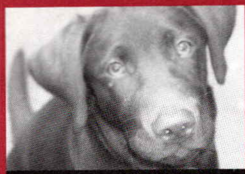
imfstaffnews

November 2002



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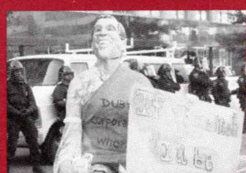

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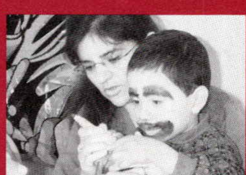

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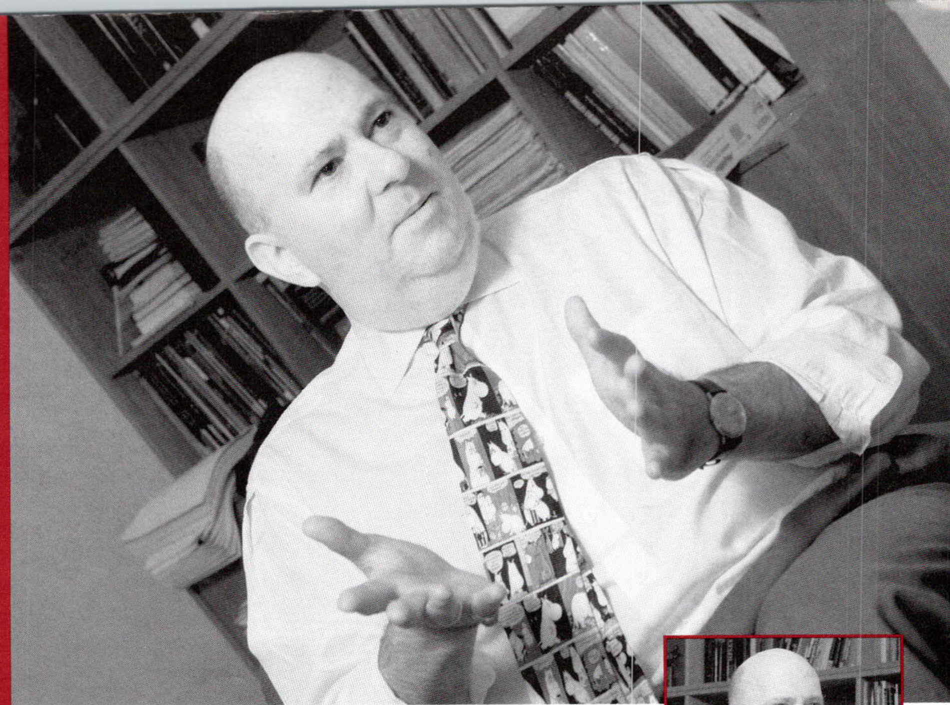
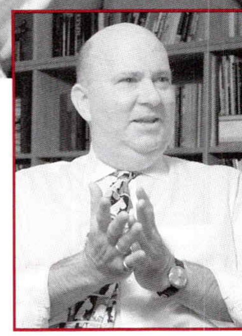
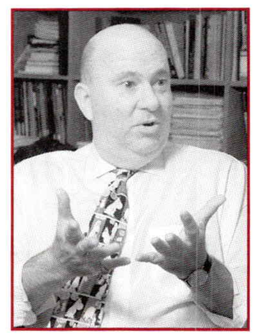
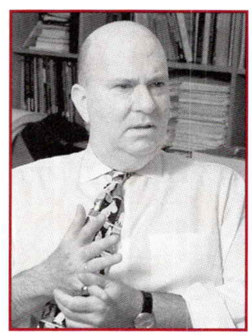


From Russia with love

Martin Gilman's tale of Fund life overseas







When Martin Gilman moved to Russia in 1996 to head the IMF's office in Moscow, he had no idea how dramatically the experience would alter the course of his life. Gilman talked with Staff News *about how an overseas assignment can yield some unexpected adventures, both professionally and personally.*

When did you start working on Russia?

I started out as the PDR economist on Russia—in those days a B-level assignment—in June 1993. After about three years, I began to contemplate what to do next. The prevailing view was that, following Yeltsin's imminent election in the summer of 1996, things would start to calm down. I had been looking around at other possibilities when, to my surprise, I got a call from John Odling-Smee, the Director of EU2, who offered me the job of heading the Moscow office starting in February 1997. I started learning Russian and, in November 1996, arrived in Moscow with my six-year-old black Labrador retriever, Tasha.

Tasha? A rather Russian name—did you rename her upon arrival there?

No—when I was working on Bulgaria, she was given to me as a puppy, and I just liked the name. Once I arrived in Moscow, I discovered inadvertently while walking my dog that Russians often give their dogs English names. I would hear Russians calling for their dogs, "Jim, Frank, Tom!" So it was very amusing to the Russians that my dog had, for them, a human name.

It was the dog that brought my future wife and me together. Within a couple of weeks of arriving in Moscow, I was invited to a party at the home of the only friend I had in Moscow, the *New York Times* bureau chief, Alessandra Stanley, whom I had known in my pre-Fund life with the OECD in Paris. So I went, and hanging out in the kitchen was this very attractive young Russian woman, Tatiana (Tanya) Malkina. Alessandra introduced us and said to her, "Maybe you can help Martin here with his dog, who's just been flown in air freight.

The dog had not arrived with me; she was flown in a few days later by Air France, which had put her on the wrong flight in Paris. She wasn't in the best of shape, having been in the cage far longer than she should have. So Tanya, a real dog lover with two of her own, took pity on Tasha. She didn't care about me at all, but she felt sorry for my dog, thinking that this naïve American arriving in the center of Moscow was not going to have a clue what to feed it or where to find a veterinarian. So she agreed to have dinner with me and explain what I needed to do.

Neither of us really fully understands exactly what happened subsequently, because getting involved was the last thing that I had intended at that point—particularly with a local Russian woman and a prominent one at that—but somehow that's what happened. Certainly the last thing that Tanya intended was to get involved, much less with an American at the head of the IMF office there. She thought that it was such a terrible cliché in Russia to be involved with a foreigner that it was actually an embarrassment for her. And more than an embarrassment: as we discovered that we were very fond of each other, it also presented a potential professional problem and what could have been viewed as a potential conflict of interest.

What did she do, and how could it have presented a conflict of interest?

She was a political columnist with a leading Russian newspaper, *Sevodnya*. As the Kremlin correspondent for her newspaper and doyenne of the Kremlin press corps, she had extremely high-level security clearance in the Kremlin, and the last thing she needed was to complicate that and her reputation as a patriot by getting involved with me. For me, too, it was awkward. I had to tell John Odling-Smee, Jack Boorman, and Stanley Fischer, "Listen, there is an evolving situation here." They asked if I thought that it would compromise my work or the work of the Fund. I told them that Tanya and I didn't discuss office matters—there is far more to life than work.

