

*Q: Had you picked up anything about Bolivia before you got into the Peace Corps?*

GREENLEE: Actually, not. I didn't know anything about Bolivia. When I was accepted for training, I did a little reading about Bolivia, and I knew that it was in the center of South America and there were high mountains. The rest I mostly learned about in training.

*Q: What was the impression they gave you in training about Bolivia?*

GREENLEE: Training was an interesting experience because it was the first time I had been connected in any particular way with something that was related to the federal government. My previous experience had always been with educational institutions and professors who were either smart or thought they were smart. I knew the level of competence of people who ran educational institutions.

I was impressed by the organization that went into Peace Corps training and the standards that were set in the training. There were people, though, who were brought in on contract to talk about Latin American culture and who, in retrospect, were not very professional. They came out of the academic community. By and large, though, I thought the training was quite good, and there were a couple of Bolivians there. One, particularly, made an impression on me. His name was Joaquin Ferrufino and he taught me Quechua. Several of us took Quechua, because we already knew Spanish. By coincidence, Clara, the woman I later met and married, turned out to be related to him.

*Q: When you went there, were people saying, "Oh, my God, you're going to Bolivia!" or, "Gee, that sounds great"?*

GREENLEE: It was more "that sounds great!" The volunteers, the candidates to be volunteers, were all very enthusiastic about Bolivia. There were no negative vibrations at all.

*Q: You went to Bolivia when?*

GREENLEE: In September of 1965.

*Q: And when did you leave?*

GREENLEE: In September of 1967. It was a two-year hook.

*Q: How would you describe the situation: political, economic, social, whatever, in Bolivia, in '65?*

GREENLEE: We learned in training was that Bolivia had undergone in 1952 one of the three significant revolutions of Latin America. The first was the Mexican Revolution. The other, besides Bolivia, was the Cuban revolution. We learned that Bolivia had had, in

effect, conditions of chattel servitude until 1952. In the land reforms of 1953, large agricultural holdings were broken up and divided among the indigenous poor, the *campesinos*. There was a problem of political correctness in translating that term. No one wanted to quite say “peasants,” but that’s probably the closest English sense of it. The academics called them “countrymen,” which didn’t make any sense at all.

The indigenous poor who had worked as chattels on the large estates were granted parcels of land which were too small, in most cases, to support more than subsistence needs. The program I trained for was rural community development. There was a whole theory behind it, a theory that was also being tried or implemented in Vietnam. It was aimed at finding ways to empower the rural poor based on their “felt needs.” The idea was that they would identify what they needed and what they could do for themselves. They would demand assistance from the central government for the rest. The Peace Corps volunteers would work with the *campesinos*. The USAID people would help the central government deliver. This would stimulate development and social integration. It was a sweet theory. It didn’t work in Vietnam, and not very well in Bolivia.

I was sent to a mostly Quechua speaking town called San Benito outside the city of Cochabamba. It was a highly politicized area. I was to partner with village-level workers who were supposed to be chosen directly by the people. That was rarely the case. The first thing was to help them conduct a survey to find out who was out there and what their problems were. The idea was that we would always deal with felt-needs that the people would identify. We would work with the village-level workers to develop a request for help from one of the central government ministries, for example the Ministry of Agriculture and Campesino Affairs. The Ministry, with USAID behind it, would provide materials and engineering support. The *campesinos* would put in sweat equity. Some volunteers were successful in their areas. I was not. I lived in a little adobe house with a tin roof on the outskirts of town. One room, no electricity, no water. I had to go into town to get water and carry it out in a pail. I had a latrine and a Petromax lantern. The town, at night, had about 200 people. By day it was empty. I didn’t work there, but in the area around it. I started out with a bit of uneasiness. How should I start? What should I do? The people identified as my village-level counterparts were by and large appointed by the local political leadership. They had little interest in the program. They just wanted the goods. It was interesting dealing with them, but in all but an anthropological sense, for me, it was wheel-spinning.

