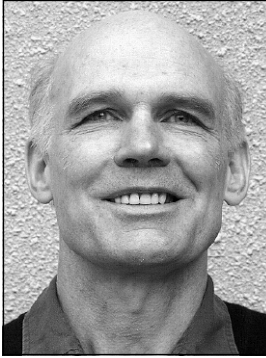


Robert Hunter Wade In Retrospect



Born in 1944. Educated in Otago and Victoria (New Zealand), Sussex. Professor of Political Economy, London School of Economics. Publications include: *Irrigation and Agricultural Politics in South Korea* (1982); *Village Republics* (1988); *Governing the Market* (1990); “Greening the World Bank,” in: *The World Bank: Its First Half Century*, ed. Devesh Kapur, John P. Lewis, and Richard Webb (2001); “The US Role in the Long Asian Crisis of 1990–2000,” in: *The Political Economy of the East Asian Crisis and Its Aftermath: Tigers in Distress*, ed. Arvid John Lukauskas and Francisco L. Rivera-Batiz (2001). – Address: London School of Economics, and Political Science, Houghton Street, London, WC2A 2AE, Great Britain.

On my first day I took a bicycle ride into the Grunewald, through the railway station tunnel. I was charmed by the quaintly colored station building and the relaxed conviviality of the patrons of the beer gardens to either side, and returned to the Kolleg with the station dancing in my mind as an emblem of good things to come. Then I learned that this was the exact place from where 60,000 Berlin Jews had been transported, and felt as though booted in the stomach. This kind of disjunction between the orderliness, the wealthy blandness of the neighborhood as one sees it every day and the knowledge that these very houses – including Villa Jaffé where I live, possibly even my room – were the scenes of state-sponsored terror and completely disrupted lives not many decades ago, has stayed with me ever since. I have taken comfort from the story that Max Weber had an affair, pre-1930s, with the daughter of the house, hopefully in my room.

I must have been in the Grunewald if not every day then every second day, running, biking, swimming, and celebrating the gloriousness of it all. In mid-July came the icing on the cake, so to speak, the triathlon around Krumme Lanke, when I did all these things not alone but in the company of 368 thrashing competitors, a completely

different experience. When not swimming in Krumme Lanke I swam in Halensee at the bottom of the Wiko garden, highly recommended.

I was sorry from the start that my intended researcher-in-parallel, Robert Brenner, cancelled at the last minute. Political economy, even broadly construed, seemed to hold little interest among the Fellows. But we did have a “globalization lunch” every Wednesday, when a core of 6–8 met to talk about common interests, and this became my main source of intellectual stimulation in-house. The high points – if people can be points – were Stephen Krasner, whose work I had known for years, and György Ligeti, my next-apartment neighbor, whose ill-health gave me the opportunity to help him down the stairs and while helping, to know him better than otherwise. Descending the stairs with him I had the uncanny sensation that I was holding the arm of Bach (whose lute suites I learned and practiced almost daily). I often played Ligeti’s music (on CD) with my door open, loudly, imagining that it was finding its way back to its creator. See my profile of him and Wiko lunches in *The Economist* July 28, 2001, “Modern Composers: Fighting Shy.”

In this setting I worked on – plodded on – a long book about the World Bank, the United States, and the environment that should have been finished before I came, then by Christmas, then by now. I also wrote an essay about world income distribution and its political consequences, summarized as a By Invitation piece in *The Economist* (April 28, 2001), which judging from the volume of reaction touched a nerve. I also wrote an essay about US hegemony and the World Bank, as seen in the firing of Joseph Stiglitz as chief economist and the resignation of Ravi Kanbur as director of the *World Development Report 2000/2001: Attacking Poverty*; another essay on whether the discipline imposed on countries by international capital markets is a good thing; one on the US Treasury’s and the IMF’s efforts to force Ethiopia to open its capital market to international capital, with Stiglitz covertly advising the Ethiopian government not to (“Capital and Revenge.” *Challenge*. 2001); one on the dangers of the current drive within the “aid community” to promote the internet and communication technologies (ICTs) as the great hope of development; and still another on how to stop New Zealand from falling out of the OECD; not to mention several others about the governance of multilateral organizations. And half a dozen letters to the *Financial Times*, a newspaper that I seemed to be the only Wiko reader of.

The non-German speakers among us had cause to need more help than I did at the Institute for Advanced Study, Princeton or at

the Russell Sage Foundation in New York City. The staff went well beyond what was needed. I take away the memory of how much the staff of the Kolleg really tried to help, in big ways and small.