What if it had posed a problem?

It's hypothetical, and as a loyal husband I would have to say that love conquers all. But the fact is, during the four years that I was responsible for the Moscow office, there was never a situation where, in practical terms, our relationship created a problem. If anything, it enhanced my insights as well as my professional credibility in the eyes of the Russians. The former British Ambassador to Russia, Sir Andrew Wood, once said when introducing us, "This is Gilman, the representative of the IMF. He is probably the best informed foreigner in Moscow because he has a secret weapon," meaning my wife.

Sir Andrew was right, but maybe for the wrong reason. It was not that Tanya would give me any special information, but our relationship introduced a whole world of Russians to me. It gave me access to people in the Kremlin on social terms that I would not normally have had access to as the IMF resident representative. It also gave me a certain cachet among the senior Russians whom I was dealing with. I was married to one of their best and brightest, so I must be okay.

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

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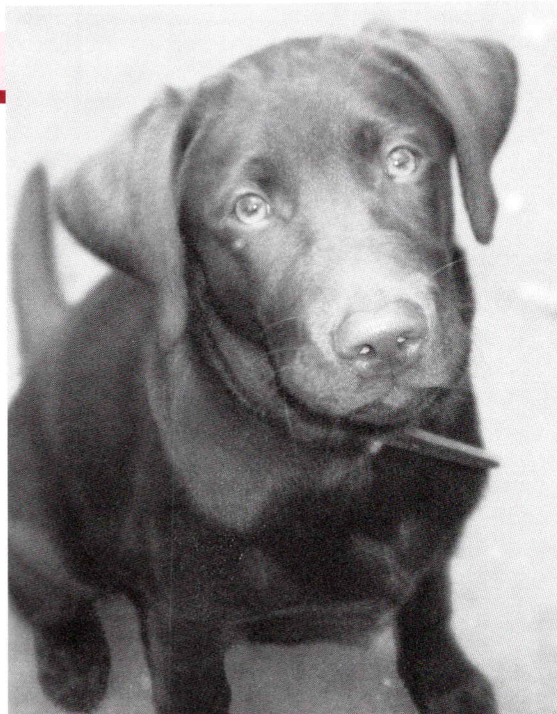

"It was the dog that brought my future wife and me together," says Gilman.

What insights did you gain as a result of this access to Russian society?

It changed my perspective on how Russians really lived and created for me a healthy skepticism. My wife said that we in the IMF were rather naïve about what was really going on. Not only did we not fully understand the political intrigues but we also failed to see the inability of the system to adapt to new realities quickly. No matter how sincerely some of the senior officials meant what they said, their capacity to deliver on those promises was simply very low. Tanya was skeptical about the IMF's providing money to Russia, and that idea was echoed among most of the Russians I knew.

As your relationship with Tanya was evolving, what was happening with the economic situation in Russia?

By the summer of 1997, our relationship was in full bloom, and we got married at the very beginning of 1998. Our first child, Marc, was born on August 4, 1998, just prior to the dénouement of the crisis on August 17, and it was a bit of a nightmare.

Ironically, at the end of 1997, thinking that everything was going to become normal, we had reduced the expatriate staff of the Moscow office from four to three people—Alfred Kammer, Tom Richardson, and me. By the end of June 1998, with this crisis developing, there was very little hope left that Russia could emerge unscathed, but we knew it was worth trying. Russia was no ordinary country—it was not only a very large and regionally significant country but also a nuclear-armed country. This was not an issue per se for the Fund as a technical institution, but the political masters of the Fund were certainly concerned. But at that time, the Moscow office was reduced to two people, Alfred Kammer and me. Tom Richardson had left and his replacement had not yet arrived.

What aid had been given the Russians in the period leading up to the August crisis?

During July, we'd helped put together a large package involving the first use of the Supplemental Reserve Facility. It was approved by the Board on July 20, less than a month after disbursing the first installment of 1998 under the Extended Fund Facility. Between them, almost $5.5 billion had been disbursed. Stan Fischer made a quick visit with Dan Citrin and departed on August 2, after warning the Russians that they were in major trouble and that the Fund could not provide any further financing. Kammer also left on a well-deserved holiday to Germany, his home country. So there I was, all by myself.

Then on August 4, my wife gave birth. Many Fund families in foreign postings would have done a medical evacuation and had the baby somewhere else.

In this case, your wife was Russian and perhaps more comfortable with the medical care there.

She was more comfortable with the system, but, in case of some unforeseen complication, it might have been advisable to have the child elsewhere. With the crisis and no staff, however, that option was not available. So after Marc was born at 7:35 a.m., despite having been up all night with Tanya in labor, I went to an 11 o'clock appointment with [former Prime Minister Yegor] Gaidar, who urgently needed to see me.

Wasn't there a mission scheduled to arrive any day?

Remember, the whole Russia team had been very stretched at that time, including the headquarters staff and the dedicated local staff, whose families bore the brunt of the stress and whose very futures were in play. There had been mission after mission, and people were in a state of exhaustion. We had just been to the Board, and the presumption was that the July package would buy breathing space until at least September. So people had gone ahead and made their holiday plans, including senior Russian officials.

What exactly was at stake in the August 1998 crisis?
Let me go back to the euphoric time in 1997 when money was flowing into Russia and other emerging market economies. When the Asian crisis hit, all this reversed; commodity prices dropped, and there was contagion in the oil prices. By late 1997, there were large financial outflows and a lot of volatility in the markets. When the crisis finally did erupt in Russia on August 17, 1998, some expected that there would be a complete meltdown of the Russian economy—that the authorities' likely response would be a large increase in the money supply, which would drive the exchange rate down rapidly. Our fear was that Russia would face not only a total output collapse but also possibly hyperinflation and increasing capital flight. There was even the specter of something much more sinister—the Russian people's proverbial patience finally being pushed too far, leading possibly to social and political unrest, with untoward consequences. That specter became real in late August 1998 with the start of panic buying; people couldn't get hold of foreign exchange, and many products started disappearing from the shelves. This was a period of enormous anxiety. It looked like there might possibly be a major reaction—maybe not exactly a return to a *dirigiste* state of the kind the Communist Party had been running, but something equivalent.

