A Captain’s Story

In the heart of Taliban country, the commander of a U.S. rifle company made it his mission to reopen a school in Afghanistan.

Here's what he learned

BY JOE KLEIN
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Adam Ferguson / VII Mentor for TIME

The Pir Mohammed School was built by Canadians in 2005, in Senjaray, a town just outside the city of Kandahar in southern Afghanistan. It is said that 3,000 students attended, including some girls — although that seems a bit of a stretch, given the size and rudimentary nature of the campus. There are two buildings, a row and a horseshoe of classrooms, separated by a playground in a walled compound. No doubt, the exaggerations about the school's size reflect a deeper truth: most everyone in Senjaray loved the idea that their children were learning to read and write — except the local Taliban. They closed the school in 2007, breaking all the windows and furniture, booby-trapping the place, lacing the surrounding area with improvised explosive devices (IEDs), daring the Canadians to reopen it. But the Canadians were overmatched, and it wasn't until December of 2009, when the Americans came to Senjaray, that people began to talk about reopening the school.

It was, in fact, a no-brainer, a perfect metaphor. The Taliban closed schools; the Americans opened them. That this particular school was located deep in the enemy heartland, in a district — Zhari — that was 80% controlled by the Taliban, an area the Russians called the Heart of Darkness and eventually refused to travel through, in a town that will be strategically crucial when the most important battle of the war in Afghanistan — the battle for Kandahar — is contested this summer, made it all the more perfect.

"From the start, the people here said they wanted better security and the school," said Captain Jeremiah Ellis, the commander of Dog Company of the 1st Battalion, 12th Infantry Regiment of the 4th Infantry Division, the 120 soldiers who represented the American presence in Senjaray. "We are required to ask certain questions on patrol: What are your problems here? What do you need? It's called a TCAF interview, for some reason." Ellis, a young man well acquainted with the uses of, and need for, irony when dealing with the command structure, raised an eyebrow and smiled. Later, I looked it up. A TCAF is a Tactical Conflict Assessment Framework — in English, an interview script. "Anyway, we've been asking the TCAF questions for months now. People look at us and think, 'Why do you keep asking the same questions and not doing anything? You must be one stupid bunch of Caucasians,'" Ellis continued,
replaying the dialogue. "It's totally insulting: 'What do you need here?' 'Open the frigging school, just like last week.'"

No one — no one — wanted to reopen the Pir Mohammed School more than Jeremiah Ellis. He had worked on it for months; he figured it would be Dog Company's legacy in Senjaray. It fit perfectly into the Army's new counterinsurgency doctrine: protect the people, provide them with security and government services, and they will turn away from the insurgency. Unlike many of his fellow officers in Zhari district, and many of the troops under his command, Ellis really believed in counterinsurgency (COIN) doctrine.

He still does, but he's more skeptical now. The past four months in Senjaray have taught him how difficult it is to do COIN in an area that is, in effect, controlled by the enemy — and with a command structure that is tangled in bureaucracy and paralyzed by the incompetence and corruption of the local Afghan leadership. Indeed, as the struggle to open the school — or get anything of value at all done in Senjaray — progressed, the metaphor was transformed into a much bigger question: If the U.S. Army couldn't open a small school in a crucial town, how could it expect to succeed in Afghanistan?

And yet, as April began, the reopening of the Pir Mohammed School seemed imminent. Ellis had gotten all the elements in place, including a Canadian bomb-removal team. His superiors at battalion headquarters thought that reopening a school in the Taliban's front yard was such a feel-good story that a reporter should be around to record it. I happened to be in the neighborhood, and Captain Ellis graciously invited me — and photographer Adam Ferguson — along for the ride.

**The Terrain**

Jeremiah Ellis is not an Army lifer. He has other plans. He has a degree in outdoor education from the University of New Hampshire that he wants to start using as soon as possible. "What I really want to do," he says, "is use experiential education — rock climbing, hiking and so forth — as a form of therapy for veterans coming home." Ellis joined the Army so he could get scholarship money for a master's degree, but he's been an enthusiastic soldier, a graduate of the Army's famed, grueling Ranger School. "I joined the Army because it was an outdoor thing. You know, jump out of helicopters, crawl in the mud, sit around the campfire. But being a captain is the limit for that sort of stuff. Anything above this is a desk job." He is 29 years old, with quiet blue eyes and a garrulous informality that is explosive, intense and distinctly American.

Ellis did one tour in Iraq, and that was enough — for him, but not for the Army, which stop-lossed him (the term of art for officers is *involuntary re-enlistment*). He seems to have stowed any anger or resentment he may have had; his devotion to the mission in Senjaray seems absolute. "We're down to the last few months of our deployment — and that's a dangerous time," Ellis told me, sitting in his office, a rude plywood cabin at Combat Outpost Senjaray. "The natural tendency is to get careless and defensive. To keep them safe, I need these guys to stay focused and on top of the mission."

That task is more difficult because the 1/12 battalion hasn't exactly had a terrific rotation in Afghanistan. "We've been asked to do a lot of different things," says Major Korey Brown, the battalion's executive officer. "They detached us from our brigade, which is headquartered in eastern Afghanistan, and sent us out here to Zhari district to be storm troopers — that's what General Vance called us — and that's what we were trained for, that's what we like to do. To find, fix and finish the enemy." But the mission changed
with the arrival of General Stanley McChrystal, as commander of the International Security Assistance Force in the summer of 2009. "It's not about how you engage the enemy so much now. It's how you engage your district governor," says Brown. "That's a huge change for guys like us — call us knuckle draggers or whatever, but we weren't trained to do COIN."

The 1/12's problems were compounded by a practically nonexistent local government, led by a district governor who insisted on keeping his office at the battalion's forward operating base, rather than among the people. "And then the Afghan army regiment we were supposed to partner with was diverted to Helmand province, for the battle in Marjah," says Brown. And the so-called civilian surge — the civil and economic development component of the offensive, led by the State Department — arrived late and weak. "So the 1/12's been out there, pretty much alone," a State Department official based in Kandahar told me. "No Afghan military partner, a lousy relationship with the local government and not enough help from us."

And yet, Zhari is strategically crucial, the gateway to Kandahar city from the west, the staging area for most Taliban activity in the region. It is a largely rural district straddling the Afghan Ring Road and the Arghandab River. It includes the Taliban leader Mullah Mohammed Omar's hometown of Sangsar. The Taliban aren't outside agitators here; they are neighbors — not exactly beloved neighbors, given their propensity for violence and peremptory taxation, but more trustworthy than a deeply corrupt Afghan government and much more familiar than the foreign troops. Senjaray is the largest population center, a town of somewhere from 8,000 to 12,000 (there hasn't been a census), at the eastern end of the Zhari district. If Senjaray can't be won over, Kandahar won't be.

As it became clear that the 1/12 was more comfortable with traditional soldiering than with counterinsurgency, the skepticism about its efficacy grew in the higher ranks of the military command. The 1/12 was hunkered down at its headquarters, a remote outpost called Forward Operating Base James Wilson, and the brass wanted it out securing the populace. Since the populace was concentrated in Senjaray, that seemed a logical place to start — and Jeremiah Ellis seemed the perfect candidate to lead the way. "He's one of the smartest officers we have," one of Ellis’ superiors told me. "But he can take that enthusiasm a fair distance past the limits of standard Army procedures."

Actually, the captain's enthusiasm was fed by a series of briefings from various humanitarian and economic-development agencies. "They made it seem like Senjaray was the most important place in the world," Ellis says now. "They promised us everything. We were going to get in there and really deliver the goods."

The Canal
And so, Ellis went into Senjaray in December of 2009 with a real head of steam. He gathered the town elders for a series of shuras and told them about all the goodies that could be headed their way if they agreed to stand with him against the Taliban. By mid-January, he had a written document in English and Pashtu, signed by 12 local elders, promising cooperation and listing the various programs they would soon see. There was the school, of course, and a new medical clinic, and a renovation of the bazaar; there were new police stations, solar-powered wells, paved highways, bridges and irrigation canals.
Actually, the elders — as opposed to the people of Senjaray — seemed more interested in the irrigation canals than anything else. In fact, the two most important leaders — the rather flaccid local warlord who was named Hajji Lala, and the police chief, whose 40 cops were dedicated to the protection of Hajji Lala — were interested in one specific canal. Unfortunately, it was not the canal Ellis wanted to refurbish on the poorer, north side of town. It was on the south side. "O.K., let's walk down there and check it out," Ellis said.

"We can't walk," the local police chief told him. "We have to drive." And so they drove — 20 km west of Senjaray and then south. They were nowhere near town. "You might well ask, Why there?" Ellis says. Well, as it happened both Hajji Lala and the police chief owned farmland just south of the proposed canal. "But who was I to stand in the way of progress?" Ellis adds, dryly. "I could put hundreds of people to work, pay them 600 Afghans [$3] a day." It was the beginning of a partnership. Ellis wanted to prove he could produce. The project would begin the following week.

But nobody showed up for work the following week. Ellis asked the elders what had happened. There was a problem, he was told. "We need to pay the workers ourselves," he was told. "We can't be seen having you pay the workers. The Taliban will cut our heads off." That seemed decidedly implausible. The Taliban were going to know where the money was coming from, no matter who put it in the workers' hands. "I know you are all honorable men," Ellis told the elders in a scene later reported by the Wall Street Journal. "But not everybody else is. The Canadians are not always honorable, and neither are we Americans." He proposed they set up a clandestine video camera to record the daily payments, but the elders didn't want that either.

"It turned out, the situation was more complicated than I figured," Ellis says now. In fact, it wasn't a case of local corruption at all. Within days, intelligence collected from multiple sources revealed that several of the town elders had driven across the border to Quetta, in Pakistan, to clear the canal project with the Taliban leadership. "Apparently, they made a very convincing pitch," Ellis says, and his superiors later confirmed to me. "The canal project would enrich the area. It would be there when the Americans were gone. And the Taliban agreed: the project could go ahead, but they wanted 50% of the workers' pay."

It was now apparent that almost any development project the Americans tried in Senjaray would end up benefitting the Taliban — except one: reopening the Pir Mohammed School.

The Rules of Engagement
Senjaray is a warren of mud walls and unpaved streets, dust and more dust, shaped like a hornet's nest hanging from the branch of a tree. The branch is the Afghan Ring Road, a two-lane paved highway. The U.S. fort is located just north of the highway; the Taliban control the land to the south, a lush farming area, irrigated by water from the Arghandab River. The dividing line is a canal that runs along the southern border of the town; the Pir Mohammed School sits on the banks of both that canal and one other, which runs along the eastern edge of the hornet's nest. "It's a crucial strategic position," Ellis says. "My plan was to build a strongpoint next to the school that would later be converted into an Afghan police station. It was necessary to protect the teachers and students, but it was also necessary to protect the town. That intersection was the Taliban's way in, and as soon as the enemy found out that we wanted to reopen the school, they began to concentrate their forces on the area as well." Indeed, sources up the chain of
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累计售出: 3.25万件
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链条单肩包
¥26
command told me that the Taliban were moving forces into the Arghandab Valley, in anticipation of the summer fighting season.

And yet, the war in Senjaray had an odd, lugubrious battle rhythm. There were few direct confrontations between the Americans and the Taliban; the usual sounds of war, the crackle of small-arms fire and thump of mortars were rarely heard. Just an occasional boom — as an IED went off. Sometimes the Taliban blew themselves up, attempting to set the bombs; occasionally, Americans were the victims. On Feb. 21, one American was killed and another severely wounded in an IED explosion just south of town. "I decided to stop the patrols down there after that," Ellis says. "Given the rules of engagement, it was just too dangerous to keep going there and getting blown up."

In another war — Vietnam, for certain — an American officer might have cleared the Taliban-controlled area with air strikes. But that sort of indiscriminate bombing doesn't happen in Afghanistan; General McChrystal has issued a series of tactical directives and rules of engagement banning most forms of air support. There are also new rules governing when and how troops on the ground can use their weapons. "Look at these," Ellis told me, tossing a fat sheaf of directives onto his desk. "Some of these are written by freaking lawyers, and I'm supposed to read them aloud to my troops. It's laughable. We can't fire warning shots. We can't even fire pen flares to stop an oncoming vehicle. If a guy shoots at you, then puts down his weapon and runs away, you can't fire back at him because you might harm a civilian."

The troops hate the new rules. Indeed, a soldier from another of the 1/12's companies sent an angry e-mail to McChrystal, saying the new rules were endangering the troops. The General immediately flew down to Zhari and walked a patrol with that soldier's platoon. "It was a good experience," McChrystal told me later. "I explained to them why we needed the rules. And I've been making it my practice to go out on patrol with other units ever since."

Ellis understands the rationale for the rules — "It's what distinguishes us from the Taliban" — but that doesn't make them easier to enforce. Just after the fatal IED attack in February, a man on a motorcycle emerged from a crowd in south Senjaray and seemed to charge a U.S. patrol. "They shouted at him, tried to get him to stop, but he kept coming — faster, it seemed. Finally, they fired a warning shot into the ground, but it bounced up and hit the guy in the hip. What the soldiers couldn't see was that he had two kids on the cycle with him. The bullet passed through his leg and struck both the kids in their legs."

None of the wounds were life-threatening. The victims were in a medevac helicopter, on their way to a field hospital within a half hour. "And in a weird way, it turned into a plus for us," Ellis says. "After they were released, we continued to treat them with antibiotics, painkillers and new bandages. When people saw how well we were treating them, they were grateful. The motorcycle driver's brother started helping us with some good information. But we had to go through an intense legal inquiry about the shooting."

There is a caveat to McChrystal's rules of engagement. A soldier is always permitted to use his or her discretion in a matter of self-defense. But the overall impact of the rules has been a hunkering down, a decidedly less aggressive attitude about going after the enemy, from the air or from the ground. "Day by day, we're watching the Taliban put in IEDs, creeping up toward the town," Ellis says. "I'm losing two inches of Senjaray every day." The effect on morale has been brutal. "Maybe half the guys in Dog Company spent their last tour in Iraq, in Ramadi, in 2007," says First Sergeant Jack Robison. "That was a
great tour. When we arrived, the place was a disaster. We cleaned it up. After a year, we could leave with a real sense of accomplishment." But this tour was different. They had two months left, and the tide seemed to be running against them. Robison thought that opening the Pir Mohammed School might mitigate the sense of failure, but he also had to admit that a fair number of his men didn't want to take any more risks. They just wanted to go home.

The School
Ellis began his efforts to open Pir Mohammed in late January. To get permission to reopen the school, he needed the approval of three separate command structures — his battalion superiors, the Canadians who ran Task Force Kandahar and their NATO superiors at Regional Command-South, the NATO regional command for southern Afghanistan. He also needed the approval of the local, district and regional Afghan government authorities. That part wasn't too bad. Ellis was a gung-ho briefer. On Saturday, April 3, I watched him describe the school operation to a group of Canadian generals. "That was one of the most impressive op rants I've seen in a long time," Lieut. General Andrew Leslie, the Canadian chief of land staff, said when Ellis finished — and later, he confided to me, "This is the kind of officer you really want out here."

But the logistics were a killer. To reopen the school, Ellis needed to purchase some of the adjacent land to build an access road and the police station he had proposed. Hajji Lala, the local warlord, insisted he had that covered. "I kept asking him for the names of the landowners," Ellis says. "He kept saying, 'No problem.' " But it was a problem. Most of the property in the Zhari district is owned by absentee landlords. When Ellis pressed Hajji Lala for names yet again in late February, he was told, "You're going to have to find out who owns that land yourself."

Ellis was crushed. The operation was scheduled for March 10. He had a week, at best, to purchase the property. "But I got it done," he says. "The thing is, the people really wanted the school opened and they helped me find the owners." There was one pair of owners who demanded $20,000 for their land. "I told them $2,000 max," Ellis said, but ultimately the owners — after checking around — changed their minds and decided to offer the land for free. "They said, 'We'll give it to you, but could you beat us up a little and make it look like you seized it? The Taliban don't want this to happen.' "

There were a multitude of elements to put in place. A generator was needed for the security outpost. Blast walls and Hesco baskets — the ubiquitous wire and cloth fortifications filled with rocks and soil — were needed to protect the troops who would be stationed at the school. The local police chief had to be convinced to lend some of his officers for the operation. The plans for clearing the bombs and booby traps had to be specific and plausible.

But 16 hours before the operation was to launch, the 1/12 battalion planning staff scotched it. "They said we hadn't done sufficient planning for the bomb clearance," Ellis says, "and I suppose they were right. The trouble is, there are only two American bomb-clearing units for all of Kandahar province. I managed to find a Canadian team." The operation was rescheduled for April 4, when the Canadians would be available.

When I arrived at Combat Outpost Senjaray on the afternoon of April 2, Ellis had just received terrible news. "You're not going to believe this, but they just [freakin'] postponed it," he told me. "The staff at
RC-South found this regulation that says you can’t build a security outpost that close to a school. It would endanger the kids.” Ellis was agog. He had briefed the commanding general of RC-South, Nick Carter, on the project, and he was in favor. But General Carter was on leave — and his staff didn’t want to take the risk. Regulations were regulations. “I mean, if we don’t have a strongpoint there, you endanger the kids. Do you think the Taliban are just going to let us … open the [freakin’] school?”

Still, Ellis was confident the operation would go forward. This was just a bureaucratic glitch. Everyone thought so. On April 3, I spoke with Ellis’ immediate superior, Lieut. Colonel Reik Anderson, commander of the 1/12, and with the Canadian in charge of Joint Task Force Kandahar, Brigadier General Daniel Menard, who was furious about the delay. “We’re going to have a letter signed by the district and provincial governors, insisting that we go ahead,” Menard told me, then proceeded to talk like a general. “This is essential. It would be the first nonkinetic breach of Taliban control in the area.”

Lieutenant Reed Peeples, a former Peace Corps volunteer whose 2nd platoon patrolled the area around the school, put it more simply: “For months, we’ve been trying to win over the people of this town — and we haven’t produced anything tangible. They are sitting on the fence, waiting to see which side is stronger. We haven’t had much luck with development projects. We haven’t proved that we can take care of them. Reopening the school would be our first real win.”

A Conversation
It was unimaginable that the higher-ups — those in “echelons above reality,” as Ellis liked to say — would actually stop the Pir Mohammed project. He figured it would be delayed a day or two and decided to move ahead with his plan. He needed to have some troops in place, in an observation and listening post near the school, on the night before the operation took place. On Sunday, April 4, Ellis joined the 2nd platoon on a patrol to scout locations.

There was a two-story house across the eastern canal from the school that Ellis thought would be perfect, and we proceeded there carefully, in the dusty golden haze of late afternoon. The soldiers handed out pencils, plush toys and cheese crackers to the local kids, who gathered as the patrol snaked slowly through town. The kids, who had seen all these offerings many times before, weren’t satisfied. “Qalam,” they shouted, surrounding me. “Qalam.”

“They want your pen,” Ellis said. “Most of them can’t write. But they know the difference between a pencil and a pen.”

Ellis knocked on the door of the compound in question, and a young man named Habib Rahman answered. We entered a remarkably pleasant courtyard, surrounded by windowed rooms, shaded by grape arbors and balconies. It was clearly one of the more prosperous homes in town, but the source of the prosperity was a mystery. Rahman said his grandfather, who built the place, and his father were both dead. He lived there with his mother, grandmother, aunt and two sisters.

We sat on thin rugs, beneath one of the balconies. Ellis took off his helmet and deftly, gently, always smiling, questioned Rahman. He didn’t ask anything very direct, like how Rahman — who said he was 17 — earned a living, and the boy didn’t volunteer any information. Ellis asked who the most powerful
person in town was, and Rahman answered, "Hajji Lala." He asked who the most powerful Taliban in town was, and the boy said he didn't know. "Yeah, I wouldn't know, either, if I were you," Ellis said.

He asked if Rahman could give us a tour of the property. He didn't reveal the purpose of the exploration; he didn't want to give the Taliban advance warning of his intentions. But, as Ellis expected, the roof of the compound was a perfect observation post. When the tour was done, he asked Rahman why he thought the Americans were in Afghanistan. The boy said he didn't know. Ellis asked if he had heard about the attacks of Sept. 11, 2001. The boy said no. He asked what Rahman thought about the Americans. "I've heard that they bomb civilians from the air," the boy said. But the Taliban bomb and booby-trap schools, Ellis pointed out. "Why would they do that?" Rahman didn't know. Ellis asked the boy how he thought the war would end. "Whenever you guys get out from here, things will get better," he said. "The elders will sit down with the Taliban, and the Taliban will lay down their arms."

Later, as we headed back to the outpost in the gathering darkness, Ellis said, "Well, at least he knew we were Americans. Some of them still think we're Russians.