I felt pretty much alone out there. In town the person I talked to most was a Spanish priest. He had a good setup because he had access to water and a few hours of electricity, and he got meals from a lady next door to his church. He was a Catalan, and a pretty interesting guy. I don’t think he was terribly religious. Once in a while other Catalan priests would visit. They would talk Catalan. I had lived a few months in Barcelona, the summer before my junior year abroad, and could understand some of it. After about ten months in San Benito, I took a vacation trip with that guy. We stayed at seminaries in Lima and Colombia. The talk there was of liberation theology. This priest drank quite a lot. He wasn’t gay, or anything like that, but was afraid to be around women. He seemed always to be fighting off temptation. I found out much later, after I returned to Bolivia,

that he eventually bolted with the adolescent daughter of the woman who served him his meals. He left the church. They got married and settled in Barcelona.

Sometimes I'd go into the town of Punata, a regional center. A key figure there was another priest, a Bolivian, who had a couple of kids. In that environment, if you were from a poor rural town, there were two routes to possible advancement. One was the military and the other was the church. A priest lived comparatively well, and usually had a Toyota Land Cruiser or a pickup truck. If you got some rudimentary education, you might become an engineer, but that was kind of a long shot. If you were just out there tilling the soil, you weren't going to get any place. You would be working behind with a primitive plow behind an ox. You would look 60 before you were 40.

One thing you had to worry about in the countryside was the culture of drinking. At every gathering, at every meal, you were expected to drink and to drink until you were staggering drunk. The drink was a kind of beer –chicha--made through the fermentation of corn. The classic *chicha* was made by women who chewed corn into pulp and spit it into a jug of water, which was boiled and then left to ferment. The only acceptable way to avoid having to drink it was to claim to be an *evangelico*, a protestant evangelist, which seemed to command a measure of respect. It gave you a pass from having to become drunk.

For a while I had a horse. But the horse kept getting away and eating alfalfa from some guy's field. It was a problem. Once I rode the horse with some Bolivian guys who also had horses to a town far up a mountain trail. We chewed coca, with a lye-like catalyst called *lejia*. The *lejia*, mixed with saliva, separates alkaloids from the leaf and produces a mild stimulant. This is not cocaine. It doesn't create a high, only a deadening sensation. It's what the miners and workers chew to ward off cold and increase stamina. In Bolivia, particularly in the higher altitudes, like La Paz, most people drink infusions of the coca leaf, which has a milder effect. It's part of Bolivian life, with strong cultural overtones.

*Q: I have this vision of Bolivia, of the altiplano, with these barren mountains, where there is mining, and indigenous people in the lowlands. Were they the same Indians as on the altiplano?*

GREENLEE: There are many indigenous groups, but two large ones: the Aymaras and the Quechuas. These are probably more linguistic designations than ethnic ones. The Aymara are mainly in the upland areas, on and around the *altiplano*, which has been described as a desert at 13,000 feet. The *altiplano* stretches from La Paz south to the old silver-mining city of Potosi and beyond. There are Quechuas around Potosi and mainly in the lower valleys, around Sucre and Cochabama, where I was.

People often think of Bolivia as being mostly mountainous, but only one-third of the country is mountainous. The rest, to the north and east, is rolling low lands and middle-altitude valleys. Two-thirds of the population lives in the mountains and valleys. Bolivia is twice the land area of France. It now has only a little over nine million people. In those days the population was just over about four million. At that point the second largest city,

after La Paz, was Cochabamba. I lived about 35 kilometers to the east of Cochabamba. The daytime temperature was about 70-75 degrees, eternal spring. But at night, where I was, it could get pretty cold.