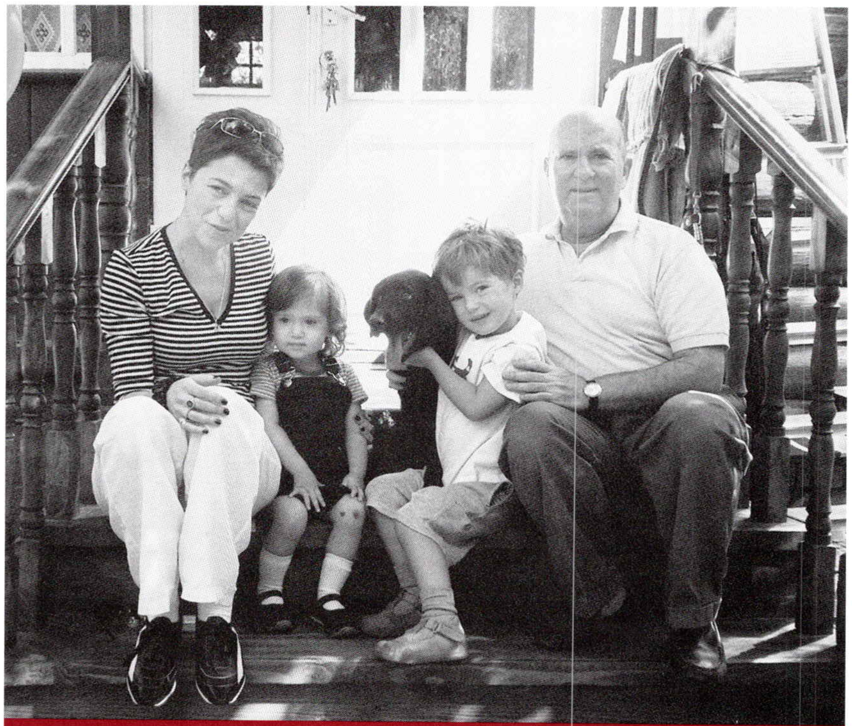
The Fund was intensely involved, with a number of missions, coordination between headquarters and Moscow, and daily—sometimes hourly—contact with various authorities that would extend into the evenings and weekends. Given the eight-hour time difference with Washington, there was no respect for evenings in this kind of situation. Staff at headquarters needed not only to know what was going on but also to have an interpretation, because some of the stories were pretty wild. The wire services reported events almost instantaneously, but accounts were often inaccurate. The shortages of late August/early September 1998, for instance, were vastly exaggerated.

Then scandals started to emerge. At the end of August 1998, after an interview that [former Finance Minister Anatoly] Chubais gave with a local Russian paper called *Kommersant*, he was quoted in a *Los Angeles Times* article as saying that he cheated the IMF out of money. This error was due to an incorrect translation and, to be fair, Chubais wasn't very precise even in Russian. But it became a big scandal—Mr. Mozhin of the Fund's Executive Board had to clarify what Chubais actually said.

There were worse scandals to come. In February 1999, a Communist Duma Deputy presented "evidence" that the $4.8 billion tranche disbursed to Russia in July 1998 had been stolen. He produced cable codes and telex wire transfer numbers on Federal Reserve Bank of New York transactions going through banks in Switzerland and on to other accounts belonging to Russian officials and, he alluded, senior IMF people. This was a major headline, and it necessitated a thorough investigation. It later emerged that it was all an elaborate hoax. We checked with the Federal Reserve, and the U.S. Treasury carried on its own inquiry. We found, for example, that one of the designated banks, a Creditanstalt Bank in Lugano, Switzerland, did not exist; nor did the Bank of Sydney in Australia. And the cable numbers for the Fed were fictitious.

This "scandal" was reported as front-page news. But when it was disproved, it was on the back pages; it didn't get blasted the way the original report did. Many people—not just uninformed readers but even people who generally follow the news—were left with the impression that there had been a major theft of IMF money with no follow-up. From the public's perspective, the whole thing was somehow hushed up.

Didn't the New York Times *print a story in a similar vein?*
In August 1999, the *New York Times* ran an article saying that about $7 billion of Russian money—again including IMF money—had been laundered through the Bank of New York. That part was very easy to disprove. But it launched a major investigation in the United States by the FBI and other federal agencies. They never came up with any indictments or major wrongdoing, apart from uncovering a few small-scale operations. But it was only this past June that the FBI finally called off the investigation. The *New York Times* reporter, who had to some extent been set up, did later recant, to his credit.



The Gilman family in Moscow (l-r): Tatiana Malkina, Agatha, Marc, and Martin.

The Bank of New York has created a real niche in the international market by providing correspondent banking services. Billions of dollars go through that bank in normal correspondent banking. Many Russians who find their own banking system expensive and unreliable do a lot of their banking offshore. Not because they're laundering money, but because they feel their money is safer there than in a Russian bank. If you need to receive money and make payments, it's much more efficient. The Russian banking system is—or at least was—very inefficient.

My point is simply that these stories stick, and it took an enormous amount of time to deal with them, as opposed to the substance of trying to advise the Russian authorities on current and prospective policies.

Before returning to headquarters, you stayed on in Moscow for a sabbatical.

I worked in the Moscow office until February 2001, then went on sabbatical that summer.

Why did you go on sabbatical, and what did you do?

My sabbatical through the Fund's Individual Study Program was an extraordinary opportunity to go into some area of research in depth and catch up on my reading. It was also an opportunity to step back and take stock, then return to the Fund with renewed energy and a fresh approach. Having been in the Fund for over 20 years, I know how one can get into a routine, even a rut. This program is one fantastic advantage of being long-term staff here: it's at full pay and you lose none of your benefits. To be eligible, you have to have been on the staff a minimum of seven years and agree to spend at least three years in the Fund when you come back.

I did a number of things, including teaching at the university—the Moscow Higher School of Economics—writing some op-ed pieces for Russian newspapers, and participating in a number of seminars and think-tank roundtables. Also, Stan Fischer suggested that it might be good to write about Russia while it was still fresh in my mind. James Boughton, the former Fund historian, also noted that my account of what happened would be useful to the Fund. Finally, with all the "misreporting"—the careless way reports on Russia were handled—I wanted to try to set the facts straight.

Tell me more about the book you wrote on sabbatical.

It is my personal narrative of how Russia evolved between 1997 and 2001, and what our role was in this process. It's a book about IMF-Russia relations, but from the perspective of Russia's economic development rather than from a program point of view. It's based on interviews I conducted with Stanley Fischer, Michel Camdessus in Paris, Fund staff, and senior Russian officials.

Now that you are back, what do you anticipate will be the biggest adjustment for you and your family?

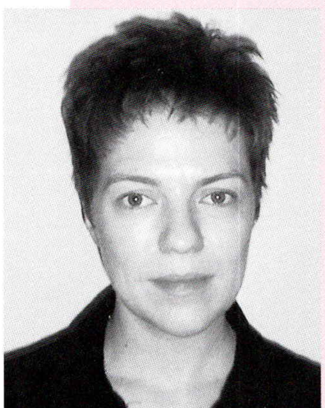
Having small children in Washington (our second child, Agatha, was born in Moscow in April 2000). I'm fairly confident that they will be fine, though, because the environment both in the United States and at the Fund is very supportive of families. Without a time difference, I won't get calls in the middle of the night. And with remote access computing, it's possible to go home at a reasonable hour, spend time with the children, and then go back to work on the computer.

