

ACROSS DEVIL'S BRIDGE

In 1402, Adam of Usk, an English lawyer, chronicled his passage through Switzerland's St. Gotthard Pass: "I was drawn in an ox-waggon half dead with cold and mine eyes blindfolded lest I should see the dangers of the pass." In June 1986, in stout mountain boots and leaning on a tall staff, but sans ox-waggon and blindfold, I sought to follow the timorous Englishman over the legendary 6,900 foot pass, The Scheidpunkt Europas (European Divide).

Despite its strategic location athwart two narrow valleys running almost exactly north and south, the St. Gotthard Pass became a usable route between Italy and Northern Europe only in the late twelfth century, when a bridge called the Teufelsbrücke (Devil's Bridge) was constructed. The rush of water beneath is awe inspiring. How did they build these things in the twelfth century?

Adam of Usk had been a relative pioneer on this route, and between his journey and mine an



Resting in Algi: a moment of repose for David Driscoll. The trail awaits.

impressive list of worthies has passed over this stoney mule track. Petrarch made it through; as did Aeneas Silvio Piccolomini, who was to become Pope Pius II; John Wilkes; Goethe; Charles Dickens; Turner and Ruskin; Henry Adams and Horace Greeley; Renan and Rimbaud; Hilaire Belloc on his epic journey to Rome at the beginning of this century; and, incredibly, a huge Russian army in 1799 under General Suvorov.

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AU PAIRS: RENEWING A TRADITION

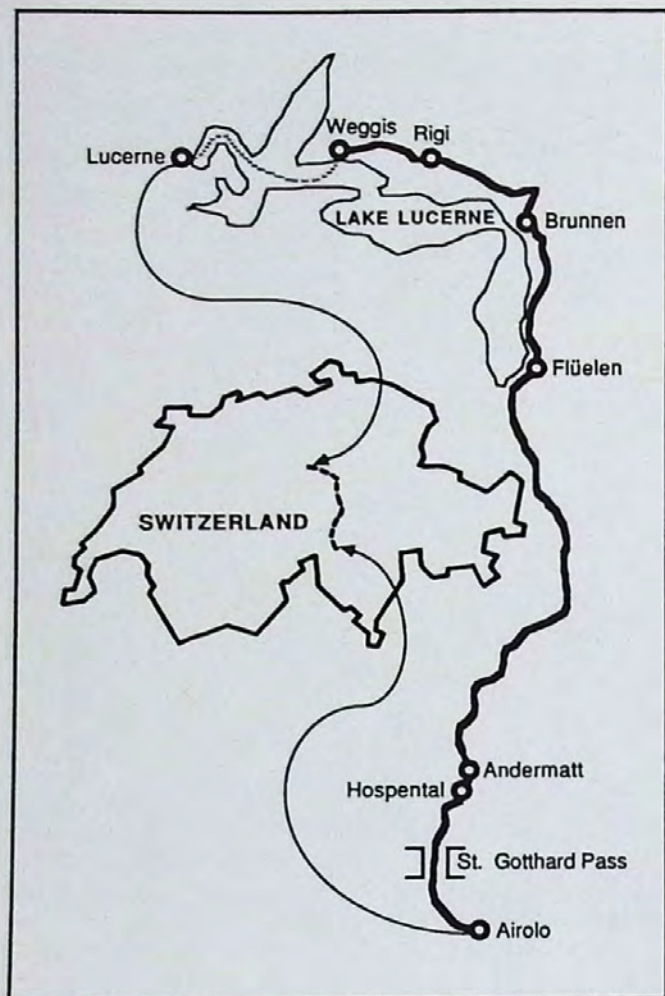
Au pairs have been a godsend for many Fund staff; some could not imagine having raised their families without them. These young people helped take care of the children in return for room and board and the opportunity to immerse themselves in another culture, and in some cases perfect a second language. Until the mid-1970s they were legally able to enter the United States as au pairs. U.S. immigration laws changed then, however, and such visas were no longer granted.

Help may be on the way, though. A pilot au pair program, under the auspices of the Fulbright-Hays

exchange program, began in the Spring of this year. The two agencies designated by the U.S. Information Service to administer the pilot program, the American Institute for Foreign Study and the Experiment in International Living, have lengthy experience in exchange programs. Both AIFS's Au Pair in America and the Experiment's Au Pair Homestay USA programs are currently in operation and accepting applications from prospective host families. Applicants must be U.S. citizens.

The au pair programs seek to match qualified U.S. host families with young women and men, aged 18 to 24, who speak fluent English and are interested in

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Suvorov himself actually failed to get through. A small French-Swiss army held the Teufelbrücke and dared him to swim the Reuss. He retreated.

I had lived three years as a student in Switzerland and had done a lot of climbing in the Berner Oberland, but I never thought of walking over the St. Gotthard until I was inspired by an account in last December's *New Yorker* of a walk from Basel to Lugano that John Lukacs had undertaken with his daughter.

