

The Young and the Jobless / Chocolate Genomics

# Newsweek

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# THE LADY VANISHES

HOW **CHINA'S** ONE-CHILD LAW  
BACKFIRED ON MEN

# Newsweek

## FEATURES



### *GENDER IMBALANCE: HOW CHINA'S ONE- CHILD LAW BACKFIRED ON MEN*

China's one-child policy has had one unlikely aftereffect: empowering women.



*IN FIGHT AGAINST EBOLA,  
FRONT-LINE HEALTH  
WORKERS RISKED  
THEIR LIVES  
AND NEVER GOT PAID*

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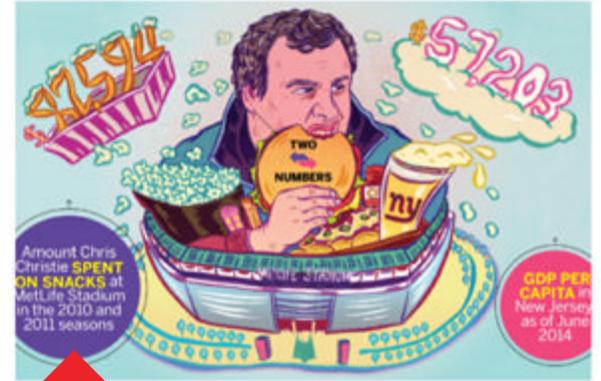
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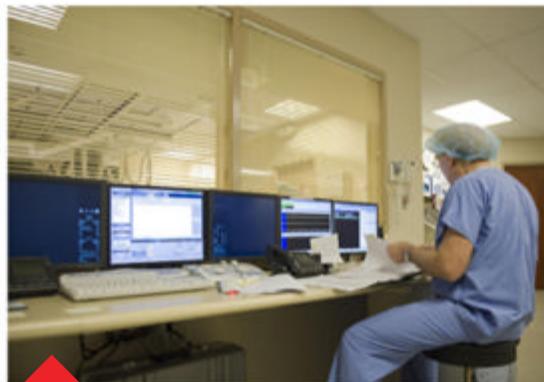
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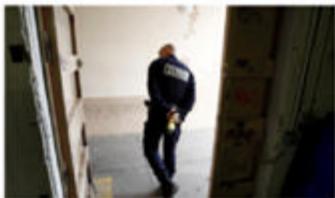
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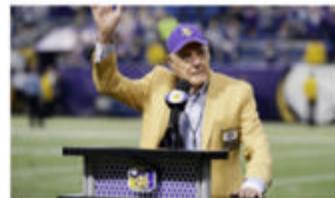
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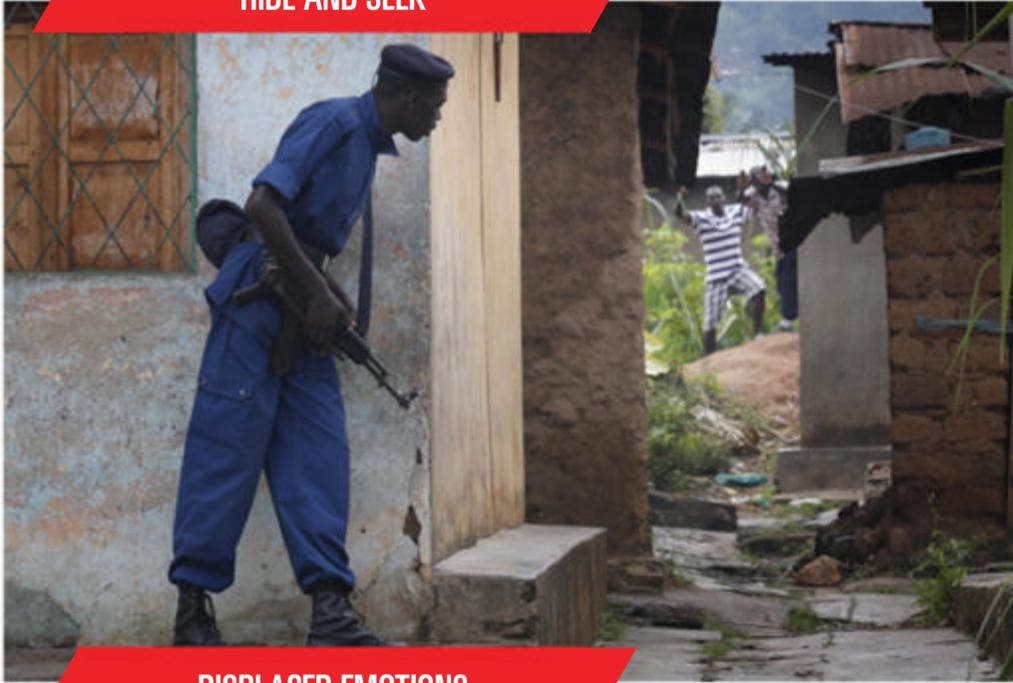
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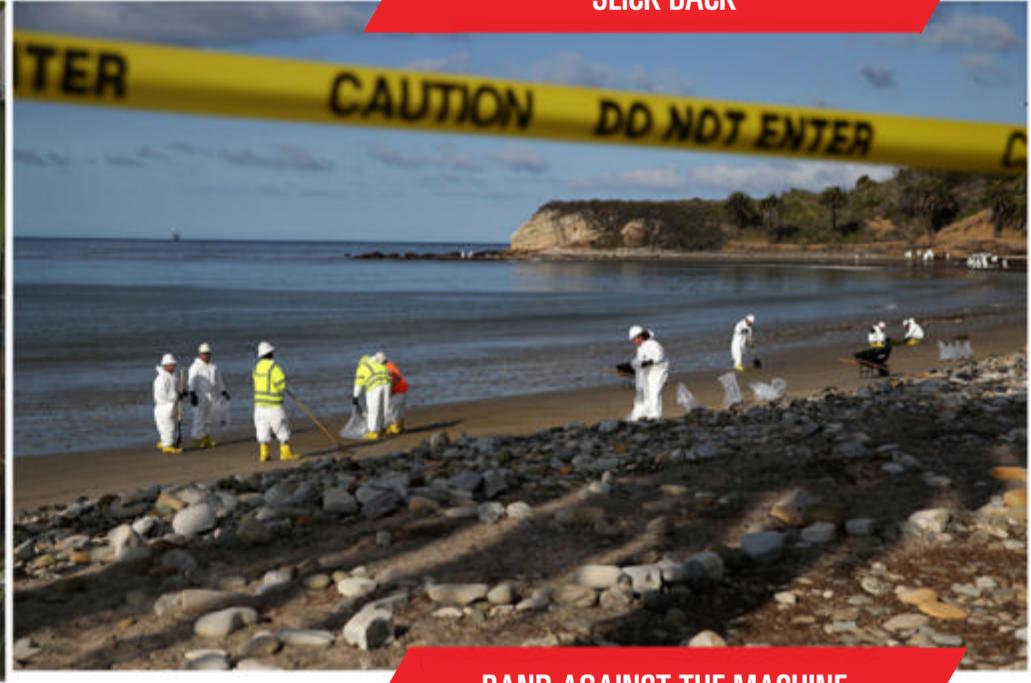
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# BIG SHOTS

HIDE AND SEEK



SLICK BACK



DISPLACED EMOTIONS



RAND AGAINST THE MACHINE





Mark Henley/Panos

***GENDER IMBALANCE:  
HOW CHINA'S ONE-  
CHILD LAW BACKFIRED  
ON MEN***

**CHINA'S ONE-CHILD POLICY HAS HAD ONE UNLIKELY  
AFTEREFFECT: EMPOWERING WOMEN.**

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Zhang Wei, a 29-year-old male resident of Beijing, is at first glance an unlikely exemplar for the power of women in modern China. But hear him out. A junior executive at a state-owned energy company, Zhang has not yet been able to

save enough money to afford a decent apartment in Beijing, where prices have pretty much gone straight up since he entered the workforce seven years ago. So Zhang says he saves nearly 30 percent of his salary every month and is hoping prices decline a bit so he can buy in the next year or two. “I am,” he concedes, “a little bit crazed by the idea.”

Why would a young professional male be obsessed with buying an apartment in a market a lot of people think is already overpriced? “Because,” he says, “I’d like to get married and start a family. My parents are really pressuring me. And if I don’t own an apartment, that’s really hard.”

