the head of the recreation association, which ran the commissary and snack bar, another problem area, I was the head of the Y2K committee, does anyone remember Y2K? All this stuff kept me busy, and trying to keep out of trouble. I recall some real sanitary problems with the snack bar, and something was going on with the accountant for the commissary, but I don't remember exactly what it was.

Because I was PAO, I was automatically on the board of the Fulbright Commission in Helsinki. We had a very active Fulbright organization, and as I recall, it was well financed, not so much by us, the Americans, but by the Finns. It has been a dozen years since I thought about it, and I've forgotten the details, but I do recall that the Finnish Fulbright organization had a substantial trust fund to draw upon. It was money from what? A loan from the U.S., I think, but I don't recall the details. I'm sure one can find it on the Internet. Anyhow, I do remember that the program was very healthy and active. They had a fine dedicated staff in a good office downtown.

I mentioned skiing out on the ice in Helsinki, but I was also able to do a lot of biking. I always liked bikes, that is, bicycles, not those things with a motor. I biked to work when in the U.S., but I couldn't do that in Helsinki because - terrible isn't it - I lived too close to work. Anyhow, Helsinki and all of Finland is very bike friendly and there are bike trails in the cities, so it is easy to move around safely. But I always wanted to do this, so one summer, I think it was 1996, I biked from Helsinki to North Cape, the northernmost place you can drive to in western Europe. It was a wonderful adventure - one thousand miles in just over 10 days.

*Q: Well, you left there when?*

DU CHATEAU: Oh, consolidation happened at the end of Fiscal Year 1999, but I left in July.

It was a bit of a puzzle though, trying to figure out what job I should take in Washington after Finland. I had to come back. Staying overseas was not possible, if for no other reason than my older daughter wanted to finish high school in the U.S. But what job? I didn't know anything about most domestic jobs in USIA, but when I had been in the Ops Center, I worked with the USIA personnel office considerably, so I bid on jobs in USIA personnel, knowing that everything would change in the fall. I came back to be a CDO, a career development officer, the person responsible for all mid-level public diplomacy officers, the 0-3 and 0-2 officers, which is most of the public diplomacy officers, in CDA, in the Career Development and Assignment office in the State Department.

*Q: And then you retired, or what?*

DU CHATEAU: Well, CDA, I worked there for three years, a year longer than normal, but eventually I liked the job. But the big thing was USIA's consolidation into the State Department - or State's hostile takeover - no matter, consolidation was not easy. Nobody knew what would happen.

This isn't to say State Department people weren't nice to us and helpful when possible, they were, but nobody knew what we would be doing. So once again, just like Moscow when the workers were pulled out, I walked into something where there was no precedent, nobody knew what would happen. As it worked out, in effect I created the CDO job for public diplomacy officers.

We all knew we were consolidating, but in August '99 we didn't know where our offices would be at the end of September, who we would be working for. And what should we do to get ready? What should we bring to the job?

For instance there were paper personnel files for all the public diplomacy officers, but nobody thought about what to do with them there in the USIA file cabinets. I ended up physically packing up all the files and sending them from the old USIA personnel office to my new little office in Main State. In addition to everything else, I spent a couple of months that winter sorting them out, so that that information would not be lost. For a while I had boxes packed 3 and 4 high all along one wall of my little office.

I had no idea what a CDO did other than somehow help PD officers, Public Diplomacy officers, bid on jobs and panel them to their next assignment. Of course my new State Department colleagues knew nothing about PD jobs. Essentially my boss just let me be to work it out. When I had questions I went to ask people, of course, and I had a mentor, but he didn't know much.

The whole procedure, the way State handles its assignments was completely different from how we did it in USIA. The learning curve was extraordinary, I had to be able to do things immediately, people needed orders, and my clients needed answers as they knew nothing about the system either.

People had to leave post immediately for their next assignment. How do you do orders? I didn't know. So I went next door, to Mary Oliver, she ran that part of the State personnel system, a brilliant lady who did not suffer fools, and so she helped me, and her people helped me, and we managed to get through it. The first months were tough. I had some pretty tense phone calls.

I liked the job. Eventually I knew everybody and they knew me. Most of the work was done by phone or email, which suited my personality. Occasionally people, my clients, would stop past my little office to talk, and I took every opportunity to get out and walk the halls in State, visiting others to discuss staffing problems. As I said, I had several hundred clients, all mid-level PD officers, but my client load wasn't any bigger than other

CDOs. So it was easy, I just enjoyed the job and I don't think I screwed up too many things.