Why this route rather than a thousand other journeys? There was probably an element of nostalgia: to be in the Alps again to listen to the curious German spoken there. Of course, there are romantic and literary associations with this ancient journey, and probably a subconscious atavism: a rugged walk back in time from ultramodern, superefficient Switzerland to landscapes of primordial rock and ice.

From the Swiss Hiking Society I soon obtained a booklet, *Gotthardroute*, which tells all about the path that runs north and south and leads clear across Switzerland, mainly through woods and meadows, far from the highways. Do you want to know distances; elevations; average walking times between points (we

were dead average); geological, geographical; botanical, and historical tidbits; where the best viewing spots are; and where welcoming inns are to be found? This is your book. Thanks to this astonishingly detailed compendium, at the end of May, in the comfort of my easy chair, I knew almost every step of the way.

Almost no equipment was needed: heavy boots, a light backpack, and rain ponchos (the latter never used as the weather was uniformly splendid). The training that my companion Ronya and I embarked on for the trip was simplicity itself: belting three times a week up and down Glover Archibald Park from Johnson's Flowershop to Georgetown University. Ronya, who had been put off sailing since our voyage from Bermuda on Frank Collings' yacht last year, was happy at the prospect of as much terra firma under foot this time.

Our plan was to concentrate on the pass itself, which presented the most challenging walking and the best scenery. We would begin at Lucerne, climb the Rigi chain to the north of Lake Lucerne, head to the eastern end of the lake, then turn south, working our way up the valley of the Reuss and over the pass into the Italian part of Switzerland. We gave ourselves a week to do the 110 miles at a leisurely pace and then would continue to southern France by train.

The first half hour of our hike was spent examining the massive rocker arm of the engine (built in Winterthur in 1903) that powered the gleaming white side-paddler across the lake from Lucerne to Weggis, a village nestled under Rigi on the north shore. We were starting the adventure with easy elegance. At Weggis, a cablecar whisked us up two thousand feet in a trice, and after an hour's walk we were at the summit of Rigi, an ancient pyramid of a mountain offering one of the finest panoramas in Switzerland. To the north, the Jura mountains were visible, while to the south, east, and west, as far as the eye could see, stood the Alps in all their improbable glory.

The hike began in earnest the next day. It was a midsummer day and the Swiss were out en masse making pilgrimage to the Rigi summit under a perfect sky. The path wandered through meadows rich in wildflowers, through forests of fir, and then across the face of a cliff of rock conglomerate laid down as sediment eons before the Alps rose up.

The path had been hewn out of the cliffside during the last century. For the nonvertiginous the view was spectacular: in the distance the Alps from a different angle; and two thousand feet below, beyond the dark forest, the lake surface dotted with sailboats and the occasional steamer. The day was warm and the going slightly challenging, but we made good progress. By late afternoon, after a quick descent in a four-man cablecar, we were in Brunnen at the east end of the lake.

We headed south the next morning along the eastern shore of the lake, working our way around the mountains that plunged into the lake. William Tell once roamed these dark woods and bright meadows, defying the Hapsburgs and terrifying his son, deeds memorialized in fulsome Victorian frescoes in a lonely shoreline chapel about halfway down the lake. By night we were in Fluelen at the south end of the lake, on the broad delta of the Reuss.

During the following days we walked easily up the gradually ascending, gradually narrowing Reuss Valley. The river is broad and powerful and the meadows on its banks filled with wildflowers being decimated by the placid and ubiquitous Brown Swiss cow. Swiss cows actually do wear bells, great big ones, and at any time you can hear hundreds in a melodious tintinabulation. Some find the sound maddening; I cannot hear it without emotion. Floating up from distant valleys it had always symbolized safety and domestic comfort during a hundred terrifying Alpine ascents in my reckless youth.

Ultimately the trees became sparse and the mountains bare rock. Glaciers appeared, scouring out what soil and loose boulders they could. The highway and railway had long since disappeared into their assigned tunnels, leaving us to the hawks and snowfields as we trudged along the 800-year old mule track, a haphazard strip of flat stones, unused, except by hikers, for over a century.

Ronya hated the bare, un pitying valley we had entered, but I have always regarded the uncompromising austerity of such landscapes the most fitting reward for the endurance and singlemindedness of the climber. On the fifth day we scampered over the Tufelsbruecke, passed through Andermatt, and alighted in Hospental, which was to be the jumping off place for our "assault" on the summit.

During the Middle Ages the burghers of Hospental made a good living fleecing travelers on this ancient route. Now the village is almost deserted under the ruined tower that once symbolized its power, and the villagers are eager to please. We were therefore astonished on entering an inn to be told that all ten tables were reserved but that we were welcome to sit at the Stammtisch (usually only locals sit there). I was trying to fish a piece of bread out of the fondue pot when the door burst open and the mystery was solved.