I lived beside the only road at that time that went to Santa Cruz, over 300 kilometers to the east. I usually moved about on trucks. You could flag down a truck and get in the back, atop sacks of flour or sugar, with a bunch of chickens and other passengers. It took about 12 hours to reach Santa Cruz. Today it is a thriving city of over a million people. Then it was a cow town with a population of well under 100,000. Santa Cruz is a very old city. In those days the streets were of dirt. The sidewalks were about a meter high off the ground, with hitching rails on the main square for horses. I went to Santa Cruz for carnival in 1966. It was raining all the time. I remember these absolutely stunning women in party dresses walking under covered walkways. At the corner of the main plaza they would take off their spike heels and walk through the mud puddles to the other side. Then put their shoes on again. In the morning you would see horses coming into the plaza with milk cans hanging on their sides. It was like a movie of the old west, really quite wonderful.

*Q: Was there a division when you were in Cochabamba between indigenous and Spanish people?*

GREENLEE: There were definite class distinctions. Some were very obvious. San Benito, my village, had a *mestizo* population, with a base in indigenous culture. They were *cholos*. They would look down on the “indios,” the purely indigenous people, and the urban elites, in the city of Cochabamba, in turn would look down on them. The women where I lived wore white stovepipe hats. Around La Paz the chola women wore derby hats. The men tended to wear fedoras. The deeper *campesinos*, the *indios*, wore clothes hand-made from crudely spun alpaca wool. They were much more rustic. The urban middle class, and up, dressed like people in the developed western world.

The cholos were quite enterprising. They owned stores and trucks. The *indios*, on the other hand, were treated like beasts of burden. They did very menial work. They were paid little, or they bartered for goods in exchange for work. They would come in from the deep countryside and were around in greater numbers on market days.

Near where I lived in the upper Cochabamba valley were the ruins of old estates, ransacked, crumbling, windows broken. Before the land reform, just 13 years before, they had been thriving. The people in my town would not talk about their relationship with these estates.

In the cities it was often hard to differentiate class by skin color, unless the skin color was very light. Many dark-skinned people had resources, a good education and power.

Bolivia, in fact, is mostly *mestizo*. I couldn't always tell where someone fit on the social scale, but Bolivians knew right away. It involved accents, schools, cuts of clothing.

*Q: The Brits have trouble classifying Americans. You can't tell who we are because of our accent. Did the Bolivians try to put you into a category or were you a creature from beyond?*

GREENLEE: I was definitely a creature from beyond, and I was assumed to fit a stereotype of what an American was. When I didn't seem to fit, someone would say, "You're not like the other Americans." But for the most part they didn't know any other Americans, at least personally. They knew stereotypes—the way we tend to know them.

I remember one guy talking about his heroes. He said that on his wall he had two pictures: One was of John F. Kennedy, the other of Nikita Khrushchev. He said these were the two great men of the world and that I was coming as a representative of Kennedy. Of course, at that time it was Johnson. He said, "You have come from the United States. You, a millionaire, have come to be with us in all this poverty!" I tried to explain that I wasn't a millionaire, but that didn't matter. They knew that I'd come out of a certain world, that for a while I would live with them and break bread with them, but that I would eventually go back to my world and they would stay in theirs.

*Q: This first assignment, were people saying, "OK, fine, you're here. What are you doing for us? What are you really doing?"*

GREENLEE: Right. That was exactly part of the problem: You are here, it's wonderful you are here, we need things, we want you to deliver. They could never quite figure out what I was supposed to be doing because, in fact, it was hard for me to figure it out. Ascertaining their "felt-needs," and how these could translate into the possibility of solid projects and getting resources through the government ministries, was too theoretical. The campesinos I worked with were used to handouts, usually just before an election, and broken promises. What was I bringing? Where was it? When would it come? That was the mindset.

*Q: Sometimes Peace Corps people or AID people act as intermediaries. They say, they need more rice or cement, and I can help. Were you playing that role at all?*

GREENLEE: I was, but none of the projects that we talked about really delivered to expectation. I think other volunteers, in some cases, had better results. But I learned a lot, an awful lot.