Any concluding thoughts?

It's been an extraordinary adventure. Thanks to the Fund, I went off on what I thought would be a two-year assignment, taking just my dog and a couple of suitcases, then came back almost six years later with a family in tow. Professionally, there could have been no greater challenge. And from a personal point of view, it's obviously the ultimate. For those contemplating res rep assignments—especially single people—if you're going to what is supposed to be a relatively calm place, you can never be sure professionally what will happen. Some extraordinary adventures are possible. ◆

The doyenne of the Kremlin press corps

When Martin Gilman met Tatiana Malkina in 1996, she was already something of a legend. A 1989 graduate of the journalism faculty of the Moscow State University, she was part of an emerging group of idealistic journalists during the late Gorbachev era. But it was a single incident from her early days as a reporter for *Nezavisimaya Gazeta* that catapulted her to fame.



Tatiana Malkina

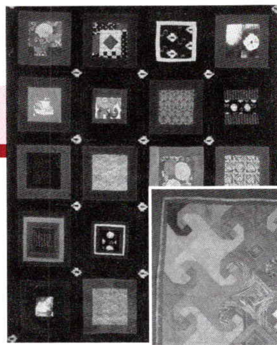
It was August 19, 1991, and a coup had just been mounted against Soviet President Mikhail Gorbachev, who was said to have mysteriously fallen ill. Foreign states were beginning to recognize the new government, and it looked like a typical Soviet regime change. The putschists called a press conference, which was attended by the international press, the diplomatic corps, and senior Soviet officials and broadcast on television. After a couple of respectful, Soviet-style questions from journalists, Malkina rose and boldly asked, "You must be aware of the fact that you've carried out a coup d'état. What do you find the closest historical analogy—1917, the Bolshevik Revolution, or 1964, when we had an internal coup against Krushchev?"

There was a stunned silence in the hall. Malkina's question spurred on other journalists, the atmosphere degenerated, and eventually, the on-air press conference was replaced with music. The next day, the world saw the famous image of Boris Yeltsin on the tank, marking the coup's swift defeat.

"She basically ridiculed the putschists," Gilman says of Malkina, now his wife. "The nature of her question was unprecedented and all the more humiliating coming from a pretty young girl in a party dress." Malkina, whose birthday was the previous day, was on her way to a party some friends had thrown in her honor. "She looked like Dorothy in the *Wizard of Oz* in some blue-and-white-checked dress. The sight just visually discombobulated the coupmakers." Malkina instantly became a symbol of the new, freer press in Russia.

Malkina covered the Kremlin for 12 years, accompanying Yeltsin and later current President Vladimir Putin on foreign trips. In 2000, she founded the magazine OZ (*Otechestvennye Zapiski*). The bimonthly magazine—the rough equivalent of, say, *The Atlantic Monthly* in the United States—fills a new niche in Russia, says Gilman. "We decide on a central theme for each issue," Malkina explains, "then invite decision makers, politicians, and scholars (rather than journalists) to write on different aspects of it." Recent issues have explored the church-state relationship in Russia, higher education and the reform of the educational system, the average Russian's world view, taxation, Russian territory and frontiers, and Russia's judicial system.

Since joining Gilman here in September, Malkina has continued to serve as the magazine's editor-in-chief, reading, generating ideas, and maintaining contact with Moscow electronically. She also keeps busy raising the couple's two small children, Marc and Agatha, and settling into a new environment. Her biggest difficulty in adjusting to the United States? "Being a chain-smoker," she confesses.



Queen of quilts

Ann Robertson, Senior Editorial Assistant in FAD, hails from Lowell, Massachusetts—historically an important center for cotton mills and textile production in the northeastern United States. It's no wonder that she was exposed at a young age to domestic arts involving cloth, like sewing. But it took an earthquake in Kobe, Japan, to prompt her to take up quilting.

Ann Robertson with the fruit of her labor.

Now an award-winning quiltmaker whose work is displayed in museums, Robertson turns somber as she relates the story. "My family and I were living in Japan, where my husband was posted with the U.S. Foreign Service. In January 1995, there was a huge earthquake in Kobe that traveled right under our house. The city was devastated, and in our little suburb alone, 2,000 people died." Robertson worked at that time as an English teacher, but the earthquake resulted in the cancellation of school for several weeks. Her husband, the U.S. Consular Officer in Osaka, had to walk an hour and a half through rubble just to reach the train station to go to his office. Once in Osaka, he stayed a couple of weeks until the rubble was cleared and normal conditions were partially restored.

"I was stuck at home without much to do," Robertson says, "so I decided to start cutting out fabric and make one big quilt. I'd always wanted to try, and it seemed like the right time." It was this windfall of spare time, with her husband away, work canceled, and the streets impassable, perhaps combined with some psychological need for consolation, that got her started. She and her family, after all, had narrowly escaped death. What could be more soothing than a quilt—symbol of warmth, comfort, and home?

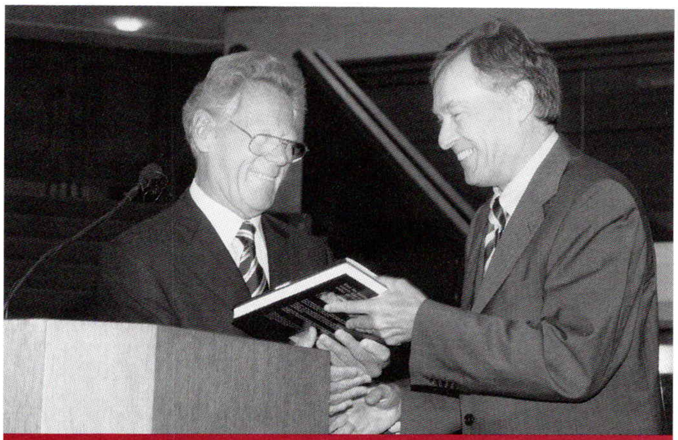
That was seven years ago. Since then, Robertson has made dozens of other quilts, averaging four or five a year. There are two main kinds of quilt, she says: art quilts and traditional quilts. "Art quilts rely more on design and personal expression. The traditional kind emphasizes sewing techniques—perfect right-angle piecing is important, and so is the size of stitches." Robertson prefers making art quilts, and it's the kind she does best. So well, in fact, that she was invited to show her quilt "Koyama" in the New England Quilt Museum's "Colors of the Season," a juried exhibition in Lowell this fall.