Fifty Swiss army officers marched in: they were using this inn as their messhall during their annual maneuvers. We had noticed platoons of soldiers scurrying over the mountains carrying enormous backpacks. Since my own pack weighed 20 pounds ("I simply cannot get along without a hairdryer..."), I enquired. "They used to weigh 136 pounds, but we complained. Now they weigh only 96 pounds," was the laconic reply.



Hospental: Greedy burghers once laid in wait here for weary travellers. David Driscoll found friendlier folk.

The following day, after a demanding climb of three hours, we crossed the pass itself, which lay in patchy snow. It is a wild and empty place, but just below the summit the ancient Capuchin monastery is being restored after a century of disuse. Goethe reached here in 1775, looked toward Italy, and turned back to Weimar. We pushed ahead.

Snow made the southern descent difficult, even perilous. There were signs of recent avalanches, and at one point we had to carve footholds across a steep snowfield, but by the afternoon we were again in the forest and overlooking the gentle valley that leads to Italy. By the time we reached Airolo, the first "Italian" village, the sun had become uncomfortably hot. Having accomplished our goal of crossing the pass, we decided to go no further by foot but to take the train to sample the Italianate delights of Lugano, 50 miles to the south.

We had our tickets and the train could be heard chuffing out of the tunnel when my eye fell on my walking staff, which I would no longer need. It had been a very useful staff, worn smooth under my hand and a bit splayed at the foot. I had spent some time whittling the head and had developed for it a familiar affection because of the difficult miles we had shared. In an instant I was running from the station. I crossed the road to the hiking train and propped the staff against the yellow trailmarker so it could assist another wanderer on the long historic path to Germany. I hope someone picked it up.

David Driscoll

A VISITATION OF POETS



What would be an appropriate event to inaugurate the cultural outreach programming of the new IMF Visitors' Center?

Poetry/P.M. had the answer: a lunchtime poetry reading. In fact, two readings. Rather than

compete with the "Music at Noon" concert series at the Western Presbyterian Church next door, poetry readings would feature the subtler and more varied rhythms of the recited word. An expression of oral rather than aural imagery.

Poets are good for such occasions: from ancient times they have celebrated, participated in, or presided over important events of the tribe, clan, polis, or royal court, exercising a shamanic or priestly function through their chants, odes, elegies, and lays. Remember Robert Frost's invocation at JFK's inauguration in 1960?

These two open readings on July 28 and 29 were organized by myself, Assistant Editor in the Editorial Division, External Relations Department; by Yves Gisse, Manager of the IMF Visitors' Center; and by Jose Pedro Correia da Silva, Senior Counsel in the World Bank's Legal Department and Editor of *World's Word*. Poetry/P.M. gathered 29 poets to initiate a series of cultural offering that the Center is planning to share with its neighbors in the Foggy Bottom, Pennsylvania Avenue, and K Street areas.

More readings are planned for the fall to complement art exhibits, slide and film presentations, and lectures on cultural topics as well as international economic and financial affairs.

Participants in the Poetry/P.M. gathering came from three groups (even arch-individualists like poets sometimes congregate): the Federal Poets, U.S. civil servants carrying on an association founded 40 years ago within the U.S. Commerce Department; poets from the Friday Noon Poetry Series at 2000 Pennsylvania Avenue, a program coordinated by Professor David McAleavey of George Washington University's English Department; and contributors to *World's Word*--staff members of the Fund (represented by Gonny van den Broek, myself, and Shuja Nawaz), of the Bank, and of other international organizations and the diplomatic corps (represented by His Excellency A. Z. M. Obaidullah Khan, Ambassador of Bangladesh).

Most of the poets were seasoned in their craft, having published books or numerous single poems, but for several others it was the first opportunity to

give a public reading of their work. It was the juxtaposition and variety of the works that most intrigued Jean Nordhaus. She is the former coordinator of the "Midday Muse" and "Moveable Muse" reading series of the Folger Shakespeare Library, and she found Poetry/P.M. "unusually fine" for a group reading and admired the "intimate space" of the Center's auditorium.

It is nigh impossible to summarize the approximately 90 works read by the 29 poets. Especially memorable were Ambassador Khan's poem of existential individuation, "I Am Now Ready to Leave," read in Bengali by the Ambassador and in English by Elizabeth Hayes, Associate Editor of *World's Word*; Karlis Freivalds' "King," an elegy for his boyhood basketball teammate and a plea for racial tolerance; and Shuja Nawaz's "The Well at Mohenjodaro" (read by myself at the request of Shuja Nawaz, who was on home leave), a haunting contrast of the timeless and the ephemeral set in the ruins of that prehistoric Pakistani city; Jean Nordhaus' benediction for the coming of age of her daughter, who was in the audience to receive her mother's blessing; Anrique Paco d'Arcos's "Carnaval," a dramatic confrontation with and acceptance of death, read in Portuguese by his son, Jose Pedro Correia da Silva, and in English by Elizabeth Hayes; Karen Alenier's poem about a barmaid in a Japanese village tavern, as precise in its imagery as a woodcut by Hokusai or the gestures of the tea ceremony; Lee Roberts' love poem, "The Limits of Love"; Rene Chapero's evocation of his hometown in Chile, "De regreso a mi ciudad"; and Henry Aspeqvist's children's rhyme in Swedish, "Oron-Ogon-Nasa-Mun" ("Ears-Eyes-Nose-Mouth"). The English translations of Rene Chapero's and Henry Aspeqvist's poems were read by Anne Burnham, Liaison for the International Poetry Forum, who coordinates the Forum's readings for the Hirshhorn Museum.