*Q: To put this in perspective, you were early Peace Corps. The Peace Corps came in about '62, and we're talking about '65. The idea was great. In a way it was an idea looking for structure.*

GREENLEE: That's right, and, as I mentioned earlier, the concept was nation-building. It wasn't people-building. Later generations of Peace Corps volunteers had more realistic roles. The programs today are much more practical and productive.

*Q: While you were there, just to get a little bit of the life. Here you are, a young, unattached man. What about girls? Were they no-no?*

GREENLEE: No, there were no prohibitions. Initially, I had pretty intensive relationships with a couple of Peace Corps girls, but they did not go anywhere. The Bolivian girls in Cochabamba were quite beautiful, quite exotic, and I suppose Peace Corps volunteers seemed different and exotic to them. But I was rarely in Cochabamba, and I wasn't about to try to kindle anything in the rural areas where I lived.

*Q: I was wondering if it was one of those things you could look but if you touch you might either get married or get a knife in your rear.*

GREENLEE: There was a little bit of that. I had a friend in a rural part of Santa Cruz who got into a deep but temporary relationship with a local girl, and had to leave town in the dead of night. But that was not my story. I didn't want to get mixed up in anything I couldn't get out of.

Later, when I transferred to La Paz, I met Clara, now my wife, at a "happy-hour" kind of setting. She was there with a friend, who was dating another Peace Corps volunteer. La Paz after the rural Cochabamba valley seemed like Paris or New York. Clara was really beautiful and serene, really serene. Our relationship developed and we were married in New York, when I was in the army, in 1968. We now have four children, all out on their own, and four grandchildren. So in answer to your question I did get involved, in the end, with a lady of the country, and have lived to tell about it.

One thing I should mention about life in the Cochabamba valley is Chagas disease. This was a nasty fact of life. The disease is carried by a parasite on a beetle, a large ugly redivit called the *vinchuca*. These beetles are all over the Cochabamba valley and certain other parts of Bolivia and South America. About half of them carry the Chagas parasite. The vinchucas are slow flyers, and slow on their feet. They suck blood to live, usually chicken blood. If you are around chickens, as I was, you would be around *vinchucas*. They live between the chinks of the adobe buildings. You won't see them during the day, but they come out at night.

My town was full of vinchucas. If you were sleeping and you did not have any protection against them, they would look for a place—a soft part of your body—to bite. They usually would bite under your eye or under your elbow, where the skin is soft. They would suck your blood, and you would not notice because you would be asleep. They would defecate over the wound before moving on, and there was a danger you would rub the parasite into the bite without realizing it. If you got the parasite, you had a good chance of getting this Chagas disease, and there was no cure for it. They could transfuse you, and maybe that would help. But there was a real danger you would eventually die of a blood clot to the heart or brain.

That was something we were really worried about. Where the disease was rampant, we slept in special netting. The netting went under as well as over the mattress and zipped

along the side. You would keep it zipped during the day, and at night you would zip yourself in. I always wondered whether I might have zipped one of these bugs in with me. Once I saw a *vinchuca* on a book in my little house. What I was supposed to do was put it in a matchbox for testing. Instead, I smashed it with a hammer. Blood spattered all over. I didn't know if it was my blood or some other blood.

*Q: You said you got tested.*

GREENLEE: Yes, when I left Bolivia at the end of my tour. I was clean. I didn't have Chagas disease.

*Q: You lived in La Paz as well as the Cochabamba valley....*

GREENLEE: Yes, I asked to be transferred after about a year. I felt stalled. I went to La Paz, an urban setting, and I did a lot of different things. I lived with a couple of volunteers, quite interesting people. I worked for a time with a linguist who came to Bolivia to develop an Aymara dictionary. We worked with local native speakers and put together a program of dialogues that was subsequently used to train other Peace Corps volunteers. I also taught English at a local school, and to members of a taxi union. I spent a lot of time riding around the city with these taxi drivers. That was interesting and fun.