That night, Ellis learned that his superiors had, once again, briefed their superiors at RC-South about the Pir Mohammed School operation. "They want to sleep on it at RC-South," Ellis said, rolling his eyes. "And battalion said they don't want me calling up, trying to convince them."

The next afternoon, Ellis received word from battalion: there would be another delay, ostensibly of five days, but Ellis knew it would be longer than that. The Canadian bomb-disposal unit couldn't wait around. It had to go on to other projects. "This is becoming a joke," said one of the troopers who escorted me out of Combat Outpost Senjaray the following day. "It ain't gonna happen."

Disaster
A week later, Ellis was still waiting for the operation to be approved, when disaster struck — and a signature Afghan disaster at that. At about 5 a.m. on April 12, an American convoy passing through Senjaray on the Ring Road slowed on the curve in front of Dog Company's outpost. A passenger bus came up behind the convoy, traveling at a rate of speed the Americans deemed suspicious. The convoy tried to signal the bus to stop; the soldiers apparently used hand signals and pen flares, but fired no warning shots according to the McChrystal protocol. But the bus didn't stop and the Americans opened fire; five civilians were killed and 18 wounded. Outraged Afghans poured into the streets in Kandahar to protest. Their support for the upcoming battle was becoming more tenuous, and Afghan President Hamid Karzai had said he wouldn't approve the U.S.-led campaign in Kandahar unless the people wanted it. The fate of Barack Obama's new Afghan strategy hung in the balance.

After the wounded were treated and evacuated from Senjaray, Ellis led a patrol into the local bazaar. "The initial mood of the population as we went into the bazaar was hostile," Ellis e-mailed me that night. "We asked them to follow us to a meeting place so we could talk, but they were not willing. I then went stall to stall in the bazaar and met with groups of elders. I explained the following: 'I have fought for many years now and seen my own Soldiers and the enemy killed and it never has affected me as much as this event this morning. The thing that pains me the most is that the people killed were innocent people that were caught in a dangerous situation. You know, from our past, that my Soldiers will put themselves into harm's way before endangering your lives, because that is our responsibility as Soldiers ... to keep the
fight away from your businesses and your homes.' I covered my heart and said, "'I wish to God that I could undo the things that happened this morning, but nothing ever will.' "

Ellis said he thought he had gotten through to the elders. Two days later, he received word that the Pir Mohammed School project was finally approved.

Afghanistan: Inside the Battle for Hearts and Minds

Mission in Kandahar

The U.S. soldiers of the 1st Battalion, 12th Infantry Regiment are stationed in a district called Zhari, which lays deep in the heart of an area controlled by the Taliban.
Objective
One of the unit's goals was to reopen the Pir Mohamed School, built in 2005 by the Canadians in Senjaray, a town just outside of Kandahar. Consisting of two buildings, a row and a horseshoe of classrooms, separated by a playground in a walled compound, the school was welcomed by everyone in the district except the Taliban, who closed it two years after it opened, breaking all the windows and furniture, booby-trapping the place, and lacing the surrounding area with improvised explosive devices (IEDs).

Commander
The unit is led by Captain Jeremiah Ellis, 29, a graduate of the Army's famed Ranger School, who made the opening of the school a top priority of his command.
Allies
Captain Ellis meets with Canadian Army Major General David Fraser. A critical part of the effort to reopen the school — the removal of the bombs that surround it — was to be performed by a Canadian bomb removal team.

Difficulties
In their efforts, the soldiers of the 1/12 were routinely forced to fend off small arms fire and other ordinance launched at them by the Taliban. The mission in Senjaray, however, was not focused so much on finding and killing the enemy as it was on working with the local population.
Search
The problems faced by the unit included a local government that was practically non-existent. The most important local leaders were a flaccid warlord named Haji Lala and a police chief whose officers were dedicated to protecting him.

Local Population
Another proposal, to pay locals for working on a canal reclamation project, foundered when village elders explained that the workers could not be seen taking money from the Americans. Ellis was mystified by this. The Taliban were going to know where the money was coming from, he reasoned, no matter who put it in the workers’ hands. Eventually, he learned that several of the town elders had driven to Pakistan, to clear the project with the Taliban leadership there. They had given their consent, in exchange for 50% of the workers’ pay.
On Base

On the NATO side, Ellis had difficulties as well. Reopening the school required the approval of three separate command structures — the unit's battalion superiors, the Canadians who ran Task Force Kandahar and their NATO superiors at Regional Command-South.

In Town

In order to complete the security for the school, Ellis arranged to buy property adjacent to the building, in order to build an access road and a strongpoint to guard it from the Taliban. After much difficulty in locating the actual owners of the land, he succeeded in securing the property he needed.
Bunk Beds

Shortly before the operation was about to begin, Ellis received word from the battalion planning staff that it would be delayed. "They said we hadn't done sufficient planning for the bomb clearance," Ellis says, "and I suppose they were right. The trouble is, there are only two American bomb-clearing units for all of Kandahar province. I managed to find a Canadian team."

Firelight

Ellis thought that this delay was only temporary. But it was followed by more delays, which meant that he would lose the bomb disposal team; they were needed elsewhere. And without them, nothing could move
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Update: April 21, 2010
Shortly after this piece originally appeared, U.S. troops occupied the school and it is now being renovated. Wrote Captain Ellis, "Huge groups of onlookers turn out to see what is going on, and their initial questions are, 'Are you building a new coalition strongpoint?'; 'Are you preparing to clear the town, one house at a time?'. I tell them that we are here to clean the school, paint it, repair the windows and doors and place books, teachers, chalkboards and pencils into the rooms ... they are ecstatic."
ESSAY

From Poland's Tragedy, Hope for Better Ties with Russia

By ZBIGNIEW BRZEZINSKI Thursday, Apr. 15, 2010

For decades the word Katyn, for the Poles, has stood for an unspeakable crime as well as tragedy. Henceforth, it will stand also for an additional national disaster — but perhaps also for hope.

In the past, Katyn signified mass murder committed in 1940 in a forest just west of the Russian town of Smolensk by troops of the Soviet Union, who killed defenseless Polish prisoners of war. The victims of the atrocity accounted for much of Poland's military as well as intellectual elite. The second Katyn tragedy — the April 10 crash on the approach to Smolensk airport of a plane carrying dignitaries to a ceremony commemorating that very 1940 massacre — led to the death of nearly 100 of the top political personalities of a newly independent, and once again democratic, Poland. Those who died on this modern pilgrimage of peace included Poland's President, Lech Kaczynski.

And yet it is possible that future historians will see in these combined events — and especially in the consequence of the second one — the beginning of a truly significant turning point in Polish-Russian relations. Should that come to pass, it would represent a geopolitical change in Europe of genuinely historic proportions.
A few days before the second tragedy, the Polish Prime Minister, Donald Tusk, and the Russian Prime Minister, Vladimir Putin, met to formalize a protracted process of painful accommodation regarding the Katyn crime. What happened in the forest 70 years ago was for many years a forbidden fact of life in Polish society. From the end of World War II to 1989, Poland was politically subservient to the Soviet Union. Even the closest relatives of those who perished at Katyn were not allowed to talk about it. People who claimed that their fathers or grandfathers had died on a certain date in 1940 were often viewed with suspicion; it was thought that they might be aware of who the killers really were. It was not until the era of Boris Yeltsin, President of Russia from 1991 to 1999, that a serious process to acknowledge what had happened in the past was initiated.

When Tusk and Putin met on April 7, the goal of the two men was a formal and comprehensive reconciliation of their nations. Putin spoke at that event and spoke well. But he still spoke more as a statesman doing what was needed; somehow, he did not really connect, in a human sense, with the Poles. By contrast, within hours of the fatal plane crash outside Smolensk three days later, Putin himself was on the spot in Katyn, reaching out to the Poles in a spontaneously warm and compassionate fashion. That all of a sudden infused human feelings into an issue that had divided the two peoples.

It is difficult to tell what the long-term reactions in Poland will be to what has so recently transpired. Poland is still mourning its dead; it is possible that conspiracy theories could yet surface. But I feel confident that the gestures of the past few days will unleash a degree of reciprocal human warmth from the Poles and the Russians. There is a chance that together they will initiate a new era in the historically troubled relationship between their two nations.

Should that happen, the map of central Europe would be transformed. A Russian-Polish reconciliation is impossible to imagine without it leading also to greater security for others who live in proximity to Russia, whether they be Estonians or Ukrainians or perhaps even Georgians, who fought a brief war with Russia in 2008. One should not overestimate the consequences of a change in mood, but ultimately human affairs are shaped by human beings. The sensitivity with which Russian leaders have handled the tragedy, coupled with the determination of Poland's leaders to face the future without recrimination, augur well for what is to come.

If my hopeful perspective comes to pass, the evolving reconciliation between the Poles and the Russians will be another milestone in the process of a larger European accommodation. It is only in recent years that a genuine and socially far-reaching reconciliation between Poland and Germany — bitter enemies in World War II — took place. And it is only a matter of decades since something similar happened between the Germans and the French. A Europe in which old enmities like that between Russia and Poland have been put aside will in turn make the relationship of the U.S. with Russia easier.

In brief, maybe someday there will be a memorial in Katyn to all its victims: the earlier ones, whose death and suffering in 1940 was ignored for so long and even lied about, and the more recent ones, who perished on a mission of peace in 2010. If so, Katyn will have at last earned a more hopeful place in Europe's collective memory.
Let Me Eat Cake: A Night of Culinary Luxury

By JOEL STEIN Monday, Apr. 26, 2010

Illustration by John Ueland for TIME

The recession hasn't affected me directly, but I'm smart enough to pretend it has. When my friends complain about being unemployed, I nod empathetically and, out of respect, do not reach for the check. But other people aren't as sensitive as I am. The night before last week's four-day Pebble Beach Food & Wine event, 27 people were invited to pay $2,000 per seat for a dinner in a private home, to which they had to bring a magnum of wine from their collections worth between $5,000 and $30,000. It was my responsibility as a journalist not only to witness this horrifying extravagance, but also to eat their food and drink their wine.

To get to the dinner, which was held at a secret location, all 27 of us were chauffeured in eight Lexus 580s escorted by four cops on motorcycles so we could run all the red lights. Apparently, we were very, very hungry. Eventually, we entered the grounds of a giant house in Carmel with huge windows overlooking the ocean, and we were greeted at the driveway, then at the front door and then at the hallway by pairs of sentries in suits holding napkins. Thomas Keller from the French Laundry cooked in the kitchen, flanked by Los Angeles chef Walter Manzke and pastry chef Angela Pinkerton of New York City's Eleven Madison Park. This was the Eyes Wide Shut equivalent of dining. There were, however, only three women among us, which gave me the feeling that this was the gay Eyes Wide Shut equivalent of Eyes Wide Shut.

It suddenly struck me that if everyone brought a magnum of wine, it meant we would each be drinking a magnum of wine. I did not have the training for this. And while I didn't know the etiquette of the superrich, I was pretty sure they would not appreciate having 1959 Château Latour barfed on them. Nervous, I asked the guy sitting next to me, retired tax lawyer Sandy Guerin, if guys ever brought their wives to these events. "It depends on the level of wine," he said, mentally high-fiving me.

That's when I realized that this wasn't a snob event. This was a dude event that just happened to be filled with snobs. I've been to UFC fights, hockey games and bachelor parties but never anything this testosterone-y. As these guys ate Iranian Osetra caviar on toast points and drank five different years of Henri Jayer Burgundy, they made fun of one another's penis size, called one another fat and claimed that they were sleeping with one another's wives. When Guerin explained his rule about not cooking anything elaborate by saying "I won't take more than 10 minutes," the entire table raced to say, "That's what your
wife said.” When I confessed to Guerin that I lamely preferred the Bordeauxs to the rare Burgundies, he reassured me that there was nothing wrong with my palate. “Some people are boob guys, some are butt guys,” he said. In our unscientific study, boob guys like Bordeaux.

I was feeling oddly at home, making comments about wines I couldn’t possibly appreciate, when it dawned on me that I was the only one into the food. Keller was bringing out some of the best dishes ever made, but no one cared. Guerin, in fact, said he would have rather had a simple roasted chicken. That’s because the food took attention away from the wine, and this night — like all dude nights — was about competition. “It’s a real mine’s-bigger-than-yours night,” said Stacey Montoya, a winemaker and the only woman there alone. “It’s not about who brought what,” argued Charles Banks, the former co-owner of the cult Napa winery Screaming Eagle, who brought a 1949 Petrus. “They shouldn’t list our names on the menu next to the wines. It’s not like baseball cards.”

It was totally like baseball cards. When the four sommeliers poured two mystery wines, guys were screaming out guesses, and within about 30 seconds identified the grape, area and vintage of both. It was like being at a comic-book convention and wondering aloud what the name of the Ewoks’ home planet was. Yes, they were spending a lot, but at least they were really into it. And while it seemed extravagant to me, 75% of the world would be horrified that Americans spend $4 on a latte.

Around 1 a.m., a sommelier brought out a six-pack of Stella Artois, which was, shockingly, embraced. Then we all went to a hotel where we drank another of Guerin’s Burgundies, opened some scotch, verbally sexually harassed Montoya and smoked Cuban cigars, which, I assume, were rolled on the stomachs of virgin princesses. Then, just like after a big frat party, one of the guys ordered quesadillas and chicken fingers from room service. And people ate them. And I realized that, at least after 2 a.m., I too can live like the superrich. But I still didn’t reach for the check.
Who Will Get the Stevens Seat?

By David Von Drehle Thursday, Apr. 15, 2010

The retirement of Justice John Paul Stevens this summer, when he'll have turned 90, will be the end of an era for the U.S. Supreme Court, and we're not talking about just his signature bow ties. Stevens is likely the last link to a time when Presidents typically chose Justices who weren't raised in ideological petri dishes. When Gerald Ford nominated Stevens in 1975, he couldn't have known much more about his choice than Stevens' reputation for integrity, brilliance and impeccable manners. The genus was Republican, true, but the species was country club. And Ford had played enough golf to know that gentlemen don't ask other gentlemen about their politics.

That's all finished, and Stevens helped finish it. Along with Earl Warren, William J. Brennan, Harry Blackmun and David Souter, Stevens is part of a small army of modern-era Justices who marched leftward after being elevated to the court by Republican patrons. If Presidents and political parties now put a premium on ideological purity, it's because they have seen what can happen when a Justice decides to migrate. The art of today's Supreme Court nominations comes down to finding candidates
who can talk the talk of open-mindedness — then, once safely confirmed by the Senate, wage the court's ideological battles with tireless consistency.

The surprising thing about Stevens, given his moderate beginnings and his undisputed charm, is how central he became to those ideological battles during the last decade of his long career. Only three Justices in history have served longer than Stevens, led by William O. Douglas, whom Stevens replaced. Taken together, Douglas and Stevens have filled their seat since before World War II. A strong writer who insisted on drafting his own opinions, Stevens wound up as the clarion of the court's left wing. No one in the high tribunal blew a louder bugle in warning against conservative trends, which he often denounced in stinging terms.

Take this example: "Although we may never know with complete certainty the identity of the winner of this year's Presidential election, the identity of the loser is perfectly clear. It is the Nation's confidence in the judge as an impartial guardian of the rule of law." Thus Stevens excoriated the conservative majority that ruled in favor of George W. Bush against Vice President Al Gore in 2000. In this year's controversial campaign-finance case, Stevens accused the majority Justices of pursuing their own "agenda" at the expense of "the common sense of the American people."

Some Democrats would like to see President Obama nominate a sharp-penned progressive to take over the Stevens soapbox. Nan Aron of the Alliance for Justice, for example, speaks of Stevens' "strong voice" and urges Obama to choose "a worthy successor." Without Stevens, there will be no one in the court's liberal wing to balance the rhetorical firepower of conservative Antonin Scalia, who will take over the role of senior associate Justice. Given the fever pitch of Washington politics in an election year, though, Obama might wish to avoid a polarizing confirmation battle. Instead, he'll seek a candidate with a soothing demeanor and a paper trail as bland as Milk of Magnesia. Tender on the outside, steely on the inside — a Democratic version of Chief Justice John Roberts.

On the list of 10 or so candidates floated by the White House in recent days, no one better fits that bill than Solicitor General Elena Kagan, a former Clinton Administration official and the first female dean of Harvard Law School. Like Roberts, Kagan came of age in the White House counsel's office, a busy intersection of politics and law. Like Roberts, she made a practice of avoiding controversial statements and winning admirers from across the political divide. And also like Roberts, she persuaded her supporters that she shared their political views without ever being caught saying so. All of which makes her, according to court watcher Tom Goldstein, founder of the influential SCOTUSblog, "the prohibitive favorite."

No one would have predicted back in the days of disco and three-piece polyester suits that Stevens would become a darling of the American left. Born into a wealthy Chicago family in 1920, he was a distinguished corporate antitrust lawyer before Republican President Richard Nixon appointed him to the Seventh Circuit Court of Appeals in 1970. Elevated to the Supreme Court five years later, Stevens fit easily into the center of the Republican-dominated court. He wrote the famous opinion banning the broadcast of comedian George Carlin's seven dirty words. He opposed affirmative action and joined a group of swing Justices to reinstate the death penalty. Like several of his colleagues in that period, Stevens had no grand constitutional theory to guide his decisionmaking; instead, he drilled deeply into the facts of each file and tried to go where the case law took him. Critics called him quirky. Admirers
have praised his work as a classic example of conservative common-law judging. His 1984 opinion in Chevron v. NRDC, balancing the legislative intent of Congress with the rulemaking authority of the executive-branch agencies, has been called the most cited Supreme Court decision in history.

In recent interviews, Stevens has insisted that he never changed; the court did. He's halfway correct. The court did change. It now decides fewer cases, in more heated terms. The center of gravity hasn't moved much (back then it was conservative Lewis Powell who was the swing vote; now it's conservative Anthony Kennedy), but in the 1970s the court was led from the center, while today the loudest voices are on the extremes.

Stevens did change, though. In 2008 he suggested that the death penalty was unconstitutional, joining Blackmun and Powell in repudiating the legal contraption they were instrumental in creating. He changed tack on affirmative action and resisted limits on Internet content that might have made even George Carlin blush.

History may conclude that Stevens did his most important work in recent years, as he led the court in limiting a President's power to detain suspected terrorists indefinitely, with scant access to judicial review. In those opinions, he connected with what is arguably the essence of the Constitution: its checks and balances on excessive concentrations of power.

Some on the left are calling on Obama to make this issue — the rights of detainees and the limits of presidential authority — a sort of litmus test for Stevens' successor. The wrong pick, they fear, could produce a remarkable result: a Democrat replaces a Republican on the court, yet the philosophical center tilts toward the conservatives. But there is something not quite right about trying to maintain a legacy for John Paul Stevens by installing a new litmus test. If his long career stands for any principle, it is that an independent judiciary starts with truly independent judges.

The War Over America's Lunch

By DOUGLAS MCGRAY Monday, Apr. 26, 2010

A focus group at Lionel Wilson College Prep Academy Middle and High School in Oakland, CA taste tests southwest chicken salad with black beans, corn and organic ranch dressing.

Robyn Twomey for TIME
“Beans??” The girl said.

She was sitting near the end of a long table in the cafeteria at Lionel Wilson College Preparatory Academy, a charter school in Oakland, Calif. There were about a dozen middle schoolers in all, taste testing new school-lunch ideas. The girl was a tough customer, by far the toughest at the table. (She had just refused to sample a pasta with Alfredo sauce: “I don’t like to try things I haven’t seen before,” she said flatly.) The offending item? A salad with fresh greens, roasted pumpkin seeds, corn, shredded cheese and black beans, tossed in organic ranch dressing.

Amy Klein, the grownup hovering nearby, knew the beans were a gamble. As the executive chef at Revolution Foods, a fast-growing for-profit company that caters healthy breakfasts and lunches to mostly lower-income schools, Klein has gone from feeding a few hundred kids in 2006 to about 30,000 today. In that time, she’s learned some things. Like, for the kids she serves, food is either “good” or “weird.” Good gets eaten; weird gets tossed or prompts kids to skip the lunch line altogether. And beans on salad were probably going to be weird.

“How would you make it better?” Klein asked, warm and energetic. “You can say, ’Don’t put beans on my salad!’”

“I can touch my eyeball,” the girl said. She touched her eyeball. The kids around her started touching their eyeballs too.

A Michelin-star dining room, this is not. But it might require just as much imagination. Federal reimbursement for school lunches doesn’t go very far. Kids eat free if their parents earn less than 130% of the poverty line — about $28,000 for a family of four — and schools are reimbursed $2.68 per meal. Families who earn up to 185% of the poverty line, about $40,000 a year, qualify for a reduced-price lunch; kids pay a little bit, and schools get $2.28 from the government. And many schools subsidize full-price meals by charging less than it takes to produce them. After accounting for labor, transportation and other costs, cafeteria directors typically have about $1 left over for the actual food. Frozen pizza, fries and chocolate milk have become school-lunch staples because it’s tough to do better.

