

Page 4

1 Annual Meetings

4 Olympic offspring: Juan Pablo Valdivieso and Pascal Dobert



Page 5

7 Climbing Mt. Kilimanjaro

10 INVOLVE

10 Staff help children of Chernobyl



Page 10

11 New staff

13 Staff notes



Page 14

14 A Survivor's mom speaks

16 "Just Try It"

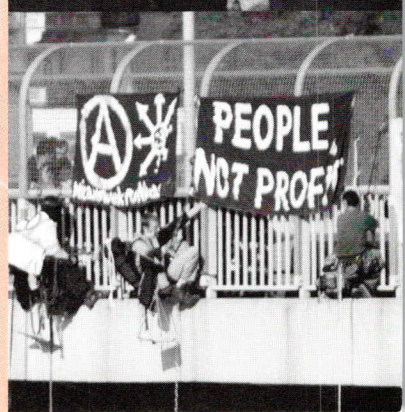
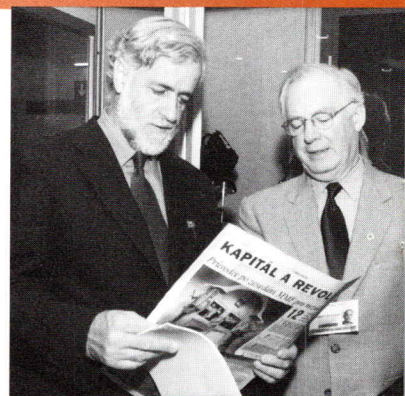
Elephants in Prague?

Despite clashes outside, the Annual Meetings go on

Annual Meetings are like elephants. The gestation period is long; the final product is huge; and the description of them varies, depending on which part of the elephant the "blind man" is touching. No single writer could do justice to the myriad events and impressions left by the Annual Meetings. The following is a tribute to the many people who worked so hard to organize and manage this year's event and to the beauty and romance of Prague, our generous and gracious host.

Castle event. The 2000 Annual Meetings of the Boards of Governors of the IMF and World Bank Group in Prague saw Czech President and philosopher Vaclav Havel host an event designed to provoke discussion and understanding among three groups struggling toward the same goal but from enormously divergent directions. In an unprecedented Annual Meetings initiative, President Havel hosted a panel discussion and "walk in the woods" at Prague Castle for high-ranking government ministers and officials, representatives of the IMF and World Bank, representatives of civil society, and members of academia and the press. Squeezed in between the competing demands on the time of the participants, the brevity of the event precluded the possibility of achieving a new gestalt. But President Havel surely deserves top marks for masterminding such a unique event in the history of IMF/World Bank Annual Meetings.

Protestors and tourists. Despite months of dire warnings that Prague would be overrun by tens of thousands of unruly demonstrators, the greater risk was that of being run over by a pack of tourists following dutifully behind an umbrella-toting guide. Prague is to tourists as honey is to bees, and apparently travel agents don't read NGO websites because tourism was alive and well in Prague throughout the period of the Annual Meetings.





In fact, the only entrepreneur who did read the NGO websites made a costly miscalculation. Tomas Doubek, of the Czech Republic, invested an unknown (but reportedly large) amount of money to provide housing for the army of protestors expected to attend this year's meetings at Strahov Stadium, which the city of Prague made available to him at no cost.

Mr. Doubek counted on charging his would-be guests 1,350 crowns (about \$34) for a nine-day stay in tents, with access to toilet facilities and food. Despite capacity for 15,000 protestors, as of the end of the first week fewer than 100 had checked in, forcing Mr. Doubek to slash his prices.



This is not to suggest that there was no violence or disruption to the meetings. But considering that the actual period of Annual Meetings-related events started on September 18 with Michael Mussa's press conference on the *World Economic Outlook*, the fact that there were no disruptions or violence **except on September 26**, is remarkable. More than that, it is regrettable that the world press gave more coverage to

one day's events involving a minority faction of protestors bent on provoking violence than to 10 days of peaceful dialogue, seminars, workshops, and meetings among delegations, ministers, IMF and World Bank staff members, journalists, and NGO representatives. It is also regrettable that during one day of violence, more than fifty Prague police were injured. We had grown accustomed to seeing the youthful-looking, friendly Prague police in groups of three positioned on virtually every street corner, and it was with sadness that we learned that some of these young men and women were injured protecting us.

Getting there. Clearly one of the finest features of the Prague Annual Meetings was the proximity of the Vysehrad metro stop to the Congress Center. Everyone is accustomed to long commutes, but during Annual Meetings when the days and nights tend to run together, everyone wants to be able to get to and from the meetings site with as little effort as possible. Prague is blessed with a quick, well-designed, and effortless system, which has the added benefit of having a stop literally at the front steps of the Congress Center. Except for September 26, when the Vysehrad stop was closed for security reasons, staff and delegates could hop on the metro at the stop closest to their hotels and within minutes be deposited at the doors of their offices. No need to wait for shuttle buses or worry that the last one had just left—just look for the giant U and get aboard.

Eating and drinking, drinking and eating. Within days of arriving in Prague, most people learned where

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Published by
Current Publications Division
External Relations Department
International Monetary Fund
Washington, DC 20431
(202) 623-8587

Photo Credits: Padraic Hughes and Denio Zara for the IMF, pp. 1–3; courtesy of Luis Valdivieso, p. 4; courtesy of Kit Dobert, p. 5; courtesy of Subir Lall, pp. 7–9; INVOLVE, p. 10; Pedro Marquez for the IMF, pp. 11–13; courtesy of Pat Haskell, pp. 14–15; courtesy of Frank Havlicek, p. 16.
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the “best” restaurants were and quickly tried to make reservations—which became increasingly difficult as the days went by. But for those without a restaurant guide, there were other ways to find the best places. Roger Nord, the IMF’s Regional Representative for Central Europe, splits his time between Budapest and Prague and has become something of an expert in fine dining in Prague. Graham Hacche, Deputy Director of EXR, recounts how he was reassured about the quality of a restaurant that he wandered into one evening when he saw Roger Nord and his friends already eating there.

Of course, during the day one couldn’t get away to a nice restaurant and had to make do with what was available within the Congress Center. For those without the time (or the foresight to go early, before all the tables were taken) to eat at one of the Congress Center restaurants, there was always the option of grabbing a snack from one of the café bars or from one of the food trolleys that traveled through the office building. Tom Dawson, Director of EXR, wins the prize (a large bottle of Maalox) for the greatest number of “crocodile” sandwiches—foot-long subs made of french bread and either salmon, chicken, or mozzarella and tomato—consumed in ten days.



