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STANLEY FISCHER (1943-2025)

Edmar Bacha

Stanley Fischer faleceu em sua casa em Lexington, Mass., em 31 de maio de 2025. Ele foi professor de quatro sócios do IEPE, André Lara Resende, Ilan Goldfajn, Pedro Bodin e Persio Arida. Amigo dileto de três outros sócios, Arminio Fraga, Pedro Malan e eu.

Esteve três vezes na Casa das Garças. Em 4 de agosto de 2008, para seminário com jantar em sua homenagem, como Presidente do Banco Central de Israel. Em 22 de fevereiro de 2013, para seminário em homenagem aos 70 anos de Pedro Malan (https://iepecdg.com.br/wp-content/uploads/2013/11/merge.pdf). Em 31 de junho de 2017, para seminário em homenagem aos 60 anos de Arminio Fraga (https://www.federalreserve.gov/newsevents/speech/fischer20170731a.htm). Nas duas últimas ocasiões, era Vice-Presidente do Conselho de Governadores do Federal Reserve Bank dos Estados Unidos.

Em 3 de fevereiro de 2020, Denise e Ilan Goldfajn, Maria Laura Cavalcanti e eu jantamos com ele em Nova York, conversando inclusive sobre sua infância na Rodésia do Norte (hoje Zambia). No dia seguinte ele nos enviou e-mail, anexando "my paper, written in 1996, about my family's life in Mazabuka. I hope it gives the four Brazilians present at last night's dinner an idea of what life in an at-that-stage underpopulated African town was like". Fica aqui gravado como tributo ao amigo querido que foi um dos maiores economistas de nossa geração.

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August 28 1996

Mazabuka

Stanley Fischer[1]

My home was in Mazabuka, Northern Rhodesia (now Zambia) from my birth in 1943 until 1956, when my parents moved to Bulawayo. For the last three of those years, from 1954 to 1956, I attended school in Cape Town, at SACS, and was thus in Mazabuka only during the June and December school vacations. Probably I stayed in Cape Town for one or two of those three summer vacations, since my mother took a 6-week summer vacation with the children in Cape Town, her home town, every other year. We travel led by train; it took four days to do the 2000 miles from Mazabuka to Cape Town. (My father came when he could, and then we drove; one year he had no sooner arrived in Cape Town than the manager of his store in Mazabuka died and he had to go back.)

The school in Mazabuka, the Robert Codrington School (he was the first British administrator of Northern Rhodesia), whose motto was "Manners Makyth Man" - it is the motto of Winchester, which Codrington perhaps attended -- went only through standard 5, and I would have had to leave home in 1955 in any case. I was sent to school in Cape Town because my mother's large family was there, and to begin studying Hebrew and Judaism, to prepare for my barmitzah, which took place in November 1956. I had a brother, Denis, who was four and a half years younger than me, and it must have been the prospect of his also having to leave home that enabled my mother' to persuade my father to move to Bulawayo, where the two of us could live at home and still receive a good education (we went to Milton School). Denis died of cancer in 1972, at the age of 24.

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[1] These notes began as a letter responding to a request from a historian, Hugh Macmillan, at the University of Transkei in Umtata, Africa. Macmillan is writing a history of the Jews in Zambia, a task he took over from a non-historian former Zambian, Edwin Wolfson, now living in London, who had tried to do it. Macmillan had been at the University of Zambia for 18 years, but left in 1995. He asked for reminiscences about Jewish life in Mazabuka, but once I started, the letter kept growing. I've sent Macmillan a letter that includes all the Jewish material included here, but omits much of the rest. As I warned him at the beginning of the letter, "Here goes — with the warning that many of my recollections are hazy, and that some of the facts must be wrong." I have checked some facts with Jack and Sigrid Fischer, but the warning still applies. Traces of the letter fornat remain in one or two places where I address a reader who knows something about Zambia.

I am not sure when my father, Philip Fischer (he had been called Pet ja in Latvia, and I don't know why he didn't become Peter) moved to Mazabuka. He left Libau in Latvia in 1926, at the age of 19, and immigrated to Northern Rhodesia (NR), where his two older half-brothers, Sam and Lazar, lived. Sam was in Lusaka; I 'm not sure where Lazar was. My father worked on the Copperbelt at some stage; he was also in Bwana M'kubwa, and in Lusaka at different times. For some time (including after he moved to Mazabuka) he was a partner in a business with George Hurwitz in Lusaka. His full brother Solomon after whom I am named immigrated a few years after him. Solomon died, of a failed operation (perhaps appendix) in Johannesburg in about 1937. I don't know whether he ever lived in Mazabuka.

