

THE CIRCLE - NEWSLETTER

THE ONLY INFORMAL NETWORK OF U.S.F. ALUMNI IN THIS WORLD

The summer of '92 may or may not be a historical one, but one thing is for sure, it is passing away and making place for the Autumn of '92.

Before getting to the gossip, let's flash-back to what happened.

Early this summer, on June 6, the first official USF European Alumni Reunion took place in Paris. Although the program provided only a one-and-a-half-hour reception (boy, do they still have to learn a lot about annual meetings !) it wasn't all that bad after all. Jan Melsen, USF's ambassador-at-large, made the report with statistical analysis you can find further in this newsletter.

Another meeting place this summer was Pamplona, Spain. Animal-rights lovers gathered to play around with bulls in the streets of Pamplona. Luis Martinez welcomed several guests, a.o. Erik Vermeulen, whose report is coming up after the gossip.

--- Gossip ---

Nina Sunarto travelled through Belgium, Holland and France in the beginning of August. On the last night before her departure she called a meeting on the Brussels Market Square to discuss world matters with Michel Daneels, Jos Piron, Alfredo Giraudi and some other friends.

Michel Daneels returned back to Belgium. He lived for about 6 months in Sri Lanka, starting up a textile factory belonging to the company he works for.

Wilfried Kainz attended the Hungarian F1-Grand Prix on August 15. Not qualified for the race itself, he tried to do his job (his company, Do & Co provided the catering for this event). After that, Wilfried and Brigitte enjoyed another few days of 'dolce far niente' in South Tyrol.

Jos Piron made a stopover at Braunschweig, Germany, to visit **Michael Horn's** Volkswagen plant, before moving on to a cultural weekend with some Belgian friends in Berlin.

Danelle McDermott reports that she's enjoying the live after Andersen Consulting. Being a professional vacationer she practices 'carpe diem' on a daily basis. Danelle is slowly looking for a job (with the stress on 'slowly').

She also issues a desperate call to anyone present in Oslo: returning from Norway she found that her camera was broken, and she would very much like to have some picture from the first and the last nights (and whatever might have happened in between).

Petter Danielsen took his daughter Elizabeth on a tour through Europe, leaving **Nina Danielsen** alone at home to take care of the country. Petter visited a friend in Germany before landing in Switzerland to pay his respects to **Bernard & Marlyse Gander**.

From there they managed to get around the road blocks in France to reach Pamplona, Spain, where **Luis Martinez** hosted the globe trotting Viking. Heading back north from Pamplona they made a short visit to Paris. Their last stop on the way back to Norway was Belgium, where the sight of cute one-day baby chicks made them forget all the pain of the trip.

Harald Bukovics travelled to Amsterdam to attend the controllers meeting of Reebok. On the eve of that meeting he was joined by Jos Piron for some drinks and bites.

An other finance whiz, **Lars Johnsen**, gave a presentation in Cambridge on money laundering to an audience of 300 attorney generals, regulators, and other people who make our lives difficult. And more recently, Lars continued his crusade against money laundering in Sidney, Australia.

If he continues obstructing business like this, someone should tell Lars about free trade and free movement of funds ...

- - - Upcoming Event - - -

The first 'official' European Alumni Reunion in Paris last june ended with the vague promises of 'see you next year'.

Indeed.

The time will be end of july 1993.

The place will be Brussels, Belgium.

The facts will be reception with formal dinner.

The attendance fee will be: unknown so far, depends on the level of USF funding.

These are the preliminary data you might want to note in your agenda's. Most probably the president of USF and the dean of McLaren Business School will attend this second European reunion.

In the unlikely event however, that next spring you can only spare one weekend, than the priority should off course go to:

----- The Circle's -----

Annual Meeting 1993

VIENNA, Austria.

friday, april 30, 1993 thru sunday, may 2, 1993.

Please start **now** by informing Wilfried on your attendance plans and lodging requirements !

Circle Membership Fee

Many thanks to all of you who have coughed up their 1992 membership fee. May the rest follow the good examples!

As far as the 1991 black list is concerned: Minka promptly paid at the Paris reunion; Dirk Haro woke up late august.