The linguist I worked with liked a good time. He was always partying, and drank too much. It was fun talking with him and dealing with him, but he was always pretty close to the edge. He was in any case a serious linguist and an expert on Chomsky and transformationism. At some point he came to the attention of the local director of the Summer Institute of Linguistics.

*Q: This is his major evangelical program.*

GREENLEE: Yes. The SIL director supported missionaries based in a place called Tomechuqua, in a jungle area of northern Bolivia. They were religious linguists who translated the bible into native languages. My friend was offered the chance to visit this outpost and one of the Amazon-basin tribes called the *Chacobo*. The idea is that he would update the missionaries on transformationism. Another Peace Corps volunteer and I went with him. The *Chacobo* were like the Amazonian tribes you would see pictures of and read about in National Geographic. They had bones through their ears and feathers through their noses and no eyebrows—shaved off—and red mascara-like stuff smeared all over them. And of course very little clothing. The *Chacobo* had not been in contact with any Spanish settlers or colonial period Bolivians until the Bolivians started to build a road out there. That was probably about 100 years ago. The Bolivians massacred these people when they found them. The *Chacobo* escaped back into the jungle and remained isolated for years. Eventually they were located by these missionary linguists. The missionaries sought to convert them to Christianity, but also to give them rudimentary skills so that they could eventually integrate into Bolivian society, which was fast encroaching in any case.

We flew up to Riberalta, close to Brazil, and from there went to Tomechuqua in a little Swiss-built plane, a HelioCourier, which could land in small patches of jungle. Then we flew out to this tribe. What surprised me was the change in behavior of this kind of crazy linguist, who could be a real wild man. He was like a choir boy. He could relate to these missionaries and really talk with them. We had a terrific experience with the Chacabo. It was a real privilege, because we were interacting with a people not much removed from the stone age, who were not really a part of Bolivia but were within the geography of Bolivia. We traded with them. We gave them fishhooks, for example, in exchange for ironwood bows and bark dresses, things like that. My linguist friend also slipped them a few packs of black tobacco cigarettes, which they appreciated, but the missionaries I am sure would have been appalled if they had known.

*Q: How did you find Peace Corps work in La Paz? Were you supervised or were you cut loose?*

GREENLEE: If anything, we were under-supervised. I mentioned this trip I took with the Catalan priest. I don't think I even told the staff where I was going. I didn't know I had to. I wasn't closely tracked, as volunteers are today. Every once in a while there would be a conference or a meeting, and we would be asked how things were going. But we were not closely evaluated. In La Paz I had a little bit more contact with staff, and we would get suggestions about new things to do.

*Q: In Cochabamba or in La Paz, did you have any contact with the State Department, with the consulate or the embassy?*

GREENLEE: I had a little contact. There was at that time a consulate in Cochabamba. I met the resident consular officer, who I got to know a bit. He lived in a different world, lived very well. He was dating a Peace Corps volunteer from my group and later married her. I saw this guy once or twice later, after I joined the foreign service. In La Paz I would meet people who worked at the embassy, usually in bars or informal social settings. I was aware of the embassy, and when I was working with the syndicate—the taxi union—I met the labor officer at the embassy. I think there had been a suggestion that it would be good to have a Peace Corps volunteer out there, but that was all. The idea was to be helpful to the Bolivians.

*Q: Did you have any thought about the foreign service at this point?*

GREENLEE: I did in the sense of the interest that had been sparked my junior year in Spain. Whenever I asked about the foreign service, though, I heard it was impossibly hard to get into. The tests, written and oral, were said to be daunting. I did know one volunteer, a year ahead of me, who entered the foreign service right after the Peace Corps. That was Robert Gelbard. Bob had a very distinguished career, which included being ambassador to Bolivia. I was his dcm (deputy chief of missions) for about a year, from 1988-89. I don't think the Peace Corps ever realized how unique this was—an ambassador and dcm, serving together in the country where they had been volunteers. It was really remarkable if you think about it.