Sometimes there are unintended consequences to things. I got into the job a few weeks and went through the assignment meetings a few times and understood the system a little, and it seemed to me that one of the problems of the whole system in State was that people would bid on jobs, but they wouldn't know the job had gone to another applicant, so they would just be wasting their time waiting on jobs that were gone. They had no way of knowing there were gone and so they did not bid on new jobs, something that was really available. At first I went through all my lists of all my bidders on jobs and sent them emails to tell them the news, but that was an impossible job, just a tremendous headache. I tried to find out what other CDOs did, but I think their clients, who knew the system well, would make phone calls on their own. We in USIA never did that - it wasn't part of our work culture.

So what I did, I created a list, a list I could email. Each week, after we made assignments, I'd send the list to my Public Diplomacy officer clients who were bidding so they would know what assignments had gone away and who went where. I first did this for my clients, the PD mid-level people, and then other PD people wanted to get on the list and then it grew and grew and grew. This wasn't really much of an innovation, it was no invention on my part. I was just doing what used to be done by USIA's personnel office - but it wasn't done in State.

My email list expanded each week it seemed. I'm not particularly good with Microsoft computers, I'm a Mac person, and there probably was a better way of doing things, but I didn't know it. So I spent a lot of time just managing that email list. Occasionally it would crash, and I would have to rebuild it, three or four hundred names, maybe more. It became a very big deal. I would send out all the PD promotions, assignments, other stuff I thought might be of common interest, but it was all done through this enormous, clumsy email list. I think these Microsoft email lists were never intended to be that big, have that many addresses on them, so it was a headache to manage, but my PD people wanted it. The information helped them to continue to feel part of a community, I guess.

After I left CDA my successor kept it going and expanded it and reformatted it, made it more manageable, but then he knew what he was doing with the Microsoft system. His successor dropped the list because he couldn't keep up, but the person after him started it again. Now I understand that it's become somehow formally institutionalized in the PD front office. I'm told that it's called "Phil's List" and I think it's funnier than hell.

I made up this whole business to make my life easier, so that people would not bug me about jobs that had already gone. I couldn't think of any other way of doing it. Now it's turned out to be perhaps the most permanent thing I did in the Foreign Service.

One of the nice things about work in CDA was flexibility. I had time to do some training, especially things related to Internet Web design, which made sense because I became CDA's Internet - or maybe it was intranet? - web person. But also, my friends in the

European Area asked me to go back to St. Petersburg to help with a Bush-Putin meeting there. I think I may have mentioned this earlier, but anyhow this was like free lunch, so much fun. It was in May 2002, so the weather was good. I had lots of time to wander around the city and to see how much had changed since I was there, when was it? 1992? 1993? Anyhow, roughly 10 years had gone. The public diplomacy offices that I helped put together in the Marble Palace still looked good, but so much had changed in the city. I couldn't stay in the hotel I used earlier because the mob had taken it over, I was told. I ended up staying several days in the hotel *Severnaya*, Northern, which was the hotel I stayed in on my first trip to the Soviet Union with a group from Indiana University in the summer of 1969. I thought some about that, about how things had somehow come around to where I started. Anyhow, the hotel was nicer than thirty years ago.

My job during that summit was to deal with the press at one site, the wreath-laying at a cemetery there. This was easy. After the summit, I took the overnight train down to Moscow and talked with people in the new Embassy building about careers and CDA. I also had one free day to walk around Moscow. It was incredible, the changes. I'd love to go back again, and to travel further there, but it is so expensive.

Anyhow, I spent three years there in CDA. It was time to go. When I started reassigning people that I had assigned to their current jobs it was time to go, especially when my problem clients, the people who were difficult or hard to place, when they cycled back.

Being part of the system, I was forced to bid on jobs and go talk with potential bosses, the only time during my career when I had to do this. I hated it. I couldn't go overseas with my family, I knew that I didn't want a typical job in public diplomacy, and I was pretty certain that I would retire soon as I was in my late 50s at this point. Really, the only job I wanted was in BEX, the Board of Examiners. I was worried about this assignment, as they may not have needed another PD officer, but it worked out.

I went to BEX, the Board of Examiners and I spent three years there. Basically BEX gives the Foreign Service Oral exam to people who want to join the Foreign Service. There are other smaller jobs in the office, but that's the basic idea.

*Q: What is your impression of the candidates coming in?*

DU CHATEAU: Well, over the time I worked in BEX, 2002 to when I retired, we changed the way we work the whole exam process, so currently we have a new step called the qualifications evaluation panel that lies between passing the written and going forward to the oral exam.