With little advance publicity (posters displayed in the participating institutions, a notice in *The Journal* area newspapers), Poetry/P.M. attracted an audience of more than 50 on each day--a good "house" for poetry readings, whose audiences are usually small but dedicated, and a manageable crowd for the auditorium, which seats 85. Poetry/P.M. will return to the Visitors' Center on September 16 at 1 pm, and it is hoped that poetry recitals will become a regular feature there. All Fund staff, of course, are cordially invited to attend.

Is there an appropriate aggregate noun, as in "pride of lions," for this collection of poets? Perhaps "an excellence of voices."

Jim McEuen

STOP**STOP IT, NOW!****STOP**

Listen pal, if Don Johnson can give it up, so can you. It's like major, major uncool. Been unhealthy for years, but now it's not even chic.

Think about it. Office mates could turn off their little portable fans; years could be added to the life spans of friends and associates, not to mention yourself. You would have your choice of seats in public spaces. No more hassles, nasty glances, angry comments. You could rejoin the great mass of human society. You could quit smoking.

The Joint Bank-Fund Medical Department is doing its part, sponsoring a "Smoking Cessation Clinic" specially designed for staff who are frequently on mission. This intensive session will begin September 10 and continue for four weeks.

The clinic uses a method approved by the American Lung Association. It encourages smokers to stop "cold turkey" and concentrates on behavior modification--why you smoke and when you smoke. No medication is involved. The small groups, usually of less than 20, provide mutual support.

The clinic's seven sessions, which will be held from noon to 1 pm on Wednesdays and Fridays, offer a unique perspective on the nature of the habit and the various means of quitting, and staying off, cigarettes. The first two sessions examine health effects, individual motivations, and strategies to quit, while the third and fourth deal with the heart of the matter: the process of quitting. The remaining sessions look at the broad health and social benefits of quitting and the ways in which individual lifestyles can be adapted.

Normally these sessions are spread out over an eight-week period. Those who are interested in the program and do not travel may want to investigate the regular program, which will be offered in October.

For information about both, contact Brigitte Sterrett at 575394. The fee is \$40.

ATTENTION READERS!

Staff News would like to hear from its readers. In addition to Letters to the Editor, *Staff News* welcomes comments on its contents. If you have suggestions for future articles (topics of interest or importance that *Staff News* should be covering or people or events that the staff might like to know more about), please call or send a note to Sheila Meehan (ext. 8293 or Room 10-525).

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learning more about the United States. AIFS screens potential au pairs in Austria, France, Ireland, Italy, Germany, the Netherlands, Scandinavia, Switzerland, and the United Kingdom. The Experiment in International Living draws its au pairs from Denmark, Germany, Switzerland, and the United Kingdom.

The au pair arrangement calls on host families to accept au pairs as full and equal members of the household and to share with them family meals, activities, and holidays. The au pair, in turn, assists the family with child care and light housework. Au pairs are encouraged to enroll in educational or cultural enrichment courses during their stay. Tuition fees, not to exceed \$300 over the course of the year, are paid by the host family.

In addition to a private room and full board, the au pair receives a minimum of \$100 a week in pocket money and is permitted one weekend off each month. The au pair is also assured of at least two weeks' paid vacation over the course of one-year program.

Both the AIFS and the Experiment have au pair arrivals scheduled for the Fall. The Experiment in International Living, for instance, has set October 25 as its next arrival date. The application deadline for this is September 8.

AIFS estimates that its fees for processing an application and matching applicant host families with au pairs is \$2600. Total costs to the host families, for processing and for the au pair's travel, pocket money, and tuition fees--are thought to be roughly \$7700 a year.

Anyone interested in more details about the two programs should contact:

Lauren Kratovil
Au Pair in America
American Institute for Foreign
Study Scholarship Foundation
100 Greenwich Avenue
Greenwich, CT 06830
(203) 869-9090

- or -

Mary Brady
Au Pair Homestay USA
Experiment in International Living
Suite 1100
1522 K Street NW
Washington, DC 20005
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THE BOYS, AND GIRLS, OF SUMMER

Another long summer. Hot. Hazy. Humid. You might think all those men and women leaving downtown Washington office buildings in shorts and t-shirts had simply resigned themselves to the immutable and adapted to local climes. But no, that's not office attire and they aren't going home. Those bats and gloves in hand are evidence of another intent. It's part of a summer ritual in the United States; it's an obsession in Washington. Softball season.