My father was living in Mazabuka when he married my mother in Cape Town in January 1943. She was born in Cape Town, her parents having immigrated from Lithuania, in the 1890s I think. Together with two of our sons, I visited Libau last year, and discovered that the town my mother's parents came from, Kritingen, was just across the border from and very close to Libau, where the Fischers lived after World War I. My mother's name was Ann Kopelowitz, and she was a relative of my father's. Her father, Elias Kopelowitz, was a cousin of the Elias Kopelowitz who lived in Livingstone.

I think my father initially worked in Mazabuka as the manager of a store owned by the Livingstone Elias Kopelowitz. In any case, he bought the store from "old man Kop" as he called him, though I don't know when. When I was growing up in Mazabuka, the large sign above the entrance said

P. Fischer

General Merchant

and general the shop was, like an American country store. Aside from the standard retail store, selling among other things, clothing, candy, soft drinks, pocket knives, golf-balls, cloth, canned food, and hardware, the business included a maize mill, a gasoline pump or two, a tailor, and possibly other services. Once the whole town turned out to see the world welterweight boxing champion, Vic Toweel and his family, who had stopped to fill up with petrol on their way from Johannesburg to a world title bout in the Belgian Congo (now Zaire). (The Toweels were Lebanese immigrants to South Africa, and three of the brothers were world boxing champions at one time or another in the 1950s.)

My father would order anything his customers wanted (I remember orders for both a tractor and a rugby ball), with the products usually coming from Bulawayo by train. Travelling salesmen, called travellers, drove up from

Bulawayo soliciting orders; among them were Sidney Marcus, a Romanian Jew, who became my Dad's partner when we moved to Bulawayo, and Alan Feigenbaum, who sold shoes made in his father's factory in Bulawayo. (We were later friendly with the Feigenbaums in Bulawayo, and Alan was the executor of my father's estate. Alan's father, Sid, came from Manchester and had the bandieet legs and a wonderful accent - he was known to the Bulawayo kids as "bah goom", which was one of his standard phrases, meaning "by gum.")

My mother worked in the business, as the accountant; one version of the history of the business was that it only took off when my father got married. A lot of my Dad's business was done on credit and he would ask the farmers who came in to the shop "Hoe gaan die oes?" ("how goes the harvest?" in Afrikaans, the language of many of them).

At that time we described Mazabuka as having a population of 400, which meant 400 whites. Most of them were farmers, living in the outlying areas , with maize the main crop and I think also some tobacco and perhaps cotton and sugar, dairying and ranching. There was a mission station nearby, pronounced Chicken-carter but spelled some other way. Some of the missionaries were American nuns, who were an object of great curiosity when they came into the store; they ran a well-regarded school for Africans, and also a hospital.

I don't know how many white families lived in the village: in addition to us, there were at least the bank manager, the (railway) station manager, the school-teacher(s), and the government officials. The Boma, the offices of the NR Government (NRG) administration, was a mile or two from the center of the village. There was also a government agricultural research station a few miles out of town, the Director of which, John (Hank) Hobday, was a popular character. Hobday had a small plane for getting around his huge domain, and occasionally gave visitors rides, including over some nearby game-rich plain, perhaps the Kafue flats. (One of his sons, Simon, became a quite well-known golfer, who played in major U.S. tournaments, and whom I 've seen playing on TV; he now plays sometimes on the U.S. Senior Circuit, and I think lives in Florida. I read about the other son, Humphrey, once in the Wall Street Journal; he was then a manager of a mine in Johannesburg). Hank Hobday eventually took a high-level job in the Department of Agriculture in Ethiopia and died in a car crash there.

At that time, the population of Northern Rhodesia was about 2 million, almost all blacks (in polite or official talk they were called natives or Africans; in less polite white talk, they were often called kaffirs), 1iving in a country

nearly twice the size of California. There were fifty thousand whites, most of them living on the Copperbelt, in the north. Mazabuka was further south, eighty miles south of the capital Lusaka, which had a white population of 10, 000. Our lives were directed to the south, to Livingstone, on the Zambian side of the Zambesi, at the Victoria Falls, 250 miles south ("the Falls" to me is always the Victoria Falls, and they surely are the most beautiful falls anywhere); to Bulawayo 500 miles from us; to Johannesburg, 1000 miles away; and Cape Town 2000 miles away. I never went further north in Zambia than Lusaka.