Hold the presses. No Annual Meetings would be complete without the press, and Prague was no exception. The temporarily converted underground parking garage that was the press center was soon redubbed the Bat Cave by those consigned to work there. Despite its cavernous feel, with its large-screen television, the Bat

Cave was one of the best places to watch the Olympics. Of course, one had to do so without the benefit of television commentary and surrounded by the constant din of ringing telephones and frantic IMF and World Bank press officers, not to mention journalists, but at least it was a place to catch up on what else was happening in the world. And it offered me the chance to bump into a journalist I hadn’t seen since we were friends in Concord, New Hampshire, 26 years ago. Some people go to Paris and sit at a sidewalk café until they see someone they know from home—I go to Prague and sit in the

press room. It’s sort of the same, I guess.

Elephants don’t have any natural enemies, but have become endangered because people kill them for their tusks. Our Annual Meetings could also be put on the endangered list as a result of people’s inhumanity. ♦

Pam Bradley



Numbers please. For all of you number-crunching IMF economists, here is the final word on who was there:

Total number of people registered:	15,571
Which included:	
Delegations	3,383
ED offices (not on delegations)	59
Special guests	497
Observers	327
Seminar speakers	87
Visitors	3,382
Press	1,771
Staff—IMF & World Bank	645
Staff—Contract/Local, Security	5,396
Participants	24

Swimming to Sydney

Luis Valdivieso, an Advisor in APD, talks about his 19-year-old-son, Juan Pablo, who swam for Luis's native Peru in this year's Olympics.

What was it like to have a son in the Olympics?

It filled me with pride and satisfaction to see my son's dreams realized. I am also happy that he chose to represent Peru and by doing so established a very strong family tradition.

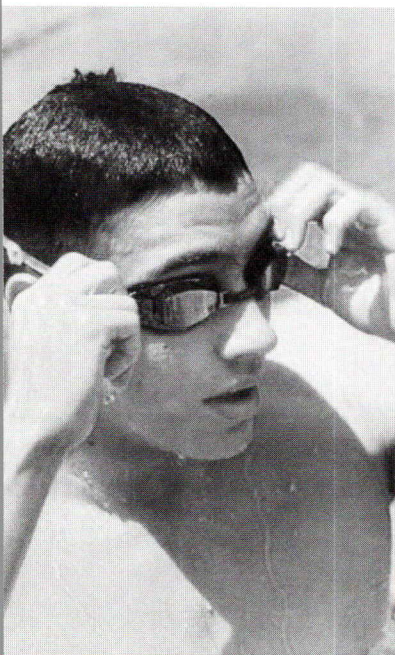
Juan Pablo started swimming because he had asthma and wanted to strengthen his lungs. Are you and your wife athletic?

Not really, although I still try to play soccer and tennis whenever possible, which is not often enough with the type of work I do now. Cecilia [Luis' wife] plays bridge, so you may say that she is a mental gymnast.

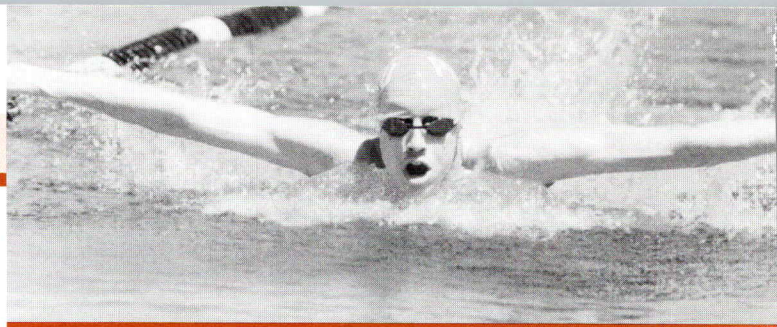
Your father was a star soccer goalie and boycotted the 1936 Olympics and went on to become a national hero in Peru. Could you talk a bit more about that?

Peru's team defeated Finland 7-3 in the first game at the 1936 Olympics and, subsequently, defeated Austria 4-2. This would have brought them to the next round of games easily, except that the game with Austria was nullified following a complaint by the Austrians. They were asked to play a new game without spectators and that's when the Peruvian President ordered the

Peruvian delegation to come back home in protest. There were several unjustified decisions during the Nazi Olympics (as they were called later), and that led to the withdrawal of more than one national delegation. Upon return to Peru, the Peruvian soccer team, in particular, and the Olympic team, in general, were given the most warm reception and became part of the Peruvian soccer legend.



A fish out of water.



Juan Pablo doing his best stroke, the butterfly.

Did you and your family go to Sydney?

Yes, I went with my wife; daughter, Veronica, who is 24; my two sisters; and a niece, who lives in Florida and wants to be an Olympian in 2004.

Which events did Juan Pablo swim in?

Only the 200-meter butterfly. He made the Olympic cut time for the 400-meter freestyle in a recent meet in Virginia, but it was not accepted by FINA, the International Federation, which argued that the meet was not a qualifying one.

How did he do in Sydney?

He did very well. He finished fourth in his heat and placed thirty-sixth altogether. He did not make his best time but was not that far from it either. He finished more or less as he was seeded. Of course, his expectations and ours were that he would do better, but we were fully aware that swimmers do not make records every time they compete. He valued the experience and he is getting ready to start swimming for Princeton now.

How did you manage—with your career in the Fund and your wife at the Bank—to get your son to all the practices and meets while he was growing up?

All the credit goes to my wife. She adopted a swimmer's lifestyle—waking up at 4 a.m. and going to bed very early. Some relief came when Juan Pablo started driving. When he turned 16, he got a special permit to drive in the early hours of the day. Both my wife and I tried to go to as many events as possible.

Juan Pablo was also a very good student—participating in It's Academic—and involved in the student council. How did you encourage him to have a life outside of swimming?

In general, we have been blessed with our two kids. Juan Pablo and Veronica need little encouragement to accomplish what they want. Their self-motivation, together with the strict sense of discipline required to be an Olympic swimmer, is reflected in their daily life. Juan Pablo has a very well developed sense of time management and is

goal-oriented. He also has the right balance between realism and ambition, so he is always raising the bar for himself but not too fast to become frustrated. The school he attended and the friendships he has nourished in the Washington area and elsewhere have also contributed.

Was there a point in his swimming that you realized he was Olympic material?

I've been convinced that Juan Pablo was Olympic material for a while, but I thought he was going to

swim backstroke. Juan Pablo has been swimming butterfly for less than two years—before that he had been a very good backstroker, but the way and speed at which he excelled in butterfly was astonishing.

How will things get back to normal for you and your family after the Olympics?