Cut to a fashionable restaurant in Shanghai, where four women—friends from college, also young professionals—are having a drink after work. They could be cast in the Chinese version of *Sex and the City*: All are single and in their late 20s or early 30s. Tell them the tale of the thrifty Zhang, and they all smile. “I wouldn’t even go out with a guy who didn’t own a house, never mind marry him,” says Hua Feng, triggering laughter from her friends, who then debate the pros and cons of Zhang, even though they’ve never met him.



*Young women deep in discussion at a table in a Beijing nightclub. Women are in the demographic driver's seat in China, and they will be for years to come.* Credit: Mark Henley/Panos

Is the fact that he works for a state-owned company a plus or a minus? “It means he’s more stable, his company won’t go out of business, he’ll always have a job,” says Hua. “That’s good.”

“Yes,” chimes in Li Junling, an advertising executive, “but he’ll never make a lot of money either. Who knows? Maybe he’ll never have enough to buy a nice apartment.”

But when will they get married? After all, by traditional Chinese standards, they are running out of time. Aren’t their grandchild-desiring parents putting heat on them?

“I feel like when it comes to [marriage] there’s no real rush,” says Li. “I don’t really feel pressure. I think time is on my side actually.” Her friends nod in agreement.

Li is right. The reason young urban women in China these days are putting off marriage—working longer than they might have in the past, and earning more—is because they can. The simple fact is that they—not their male counterparts, like poor old Zhang in Beijing—are in the

demographic driver's seat in China, and they will be for years to come. For a generation now, the number of boys being born in China has greatly outstripped the number of girls. This gender imbalance reached a peak of 1.22 to 1 in 2008, and is now about 1.16 to 1. By 2020, the National State Population and Family Planning Commission projects that males of marrying age will outnumber females by at least 30 million.

Historically, China has been a patriarchal culture in which the subjugation of women is symbolized most cruelly by the phenomenon of bound feet, a practice that didn't disappear entirely until the early 20th century. And it remains a male-dominated society today, never mind that ever since the ruling Communist Party came to power in 1949 it has trumpeted a phrase attributed to Mao Zedong: "Women hold up half the sky." Indeed, the demographic imbalance between men and women speaks to just how male-dominated it remains. The combination of China's one child policy and the advent of sonograms has meant that families who preferred a son could get what they wanted, aborting unwanted girls. The gender imbalance is a function of what Lauren Johnston, a Ph.D. student at Peking University writing a book on the subject, calls "the familial race to have an heir," greatly intensified by the one-child policy, which has been in effect since 1980.

With that backdrop, the recent progress of women within China is significant. Ever since 1995, when it hosted a high-profile United Nations conference on women's rights (attended by then-first lady Hillary Clinton) the government in Beijing has paid increasing attention to—and made some progress on—core feminist issues: access to jobs and higher education; stricter laws (and enforcement thereof) against domestic violence and sexual harassment; and more equitable divorce laws.

That there is still a long way to go is undeniable. The April arrest of five feminist activists for trying to raise

awareness of sexual harassment in the workplace triggered a storm of criticism on Chinese social media—and was an abject embarrassment for a central government that this fall is scheduled to co-host with the U.N. a global women’s summit. Too much of the all-male leadership at the very top of the Beijing government “have not an iota of an idea about the women’s rights movement,” says Wang Zheng, a longtime feminist activist in China and a professor at the University of Michigan.

But the demographic reality of modern China—that the number of boys so greatly outnumbers the girls—has far-reaching effects. And one of them—in the social sphere, in the everyday interaction between the sexes—is empowering women. In Chinese cities, the evidence of that is pretty much everywhere.



*By 2020, the National State Population and Family Planning Commission projects that in China, males of marrying age will outnumber females by at least 30 million.* Credit: Mark Henley/Panos

Consider Cai Li (who asked her real name not be used in this article), a 34-year-old marketing executive in Shanghai: She is smart, engaging, hip and attractive. She is also the divorced mother of an 8-year-old girl. When she caught her

husband, a Taiwanese businessman, philandering five years ago, she didn't hesitate. "I divorced him as soon as I could," she says. "He was shocked. He thought I wasn't serious, that I wouldn't do it because of our daughter. I said, 'You'll see.' And within a week I had filed the papers [for divorce]. And why wouldn't I? Why should I put up with that? I have parents here in Shanghai who help take care of my daughter. I had a good job. Plus, if I want to get remarried, it's not as if there's a shortage of men, even at my age, who would be interested. [My ex] was crazy to think I was going to stick around."

The only problem for Cai was that her parents sided with her ex. "They had a typical Chinese reaction. They said, 'Oh come on, he probably won't do it again. It's not that big a deal anyway,'" she says. "It was a generational attitude. When they were young, people put up with it, I guess. But I told them, not now. I was really angry. I put my foot down. ... Things are different now."

Indeed, even government officials acknowledge that the demographic chasm in China is playing a role in the steadily increasing rate of divorce—a trend especially evident in big cities like Shanghai. Nationwide, the divorce rate rose from just over 1 percent of couples in 2003 to 2.57 percent in 2013, the last year for which complete data is available. Though that is still very low by international standards, the divorce rate in urban areas, where women are far likelier to be able to support themselves, is much higher. Recent research suggests that divorce rates in Beijing and Shanghai are now over 30 percent.

The number of divorces is "going to continue to go up for the foreseeable future," says Liu Xia, a former official in China's Family Planning Commission, "partly because women now have more choices, economically and demographically."

Young Chinese women are also playing harder to get in the marriage market. Li Junling and her three single friends

in Shanghai are not outliers. Chinese women are getting married later and later. Nationwide, the average age is now 27.4, up from 26.4 in 2007. And in Shanghai last year, for the first time ever, the average age for young women to get married was over 30.



*The gender imbalance in China is greatly intensified by the one-child policy, which has been in effect since 1980. Credit: Dermot Tatlow/Panos*

While that data would seem mainly to be a problem for 20- and 30-somethings (like Zhang), government officials know the demographic imbalance has “serious and far-reaching consequences,” as Beijing’s Family Planning Commission Minister Li Bin put it last year. Researchers and law enforcement agencies believe the gender imbalance has led to increases in sex-trafficking and prostitution. It, for example, propelled an active illicit business in forcing women refugees from North Korea into arranged marriages to older, single peasant men in northeastern China.

Some prominent researchers have begun to wonder whether the gender imbalance, and the effect it has on the marriage market in China, has a bearing on some of China’s more pressing economic issues. They wonder if the behavior

of a gentleman like Zhang—desperately saving all he can so he can buy an apartment and thus impress a prospective bride—might have something to do with China’s stubbornly high household savings rate.

Wei Shang-Jin,, a former professor at Columbia University, is now the chief economist at the Asian Development Bank. In 2009, he and co-author Xiaobo Zhang, in the paper, "The Competitive Saving Motive," put forth a radical hypothesis as to why China’s savings rate was so high, and why it wasn’t coming down (as many economists have predicted it would). The high savings rate is hugely consequential. As Shang-Jin notes, China’s household savings rate affects everything from international capital flows, to its massive trade imbalance, to U.S. exports and therefore employment. Put simply, if Chinese consumers spent more and saved less, Beijing’s trading partners, the U.S. included, would sell more goods and services to them.

The standard economic story is that average Chinese save because of the absence of a solid social safety net, in particular a nationwide pension and health insurance system like Social Security and Medicare in the U.S. Wei is skeptical. He notes that in the past decade there has been significant improvement in both the national pension and health care systems. So he looked at data across several Chinese provinces that tried to correlate savings with gender imbalance. The results were striking. “We found that not only did households with sons save more than households with daughters on average, but that households with sons tend to raise their savings rate if they also happen to live in a region with a more skewed gender ratio,” Wei says.

The effect of that, he says, was even more pronounced than he expected. “Even those not competing in the marriage market must compete to buy housing, and make other significant purchases, thus pushing up the savings rate for all households.” To him the conclusion is inescapable. “None of the discussion about global imbalances has

brought family-planning policy or women's rights to the table, because many do not see these issues as related to economic policy. Our research suggests that this is a serious omission.”

That the pursuit of marriage-aged women is so intense that it might move the needle on nationwide savings rates speaks to the power of the demographic imbalance. And it also speaks to the increasing personal power that lies in the hands of young, unmarried women. In the “marriage market,” as Wei calls it, “when a young woman says jump, the young man best ask, how high?”

There is tremendous irony in that. China's gender imbalance is a moral scandal, a fact at least implicitly acknowledged by the Family Planning Commission in Beijing, which has set a goal of reducing it by the end of this year. That young women increasingly get to call the shots when it comes to love and marriage (and divorce) is one of the by-products of the imbalance. Guys like Zhang Wei may not like it. But they'd better get used to it.