"Koyama," like many of Robertson's quilts, shows the influence of her international travels. Her husband's job took the family to live in Mexico, Athens, Tokyo, Abu Dhabi, then Kobe. In each place she collected fabric, and when she later became enamored of quiltmaking, she used these remnants in quilts, lending them an exotic flavor. It's no accident, perhaps, that many of her quilts have a Japanese flair, since it was in Japan that she first picked up the hobby.

"I used to go to temple sales," she explains, "which are like flea markets on city temple grounds. I'd go there to buy old kimonos. After 50 or 100 years, the silk on these kimonos really shows wear and tear, though they're still beautiful. I cut out the dirty spots and keep what's clean and not damaged." Then she incorporates these silk leftovers into the design of her quilts. The result is breathtaking.

According to *Time* magazine, quilts are a hot new $144 million industry, and it seems there might be money in it for someone with Robertson's skills. But making money is not her main goal, although she has sold quilts at exhibitions. She simply finds quilting fun. And what does she do with all the leftover strips of material when she finishes one? "That's easy," Robertson shrugs. "You just make another quilt." ◆

Hans Küng shares his vision of a global ethic



Hans Küng presents the Managing Director with a copy of his book.

Newspapers are full of stories on terrorism, poverty, abuse, and corruption. Is there hope for the future of the world? A recent exhibition, "World Religions—Universal Peace—Global Ethic," argued that there was. The exhibit came to the Fund for the Annual Meetings and remained in the atrium until November 1, following a yearlong stay at the United Nations headquarters in New York.

The exhibit, organized by Hans Küng, President of the Global Ethic Foundation in Tübingen, Germany, highlighted the common principles of the world's major religions. Küng, a noted Roman Catholic theologian and prolific author, has spent his life studying Christianity and more than a decade examining other religions of the world. With a lifetime of research behind him, he looked to the basic principles of the world's religions to provide a universal ethical orientation. He arrived at his "vision of hope": no peace among the nations without peace among the religions; no peace among the religions without dialogue between the religions; no dialogue between the religions without global ethical standards; no survival of our globe without a global ethic.

This vision of hope came about after Küng drafted the "Declaration Toward a Global Ethic" for the Parliament of World Religions convened in 1993 in Chicago with 6,000 delegates attending. By examining their broad similarities and agreeing to set aside irreconcilable differences, representatives of the world's religions reached a consensus on binding values, irrevocable standards, and personal attitudes that could form the basis of a global ethic. The cornerstone of a global ethic includes commitment to a culture of nonviolence and respect for life, solidarity, and a just economic order, tolerance and a life of truthfulness, and equal rights and partnership between men and women.

A visitor views the Global Ethic Foundation's exhibit in the atrium.

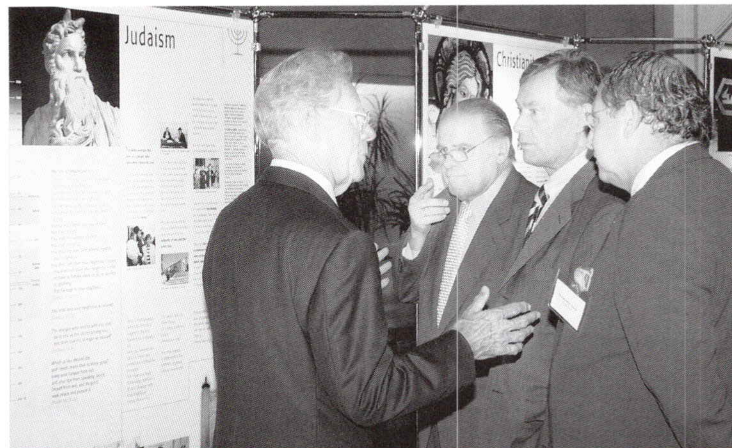
While visiting the Fund for the exhibit's opening, Küng elaborated on his idea of a global ethic. He explained that a global ethic is not a new ideology, but an idea that developed over years of research and discussion with world religious and political leaders. Nor is the global ethic a religious or moral program; rather, Küng said, it is simply "the minimum of basic ethical standards we need to live together in a family, a town, a nation, and among nations. It is an elementary consensus so that society does not fall apart."

As an international organization concerned with economic progress, the IMF has a special responsibility to promote ethics among its members. Economic progress and ethics go hand in hand, Küng said, citing a recent speech of U.S. President George W. Bush. "America's greatest economic need," Bush declared, "is higher ethical standards—standards enforced by strict laws and upheld by responsible business leaders." Other countries, said Küng, would also benefit economically from higher ethical standards. "Economic progress presupposes good business, good business presupposes good governance, good governance presupposes good behavior, and good behavior presupposes certain ethical standards."

The Managing Director, in an address to the Board of Governors during the Annual Meetings, echoed this philosophy. "I believe that we need to take our concept of global governance one step further. Recent corporate scandals should remind us that there must be more to a market economy and entrepreneurship than profits alone. As [Czech] President Vaclav Havel said two years ago in Prague, "A global economy needs a sense of a global ethic."

Küng reminded his listeners that "there are more satisfying values than material pleasure, and committing ourselves to a lofty goal brings great joy. We must get away from the celebration of 'self-fulfillment' and the idea of prosperity. If we are to live together in peace and freedom, we need high ethical norms."

The traveling exhibit is just one way the Global Ethic Foundation strives to educate the public about the need for a global ethic. The foundation's strategy is to get its message out at different levels, bringing its program to different countries. The foundation works with the United Nations, the IMF, and other international organizations to inspire leaders, but it also promotes the global ethic at the grassroots level in families, schools, and communities. Küng stressed that the world cannot be changed without parents who are responsible for teaching their children from a very early age. At a minimum, parents must teach their children what Christians refer to as the "golden rule"—a fundamental principle for all major religions—as a standard for behavior.



Hans Küng discusses his exhibit with the Managing Director and guests.

For more information on the work of the Global Ethic Foundation, visit its website (http://www.global-ethic.org). ◆

Kelley McCollum

Ethical Foundation of the World's Religions

Common Principle	Hinduism	Chinese Religion	Buddhism	Judaism	Christianity	Islam
The Golden Rule	This is the sum of duty: do nothing to others which would cause pain if done to you. *Mahabharata XIII.114.8*	Do not do to others what you do not want them to do to you. *Confucius, Analects 15.23*	A state that is not pleasant or delightful to me must be so for him also; and a state which is not pleasant or delightful for me, how could I inflict that on another? *Samyutta Nikaya V, 353.35-354.2*	Do not do to others what you would not want them to do to you. *Rabbi Hillel, Shabbat 31a*	In everything do to others as you would have them do to you. *Matthew 7:12; Luke 6:31*	No one of you is a believer until he desires for his brother that which he desires for himself. *40 Hadith (sayings of Muhamad) of an-Nawawi 13*

Source: The Global Ethic Foundation.