They are back to normal already. Juan Pablo is catching up on his studies at Princeton, and he is very happy telling his new friends about his Olympic experiences. ♦

Raising an Olympian

Kit Dobert was a budget officer when she left the Fund last June after 26 years of service. Her husband, Milan Dimitrijevic, works in the Audio Visual Unit (TGS). Kit's son Pascal competed in the Sydney Olympics in the 3000-meter steeplechase. In an interview before the Olympics, Kit talked about what it was like working in the Fund and raising her three children.

What was Pascal like as a child?

He broke five bones before he was five years old. When he was two, we were at Bretton Woods and he fell off the umpire chair on the tennis court and broke his femur. He was in the hospital for three weeks in traction, then he had to be in a full body cast for another six weeks; he had to learn to walk all over again. When he was three, he broke his leg when a friend fell on him from the second floor of our house. Over the next two years, he broke his nose, his collarbone, and his wrist—but nothing since. He was a nonstop kid. He just liked to go, go, go—he played soccer in the backyard after the operation for his broken nose. He has a twin brother, Alexander, who would do everything Pascal did, just not get hurt. Their sister, Sabrina, is three years older than the boys.

Pascal was an excellent soccer player and a good all-around athlete. He was recruited by Walt Whitman High School and ran cross-country for them and won many titles. Since he was so well rounded, I tried to convince him to do the decathlon, but he wouldn't be swayed from running. He went to the University of Wisconsin, Madison, to

train under coach Martin Smith. He did various running events there and got hooked on the steeplechase—which includes running and jumping over water and hurdles.

Does he get his athletic ability from you?

I grew up playing tennis and field hockey, ice skating, and swimming. Pascal always tried other things, because I encouraged that, but I let the kids choose what they wanted to do.

What was it like being a full-time single working mother with three children?

As they were growing up, I didn't really think about it, I just managed. Sabrina's birthday is in March and



Pascal (number 117) clears a hurdle in a steeplechase.

the boys' is in April. I worked in the budget office, and the first four months of the year are the busiest (I was a budget officer and divorced then), so they never celebrated their birthday on the day. We always celebrated in May after the budget. They accepted it, and nobody suffered. Sometimes I didn't feel good about it, but you have to take the good with the bad.

We were always told that we couldn't take leave from January to April, except for sickness or emergency. Once, when Pascal was in high school during the high budget season, I asked for a Friday off. I had never seen Pascal race in person, because I was always working. My boss at that time came into my office and asked me why I was taking off, and I said I was taking Pascal to a race, and he asked me why couldn't Pascal take a bus. I said that he could, but that I was taking him. So I went. It was very exciting for me—the race was at Princeton University, and I finally got to see what went on behind the scenes at the races.

How did you manage to get Pascal to the practices and other events?

I was on the road a lot and didn't sleep much. I couldn't take leave, I often took work home, sometimes working late into the night during budget time. I had to. I had a housekeeper, but she didn't drive. I couldn't carpool, but other parents were very good, and the high school coach, who had a great interest in Pascal, helped a lot. I wanted to make sure the kids got to their other activities, so I spent a lot of time driving to birthday parties, school plays, and their doctor's appointments, as well as doing things I had to do. I don't think they missed anything.

I kept Pascal and Alexander in separate classes in school, and they look a lot different. Alex is an art director at an ad agency. The boys didn't compete with each other because they are so different: Alexander is much more people-oriented and Pascal is much more reserved.

What does it feel like to have a son competing in the Olympics?

I find it ironic that I told him not to do this sport, and now I am the proud mom flying to Sydney. My daughter, her husband, and Milan are going, but Alex has to work. I am lucky because a former staff member is letting us use her apartment outside of Sydney—we didn't find out until July 20 that Pascal would be going, when

he qualified in Sacramento with a time of 8:15.77, so I didn't make any arrangements until then.

So running is his profession?

Yes, it is his full-time job, and it supports him. Nike has sponsored him since he graduated from college, and he gets a salary from them, plus his equipment. He drowns in exercise clothes and shoes. It's kind of funny, though, because he doesn't have a lot of other clothes, so he had to buy a suit for his sister's wedding and forgot to buy shoes, so I took him out to get them—he couldn't wear his dress sneakers! His coach and manager is Kim MacDonald, and he trains with Kenyans, who are considered the best long-distance runners. At the last Goodwill Games in New York, Pascal took care of an injured Kenyan athlete whom he competes against—they are friends and competitors.

He trains for three months in Australia, three months in California, and then he goes to Europe during the high racing season to train and compete. His downtime is usually from October to December, and is either here or in Madison, Wisconsin. He trains every day, but at a much-reduced level. When he is here, friends have called to say they saw him running backward up Massachusetts Avenue. He usually runs close to 20 miles a day—a hard workout in the morning and a lighter one in the afternoon. And during his downtime he has to rest in a horizontal position and does a lot of reading and sleeping.

What will Pascal compete in during the Olympics?

The 3000-meter steeplechase is about two miles, or eight times around the track. There are 27 barriers that don't fall over that are about three-feet high and seven water jumps in the race. There is a special track just for the water—they go inside the oval. He is number one on the three-member U.S. team. There are three heats to determine who will be in the final race. Pascal has been the best American for three years, and he is 26, which is great for him because all of the good people in his sport are over 30. ♦

Update: Pascal's time in the preliminary heat in Sydney on September 27 was 8:29.52, and he did not qualify to run in the final race. He finished sixth in his heat, and the top four went to the finals. The winner of the final race, a Kenyan, as expected, came in at 8:21.43. Pascal, who was treating an iron deficiency, is now looking forward to improving on his best time, which was in Sacramento, and looking towards the next Olympics in Greece.



A trip tougher than a mission

Subir Lall on his trek up Kilimanjaro

In August, Subir Lall (RES) and his friend Barbara Kotschwar traveled to Africa to climb the continent's highest peak, Mount Kilimanjaro. The trip followed several months of planning, preparation, and practice climbs, and, on August 15, the pair reached the 5,895-meter summit. Subir plans to climb Mount McKinley, North America's highest peak, next summer. Read on for Subir's account of his trip.

August 11 (Camp Machame, 3,000 meters)

We left Arusha at 9 a.m., and our driver dropped us and our guides, Eligius and Dominique, at Machame village (1,500 meters) two hours later. At the Machame entrance to Mount Kilimanjaro National Park, we signed in and paid for our climbing permit and the camping and rescue fees. The scene was as festive as a village bazaar, with groups of climbers making last-minute preparations, and their guides and porters ensuring that all arrangements were in place. Only about 10 percent of the climbers take the Machame route, which is more difficult than the commonly used Marangu route on the other side of the mountain, but we had been told the views were more spectacular along Machame, and today's subsequent trek certainly bore this out!