But school lunch is facing new scrutiny. There’s even a prime-time network reality show (Jamie Oliver’s Food Revolution) that takes place in school cafeterias and has stars bickering about chicken nuggets and federally mandated grain servings. This is partly due to the reauthorization of the Child Nutrition Act, a once-every-five-years event when Congress decides how much federal money schools will receive under the National School Lunch Program. But it’s more than that. This year’s vote comes at a time of unprecedented attention to childhood obesity.

The Institute of Medicine, a division of the National Academy of Sciences, has found that a typical high school lunch contains more than twice the recommended limit for sodium intake, too many calories from sugar and saturated fat and too few fruits and vegetables. Congress seems likely to raise federal reimbursements by a few cents — which is more than it sounds but still less than the White House requested — and tie the increase to more thorough health standards.
But this will mean really hard work in school kitchens across the country. They'll be asked to serve wholesome meals at fast-food prices. And not just that: kids have to like them.

**Assembling the Day's Meals**

A couple of days earlier, Klein was flying around her kitchen. It's the size of a warehouse, near the Oakland airport. (She's got others like it now in Los Angeles, Denver and Washington, and the company is close to expanding into New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Louisiana.) Two dozen or so Revolution Foods employees were assembling the day's meals, thousands of them, on long stainless-steel tables.

The food was bright and fresh; no grease. But the scene didn't suggest home-cooked, slow-food purism. Fresh vegetables sometimes arrive already chopped. Produce isn't necessarily local. High-quality chicken shows up already baked and cut. A whiteboard reminded managers of the week's big number: the target MPLH, or meals per labor hour, measured to a tenth of a meal. Quesadillas with Spanish rice, burritos, spaghetti with little meatballs, turkey sandwiches — nothing looked all that complicated. But turning out 30,000 fresh meals at school-cafeteria prices, with exacting nutrition standards, can be nothing less than a science.

The National School Lunch Program has been around since 1946. The idea, initially, was to make sure kids got the calories they needed to focus on schoolwork and grow up healthy enough to serve in the military. (Schools also offered an outlet for USDA surplus.) But what exactly kids should eat — that's where it got tricky. The law mandated that schools serve a mix of proteins, grains, fruits, vegetables and dairy, but with so many loopholes and perverse incentives, it never really required wholesome food, and after waves of budget cuts, many schools couldn't afford it.

Big food manufacturers offered an easy solution: cheap, frozen kid favorites — fast food, essentially, but USDA-approved — that schools could simply warm and serve. Over time, cafeterias adapted to the food supply. Today, few are equipped for cooking from scratch.

Lots of school districts are working to develop better lunches. The bigger ones have it easier. They can concentrate higher-paid, higher-skilled staff in a central, professional kitchen and get by at most schools with cheaper heat-and-serve operations. "I assumed that central kitchens and satellite systems were inherently inferior to food cooked on-site," writes Janet Poppendieck, a leading scholar on hunger, in a new book about school lunches, *Free for All*. "Central kitchens, as it turns out, are far more likely to make their own sauces, stews, baked goods and salad dressings, and thus to control the use of preservatives, coloring agents, sodium and other unwelcome components." They also have enough purchasing power to get healthy-food suppliers to address their needs. When New York City schools couldn't get their yogurt supplier, Dannon, to sell them yogurt without high-fructose corn syrup, they found a local dairy company that would.

Revolution Foods was co-founded in 2006 by Kristin Groos Richmond and Kirsten Tobey, a pair of 20-something friends just out of business school, as a kind of central kitchen for hire. (It was a novel enough idea that they earned an invitation to the White House earlier this month to meet with the First
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Lady’s staff and the Office of Social Innovation and Civic Participation.) Revolution Foods would buy all
natural ingredients and prepare meals fresh every morning, then seal them and ship them across the
region just in time for lunch. And if the company grew big fast, it could help encourage healthy-food
suppliers to develop and package their products with schools in mind, as fast-food suppliers do. "Smaller
districts with less clout are looking to the larger districts to improve product quality and open up
distribution channels," says Kathy Lawrence, program director of School Food FOCUS, a nonprofit
initiative that aims to aggregate the buying power of 29 large districts.

Revolution Foods hired Klein, a former operations director at Teach for America who had switched
careers and gone to culinary school. That first year, she worked out of a tiny kitchen. Richmond and
Tobey's friends would show up at 4:30 a.m. and volunteer on the line before heading off to work.

The company, which has grown to 260 employees, has learned a lot since then. Klein stopped to inspect
a big plastic bin of black beans with fresh lime, corn, garlic and chopped onions. They tasted great, but
she wasn't happy. "How did you chop the cilantro?" she asked a cook. If it's wet or chopped for too long,
it will coat the beans and turn everything a murky green. "Kids eat with their eyes," she said. And green is
dangerous; get it wrong, and they won't eat it.

Schools need kids to buy lunch. It's a volume business. The big costs are pretty much fixed. If too many
kids bring meals from home or eat from a vending machine or leave campus, revenue drops and the
cafeteria finances fall apart. This is one more reason schools serve so much fast food, and it puts Klein in
a tough position. When Revolution Foods signs on a new school, most kids there are used to eating the
lunches they'd probably choose in a world with no adult supervision. If she shows up with too weird a
menu, kids will revolt. "You have to earn their trust," Klein says. This means she tries to offer healthier
versions of the foods they already know and love, along with simple, kid-friendly introductions to a
wholesome grownup diet. It's a process for everyone.

Klein walked to a row of ovens to check on some pizzas. It took her a while to get pizza right. Her first
pizza was plenty healthy, with a whole-wheat crust, a clean tomato sauce (no corn syrup, no artificial stuff)
and lean, all-natural turkey sausage. But for efficiency's sake, she baked rectangular, pan-size pies,
which meant rectangular pieces. This was weird; kids wanted triangles. So she tried personal pizzas, still
pretty efficient. These worked. Now's she after a lean turkey version of pepperoni, which kids request
more than any other item.

She also has kids eating cold sandwich wraps, with baked chicken and fresh, raw vegetables. They
bombed at first, but with some time, a new recipe and dipping sauce on the side, kids ate them up. And
she serves butternut squash. A lot of kids didn't know what it was at first; some thought it was hot mango.
But with a little coaxing, they tried it. "It's one of the favorite vegetables we serve now," Klein says.

She gathered some chefs around a prep table to decide which meals would go out for kid testing. There
were two salads topped with beans, three different pastas in Alfredo sauce (orecchiette, penne and rotini)
and two kinds of spaghetti. She set the spaghetti side by side. The whole-wheat version was already
being served in cafeterias, but response to the buckwheat-colored noodles hadn't been great. "Even
though we want the whole wheat, it's tanking our visual appeal," she said. Plus, it wouldn't cook quite as
soft without turning to mush. "Kids like a softer noodle," she explained. The new spaghetti, enriched with
wheat flour but more traditional-looking, seemed better. She took a bite, then another. "I think this is awesome," she said.

**With a Side of Ranch**

Back from school, Klein sat down at her desk with a stack of feedback from the kids. For salads, chickpeas rated better than black beans. Ranch dressing went over better than vinaigrette. ("It's, like, all up in my throat," one boy said — too sour.) Klein has found that kids will eat just about anything if it comes with a side of ranch. As for spaghetti, everyone preferred the enriched pasta to the whole grain, which kids agreed was too firm. Or, as one of them put it, "make it taste more homemade by using, like, normal ingredients."

Two or three kids asked for fruit salad. "I would love to do fruit salad," Klein said wistfully. But cutting and mixing fruit means labor costs she can't afford. Revolution Foods, which expects to make about $20 million in revenue this year, has yet to make a profit, but it has committed investors — the kind who back charter schools and other socially responsible ventures. The company prices meals very close to the reimbursement rate, once it factors in an extra 22¢ that California gives for every free or reduced-price lunch. But schools still need staff to serve the kids and clean up and fill out piles of USDA paperwork, which pushes up the real cost of meals. Some schools can break even or come close, depending on a bunch of factors, including how much they pay for labor and how many kids eat full-price meals. More often, schools accept some losses to improve their food. Klein has to keep finding efficiencies.

Some of the kids' responses, she didn't expect. A bunch of kids liked the Alfredo sauce, but many thought it was too dry, maybe from reheating. Another kid wrote, "I like the carrots. They were cold and fresh." "That's a great point!" Klein said — a little thing, easy to overlook. "We have to make sure we instruct the schools to keep things like that in the fridge."

She looked tired. But she smiled. "This job is constant learning," she said. With that, it was back to the kitchen.

**NASCAR: A Once Hot Sport Tries to Restart Its Engine**

*By Sean Gregory / Bristol Monday, Apr. 26, 2010*

A NASCAR fan follows the race from the top of his vehicle in Las Vegas

Gilles Mingasson / Getty
NASCAR driver Tony Stewart is sitting in his motor home, which is parked beside the Bristol Motor Speedway, a 160,000-seat auto-racing shrine in Tennessee, right in the heart of NASCAR'sSoutheastern birthplace. Stewart's pad looks out onto a campground. It's a Friday evening in March, two days away from the big race.

Bristol is a place of pilgrimage for NASCAR gearheads. It's normally packed with RVs and beer-drinking, hot-dog-grilling fans by now. Not so this year. Bristol has become symbolic of how NASCAR has stalled. "I mean, this is a perfect example of it," Stewart says, pointing out his window as his two cats, Wylie andWyatt, purr around his shiny RV. There's room for hundreds more haulers. "Three years ago, right now, all you'd see is motor homes on that whole hillside," Stewart says, staring at acres of empty space. "You wouldn't see a speck of grass."

After enjoying years of explosive growth and transforming itself into the first sports-business phenomenon of the 21st century, NASCAR is trying to restart its engine. Last season, attendance fell some 10%, and empty seats have pockmarked this year's races in Atlanta; Fontana, Calif.; and even venerable Bristol, which saw its 55-race sellout streak, dating to 1982, end in March. Since 2005, average viewership of Sprint Cup races on network television has fallen a remarkable 25%, according to Nielsen Sports; this year's Feb. 14 Fox broadcast of the Daytona 500 was the lowest-rated Great American Race since 1991. Most sports would love to have NASCAR's problems — it still routinely draws more than 100,000 fans for races. But the economic slowdown has hit hard: corporate sponsorship, the lifeblood of every race team, has tailed off, car manufacturers have pared support, and a chunk of NASCAR's blue collar fan base can no longer afford a weekend at the track.

Perhaps worse than the bad economy, NASCAR has managed to make auto racing a little boring. The feuding, aggressive drivers who gave NASCAR its personality seem to have lost their edge, blanded by their loyalty to corporate sponsors and by NASCAR's not unreasonable focus on safety. The sport's star driver, Jimmie Johnson, has won four straight Sprint Cup championships but has yet to forge a strong connection with either hard-core race fans or the casual public. By contrast, the irascible Stewart, a two-time champion, was once fined $50,000 for duking it out with a rival driver. But that was six years ago.

Even NASCAR's attempt to rekindle some of its fire went awry. Before the current season, NASCAR encouraged its drivers to "have at it" and amp up the aggression. So what happened? In March, during a race in Atlanta, Carl Edwards, furious that driver Brad Keselowski had bumped him earlier, steered his 3,400-lb. (1,500 kg) stock car into Keselowski's ride while both drivers were going about 180 m.p.h. (290 km/h). Keselowski's car flipped up in the air and landed hood-first against the ground. He walked away unscathed, but many fans were horrified.

NASCAR grew up lawless and positively redneck — the sport traces its heritage to moonshiners outrunning the law — but it's wrestling with an identity crisis. Can a sport appeal to both the chardonnay corporate crowd whose trackside condos at fancy new circuits fueled NASCAR's recent growth and the diehards whose unabashed passion for racin' and wreckin' built stock-car racing in the first place? As Darrell Waltrip, a Fox NASCAR analyst and a three-time Cup winner in his own right, puts it, "We're all so desperate to get this sport back to where it used to be."
The Bristol Blues

The downturn in Bristol, long known as the toughest ticket in racing, is a disturbing signal. Just ask Lisa Hennessee, who ran a souvenir stand outside the speedway on race weekend, about NASCAR's changing fortunes. During a Saturday race in the Nationwide Series, which serves as NASCAR's top minor-league circuit, I asked her to compare Bristol sales now with those, say, four years ago. Her eyes practically popped out of her head. "They're horrendous," she responded. Or drive off the Volunteer Parkway, a road flanked by countless churches on the way to the Bristol track, and talk to ticket scalpers. One of them, Dave Luter, 50, used to cruise into town in a $40,000 Dodge, rent an office and grab a hotel room during race week. But with his profits down 80% over the past three years, Luter is working out of his $1,100 used Volvo. "This was considered the toughest ticket in the sport," he says. "And now I'm sleeping in my Volvo." Track owners around the circuit have cut prices to lure fans. Still, Bristol tickets start at $93.

Several forces combusted NASCAR's engine, and they can all be traced to one of the darkest days in its history: the day the legendary Dale Earnhardt Sr. died at the 2001 Daytona 500. The Intimidator's larger-than-life legacy brought unprecedented exposure to the sport (his death was on TIME's cover that week), and with the economic tailwinds, corporate money flowed into NASCAR's coffers.

It also brought a paradox. The Fortune 500 companies spending at least $15 million a year sponsoring race cars saw them as 200-m.p.h. ad campaigns and didn't want their drivers tarnishing their brands in postrace altercations — a NASCAR tradition as old as the checkered flag itself. "I've got Cheerios for a sponsor. I have children at home who are buying our products in the stores and watching us race," says driver Clint Bowyer, a four-year Sprint Cup veteran. "I can't go out and act like an idiot on the racetrack." Fans, though, love the good-ole-boy play. "The sport lost its personality," concedes Doug Randolph, crew chief for Bobby Labonte, winner of the 2000 Cup title. "When it was growing, it was all about passion, and we've mellowed that down. We probably shouldn't have.

At the same time, after Earnhardt's death at Daytona (he crashed straight into the wall on the last turn), NASCAR officials put a premium on safety. Energy-absorbing walls were installed on the tracks, and new head and neck restraints were introduced for the drivers. Harsher penalties for tough on-track tactics in a motor sport in which "trading paint" was the norm contributed to more conservative driving. Admits NASCAR chairman Brian France: "Frankly, we probably overregulated."

In 2007, NASCAR introduced a new car design, dubbed the Car of Tomorrow. Its standardized blueprint offered drivers more protection while also attempting to level the playing field so that neither Chevy, Ford, Toyota nor Dodge could gain any real competitive advantage through mechanical trickery. The drivers instantly grumbled that the Car of Tomorrow limited their ability to drive aggressively. "We shot ourselves in the foot by complaining about the car when it was introduced," says Rick Hendrick, owner of Hendrick Motorsports, which backs an all-star lineup of drivers, including Johnson, Dale Earnhardt Jr., Jeff Gordon and Mark Martin. "The drivers bashed it, so the media bashed it, so the fans bashed it."

The look of the car also turned off NASCAR loyalists, who root for carmakers as well as drivers. "It's a cookie-cutter car," says Chuck Nagy, a metal-fabrication specialist from Niagara Falls, Ont., who drove to
Bristol for the race. "It's hard to get too excited rooting for a decal."

With six laps to go at the Bristol race, Jimmie Johnson's No. 48 Lowe's car slipped past Tony Stewart's Office Depot/Old Spice Chevy, giving Johnson a lead he would not relinquish and his first career title at the venerable track. NASCAR suits weren't chugging any bubbly. The circuit is clearly suffering from Johnson fatigue. The sport's ratings slide has directly coincided with his dominant run of four straight driving titles. "I'm sick of hearing about him," says Shaunna Monahan, a finance student at Bradley University, while waiting for autographs after the Bristol race. "Let someone else shine."

Fixing What's Broke
That sentiment isn't uncommon. NASCAR fans have a perverse relationship with winners, particularly nice guys with smooth corporate relationships. Guilty as charged, says Johnson, who isn't about to apologize for it. "I am who I am," he says. "I've always chosen to be friends to people and not try to be a jerk." Fans think of him as privileged, even though his dad worked in construction and his mother drove a school bus. As for being the buttoned-up company man, Johnson points out that in modern-day NASCAR, the only way he could finance his racing dream was to heighten his appeal. "I didn't have any family money," he says. "My only opportunity was to play the corporate game, and I did it at the top level."

The fans' failure to appreciate his work clearly irks Johnson. After his postvictory press conference, Johnson pulled me aside. "After you walked away, I thought about it," he says. "Was it bad for basketball that Michael Jordan did what he did? Or Lance Armstrong with cycling?" Of course not. But Johnson is currently the Yankees of NASCAR, not necessarily ideal for a Southern sport.

Something needs to be done. In what has to be one of the great corporate-culture turnarounds, NASCAR's ruling France family, now headed by Brian France, has actively solicited ideas from fans, owners, drivers and other players with a stake in the game. "I never dreamed 10 or 15 years ago that a France would say, 'Let's get together and have a fireside chat,'" says Hendrick. "Hell, you were scared to say anything."

The big change has been to try to make the racing racier. For example, last season the circuit instituted double-file restarts. Now, the drivers line their cars up side by side instead of single-file while waiting for the race to resume after a caution flag. The policy encourages more passing. NASCAR also eliminated the rear wing from the Car of Tomorrow, a futuristic wrinkle that always looked out of place in stock-car racing, and brought back the more familiar, bladelike rear spoiler. The idea: keep more downforce on the car, which improves its balance and thus encourages drivers to take more chances.

NASCAR also has to deal with shorter attention spans — its races can last upwards of four hours, even longer. Says ESPN NASCAR analyst Brad Daugherty, a former NBA All-Star who owns part of a Sprint Cup race team, JTG Daugherty Racing: "I mean, I've got a car running, but I'll put the race on, watch the first part and go walk away and do something else. I'll go screw around with my car or something like that, go to the store, and when I come back, the race is still on!"

According to France, NASCAR is considering changing its points system, which currently rewards sustained excellence over the 36-race season rather than giving huge bonuses to drivers who win races.
Give drivers more incentive to take the checkered flag, and you'll likely see more bumping and grinding on the track. "If we think we can make winning more important and the racing more exciting, that's what we'll do," says France.

Another thing NASCAR desperately needs is a shot of diversity. Only a few African Americans, for example, roamed the Bristol grounds on race day. Hispanics were equally absent. "Let's face it. It's a redneck sport," says Monica Spencer, an African-American fan from Elizabethtown, Ky., at the Bristol race. "I just happen to be from a redneck state." Daugherty, who is black, insists the sport will need a Tiger Woods to expand its appeal. "Until we get a face of color onto the big stage," he says, "we're not going to see faces of color in the stands." Is any such driver close to the starting line? Says Daugherty: "I don't see him out there."

NASCAR has started a diversity program that aims to identify and train women and minority drivers. France calls diversity one of the sport's two major strategic goals — the other being to capitalize on a green economy — over the next decade. "We're going to have a breakthrough," France insists. "We just will."

And he may be right. NASCAR has proved it can get things done — as the Car of Tomorrow, unloved though it may be, has demonstrated. Maybe NASCAR can't make Jimmie Johnson throw a punch in anger. But as long as its cars are designed for maximum safety, the sport can figure out a way to return to have-at-it racing. And then the wreck-loving fans will blot out the green spaces in the campgrounds of Bristol once again.

Photos: NASCAR's Nation of Fans
NASCAR Nation
NASCAR, aka the National Association for Stock Car Auto Racing, is one of the most watched professional sports in the U.S. Its races are held at some of the largest stadiums in the world and regularly draw more than a 100,000 fans on any given race day.

Dress Casual
Fans love the good-ole-boy appeal of NASCAR, with race-goers often found in various states of dress or undress.

Super Fans
For many NASCAR faithful, race day is a good time to express their love of the sport, their country and, well, other things.

**Brand Appeal**

A NASCAR logo is airbrushed onto the face of a fan at a Daytona 500 viewing party at Petersen Automotive Museum in Los Angeles, California.

**Ode to Gordon**

A fan of Jeff Gordon, the driver of the #24 DuPont Chevrolet, redefines the timeless beer helmet with this fan creation, worn at the NASCAR Sprint Cup Series SUBWAY Fresh Fit 600 in Phoenix, Arizona.
Drive By Signing
Driver Gordon signs autographs for fans at the NASCAR Sprint Cup Series Pocono 500 in Long Pond, Pennsylvania.