Daniel Pilar/laif/Redux

*IN FIGHT AGAINST  
EBOLA, FRONT-LINE  
HEALTH WORKERS  
RISKED THEIR LIVES  
AND NEVER GOT PAID*

**LESS THAN 2 PERCENT OF ALL EBOLA DONATIONS  
WENT TO FRONT-LINE MEDICAL STAFF IN SIERRA  
LEONE.**

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Under cover of darkness, a few burial workers pried open the hospital morgue's steel doors and stole three corpses. They carried the bodies to the hospital's front gates and tossed them beside the road that bisects downtown Kenema, the third largest city in Sierra Leone.

As the sun rose, a crowd gathered around the bodies. No one admitted to dumping them, but members of the hospital's burial team, the 23 men tasked with carrying and cleaning Ebola-infected corpses, told local journalists the cadavers were a form of protest. The workers had not received the \$115 weekly in "hazard pay" they had been promised for nearly two months by supervisors, the government and donors. And they were not alone. All over the country, hundreds—if not thousands—of doctors, nurses, hospital cleaners, lab technicians and burial workers had been unpaid or underpaid, and many still are.

That silent protest took place on November 25, 2014, while hospitals throughout the country were collapsing under the weight of the deadliest Ebola outbreak in history. The men and women on the front lines, risking their lives to save the dying and protect the healthy from infection, had begun to feel duped. Millions of dollars flowed into Sierra Leone from all over the world to help tackle the crisis, but the workers' pleas to be paid were ignored.

The lack of wages was not simply a matter of corrupt officials stealing donor money. Instead, there appear to be two additional problems: First, Sierra Leone's national health system has been so underfunded for so long that it was a monumental challenge to document all the country's care workers and set up distribution channels to pay them. Second, relatively little money was reserved for local front-line staff within the national health system—less than 2 percent of \$3.3 billion in donations to fight Ebola in West Africa was earmarked for them. The vast majority of the money, donated from taxpayers of the United States, the United Kingdom and two dozen other

countries, went directly to Western agencies, more than 100 nongovernmental organizations (NGOs) and the United Nations.

While some health workers staged strikes over their mistreatment, many suppressed their anger and pressed on with their jobs. They did not want to risk their prospects of eventual pay—or the loss of employment. Indeed, the entire burial team at Kenema Government Hospital was fired after the corpse demonstration.

The day the bodies were dumped, nurse Elizabeth Kabba ignored the crowd gathered at the hospital gates, slid into her protective uniform and entered a makeshift structure of plywood and tarp, with the words “High-Risk Area” scrawled across the doorway in permanent marker. She had worked as a nurse in the Ebola ward since May, when Dr. Sheik Umar Khan, West Africa’s leading virologist, first opened its doors. Khan had recruited her, plus a dozen other nurses from the general hospital—one of the largest in the country. Back then, no one could have predicted how horrific the outbreak would be. Ebola would kill Khan and 36 other health workers at Kenema Hospital. Across the three affected countries in West Africa, 507 health workers had died of the disease as of May 6, according to the World Health Organization (WHO).



*A banner mourning the death of doctor Sheik Umar Khan is on display at Kenema government hospital. Credit: Carl De Souza/AFP/Getty*

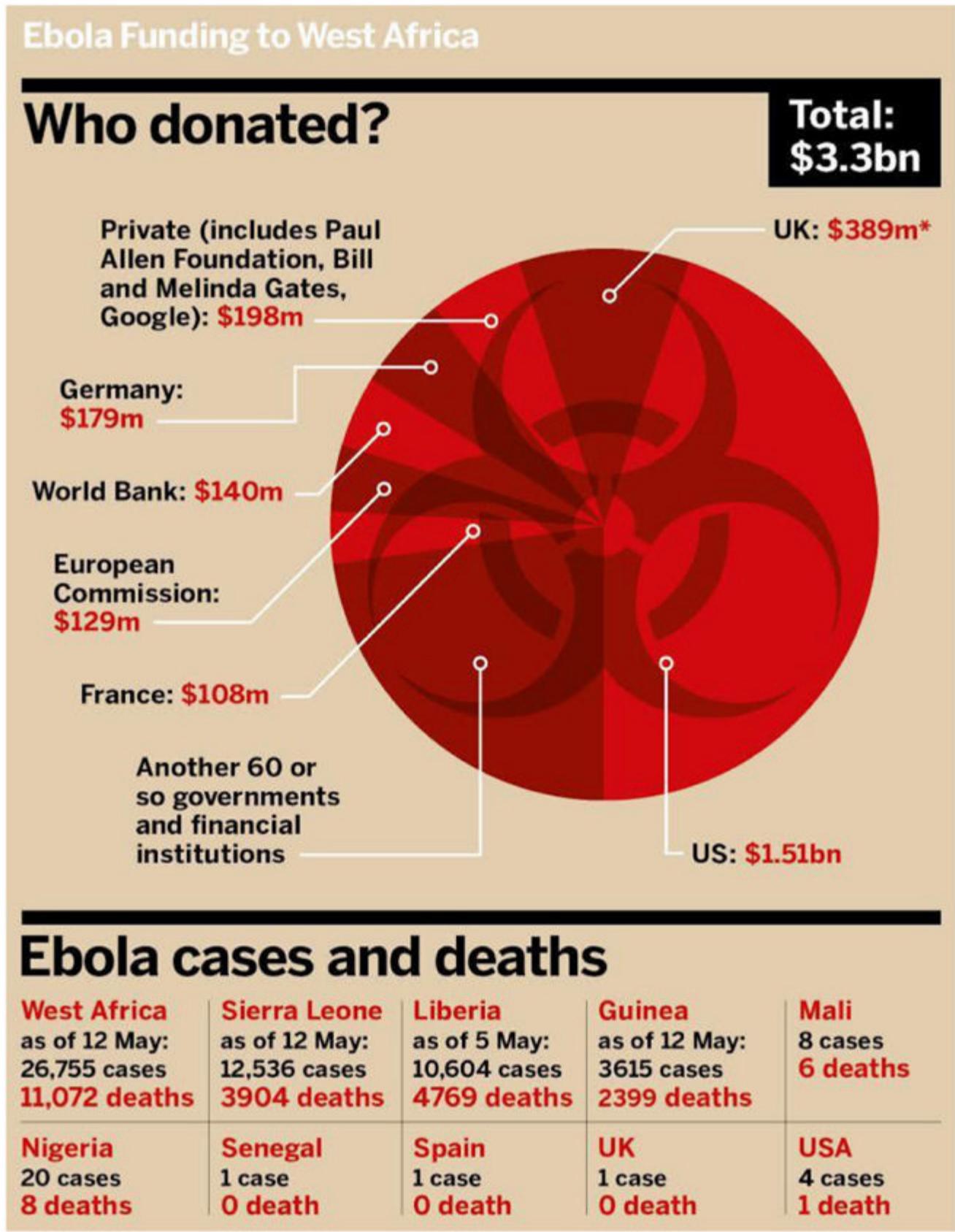
When I visited Kenema Hospital in February, graffiti on one wall of the Ebola isolation area read: “Please pay us.” By then, Kabba had cared for more than 420 Ebola patients and lost several friends. She also had not received most of the \$92 weekly allowances she’d been promised since September. Nurses around the country were in similar positions. “We hear about money pouring in, but it is not getting to us,” Kabba said. “People are eating the money, people who do not come here. We are pleading nationwide. We have sacrificed our lives.”

### THE WALKING DEAD

When Ebola crept across Guinea’s porous border and into eastern Sierra Leone, it was the national health workers who responded. By July 2014, Khan’s Ebola ward at Kenema Hospital had more than 100 patients. With a nearly 70 percent chance of a swift, painful death, people perished in their beds and on the floor; nurses climbed over corpses to reach other patients crying out for help. Invalids died while nurses rehydrated them, and cleaners wiped infectious fluids

from their bodies. “I’d stay by their beds and pray for their lives to help them cope,” said Miriam Conteh, one of the nurses in Kenema. “I’d lie and tell them I was once an Ebola patient, and that I survived and they can too.”

On July 29, Ebola killed Khan. His death reverberated throughout West Africa, but it was felt most strongly at Kenema Hospital. “He was the captain of the ship, and when he died, everything changed,” said James Massally, the hospital’s lab director. “The attitude of workers, nurses, technicians—everyone was terrified.”