Eligius and Dominique checked our equipment and supplies one last time, and then Barbara and I set off at noon, with the guides following a few minutes behind, since the first day was to be a gentle upward trek and we did not need them. About two hours into the hike, several of the water bottles in our backpacks began to leak, drenching us. But we had enough water so it was mostly a discomfort. Most of the climb was through dense rain forest, and it was warm enough to wear shorts. Sections of the trail were wet from a previous rain, and we negotiated our way through ankle-high mud. The trek was moderately strenuous, and we set up camp, along with several other groups, at Machame campsite (3,000 meters) by late afternoon. We had a direct view of the peak, which seemed deceptively near and looked mag-

nificent with sunlight glistening off the snow. It was bright and sunny, but already, tall trees have given way to bushes and smaller trees. Except for hyrax (rock rats), we don't think there are other animals here—but we keep the tent firmly closed just in case. Dinner—soup and spaghetti made by the porters—was delicious after the trek, and for dessert we had tea and bananas. It is pretty cold by evening, and by 8:30 p.m. we are in our tent and ready to turn in for the night.

August 12 (Camp Shira, 3,800 meters)

Last night was fairly sleepless for both of us, except for the last hour—the porters kept us awake talking, singing, and playing a radio late into the night. We awoke to a breakfast of eggs, toast, and avocado. We broke camp at 9 a.m.—the pace so far has been very civilized—and began a fairly steep climb, but the views were breathtakingly spectacular. We caught glimpses of the mountain's peak (Kibo) from time to time, and spectacularly beautiful trees and flowers. We saw our first stalactites—a sure sign of cooler temperatures up higher—but shorts were still comfortable while we hiked, though we did get a bit cold when we stopped. We arrived at the Shira Hut campsite by mid-afternoon, again with a beautiful view of Kibo. It is noticeably colder tonight—close to 1 degree Celsius.

August 13 (Camp Shira)

I slept much better last night, but Barbara barely slept at all. Our noses were sunburned yesterday, and we woke up this morning with frost on them. Today was our altitude acclimatization day, climbing and trekking to about 4,600 meters and coming back down to Camp Shira to spend the night. The guiding maxim for altitude sickness is “climb high, sleep low,” but neither of us has so far felt any ill effects of the altitude. We trekked toward Lava Tower, past Moir Hut, which branches off to another route up the mountain. The vegetation is mostly small bushes amid the volcanic ash and rocks. It was rocky and rugged and spectacularly beautiful. We saw expansive views of Shira Plateau—where wild buffaloes roam, but fortunately we did not see any—to our left, which gently leads up to Lava Tower. We returned



Barbara and Subir at Camp Shira.

to Camp Shira, had lunch, and took a two-mile walk to an emergency hut to get extra water. Along the way, we met two men from Brooklyn who were setting up camps with their families. One of them had had knee surgery just two months previous from a skiing accident, but was still attempting the climb—they were taking the Barranco route. We returned to

the camp with water, and while having dinner outside the tent, misty clouds rolled by, completely engulfing us for a few minutes. The sky here is much brighter than I ever saw in Washington, and we even saw a few shooting stars. After dinner, we walked over to the camp of the Brooklyn families, with a tube of Tiger Balm for the man with the bad knee. (Barbara used to be somewhat suspicious of the healing powers of Tiger Balm, but I assured her that it is the best cure for muscle and joint pain, and I stock up during Asia missions.) I hope he finds it useful or, even better, doesn't need it.

A man from Manhattan set up camp next to us, so before we turned in for the night, we had a long talk with him about Tanzanian politics and the upcoming national elections and the efforts to get voter registry under way. He was traveling in the country with his wife and brother-in-law, who is a political attaché. He also suggested we visit Olduvai Gorge after our climb, where the Leakeys discovered the remains of the oldest human ancestors. It is very cold tonight.

August 14 (Arrow Glacier Camp, 4,800 meters)

The altitude is beginning to have an impact. We broke camp at 8:30 a.m. and made our way to Arrow Glacier Camp—at the base of the glacier—by 2 p.m. We passed the last point for water along the way, which was nothing more than a little stream. The iodine in the water is beginning to taste quite unwholesome. We made good

time, but started feeling a little light-headed along the way, and my hands and feet are a little swollen. As the need for oxygen grew, we talked sparingly and focused on the climbing. By the time we arrived at camp, I had a severe headache. It was very cold and windy, and we could see straight up the glacier, which looked to be a very forbidding vertical climb. We began climbing at midnight tonight, to make it to the summit a little after sunrise. I am glad Barbara suggested back in February that we climb to the summit on a full moon night, as the clouds will be below us and we should have a good view. The ground was very rocky, so we had to tie our much-needed tents to large rocks to prevent them from flying away. It was too windy to be out, so we spent the rest of the afternoon dozing in the tent, completely covered in layers of clothing, but unable to sleep. My vision has also begun to get blurry due to the high altitude, and I hope I am able to see farther than the 20 feet I can right now for the climb. We have slept about six to eight hours over the last four days, but lack of sleep is the least of our worries since the toughest part is to come. We had dinner at 6 p.m., and then Eligius and Dominique went through an equipment checklist and told us how to dress for the climb. It is expected to be minus 25 degrees Celsius, so frostbite is a concern. A few more hours of rest and then we begin the final climb. Our excitement is palpable, but the light-headedness is masking our emotions.

August 15 (Camp Mweka, 3,000 meters)

We made it—after 16 hours of almost continuous climbing and descending, with no sleep, the worst altitude sickness ever, no food, and very little water. Finally, an activity more exhausting than a Capital Markets mission! Our midnight climb along the Arrow Glacier was steep, and our headlamp batteries and water froze after an hour. But the full moon glistening off the snow and ice and the sheer rock face was hauntingly beautiful, and except for sounds we made, it was silent. The clouds were below us, and though they would catch up, I hoped they would wait until we were on our descent. Eligius, Barbara, Dominique, and I climbed in close formation. After an hour, Barbara and I started feeling dizzy, so we began stopping every 30 yards to take short, quick breaths. The breathing did nothing to reduce our

exhaustion and nausea, and every now and then one of us would double up in pain silently and wait for it to pass. The guides also started getting altitude sickness after two hours. Conversation had ceased altogether because every gulp of air was precious; every rock bigger than a foot tall that had to be climbed had to be assessed carefully to judge whether the effort would make us lose consciousness. We had contingency plans in case of unconsciousness, but were hoping they would remain just plans. Twice, I lost my footing while trying to rappel up an incline, and were it not for Dominique's steady hand in the small of my back at just the right moment, I would have descended down the mountain headfirst.