A tribute to Dmitriy Menshikov


Dmitriy Menshikov

Dmitriy Menshikov, tragically taken from us on September 6 at 41 years of age, was a warm, energetic, and colorful guy. Originally from northwest Russia, he decided to pack up his family and leave the "vibes" of post-1989 Moscow and a challenging position in the Gosbank to start a new life in the United States. This initiative showed his well-developed appetite for the uncertain and a pioneer spirit strongly associated with his new home.

After his arrival, he plunged into additional study at the George Washington University and much hard work at the Fund. After a two-year fixed-term appointment, this effort resulted in a permanent position. Dmitriy was the first economist recruited by the Fund from post-1989 Russia. His energy and good cheer made this whole transition seem effortless.

In the more literal sense of "colorful," early birds in MAE will remember Dmitriy in his bright yellow outfit as he strode briskly out of the parking garage to his office, full of energy after his daily bike ride—irrespective of the weather—from his home in the far reaches of Montgomery County. He was so enthusiastic about that sport that he even took a collapsible bike on mission. His mission destinations tended to be equally colorful, ranging from Mongolia to Kenya. Based on his experiences at local barbershops while on mission, he had been compiling the highly innovative Menshikov Comparative Haircuts Index.


Dimitriy Menshikov (third from left) on mission in Vietnam in November 1999.

Dmitriy also brought verve and an innovative spirit to his work on bank performance statistics. His signature product, the Bank Diagnostic Model, was a practical diagnostic tool for banks that retained its usefulness even in conditions of limited data resources. He enthusiastically developed and shared his product with colleagues and country authorities.

After a certain number of years, an expatriate, no matter how strong his devotion to the mother country, reaches the "point of no return." There are indications that Dmitriy may have passed that point: his Colonial-style suburban home, complete with deck; his children, a delightful mix of European heritage and American suburban teen culture; and a zippy roadster he cruised around in.

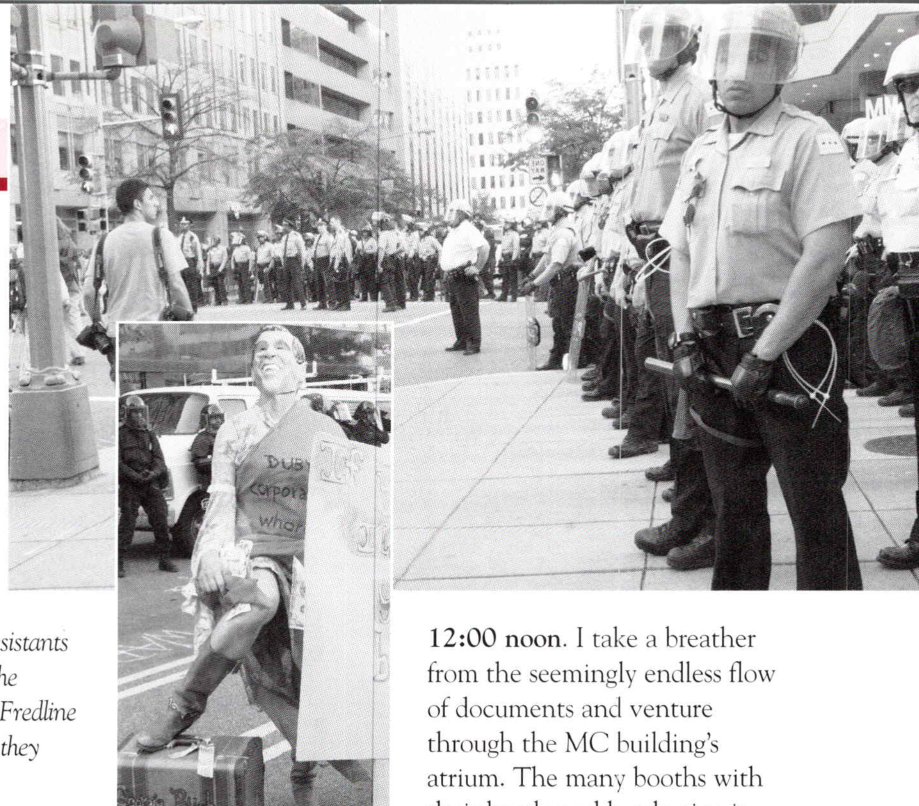
Still, he remained a Russian through and through. He often treated mission colleagues to renditions of the songs he composed in Russian, accompanying himself on the guitar, a standard component of his mission gear. He kept in close contact with his compatriots in Washington and with his former colleagues at what became the Central Bank of Russia. He often helped out his colleagues who were learning Russian.

One of our strongest memories of him is the love he had for his family. Dmitriy came as close as possible to the Russian ideal of the Pater Familias—roughly translated from the Russian *khozyain*—clearly the boss, but warm and caring, and aware of the responsibilities (and the joys) of his position in the family.

He was part of our family here in MAE, and we miss him sorely. Until late in his illness he was alert and talkative, full of ideas and bringing light to those around him. Dmitriy was a truly kind and generous person; he gave without asking anything in return, loved life, and was always available for a chat or a joke. There was no conditionality in Dmitriy. It is all the more sad and unfair that his cancer fed on the same energy that so warmed his family, friends, and colleagues—and which, incidentally, had allowed him to rack up an outrageous number of mission days. Was his candle burning at both ends? No, he was too well balanced for that, but his flame burned brightly and continues to do so in our memory of him. ◆

Dimitriy's friends and colleagues

Annual Meetings 2002: View from the trenches



Events can often be experienced on many levels, and the Annual Meetings are no exception. In the following article, Fredline Jean-Baptiste and Silvia Pérez (both administrative assistants in AFR) share their take on it. They formed part of the round-the-clock Documents Preparation Team, with Fredline on the day shift and Silvia working at night. Together they paint a vivid picture of the behind-the-scenes action.

Fredline's day shift

Friday, September 20

4:00 a.m. The sirens and voices of police outside the window of my room at the Marriott Wardman Park give me a sudden jolt, and I spring out of bed. Peering out, I see there is no cause for alarm as the police are merely patrolling the area—albeit a little too excitedly.

5:00 a.m. Flanked by two police cars with sirens at full blast, the procession of buses begins its journey through the illuminated streets of downtown Washington to the IMF and World Bank headquarters, which are being closely guarded by various branches of the police. Most people aboard, though awake, seem to be lost in their own thoughts; others make feeble attempts at conversation. The trip takes only 10 minutes, as the city is still asleep. My colleagues from the World Bank and IFC, Librada Penid-Lopez and Angelita Coloma, and I pass through the security perimeter to report for duty in the MC building. This would be our schedule through Sunday.