*Funding figures from FTS OCHA report as of May 15 2015; Ebola cases and deaths data from WHO; \*UK figure source: DFID Credit: Newsweek*

To keep public clinics and hospitals staffed, the government promised hazard pay to health workers. Prior to the outbreak, nurses who were lucky enough to find paying jobs in the national health system usually earned about \$130 per month—less than motorcycle taxi drivers. Many who weren't yet on payroll worked for free until a job opened. To get by, nurses sold goods on the side or charged patients

extra. So when the bonuses were announced, thousands of nurses and other staff volunteered. Those treating Ebola patients directly were to get about \$115 per week on top of their meager salaries; those in Ebola triage units, \$92; and nurses in general wards, \$46.

It soon became clear, however, that Sierra Leone could not afford to pay the staff needed to hold back the rising tide of Ebola. At Kenema Hospital, WHO contributed to hazard pay funds for a couple of weeks and recruited a handful of international health workers to help. Nahid Bhadelia, an infectious disease physician from Boston University, arrived in August to find fliers commemorating dead nurses and lab technicians hung on the walls—and a facility without rubber gloves, plastic Tyvek suits and other necessary safety equipment. “So you’re not getting paid, your friends are dying and you have nothing to protect yourself. We couldn’t get anything into the country because commercial shippers stopped flying,” she said. “At one point, we created aprons out of tarps.”



*Kenema, one of the key battlefronts for Ebola in West Africa, was one of the hardest hit by the epidemic, accounting for a lion's share of Sierra Leone's deaths to the contagion.* Credit: Amy Maxmen for Newsweek

In August, after nearly 1,000 people had died of Ebola, WHO declared a world health emergency and the process of organizing and funding an international campaign to fight the contagion began. The world's largest donors searched for organizations to deliver their aid. But that took time, because few NGOs specialized in emergency clinical care, and the rare ones that did, like Doctors Without Borders, were stretched to capacity. In the meantime, the death toll in the three hard-hit countries—Sierra Leone, Guinea and Liberia—tripled. By October 1, it included 3,330 people.

In November, the World Bank, along with the African Development Bank, offered to cover the rising cost of hazard pay. Almost immediately, the World Bank noticed signs of corruption. When it looked at the lists of front-line staff created by officials in Sierra Leone's Ministry of Health, it discovered "ghost workers"—aliases, family members and mistakes in enumeration. "The lists were bloated, and it pointed to some malfeasance," said Sheriff Mahmud Ismail, a communications officer with the World Bank in Sierra Leone.

In response, the World Bank suggested using an e-pay system in which health workers would receive money directly to their bank accounts or via text messages instructing them to go to pay stations to pick up cash. With e-payments, government officials could not steal the money. According to the World Bank, the U.N. Development Program (UNDP) was brought on to manage the hazard pay database and coordinate the payment system: Hospital supervisors passed new lists of front-line staff to coordinators in each district, who examined and signed the papers before sending them to Freetown. There, a small team of staff from both the U.N. and the National Ebola Response Center (NERC, Sierra Leone government officials) corresponded with a U.S.-based accounting firm, BDO, to be sure the appropriate signatures were in place. If

it all looked correct, the World Bank had BDO release the funds.

This small team in Freetown was responsible for overseeing \$23.7 million of hazard payments to a fluctuating workforce of about 23,000 nurses, lab technicians and support staff throughout Sierra Leone. It was a monumental challenge in a country with a cash economy, no digital human resources database, a dearth of accountants and a history of corruption.

So it is not surprising that from November until today, complaints of missing hazard pay persist. “Since the beginning [of the Ebola response], the most consistent problem has been the failure to pay risk allowances,” said Oliver Johnson, the director of King’s Sierra Leone Partnership. “It’s inexcusable with all of this money lying around that nobody has invested in a big team that can sort it out.”

#### ‘I AM DELETED’

When I met Faith Sisay, she spoke bitterly of promises to support the “angels.” She had worked at the Ebola ward at Kenema Hospital since the previous June, and continued to do so after she realized she was pregnant in August. In her early 20s, Sisay had just completed her nursing degree and needed the weekly stipends, as well as the pledge of post-Ebola employment made by Sierra Leone’s president, Ernest Bai Koroma. Once her womb perceptibly swelled, the head nurses asked her to remain outside the ward, to prepare medications and fetch supplies. Initially, she received her hazard allowance, but then paydays in October, November, December, January and February came and went, and Sisay didn’t receive a cent.

Beads of sweat collected on her nose as we chatted on her back porch; Sisay’s huge belly seemed to burst out of her tiny frame. When she complained to her supervisors about missing hazard pay, they told her to be patient. But nothing

changed. “They don’t even know about Faith,” she said. “I am deleted.”



*Fliers on the wall at Kenema Government Hospital commemorate the young nurses, lab technicians, nursing assistants and ambulance drivers who lost their lives to care for Ebola patients. Credit: Amy Maxmen for Newsweek*

Back at Kenema Hospital, I watched young men from the former burial team don their protective gear and load a corpse into the back of a truck. Ebola was no longer ravaging the region, but people continued to die of various causes, and their corpses needed to be handled safely. Although the workers had been fired after the corpse-dumping demonstration in November, they continued to work for occasional tips. One of the men, Abdul Sam, invited me to see where he’d lived during the peak of the outbreak in Kenema. A thin white sheet covered a corpse in a corner, near a rusted steel cabinet. At the opposite end was a narrow, sectioned-off corridor, where Sam said he’d rested. By sleeping beside a pile of bodies, he was able to prepare Ebola victims around the clock. Then he was discarded. “No pay!” he gasped in a voice that climbed toward a falsetto, palms raised to the sky.

Massally supported Sam and a few others with his own money after they were laid off in November. He had worked with the U.N. in East Timor in 1999, he said, and has a sense of how much money flows through the hands of the people who tackle a crisis via laptop. “I feel pathetic for the local staff. They do everything, but the returns go to the internationals, who do not go into the red zone,” he said. “Some do, but it’s a relative few.”

On the outskirts of Kenema is an Ebola treatment center operated by the International Federation of Red Cross and Red Crescent Societies, which opened after the worst of the outbreak had passed through the district. By November, patients diagnosed with Ebola at Kenema Hospital were transferred there for care. When I visited in February, there were no patients at the unit. Two dozen local nurses sat in the shade of a tent, waiting for a training session on hand-washing. They say their salaries and hazard payments were consistent, reliably processed by the NGO.

Just down the road, at Kenema’s public hospital, I met Miriam Conteh, in faded maroon scrubs darkened with sweat. She had been at the hospital’s Ebola ward until 3 a.m. the night before with a patient she now suspected suffered from Lassa fever, a viral disease that, like Ebola, is characterized by bleeding. Conteh told me she could help me document who worked in the Ebola unit, and deserved hazard pay, but only in secret because nurses were warned not to complain to outsiders. A nurse who had told a local journalist about his pay problems had been transferred to another district. Nurses around the country echoed the concern. For these reasons, the names and some distinguishing features of the health care workers have been changed in this article.

Conteh arrived at my guesthouse a few days later, carrying a backpack heavy with documents. The loose papers formed a rough diary. A page from July 23 read: “29 confirmed Ebola patients, 3 in critical condition, 1 lactating

mother, 6 orphans, 8 in need of psychosocial support, 2 dead, 41 nurses on duty for all shifts.” Papers from the laboratory showed that technicians in Kenema had tested 3,083 patients and 742 corpses for Ebola from May through November. Log books listed staff in the Ebola ward over time. For every name, Conteh described the person: He was a diligent cleaner, she was a fat nurse, and so on. Conteh said several had not received hazard pay for several months, and many of the others—including her—had been paid only half.

I converted the staff lists to an Excel file and emailed it to the UNDP in Sierra Leone. Sudipto Mukerjee, the UNDP country director, met me in his office in Freetown. Just before, someone on his team searched in their system for some of the nurses on my list and replied with a subset of names they found. Mukerjee said everyone on that subset list had received their weekly pay (but later said to verify that with government officials at NERC). I told him about nurses not on the U.N.’s list who had not been paid, and I said that those who were on it had insisted they had received half the promised amount. “November payments have been paid, as far as I am concerned,” he told me. “And if they say they aren’t [paid], they should lodge this complaint through a proper system and not through you.” I replied that they are threatened if they complain. “If you have a situation where people are being threatened, they should report it to anti-corruption [agencies],” Mukerjee countered. “They should report it to the police, to the traditional chief: There are so many means of getting your voice heard.”