The most dangerous part was crossing a six-inch-wide ledge on the sheer mountain side, with a 500-foot drop below, where we had to break formation, take off the backpacks, and hug the mountain while slowly sliding across, completely unsupported. Looking back, if I had had a clear head I would have probably never attempted that. But last night, all I could think was "onward and upward." Barbara later told me that as she saw me swaying on the ledge, she was trying to remember which pocket I had put my living will in. Good thing she did not ask me then. Clenching my teeth to keep steady, I slowly scrambled across the ledge, not looking down until I was across. We resumed climbing soon after—not that there was a choice, as our route was too steep to turn around. As we got higher, our breaks increased until we stopped every seven to eight yards. We violated every rule of high altitude climbing, "...don't push each other...if you feel sick descend rapidly...take long breaks...drink water...keep warm," but

we didn't have a choice and both of us were too stubborn to give up, and the guides' egos prevented them from holding us back. Dominique's "it's okay" every time I winced at a large piece of rock I had to negotiate also helped immensely. His responses were like lightning if I lost my foothold, which happened frequently as my toes became numb.

It took us seven hours to reach the crater's edge at the top, when the sun had begun to rise over the surreal landscape. All we could hear was the whistling of the wind. It was much warmer now (minus 15 degrees Celsius), and the flat surface was ash and little pebbles. There was ice all around but not along the zigzag route to the highest point, and the sun above and rolling white clouds below created an indescribably beautiful image—more than could be said for any of us, since we were covered with five days' grime. We unsteadily walked the last 300 yards on nearly flat ground to Africa's highest point, Uhuru Peak (also one of the world's largest volcanoes), and stood for a moment to take it all in. My euphoria was overwhelming. I said, "We finally did it, although I have never felt such physical suffering before, and it was worth every second," and Barbara replied "so when are we doing this again?"

We quickly took pictures, signed the book, and made our way down the Mweka route, an easy trek down a narrow path covered with volcanic ash and dust. We covered the next four hours "skiing" down the dusty trail in our shoes. We stopped to drink when the water melted, and took off our snow pants and outer layers of clothing as it warmed up. We descended through the clouds, and my dizziness and vision improved, but the trail became damp and muddy. Given that we had to descend 2,800 meters after climbing 1,000 meters, we started going down faster and faster, causing excruciating pain in my right knee (I fractured it in a cycling accident years ago). Soon vegetation reappeared, and by 3 p.m., we were back in the rain forest. It was damp, gray, and wet, but birds were chirping, and wild and beautiful flowers surrounded us. We got to camp at 4 p.m., and it is completely wet here—as if we are inside a cloud—so there is little to do but take shelter in the tent. My toes are numb from this morning's cold, but I will sleep well, knowing that I stood on the roof of Africa this morning and saw the most beautiful sight in the world. ♦



At the top.



“I got one!”

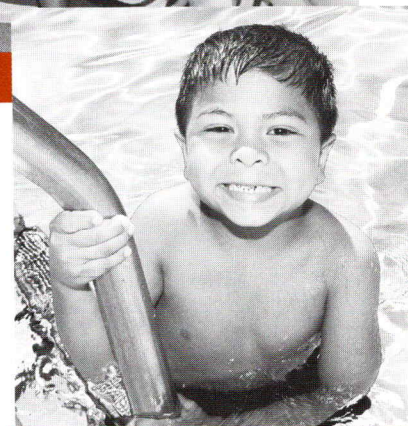
Five-year-old Manuel had been in a pool only a couple of times, but after just a few lessons, he was swimming like an old pro—especially out to the center and back to the edge, basking in the approving smiles and cheers from his friends. His sister Flor was so excited when she hit a home run in kickball that she almost forgot to touch home plate. Nine-year-old Yaneth squealed with delight when her golf club finally made contact with the ball and sent it bounding down the hill. It didn't matter that it only went a little way. She had hit it solidly. And 12-year-old José came running, shouting “I got one! I got one! I caught a fish!”

These were just a few of the scenes at the fifth annual All Kids Camp at the Bretton Woods Recreation Center in



Quick friendships were formed at Bretton Woods.

August. Forty-five children between the ages of 5 and 12 attended the week-long event, participating in sports (soccer, tennis, mini-golf), hiking, and arts and crafts. As in past years, the kids got swimming and golf lessons. The children came from three organizations that INVOLVE has worked with over the years—the Calvary Bilingual Multicultural Center, the Fishing School, and the Latin American Youth Center. In addition to the teen and adult counselors provided by the three groups, volunteers from IMF staff, particularly Juanita Roushdy and Maureen Churchill, and the International Spouse Association helped make this event a success. ♦



Manuel shows off his pearly whites.



A poolside cutie poses for the camera.

Jake Hudson

IMF staff help children of Chernobyl

Children of Chernobyl is a nonprofit organization that provides relief to children whose health was affected by the 1986 Chernobyl nuclear accident. The group is made up of families who host a child for a few weeks in the summer, and others who provide support. This summer, the program brought over 12 children and a chaperone, and the kids got much-needed medical and dental treatment, as well as visits to local sites.

IMF staff members who were particularly supportive by donating medication, toys, school supplies, cameras, or language assistance were Linda Kamel, Shiela Wright, and Juanita Roushdy (EXR), Diane Fisher (EU2), Taryn Parry (FAD), Carlene Francis (MED), Catherine Elwell (AFR), Marina Lang, Diane Blunt, Kathy DeBoe, and Rebecca Kudla (TGS).



Girls show off their traditional dress.

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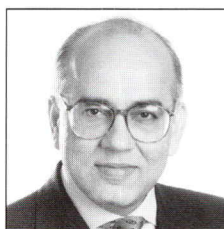
Mitsutoshi M. Adachi

Japanese, is an Economist, PDR. Formerly an assistant manager in the International Department in the Bank of Japan, he holds a Ph.D. from Boston University. His interests include economic transition in Central and Eastern Europe.



Masood Ahmed

Pakistani, is a Deputy Director, PDR. He was previously a vice president at the World Bank and holds an M.Sc. in economics from the London School of Economics.



Carol Baker

A U.S. national, is an Economist, PDR. Previously an academic coordinator at Universidad Anáhuac, Mexico City, she holds a Ph.D. from the University of Wisconsin at Madison.