Theories abound as to why softball is so popular in Washington: why the Ellipse and the Monument Grounds, for instance, are dotted with teams each evening and outfields are regularly shared by two separate games so that every possible bit of playing field can be utilized. The city's flat open spaces seem to invite play and the long languid evenings favor such leisurely pursuits. With no hometown baseball team to distract the faithful, and none to supply vicarious pleasure to amateur athletes in quest of grace and glory, it's left to softball to fill many needs, not least of which is taking up some of the slack in the summer social scene. Every office, every firm, every agency

seems to field a team. Everyone, that is, except the Fund. The Fund has never quite mustered the requisite ten players (for slow-pitch softball). Over the years, however, it has donated some of its talent to its sister organization. A mid-1950s Bank team featured both Fund and Bank staff. The Bank this year fields three softball teams, with a number of Fund staff in its ranks.

Lou Pizza, the father of Pete Pizza (Print Shop) and a long-time employee of the Bank's Print Shop, coached the first Bank team over 30 years ago. Lou remembers the team, which played both slow and fast pitch games, fondly. "I suspect 90 percent of the team came out for the fun of it," he recalled. "We won only one league game our first year." Charlie Ball, a member of that team, remembers a particularly inglorious outing in which they lost 37-2 to an all-woman team.

Winning or losing, though, the atmosphere remained relaxed and convivial. And in the early years of the two institutions, even the President of the World Bank could keep a watchful eye on such a



Vintage softball: IBRD's team in the mid-1950s included (from left to right) in the first row: Eddie Parker; Lou Pizza, Ronald Miles, James Lee, Frank Chesley, and Charlie Ball; in the second row: James Lancaster, Bob Gardner, Colin Russell, Robert Carter, Granville Lewis, Candy Johnson, and William Wetton. (Photo courtesy of Lou Pizza.)

team's progress. Eugene Black was in attendance for the first game and he continued to take more than a perfunctory interest in the team's fortunes. Black was an avid baseball fan and Lou Pizza remembers Black mentioning that he had once been offered the job of President of the American League (one of two professional baseball leagues in the United States). Forced to choose between the World Bank and baseball, Black had sadly to turn down the offer. When A. Bartlett Giamatti was faced with a similar dilemma recently, he resigned his post as President of Yale University and opted to become the National League's new President. Priorities.

Softball flourished in the D.C. area, even if the Bank and Fund did not always do their part. One of the largest of the organizations to evolve was the Congressional League, which began, not very surprisingly, on the Hill. With its 535 or so offices, an annual influx of eager summer interns, August recesses, and pervasive Americana, Capitol Hill offered a perfect breeding ground. The League grew, more or less steadily, from a handful of teams in the 1960s to its current 224 teams.

Gary Caruso, the League's present Commissioner, observed that softball's fortunes, like everything else in the city, changed subtly with each new administration. Softball's popularity seemed to peak, Caruso felt, during the heady informality of the Carter Administration. He ruefully cites an influx of tennis players during the Reagan Administration as the principal reason for a minor lull in the League's current growth.

Political figures might come and go, but their softball teams linger on. President Ford's staff still fields a team ("The Outhouse Gang"), as do any number of officially disbanded congressional offices. The Congressional League's numbers have swelled naturally, but the League has also opened its ranks to federal agencies, lobbying groups, and virtually anyone willing to abide by its modified American Softball Association rules. Slow-pitch uses a high, arched pitch and ten fielders. The co-ed Congressional League insists that at least three of the fielders be women, one of whom must either pitch or catch.

In the spring of 1984 the Bank formed a softball team and joined the Congressional League. They finished their first season with a very respectable 13-9 record and three victories in the League playoffs. So many people turned out for the team the following Spring that a second team was formed. And for the 1986 season a third team was added to accommodate still more interested players. Mike Reamy, one of the original organizers of the Bank's teams, and very much the guiding spirit, estimates that some 55 people now play on the three teams. Four of them are from the Fund.



It's all in the swing: whether tennis or softball. Jane Godfrey has a healthy batting average to prove her point.

Rob Rennhack, of the Western Hemisphere Department, plays first base, and occasionally shortstop and outfield, for the newest, and most successful of the Bank's teams. The Jets are 17-2 and seem destined to do well in the end-of-season playoff series.

Rob had played Pony League baseball as a boy, but he admits to being drawn to softball now more for its fun than for its competitiveness. "It's a chance to clear my head, to unwind," he attests, echoing a common sentiment among evening athletes in a wound-up town. He, like the rest of us, nurtures the hope that the Fund will someday have a team of its own and he regrets that more staff don't use the game to relax and enjoy the summer here. "If I have to come in early to get my work done, I do. But I really enjoy playing."