When I left his office, I called a senior nurse in Kenema to ask if—as Mukerjee suggested—their problems ceased in November. She sounded shocked. “They should see what we went through on the front line while these people sat in the AC, in their own vehicles, while we were sweating,” she said. I decided not to tell her that internationally recruited U.N. staff earn \$1,600 in danger pay every month on top of

their significant annual salaries; country directors in Sierra Leone, for example, **take home** \$153,825 to \$187,904 per year.



*Brand-new vehicles have been donated to the cause, but as of February, as the outbreak was ebbing, they still hadn't left the U.N. Special Court.* Credit: Amy Maxmen for Newsweek

In a final attempt at clarification, I met with Awul Wurie, a manager from the NERC on the pay team, at the U.N. Special Court. I asked him for specifics on who had received what and when. “You have the nerve to ask me for private information?” he said. “I’m done with this. We’re done.”

In a follow-up email, Mukerjee clarified that UNDP is assisting the government in ensuring that people are paid appropriately and on time, but they are not responsible for names missing from lists or any misclassifications. A **2015 report** from the U.N. states that the UNDP is supporting the issuance of hazard pay to Ebola response workers in Sierra Leone. According to the report, all the registered workers have been paid. The head of the District Ebola Response Center in Kenema, Abdul Wahab, reiterated this claim, just after I spoke with several unpaid staff. In an email, a World Bank spokesperson wrote: “The majority of workers

who have earned hazard pay are receiving it.” Perhaps, she suggested later on the phone, the nurses misspoke.

This lack of accountability is a common characteristic of U.N. agencies, said Rupert Simons, the CEO of Publish What You Fund, a London-based organization that pushes for aid transparency. “U.N. agencies will say the local government is in charge, but they have responsibilities—in this case for making sure that the World Bank's funds for hazard pay get out there. So they need to be held accountable to the World Bank, and the World Bank is accountable to its board of governance, who are governments, i.e., you, the taxpayers. There is a very long chain of accountability here, but taxpayers are at the root of this.” That’s true for the World Bank, which is essentially owned by the governments of 188 member countries, the U.N., which has 193 member countries, and for each bilateral donor—such as the U.S. and the U.K.—that acts on behalf of its citizens and with its citizens’ money.

To their credit, the World Bank and the African Development Bank, with the U.N.’s support, offered money to front-line workers in Sierra Leone’s health system. The world’s largest donors to the Ebola response—the U.S. with \$1.5 billion and the U.K. with \$389 million, thus far—mostly gave their funds to NGOs, Western and U.N. agencies. After each organization absorbed a chunk, the remains trickled down to the local and international staff working with patients (generally outside the national health system) and to communities affected by Ebola. Some of the expenditures were undoubtedly effective, and some were wasteful, but it’s difficult to discern between the two because budgets are opaque.

For example, the U.S. gave \$423 million of taxpayers’ Ebola response money to the U.S. Centers for Disease Control and Prevention. The agency has run more than 12,000 diagnostic tests for Ebola, monitored more than 150,000 travelers exiting West Africa, kept a large team

of press officers rotating through Sierra Leone and more. But when I asked these officers how much money went to each of these services, I didn't get numbers. Several NGOs directed my budgetary queries to the donors that gave them money. Donors linked to websites with incomplete information. The totals don't match up. Grants for many thousands of dollars are described vaguely as "health," "Ebola support" and "Ebola response."

After the 2010 Haiti earthquake, an economist at the Center for Global Development in Washington, D.C., Vijaya Ramachandran, attempted to track \$6 billion in taxpayer donations and concluded it could not be done. "A question worth asking is why we rely on this model of going through expensive NGOs rather than relying on domestic systems," Ramachandran said. "Corruption is often used as an excuse to not build up the local system."



*A cleaner sprays down the rocks outside of the Ebola ward at Kenema Government Hospital. Credit: Amy Maxmen for Newsweek*

## SALARIES ARE NOT SEXY

What is obvious to anyone in Sierra Leone is that much of the aid money donated before and during the Ebola crisis

has returned to people from donor countries. Dozens of international NGOs have settled in Sierra Leone since the “blood diamond” civil war ended in 2002. Their overhead is relatively high because international staff expect living wages, Internet, health insurance and flushing toilets. During the Ebola outbreak, it was even higher because they required expensive security measures, such as private four-wheel-drive vehicles and hotels with ATMs and surveillance cameras. The U.S. Agency for International Development booked every standard room in the Radisson Blu—which typically cost \$270 per night—for six months.

Emergency responses aren’t about finding the cheapest option, I was told; they’re about speed. Still, expensive doesn’t equal effective. The situation with stand-alone Ebola treatment centers illustrates that point: Just 28 Ebola patients have been treated at 11 Ebola centers in Liberia that cost the U.S. hundreds of millions of dollars, according to a New York Times investigation.

What’s more, stand-alone treatment centers have already begun to pull up stakes as the outbreak ends, while the public hospitals stay busted. This model of providing assistance outside of the health system has been the norm for aid to Sierra Leone for over a decade. It creates a cycle of dependence: Even when the aid saves lives, the infrastructure required to deliver services in-house is not built, and as a result, the country remains ever reliant. Sierra Leone’s health system is one of the world’s worst. According to **the WHO**, the minimum threshold of doctors, nurses and midwives required for access to basic care is 22.8 professionals per 10,000 people. The ratio in the U.S. is 100 per 10,000. Sierra Leone’s is 5.

At Sierra Leone’s biggest referral hospital, Connaught, in Freetown, mobs of patients lingered at the entrance in February. I spoke with the head nurse of the overrun emergency ward in his office—in a supply closet. He was missing hazard payments, frustrated with his low salary and

depressed with the lack of services he could offer patients. If someone arrived in the throes of an epileptic seizure, he'd have to ask them to go to a pharmacy and buy a needle and catheter, because the hospital didn't have any.

Health professionals in Sierra Leone often seek out better-paying jobs with NGOs, or in other countries if they're able. In December, the British government held a hearing to review the U.K.'s Ebola expenditures, handled by the Department for International Development. Stephen Phillips, a conservative member of Parliament, asked why Sierra Leone's national health system was anemic after 15 years of British aid. "When this outbreak comes along, the British taxpayer finds that there are only 120 doctors in the entirety of Sierra Leone," he said. "Isn't the magic bullet for DFID and the international community to supplement terms and conditions in a way that encourages medically trained staff to remain in their home countries?" Mark Lowcock, DFID's permanent secretary, replied that it had been tried, and it failed.

The philanthropist Bill Gates, the U.N. and the WHO have released recommendations on how to strengthen weak health systems so that the world will be better prepared for future outbreaks. Their advice includes equipment, isolation units, affordable health care, workshops for nurses, surveillance systems, technological solutions and pharmaceutical products. But none that I've found mention pay.

A common dismissal of the idea of donating directly to local nurses and other health workers is that underwriting salaries is unsustainable. Another explanation is that it discourages African governments from paying their civil workers. A more jaded hypothesis is that salaries are not sexy. Do-gooders prefer tangible displays of generosity—air-conditioned biohazard suits, iPads for data entry and other gifts that look good in video montages. Another possibility is that those calling the shots have little incentive

to change a system of aid that is attractive to those on the giving end. As a Sierra Leonean economist told me, on condition of anonymity for fear of jeopardizing his ailing country's relationship with donors, "It's in their interest to make us look bad so that they can hold the budget. The NGO industry is an industry."

Whatever the reason, the fragile health system that permitted Ebola to become an international disaster is now in even worse shape. While Ebola raged, people sick from pregnancy complications, diabetes, measles and myriad other maladies stayed away from hospitals for fear of the bloody disease. Now they're returning to find a staff depleted from health worker deaths and deflated from the horrors they witnessed. Infectious disease scientists guarantee this will not be the last outbreak in our lifetime. The head of Kenema Hospital, District Medical Officer Mohamed Vandi, has grown weary of the buzz about "health system strengthening" touted by global health leaders. "If I could not get support when the virus was here," he said, "how could we get it when the virus is gone?"

Perhaps with more time, manpower and pressure to do the job well, the U.N., the World Bank and Sierra Leone's government might have sorted out e-payments. There were hints of improvement after I left the country. In March and April, the pay team returned to Kenema to investigate. On April 9, Kabba called me to say she had been paid in full for February, although she still lacked half of her hazard pay from the months prior. She suggested I call Faith Sisay, who had just given birth to a "bouncing baby boy." On the phone, Sisay thanked God for her healthy child, but added that she had received no payments and had lost hope in the system. "When the next disease comes, it will be difficult to get nurses," she said. "How will you do it?"