The country was run by a British Governor, advised by Legco, the Legislative Council, of 32 (I think) members, who were white, some or all of whom were elected. Some of the whites wanted political independence, to run the country without the hindrance of the British. At the time the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland was being considered, (SR, NR and Nyasaland -- today, Zimbabwe, Zambia and Malawi), probably in 1952, a group of the locals met to discuss the issue at our house, and one of the farmers said "This is the only way we'll be able to put a gun to the head of the British and tell them to get out" Both the image and the thought startled me . The political leader of the whites was Roy Welensky, half Jewish, who had been leader of the Railway Workers Union, a large man, who had also been NR's heavyweight boxing champion. He stayed in our house one night when campaigning for the Federation, having arrived by plane all this creating incredible excitement. Welensky later became the second Prime Minister of the Federation, as well as becoming Sir Roy. He was very pro-British and couldn't quite bring himself to declare independence of Britain; that was left to the much tougher Ian Smith, Prime Minister of (Southern) Rhodesia, in 1965, after the breakup of the Federation and the independence of Zambia and Malawi. Sir Roy wrote an interesting book, called something like "4000 Days", his account of the Federation, which lasted a little over 10 years.

In addition to the white population, there was a community of Asians; we called them Indians, which must be where they came from when they came, but I think some were Muslims who might have come from the area that later became Pakistan. The chief commercial competition to my father was provided by the Indians, particularly a Mr. Dawoodjee; my parents sometimes complained about being undercut by his low prices. I have no idea what the African population of the Mazabuka area was.

We had several African servants at home, and my father employed a large staff in the business. Racism was taken for granted, there was no social mixing, and the school was of course segregated. I remember once organizing

a cricket game with some African children, and being reprimanded by a passerby. Nor was there any social mixing between the Indians and the whites - Europeans as they were called, though at least one of them was an American from Virginia, Sandy Rich, a farmer and one of my father's best friends.

The African servants lived in separate quarters behind the house. African employees of the business lived in a part of town set aside for them, known in Mazabuka as the compound, and in Southern Rhodesia as the location. Africans in the outlying areas which we called "the bush" (the bushveld or veld in South Africa) lived in circular mud huts with thatched roofs, in villages, growing maize and raising chickens and animals.

The chief government official in each district was the District Commissioner; the one I remember was called Harry Vaux. (He gave a speech at school one Armistice Day, telling the students that war has no victors, totally bemusing me because I knew "we" had won the war.) My father was the Chairman of the Town (perhaps Village) Management Board; sometimes he was called, probably sardonically, the Mayor of Mazabuka. I 'm not sure what they managed, but toilets were outhouses with the sewage being taken away at night by the "scotch cart " It was a big day when running water came to Mazabuka, apparently at my father's initiative. He appeared on the NR movie newsreel showing the inauguration; I think the Governor was there too. The town had no electricity but in our new house (details to follow) my father had a small gasoline-powered electric generator that provided electric lights, but was not powerful enough to run electric appliances. The generator was also used to charge batteries for the locals.

The town had a government-run telephone system, part of the post office. There was an operator, who connected calls with those leads that you see in the movies, and then cranked a lever to make the phone ring. We had two numbers, 29 and 32, one at home and one in the business. The farmers were generally on party lines, sharing a line; they were contacted by getting their own distinctive ring (two long, one short, etc.). Abuse of the party line by some unpopular citizen talking too long, or listening in on the neighbors' calls was a regular item of town gossip. News generally came to town by telegram, sometimes via the phone operator - for instance the death of the King in February 1952, which created much distress. (Also explanations of how people usually said "The King is dead. Long live the King", but how this time it ended "Long live the Queen.")

The whites were mostly British, and intensely loyal and patriotic; we were living in the aftermath of World War Il and Churchill was everyone's hero. (How could they be pro-British and want to kick the British out?

Their Britain was the idealized imperial power, not post-War Britain.) The men in the golf-club followed the 1952 American election closely, listening to the results on short-wave radio; they were all pro-Ike. By the same token, there was consternation when General Smuts's United Party lost the 1948 South African general election and the Nationalists under Doctor Malan won.