Legion
Drivers, crews and fans stand during the National Anthem before the NASCAR Sprint Cup Series LifeLock.com 400 in Joliet, Illinois.
Muffled

Ear mufflers help spectators drown out the sound of cars speeding by at more than 200 m.p.h., or the occasional overenthusiastic fan cheering for an opposing driver.

Don't Blink

Fans eagerly wait for their favorite drivers to pass by at the NASCAR Sprint Cup Series Sylvania 300 held in Loudon, New Hampshire.
Jimmie Johnson, driver of the #48 Lowe's Chevrolet, zooms past spectators at the NASCAR Sprint Cup Series Checker O'Reilly Auto Parts 500 in Avondale, Arizona.

Although NASCAR still draws numbers that would make most other sports jealous, it has suffered a 10% decline in attendance this past season due to the economic downturn and other factors.
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Where to Buy a Land Mine in Sri Lanka

By AMANTHA PERERA  Wednesday, Mar. 31, 2010

A man rides his bicycle past a war-damaged building in Jaffna, Sri Lanka, on Feb. 11, 2010
Dinuka Liyanawatte / Reuters

The civil war in Sri Lanka may be over, but you can buy a land mine on the side of the road in Jaffna — though they’re more likely to explode in your mouth than anywhere else. In the main city on Sri Lanka’s northernmost peninsula, besieged by 2½ decades of bloody sectarian violence until last May, the spicy samosa sold by street vendors throughout the city is still known by its nom de guerre: midi-vedi, the Tamil word for land mine.

The name was first used by the Liberation Tigers of Tamil Eelam, popularly known as the Tamil Tigers, in the early 1990s when they were in control of Jaffna. The moniker has stuck, and the delicacy is a hit among the tens of thousands of visitors who have begun to stream into the peninsula since it opened to public traffic in January. Most of the tourists are from the majority Sinhala community living in the south of the island, curious to visit a place that has been cut off from most of the nation for nearly 25 years.

The Tigers, on the other hand, are nowhere in sight. The separatist group waged a long and violent fight demanding an independent homeland for the country’s minority Tamils who call Jaffna their cultural and political home. The war, which cost the country more than 70,000 lives, came to an end last year, when the Tigers were destroyed by the Sri Lankan forces. The final deadly blow was delivered on May 18, 2009, on a narrow beach stretch on the northeastern Mulaithivu coast, when the top Tiger leadership, including its once elusive leader, Velupillai Prabhakaran, was killed by the army.

The reopening of the old A9 highway — the only road connecting the Jaffna peninsula to the rest of the island — has quickly helped the Tamil and Sinhala communities, largely kept apart by years of war, come together. “During the war, the A9 was closed and people felt isolated,” says the Rev. Thomas Soundranayagam, the Catholic bishop of Jaffna who has lived here since 1992.

Now, after years of isolation, Jaffna is changing with each new visitor. The thousands of tired travelers from the south, some of whom camp out within the bombed-out shell of what was once the magnificent
Jaffna railway station, are just the outward manifestation. Prices of goods have come down drastically.
During the height of the conflict's last phase, all supplies were brought in by ship, increasing the prices and causing shortages. The opening of the road and easing of restrictions on activities like fishing around the peninsula could generate vital income. "The fishermen can go out to sea whenever they want. Because fertilizer and other agriculture material are freely available, farming has also picked up. The Jaffna producer can now tap the southern market," the bishop says.

For most domestic tourists, visiting Jaffna is like entering another dimension. Along the way, they stare at the giant water tank toppled onto its side in Kilinochchi, once the Tigers' political nerve center. Military officers stationed nearby explain that the Tigers — for reasons known only to them — placed explosives around the base of the tower and set them off before retreating. The more adventurous walk into the empty shell, where names have been scribbled on the inner walls.

A little farther north, crowds gather at the southern end of Elephantpass, the narrow causeway that connects the peninsula with the rest of the island, to see another legendary relic of the war, a bulldozer with armor plating and gaping holes caused by explosions. In 1991, the Tigers launched a massive attack on the army base here, using the improvised bulldozer to ram the army fortifications and breach them. They almost succeeded, but the vehicle was stopped in its tracks by the Sri Lankan soldier Hasalaka Gamini, who climbed onto it and lobbed a grenade inside. He was shot dead soon afterward.

On the opposite side of the road, two more odd-looking armored vehicles are parked like props from a low-budget war flick that the film crew didn't bother to remove. They were used by top Tiger officials when they moved close to the front lines. It's difficult to say whether anyone survived the last journeys of the two vehicles; they are riddled with bullet marks. "I just can't believe I am here. It is so unreal," Thurairajah Sudaharan, a 20-year-old from central Sri Lanka, says while walking through the partly destroyed ramparts of the 350-year-old Jaffna fort. It, too, was a victim of the war.

For 60-year-old Senna Pakiavathy, life in Jaffna now seems too good to be true. She was born in central Sri Lanka but moved to the north in the 1980s, when ethnic tension grew between the Tamils and the Sinhalese. Her wrinkled face is a tale of what she has endured in the past 30 years. One of her sons, recruited to fight for the Tigers when he was 17, was killed in battle. Another son lost his leg in battle, and a third, who she says was also taken forcibly by the Tigers, was injured too. Her family fled for their lives from Puliyankulam, a village that lies on the A9, in early 2009, when fighting became too intense. She returned a year later to find that her house was a pile of bricks. "What to do? We have to survive somehow," she says, looking at her new home of mud and sticks. Her husband has begun farming again, and the family runs a small tea shop on the side of the A9. "My dream now is to have a permanent house before I die," she says.

The U.N. estimates that more than 160,000 houses were either damaged or destroyed in the north during the final phase of the war, between 2006 and 2009. Reconstruction has yet to begin. It will likely start after the April 8 general election, when there is a more stable government in power with a five-year mandate. President Mahinda Rajapaksa staved off a challenge by his former army commander Sarath Fonseka in the January presidential election and is expected to lead his UPFA coalition to victory as well. But there is hardly any election fever in Jaffna, except for the occasional campaign vehicle and posters of candidates. Soundranayagam says the city is beginning to enjoy the calm after nearly 30 years of
nonstop fighting. "Then there was the sound of the booming artillery, the aircrafts, the shells. The only silence was the silence of the curfew. Now the guns have fallen silent," he says. It is a quiet that residents and tourists alike can rejoice in — and should hope to continue indefinitely.

David Cameron: A Question of Character

By CATHERINE MAYER Monday, Apr. 26, 2010


Leon Neal / Reuters

David Cameron is distracted. This is a politician who retains his composure amid the braying and baying that pass for debate in Britain's House of Commons, but on the way to a campaign event in the Welsh capital of Cardiff, his attention falters. The leader of the Conservative Party, 43, is swigging tea from a
mug emblazoned with his own mug. That same face, so preternaturally smooth that Cameron was forced to deny allegations that his campaign portrait had been airbrushed, garnishes reams of leaflets and acres of billboards. And at this particular moment it fills the television screens suspended along the length of his election bus. "I'm trying to concentrate, but I'm on TV," he explains. "It's a bit bizarre."

In the run-up to Britain's elections on May 6, not even Cameron can escape Cameron. With most polls predicting the Conservatives will overtake Labour, which has been in government since 1997, to become the largest party in Parliament, that ballot seems likely to cement his position at the forefront of British public life. His quest for an outright majority in the House of Commons — and hence the ability to govern without the support of minority parties — has him crisscrossing the country in coaches, cars, trains and a Dornier 328-100 turboprop.

The plane is nothing fancy — its décor, like dispirited, credit-crunching Britain, has seen better days — but the month-long charter is beyond the pockets of the Conservatives' cash-strapped opponents. Campaign costs are borne by parties and candidates, and wealthy benefactors have abandoned Labour, while donations to the Conservatives are flooding in. As public dissatisfaction with Prime Minister Gordon Brown swelled a few months into his premiership in late 2007, Tory ratings soared like an executive jet. But the financial crisis the following autumn, which might have hurt Brown, who had been Britain's Finance Minister for 10 years, didn't have the expected effect. Brown handled the crisis with the calm of experience, the polls narrowed, and as the economy officially moved out of recession this year, Cameron's lead eroded further. "It was never going to be easy," says Cameron. "Inevitably at some stage the government was going to get some of its act together."

The economy should be the key battleground in the election. But Britain's bloated budget deficit, standing at 12% of GDP, gives the parties little room to maneuver, leaving them to squabble only over the speed and delicacy with which they'll slash government spending. Tory plans to start cutting right away have been attacked by opponents who say this would threaten the fragile recovery. Cameron dismisses that. "The danger facing the U.K. is not dealing with the debt. It's not dealing with the debt that's the danger," he told TIME in an interview on his campaign bus.

**Personality and Principle**

All three main parties — Labour, the Conservatives and the Liberal Democrats, who hope to hold the balance of power in the Commons — admit that the postelection spending cuts will be more painful than anything inflicted during the iron regime of Conservative Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher in the 1980s. That means there's surprisingly little to distinguish the parties on the core issue. So questions of character — who the leaders really are and what they stand for — have developed real traction. This is an election about personality and principle.

As to which, Cameron has a problem and voters a puzzle. More than four years after his surprise victory in the Tory leadership contest and despite the remorseless scrutiny that comes with his position (this is a society that treats politics as a spectator sport), Cameron is still something of an enigma: affable, clubbable but strangely unfathomable. He's young; were he to become Prime Minister, Cameron would be the youngest occupant of 10 Downing Street since the early 19th century. He's posh — he went to Eton, the toniest of all English boarding schools — and his wife Samantha, creative director of luxury-goods brand Smythson, is posher still, a descendant of King Charles II. Most Britons seem
prepared to forgive these accidents of birth (though they are notoriously chippy about issues of class) and allow Cameron and his wife to present themselves as just another young, metropolitan couple. The Camerons have two kids, with another on the way, and last year suffered the death of their severely disabled son Ivan, who was then 6.

That tragedy, and the experience of Ivan’s short life, helped reshape Cameron’s ideology. "It has a big influence on you if you have a disabled child and you spend a lot of time in hospitals with social workers and respite-care workers," he told TIME in 2008. "It shakes you a bit when it first happens. It brings you into touch with a lot of people you meet in politics, but you meet them in a different way." It is significant that amid all the bluster about belt-tightening, Cameron has quietly promised to shield Britain's taxpayer-funded National Health Service.

Health care isn't the divisive issue in Britain that it is in the U.S., but Cameron's stated determination to make the health service his "No. 1 priority" and to lift the standards of state education echoes pledges that helped ensure Tony Blair's first election victory. If there is such a thing as Cameronism, and Cameron says he's not sure there is, it's a melding of old-style Toryism — typified by its skepticism of European integration, plus bracing instincts toward individual effort and the size of the state — with modern, green-tinged, compassionate conservatism.

But that awkward straddle means opponents routinely depict Cameron as a plausible snake-oil salesman, all patter and no substance. Watching him address local voters at a discount store in Wales, it's easy to see why that line of attack can be effective. The private man is focused, intense, sometimes irritable; guarded, not shallow. The public performer is smooth to the point of being glib. Standing in the store between rows of cookies and potato chips, Cameron talks about the need to cut waste at home and in government. He focuses on last year's revelations about the way members of Parliament exploited a lax expenses regimen. "People aren't just cynical about politicians. They're pretty bloody angry," he tells his audience. "I'm sickened by what's happened in our politics." In that scandal, which hurt the reputations of all parties, Cameron has spotted opportunity, proposing to reduce the number of MPs and give Britons California-like powers to recall politicians and trigger referendums.

The American Connection
Referendums and recalls aren't the only things that Cameron has borrowed from the U.S. His rhetoric has a familiar ring to it. "Change vs. more of the same is the big clarion call," Cameron tells TIME. "The change we need, the change we believe in, change we can trust, change that happens — call it what you want." He has taken more than slogans from Barack Obama's 2008 campaign — the President's former White House communications director and campaign adviser Anita Dunn, for one. Dunn, together with Bill Knapp, her partner in the Washington-based consultancy Squier Knapp Dunn Communications, is helping with preparations for three potentially pivotal televised debates pitting Cameron against Brown and Nick Clegg, the Liberal Democrat leader. Cameron hopes these jousts will help him finally seal the deal with voters, many of whom are still suspicious that at heart the Tories don't really like the messy, multicultural, open and nondeferramental society Britain has become since the Conservatives last held power. "People want to know two things," he says. "They want to know that things really will change, but also they want reassurance that the Conservative Party itself has changed."
And it has, to the extent that it is not surprising to see consultants associated with Obama helping the British cousins of the U.S. Republican Party. There's a huge gap now between American conservatism and the touchier-feelier variety promoted by Cameron's Conservatives. Thatcher, a hero to many on the U.S. right, laid the foundations of a long British boom that has only recently ended. But Thatcherite economic reforms came at a social cost that earned Conservatives a reputation — in the phrase of a party chairwoman — as "the nasty party." So Cameron has been at pains not to embrace Thatcher's legacy but to rid the party of it. Launching the Tory manifesto on April 13, he promised a return to an inclusive "one nation Conservatism" in place of the polarized and polarizing ideology of the Thatcher years.

Despite Cameron's best efforts, pollsters say Britons are sick of Labour but nervous about what life under a Cameron government would be like. There is still lingering uncertainty over what Cameron himself believes. Some things about him are unambiguous: his desire to push back the state, his resistance to greater European integration. But they can lead him in odd directions. Last year, fulfilling a bargain with his party's hard-line anti-Europeans, he withdrew the Conservatives from the main center-right grouping in the European parliament, intensely annoying natural allies like Germany's Chancellor Angela Merkel in the process. Cameron then formed a new alliance with an odd group of parties, some of which harbor distinctly premodern views on such issues as gay rights.

It was a telling moment. Cameron's journey from well-heeled social conservative to proponent of diversity and defender of the health service seems heartfelt. Has he taken his party with him? Britons aren't yet entirely sure.
NOTEBOOK

The Moment

By MICHAEL SCHERER Monday, Apr. 26, 2010

Barack Obama grew up long after the 1950s air-raid drills that sent students scurrying under their desks, but the mushroom cloud was never far from his imagination. He wrote his senior thesis on nuclear arms reduction and quoted reggae star Peter Tosh in an essay about the "flowering of the nuclear Freeze movement" for a student magazine. Now that onetime activist possesses the power to summon the world. At the Nuclear Security Summit in Washington, he gathered representatives of 47 nations (including 38 heads of state) for the largest diplomatic event convened by a U.S. President since 1945. Obama's goal--a nuclear-weapon-free world--still sounds quixotic, but real incremental progress is being made. In March he cut a deal with Russia to reduce Cold War stockpiles. At the summit, he secured commitments from Ukraine, Chile and others to safeguard nuclear materials. And in May he hopes to finalize new sanctions to punish Iran for its nuclear ambitions. These are accomplishments of a statesman who dreamed, as a student 27 years ago, of bringing the wisdom of "Thoreau, Jefferson and Whitman to bear on the twisted logic" of the nuclear arms race.

The World

By Harriet Barovick; Laura Fitzpatrick; Alexandra Silver; Claire Suddath; Alyssa Fetini; Frances Romero; Kristi Oloffson; Kayla Webley Monday, Apr. 26, 2010

[The following text appears within a chart. Please see hardcopy or PDF for actual chart.]

The euro's steady decline

Dec. 3, 2009

1 euro = $1.51

April 14, 2010

1 euro = $1.36

EURO

1 | Greece

E.U. Approves Rescue Plan

Greece can breathe a sigh of relief. On April 11, the 16 members of the European Union that use the euro agreed to lend $40 billion to the struggling nation. Under the long-awaited financial-rescue plan, Greece, which is $400 billion in debt, would be able to borrow at interest rates of about 5%, significantly lower than commercial market rates, which have been higher than 7%. The International Monetary Fund
is expected to offer an additional $20 billion. Greece did not immediately accept the E.U.’s overture, saying it would wait to see if the pledge alone was enough to lower interest rates. Greek leaders also hope to continue to raise money by borrowing from capital markets and through austerity measures.

2 | Vatican City

New Abuse Guidelines

The Catholic Church released guidelines on April 12 instructing church officials to notify local police about cases in which sexual abuse is suspected. Posted on the Vatican's website, the rules instruct bishops to follow "civil law concerning reporting of crimes to the appropriate authorities." The church claims this has long been its policy, though it was never explicitly documented. Critics say the measure—a suggestion, not a requirement—is not strong enough.

3 | Kyrgyzstan

Waiting for Bakiyev ... to Go

On April 13 ousted leader Kurmanbek Bakiyev said he would formally resign if leaders of the coup that removed him from power guaranteed safety for him and his family. But the nation's interim government said Bakiyev, who fled the capital on April 7, must either face trial or go into exile alone and leave behind family members who served in his regime. The highly unstable Central Asian country is home to an airbase that serves as a main transit point for U.S. troops and supplies into Afghanistan.

Manas Transit Center

KYRGYZSTAN

Bagram Airbase

AFGHANISTAN

Manas is a key supply hub for the Afghan war

4 | Arizona

Immigration Crackdown

Lawmakers have passed what could be the nation's strictest law against illegal immigrants, making it a crime to fail to have proper documentation. If signed by Governor Jan Brewer, the bill will also empower police to stop a person merely on reasonable suspicion that he or she is in the U.S. illegally—a departure from current law, which holds that police can inquire about someone's immigration status only if that person is already suspected of another offense.
5 | New York

More Toyota Woes

Putting another dent in Toyota's already banged-up reputation, Consumer Reports magazine issued a rare "Don't buy" warning for the company's Lexus GX 460 SUV because of high rollover risk. Toyota responded on April 13 by ordering its dealers to immediately stop selling the model. Plans to launch the SUV in the next few weeks in China were also put on hold. While only about 5,000 of the luxury vehicles had been sold since its November debut, executives decided to err on the side of caution following the revelation that Toyota had withheld information about gas-pedal problems in a number of its most popular cars. A week before the Lexus stoppage, the car manufacturer was hit with a $16.4 million federal fine for its failure to report the gas-pedal defect.

6 | Sudan

A TAINTED ELECTION

Votes were cast in Sudan's first multiparty elections since 1986, held in accordance with a 2005 peace agreement that ended the nation's 22-year civil war. The landmark occasion was tainted, however, by accusations of vote rigging by supporters of President (and accused war criminal) Omar al-Bashir, leading many opposition parties to drop out of the race.

7 | Belfast

Blast Greets New Minister

Catholic and Protestant lawmakers reached a power-sharing milestone on April 12 by jointly choosing Northern Ireland's first Justice Minister in almost four decades. Not everyone was pleased. Just hours before the agreement, an army base that houses the local branch of Britain's MI5 spy agency was bombed. At his swearing-in in the afternoon of the attack—which caused alarm but no deaths—the new minister, David Ford, vowed to work toward political stability.

8 | Thailand

Protests Reach Boiling Point

The monthlong conflict between protesters and the Thai government exploded on April 10, when more than 20 civilians and soldiers were killed (and at least 800 wounded) in the worst political violence the country has seen in almost 20 years. The Red Shirts continue to press for the dissolution of the government led by Prime Minister Abhisit Vejjajiva. On April 12, Thailand's election commission cited the misuse of campaign donations in its call for the ruling party to be disbanded.

9 | Philippines
夏天空气不掉色

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价格：169元

图一：Female（韵味）。
如果说男人是一个木工活，女人应该是一件艺术品，有神韵，有味道，在一举手一投足间发散，在一回身处让人魂牵梦绕。

图二：Fearless（大胆）。
这个词比较带劲！大胆？应该不难做到吧？放眼望去全是懂得争取、积极进攻型的女人。更重要的是，有勇气做真正的自己才是最带劲的Fearless！

图三：Fun（风趣）。
哈！这是我三个词里最喜欢的！而且越来越喜欢！说一个女人无趣简直比说丑陋更侮辱。所以Fun应该是至美聪明女人最应放到首位的。

 decoded:  

怎么搭就怎么搭！
要鲜亮，要活力，
Just like Mumbai

About 25 Abu Sayyaf militants disguised as troops and police officers perpetrated a series of attacks in Isabela City, located on one of the nation's southern islands. The attackers, who are seeking an independent Muslim state, detonated bombs and opened fire in what one official called "a Mumbai-style attack." Fourteen died in the assault. On April 14 a gun battle erupted between government troops and 60 rebels as police searched for those responsible for the strike.

10 | Hungary

Leaning Too Far Right?

Suffering a decline in popularity largely because of the global financial crisis and Hungary's high levels of unemployment, Prime Minister Gordon Bajnai's Socialist Party suffered a major setback in the country's first round of parliamentary elections on April 11. Although the final allotment of seats won't be determined until after a second round of polling on April 25, the center-right Fidesz party looks to have won 206 spots in the 386-member parliament, while the extremist, far-right Jobbik party, a nationalist group that some accuse of anti-Semitism, won an estimated 26 seats.