*Support for this story was provided by a travel grant from the Pulitzer Center on Crisis Reporting and investigative funds from Tiny Spark.*



Daniel Berehulak/The New York Times/Redux

# *REBUILDING NEPAL TO SURVIVE THE NEXT QUAKE*

**VILLAGERS ARE TRYING TO BALANCE THE DESPERATE  
NEED FOR IMMEDIATE SHELTER WITH A DESIRE FOR  
LONG-TERM SECURITY.**

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The powerful earthquake that hit Nepal on April 25 razed Anantaling, a small, ancient hill settlement 15 miles southeast of the capital, Kathmandu. Each of the 60-odd

houses in Anantaling collapsed into rubble, and throughout the Bhaktapur district, 120,000 people were displaced.

"Our houses were old, construction was of poor quality, and even the stone used for construction was soft," says Kamal Nyaupane as he shows me the remains of his wrecked home. "Not a single house survived the quake." After the disaster struck, the rich quickly migrated out of the village to the lower lands where there were roads, electricity and a market, leaving only the poor up in the hills—with no relief, no outside support and no place to live.

Until Manabiya Astha Nepal arrived. The nongovernmental organization (NGO) constructed temporary shelters for the villagers by arching corrugated tin sheets into a tunnel-like structure. The transitional metal shelters, as they are called, came as a huge relief to villagers at a time when they were unable to make even simple bamboo huts. "People were too traumatized," says Nyaupane. "They were not in position to help each other as they do in other normal times."

Encouraged by the reception of the transitional shelters in Anantaling, Shree Kumar Ranjit, chairman of Manabiya Astha Nepal, raised funds for the construction of similar shelters in other villages. Ranjit says they have now built almost 200 houses.

The design has a long history of success. In 2005, a German technician living in Kashmir named Titus Gall developed it to create shelter for victims of a 2005 earthquake in Pakistan. Then, in 2010, a tour company owner and operator named Eli Kretzmann implemented the design to help bring relief to some of the 8 million people displaced by a huge summer flooding in Pakistan and Afghanistan. Ranjit had heard about the transitional metal shelters through Project EK, an informal citizen action group that had done some work to adapt it to suit Nepal's unique weather conditions.

The Nepalese version of the dome houses has three metal pipes bent into arches and arranged in a row, their ends screwed into steel rods with the help of J-hooks. The rods are driven into the ground, and then nine corrugated tin sheets are placed over the metal arches, creating an 11-by-12-foot dome, which is tied up with galvanized wires to prevent the high winds of the Himalayan foothills from blowing away the shelter. The open sides can be closed with tarpaulin, brick or stone. Some villagers have also added their local construction techniques such as using mulch or thatch atop the corrugated roofs to protect from heat and cold.

The cost for one of these shelters is only about \$100, and the whole thing takes just two or three hours for two people to build. In addition, the materials are reusable.

"After we finalized the design...we took it to the village of Shikarpa in Lele," says Prachanda Shrestha, a member of Project EK. "The villagers watched us install the dome house with incredulity. When it was installed, they liked the house and wanted us to construct more." The design has spread quickly. Youths from Shikarpa went around to other nearby villages, training those interested. Soon about 500 dome-houses went up.

"The transitional shelters have gone viral, which is what we wanted to do from the beginning, with dozens of organizations and villages deploying [the design] independently," says Soham Dhakal, another Project EK member. "It is the only way to meet the needs of the masses before the monsoon arrives." Impact Nepal, an NGO, is helping to build transitional metal shelters for 700 households in Kalika village, about 50 miles east of Kathmandu.

Cost, though, remains a limiting factor—\$100 is still a significant sum in a country where the annual per capita gross national income is \$730. And with the exception of a

few thousand households that have received assistance, most residents of rural Nepal who lost their homes in the quake have been left to construct their shelters for the monsoon season themselves.

In the village of Dadhikot, some 15 miles southeast of Kathmandu, Shobha Nyaupane is busy retrieving useful materials from her damaged house. Men are clearing rubble from the upper stories. Nyaupane wants to salvage the ground floor. "It's not safe to live in this house," she says, "but we can use it as a grain store and to keep cattle." A few meters away, in the open field, her husband is hammering wooden beams to bamboo poles to make a temporary shelter with the help of his neighbors.



Credit:

"We have been living in that tent so far, but we can't continue living in it for long," says Nyaupane, pointing to a tarpaulin tent her family has been sleeping under for the past three weeks. At first, the people in her neighborhood and the adjoining one waited for the government or some other organizations to come up with schemes and resources

to rebuild their houses. However, they cannot bide their time any longer.

"We are doing it on our own. We will try to do it by ourselves," says Nyaupane. "We can't wait for the government or an NGO to come and build our house because monsoon is approaching fast." Nyaupane's concerns are echoed across the country; more than half a million households still do not have a reliable roof, and the rainy season is less than a month away.

There might be more help on the way. The state government has allotted \$40 million to be distributed as cash subsidies of \$150 to each family that lost its home. The money is meant to be spent on construction materials to build transitional metal shelters. The government had announced it would provide two bundles of corrugated sheets and 3 kilograms of iron nails for each family, but it backtracked on that and announced the cash subsidy instead after realizing it could not secure a supply chain for the tin sheets.

Corrugated tin sheets are in short supply in Nepal. The country's four major corrugated sheets manufacturing companies produce a total of 1,000 metric tons of corrugated sheets per day—enough to roof about 6,000 houses of average size—according to Hitesh Golchha, executive director of Hulas Steel. Meanwhile, demand is far outstripping supply: With almost half a million houses demolished, tens of thousands of houses must be built each day to shelter the populace before the monsoons come. That's one major reason why the affected people, the government, donor agencies and suppliers have been thinking about options that are affordable, earthquake-safe and sustainable.

The Himalayan Climate Initiative, for example, has come up with what it calls "resilient home designs." The two-room, 18-by-9-foot designs are meant to be customizable and modular: steel frames that can be dismantled and

reassembled in a few hours. "We will give the structure and the roof to the villagers, and they can customize the walls and flooring depending on their interest, affordability and the local materials available," says Dawa Steven Sherpa from HCI. The basic structure, made of steel and corrugated galvanized iron sheets, is estimated to cost about \$850—not insignificant, but for a long-term solution, relatively affordable. In addition, says Sherpa, "this house doesn't need highly skilled technicians to set up."

One of the chief concerns in reconstruction in Nepal is whether the new construction over the next few months will be sustainable. Experts look at Haiti for examples of what not to do. They say one of the primary reasons for the failure of housing projects initiated after the 2010 quake in the Caribbean island country was their ignorance of local materials and technology and the fact that they did not cater to people's needs.

"While designing new housing structures, we should consider everything of the locality—the topography, weather and also custom and culture of the country," says Jiba Lal Pokharel, vice chancellor of Nepal's National Academy of Science and Technology. "From the international experience, we have seen that the designs that use local materials and technology have become most successful."

Bamboo, for example, is cheap and almost everywhere in Nepal. The nonprofit Abari Bamboo and Earth Initiative designs and builds eco-friendly structures using, well, bamboo and earth. "We have designed transit homes costing about \$400 to \$500 that last two to three years," says Nripal Adhikary of Abari. "We are building 1,600 such houses...with financial support from ActionAid," an international NGO.

Abari is preparing to release a do-it-yourself manual for villagers to put up low-cost, eco-friendly bamboo and earth housing on their own, Adhikary says. The group is

also constructing 80 community halls and small, transitional health care centers in villages.

With several suppliers and organizations proposing ideas for housing, Nepal's National Planning Commission has called for an exhibition and exchange of ideas next week. The goal is to develop a cohesive plan for reconstruction that addresses some of the regulatory and building mistakes of the past. "The scale of damage by the recent earthquake has proven that our existing structures in rural areas were not safe," says Bhai Kaji Tiwari, a senior urban planner at the Ministry of Urban Development. "Earthquake safety could be improved with only a slight modification in our existing housing designs. Whichever plan we choose, the design and construction need to follow proper, internationally accepted engineering standards."