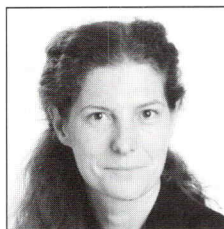
Philip F. Bartholomew

A U.S. national, is a Senior Economist, MAE. Previously a senior international economic advisor at the Office of the Comptroller of the Currency, he holds a Ph.D. in economics from the University of Pittsburgh. He lists travel, model trains, and military history among his interests. He is married with two daughters.



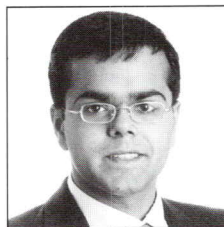
Sara Bertin-Levecq

French, is an Economist, AFR. She was a lecturer at Hong Kong University of Science and Technology before coming to the Fund. She holds a Ph.D. from New York University and is interested in nineteenth- and twentieth-century French literature.



Rikhil Bhavnani

Indian, is a Research Assistant, AFR. He holds a B.A. in economics and political science from Yale University. He lists swimming, reading, and collecting stamps among his interests. He intends to go onto graduate school for a Ph.D. in economics.



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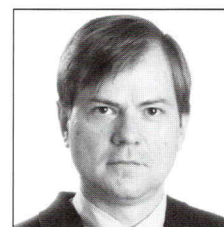
Susanne Bonomo

Swiss, is an Assistant to the Executive Director, OED. Before joining the Fund, she was an economist at the Swiss National Bank. She has a diploma and doctorate in economics from the University of Zurich.



Luis E. Breuer

Paraguayan, is a Senior Economist, WHD. He was formerly an MAE Resident Advisor. He holds a Ph.D. from the University of Illinois, Urbana-Champaign and enjoys sports and reading.



Zoran Cikic

French, is a Senior Purchasing Officer, TGS. He was a purchasing director in Europe before coming to the Fund. He was educated at Mechanical University in Paris and is married with two children.



Xavier Debrun

Belgian, is in the Economist Program, AFR. Formerly a postdoctoral fellow at Harvard University, he obtained his Ph.D. in Switzerland. He enjoys traveling and skiing.



Rupa Duttagupta

Indian, is in the Economist Program, APD. She holds a Ph.D. in economics from the University of Maryland.



Norbert Funke

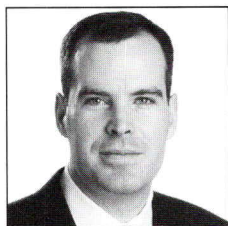
German, is an Economist, INS. He was previously the head of Financial Institutions Research, McKinsey & Company, Frankfurt. He holds a Ph.D. in economics from the University of Cologne and likes to ski.



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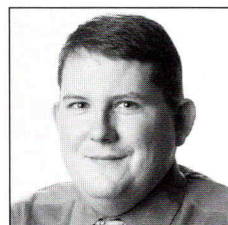
Michael Gapen

A U.S. national, is an Economist, WHD. He was previously an assistant professor at the University of Notre Dame. He was educated at Indiana University and is married.



John V. Healey

A U.S. national, is a Transportation Officer, BTS, where he was on contract before becoming an IMF staff member. He holds a B.S. from Old Dominion University and enjoys traveling, plane watching, attending shows, and his Yorkie. He is single.



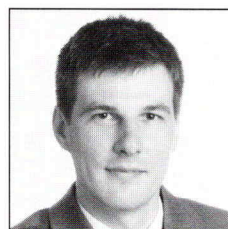
Dawn Heaney

A U.K. national, is a Staff Assistant, RES. She was a contractual staff member in RES and worked at the U.K. Embassy before joining the Fund. She studied at Napier University in Edinburgh and enjoys reading, movies, music, and socializing with family and friends. She is married.



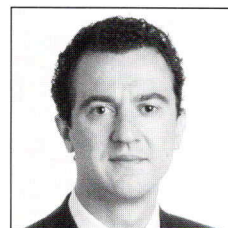
Vladimir Klyuev

Russian, is in the Economist Program, EU1. He holds a Ph.D. from Harvard University and is interested in exchange rate regimes. He is married and has two sons.



Gabriel E. Lopetegui

Argentinian, is an Economist, WHD. He was formerly an advisor to the president, Central Bank of Argentina. He holds an M.A. in economics from CEMA University. He loves sports and traveling and is married.



Patrick Megarbane

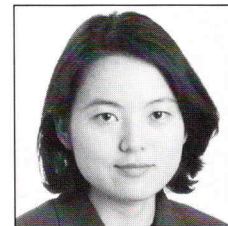
Syrian, is in the Economist Program, MED. He was educated at the Kiel Institute.



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Chikako Oka

Japanese, is a Research Assistant, TRE. She holds an M.A. from Yale University and is interested in bossa nova.



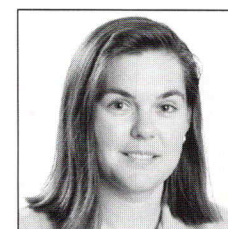
Laura Papi

Italian, is an Economist, PDR. She was a senior economist at Deutsche Bank, London, before coming to the Fund. She holds a Ph.D. from Warwick University.



Stephanie Reisinger

A U.S. national, is an Auditor, OIA. Formerly an audit manager with PricewaterhouseCoopers, she received her B.S. from the University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill. She enjoys sailboat racing, traveling, mah jongg, gourmet cooking, and spending time with her son.



Stefania Scandizzo

Italian, is an Economist, INS. She was previously an assistant professor at Texas A & M University and holds a Ph.D. in economics from the University of Pennsylvania.



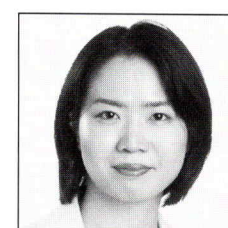
Yan Sun

Chinese, is in the Economist Program, APD. She holds a Ph.D. in economics from New York University.



Yumiko Suzuki

Japanese, is an Administrative Assistant, OED. She was previously an officer in the Ministry of Finance, Japan, and holds an L.L.B. from Sophia University, Tokyo. She enjoys traveling.



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Florina Tanase

Romanian, is an Economist, STA. Previously an IMF resident statistical advisor to Albania, she holds a Ph.D. in economics from the Academy of Economic Sciences, Bucharest. She enjoys reading and traveling.