But we regret to inform that the first casualties to be reported are: Alejandro Rocha, Ignacio Gonzales and Wilhelm Lerner.

Several people keep asking me how much 10 ECU is in dollars, DM, are any other funny currency.

However, I refuse to believe that someone who holds an MBA-degree, even from USF, cannot trace the exchange rate from the Wall Street Journal Europe/Asia, any other financial paper, or his/her banker !

Data-Base

As usual a copy of the data-base comes along with the newsletter. Several updates have been processed since the last edition.

I would like to ask each one of you to verify, amend and/or complete your own data before the end of this year. This will allow us to enter the European Single Market with correct information as early as january 1, 1993.

The data-base field 'fee-paid' from now on relates to the 1992 membership field. So, let's turn those n's in to y's !

Epilogue

Given inadequate funding it is not possible for me to be always everywhere and report back to you.

Guest- and ghost- writers however do a fine job filling in the gap. For this newsletter our sincere thanks go to Erik Vermeulen and Jan Melsen.

That's all folks !

...AND WE THANK YOU FOR YOUR SUPPORT !

IT HAPPENED IN PARIS, LAST JUNE ...

by Jan Melsen

The June 6th Paris USF alumni cheese & wine reception was great, to be qualified as almost-as-good as a Circle meeting (Am I a devoted Circle member or what?) !

As usual, and confirming previous trends, the most international-minded citizens in the world (Belgians!) were omnipresent: they showed the highest % of attendance (at least 8 graduates on a population of less than 10 million), which exceeds French attendance, playing at home, and US citizens who came in groups.

Some attendance analysis:

Top attendance was (obviously) obtained by MBA Circle members who saw 12% of their full membership attending, including Jan Melsen, Minka Van Sloun, Jos Piron and Luis Martinez-Aoiz.

Organizer/USF finance professor Richard Puntillo, who was honored during the reception, and his very satisfied graduating class of around 27 current MBA students (including about 10 French Sorbonne University students). Mostly US citizens, there were also charming Radhika Aggarwal from Bombay and one French-speaking, Peru-educated Asian!

Dynamically address-tracking assistant dean of the McLaren Business School, Mary Smith, who distributed the new USF golf tournament caps..

Among others, present were 3 Spaniards, one Egyptian working in Switzerland, one Egyptian coming all the way from Cairo for the meeting, a Paris-based Colombian, Nicaraguan and Puerto-Rican, and 20 European alumni.

Surprisingly, no Albanian graduates were spotted, neither were there any Norwegians (?!), Germans, English or Italians.

After dinner we all met again at the Le Comptoir bar at Les Halles, from where some moved on to a Jazzbar, and some went Salsa dancing till 6 am... only to continue the day after.

It was clearly a great and successful initiative ! And needs a follow-up.

SAN FERMIN 1992

as reported by Erik Vermeulen

Once a year the peaceful city of Pamplona finds itself invaded by thousands of foreigners to celebrate the town's annual San Fermin fiestas.

Actually, San Fermin is the protective Saint of Pamplona, and it's in his honor that every 7th of July the city is converted into fiesta-town! Just read some Hemingway on it, guys. The idea is to make friends, although the bulls that form an important part of the fiesta seem to have totally different ideas about this.

Those among us that went to see a bullfight during the 91 annual meeting in Madrid got acquainted with the power of these animals. We saw one bull lifting and flipping over a sizeable horse protected with heavy shields and mounted by a Spanish 'picador' who has never even heard of slim-line salad dressing nor of jogging every day after work.

This year things were severely aggravated due to the presence of the following circle members:

Luis Martinez (guide and perfect host during these days),

Petter and Elizabeth Danielsen (inspired by the horns of the bulls),

Richard Lebedeff (on his vacation tour through Europe he found himself on a monday, ... so this must be Pamplona),

Jennifer Lebedeff (Rich's charming sister who made herself famous in Pamplona because of her sensual dirty dancing),

Jan Melsen (you wouldn't think he'd miss out on this one, now would you ?),
and Erik Vermeulen (feeling bad about

missing out on that other horn-festival in Oslo, but at least had some chicken for lunch in Madrid).