6:00 a.m. After breakfast, Librada, Angelita, and I begin to review the day shift's work assignment. Our team is seamless, even though we represent three institutions with diverse styles. We alternate between serving as word processors and proofreaders. Flexibility is key, as is speed, because we are operating under very tight deadlines. Our unit is just one stop on the production line that the Governors' speeches are channeled through before they are distributed to the meeting participants.

12:00 noon. I take a breather from the seemingly endless flow of documents and venture through the MC building's atrium. The many booths with their hustle and bustle give it the appearance of an international bazaar. Making my way through the crowd, I come upon a group of police officers stationed just outside the doors of the main entrance. What a sight! The detachment ranges from the regular metropolitan cop and swat team to what appears to be a special operations unit of the armed forces, without the full metal jacket. They are vigilant, poised, and ready for action, while at the same time maintaining an easy camaraderie among themselves. One look at their seriousness of purpose would make the average Joe citizen (or Martian visitor!) wonder what on earth this was all about.

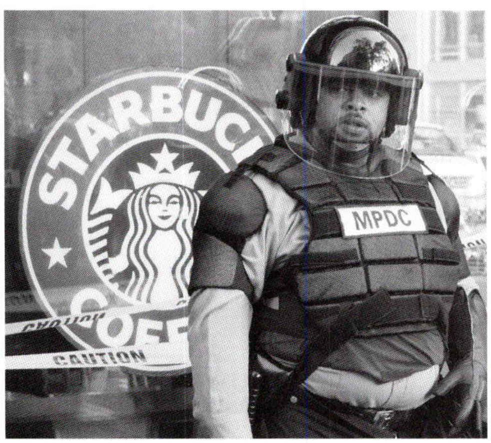
6:00 p.m. Finally, the end of our 12-hour day shift! The return trip to the Wardman seems a blessing. We move through traffic like President Bush's motorcade, ensuring our safety and outmaneuvering any overzealous protestors. Delegates and staff are jubilant as the day ends without incident. As we step inside the hotel, its lobby sparkles in an atmosphere of splendor as the activities continue on into the evening, but I am happy to slip quietly up to my room and catch a few hours of shut-eye before morning.

Fredline Jean-Baptiste

Silvia's night shift

Friday, September 20

12:00 noon. I turn on the TV and learn that hundreds of demonstrators have been arrested near Freedom Plaza, but access to the Bank and Fund seems to be clear. The antiglobalists are protesting against not just the Fund and the Bank but also McDonald's, Chipotle, the Gap, and Fresh Fields. The most outlandish demonstration takes place in front of a Gap store in Georgetown. All the protesters strip to their underwear; the image is broadcast across the world. My mother in Argentina sees it on TV, and I have trouble explaining how that relates to the Annual Meetings. I assure her that we do not expect this sort of demonstration in the World Bank/IMF vicinity (although nothing is impossible).



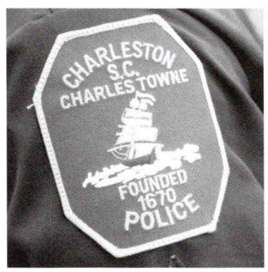
12:50 p.m. I don't start work until 2:30, but I decide to take the 1:00 shuttle. The shuttle leaves a few minutes early and I miss it, so I hop on the Metro. When I get off at Farragut North, there is a concert in progress there, with lots of policemen milling around. Despite the security perimeter, it is easy for delegates and staff to get in. There are police cars, fire trucks, Hazmat units, TV crews, and first aid vans—even security forces on top of the Fund building and on other rooftops. Since I am early for work, I take a walk around the building. There are riot shields propped against the Bank's walls and crates of water bottles for the policemen.

2:30 p.m. We get down to business. Our office has a view of G Street, which is barricaded. The policemen stand around waiting for action. Some sit on the terrace of a restaurant—the weather is so mild and peaceful, they could be tourists sipping cappuccino at a Parisian bistro!

10:30 p.m. We are finally ready to go. Having missed the last shuttle, I return to the hotel by cab.

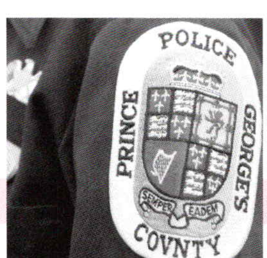
Saturday, September 28

2:50 p.m. Although our shift starts at 5:30, we're supposed to be inside the perimeter two hours ahead of time. The protesters threaten to make a human chain around the Bank and the Fund to prevent people from leaving or entering the premises (thus spreading the "virus" of globalization). Our entry is unencumbered. Susan Yeager, our supervisor, decides that the morning shift should leave right away to avoid the human chain. We start work at 3:30 p.m but will have to stay until 5:30 a.m. Will I be able to make it?



5:00 p.m. The demonstrations begin. I have time to take a break, so I manage to leave the MC building through the 19th Street exit before it is closed. The Trojan horse that the protesters have wheeled in front of the World Bank building gets tangled in a tree in the square and is decapitated. The protesters are obviously outnumbered by the policemen; it seems the mass arrests of the previous day have dampened the enthusiasm of many. The demonstration quickly fizzles, and I go back to work.

10:00 p.m. I take a walk around the block; all is quiet. I will do this several more times in the course of the night to break up the 14 straight hours of work.



Sunday, September 29

4:30 p.m. Thirteen hours later, I find myself back at work—I pray that it will not be another all-nighter. We work on several speeches and leave around 10:00 p.m. Compared with the previous day, a piece of cake! I go back to the hotel, have a quick dinner in the bar, and retire for the night.

Monday, September 30

9:00 a.m. I check out of the hotel and head home. Our departure, though a little anticlimactic, is a great relief! ◆

Silvia Pérez

imfstaff 30 years

Adalbert Knobl
Claudio M. Loser

imfstaff 25 years

Luciano A. Benenati
Chee Sung Lee
Albert J. Mauger

imfstaff 20 years

John Hicklin
Henri R. Lorie
Bert E. Keuppens
Peter M. Tillotson

Separations

Marie-Jose Bauer
Robert Chote
Boyko D. Dimitratchkov
Michael Stuart Kell
Michel H. Le Marois
Jenny E. Lighthart
Chandima H. Mendis
Jorge A. Shepherd Tello
Paul R. Wade
C. Maxwell Watson
Maria B. Zamora Talaya