The British civil servants served three-year terms, followed by six months of home leave in Britain. The trip home took almost three weeks, a four-day train trip to Cape Town, followed by a two-week boat trip on the Union Castle lines, to Southampton. Most people, including many who had never been there, referred to Britain as home.

Mazabuka was on the main Cape-to-(perhaps) Cairo road (the main road in Lusaka is called Cairo Road), the Great North Road, which ran through the center of town, taking a sharp turn at the local hotel and watering spot, the Mazabuka Arms (proprietor: W.C. (Stinky) Tribe, who may have been an Australian). It was initially a dirt road, but it was asphalted (tarred) at some stage, another exciting development. The PWD (Public Works Department) had a road maintenance camp about 10 miles out of town, on the road to Lusaka. The railroad also went through Mazabuka, and the Sunday afternoon entertainment was going to the station to meet the train. Usually father would spot an acquaintance on the train, and animated conversation would flow during the half-hour or so the train was in the station (there was no platform).

Social life centered on the Mazabuka Arms at lunchtime, when the men gathered for a drink, and the golf club, up on the hill, where they went in the evenings for another drink or two. The men --and some of the women too-- drank a great deal. The golf-course had only nine holes, with slag greens. The rain in. that part of the world is seasonal: it rained a lot (perhaps over 40" a year) in the summer, but there was no rain for 6 months of the year, and the golf course turned brown and then dusty, until it revived in October or November. From the golf course you could see in the far distance the Kafue flats, and in the winter, huge grass fires blazing on the flats. Some of the locals had motor boats and would sometimes take us fishing on the river on the weekend.

For most of the time we lived in Mazabuka, we were the only Jewish family. The NRG posted a doctor in the town, and two of them were Jewish. One was an Iljon - a family to which we were vaguely related -- Eric. I'm not sure how long he was in Mazabuka. He later married a non-Jewish Welsh nurse, Betty, who converted; eventually they ended up living on a kibbutz in Israel, Gesher Haziv. The other Jewish doctor was a German refugee, Dr. Dublon, who had two sons. One of them, George, was in my class, but I don't know

what happened to him or his family. (I did hear about George a few years ago, but I don't recall the context.) They lived next door, and one November 5 one of my rockets went off course and flew between Dr. Dublon and his wife who were out for a stroll, getting me into a great deal of trouble.

Another Iljon, Benny, lived in Mazabuka at one time. Benny married Paula Kopelowitz (old man Kop's orphaned niece--she was named after her father Paul who died before she was born; she was raised by Kop and his wife Henny in Livingstone), and they managed the Mazabuka Arms for a while, but it must have been when I was very young, because I don't remember them being in Mazabuka. Later they lived in Livingstone. After my mother died in 1963, my father married Paula, who was then divorced from Benny.

My parents did not keep a kosher home, but we did go to Lusaka for the high holidays (Rosh Hashanah and Yom Kippur), and attended the synagogue. We may also have gone to Lusaka for Passover sometimes, but I don't remember that. Once or twice we went to Livingstone for the Jewish holidays, staying with the Kops. We stayed with Sam and Sigrid Fischer when we were in Lusaka. I obviously did not get a Jewish education in Mazabuka, but I was taught the Hebrew alphabet before I went to Cape Town, I suppose by my father. I also have a vivid recollection of his standing one morning at a window, facing out, "laying tefillin", i.e. putting on phylacteries, wearing a tallit (prayer shawl) and saying the morning prayers--that may have been his mother's yahrzeit, the anniversary of his mother's death. (She died in Libau in 1936, thus being spared the Holocaust; his father had died in 1920. He did not see his mother again after leaving Latvia in 1926, but I know they corresponded weekly and he and Sam sent her monthly remittances.)

When I was born, my parents lived in a house behind the store. There was no running water. There was a well behind the house, on the way to the outhouse. Rainwater was collected in big storage tanks at the side of the house, via runoff from the roof. We kept water to drink in canvas bags that cooled through evaporation, suspended in a tree outside the back door. Water had to be boiled for drinking. There was a bath, filled by water that ran in from a heated 44-gallon (55 American gallons) petrol drum outside, and the rainwater tank. We had an evaporation type cooler chest, but later bought a kerosene-powered refrigerator. In that house we used hurricane lamps for lighting, and batteries to power the radio. We also had a wind-up gramophone.