Danyang Xie

Chinese, is an Economist, INS. He was formerly an associate professor at HKUST. He holds a Ph.D. in economics from the University of Chicago. He is interested in growth and macroeconomic policies.



imfstaff30years

Sandra Than Naing

Harold M. White

imfstaff25years

Djenane Elie-Goodall
Robert M. Goschy
Øystein H. Grimstad

Joseph Kakoza
Arne B. Petersen
Emilio Sacerdoti

imfstaff20years

Cecile Archer-Johnson
My Luong Beuzelin
Mario I. Blejer
Roberta C. Carey
Benedicte Christensen

Enzo Croce
Mary Ann DeLuca
Felicidad C. Domingo
Maria G. El-Khoury
Lelde Schmitz

Births

Roy Baban (LEG), his wife, Cynthia, and their sons are pleased to announce the birth of a baby girl, Adeline Christelle Lauren, on August 13.
Jeff Hayden (EXR) and his wife, Rachel, are delighted to announce the birth of their twins, Henry and Tess, on August 12.
Sharon Zinn (TGS) and her husband, Chris, are proud to announce the birth of twins, Abigail Claire and Rebecca Ann, on August 30.

Separations

Marco Annunziata
Akira Ariyoshi
Masatsugu Asakawa
Karen T. Conover
Martha Y. Cornejo
Jaime Cardoso Danvila
Paul-Marie Falcone
Katia Ivonne Fano

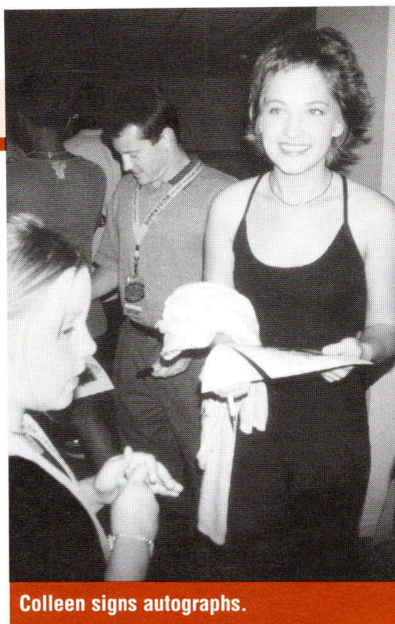
Christian A. François
Adrien Goorman
Tatsuya Kanai
Annie G. Mouyal
Lillian Pimental-Williams
Wakako Tsumura
David Woo

Transfers

Ramdane Abdoun to EU2 from AFR
Patricia Alonso-Gamo to EU2 from MED
George C. Anayiotos to PDR from EU2
Odd Per Brekk to EU1 from EU2
Lucia M. Casaravilla to EXR from FAD
Milan M. Cuc to AFR from TRE
Gregory C. Dahl to AFR from INS
S. De Biasi-Campanella to DMD from MAE
Enrique G. de la Piedra to AFR from MAE
Maryse Danielle Dube to APD from INS
Jonathan C. Dunn to AFR from EU2
Enrique A. Gelbard to AFR from PDR
Susan Mary George to EU2 from INS
Rachel Glennerster to PDR from EU1
Michael T. Hadjimichael to AFR from PAR
Lucia E. Hernandez to UNO from PDR
Qaizar Hussain to APD from INS
El Tigani E. Ibrahim to AFR from EXR
Garbis M. Iradian to EU2 from MED
Graeme Justice to PAR from EU2
Alfred Kammer to AFR from PDR
Nicole L. Laframboise to MED from PDR
Jean Le Dem to MED from PAR
Sergio Pereira Leite to PAR from AFR
Prakash N. Loungani to EXR from RES
Mauro Mecagni to PDR from MED
Luzmaria A. Monasi to PDR from EU1
Ruby E.M. Randall to HRD from WHD
Cyrus Sassanpour to EU1 from APD
Praveen Sewpaul to HRD from SSG
Subramanian S. Sriram to STA from RES
Andrew J. Tweedie to APD from RES
Timo Tapani Valila to EU2 from FAD
Ricardo C. Velloso to WHD from PDR
Jian-Ye Wang to PDR from EU2
Mohamed Wasfy to STA from TGS
Mary Gerarda Zephirin to MAE from AFR

A member of the Tribe

Pat Haskell, a Career Counselor in the Staff Development Center, has had an exciting year. Her daughter, Colleen, was a participant on this summer's television hit, *Survivor*. Pat talks about her daughter and her experiences below.



Colleen signs autographs.

Some in the Fund may not be familiar with the show, so could you explain how it worked?

The show consisted of 16 "castaways" chosen to go on an island in the South China Sea, Pulau Tiga. And for 39 days they existed together, competed in challenges [athletic and mental competitions], and, every three days, voted someone off. The last person on the island won \$1 million. About 6,000 people submitted applications and three-minute tapes for one of the 16 spots on the show. During January and February, CBS conducted interviews for the castaway spots. Colleen was a walk-on—she saw an ad in a mall in Miami and went in for an interview with a friend. Tapes of her interviews—telling funny stories and talking about herself—were sent to the show's producers. Colleen has traveled all over Europe and to Africa, and thought this would be a good opportunity for her to get to the South China Sea. CBS kept calling her back and finally sent her to Los Angeles for five days of psychological, medical, and physical tests. Along the way, she was very surprised that she kept going, and she kept going because it was interesting. She was really surprised to be chosen. On March 10 she left for Malaysia and they started filming on March 13, and finished on April 25. During that time, the castaways had cameras in their faces 24 hours a day. There were about 130 crew people on the island, who stayed several miles away in a camp-out area.

There were two tribes on the island—the Pagong and the Tiga tribes. Colleen was in the Pagong tribe—her group was very young, very fun-loving, and in it for a good time. They didn't see the game the same way the other tribe did. Colleen's tribe didn't form any alliances [voting blocs]—they thought alliances were

unethical. The other tribe was older and more corporate, and they formed mainly three- or four-person alliances from the beginning to vote people off, and they became very powerful. When the group got down to 10 people, it was merged into one tribe and at that point, everybody was out for him or herself. But the alliances had already been

formed, so everyone on Colleen's team was voted off. Colleen, the last person from the Pagong tribe to get voted off the island, made it to the eleventh episode of 13. The last show was two hours, and three people were voted off. Colleen will get between \$40,000 and \$50,000 after the show goes off the air, which she plans to use to pay off her school bills. At the end of every show they voted someone off, and when they were down to two people, the previous seven castaways came back to the island to form a jury to decide who would win.

How did the challenges work?

There were two types of challenges—in one, the winners of the contest won prizes, and the others were immunity challenges, where winners couldn't get voted off that night. When Colleen won the challenge of a barbecue dinner and a letter from a friend, she had to enter a contest involving numerous ropes. Each person had a number and had to get their number off each rope; the fastest one won the challenge. In the immunity challenge that Colleen lost, everyone had to stand on a four-inch-wide plank in the ocean. Colleen made it for 2 hours and 53 minutes, and then her foot fell asleep and she was exhausted and lost her will, so she fell into the water. That night she was voted off the island. Challenges she didn't win included seeing the full-length video we sent from home and a phone call and a visitor from home—it was fun deciding who would go. We decided her friend from Miami who applied to the show with her would go, so she got a trip to L.A., but not to Pulau Tiga.