* | What They're Restricting in South Korea: In an attempt to crack down on video-game addiction, South Korea is setting a curfew for online play. Underage players will have to abide by an automated blackout period after midnight and become accustomed to slower connection speeds after long periods of use during earlier hours. While currently limited to a handful of games, the "slowdown" plan will eventually apply to the 19 role-playing titles that comprise 79% of the nation's online-gaming market. A recent survey of 1,500 South Korean public-school students found that 29.3% of them exhibit signs of addiction.

Russian Adoption: What Happens When a Parent Gives Up?

By KATE PICKERT Wednesday, Apr. 14, 2010
It's hard for people to comprehend Torry Hansen's desperate act. It was troubling enough to hear that she'd sent her adopted son back to his native Russia, arranging for 7-year-old Artyom Savelyev to fly to Moscow by himself, arriving on April 8 with a note from Hansen saying, "I no longer wish to parent this child." She was giving him up, the note explained, because he was "mentally unstable." But she wasn't giving up on her desire to be a mother. According to ABC News, Hansen, a registered nurse in Shelbyville, Tenn., was trying to adopt a child from another country at the same time she was hiring a driver over the Internet to shuttle Artyom from the Moscow airport to Ministry of Education authorities in Russia.

Russian President Dmitri Medvedev called Hansen's decision to abandon her child a "monstrous deed." Hansen's adoption agency, World Association for Children and Parents — one of only about 30 agencies fully accredited by the Russian government — had its license to facilitate Russian adoptions suspended in the wake of the Hansen case, and some Moscow officials are calling for a halt to all foreign adoptions. The Joint Council on International Children's Services, which helps oversee intercountry adoptions, has started an online petition urging President Obama and Medvedev to allow adoptions to continue.

Police in Tennessee haven't decided yet whether to file criminal charges against Hansen, whose attorney says she won't talk to investigators unless formally charged with a crime. Artyom's adoptive grandmother, who placed the boy on the flight to Russia, told the Associated Press he was violent and threatening to burn his house down.

But exactly what made Hansen snap — and why she didn't seek help or pursue other avenues, like putting the boy up for adoption in the U.S. — is still a mystery. Hansen reportedly consulted a psychologist but never took her son in for a session. There's no evidence she sought help from her adoption agency, child-welfare authorities in Tennessee or even the well-regarded International Adoption Clinic at Vanderbilt University in nearby Nashville. The media that have descended on Hansen's home have not gleaned much insight. The boy, whom Hansen renamed Justin, did not attend school in the six months he spent in Tennessee, and some neighbors said they barely knew the family.
"All of that shows you a picture of a kid and family in isolation," says Jane Aronson, an adoptive parent and pediatrician in New York City who specializes in international adoption. Isolation, adoption experts know, spells trouble — especially for a single woman adopting an older child from abroad. "You can make a great family as a single parent, but you have to have your ducks lined up."

By Russian law, Hansen would not have been able to adopt Artyom without making at least two trips abroad, first to meet the boy and then to pick him up. She would also have been required to complete a home study, in which a social worker would have entered her house and interviewed her extensively about her reasons for adopting and her preparations for parenthood. Social workers in these circumstances also typically educate would-be parents about the challenges that are likely to emerge post-adoption — all of which makes the notion that Hansen could have been blindsided by her son's difficulties almost as shocking as the difficulties themselves.

Violent outbursts and emotional detachment in older children adopted internationally are "very familiar to those of us in the field, as sad as it may be," says Michael Goldstein, an adoption attorney in Rye Brook, N.Y. Older adopted children often arrive in their new homes after being taken away from or abandoned by abusive parents. In the case of Russian adoptees, children have to spend at least a year in an orphanage before the country deems them eligible for international adoption. It can take years for older adopted children to fully integrate into their new families; some never do, and require a lifetime of therapy and extra care.

"This woman had alternatives," says Debbie Spivack, an adoption attorney with offices in Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Delaware who has helped facilitate placement of children given up by their adoptive families. "She really endangered the child and did something exceptionally damaging for everybody else."

Families in the midst of adopting children from Russia have been thrown into terrifying limbo. The country has been a popular choice since the mid-1990s for Americans hoping to adopt. But the Russian government has recently been promoting adoption domestically, spurred perhaps in part by a handful of high-profile abuse cases involving adoptees in the U.S. From 2004 to 2009, the number of Russian children adopted by American parents dropped by two-thirds. Families trying to adopt Russian children are bracing now, hoping the number will not drop to zero as a result of Hansen's reckless act.

"This is not a failure of the system. It's a failure of the parent," says Tom DiFilipo, president and CEO of the Joint Council on International Children's Services. "If someone's setting fire to your house, you call the police, not a travel agent."

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**Brief History: The Periodic Table**

By ALEXANDRA SILVER Monday, Apr. 26, 2010
Six atoms may seem minuscule—especially if they exist for only fractions of a second—but they can have huge implications. The recent announcement that Russian and American scientists finally managed to produce a tiny bit of element 117 by firing calcium atoms (element 20) at berkelium (element 97) fills in a missing spot on the periodic table. When the results are confirmed, "ununseptium" will get a catchier moniker and occupy the square between 116 and 118—elements that also await proper names from the International Union of Pure and Applied Chemistry.

We've come a long way from the classical list of earth, wind, water and fire. Modern elements, with all their complexities, require a chart whose rows and columns reflect their properties and how they interact with one another. In the 19th century, several scientists worked on developing a periodic table that arranged the elements according to their atomic weight. It is Russian chemistry professor Dmitri Mendeleev, however, who is credited with developing the first real table in 1869. He organized the 63 then known elements into groups with similar properties and left some spaces blank for those whose existence he could not yet prove. In 1913 physicist Henry Moseley's experiments showed definitively that the order was dependent not on atomic weight but on atomic number—the number of protons in an atom's nucleus.

Like most of those after uranium (element 92), "ununseptium" is artificially made. This latest find supports the idea that as-yet-undiscovered stable elements exist, but no one knows for sure if there is an end point to the table or if additional artificially engineered elements will expand it even further. The question of how much bigger the 141-year-old chart can get is anything but elementary.

The Skimmer

By BRYAN WALSH Monday, Apr. 26, 2010
Bill McKibben may be the world's best green journalist, but even he wishes the climate-change skeptics were right. That would mean we weren't headed for a warmer planet--one that McKibben calls Eaarth (the extra a is for extra awful) -- that will be profoundly more difficult to live on. But our fate is sealed:

"Global warming is no longer a philosophical threat, no longer a future threat, no longer a threat at all. It's our reality." McKibben backs up his claim with page after page detailing the impact that global warming has already had, from the fast-melting Arctic to the expanding tropics. Eventually the litany becomes numbing, but that's McKibben's goal--to wear you down with facts until the full force of what we've done to the planet becomes unmistakable. What really sets Eaarth apart from other green books is McKibben's prescription for survival. This won't be just a matter of replacing a few lightbulbs; McKibben is calling for a more local existence lived "lightly, carefully, gently." It's a future unimaginable to most of us--but it may be the only way to survive.
Malcolm McLaren, who died April 8 at 64, will be remembered as a master manipulator who inflicted punk on the world when he detonated the explosion that was the Sex Pistols—the most famous punk-rock group ever.

A professional troublemaker by nature and a haberdasher, boutique owner and rock-'n'-roll manager by trade, Malcolm lived life more as a "glorious accident" (a term he used to describe Sid Vicious) than as a strategic campaign. While McLaren was portrayed in the film Sid and Nancy as a cunning calculator who cons the media into giving the Sex Pistols publicity, Malcolm was more bewildered by the monster he created and more naive than he was ever credited for—except when it came to realizing how much money there was to be made. Pistols lead singer Johnny Rotten had to sue McLaren for the rights to and unpaid revenues of the Sex Pistols, winning control in 1987.

McLaren went on to have successes with Adam and the Ants and Bow Wow Wow before ditching the bands entirely and becoming the true talent behind his own hip-hop- and opera-inspired pop tunes as well as a dozen other songs throughout the 1980s and '90s.

If the Sex Pistols were his master's thesis in rock 'n' roll, then the New York Dolls, one of New York City's first punk bands, were McLaren's boot camp. He began as an unofficial manager of the Dolls in 1975, when the band was in its death throes, dressing them in bizarrely unfashionable red patent leather in a crapsshoot to revive the Dolls' career. On Malcolm McLaren's tombstone should be the epitaph his grandmother left to him: "To be bad is good ... to be good is simply boring."

McNeil, co-founder of Punk magazine, is co-author (with Mickey Leigh) of I Slept with Joey Ramone: A Family Memoir

Wilma Mankiller

By CHAD SMITH Monday, Apr. 26, 2010

A strong Cherokee woman with a heart for her home and her people, Wilma Mankiller, who died April 6 at 64, shrugged off the perceived novelty of her gender when she became the first female principal chief of the Cherokee Nation in 1985.

Instead, she focused on providing opportunities for Cherokee people to help themselves. To Wilma, Cherokee people were not wards of the U.S. government, in need of assistance from Washington. No, she saw Cherokees as having everything they needed to succeed except opportunity. The success of the Cherokee Nation today is based on the fundamental principles she espoused.

Despite her many accomplishments—she was an author, a recipient of the Presidential Medal of Freedom and a distinguished professor—nothing could pry her from the people and places she loved best. Even in her passing, she remains a loyal leader.
Her ashes are to be scattered at her beloved home in Mankiller Flats, in rural Oklahoma. In her last days she wrote: "I would like them to bury something after today. I would like them to bury any unkindness or anger or hurtful things I may have done. Bury those with me."

Smith is principal chief of the Cherokee Nation

Anatoly Dobrynin

By ALEXANDRA SILVER Monday, Apr. 26, 2010

Anatoly Dobrynin, who died April 6 at 90, was not your average diplomat. As the current U.N. Security Council so plainly put it in a statement, "He played a major role in saving the world from a nuclear disaster." Dobrynin, who worked with six American Presidents as the Soviet ambassador to the U.S., took on that position in 1962. Almost immediately, he was involved in negotiations with the Kennedy brothers to defuse the Cuban missile crisis. Originally an engineer, Dobrynin was ambassador for 24 Cold War years; altogether his storied diplomatic career lasted more than 40 years. While serving as an ambassador for Soviet leaders from Khrushchev to Gorbachev, Dobrynin was widely admired in Washington for his charm and political skill. After returning to Moscow, he advised Gorbachev and later wrote a well-received memoir. In a historical coincidence, he died the same week as a new arms treaty between Russia and the U.S. was signed.

ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

Kick-Ass: Redefining the Superhero

By RICHARD CORLISS Monday, Apr. 26, 2010

Aaron Johnson, Chloe Moretz and Nicolas Cage in Kick-Ass.
Comic-book heroes are the Greek gods of a modern kid's mythology. At once superhuman and all too human, they rise from meager surroundings to an Olympus of grandeur. Indeed, their powers are born of their afflictions: Peter Parker's spider bite, Bruce Banner's radiation overdose, the useful mutations of the X-Men. So why wouldn't a teen, inspired by heroes he's seen in comics and movies, want to be one? In the first scene of *Kick-Ass*, a guy in a cool Aztec-deity costume stands on a skyscraper ledge and majestically dives off. Alas, his metallic wings don't work and he crashes — *splat!* — into a parked car.

Don't try this at home, kids.

*Kick-Ass* — the 2008 comic written by Mark Millar and drawn by John Romita Jr., and the new film directed by Matthew Vaughn, with a script by Vaughn and Jane Goldman — could have ended in a big, ugly blood puddle too. Instead it soars, jet-propelled, on its central idea of matching a superhero's exploits with the grinding reality of urban teen life and on the aerodynamic smoothness of the film's style.

To apotheosize the clichés of the genre while subverting them is a neat trick, but the *Kick-Ass* cadre pulls it off. This is a violent R-rated drama that comments cogently on the impulses — noble, venal or twisted — that lead people to help or hurt others. *Kick-Ass* kicks beaucoup d'ass, in some of the dandiest, most punishing stunt work this side of Hong Kong, but it forces the grownups in the audience to acknowledge that the action is as troubling as it is gorgeous. (Preteens should definitely wait a few years before seeing this.) The result is a work that spills out of itself to raise issues about all superhero characters, all action pictures. Millar isn't boasting when he writes in the making-of book that *Kick-Ass* could "redefine superhero movies in the same way *Pulp Fiction* redefined crime movies."

Millar, one of the most gifted writers in comics, did the Wanted story that became a snazzy film in 2008. So he'd already done his share — along with Alan Moore (*Watchmen*), Neil Gaiman (*Stardust*) and Frank Miller (*Sin City*) — of redefining the action-movie cosmos. Here, though, he addresses basic questions: What is the effect of popular culture on the young who consume it? Does a kid just devour superhero stories and then void them, like fast food in paper or disc form? Or does he take them to heart, as a life guide? And if he does, say, create a costume and, with no special skills, confront the bad guys — what are the consequences?

Finally, what happens when a doofus in a green snorkel suit — the film's Dave Lizewski (Aaron Johnson), a.k.a. *Kick-Ass* — runs into two caped crusaders for whom crime fighting is not a game but a deadly mission? That's Damon Macready (Nicolas Cage) and his preteen kid Mindy (Chloe Grace Moretz). At home they are a sweet father-daughter duo, but in costume they become Big Daddy and Hit-Girl, who are well intentioned, better armed and ... well, lunatic wouldn't be too strong a word.

**Heroism and Masochism**

Dave, a New York City high schooler, is neither freak nor geek, not prom king or suicidal loner. In fact, he's pretty ordinary, with a couple of good pals, Marty (Clark Duke) and Todd (Evan Peters), and a secret crush on the lovely Katie (Lyndsy Fonseca). What's different about Dave is his belief that adolescence is a malady for which superheroism is the cure. To shake off his teen torpor, he buys a wet suit, dons a
mask and stands up to a bunch of toughs. As a reward for his good intentions, he gets a knife in the gut and is knocked unconscious by a hit-and-run driver. That might have put an end to Dave's do-gooding, but then there'd be no movie. Equal parts Marvel man and masochist, Dave, once healed, intervenes in a mugging and, with a couple of lengths of lead pipe as weapons, manages to defeat the goon brigade.

This being the 21st century, someone records the battle on a camera phone, and soon Kick-Ass is an Internet sensation. Other kids emulate his exploits: fatally, in the case of the Aztec diver; dangerously, in the case of Chris D'Amico (Christopher Mintz-Plasse, who was McLovin in Superbad), a rich kid who outfits himself as Red Mist to impress his dad Frank (Mark Strong), the local crime lord. Frank, you'll have guessed, is the very bad guy Big Daddy and Hit-Girl are aiming to destroy. The story pits one close, fond, twisted father-child duo against another.

Dave is aware of the line between sanctity and insanity, between superhero and serial killer. Damon and Mindy obliterate that line with each nighttime sortie. Damon stocks enough artillery in their outer-borough lair to keep a Middle East insurgency going for years and, during commando practice, shoots Mindy at close range (she's wearing a bulletproof vest) before taking her for a hot-fudge sundae. He's bats, no doubt — but he's also any doting dad training his kid for the family business. The homeschooled Mindy has no friends, other than the father-mentor-captor she adores, so she takes to the training like a pro — and to the raids like a ninja assassin.

If the geek-fantasy aspect sounds familiar to many teens, it was autobiography to Millar. Like Dave, he and a school friend devised crime-fighting aliases and costumes; they worked out at a gym, until the superhero fever faded and they "decided to get fat and stop exercising and read comics instead." He chose his hero's name by holding a charity auction (the winner was a fan named Dave Lizewski) and updated his '80s teen life with modern touches: surely every superhero's best friends these days are eBay (where Dave buys his wet suit), YouTube (the main medium of his renown) and sites like MySpace and Facebook (where his legions of fans assemble).

In 2007, as Millar and Romita were plotting Kick-Ass, Vaughn, who had directed the very Tarantinian Layer Cake as well as Gaiman's Stardust, was already working on the script with Goldman. Shooting the movie, he hewed closely to the story but adjusted the visual style, from Romita's dark evocation of New York to a poppy, more colorful clarity — less Taxi Driver than Spider-Man. When every studio Vaughn approached said no, he raised the $30 million himself. That meant a big financial risk for Vaughn the producer and blessed filmmaking freedom for Vaughn the director.

Kicking Ass and Making Names
The Kick-Ass cast is a mixed bag of Americans (Cage, Moretz, Mintz-Plasse) and Brits (Johnson and Strong). Except for the usually dominant Strong, whose oddly toneless role gives him little room for nuance, everyone has a fairly complex character to inhabit and does so without italicizing every gesture into camp. For ages now, Cage's film roles have channeled one of two personalities: pensive stalwart in action pictures like The Rock and National Treasure, mopey nutso in Leaving Las Vegas and The Bad Lieutenant: Port of Call — New Orleans. As Damon Macready and Big Daddy, he gets to do both, satisfyingly — and adds vocal inflections from Adam West, TV's Batman, in subtextual homage.
While Johnson, who played the young John Lennon in the biopic *Nowhere Boy*, may be a tad too dishy for Dave, he understands the ordinary teen desperation that triggers a radical makeover. But Moretz, now 13, and just 11 when she made the film, is the breakthrough presence here. Think of the young Jodie Foster in *Taxi Driver*, with the sexual predation replaced by a no less creepy yet still affecting father fixation. Her star-is-born scene comes when she first appears in her black leather Hit-Girl outfit, complete with purple wig and personalized HG belt buckle. Bursting into a room of drug dealers who are about to kill *Kick-Ass*, she spits out a few obscenities, brandishes her swords and leaves the walls splattered with death and entrails.

A few movies have head-swiveling, WTF? moments — Cameron Diaz's sperm hair gel in *There's Something About Mary*, the resuscitation of an ODing Uma Thurman in *Pulp Fiction* — that at first seem outrageous but soon become templates for their genres, turning the transgressive into the routine. The elfin Hit-Girl's instant Armageddon is one of these. More important, it's not just a gory frisson but also a key to two memorable characters in a film that is as self-reflective as it is wildly enjoyable. *Kick-Ass* moves with such bloody assurance that you’d be forgiven for not seeing how smart it is. But smart it is. Smart, important and deadly.

**Best in Show**

*By LAURA FITZPATRICK* Monday, Apr. 26, 2010

Jane Lynch as Sue Sylvester on Glee.

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IDEA CHANGE LIFE
"I'm going to ask you to smell your armpits," Sue Sylvester informs two misbehaving cheerleaders. "That's the smell of failure, and it's stinking up my office." Sylvester, the cheerleading coach on Fox's smash teen-musical show, Glee, is a tyrant in a tracksuit: she claims to have had her tear ducts removed, and in one episode from the show's first season, she appears on local TV to advocate corporal punishment for kids. ("Yes, we cane!") But Sylvester saves her fiercest bile for the members of McKinley High's Glee club, New Directions. "I will go to the animal shelter and get you a kitty cat," she tells their chipper coach, Will Schuester (Matthew Morrison). "I will let you fall in love with that kitty cat. And then, on some dark, cold night, I will steal away into your home and punch you in the face."

Jane Lynch, the 49-year-old actress who wields Sue's bullhorn, has made a career out of playing a hard-ass. But in person, as it happens, Lynch is nice. She smiles easily and gushes over the show's writers, her castmates and her fans. In the earnestness department, in fact, she isn't too far removed from the Glee clubbers themselves.

Over lunch at a Manhattan hotel shortly before Glee's April 13 return from a four-month hiatus, Lynch characterizes the show's student singers, without irony, as "a group that just wants to make a joyful noise." She tears up recalling her own high school choir experience. She bursts into song. Five times. And though she says Sue Sylvester "doesn't live too far from the surface," the Glee character she feels the most kinship with is Tina Cohen-Chang (Jenna Ushkowitz), a wallflower who fakes a stutter to mask her shyness and generally confines herself to the chorus. "She's kind of in the background ... but then she steps up to sing and you go, 'Oh, my God, what a voice,'" says Lynch. "I was definitely like that in high school. I would step out occasionally and show what I had, and people would go, 'Wow, that's something.' And then I would kind of recede back."