My Dad's business must have done well, because he first expanded the original shop by knocking down the walls between it and the shop next door, and later moved to another location. The new store had I think been a garage,

i.e. service station and agricultural equipment dealer, owned by a company called Rhodavia. He had both white and black customers, though their purchasing patterns must have been very different.

In the new store - which to my eyes was enormous my father and mother had offices on either side of a passageway going from the shop itself to the storage area. My father always had a box under his desk and would tear stamps off incoming letters and drop them in the box, regularly urging me to sort the stamps and put them in an album. Occasionally I did, soaking them off, but making only a small dent in the number of unsorted boxes. Many stamps were from Hong Kong, most from Northern and Southern Rhodesia, South Africa, and the U. K. My mother kept the books and sent out the monthly accounts. Employees not currently busy would sit on the floor on the porch out front, and would be summoned by the call "moenya boy", with "moenya" meaning "some" or "another". I remember being told once or twice that Africans had come into the shop to try to sell my father diamonds, which was illegal; and which so far as I know he did not buy.

At some stage we moved to a new house; I'm not sure whether my father built or bought it. It was on the hill leading to the golf-course, next to the house of the manager of the local bank, Standard (now Standard-Chartered) Bank, Austin Brown. The new house had running water and a flush toilet, which must have flushed into a septic tank. It also had a generator. It had three bedrooms, one a guest room.

The school was down the hill from the new house. Many, probably most, of the pupils were boarders, the children of the local farmers. The school was very small and there were two classes in each room and per teacher. (I remember Mrs. Barrett and Mr. Pepper among the teachers the Barretts lived on a farm, and they once brought up a pair of lion cubs they had acquired as a result of shooting the mother; I have a picture of Denis feeding one of the cubs.) The two classes sat on either side of the aisle, and the teacher would first instruct one class, and then leave them with a task and attend to the other class. The headmaster was Vic Shipman, a friend of the family; he later moved to Bulawayo and became headmaster of an African school at which my sister-in-law Vivien taught for a while. The school had religious classes, during which I was excused and left to play outside. The classroom for that year was a rondavel (circular, mud and thatch hut) largely open to the outdoors, and I listened in on the classes. Eventually my parents let me take part in the class. When, shortly after my return to class, they went back through the story of the loaves and the fishes, the teacher asked me how Jesus had fed the people, and I answered correctly - she said "You must have been listening We t 00k s

seriously, playing cricket and either soccer or rugby, as well as tennis; there was an annual school sports day, for which my Dad always provided the refreshments .

I suppose my father was quite happy in Mazabuka, but my mother was not. (When she told her mother she wanted to marry my father, she was asked whether she really wanted to live in the jungle.) She wanted to move to a bigger town, one with a Jewish community. He was fortunate to sell the business in 1956, at the time the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland was expected to succeed, optimism was high, and business must have been good. The purchaser was a British company, called I think Campbell, Booker and Carter. (A few years ago in London I found myself at a dinner sitting next to the chairman of the company, who had in his younger days in some way been involved in the purchase of my Dad's business, about which we had a pleasant chat.) The sale price was 55, 000 pounds, $154,000 at the time, which would be around $750, 000 in today's purchasing power. In any case, it was regarded as a huge amount. To thwart the local interest in how much he had received for the business, Dad arranged to deposit the proceeds in a bank in Lusaka.

As I've been writing, names and incidents have been coming back to me, so let me mention them briefly. (There were probably more characters in a town like that than in a population of comparable size elsewhere: people must have had to be a bit unusual to end up in a very small village in Northern Rhodesia.) My Dad was a wonderful raconteur, with an inexhaustible fund of NR stories, almost none of which I remember. One I recall was about a 300-pound Mazabuka farmer who fell out of the bottom of his coffin en route to his grave.

There was a one-legged farmer, Joe Thatcher, whose wooden leg frightened me. Once I stayed on his farm for a week, they were very nice to me, and I stopped being frightened.

My father's friend Sandy Rich was married to an Englishwoman, Muriel, who eventually could take NR no longer, and went back to England. They had two daughters, Susan and Hilary, older than me; when I was at the LSE Muriel would sometimes invite me for weekends at their pleasant house in Esher, Surrey. Sandy remarried, in a local scandal, Stella Allinson, the wife of a farmer. The Allinsons had been in Malaya and at least he and perhaps both of them had been prisoners of the Japanese.