Leah Nash/The New York Times/Redux

## *MILLENNIAL COLLEGE GRADUATES: YOUNG, EDUCATED, JOBLESS*

**THESE GRADS ARE FACING THE LONGEST SUSTAINED  
PERIOD OF UNEMPLOYMENT IN HISTORY.**

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This spring, an **estimated** 2.8 million university graduates will enter the U.S. workforce with bachelor's, master's and doctoral degrees just as America's unemployment rate hits its lowest level in nearly seven years. Cause for celebration, right? Not so fast.

The millennial generation is still lagging in the workplace, just as it did last year. It makes up about 40 percent of the unemployed in the U.S., says Anthony Carnevale, a director and research professor for Georgetown University's Center on Education and the Workforce.

Generation Opportunity, a conservative nonprofit that advocates for millennials, releases a monthly "Millennial Jobs Report" that slices official labor data and tracks unemployment rates for younger workers. As of May, the data show 13.8 percent of 18- to 29-year-olds are out of work, an improvement over 14.2 percent in January and over the same time last year, when it was 15.4 percent. The trend is encouraging, but the number is still way above the national jobless rate of 5.4 percent.

"If you look at the numbers starting in 2009, we've been in the longest sustained period of unemployment since the Bureau of Labor Statistics began collecting their data following World War II," says David Pasch, a spokesman for Generation Opportunity and a 26-year-old millennial. "This misconception that we don't want jobs or that we're lazy and entitled is nonsense."

By 2020, millennials will be an estimated 46 percent of all U.S. workers. "Millennials are going to dominate all the numbers, employment and unemployment, from here on out," says Carnevale. According to the **Pew Research Center, the millennial generation, defined as ages 18 to 34, is projected** to overtake the baby boomer generation in 2015 as the nation's largest living generation. The millennial population is expected to reach 75.3 million people, surpassing the projected 74.9 million boomers (aged 51 to 69) this year. The Generation X population, defined as ages 35 to 50, this year hovers at around 66 million, according to Pew.

Millennials face higher university tuitions and student loan debt than ever before, as well as stiffer competition when they enter the workforce. A 25-year-old who recently

earned a master's and is living with a friend in Washington, D.C., tells Newsweek she is waitressing while looking for a job better suited to her qualifications. "It's hard," she says. "They don't want to pay you extra for your master's. There are enough people with master's degrees that they can require them."

Jacqui Martinez, a 31-year-old principal at consultancy Oliver Wyman in Dallas—a millennial who is her company's millennial recruiter—says that, in her experience, those in her age group don't expect fat salaries or the perfect job. Still, she adds, "they want to be paid enough that they know they're going to be able to pay their bills." Contrary to their reputation for hopping from one position to another, millennials are capable of staying in a job—it's just that most of them have not had that luxury due to repeated layoffs in recent years, says Martinez, who has been in her job for nine years.

Perhaps most infuriating, millennials are getting lower earnings compared with the nation's median income, versus people of that age a decade ago. "We find that because of the difficulties facing millennials, they are delaying these important life decisions, like getting married, buying a home, starting a family," Pasch says.

In a [study](#) by Carnevale's center at Georgetown, the age at which young adults on average reach the median wage, across education levels, increased from 26 to 30 between 1980 and 2012. Those hardest hit were high school graduates and young men. Full-time employment for high school graduates declined 13 percentage points for the period, while the rate for university graduates declined by 8 points. As of 2012, young men earned only 58 percent of the mean wage, down from 85 percent in 1980.

Carnevale's center found that the employment rate for young graduates was the worst around the ages of 21 to 25, with the employment rate for that segment falling from 84 percent in 2000 to 72 percent in 2012. During this time,

the gap in full-time employment for whites versus African-Americans also widened, from 6 percentage points in 2000 to 14 points in 2012, with African-Americans on average not making the median wage until age 33.

While having a high school degree used to be enough to make it into the middle class, Carnevale says, the bar is higher today. “They’re the first generation that needs to have a college degree and experience to compete, before they even enter the workforce.”

Carnevale says the worth of a high school education began to decline during the 1970s recession and “started to drop aggressively by 1983.” On the one hand, the trend toward a greater level of education for most Americans is promising. The concern, however, is that the rewards are not keeping up with the costs. According to Generation Opportunity, university graduates are entering the job market saddled with an average \$33,000 in student loan debt.

According to a [study](#) from the Brookings Institution, a nonprofit Washington think tank, the “volume and frequency of student loans increased significantly” from 2002 to 2012, with loans spiking 77 percent. The price tag for attending even an in-state, public four-year college leapt by nearly 32 percent in the same period. (Public colleges say that after factoring in financial aid packages, the rise is closer to 13 percent.) Higher college enrollment explains some of the increase in student loan debt, up 7 percent for the period, but it doesn’t account for the full spike.

At the same time, tuitions are unlikely to fall, even though universities are having trouble reaching enrollment goals, and lower birth rates are expected to make that worse.

“We’re hearing about this all over the country,” says Sarah Coen, a senior vice president at Ruffalo Noel Levitz, an educational consultancy based in Iowa City. “The biggest shake-up that’s going to have to happen on the college side is a lower enrollment rate. Colleges will have to diversify their revenue streams to keep up, such as bring in more adult

students, online students and international students, and aggressively manage their finances.”

On top of that, students who might otherwise be headed to college aren't sure if they want to anymore. While May 1 is the national enrollment deadline for new students, many prospective students this year have not sent in their deposits, a professor in upstate New York tells Newsweek. (To protect his school, he did not want to be identified.) “Since the financial crisis, the market is not recovering,” he says. “People registered to go to college are not sending deposits. It's a population of students either not going to college or delaying going to college. We're hearing university enrollment is 10 percent down around the nation.”

Carnevale says graduates are feeling let down by their universities, even as the institutions jack up the cost of tuition. “I don't know if you noticed,” he says, “but we have a debate raging in this country right now over whether universities are supposed to teach for enlightenment or to prepare students for the job market. You still see presidents at some very prestigious universities arguing for the former, not the latter.”

The Georgetown study suggests colleges need to do a better job of preparing graduates for the workforce, and recruiters need to be more transparent in hiring. Once they hit the job market, young people say they are often frustrated by technology walls. Just applying for a job often requires graduates to fly blind: They apply online and never hear back, leaving them to wonder if anyone ever looked at their application, or worse, if the job was even real in the first place. The process also does not offer much feedback that would allow them to learn from their failures.

“It is nearly impossible to find a job that you can apply for directly,” says one 28-year-old job hunter who spoke to Newsweek via Twitter.

The process, many millennials say, is very discouraging. “You're like, ‘I'll do anything and apply for everything,

but usually it's an electronic filing and you're spending all your time on it and never hear back," says the Washington, D.C., graduate. She estimates that, on average, friends who graduated along with her applied for 60 jobs before landing one.

"So far, I have applied for around 30 jobs, if not more, and have heard back on two of them," she says. "I didn't get either job because I don't have enough experience. These are entry-level jobs, but experienced people are taking them."



Jungyeon Roh

*TWO NUMBERS:  
CHRIS CHRISTIE'S  
BIG APPETITE—  
AND BUDGET—FOR  
CONCESSION STAND  
BITES*

**MANY NEW JERSEY HOUSEHOLDS COULD LIVE LARGE ON WHAT GOVERNOR CHRIS CHRISTIE SPENT AT CONCESSION STANDS.**

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New Jersey Governor Chris Christie, widely known for battling his waistline and bungling his dance moves, has faced backlash over accepting gifts—specifically Dallas Cowboys tickets—and has seen members of his administration implicated in the so-called Bridgegate traffic-halting scandal.

In May, he found himself in another NFL-related controversy, after it was determined he had spent tens of thousands of taxpayer dollars at concession stands.

**New Jersey Watchdog**, a nonprofit investigative organization, reported that Christie spent \$82,594 in state funds at MetLife Stadium, home to the New York Giants and Jets, during the 2010 and 2011 football seasons.

As governor, he receives a salary of \$175,000 as well as a budget of \$95,000 for expenses. If he doesn't use the full 95 grand, the surplus is returned to the state. Christie went through \$360,000 of his allowance in five years, and the vast majority of that, \$300,000, went to food and drinks, the watchdog determined after reviewing state records.

Over the course of two football seasons, Christie made 58 purchases at the stadium, running up an average concession stand bill of \$1,424.

The stadium **sells hot dogs** for \$6 a pop, so if he spent the entire \$82,594 on wieners, that adds up to 13,765 of them. If brisket was more his style, the governor could have purchased 6,882 sandwiches at \$12 each, or if he was only in the mood for cold ones, he could've downed 16,518 12-ounce cans of beer at \$5.