Jan Melsen visited the Expo in Sevilla in the beginning of this trip and was impressed by its grandeur and professionalism (something to say in favor of Spanish organization skills).

On the other hand, the girls in the Mexican pavilion were impressed by Jan's ability to sing just about all of Mexico's folk songs and doing his one-and-only merengue hip-shake to underline his special affection to that country.

Due to overbookings for the high-speed train to Sevilla Rich missed out on that and concentrated on the Madrillian long-leggedness-experience, which is only surpassed by the annual Dutch dwarf-throwing competition for the blind. That should say something...

Jan and Rich travelled in direction Barcelona and spent some time at the beach in Begur (Costa Brava) where Rich reportedly got very angry with another visitor of that night's disco. "No fucking fuma" was heard when Rich had gotten too much cigarette smoke blown in his face.

In Pamplona we all met and prepared for some wild nights of drinking and dancing.

The one and only who really stole the show was Elizabeth - Petter and Nina's three year old daughter. When others got tired and decided to take a nap in one of Pamplona's plaza's, Elizabeth kept on boogieing on Petter's shoulders.

Somehow we all managed to survive mondaynight and Luis proposed to visit a typical ballgame "fronton" which some of you guys may have seen on tv during the leader of 'Miami Vice' (in a slightly different version).

We put some money on one of the teams competing and got out winning the bet (ten bucks each)! Cheering and applauding every point won by 'our team', we did a good job in pretending to be insiders on the game. After giving some winning tips to the rest of the crowd, we left the stadium.

Of course, being circle members, we were obliged to check out one of the area's major wineries. Just north of the famous Rioja-area the Navarra-wines offer some surprising tastes as well. After a very tasteful dinner, we gave this winery the much sought-after "Circle Accreditation".

Wednesday morning, we all got up early to run with the bulls.

At eight o'clock they were to be released, so we had to hurry to get to the old center of Pamplona in time.

By the time we got there, Luis was the first to introduce himself into the barricaded street.

An immense crowd from all parts of the world and in all kinds of physical condition was anxiously waiting for the sign (a double firework-cracker) that the bulls were on the

loose !

Luis and Petter were in there, as well as Rich and Erik.

Luis of course was the only one who knew what he was doing. The rest of us figured that the smart thing to do was to avoid any physical contact with the longhorns.

Jan was dedicated to save these moments for historic purposes and armed himself with his camera.

You have to understand guys, that once you're in there, surrounded by a crowd of people with nowhere to go but step on each other's heels and seeing a herd of wild bulls coming at you, you kind of... eerrmm... how shall I put this.. feel something wet going down your pants...

The bulls run upsteep through narrow streets with two curves, ending in the bullring.

Human beings in good shape might be able to outrun a bull under normal circumstances, or at least be able to get away fast enough.

Uphill however, a bull will usually be the faster one.

For all I know, Rich and I managed to get safe to and in the bullring staying ahead of the bulls. Rich and I estimate that the bulls were just one meter behind us, although others (infame liars) say they were still locked up when we reached the bullring.

Luis was on the jazz, actually running aside the bulls, repeatedly beating their heads with the wednesday morning newspaper.

Up to now, we really have no idea why this is the traditional way of protecting yourself against them (unless of course it was the San Francisco Chronicle which would scare anyone).

While Luis was running, one of the bulls fell on the slippery street, pulling down Luis along with him.

This caused especial agony to Jan and Petter who witnessed it and thought that the shit was about to hit the fan (excuse my language but I'm getting carried away).

level, we had enjoyed a traditional breakfast including coffee, hot chocolate and so-called "churros" (only about 3000 calories each).

After this, we headed off for San Sebastian, a lovely beach resort at the gulf of Biscaye.

Luis had some business to do, while the rest of us relaxed at the beach.

We all enjoyed our pants off during our Pamplona-visit and some of us may have found themselves addicted...

It surely wouldn't have been the same without Luis hosting us and guiding us to all the good spots in and around Pamplona !

See you there next year, Amigo !

Of course - as we all know - Luis is not the kind to get impressed easily and he managed to stand up and save his a..

By the time our adrenaline reached a normal