"Twinkle" Twycross, a spinster, was the retired matron (the person who ran the boarding school), and lived alone in a house some distance out of town. She and my parents were friends. Twinkle had once been attacked by a swarm

of bees at a picnic on Council Rock -- where the African chiefs had held council with their people in earlier times - and nearly died; she was saved by one of the farmers who backed his truck up to where she was, threw her in the back, and drove her at high speed to hospital in Lusaka. Twinkle wrote crime novels in her retirement, but none was ever published. I read one, in which the murder weapon was a poisonous spider put in the victim's slipper. This of course made an impression on a young mind, and I worried about my slippers for a long time after. I think of her wearing a large-brimmed maroon felt hat. Somewhere we have a picture of her and a few others at the railway station.

There was Captain Freddy Godson, a local farmer, with a very British accent. They had racehorses, which he entered in the races in Lusaka.

My parents were good friends with another farmer, Jack Player and his wife. Their son Jackie was the local golf champion; their South African nephew was the then just becoming famous golfer, Gary Player. One day when we were visiting the Players I was messing around on their tractors and started one of them, causing a great commotion until someone succeeded in stopping it and me.

One of the farmers, an Afrikaner, "Doc" Smith, was a doctor, the size of whose clientele depended on the quality of the then government doctor. Doc Smith's first name was Adolph, which bothered me a lot. Doc Smith discovered I was allergic to penicillin.

Hank Hobday's wife, Betty, was called Madam, though I don't know why.

One of the local white farmers whose name I forget lived with an African woman, who may or may not have been his wife (I don't know whether the law forbade inter-racial marriage) and he was not accepted by the white community; he shopped in my father's store, but there was a bit of a buzz when he walked in; there was also a lively controversy over whether the local barber should cut his hair.

One of the farmers (Pickering?) had purchased a collection of massive prehistoric looking steam tractors, which littered the area around his farmhouse, and none of which had ever worked.

There was an Irishman, Paddy Ruane, whose job I don't recall, but who would sing when suitably fueled up.

Sam Fischer had the only Mercury (car) in the country, and it was once stolen in Lusaka. They called from Lusaka to say it was heading in the direction of Mazabuka, and all the locals - including my Dad and the police gave chase

when it came through town at high speed, heading south for Livingstone. Eventually the car ran out of gas and the thief was arrested.

My Dad had three cars during the time I lived in Mazabuka: a 1942 Chev Imp, a two-door car with the back of a truck projecting out where the trunk would have been they were very useful and popular; a 1947 Ford V-8 saloon; and a 1953 Pontiac V-8, which he had to go to Port Elizabeth in South Africa to pick up. There was a firm belief in Mazabuka that only American cars were tough enough to stand up to the local road conditions. I'm not sure how my Dad got access to dollars in the post-War period.

Once the circus came to town, by train. The main South African circus was called Boswell 's, and this was not it, but the glamor was nonetheless overwhelming. The town's kids spent the day hanging around the circus, watching the tent go up, and talking to the performers and trainers. The highlight of the evening show was not the animals, with which we were all familiar, but the acrobats and especially a man who threw knives and cracked a whip. The braver of the young men in town volunteered to put cigarettes in their mouths for him to flick out with his whip; no injuries were recorded. Another time we had a visiting magician, who sawed people in half and caused coins to reappear in implausible places, to the bemusement and enjoyment of all the kids and probably all the adults too.

Malaria was endemic. We slept under mosquito nets, suspended from the ceiling, and tucked in to the mattress. We also took a drug, paludrine, daily; it replaced quinine, which caused deafness. I hated taking tablets and would insist on being given my paludrine in a teaspoon of jam, and then going outside for water to help swallow it - where I spat it out. My sin was eventually discovered and I had to demonstrate that the tablet was swallowed indoors.

There was no hospital or dentist in town. Once the travel ling government dentist came around and I had teeth extracted with the aid of an ether cloth clamped across my nose. I believe, but cannot swear to it, that he had a pedal-driven drill.

Mr. Pepper, the schoolteacher, founded a Cub Scouts group. I was assiduous in passing my tests, but experienced great trouble skipping backwards 50 times. On a hike with our group in the bush, we came upon a green mamba snake, supposedly very dangerous; Mr. Pepper managed to behead it with his knife.