It's a pattern that could just as handily describe Lynch's career. After years of acting in commercials, minor films and TV shows (her 1988 turn in Vice Versa, she half jokes, is "a hard thing to watch"), she caught a break as a lesbian poodle trainer in Christopher Guest's 2000 mockumentary, Best in Show. ("She's as smart as anyone I think I've probably ever met," says Guest, who tailored the role to suit Lynch's talents.) Over the next decade, she delivered impeccably timed comic performances in a slew of roles, among them a porn star turned folksinger in A Mighty Wind (2003), an unctuous lawyer on Showtime's The L Word (2005), a guidance counselor with a past in Role Models (2008) and Julia Child's sister in a critically acclaimed turn opposite Meryl Streep in last summer's Julie & Julia. All of them, however, were bit parts — characters, as Lynch puts it, with a "function": to advance the plot or help the central characters grow without sticking around long enough to grow themselves. Now, with her role in Glee — which has earned her a Golden Globe nomination and helped clinch an ensemble win for Best TV Series (Comedy or Musical) — Lynch has been nudged firmly into the spotlight, whether she likes it or not.

A native of small-town Illinois and an alumna of the Second City improv comedy troupe (where she shared the stage with The Office's Steve Carell, with whom she would later appear in 2005's The 40-Year-Old Virgin), Lynch always wanted to act and recalls few moments of doubt that she'd make it. That took some doing, considering that by 1999 she was 38 and had spent seven years in L.A. on a "relentless" but only marginally fruitful quest for comedy, acting and singing gigs. But that spring, she ran into Christopher Guest in a local restaurant; the pair had worked together six months earlier on a Kellogg's Frosted Flakes commercial. He asked her to drop by his office, she recalls, and by the end of
the day, Lynch was cast in Best in Show. The film — a loose, often improvised look at the odd world of competitive dog breeding — suited the appetite for collaboration that Lynch whetted at Second City: "I'm not playing small by being in an ensemble," she says. "It's my favorite way to work." Her co-stars enjoy her too. "There are only a few people out there who are universally beloved," says Paul Rudd, who worked with Lynch in The 40-Year-Old Virgin and Role Models. "Everybody knows how funny she is. The biggest challenge is not laughing while you're doing a scene with her."

Finding a Home with Glee

Standing 6 ft. (1.8 m) tall in gym shoes, Lynch has often gotten screen time by taking on parts intended for men. "My first role in high school was the king in a one-act version of 'The Princess and the Pea,'" she recalls. "It started the pattern." (In The 40-Year-Old Virgin, she plays Carell's boss — a part originally written for a guy — with lecherous absurdity.) But Glee is the first chance audiences have had to watch Lynch inhabit a featured character over time.

A regular role has its personal perks for Lynch. Notably, she gets to work in Los Angeles, where she lives. (She's settling down in other ways too: Lynch recently confirmed her engagement to psychologist Lara Embry.) On a professional level, she notes, the plus is that "I actually have an arc." Determined not to see New Directions upend the high school pecking order that places her cheerleaders on top — or the budget priorities that let her send her dry cleaning to Europe — Sylvester tries at every turn to thwart the group's success. But she also gets her own story lines. In one plot twist, for instance, scheming Sue was revealed to be the loving caretaker of a sister living with Down syndrome. In the forthcoming second half of the season (Fox put the show on ice in December, reportedly to clear the decks for American Idol), she will sing, get bullied and collaborate on a music video with Olivia Newton-John (one of Lynch's go-to choices for real-life karaoke — "'Sam' is my favorite," she says, singing a few bars).

With Glee picked up for a second season, Sue will do a whole lot more than that in the future. For now, Lynch is enjoying every minute — with a fervor that Sue would never tolerate. "I've been around the block. I know it doesn't happen all the time," says Lynch of Glee's success. "It's kind of a blessed thing."

Shock the Monkey

By LEV GROSSMAN Monday, Apr. 26, 2010
Yann Martel's *Beatrice and Virgil* begins with a dreary little piece of self-referential play. Henry, the hero, is a novelist trying to write a follow-up to his prize winning first book. Similarly, Martel's *Life of Pi* won the Man Booker Prize in 2002, and now he's produced a follow-up in the form of *Beatrice and Virgil*. This kind of metafictional loop has become a convention as well-worn as those it was meant to explode. Somebody needs to come up with a fifth wall to break.

Henry is artistically stymied: his publishers don't get his new book, which is about the Holocaust, and even he seems a little fuzzy about what its point is. So he bails on writing altogether. He moves to a new city, gets a dog and a cat, gets his wife pregnant and generally forgets about books entirely — until he receives a strange fan letter from an elderly, misanthropic taxidermist who's working on a play and wants Henry's help.

Martel writes with a smooth, almost stoned detachment, cool to the touch, which gives a distant, unreal feeling to a story that's already dangerously weird and abstract. The taxidermist's play turns out to be a Beckettian affair about a monkey and a donkey, *Beatrice and Virgil*, who live on a giant shirt (yes, a shirt). *Beatrice and Virgil* are lost, shell-shocked survivors of a massacre of animals by humans, an "abomination" they can refer to only as "the Horrors." Thus the Holocaust, denied entrance at the front door, sneaks in through the window.

*Beatrice and Virgil* is a true oddity. Its subject is violence and the impossibility of describing it: violence is an atrocity that immolates language itself, turns us into dumb animals and brute flesh. But Martel's story is so arbitrary and oblique that its savage truth almost misses making itself felt. There may be no way to approach the unspeakable other than sneaking up on it with a winding story like Henry's and toylike nonsense characters like *Beatrice and Virgil*. But *Beatrice and Virgil* falls victim to its own paradox: speaking of the unspeakable is a dangerous game that a writer must play to lose. The trick, as Beckett might have said, lies in losing in just the right way.
Even as he appears to be the most laid-back guy in the room, there's a lot going on for David Duchovny, who is shooting a new season of cable hit *Californication* and starring alongside Demi Moore as the fake head of an artificial household in a movie about stealth marketing in *The Joneses*. Duchovny spoke with TIME about gadgets, his greatest golf shot ever and annoying *X-Files* pitches.

*The Joneses* is all about commercialism. You've made your share of commercials. Anything from the early-struggling-actor days?

They used to pay well. They could get you through the lean months. I did a couple of beer commercials. I did a vitamin commercial and a lottery commercial. When I started getting notoriety it was cheesy to appear in a commercial. Everyone was saying, "I have to get a commercial in Japan." It was okay to appear on camera in Japan. But not in America. But that's changing. Like with Luke Wilson and Catherine Zeta Jones. Seinfeld did the credit card one. It's a sign of the changing times and I don't think it's an aberration. I think you'll see more familiar people doing these.

So are you thinking about it? You do voice-overs for Pedigree dog food, but what what would you push onscreen if you had to push a product?

I'm not thinking about it. I'm not grabbing at the money. My kids are fine. We're okay. It's not something I think about. At one time there were voiceover artists, now there are celebrity voiceover artists. It's unfortunate because these people need the money less than the voiceover artist. Commercials were traditionally a way for actors to support themselves to work on stage, movies or television.

You say in the film that whoever has the most toys when they die wins. Sounds good to me. Do you subscribe to that?
Not at all, I'm about three years behind the curve usually. I do have a Kindle, so maybe it's only about six months behind the curve.

**Do you have any tech obsessions?**

No, I'm a luddite. I like my computer. But I don't know how to use it as well as the 10-year-old daughter. I guess I like watches, but that's kind of a 19th century obsession.

**Really, how many watches?**

I think I have two good ones.

**That's not an obsession. I probably have two watches somewhere.**

I like sneakers. But they are given to me in the same way this film works. I think that satisfies an obsession because I was athletic as a kid. I was 12 or 13 when the Adidas Superstar came out and it was first time that you would pay more than $10 for a pair of sneakers. I remember wanting to pay $18 for a pair of sneakers and my dad was like "No way!"

**Guessimate your sneaker population.**

There are a lot. I don't know. 30 pairs.

**Speaking of being athletic, there's a scene in the movie on a golf course where you sink a hole in one. No trick photography?**

Nope. Easily 40 feet. I was off the green. Into the hole. Second take.

**How did you stay in character and not fall on your knees in joy when you hit that?**

First of all it was freezing and windy. As [director] Derrick [Borte] set up the shot, I was like, "Are you kidding? I could be here all day trying to put that ball in the hole. It will be luck if it goes in." I was surprised the first one was close. And when the second one went in, my impulse was to jump up and down. And I was like, "No my guy is a good golfer. He expects that." So I put my head down again to hit another one.

**Is that your greatest acting moment ever?**

Derrick gave me a Quicktime movie of the shot and I sent it to everyone I knew.

**Will you ever go back to *The X-Files***?

It's ready-made nostalgia. It depends on whether [creator] Chris Carter wants to do it again. He certainly doesn't have to. We always talk about it amongst ourselves. We talk a lot. Or I'll text him and say "Do you have an idea?" Or I'll say, "I have an idea for a show. I wish I had that one eight years ago. This would have been a good episode." But generally I'll be on an elevator with someone and the elevator will bump
and they'll say, "There's an X-file." And I'll say, "Actually that's not an X-file. That's not a great story. The elevator just bumped."

Super heroes are all the rage now. Which superhero would you want to play?

I'm not a big comic guy. Who's not taken? Is anyone left? I knew a guy in graduate school who wrote about a cool character called Balloon Man. He floated above the city and he could see crime. But he couldn't get down. He'd have to deflate himself in order to get down and by the time he did he had no power. I thought, "That's the super hero I'm playing." Because he's totally ineffectual. To me that's the truth. Balloon Man. He has no powers. To me *The Incredibles* was the apex of superhero [stories]. It deconstructs it and constructs it at the same time.

The Short List of Things to Do

WEEK OF APRIL 16

*Exit Through the Gift Shop*

In a hooded sweatshirt and with a digitally altered voice, the infamous, anonymous street artist Banksy turns the camera on Thierry Guetta — a videographer who spent years filming the street-art movement before jumping in himself. The result is an absorbing, Warholian send-up of art and fame.
The Secret in Their Eyes

Juan José Campanella's Argentine thriller, which won this year's foreign-language Oscar, smartly mixes crime and passion with a 25-year-old murder case. The beautiful corpse is a grabber; more haunting are the intertwined stories of unrequited, unceasing love.

Blockade Billy

Blockade Billy By Stephen King

In his latest, Stephen King spins a quick yarn about a catcher who, despite being one of the best ballplayers of all time, has mysteriously vanished from the record books. The writing is all voice, and King, a Red Sox fanatic, does the old-timey baseball argot to perfection.

The Tom Lehrer Collection

MIT Math Professor by day, musical scamp by night, Lehrer wrote and sang the sharpest satire of the '50s and 60's.
MIT math professor by day, musical scamp by night, Lehrer wrote and sang the sharpest satire of the '50s and '60s ("Masochism Tango," "The Vatican Rag"). His new greatest-hits pack has a cool bonus: a DVD of a 1967 Lehrer concert. You cannot not get this album.

Although of Course You End Up Becoming Yourself

David Lipsky on Tour with David Foster Wallace
Wallace: Steve Liss

In 1996 Rolling Stone sent a good writer to cover a great one: David Lipsky went on tour with David Foster Wallace. Lipsky’s transcript of their brilliant conversations reads like a two-man Tom Stoppard play or a four-handed duet scored for typewriter.
Suzie Arnegger calls it her drive-by heart attack. It was January 2004, and the 56-year-old insurance-claims adjuster had spent the previous six months bouncing back and forth among seven doctors and two hospital emergency rooms in San Diego seeking help for a pain that spread across her eyes and into her jaw. She was also nauseated and suffering from intestinal problems. All these symptoms led physicians to suspect everything from migraines to Ménière’s disease to an inner-ear imbalance to menopause.

On a particularly bad morning, Arnegger got up early to visit a local urgent-care clinic. The center hadn’t opened yet, so she began driving home. Stopped at a red light near a hospital and figured, What the heck, I’ll go in. When she described her symptoms to the physician on call, he ordered some gastrointestinal tests and left the room. That’s when Arnegger had her heart attack.

“My arms and legs went from tingling to numb. It was so fast — boom, boom, boom,” she says. “It was so sudden and severe that the doctor said if I had been at home, I would not have made it.”

But Arnegger did make it, and she’s working hard to ensure that other women hear her story so that none have to experience the kind of runaround she did — one that ended only after her heart gave out. Now living in Plano, Texas, she is one of 465 graduates of a program — run by the Mayo Clinic and a group called WomenHeart — that trains heart-disease advocates.

Each year, 50 to 70 women gather for a four-day series of lectures and emotionally charged discussions with some of Mayo's leading heart specialists. The idea is to educate women and empower them to spread their newfound knowledge in their communities. "When you listen to the lectures, you're thinking, Whoa, I didn't know about all this," Arnegger says.
That's the point, says the symposium's leader, Dr. Sharonne Hayes, director of the Women's Heart Clinic at Mayo. When she and three heart-disease patients came up with the idea for the sessions in 2002, they had one goal: to awaken patients and doctors to the impact heart disease has on the 42 million American women currently living with it — and the families of the millions more who did not survive. Heart disease is the leading killer of women in the U.S., each year claiming more women than men. Yet most participants in that first class had never met another female heart patient, and most had harrowing tales like Arnegger's, of having their condition misdiagnosed or being dismissed by doctors who didn't think they could be suffering from heart disease.

That has changed, in small part because of the efforts of the WomenHeart champions, as the graduates are called, and in large part because of campaigns sponsored by the National Heart, Lung and Blood Institute and the American Heart Association. Most doctors are now aware that men and women have different symptoms when suffering a heart attack. Survivors like Arnegger are spreading that word and more by holding support groups at hospitals and in churches, as well as devising more tangible ways of advocating for the cause. Along with a fellow graduate of the Mayo sessions, in 2006, Arnegger launched Heart Scarves, a program in which women knit red scarves for patients undergoing heart procedures or recovering from heart disease. The pair now has hundreds of knitters clicking their needles to support the effort and raise awareness.

In Charles Town, W.Va., Rhonda Monroe, another WomenHeart champion, recently set up at a friend's beauty salon for several hours to tell her story about having her heart attack misdiagnosed five days after the birth of her third child. Monroe, now 42, was 36 at the time and had a hard time convincing doctors that the crushing pain she felt in her chest was not just some postpartum phenomenon. Her story and the question-and-answer session that followed were so compelling, she's been asked back.

But those are merely the first steps. The next phase involves understanding why women experience heart disease in such a gender-specific way and developing tailored treatment strategies. While heart attacks in both men and women are primarily caused by the buildup of atherosclerotic plaques within blood-vessel walls in the heart, these deposits don't always look the same, nor do they occur in the same places. In men, the lesions usually occur in the bigger blood vessels, bulging out into the vessel's cavity. That makes them easy to spot when doctors perform an angiogram or image the heart with scanners.

In women, the accumulation may be more diffuse, spreading out among smaller vessels, which causes the whole artery to appear technically clear, even if it's narrower. Some medications can expose the more restricted function of these vessels, but often cardiologists won't perform additional tests when they don't spot any obvious blockages. "A lot of doctors will see that the vessels look normal and stop," says Dr. Annabelle Volgman, medical director of the Heart Center for Women at Rush University Medical Center in Chicago. Even after a heart attack, the arteries of 30% of female patients still appear to be clear.

Dr. Noel Bairey Merz, medical director of the Women's Heart Center at Cedars-Sinai Medical Center in Los Angeles, is leading a multicenter study seeking the best ways to identify this more insidious form of heart disease. She's also pushing hard to have diagnostic guidelines changed so more physicians know to think about heart disease whenever women complain of pain above the waist.
NO.4 TOP10
2010
热销排行
￥39.90

Tide for a summer
人气款 人选
不只特价价 ￥49.9
还有包邮等着你

1976 美丽鞋坊 鞋
1976 美丽鞋坊 你的时尚鞋箱

I pay your postage

The world puts on as much costume as it does in love: it begins
to be dressed as a song, as one sings.
Despite such knowledge, big challenges remain. The fact that women have not traditionally been included in clinical trials of heart-disease treatments — they make up less than 30% of trial populations — means that an appreciation for how the disease progresses in them has been lost amid the trends appearing in men.

But that’s where the WomenHeart champions are hoping to make a difference by serving as resources for their communities, speaking intelligently about their experiences and inspiring more women-specific studies. Hayes’ hope is that by the time she retires, specialized centers like hers won’t be necessary and that every patient with heart disease will be treated with the best available individualized therapies. “I don’t see that happening real soon,” she says, recognizing that physicians are just beginning this new approach to research. Then she adds, “But I also have a ways to go before I retire.”

Lady Madonna

By JEFFREY KLUGER Thursday, Apr. 15, 2010

A sudden interruption turned what started as a routine press conference into a revealing anthropological dance. Health and Human Services (HHS) Secretary Kathleen Sebelius was addressing the media when NBC newscaster Chuck Todd loudly sneezed — a scary sound in a crowded room during the H1N1 flu pandemic one day last September.

"Bless you," Sebelius said. Then she did a double take and widened her eyes in reproach, an expression anyone who ever had a teacher or a mother recognizes — and fears. Todd had sneezed into his hand
rather than using the approved into-the-elbow method for limiting flu transmission. "What is that about?"
Sebelius asked sternly and then demonstrated the proper technique. "We'll have to get Elmo to give
Chuck a special briefing," she added, a reference to a Sesame Street ad that shows kids how to sneeze
hygienically.

The Cabinet Secretary was kidding — mostly — but Todd's red face and uneasy squirming looked
awfully real. And while the newsman might have reacted the same way if he'd been called out by Mike
Leavitt or Tommy Thompson or any of the other male HHS Secretaries who came before Sebelius, it's
hard to picture. For humans, there has always been something about a health message coming from a
woman that gives it special authority. The father may traditionally have been the head of the home — and
the family doctor may traditionally have been male — but it was the mother who saw to it that the kids got
vaccinated, Grandma made it to her heart specialist and Dad stayed on his blood-pressure meds. And
while much about family life has changed over the decades, that part hasn't.

Women make the primary health care decisions in two-thirds of American households. They account for
80 cents out of every dollar spent in drugstores and are likelier than men to choose the family's health
insurance. Even when both parents work, wives shoulder 75% of domestic responsibilities, including
making the kids' doctor appointments and getting them there on time. "Women are the main brokers of
health care in the United States," says Dr. William Norcross, a family physician and faculty member at the
University of California, San Diego, School of Medicine. "This has long been the case and is probably
true elsewhere in the world too."

It is, and the rule is not limited to mothers. In the 1990s, when Nepalese children faced an epidemic of
vitamin-A deficiency, which can be deadly, and health experts needed someone to help distribute
supplements, they recruited the nation's grandmothers, knowing they had both the time to get the pills
out and the moral authority to make sure kids took them. By 2005, 48,000 grandmothers were distributing
vitamin A to 3.5 million kids.

"Global development agencies are cuing into this kind of thing too," says anthropologist Sarah Blaffer
Hrdy of the University of California at Davis. "When you give resources or money to women, more winds
up in children's health. When you give it to men, it's likelier to wind up going for things like tobacco."

There are a lot of variables that explain the mom-as-health-czar phenomenon. As with so many things, it
begins with evolution, but it doesn't stop there. Females of nearly all species expend far more time and
energy producing young than males do and are thus far more motivated to protect that investment. "I
could count on two hands the number of species in which males are primary caregivers," says Hrdy.

In the infinitely more complex human world, of course, there's much more to it than that. One reason
women may be more attuned to health issues, according to some researchers, is simply that their biology
gives them more reason to be. "Women go through their childbearing years and are told to have regular
checkups," says Patricia Braus, a public-health expert and author of the book Marketing Health Care to
Women. "They're more likely to keep up a relationship with their doctor. Men drift away and don't come
back until their 40s or 50s, when they have concerns like prostate cancer."
For women, what starts as attentiveness to their own health soon extends to the entire family. In one oft-cited study, Norcross and his colleagues asked men and women in doctor's offices why they were there and if anyone had encouraged them to come. Men were 2.7 times as likely as women were to say they were prodded by a member of the opposite sex. Now that more women practice medicine, Norcross has found that they are equally persuasive when they're the ones wearing the white coats. "I'm an assessor of clinical performance," he says. "There are a lot of pieces of data that suggest that the performance of women is better than that of men."

At home, women press this natural authority across the familial landscape. A body of work about sibling relationships shows that adult sisters are likelier than their brothers to be "kinkeepers," looking after the entire family's health, particularly when it comes to aging parents. And as the Nepalese learned, there is almost no calculating how much good a grandmother can do. "In traditional societies, there are well-documented behavioral and cognitive benefits of having grandmothers in the home," says Hrdy. "Recently, behavioral ecologists have also found that in countries with high child mortality, there is actually an increase in survival when grandmothers live nearby."