*Q: Bolivia had the reputation of having revolving governments. There were coups and what have you. What was the situation when you were in the Peace Corps?*

GREENLEE: There was a de facto president, an air force general named Rene Barrientos. He took over the government ostensibly to carry forward the 1952 revolution, to clean out the corruption. He was very charismatic and really connected with the people around Cochabamba. He came from a little town called Tarata and spoke Quechua. Toward the end of my tour as a volunteer, Che Guevara was roaming about with a rag-tag bunch of Cubans and Bolivian revolutionists. He had been seen buying asthma medicine in a place called Samaipata. In fact, I met in La Paz a journalist, an Anglo-Chilean guy, who had made contact with Guevara and had been held hostage for a while. He had been associated as well with Regis Debray, a Frenchman who claimed to be a journalist, but was also a revolutionary theorist. Debray was captured and held by the Bolivian authorities. There was a lot of drama around Debray. Finally, a French delegation including his mother managed to get him freed. He not long ago re-emerged as a French minister of culture, I believe.

*Q: I understand that Che ended up in a remote area with people who didn't want any part of him...*

GREENLEE: Right, he badly miscalculated what he could do. He was hiding in a jungle area in eastern Bolivia. He had a few Cubans, some hardcore Bolivian communists and some romantic students with him. They were turned in by the locals. When Elvis Presley died, someone said, "Great career move." It was like that with Che. Today he is iconic. Many Bolivians now see him as someone who was trying help the country.

We can talk about Bolivia in the political context, but Bolivia is historically probably the most turbulent republic in the world. There have been more presidents and changes in government than there have been years of existence as an independent country. Just to give you a sound bite, when I was in Vietnam listening to a radio broadcast, I heard Paul Harvey say, "In Bolivia, where anybody can be president and practically everybody has been, there has been a coup!" The coups sometimes didn't last long. The coup I heard about on the radio that time lasted only a couple of days, and then there was another coup. Historically, there have been lots of them.

*Q: I have the vision that at a certain point you had these miners who were running around with sticks of dynamite stuck in their belts and being very unhappy and causing all sorts of trouble. Is there an element of truth to that? Did that impact at all when you were there?*

GREENLEE: It did not impact on me when I was a Peace Corps volunteer. Where I was it was relatively quiet. In La Paz we would see miners. They would come into town. I think there may also have been some demonstrations, but nothing like when I returned to Bolivia with the embassy. The miners were classically the macho political actors, the proletarians in a Marxist sense. They were a factor of governance. If they didn't support

the government, the government wouldn't last. It was the same way with the military. It used to be said that the U.S. embassy was another pivotal factor.

The miners were emblematic of Bolivia's culture of machismo. I remember one guy in La Paz. He sold newspapers. He was missing a hand. The bones of his forearm formed a kind of fork. Into that he stuck a newspaper. He apparently had been a miner, and the word was that his hand was blown off in a kind of game of Russian roulette with dynamite caps. The challenge was to hold the burning stick as long as possible before passing it to the next guy. Well, this guy lost.

Talking generically about the miners, they used to be more powerful politically than they are now. But they can still shake things up. In 2003, when I was ambassador, there were two or three different demonstrations one day when I was calling on the minister of the presidency. There were several staccato blasts in the street. He kept talking, and I said, "Those are the miners, right?" He said, "No, no. Only the students." The students were throwing these small explosive charges called *matasuegros*, literally mother-in-law killers, which were like super-sized cherry bombs. About five minutes later, there was a window-rattling explosion. "Those are the miners," the minister said. [laughter] So yes, they can still make their presence felt.

Maybe this is a good time to talk a bit more about my wife. She comes from a historic family and one which, on her mother's side, lost a lot in the '52 revolution, a lot of land.