Three other Fund staffers, Jane Godfrey (Graphics), Juanita Roushdy (Editorial Office), and myself (Finance & Development), all play on, arguably, the Bank's most relaxed team—the Globetrotters.

Jane, who plays second base and catcher, finds analogies between tennis (her first love) and softball. "It's all ball placement." Those who have witnessed her opposite-field hitting, including a game-winning triple in a recent game, might be inclined to agree.

Juanita Roushdy, who catches, had never played the game before this summer. "I was fascinated by the fascination with baseball, and by the softball junkies," she muses. "It seemed simple enough. You bat. You catch. You run. But the more you play, the more complexities you discover: Force outs. Tag outs. When to run; when not to. Where to hit the ball...." But it's something else that is the real reward. "I like the camaraderie--the good chemistry, the supportive atmosphere, the encouragement." Juanita, who has had at least as many batting tips as there are players on the team, knows of what she speaks.

As for me, I admit to being one of those softball junkies Juanita was so curious about. I play first base but tend to look at the game as a catcher would. I always watch pitches, look over my shoulder to check outfielders' positions, and yell reminders about the number of outs or which base to go to. (It comes from having caught a lot of fast-pitch games. Actually I love, and quite miss, the perspective catchers have.)

Over the years summer and softball have simply become inseparable. The game's rhythms reflect the season's. It is a game of quick motion and sudden power. Of stillness and reflection. Of analysis and action.

It is a long season--from chilly April practices to muggy August nights. You can feel the evenings lengthen magically and then, just as mysteriously, contract. You can sense the transitions, it seems, even before they occur.

The game's secrets are as many as you would make them. It's a sport conducive to observation and



Safe at first: Juanita Roushdy "legs out" a single.

learning: for beginners, relaxers, and the intent. It is, as many observers have pointed out about its first cousin, baseball, the only preindustrial team sport U.S. culture ever produced. It is about green expanses and reaching home safely. Equal opportunities and nothing ever measured in time.

All that and what W.P. Kinsella would call "the thrill of the grass." The visceral and ascetic delights that are at the heart of the game. It is fun. And next season is only eight months away.

Shella Meehan

MONEY TALKS

Money never seems far from the heart of things. It is what normally gets the Fund into the press: Who has need of it. Who didn't get it. Who wants more. But it was not a stand-by arrangement, exchange rate adjustment, or SDRs this time. The August 1 Weekend Section of the *Washington Post* featured a short article on the inaugural exhibit of the new IMF Visitors' Center, "Coins: Mirrors of Art and Culture."

The exhibit, organized by the Smithsonian's numismatic curator, Cory Gilliland, traces the parallel influences on art, culture, and coin making through history and illustrates the ways in which various trends in painting or sculpture, for instance, are often reflected in the coinage of their respective eras.

The publicity in the *Post* represents a breakthrough for the Center's manager, Yves Gisse, in his efforts to familiarize the greater Washington area with the Center's ongoing exhibits and special events. A June 10 piece in the *New York Times* had first

brought the IMF Visitors' Center media attention, detailing the Center's efforts to better explain the nature of the Fund's work.

Regular coverage of the Center's current exhibits by the *Washington Post* will hopefully strengthen outreach efforts and lead others--area residents and tourists--to explore the Center's varied offerings.

A mailing list has been assembled of approximately 3,000 names covering the diplomatic community; other regional and international organizations; the District and Federal Governments; the media; universities and think-tanks, such as Brookings and The Wilson Center; galleries and museums; the banking and financial community; libraries--public and private; and the members of the Bretton Woods Committee.

For staff members the IMF Visitors' Center will publish and distribute, desk to desk, a monthly "International Calendar" of events.

STAFF MEET WITH EXECUTIVE DIRECTORS TO DISCUSS COMPENSATION CONCERNS

In the wake of the job grading exercise and the recent Executive Board decision to defer general salary increases, rumors have been widespread regarding the intentions of the Joint Compensation Committee (Kafka II), which has been set up to review anew the entire question of staff salaries and benefits. Salaries have been a major, and constant, topic of conversation, with uncertainty about individual futures a marked element in many of these discussions.

One apparently positive product of these unsettled times has been the effort of staff to meet with the Executive Directors of their home countries to exchange views and convey, perhaps more clearly than had been done before, their own concerns regarding their careers at the Fund and staff morale.

Well over half the Executive Directors have been approached, and several, including the EDs for the United States, the United Kingdom, the Nordic countries, Canada, India, Belgium and the Netherlands, Germany, Australia and New Zealand, France, and South America, have already been in contact with staff. In some instances, staff simply sent a letter to their Executive Directors to thank them for their support. Some Executive Directors met with a few representatives of the staff of their constituencies; others held meetings to which all the staff of their constituencies were invited. One of the largest, and best attended, of these meetings was the session with U.S. Director Charles Dallara on July 10.