Over the past 5-6 years, the written exam was brought down to a level where it's not easy, not easy at all, but still a lot more people can pass it than could in the past. We wanted to get a bigger pile of candidates to look at and not just see the ones at the oral who could pass an extremely difficult written exam, which is the way it used to be. We felt that we were missing good candidates who might not be superb exam takers, but had qualities that would benefit the Foreign Service.

I had very little to do with it, as I was already retired, but BEX established this qualifications evaluation panel. What it amounts to is, several of us will look at a person's application once they have passed the written exam. If they pass the written exam, we ask them to write what you might call mini-essays keyed to the skills we are looking for. Several people in BEX then look at that submission and score it. Successful candidates go forward to the oral.

When I first started with BEX, many came in to the oral who just, well, they were very able to pass a written test, they knew lots of facts perhaps, and maybe they did it because it was free and sounded interesting, but they didn't really know what we did and, in many cases, they didn't know why they were there taking the exam, as it were. They really hadn't thought through what the Foreign Service was all about, and what they would bring to it. So we saw an awful lot of people - so many people who could pass an exam, but didn't have the skills and abilities we were looking for.

And now I think that we see fewer, but a lot better quality candidates. Our pass rate is higher as a result. Our pass rate is higher because by the time they get to the oral, candidates have already been vetted for skills and so are much more likely to pass the oral.

Of course this is all my opinion based upon what I've seen in the last couple of years working part time. It could well be that whoever is the head of BEX now would completely disagree with this.

Like any job, there were good parts and bad parts about BEX work. Good was the travel. To increase fairness and lessen the need for candidates to travel, we gave the exam around the country. I went to Boston for a couple of weeks my first year, several times to Chicago when I took the train up to Highland Park where I was born, and San Francisco, and once to Seattle a month before I retired. We had weekends off, and sometimes a full roster of candidates would not show up, so some examiners had the day off. This was just a wonderful opportunity to spend extended periods of time in some great cities. I toured like crazy, renting cars, whatever.

The bad came at the end of every day examining candidates. Most would not pass the oral - our overall pass rate was something between 20 and 30 percent, roughly, so in teams of two we would call candidates into a room and give them the bad news. What we said was all scripted, although we did not read from a script, but still, it wore me down, doing that. Of course people did pass, and those were good moments, but there were many times more non-passers. I did it for more than 3 years, and never got used to it. But this was better than what State did earlier, when I came into the Foreign Service, sending people a letter, months after the exam. At least under this system, people had good or bad news by the end of the day and did not have to wait and wait like I did.

I was already to retire at the end of the fiscal year, at the end of September 2004, but then the head of HR/REE, the person who was in charge of BEX and all the recruitment

offices, asked me to stay until the end of the year and be in charge of BEX. It seems that the guy who was in charge of BEX had curtailed for another job. His replacement, Margaret Dean, had been assigned, but because of other commitments, she could not come into the job until late December. They needed someone to be in charge, and so my name came up. I moved up to the 5<sup>th</sup> floor where all good offices were and did what needed to be done as head of BEX until the end of the year. I walked out and closed the door on December 31<sup>st</sup>.

I thought this was such a hoot, so much fun. Here I was, ending my Foreign Service career as the head of the office that had rejected me some 25 years before. Somehow there's some kind of cosmic balance in that. Anyhow, I think it's fun.

Looking back, I can't believe how lucky I was to get in the Foreign Service. My family and I had a very good run. We lived in interesting places, Bulgaria, the Soviet Union, Jerusalem, and Finland, places we wanted to be. We liked these places, even the roughly 9 years spent in Communist countries, if you include the time Golnar and I worked with exhibits. The living was hard, but it was the challenge then, these Communist countries, kind of like going to Iraq or Afghanistan today. These were our Cold War adversaries, so it was important to be there, however little I think I accomplished.

Then, too, I think I was able to use in the Foreign Services the abilities I learned as kid that helped me keep going under stress when things went wrong around me. As a kid washing dishes in Montana, I learned the honor of doing a good job for its own sake from an old cowboy, Herb Dutton. I learned to keep going even when it hurts from my high school mentor, Bill Garrison. And my friend on USIA exhibits, Georg Koman, taught me how to look at problems from a different side, and then solve them. These skills brought me through difficult times in all my posts.

And the money was good. I was promoted almost as rapidly as was possible. I only missed one promotion cycle by one year when I went from O-2 to O-1. I became an O-1 within 9 years of joining, and I spent 16 years at that level, which isn't bad. You're supposed to be kicked out after 15 years time-in-class, but I got a year extension because I took Finnish.

So a good run, a good career, and a job where one could do something to help others. We were very fortunate, I think.

*Q: Well, I guess this is a good place to stop.*

DU CHATEAU: Yeah, I think so.

*End of interview*