Transfers

George C. Anayiotos to EU1 from PDR
Julia M. Baca Zevallos to FAD from LEG
Steven Alan Barnett to APD from FAD
Wolfgang Bauer Stampfli to WHD from FAD
Magally Bernal to EU1 from MAE
Susan P. Bernhardt to TGS from TRE
Axel Bertuch-Samuels to ICM from OMD
Scott Bradley Brown to PDR from OMD
Lucia Buono to PDR from ICM
David Burton to APD from MED
Nigel Andrew Chalk to WHD from DSO
Jean-Pierre Chauffour to AFR from PDR
Nada Georges Choueiri to EU1 from MED
Karen A. Craig to MAE from EU1
Salim Mohsin Darbar to MAE from EU1
Ada J. de Korver to SSG from OED
John R. Dodsworth to WHD from EU2
Matthew Fisher to PDR from ICM
Roberto Garcia-Salto s to WHD from INS
Lorenzo Giorgianni to WHD from APD
Nadeem Ul Haque to MED from APD
Mark A. Horton to FAD from EU2
Haizhou Huang to EU1 from MAE
Garbis M. Iradian to MED from EU2
Ulrich Jacoby to AFR from PDR
Laura E. Kodres to RES from EU1
Kathryn J. Langdon to PDR from MAE
Jorge R Marquez-Ruarte to WHD from EU2
Guy M. Meredith to WHD from RES
Zuzana Murgasova to EU1 from PDR
Bo Jens Andreas Nystedt to PDR from DSO
Jonathan D. Ostry to RES from APD
Eswar S. Prasad to APD from RES
Mounir R. Rached to WHD from INS
Alessandro Rebucci to RES from PDR
Klaus-Walter Riechel to AFR from APD
Markus H. Rodlauer to WHD from APD
Doris C. Ross to AFR from PDR
Malina Slavcheva Savova to EU2 from TRE
Abebe Aemro Selassie to PDR from EU1
Anoop Singh to WHD from DSO
Sukhwinder Singh to APD from PDR
Nicola Spatafora to RES from EU2
Dorothy Anne Spiotta to TGS from EXR
Abdelali Tazi Mokha to AFR from FAD
Ranjit S. Teja to WHD from DSO
Michael A. Wattleworth to INS from TRE

newimfstaff

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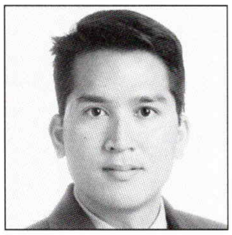

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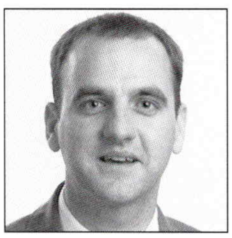

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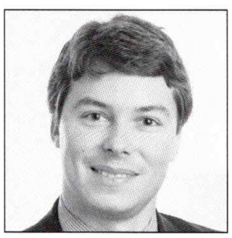

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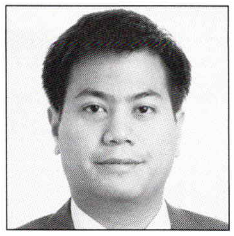

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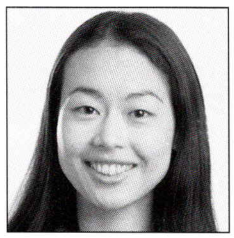

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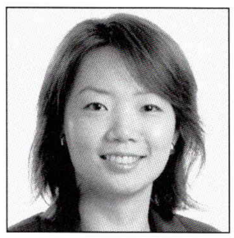

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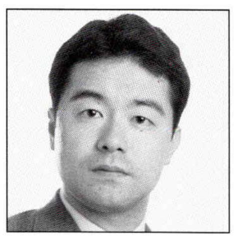

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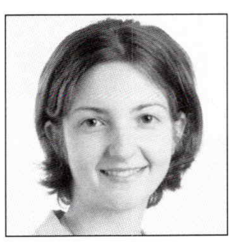

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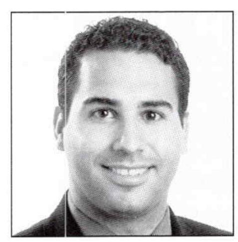

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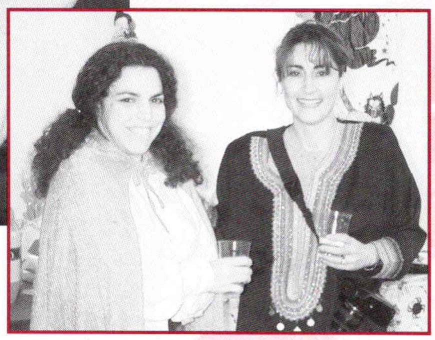

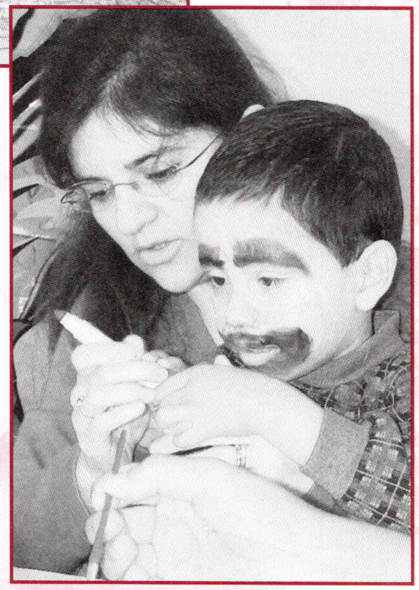

INVOLVE's busy fall

On Saturday, October 26, INVOLVE volunteers donned their costumes, gathered their face paints, pumpkins, and scary decorations and headed over to Mt. Pleasant to host their annual Halloween party for the children from AYUDA. AYUDA, Inc., is an organization that provides legal support and social services to refugees, immigrants, and battered women. The party was once again organized by Roxana Nikdjou, with the help of Jennifer Bisping, Magally Bernal, Cristina Barbosa, Sadhana Jackson, and Gabriel Inchauste Comboni and her husband, Ruben Moreno. Children were turned into ghosts and goblins by the face painters, and the children, in turn, carved scary faces out of the pumpkins. Fun games like musical chairs filled the remainder of the afternoon, and the kids went home with bags full of candy, their pumpkin masterpieces, and big smiles on their painted faces. ◆

Connie Strayer

The Washington Area Food Bank was full of volunteers from around the DC area—including INVOLVErs—ready to pack and sort food on Saturday, October 26. The Food Bank is a vital community organization that collects and distributes food for the needy in the Washington area. The month of October was difficult for the Food Bank and its clients, as the number of volunteers helping sort and box food varied from small to nonexistent during the sniper attacks.

However, on this morning, volunteers returned in full force and were welcomed by the Food Bank staff. We were immediately set to work packing the weekly lunch bags for needy families. The time went by quickly, and chatter was constant. As quickly as we bagged the food, it was boxed and put on the trucks, which then took off for the long-awaited delivery! The Food Bank staff was grateful, as were the families. At the end of our 3-hour shift we had bagged and shipped out over 1,500 boxes. The Food Bank relies on volunteers every weekend to help box, sort, or bag food. Everyone is welcome. For more details on how to volunteer there, please contact Kathy DeBoe.

Jane Godfrey