In presenting their positions on the compensation question to staff, several Directors cited rising concerns within their governments about the Fund's salary structure, which was felt should better reflect the same economic realities and the same need to be cost-conscious that their own governments had to face.

Executive Directors attempted to reassure staff that the intention was not to diminish the quality or the effectiveness of the staff but to seek ways in which the salary question could be resolved to the satisfaction of both the staff and the member governments.

Some emphasized the need for the new compensation system to reflect a shift in emphasis, giving lower priority to general salary increases and placing greater stress on rewards for performance. Such a salary structure would not be driven by the need to recruit in the most difficult location or category

and it could possibly employ a system of bonuses to both recruit and reward staff. While salary was the principal topic in these meetings, in some instances the whole range of staff benefits was addressed as well.

In most instances issues were discussed in terms of the broad principles of employer-employee relations. Some staff cited recruitment figures as evidence of an erosion of staff salaries and an increasing impediment to the recruitment of the quality of staff mandated by the Articles of Agreement. Many others referred to what they felt were unrelenting pressures on the staff. Staff comments and questions tended to reflect great concern about the member governments' commitment to recruiting and maintaining an above-average staff, the perceived politicization of the salary issue, and the need to resolve both the general salary question and the matter of assistance for downgraded staff so that staff could make necessary decisions about their careers at the Fund.

Specific questions tended to center on aspects such as the use of public sector data, particularly that drawn from the U.S. Civil Service, to derive a set of comparators for the Fund's salary system. There was an expression of concern that the Fund would be able to recruit from the private sector at all were the Fund to pitch its payline midway between the public and the private sector. Bonuses--how and when they might be used--also engendered considerable discussion, with staff wanting to know more details about possible applications.

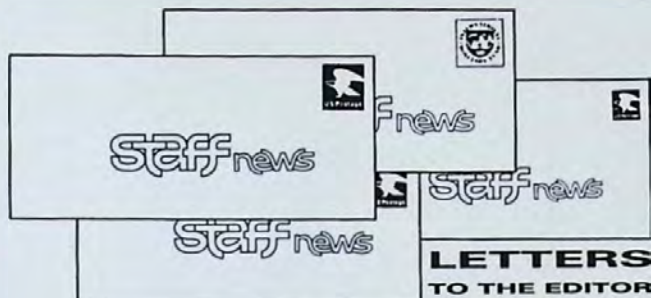
In general the sessions between staff and Executive Directors were well attended and allowed for a liberal exchange of information and opinion. Although in some instances the meetings did not appear to resolve differences, most staff seemed to agree that the exchanges had been worthwhile.

In some cases sessions ended with an offer from the Executive Directors to assist in setting up meetings between staff and their respective Governments during the Annual Meetings. Some Executive Directors also pledged that they, like the Managing Director, would be willing to reopen the question of this year's proposed general salary increases if the Compensation Committee had not completed its work by the end of the year. In still other instances Directors expressed the hope that staff-Executive Director meetings might become a regular feature of their relations in the future.

VAN POOL DIRECTORY

AREA SERVED	ARRIVE (AM)	DEPART (PM)	REMARKS/CONTACTS
Alexandria VA (Seminary Plaza)	8:55	5:40	N. Van Dorn/Bradlee Shopping Center/Fairlington Villages. Ms. Ghattas, X532609
Bethesda MD (Montgomery Mall)	8:25	5:10	Spot seats available. Sign up now. Mr. Rivera, X574689
Bowie MD	8:25	5:10	Now forming for fall; park and ride from Route 197 and Route 50. Mr. Lecksell, X560252
Churchton MD (Franklin Manor)	7:55	4:35	Starting in September; park and ride from Route 4 and Suitland Parkway. Mr. Edmonds, X78474
Columbia MD	8:25	5:15	Owen Brown/Route 29 to Baltimore-Washington Parkway. Guaranteed seats available. Mr. Alloy, X560084
Falls Church VA (South Arlington)	8:55	5:40	Permanent seats available; Route 7/George Mason/Columbia Pike/Route 50. Mr. Veizaga, X533295
Lewisdale/ Chillum MD	8:25	5:10	University Boulevard (Toys R'Us)/Riggs Road/East-West Hwy /New Hampshire Avenue. Ms. Masson-Bruno, X575318
McLean VA	7:55	4:35	Now forming from Chain Bridge Road and Old Dominion (Gourmet Giant). Ms. Estrada, X576715
Potomac/ Bethesda MD	8:55	5:45	Spots seats available. Bradley/Seven Locks/ River Road. Mr. McMullen, X575374
Reston VA (Hunter Woods)	8:45	5:35	Via Dulles Toll Road. Spot rides available. Ms. Gormont, X574598
Rockville MD (Aspen Hill, Wheaton)	8:20	5:10	Starting late September. Veirs Mill Road to Conn. Ave Ms. Ketema, X60081
Springfield VA (Van Pool No. 1)	8:50	5:40	Backlick Road and Old Keene Mill Road. Mrs. Aguirre. X576347
Springfield VA (Van Pool No. 2)	8:50	5:40	From Best Co., Springfield Plaza. Spot seats available. Mr. Tran, X575641
Vienna VA (Wolf Trap)	8:55	5:35	Spot seats available. Beulah Road/Idylwood/66. Mr. McFadyen, X560568
Wheaton MD (Aspen Hill)	8:25	5:15	Spot seats available. Conn. Avenue/Kensington. \$30 less than metro. Mr. Thanit, X561246
White Oak/ Adelphi MD	8:50	5:40	Spot seats available. New Hampshire Avenue/Piney Branch. Mr. Leong, X572847