How did the luxury items work?

Each person was allowed to take three "luxury items," to the island and the producers chose one of them. Colleen really wanted to take a cape, because she could have used it as a blanket, a pillow, and other things, but that got vetoed, so she ended up keeping her Cetaphil soap. Gretchen took a toothbrush and the whole tribe used it. Gervase took a deck of cards. Then, when someone was voted off, they could leave their luxury item for the rest of the tribe. Things were very primitive. While they had fresh water to drink, they had to make their own toilets, and they had no shower. They bathed in the ocean and Colleen had an inch of salt and sand in her hair when she left.

Bryant Gumbel recently referred to Colleen as "America's sweetheart." How does it feel to be her mother?

My husband John and I are very proud of how dignified she was, and by the way she conducted herself. She showed a lot of character. She wanted to invite everybody to the barbeque she won, although in the end she chose Jenna.

I am a counselor with a lot of training in psychology, and I wanted to make sure that Colleen didn't internalize any of the votes. It is a tough situation being on national television and having people vote against you: you have to be very strong, your ego has to be intact, and you have to have a good sense of yourself. And I did trust that about her; we talked a lot about it.

The last show was very dramatic: Susan, who became very bitter and was very angry, made an intense speech, and lambasted another of the surviving castaways, Kelly. Once Colleen heard Susan's speech she changed her vote—she had planned to vote for Rich and decided to vote for Kelly. Rich won. Everyone was surprised that he won, but if you study the films, he played the game the best. He had his eye on the prize from the beginning.

What was it like watching her on the show every week?

It started out with about 60 of us on opening night—I have a son at Loyola College in Baltimore, and all his friends are here—and got down to a core group of about 20 people every Wednesday night. My husband and I watched it alone in another room six inches

from the TV. I would sit there and wonder how we got to be watching our daughter on national TV. It is an unusual feeling, to be sure. Colleen called us during the commercials to tell us what was happening or what was really going on. It got so that every Wednesday starting at 4 p.m., we were getting ready for *Survivor*.

The nerve-racking period wasn't when the show was aired because she was back in the U.S. and fine by then; it was during the initial filming of the show. She was there for 39 days, and I didn't talk to her during that time, and I usually talk to her a lot. They weren't allowed to call even after they got kicked off—to a nice resort in Malaysia—for the duration of the show.

Did you really want her to win the \$1 million?

I just wanted her to be home—I was worried about her physically—most of the time they only ate rice and drank water. She developed a vitamin deficiency and got terrible bug bites on her legs—she got them treated and they are fine now. But she still has those "battle scars," which will probably last for one to three years!



Pat (second row, third from left) and the tribe that watched *Survivor* every week.

What have your experiences been with the publicity since the show ended, and what are Colleen's plans?

The publicity has just been phenomenal. In September, Colleen was on the Rosie O'Donnell show, where she got a Pontiac Aztec. She also co-hosted with Regis Philbin on his show and has done some commercials for environmental groups.

Colleen graduated from the University of Georgia in 1998 and is now attending the Miami Ad School—a two-year professional program where students put

together a portfolio for advertising. She is interested in copywriting. The school gave her a quarter off to do *Survivor* and also some credit for a booklet she created on her experiences with the show. Now she has to think about whether she will continue with school—she is halfway through the program—or take one of the offers she has been given. One of her interests is to be a travel correspondent. Everything is up in the air. She has an agent and is really weighing what she wants to do.

John and I have been on the radio and a little bit in the newspapers, but haven't been bothered much, probably because Colleen is listed as living in Miami. We did go to New England a few months ago and people recognized her—she is really amazed at the fame part.

Do you have any behind-the-scenes scoop that TV audiences weren't privy to?

It took about 1,400 hours of filming to get 1 hour of TV, so the amount of editing to make one episode was amazing. And one of the interesting aspects was that when they were filming, they didn't know who was going to be voted off the island, so during the editing, they had to go through the film and make sure that person was on the show a lot that night. I think people sometimes forget that it was a TV show, not reality.

Has Colleen kept in touch with any of the other castaways since the show ended?

Yes, she traveled for a while with Greg immediately after the show finished, but they are just friends. She keeps in touch mainly with other members of her tribe—Gervase, Jenna, and Gretchen.

Would you like to add anything?

I would first like to say that two of my closest friends in the Fund who work in the Staff Development Center were very helpful to me—Bea Kollins and Sunderan Moses. They knew I was going through all of this and were very helpful and supportive, both during the March/April period and while the show was on TV. I couldn't talk about it from the time it was taped until it was over—luckily, I hadn't told many people that Colleen was on, so it wasn't too difficult to keep

quiet about it. By the way, our wonderful center is in R-717 and I work there two to three days a week with staff on interviewing, communication, and other career development issues. I would also like to thank everyone at the Fund who figured out that Colleen was on the show and rooted for her. ♦

For more information on *Survivor* see www.cbs.com.

Triathlon Trio Says, "Just Try It!"

It was a dark and stormy September 23rd...as 800 crazies set out to jump into the Atlantic Ocean surf in Bethany Beach, Delaware, to begin the 0.9-mile swim, then jump on bikes to ride 24 miles, then run 6.2 miles for the seventeenth Annual Make-a-Wish Triathlon. The Make-a-Wish Foundation fulfills the wishes of children fighting life-threatening illnesses, and the triathlon raised almost \$300,000.

This was the first triathlon for Jane Godfrey (HRD), Rosa Mariduena (HRD), and Frank Havlicek (LEG), and each raised about \$200, and finished in three to three and a half hours. The event also appealed to Jane's and Frank's children, who stood in the rain to cheer them on.

After months of discussions and mutual dares, Jane, Rosa, and Frank felt like *Survivor* contestants afterward, celebrating in their IMF/INVOLVE t-shirts. They also talked about whether other staff members would be willing to participate in an international charity sports event each year, as well as one or more local events, in a new and informal IMF club, "Just Try It!" The group would raise money for charities through pledges and fund-raising, and participate in running, biking, rafting, hiking, swimming, and other events worldwide. The group is looking for its first opportunity, and anyone interested in discussing the possibilities should contact a member of the Triathlon Trio.

Jane Godfrey and Frank Havlicek



Frank and Jane geared up and ready to swim.