Family experts caution, however, that the father's contribution should not be minimized. "Our definition of care is very matricentric," says Sarah Allen, an adjunct professor of family studies at Montana State University and the mother of two boys. "But fathers are involved in all sorts of ways we don't see. It's fine to say that women spend 80 cents out of every dollar that goes to health, but who earned that 80 cents in the first place? Often it's the father." Allen cites studies showing that the incidence of asthma, obesity, drug use and early sexual activity all rise in households in which a father is not present. In some cases, this may be due to little more than the loss of the father's paycheck, but whatever the reason, a present-and-accounted-for dad usually leads to healthier kids.

Still, women do most of the hands-on work, and it's too rarely asked how this primary-caretaker arrangement works out for the caretakers themselves, particularly in households in which both parents work. Must mom always come home, drop her briefcase and begin her late shift as parent, wife and family doctor? To distribute the quotidian work of managing a family's health more equitably, Braus urges improved health literacy for both parents, which means not only understanding the whole family's medical needs and history but also knowing personally all the kids' dentists, eye doctors and other healthcare providers. If a child is 2 and one of the parents (usually the father) is meeting the pediatrician for the first time, that's a problem. "You need a real relationship with the doctors," says Braus. "And this must mean both parents."

Dads may get there yet. In an increasingly egalitarian culture, one that encourages hands-on fathering, paternal involvement in family health may become like unemployment during a recession — a lagging indicator that eventually catches up with the rest of the changes. For mothers, who have borne the health burden for millennia, that particular change can't come too soon.
I have taught health for 25 years and have time and time again seen the remarkable power women have to keep their families well. Statistics may prove that women make most of the health care decisions in the home, but simple observation reveals much more. In my heart-surgery practice, the most meaningful conversations I have about cases are with wives, daughters, mothers and sisters — even if it’s the husbands, sons, fathers or brothers who are the patients. I see the way women seem to know instinctively what to do when health is on the line, and while I avoid taking generalizations as facts, I would stake my reputation on the fact that this ability exists. I know I am always wisest when I listen to my wife, mother or daughters.

To me, the question isn’t whether women are innately good at such things, but why. More important, how can they get better at it still and, in the process, teach the family healthy habits?

It’s a rule of human nature that we change our behavior based more on how we feel than how we think. Understanding a problem intellectually is never enough. Women are better able to integrate this profoundly important insight, probably because the cycle of pregnancy, nurturing and child rearing forces an in-depth understanding of emotions. Men, by contrast, come at things in a more linear, rational way, which is fine but also limiting. So, women, you have the advantage. In essence, you are in charge. Here are ways to put that to work:

1. **Practice — and teach — good health habits through role-playing and games.** Sound hard? Well, this is also called playing with your family. Every moment is an opportunity to learn. Either you can force your child to remember that George Washington was our first President or you can create a bedtime story of intrigue and wonder about a fictitious child who met Washington on his way to Valley Forge.
Which do you think children are more likely to retain? The same strategy works when it comes to lessons about taking vitamins or washing hands during flu season.

2. Be a good role model. Your children learn to take care of themselves by watching how you take care of yourself. If they see you practicing yoga or Pilates, they will assume it’s something they should do too. Parents, especially moms, teach kids basic habits from a very young age, whether they intend to or not. Strategies for sleeping, hygiene and coping are learned more through observation than through instruction. No amount of verbal directives will outweigh what your children see you do each day.

3. Healthy eating depends on making it easy for everyone to do the right thing. Kids usually want to eat junk, but you can win that war by making the difficult decisions in the supermarket — where you can plan an entire week’s menu — rather than in the kitchen, where hungry children roam like lions, tearing open cabinet doors. Have a supply of healthy options, and you make the hungry prowling foolproof. And remember the importance of breakfast, a meal that can increase academic performance by 20%. Again, make things fun. In our house, we offer a magic drink in which we hide the day’s vitamins and pretend it’s a fantastic elixir. Yes, sometimes the healthy thing isn’t always the easy thing, even in the Oz household.

4. Whenever possible, plan your family’s health care in advance. The most effective chief medical officer in any home has an in-depth knowledge of each family member’s medical history and stores all medical records in a central location. That makes it easier to book everyone’s doctor’s appointments at the beginning of the year. Being in charge also means you are the main advocate as family members navigate the health care system. For children, the responsibility is obvious. But I guarantee you can tell your husband 10 times to get a colonoscopy and he won’t do it, but if you tell him he has an appointment on Friday, you’ll be discussing his results on Saturday.

5. Post the family health laws as conspicuously as possible. Whether it’s bedtime rules, snack rules or get-outside-and-play rules, display everything in a prominent place, like on the fridge. When something is published as the law of the land, it depersonalizes the enforcement. You aren’t an ogre because you say it’s time for lights-out. The rule book says it is. Also, almost all Americans live within 2 miles (3.2 km) of a park, so find one close to you and schedule outings. These provide even more opportunities to discuss health matters with your family, to share healthy food and enjoy one another. Remember, as chief medical officer, you run the show!

Mehmet Oz is vice chairman and professor of surgery at Columbia University, a best-selling author and the host of the nationally syndicated television talk show The Dr. Oz Show
What we invent, we have the right to patent — which makes patenting one of the cornerstones of creativity, not to mention capitalism. But how does that apply to biological discoveries?

If you put in the sweat equity to isolate a gene, for example, is it yours?

On March 29, a federal judge said no, ruling that patents on two genes linked to ovarian and breast cancer — BRCA 1 and BRCA 2 — were illegal. Despite arguments that the very act of identifying the genes made them patentable, the judge determined that such claims of ownership were in violation of a "law of nature." Should the ruling withstand appeal, it could mean broader — and cheaper — access to tests that screen for the two genes, which are associated with about 10% of breast- and ovarian-cancer cases. Currently, the tests are pricey, costing up to $4,000 in the U.S.

The ruling could have implications beyond the BRCA genes, affecting patents on some 2,000 genes, or one-fifth of all human genes. The battle may not end until it reaches the Supreme Court.
SOCIETY

Cheap Health Care Plans: Let the Buyer Beware

By KATE PICKERT Monday, Apr. 26, 2010

Paul Gaznick, with his son Justin, at home in Methuen, Mass. He once thought he was getting a good health care deal
Christopher Morris / VII for TIME

Paul Gaznick tried his best to give his son Justin what he needed to live a happy and healthy life. A single parent, Gaznick, 57, runs a small welding and fabrication business in Methuen, Mass., that was hit hard by the sagging economy. As early as 2007, his contracts had slowed to a trickle and often didn't pay enough to cover his expenses. Health-insurance premiums were part of his crushing overhead. Gaznick's policy, covering only him and his teenage son, cost about $750 a month.

He was already shopping around for cheaper insurance when he received a fax promising some relief. For $289 per month, the fax said, he could buy "low cost quality health care for the individual and entire family." The advertisement, for a company named National Alliance, touted the offer as "top rated insurance."

"I said, Well, $300 is better than $700," says Gaznick. Soon after Gaznick signed up, Justin was badly burned in an accident and ended up in the emergency room. As massive hospital and pediatrician bills began arriving in the mailbox, Gaznick realized he had bought not cheaper insurance but rather membership in a Sam's Club — like medical-discount program. He was responsible for all his medical bills; the money he'd been paying to National Alliance each month was simply the fee to access a list of doctors and hospitals that had supposedly agreed to give cardholders discounts.
"I've always paid my own way," says Gaznick, who had to work out a payment plan with the hospital, which eventually forgave most of the tab for treating his son. "I was grateful, but I didn't want it to come down like that. I wanted the insurance company to pay the bills."

He isn't the only health care consumer who is feeling duped. Many others have been seduced by infomercials or out-of-the-blue e-mails or faxes whose slickly worded descriptions may make people think they are getting comprehensive coverage on the cheap. The two most commonly misunderstood products are medical-discount plans — like the one Gaznick signed up for — and limited-medical-benefits plans, which technically are insurance but have relatively low set reimbursement amounts and strict limits on what kinds of care are covered.

Trying to rein in these types of health plans is like playing regulatory whack-a-mole. File a lawsuit or institute new consumer protections targeting one product in one state, and several slightly different variants are likely to pop up to fill the void. And consumer advocates are worried that many more people will sign up for these health plans because of confusion surrounding the new federal health reform law, which will eventually require all citizens to obtain insurance. But that aspect of the law, which will also set a minimum standard for insurers — whose plans must include free preventive care, substantial reimbursement for most treatments and no annual or lifetime caps on coverage — won't take effect until 2014. In the meantime, the Department of Health and Human Services has issued a scam alert, warning consumers that companies may market plans based on false claims about the new law, such as there being a limited enrollment period for federal health care.

Massachusetts has been dealing with a deluge of misleading and fraudulent insurance offers since a law enacted in 2006 mandated that nearly every resident get health insurance or pay a fine. The state set minimum standards for policies that can be used to fulfill its universal-insurance requirement, but these rules don't preclude companies from selling other types of products. The problem lies in how they are presented to desperate Americans looking to reduce their medical-cost burden.

"Whenever you're entering into a new system, there's always an opportunity for confusion among customers," says Massachusetts attorney general Martha Coakley, who sued National Alliance and three of its executives last year for deceptive marketing practices. (The company, which no longer has a working phone number, did not respond to the suit. The three executives have denied any wrongdoing.) Minnesota filed a similar lawsuit against two other discount medical plans, and California is considering increasing licensing requirements for these products.

Medical-discount plans promise deep savings on doctor and hospital visits to subscribers who pay hefty enrollment and monthly fees. In reality, however, these discounts are often minuscule or far smaller than what an uninsured patient could negotiate independently. In 2005, the Federal Trade Commission issued a consumer alert for medical-discount plans, stating that "many take consumers' money and offer very little in return." Still, these plans continue to proliferate.

Who is signing up for them? "People looking for bargain-basement health insurance who don't know what they're buying," says Jenny Libster, a senior research associate at the Commonwealth Fund, a nonprofit health-policy organization. Medical-discount plans can, in theory, be beneficial for someone who has no ongoing expensive health conditions or who can afford to pay cash for most care. But marketers of these
plans are aggressively pursuing a much wider swath of consumers. “They are targeting low-income people and people with pre-existing health conditions,” Libster says.

Limited-medical-benefit plans are going after a similarly vulnerable slice of society. These plans provide often scant coverage in exchange for monthly premiums that are lower than those for traditional insurance but typically still quite high. For example, Cinergy Health charged families $479 per month for its Preferred 1000 plan, which covered $100 for one emergency-room visit per year per person and $1,000 per day of hospitalization for up to 30 days. (The average cost of an ER visit is more than $500; a single day in the hospital can easily cost more than $5,000.) Coverage for doctor visits was pretty decent — up to $70 per visit for up to five visits per year, a key selling point. But even if a family of four maxed out this particular benefit, it would have received only $1,400 in payouts after paying nearly $6,000 a year in premiums.

The five-year-old company, which provided limited-benefit plans as well as medical-discount plans, at one point ran an infomercial promising customers “significant health coverage for a reasonable price.” But what counts as “significant” coverage? Most consumers expect their health plans to protect them from mountains of debt if, say, they suffer extensive injuries in an accident or develop a chronic disease. Cinergy’s products didn’t offer much help in either scenario.

“No matter how clear your member material is and how well you educate your members, they’re still expecting more out of it than they may ultimately get,” says Steve Trattner, president and chief marketing officer of Cinergy. “The expectations far exceed what a discount medical plan truly can offer when it comes to the traditional medical and hospital services.”

State regulators, deluged with complaints about Cinergy, have responded. New York banned the company's television ads last year, and Florida, where Cinergy is based, has accused the company of deceptive marketing. (Cinergy disputes the charge and has requested a hearing on the matter.) In February, the Better Business Bureau revoked Cinergy’s membership.

Cinergy has stopped selling limited-benefit plans to new customers, but this type of product is not going away anytime soon. In fact, bigger players are getting into the market. Traditional insurance companies such as Cigna and Aetna are offering limited-benefit plans to small businesses, retailers and young adults. These plans are geared toward common medical issues such as colds, flu and broken bones but are clearly labeled as not providing comprehensive or catastrophic coverage.

Minor, everyday costs, however, are often not nearly as high as the cost of a limited-medical-benefit plan. Judy Spurlock, a disgruntled Cinergy customer in Batavia, Ohio, sat back recently and wondered, “How beneficial would it be for us to just take the money [for premiums] and put it in a bank account?”
Built for Blahniks: A Chevy for the High-Heels Crowd

By ALYSSA FETINI Monday, Apr. 26, 2010

The 2010 Chevy Equinox sports some female-friendly features

When it comes to catering to female drivers, carmakers have gotten a lot more nuanced since 1955, when Dodge tried to reach women with its screamingly girly La Femme model. (Think pink exterior and a matching purse.) Nowadays, gender-neutral looks are being paired with woman-friendly modifications so subtle that men may not even notice them, like the tweaks Chevrolet has made to its 2010 Equinox, a midsize SUV that has become one of its top-selling models. These include carved-out door panels, to help keep diamond rings from getting whacked when window switches are used, and a center console spacious enough to stow a handbag.

Another Sex and the City–esque change: a different tilt to the accelerator pedal that makes driving in high heels safer and more comfortable. Chevy placed the pedal closer to the driver and curved its surface, a design that creates "less ankle strain on heel wearers and less chance that your shoes will detract from your driving," according to Whitney Krause, the program manager for the 2010 Equinox.

As a Manolo lover who was scolded by the DMV for taking the driver's-license exam in a pair of 3-inch (8 cm) wedges, I was eager to test out the Equinox. The accelerator was indeed comfortable and easy to use in my stilettos. However, I was surprised to find that the brake pedal had not been similarly repositioned. Pressing it in heels felt just as awkward as it does in any other car. Then again, braking is my least favorite part of driving.
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Custom-Made Headphones: Listen Up Before It's Too Late

By PETER HA Monday, Apr. 26, 2010

JH Audio JH5 Pro Their custom fit and complex circuits mean that music never sounded so good. Seriously. Price: $400 Danny Kim for TIME

Apple earbuds They let in a lot of ambient noise and don't fit well. But they're free with an iPod and cheap to replace. Price: $29 Danny Kim for TIME
Sennheiser MX 85 Sport II They do as lousy a job with noise isolation as earbuds do, but they are less prone to falling out. Price: $60 Danny Kim for TIME

Bose In-Ear Headphones The soft, contoured tips come in three sizes but are way too easy to lose. Price: $100 Danny Kim for TIME

There was a time not too long ago when you could walk down the street without seeing white, brightly colored or bedazzled earbuds jammed into everyone's ears. Just as the iPod has revolutionized the way we buy music, the small, disk-shaped earbuds that come bundled with it have changed the way we listen to music. But not in a good way. Aside from being uncomfortable and prone to falling out, earbuds sit outside the ear canal and leave room for lots of ambient noise to seep in, leading many of us to turn up the volume dangerously high to compensate.

It's tempting to blame Apple and its überpopular iPod — more than 240 million have been sold since 2001 — for causing widespread hearing loss. But a federal appeals court exonerated the company in December, noting that Apple puts warnings on its packaging and iTunes site and offers instructions for how to set volume limits on iPods, which can be cranked up to 115 decibels (db).

To put that into perspective: the average individual can tolerate up to eight hours of sound at 85 db — think busy city traffic — before suffering hearing damage. "For every 5 db over 85 db, the exposure time before irreversible damage gets cut in half," says Beth Orliss, an audiologist in New York City. To sell iPods in France, Apple had to max out the volume at 100 db, which, by the way, is as loud as a motorcycle engine.

Setting volume limits is a good idea, but it won't block outside sounds. In-ear monitors (IEM) are better at isolating noise than earbuds are because they are inserted into the ear canal. Several mass-market brands, which range in price from $39 to $399, use gummy-bear-like coverings that can be squished into place. But the sound quality still isn't perfect, in part because, like earbuds, IEMs are too small to house complex audio circuits.

So what's the best solution? Custom-made IEMs. Get a licensed audiologist to take molds of your ears and send them to JH Audio. "The audio signature is tuned to the individual's ear-canal size and shape, allowing us to tune the audio for time, phase and accuracy," says founder Jerry Harvey, whose clients include Bon Jovi and Lady Gaga.
His boutique in Apopka, Fla., makes custom IEMs that start at $400, which might sound like a lot of money, but they fit perfectly and come with a two-year warranty. (Other makers of high-end IEMs offer only one year.) Harvey will even customize the exteriors with a choice of dozens of colors, and he also offers the option to inlay any image sent via JPEG.

"Ears are like fingerprints — everyone's are different," he says. If comfort isn't reason enough to persuade you to make the switch, then consider this: keep cranking up the volume on your crappy earbuds, and your next fitting could be for a hearing aid.

Food Flight

By Deirdre van Dyk Monday, Apr. 26, 2010

Virgin America Readers' surveys give Virgin top scores for onboard fare. The avocado hummus on this tapas plate is ridiculously good. Price: $9 Drew Morris

Delta Restaurateur Todd English tops his trendy roast-beef sliders with fried onions, and although there's too much bun, they don't get stale or soggy. Price: $8 Danny Kim
United Airlines can't get too wacky with their menus; a crowd pleaser like chicken Caesar salad with hard-to-wilt romaine is a safe bet. Price: $9 Danny Kim

AirTran Free brand-name snacks are a beloved feature on JetBlue. You can score a Little Debbie creme pie on AirTran if you upgrade to business. Price: Free Danny Kim

Airlines keep coming up with creative ways to tick people off. Spirit Airlines announced this month that it will start charging passengers as much as $45 to bring a carry-on bag. RyanAir is getting ready to install coin-operated toilets. But there may be at least one upside to the current extra-fee-ganza: better airline food.

The buy-onboard movement has inspired airlines to upgrade their menus. Some have teamed with celebrity chefs, others with national chains. Come fall, Continental Airlines, which had been the last major holdout, will stop offering free food on domestic coach flights and start charging for what it promises will be more appetizing fare. Even JetBlue, while not giving up its gratis Terra chips, is testing a pay menu. The twin goal is to generate profits and customer satisfaction as Virgin America has done with its microbrews and freshly muddled mojitos. David Johnson, a mechanical engineer in San Francisco, recently paid $40 more for his Virgin ticket than the price a competitor would have charged him. "I would say I fly Virgin 50% for the food and 50% for the wi-fi and the atmosphere," says Johnson, who dropped $17 on a cross-country flight for a Black Star beer and a chicken tarragon wrap.

But airline food, regardless of the quality, used to cost passengers nothing. In a 2009 Zagat airline survey, only 19% of respondents said they would be willing to pay for snacks on domestic flights. George Hobica
of Airfarewatchdog shares their reluctance. "I went on Amtrak's Acela train and had this lime mousse that was so good, I tried to make it at home," he says. "If they can do it well, why can't airlines?"

Planes are tricky because of the cabin pressure and lack of humidity. That may explain Hobica's less than glowing review of the Boston Market chicken sandwich he had on a recent American Airlines flight. "It wasn't horrible," he says. "But it was dry."

Dryness can be a problem, admits Peter Wilander, Delta's head of onboard services, who says the airline abandoned an almond-butter and jelly sandwich in part because it couldn't get the consistency of the bread right. Airlines have to factor in other issues, including messiness (Virgin rejected a chocolate bar that shed flakes that stuck to the seats) and smell (Delta recently experimented with tuna fish and found it can work if it's cut with lemon).

The constraints can be difficult even for celebrity chefs like Todd English, who has created a few signature dishes for Delta's menu. He wants to add foods that get better as they age, like soups and chili. "We just have to find the right thermos," he says.

"Airline food was really awful for a while, but eight out of the last 10 meals I've had have been pretty good," says Aliya Khan, a platinum-level American Airlines frequent flyer. Khan, a designer, was pleasantly surprised that, after sprinting across the Dallas airport to catch a flight, she could buy yogurt and fruit for $3 on the plane. "I think they're pricing really well," Khan says of the airline's $8-to-$10 sandwiches. "In the airport, it's $8, and it's crappy."
Though busy and successful as an international lawyer, Noëlle Lenoir has enhanced her résumé over the past 15 years by serving as an expert on ethics for the European Commission, teaching at Columbia University's law school, serving as the French Minister of European Affairs, chairing a department at France's leading business school and deliberating on historic legal rulings as a member of France's Constitutional Council — roughly equivalent to the U.S. Supreme Court. Only in 2008 did Lenoir take on an even more élite role, when she joined the board of insurance group Generali.

Lenoir is in the vanguard of a new wave of women in the boardrooms of European corporations, which are being prodded by both legal and social pressure to add women to their boards. "People have to recognize there's something wrong with virtually all companies being presided, managed and directed by men," says Lenoir. "The exclusion of women is robbing businesses and society of a lot of talent and perspective they could be benefiting from merely by letting the other half of the population in the room."