Many of the locals went hunting, and I went along a few times, even though my parents were not enthusiastic. It turned out that my Dad had a revolver in

the house, which I once discovered and with which I terrorized the servant-g until my father, summoned by telephone from the store, restored discipline.

Rereading this, I am struck by the absence of unhappy memories. Digging deep, I come up with much. I recall once fighting with a classmate and being made by the teacher to fight with boxing gloves. They were so big that neither of us landed a blow. Once I stole some golf balls from my Dad's shop, was discovered, and received the only physical punishment I remember from my father. I remember the day my grandfather died. One day the nanny and I went for a walk with Denis in his pram, I ran along bouncing the pram, and he fell out. I know I got into trouble, though don't remember what trouble. One night I was at the school for some function and a kid asked me whether I wasn't scared of snakes while walking home in the dark. I had never been scared of that before, but was then, and started crying --and I think I explained to the teacher that I was upset because I had been made scared. I suppose there was the British sort of anti-Semitism, but don't recall specific incidents.

You asked about my experience of growing up in Zambia, but of course it seemed to me at the time the only way to grow up. I don't recall thinking about having grown up in an unusual place even when I went to school in Cape Town, or when we moved to Bulawayo. Looking back, I feel lucky to have had that opportunity; I think of it as a time of complete security, of living in a huge, open (remember that the population of Zambia then was very small), and exciting world, although I also recall the scare over the Mau Mau in 1953. The absence of amenities (we saw movies only in Lusaka or when the government 's projection truck came around every few months) did not bother us, as far I recall. Nor was cultural deprivation inevitable: I had piano lessons and art lessons in Mazabuka. (One consolation of going to boarding school was that I could tell my parents that the piano lessons they had arranged for me didn't fit in with my busy schedule. As they prophesied, I was sorry later.) I am sure that growing up in a developing country, albeit in a privileged position, has given me much greater understanding of developing countries than I would have had if I had grown up in the U.S., although we did not interact socially with Africans, we talked to them a lot, and inevitably knew a lot about their lives and about them. And although we were far from the center of the world, we did stay in touch: the Bulawayo Chronicle was read carefully, arriving two to three days late by train; and part of my father's daily routine was to listen to the BBC World Service news at 1 0' clock when he came home for lunch.

I have rambled on far too long, so let me tell the rest of the story briefly. (I ᵣm also attaching a brief biography.) From SACS I moved to Bulawayo in 1956, at the age of 13, when my parents moved there. I went through 6th form at Milton School, doing O and A levels. I was very active in Bulawayo in a Zionist youth movement, Habonim, where I met my future wife, Rhoda Keet. (Our parents knew each other, Rhoda's mother Phyllis having lived in Cape Town after she was orphaned in England at the age of 14, and went to live with cousins.) After school I went to the LSE, stopping for six months in Israel en route, to study Hebrew on a kibbutz. While I was at the LSE, Rhoda studied at UCT. After my first degree, received in 1965, I stayed at LSE to do an M. Sc. Rhoda came to London that year, to do a postgraduate degree in education at King's College, and we married in December 1965. I did a Ph.D. at MIT from 1966-69, and then went to the University of Chicago, first as a Post-doctoral fellow, and then as an Assistant Professor of economics, until 1973. Our two oldest sons, Michael and David, were born in Chicago, in 1970 and 1972 respectively. We moved back to the economics department at MIT in 1973. I became a full professor in 1977, and I am still formally a faculty member there. Our youngest son, Jonathan, was born in Boston in 1975. From 1988-1990 1 was Chief Economist and Vice President of Development Economics at the World Bank, on leave from MIT. (I know Bob Liebenthal well; we were in the same part of the Bank.) I enjoyed the World Bank and the job, but my leave from MIT was running out, some of the family wanted to go back to Boston, and so I resigned, with mixed feelings. In September 1994 I became First Deputy Managing Director of the IMF, a job I am enjoying enormously. We have stayed, closely in touch with Israel all our lives: we have taken sabbaticals there, and I have worked continuously on the Israeli economy, and had a role as an adviser to Secretary of State Shultz in the stabilization of the Israeli economy in 1985; subsequently I have been in close touch with all the Israeli economic policymakers.