If you are interested in operating a van pool, providing you with cost-free transportation and parking, contact Jim Edmonds, Room A-120 (World Bank), X573411.



There must be a better way to show one's ID at the garage entrance! Each morning I find myself performing an acrobatic feat: Turn the steering wheel, hold up my ID, and avoid knocking down the guard who dutifully stands midway between the entrance and exit ramps. Having the ID on a chain does not help much. I realize that for the sake of security this is an important and necessary exercise, but does anyone have a better idea? How about a "stick-on" ID on the sun visor?

Lillian Krauseder

George Morgan, Assistant Section Chief, Support Services, responds:

I appreciate the difficulty and inconvenience caused by the requirement to display one's identification card prior to entering the garage. However, the Fund's present security requirements make such measures necessary.

The need to verify the identity of the driver and passengers at the garage entrances is no different than at our pedestrian entrances. Proper identification of the individual is essential to insure only authorized personnel are permitted to enter the Fund. This is why the driver is responsible for insuring all passengers are authorized access to the Fund or disembark prior to entry. A "stick-on" ID for example, like the parking sticker, only verifies that the vehicle is permitted to park in the building and requires the staff to be issued yet another form of identification. It does not verify the identity of anyone within the vehicle.

As part of our ongoing review of security, we are now investigating a variety of access control systems which may help relieve this inconvenience to staff without compromising our security. In the meantime I welcome any constructive suggestions which both insure Fund security and reduce the inconvenience to the staff.

STAFF NOTES...

TWENTY-YEAR STAFF

Alfredo Lueje of BLS
Philomena V. Roy of SEC
Grant B. Taplin of AFD

RESIGNATIONS

Antonio Caetano Filho
Danielle J. Gree
Judith Harris
Walter E. Hermann
Hirotaka Kobayashi
Ronald A. Krieger
John T. McDonald
Mande Sidibe
Eric J. Van Der Walde

RETIREES

Marion S. De La Motte
Richard H. Miller
Norman K. Humphreys

BIRTHS

To **Jim Corr** (TRE) and Mary Barberis,
a son, Christopher Corr-Barberis,
on June 4, 1986

To **Amor Tahari** (AFR) and **Jill M. Tahari** (EUR), a son, Sami Tahari, on
July 15, 1986

To **Leslie G. Manison** (EUR) and his wife,
Mary, a son, Alexis Leslie Manison,
on August 11, 1986

DEATHS (RETIREES)

Carlos A. Figueredo
Died June 18, 1986; retired May 31, 1972

Carl B. Fink
Died June 28, 1986; retired May 31, 1977

NEW STAFF



Mushtaq Ahmed
a Messenger with
ADM, is from the U.S.
He speaks Urdu and
English and is very
interested in US football,
especially, hmm, the
Dallas Cowboys.



Effie Demiriz
a Messenger with
ADM, is from
Canada.



Akbar Ghani
a Chauffeur with ADM,
is Afghani. He speaks
English, French, Farsi,
and Pushto, and enjoys
remodeling homes and
gardening.



Suzanne E. Grant
a Secretary with the
European Department,
is from Australia.



**Simon Mbugua
Kamau**
a Messenger with ADM,
is from Kenya.



Marta D. Linares
a Secretary with AFD,
is from Nicaragua, where
she had worked with USIS.
She speaks Spanish,
English, and French, and
enjoys classical music
and gardening.



Marylou L. Maranon
a Secretary with TRE,
is from the Philippines.
She studied business
management and graduated
from the Washington School
for Secretaries. Her interests
are travel, playing the piano,
and dance.



Leda Virginia Montero
a Secretary with FAD, is
from Costa Rica. She worked
in the private sector and the
IDB before joining the Fund
staff. She enjoys classical
and popular music and
dances ballet.



W. A. Sellassie
a Messenger in
ADM, is Ethiopian
and speaks Amharic,
English, and German.
His interests include
transcendental
meditation, tennis,
bowling, cycling, and
horseback riding.



Anne Slade
a Secretarial Assistant in
the office of the U.K. ED,
worked previously in the
Bank of England. From
the United Kingdom, she
is married and has a two-
year old son.

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and 8, Jessica Adler. Photo on page 6 courtesy of Lou
Pizza.

**Staff
news**

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