*Q: She's Bolivian.*

GREENLEE: Yes, and a descendant, on her father's side, of this first martyr of independence of Bolivia, a man named Pedro Domingo Murillo. Murillo is her surname. This guy was hanged by the Spaniards, and his head was put on a stake outside La Paz. He was the child of a union between a Spanish priest and an Indian woman. This is my wife's lineage. My wife's father died of a heart attack before I met her. She had been a medical student at the University of San Andres in La Paz, but had to drop out and study to become a teacher to support her family. When I met her she was doing what's called a provincial year, a requirement of new teachers to work in a rural area. She lived in La Paz but would spend several days each week teaching at a school at a tin mine, Milluni, in the high Andes outside the city. She also taught in the city, English and French. I went out to Milluni once to visit. It was bleak and cold. But in those days the mine was a going-proposition. When I returned to Bolivia as ambassador, we took our children, now grown, and two of our grandchildren to see where my wife had taught. The mine was abandoned because the tin had pretty much run out. It looked pretty forlorn.

*Q. The mines made Bolivia. The silver of Potosi, for example...*

GREENLEE: Yes, the *cerro rico* was the main silver mine for the Spaniards. The legend was that you could build a bridge from South America to Spain with the silver of Potosi. When I was deputy chief of mission in Madrid, my wife and I visited the cathedral in Seville, the second largest Catholic cathedral in the world. I said, "Look at all the silver.

Isn't it magnificent!" But my wife was furious. She saw it as plunder from Potosi. You know, Potosi in the seventeenth century was bigger than any city in Europe except Venice: bigger than London, bigger than Paris. It had some magnificent buildings, some still standing and partially restored. You can see what it was. It is part of the cultural memory of Bolivia. They once had all this stuff, and now they don't have it.

*Q: How were Americans viewed when you were there with the Peace Corps?*

GREENLEE: In the mid-sixties there was not the kind of resistance to Americans that there is today. Americans were seen by the governing classes as being necessary for the stability of the country. The U.S. embassy was perceived—again I'm looking back to when I was a Peace Corps volunteer, but it was the same for years afterward—as being the essential prop for the government. It was understood that if the Americans withdrew their support, Bolivia would really suffer--because it depended on outside assistance, and the U.S. was the key to that. When I was in the Peace Corps, it was the height of the Cold War. I am not sure if Bolivia had relations with the Soviets at that time, but they certainly did when I returned a few years later. They learned well how to play the game of using the Soviets as a foil to get more assistance from us. Students, though, tended to be anti-American. It was part of their culture.

*Q: I interviewed one man who was ambassador there—I can't remember which one--saying that when he arrived at the airport, as he went down, there were signs painted on rocks saying, "Death to the American ambassador." This sort of thing wasn't going on?*

GREENLEE: No, it wasn't, or at least I didn't sense it to the extent I did later. There was a clear change by the early seventies, when, in fact, the Peace Corps was kicked out of the country. It didn't return until the nineties.

*Q: How did this romance between the Bolivian young lady and the Peace Corps volunteer go?*

GREENLEE: My wife is stunningly attractive, a very beautiful woman. I was drawn to her first that way. We had similar family experiences in the sense that my father had died recently, as had her father. My mother didn't seem to know what to do next, and her mother didn't seem to know what to do next. We had that sort of thing to talk about right away. My wife had not been around Americans. She didn't know them. She once told me that she had been anti-*gringo*. Nixon once visited Bolivia, and she claims that she lofited an egg at his motorcade. She wasn't political, though, and she didn't know Americans. I think she had some friends who were English. I think I was probably the first American she knew. We dated and became very close that second year I was in Bolivia. When I left the Peace Corps, she came up to visit me and my family in New York, and, after I go drafted, and was about to go to officer training, we decided to get married.

*Q: You left Bolivia in 1965.*

GREENLEE: No, 1967.