That enduring European gender imbalance has led Norway to mandate that 40% of directorships go to women — a legal quota that other governments also are rolling out. It's not going to happen organically. A comparison of surveys indicates that women make up less than 9% of boards in France's leading firms, compared with about 12% in the U.K., 13% in Germany and 8% in Spain. E.U.-wide, women made up less than 10% of top boards in 2009. That trails the 15% figure in the U.S. — where a quota is a nonstarter — and drops to just over 9% once Norway's female board members are factored out.

Why hasn't the balance improved over the past couple of decades? That question provokes a fierce
debate about women's career priorities and the cultural and social norms in any society or nation. And then there's the simple fact that men can get away with the status quo. "Men just don't see what professional or personal advantage they gain by relinquishing board or management positions of power to women, so they don't," says Caroline de la Marnierre, president of the Capitalcom consultancy in Paris, which specializes in diversity issues in business leadership.

That's exactly what led Norway to pass legislation in 2003 requiring state-owned and publicly traded companies to increase the number of women on their boards from an average of nearly 7% to at least 40% by the start of 2009 — or risk being shut down. The result: female representation on Norwegian boards sits at 44%, a number that seems to be inspiring other male-bound European nations to do likewise. Spain and the Netherlands have passed similar laws due to take effect in 2015 and 2016, respectively, and France is set to pass legislation requiring female board presence to increase incrementally to at least 40% by 2016.

The very threat of gender quotas is bound to help get things moving. "There's a massive fear in business that governments will legislate the problem if companies don't sort out the issue on their own, and that's inspiring the beginning of change in some countries," says Ruth Sealy, senior research fellow and deputy director of the International Centre for Women Leaders at England's Cranfield School of Management. She says social and cultural factors, along with traditional segregation of the sexes in various professions, explain why male domination has endured for so long — and why some countries may face a relative shortage of qualified female managers.

That's not the case in the U.S. and the U.K. "Corporate U.K. and corporate America may have been created by men for men, but today there's simply too large a pipeline of qualified women just below board and management level to shut them out anymore," Sealy says. "And in a place like the U.K., getting just 100 more women on corporate boards alone would completely change the business and cultural landscape."

That's already happened in Norway, where the 40% quota has prompted CEOs to replace ossifying board members with younger, better-educated women, says Marit Hoel, CEO and founder of the Center for Corporate Diversity, a research organization in Oslo. "And because companies had to recruit beyond their usual, male-dominated insider networks, they wound up scrutinizing women candidates more carefully than usual to get the best ones out there," she explains.

Management experts caution that it's still too early to draw any conclusions about how the female influx has worked out. One University of Michigan study of Norway's law indicated an average 20% drop in corporate-governance ratings among companies that brought in new, relatively inexperienced women. Some analysts suggest that was more a consequence of markets' viewing any changes imposed on businesses as destabilizing, rather than of any real management impact. Surveys elsewhere suggest companies with higher percentages of women in leadership roles tend to perform better and enjoy more stability than their male-dominated rivals.

Her appointment notwithstanding, Lenoir supports the pending French legislation to establish gender quotas in the boardrooms of a nation whose strict egalitarian ideology traditionally shuns affirmative
action. She says such quotas will give more women the corporate opportunities she enjoys and thinks the changes that stem from them will be more clear-cut than some experts believe. "One of the ways women are different from men is that we're more inclined to factor in social responsibilities and objectives along with business objectives and bottom lines," Lenoir says. "More women will alter the myopic financier thinking now dominating boards."

Quota proponents also argue that gender balance in the boardroom is just a starting point. Companies need greater diversity than they have with the privileged, elitist, close-knit and emphatically male executive cliques now in place, argues Sealy. "We'll never know if Lehman Brothers might have avoided collapse if it had been Lehman Sisters, but a wider range of perspectives and opinions in its leadership would have made it less likely that inordinate risk and bad decisions would have been taken." Europe may get a chance to answer that line of inquiry in a couple of years, when women are calling the shots.

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**HP vs. Everybody**

*By KATHLEEN KINGSBURY Monday, Apr. 26, 2010*

Be inconspicuous. If there’s one tenet of the legendary corporate culture known as the HP Way that CEO Mark Hurd has mastered, that’s it. Known as a numbers guy who shirks the limelight, Hurd has practically channeled founding fathers Dave Packard and Bill Hewlett in his focus on how best to arm his 300,000-plus employees — and then get out of their way.

No wonder, then, that HP’s recent strategy to take on all comers has put some of its biggest rivals on the defensive. Just ask Dell, which HP leapfrogged to become the world’s largest PC maker. Or IBM and Cisco, whose respective IT consulting and networking supremacies Hurd has in his sights. Even Apple isn’t immune; HP’s forthcoming Slate tablet has been hailed as the best potential iPad killer out there.
HP, of course, is no underdog. The Silicon Valley institution's newfound swagger is backed by results: it has been the biggest player in the $1.7 trillion technology market for nearly five years. Earnings have grown, on average, 55% annually since 2005; last year the firm's net earnings were $7.7 billion on revenue of $115 billion.

Indeed, under Hurd's watch, HP has worked to transform itself from an underperforming printer manufacturer into a profitable IT-services supermarket. What's more, the company has proved it is ready to trim where needed, dive quickly into promising new arenas and, when necessary, acquire the means to go head to head with formidable foes. "In a short time, Mark has identified opportunities worth trillions of dollars, convinced his people to go after them and led the pursuit with vigor and financial acumen," says Robert Burgelman, a Stanford University professor who has studied HP closely for the past 11 years. "He has an incredible ability to see value where others don't."

Data is what everyone in the geek world that HP inhabits is eyeing at the moment. Or more precisely, how users — whether they're Fortune 500 companies, garage bands or housewives — access, store and consume millions of megabytes of electronic information each day. Thanks to innovations such as smart phones and cloud computing, getting customers the data they need quickly and efficiently has become an increasingly complex and valuable proposition for HP and its competitors. Consider, for instance, that consumers are expected to buy 30% more netbooks and slate PCs in 2010, boosting the total to more than 40 million sold. "Every single firm is going after that next billion users," Needham & Co. analyst Richard Kugele says. "They have the potential to generate a surge in storage and infrastructure unlike the world has ever seen."

That HP could be a contender to lead this charge would have been unthinkable five years ago. Sure, the HP legend is still the alpha start-up story: in 1939, Hewlett and Packard, two Stanford-trained engineers, launched the business from a rented Palo Alto, Calif., garage. And despite a beginning in automatic urinal flushers and harmonica tuners, the pair went on to develop a business in test instruments like oscilloscopes. They also invented the pocket calculator, the ink-jet printer and the basic user's manual for the Silicon Valley companies that followed.

Yet as HP got bigger, it began to lose its innovative edge. So in 1999 the HP board hired firebrand CEO Carly Fiorina from Lucent Technologies (she's now a GOP candidate for the U.S. Senate in California) to stage a comeback. Fiorina's vision made her a darling of HP directors, investors and media. She even spun off Dave and Bill's test-instrument division.

Execution was not, however, a strong suit. Her strengths and weaknesses were on display in the tumultuous 2002 acquisition of PC manufacturer Compaq. Although making the deal may have been strategically shrewd, Fiorina couldn't deliver its promise of bringing HP more market share at lower cost. She was forced out in early 2005, concluding one of the most dramatic corporate soap operas ever witnessed.

Hurd took over Fiorina's game plan. He was, to many, the anti-Carly — a finance hawk who'd perfected his operational prowess and Midwestern sensibility as CEO of Ohio-based ATM manufacturer NCR, once known as National Cash Register, another tech company with a long pedigree. "Whereas Carly
tended to do brilliant Hail Marys that didn't quite connect, Mark was an execution master," says Rob Enderle, a tech analyst in San Jose, Calif. "He basically took Carly's strategy and finally got it done."

Hurd quickly stopped work on product lines like televisions where HP wasn't already either No. 1 or No. 2. Next he consolidated the data centers from which HP conducted its operations, going from 85 to six. Once the financial crisis hit, Hurd slashed salaries across the board, including his own by 20%. "In an environment like this, there's no margin for error and no tolerance for inaction," Hurd wrote in a staff memo last year.

Meanwhile, Hurd has turned strategist. His goal? To integrate HP's operations so fully that its customers could fulfill all their printing, computing, connectivity and tech-service needs in one stop. HP has beefed up its 20,000-strong sales force and targeted its attention on the top 2,000 firms worldwide. The company has just launched a $40 million rebranding campaign, complete with a new tagline: "Let's Do Amazing." "We're entering an era where the primary thing is going to be services," says HP strategy chief Shane Robison. "And we want to be there to provide the necessary infrastructure."

So as other companies were scaling back in the past two years, HP was on the hunt for bargains. Hurd found his first in August 2008, when HP spent $13.9 billion to buy the languishing infotech-consulting giant Electronic Data Systems (EDS), a direct play against high-end-services leader IBM. Then last November, HP announced it would pay $2.7 billion for networking concern 3Com, a means to rile Cisco as well as expand HP's footprint in the rapidly growing China market, where 3Com is strong. About 70% of HP's business is overseas.

Unseating Dell is one thing; usurping IBM or Cisco remains a longer shot. But HP clearly has their attention. After nearly a year of very public infighting, Cisco finally booted HP from its privileged-partner circle in February, cutting off all proprietary information. Speaking on a corporate blog, Cisco exec Keith Goodwin minced few words: "We are taking this action to be transparent to both partners and customers — we will compete with HP for future business."

At home, Hurd has had to reconcile his drive for efficiency with HP's legacy of letting the geeks in R&D roam freely. Innovation, after all, is what tech companies do. And critics note that HP's $17 billion in overall R&D investment since 2004 has dwindled as a percentage of its growing sales.

To take on this balancing act, Hurd hired research director and former academic Prith Banerjee in 2007. Banerjee undertook a full-scale overhaul of HP Labs, a longtime oasis for HP tinkerers and their outlandish ideas. To his astonishment, Banerjee found his new researchers sprawled across as many as 150 ongoing projects.

"The key change we made was to take our brilliant scientists and sharpen their focus around a much smaller pool of big bets," Banerjee says. Of these 21 projects, he adds, "we set a high bar that every single one must have the potential to [generate] $1 billion — plus in revenue for HP."

But are these research priorities the right ones? The much hyped Slate, for example, still has no rollout date. Plus, despite its thirst for expansion, HP has a ways to go in key niches such as smart phones, software and storage. "HP will tell you that it doesn't want to compete with its partners — Microsoft,
Oracle, SAP," says Forrester Research analyst Frank Gillett. "But software has pretty high margins to simply be left on the table."

Still, HP hasn't shied away from using scale to its advantage, something the company has relied on its partners to achieve. Indeed, HP and Microsoft in January announced a new $250 million pact to sell their hardware, software and services bundled. While the deal itself was not groundbreaking, the notion that Microsoft and HP salespeople will now push one another's products almost exclusively is sure to aggravate the likes of Dell, Cisco and IBM. And maybe that's the new HP way.

Kraft's Sweet Tooth

By BARBARA KIVIAT Monday, Apr. 26, 2010

Kraft CEO Irene Rosenfeld

Todd Rosenberg

Kraft Foods' hostile bid for British confectioner Cadbury has been making headlines since last fall. But the maker of Jell-O, Maxwell House and Miracle Whip, based in Northfield, Ill., offers a broader story too: what people around the world are eating. TIME's Barbara Kiviat spoke with CEO Irene Rosenfeld.

Can you see economic recovery based on the sorts of foods people are buying?

We have a number of products that offer very good value — brands like Macaroni and Cheese, Oscar Mayer cold cuts and powdered drinks like Kool-Aid. Those were very good products in the throes of the recession, and we're continuing to see growth.
So people aren't trading up?
Not yet. We're continuing to see tremendous value consciousness on the part of most consumers around the world.

How does the recovery vary?
We are seeing signs of stability in the U.S. We've seen a nice rebound in many of our markets in the Asia-Pacific region and in Latin America, with the exception of Venezuela. The challenges continue to be in Western Europe, particularly France and Spain, and in Eastern Europe, particularly countries like Poland and Russia, where we see softness in GDP and very high levels of unemployment.

So why did you buy Cadbury?
Both gum and chocolate tend to have faster growth rates. The second benefit is that it greatly expands our geographic footprint, particularly in developing markets. This gives us a much stronger presence in markets like Mexico and a footprint in markets like India, which allows us to have an infrastructure through which we can put a number of our other snacking products. Thirdly, where Kraft is very strong in traditional grocery channels, Cadbury is very strong in impulse channels like convenience stores.

People ranging from Warren Buffett to British parliamentarians have knocked the Cadbury sale. How do you deal with that?
It's not a very comfortable position to be in the public spotlight, but most important, one has to decide what's right for the company. We laid out what we thought we could do to help accelerate growth, and one of those things was the acquisition of Cadbury.

What do you see America eating more of?
We're seeing the greatest growth in our snacking, confectionery and quick-meal products. Cookies, crackers, brands like Oreo continue to grow at a double-digit rate. I think that's indicative of the fact that people continue to be on the go and are looking for quick treats. Also, better-for-you kinds of products. We increasingly find that the lower-sugar, lower-fat versions of our products are experiencing very attractive growth rates.

How much responsibility do companies like yours bear for America's obesity epidemic?
Childhood obesity is a serious problem, but it is a very complex issue. Our role is to help the consumer make informed choices. We launched a 25%-reduced-sugar Capri Sun this past year. We continue to make sure our lower-fat salad dressings and cheeses taste terrific so that consumers feel good eating those products. We recently announced a 10% reduction in salt across our North American portfolio over the next two years. At the same time, we have technologies that can add whole grain to a number of our products without compromising taste.

How do you know what people will want to buy next?
One of the best ways is by studying restaurant menus. That's typically a leading indicator of what consumers are eating. If you go on our website, you'll find recipes for restaurant-inspired meals. For example, we have a whole program around using Philadelphia cream cheese to make Alfredo and other white sauces, since that's a growing trend in the restaurant world.
In the age of Hulu.com and the iPad, where do you spend your advertising dollars?
We spend a lot of time talking about who the target is for a particular product and what their lifestyle looks like. For products where we think we have more teenaged audiences, we are much more focused on digital media. We've made some significant investments in aggregate in our advertising spending over the past couple of years, at a time when many peer companies were reducing their investment. We recognized that the recession was not going to last forever, and this was an opportunity for strong companies to get stronger.
10 Questions for Diane Sawyer

How do journalists refrain from showing emotion while covering overwhelming events? — Denise Johnsen, Kaysville, Utah

I don't think we do refrain. I think you can see it in our eyes, but we also know they are the story. We are not the story. Our feelings are not the story.

Were you worried that sticking with President Nixon during his resignation might hurt your career? — Francis Bova III, Chicago

I didn't even think of it. No kidding. Not a minute. I guess my reflexes had been trained by my father. You don't get to be there for the good times and walk away when the times get bad.

Do you regret not having children? When you were younger, was it ever a choice between career and family? — Jeana Lagasca, St. Johns, Fla.

I've always thought that was a curious idea — that if you have more time, then you decide to have children. That's not the way it happens. I have stepchildren, and I have — what do the Quakers say? — a basket filled with children whom I adore. I wish I'd met my husband earlier [though]. That would've been great.

Your husband, Mike Nichols, should make a movie about you and cast Meryl Streep. What do you think about that idea? — Syed Qadeer, Chicago

Once, I was in a department store, and all these people gathered around me and told me they loved me in Out of Africa. She can have it. It's hers if she wants it.

What stories have you covered that still resonate? — Hollie Jankewicz, Torrington, Wyo.

The miners in West Virginia. I've covered them before, and I know a lot about that region because that's where my ancestors came through. I am deeply moved by the choice to work three miles [4.8 km] inside a mine [to support your family]. Before that, Haiti. I still have this image in my mind of people who had to
get back to work. They had to make a living, and they had to get there by stepping over the bodies of neighbors, of friends.

**What has been your most difficult interview so far?** — *Rome Ibera, Dumont, N.J.*

Admiral Hyman Rickover. He was in his 80s at the time. He's the father of the nuclear Navy, and he famously tried to destabilize you when you were in his presence. I introduced [the segment] by saying how brilliant he was, and he said, "It's not that I'm so smart. It's that you're so dumb." And that's how we began.

**Since you moved from Good Morning America to the anchor chair, your tone and style have become more aggressive, negative and edgy. Why is that?** — *Bob Gordon, Dallas*

I don't think [they have]. There's a difference in the material we're dealing with in the evening than in the morning. Negative? No. But if it's seen that way, I hope it's seen as purposeful. We do believe that our job is to keep digging until we get an answer.

**What kind of stories make you think, This is why I love being a journalist?** — *Bhusan Kafle, Boston*

I feel that way every day. Is that obnoxious? I get to go to work and come home with something interesting or enriching or astonishing. I'm sure it sounds irredeemably optimistic, but it's true.

**What is the weirdest thing you ever had to do for a story?**

Karina Ramirez, Dallas

I made my way into the Russian White House in the middle of a coup attempt when [Boris] Yeltsin was President. No one was being allowed in the building. I went up, and the guard said women would not be allowed in the building. And I said, "I'm not a woman. I'm an American journalist." There was a momentary perplexed look on his face, and he said, "O.K." It worked. Sometimes a non sequitur is as good as strategy.

**If you weren't a journalist today, what would you be doing?** — *Alicia Tan, Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia*

I would probably be auditioning for some sad-song piano bar, since I have a very bizarre and eccentric attachment to really sad songs. Leonard Cohen and Tom Waits are a little too happy and sunny for me.
LETTERS

Inbox

The iPad Cometh

Bravo for having Stephen Fry write that existential piece--both an unabashed encomium and an evenhanded review--about the iPad [April 12]. As with a lover, Fry concedes his unbridled infatuation, acknowledging the iPad's faults but choosing to overlook them. Love's blind, but who's perfect? If the iPad makes people feel more fulfilled, why the hell not?

Anya Chi, SIMSBURY, CONN.

O.K., I get it already! Steve Jobs is a genius, and the iPad is a window into the future of computing. I admire Jobs. I even like Stephen Fry. But couldn't you have sent someone a little less genuflecting? I read TIME for its in-depth coverage of news that gets short shrift elsewhere. I'd rather not have to check to see if I'm reading Macworld.

Robert Perez, BELLEVUE, WASH.

What's in That Bottle May Hurt You

Thank you for covering the issue of plastics and their effect on our health [April 12]. I wish it had been the cover. I am disturbed that I misunderstood the recycling label on various plastic products as something good (it has a recycling symbol on it!) when in reality it means that the product contains a problematic chemical that may affect multiple generations in the form of birth defects and cancers. We have to get educated; this affects all of us.

Mani Maheshwari, CARY, N.C.

Given that dangerous chemicals are found in so many products, we should prioritize tips for consumer change as we wait for tighter regulation by the Environmental Protection Agency. At the top of the list should be teaching about plastics containing bisphenol A that are used for food consumption, including baby bottles and meal containers. As a nursing student, I find simple tips--washing and reusing can increase chemical leaching, and exposing certain plastics to heat can be dangerous--can go a long way.

Nicole Adelman, SAN FRANCISCO

The obvious answer is to return to glass, abandoned because it was too expensive to transport. Not manufacturing plastic would save money too. Wake up, America!

Carolyn Bradley, BULLHEAD CITY, ARIZ.

Please Don't Puff Up Palin
I couldn't believe the fluff piece "It's Her Party Now" on Sarah Palin [April 12]. To suggest that Palin's take on health care—or any other issue, for that matter—is worth consideration is ludicrous. What's next? Tori Spelling for President?

Samuel Bennett, CORVALLIS, ORE.

It is disturbing that Palin's political style seems to be limited to taunting and verbal vitriol. Yes, our Constitution guarantees us many freedoms, including freedom of speech. But with all of our freedoms comes responsibility. Palin's manner of inciting crowds with seditious remarks aimed at those she does not agree with shows a serious lack of responsibility.

Roxanne Rowley, MANISTEE, MICH.

Where Have All the Fallen Soldiers Gone?

Thank you for the touching article "Coming Home" [April 12]. My heart breaks for the widow of Staff Sergeant William Ricketts, and I was saddened to read that the media are not so interested in covering these final trips. If the families agree, we should cover all fallen heroes. Maybe public opinion will be a force to end these wars.

Jacqualine Chappuis, STOCKTON, CALIF.

How disturbing that Ricketts was on his fifth tour of duty since joining the Army after 9/11. How could the Defense Department, Congress and the Bush and Obama administrations continue to allow this small number of troops and their families to carry the human burden of this war that will not end and cannot be justified?

Roger Franke, BURNSVILLE, MINN.

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A Date With Beauty

美丽不只一面，心动不止一刻

粉紅小鋪

美丽不只一面，心动不止一刻

有爱，有生活，有美丽。如果你了解我的内心，你会发现你所见只是我的一小部分。