Put another way, that Christie concessions total is 1.44 times the state's per capita gross domestic product (GDP).

The per capita GDP is \$57,203, said **New Jersey Data Bank**, a division of the Rutgers School of Public Affairs and Administration. That's the eighth highest in the United

States, with Connecticut at the top (\$65,070) and Mississippi at bottom (\$29,811).

Though Christie made some steep purchases as governor, his spending on food and drink outside the stadium did drop off following a December 2012 interview during which Barbara Walters inquired if he was too fat to be president.

After the interview and his lap-band surgery, which decreases the size of the stomach to promote weight loss, Christie's grocery bill shrunk to a monthly average of \$1,201 from \$1,702.



Romeo Gacad/AFP/Getty

## *NO REST FOR THE ROHINGYA OF MYANMAR*

**MORE THAN A MILLION ROHINGYA ARE NOT WELCOME  
IN MYANMAR, OR ANYWHERE ELSE.**

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Nearly three years ago next month, in the northwest corner of what was once one of the world's most closed and brutal regimes—Myanmar—the pogroms began. At the urging of a Buddhist political party, mobs began to attack people known as the Rohingya, a stateless Muslim minority

of South Asian descent. Scores have been killed since, more than 1,000 homes have burned to the ground, and thousands of families fled.

The violence in the state of Rakhine, just south of Bangladesh on the Bay of Bengal, called to mind the 1990s ethnic cleansing by Slobodan Milosevic against Bosnian Muslims in the former Yugoslavia. The military regime in Myanmar—formerly known as Burma—had begun to implement political and economic reforms that drew praise from the outside world. But at the same time, it increased sectarian tensions in the Buddhist-dominated country, tensions that now are at the center of a humanitarian crisis unfolding on Southeast Asian waters. Thousands of Rohingya refugees have been floating at sea for months, with dwindling supplies of food and water, most turned away by Myanmar's neighbors Thailand, Malaysia and Indonesia.

On May 20, as international outrage increased, authorities in Indonesia and Malaysia relented. They said they would admit some 7,000 boat people “temporarily,” while insisting that they would take in no more. An estimated 1.1 million Rohingya remain in Myanmar, more than 100,000 of whom are now living in camps near Sittwe, the capital of Rakhine.

Malaysia and Indonesia also insisted that the international community needed to get involved to bear some of the resettlement costs, and, however belatedly, that now appears likely. The U.S. State Department said on May 20 that it would provide financial support and was also prepared to take a leading role in a multicountry effort to hasten the resettlement of the most vulnerable migrants.

Less clear is the role Thailand will play. Its government said it would host a multinational conference on May 29 in Bangkok to help resolve the crisis, and also said it would not force boats in its territorial waters back out to sea. The world is watching the Thai response with special scrutiny, because

the plight of the Rohingya is a notable embarrassment to Bangkok.

Over the past several years, thousands seeking to flee Myanmar have ended up in what amounts to slave labor camps on the border of Thailand and Malaysia. Many of the men work on local fishing vessels. Several Thai naval security officials were implicated in the slave labor rings—to the chagrin of the military government in Bangkok. And last year, Reuters—as part of a series that won a Pulitzer Prize—reported that Thai police were allowing Rohingya refugees to board boats officials knew would be picked up by human traffickers. That report triggered an investigation and led to camp closures and arrests.

Ultimate responsibility for the Rohingya plight lies in Myanmar, where the government refuses to discuss the issue with the Association of Southeast Asian Nations or anyone else. If anything, the government in Naypyitaw is fanning tensions. Earlier this year, it announced it would revoke temporary identification cards for all minorities, Rohingya included. These cards gave the Rohingya access to health and education services, and also allowed them to vote in what's expected to be a constitutional referendum later this year. The decision triggered large protests by Buddhist groups, and the government backed off.

Then, in April, it pressed the issue even further, by stepping up collection of the cards from those who held them. (Other minorities—those of Indian and Chinese descent, for example—also hold such white cards.) Some 50,000 cards had been seized by the end of April in Rakhine, and there is no indication that the government intends to cease the collections. That has stoked tensions, diplomats and nongovernmental organizations working in the country have said.

In an email to Newsweek, an East Asian diplomat said on May 21, “I worry that the refugee crisis that finally has the world’s attention now might only be the first of many. More

violence is possible. It's not clear how this will be defused. The Rohingya are without hope here, and that's a dangerous place to be. We've not heard the last of this."



Reza Estakhrian/Getty

## *MEDICAL MYSTERY: MAKING SENSE OF ABIM'S FINANCIAL REPORT*

**AFTER MONTHS OF DELAY, THE AMERICAN BOARD OF INTERNAL MEDICINE (ABIM) FINALLY FILED ITS LATEST FINANCIAL REPORTS WITH THE IRS.**

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After months of delay, the American Board of Internal Medicine (ABIM) finally filed its latest financial reports with the IRS. Which means it's time to return to a

fantasyland where up is down, black is white and money is hidden.

It's quite a work of trickery, particularly when it comes to compensation: In the document, the ABIM appears to have begun cutting back its massive pay to top officers, but it hasn't. A big percentage of the group's millions in losses was attributable to cash doled out to one former employee. Plus, if not for the footnotes in other records, the huge financial conflicts of the ABIM's leader, Dr. Rich Baron, would have been kept secret until 2016. Sorry, Rich: I'm disclosing your full pay here. And it's obscene.

But first, a primer for those who haven't kept up on the controversy: The ABIM is a purported nonprofit that certifies new physicians as meeting standards of practice. Beginning in the early 1990s, the ABIM ordered certified doctors to be recertified, again and again. Without the ABIM seal of approval, lots of internists and subspecialists can't get jobs and can't admit patients to hospitals. So by taking advantage of that monopolistic power, the ABIM has forced hundreds of thousands of physicians to follow recertification processes that doctors complain cost them tons of money (paid to the ABIM), require tons of time (taken from families and medical practices) and accomplish nothing.

As a result, doctors and government health specialists say, the ABIM and its related organizations are harming American medicine and diminishing the quality of scientific research, pushing physicians to close practices rather than wasting time on expensive and frustrating busywork, and forcing specialists to play a game of medical trivial pursuit. (Even Baron has admitted that he was tested for recertification on topics he never used in his practice.)

The stories told by doctors who have contacted me about their ABIM experiences are shocking: One who finished all possible requirements and passed every test remains uncertified because the ABIM demanded he perform

make-work using records to which his hospital won't allow access; another was forced to learn how to read tissue slides for a procedure he never has and never will perform; physicians who attend "review" courses study proper medical procedures before being coached on the incorrect answers the ABIM tests count as correct; young physicians whose bosses have to teach them diagnostic techniques that no one has employed for years because that useless knowledge is tested on the exams—the list of horrors and absurdities goes on too long to include everything.

Then there are the Cruella de Vil tactics driven by the ABIM's unquenchable thirst for cash: The married physicians who spent thousands of dollars huge sums to take ABIM tests, were forced to miss the exam day when a wife went into labor and were told by the ABIM that their payments couldn't be applied to another test—they had to pay the gargantuan fees all over again or lose their hospital admitting privileges. There are doctors with lifetime certification who have paid bills to the ABIM improperly, and the ABIM refuses to refund their money. And on and on.

Doctors have started publicly slamming the group in industry publications. "ABIM is imposing on us an onerous and ill-conceived tool, one that most physicians agree is irrelevant," Dr. Karmela Chan wrote in *Internal Medicine News*. "I am glad this conversation is happening, because, frankly, the process was enough to make me want to quit being a doctor."

In a recent poll of 2,211 physicians conducted on a doctors-only website called Sermo, 97 percent of the respondents criticized recertification. Some 56 percent said the ABIM and other recertification boards are more focused on generating revenue for themselves than on educating doctors, while 43 percent said the recertification process was irrelevant to the medicine they practice. Only 3 percent said it was any good.

Meanwhile, the ABIM ignores doctors' pleas to prove its recertification process does anything other than enrich its bureaucrats. In fact, the ABIM has not only refused to produce data showing the program improves patient care but also hasn't conducted any studies on that matter. Doctors often speak in amazement of how a group organized around the idea of improving science refuses to allow independent, comprehensive scientific research to prove its recertification process accomplishes anything. Then again, the ABIM would lose millions if research showed that the product it forces doctors to purchase is bunk.

The explosion of criticism began last year, when the ABIM announced it was going to increase the amount of busywork required for recertification and charge its physicians even more money—something *Newsweek* previously reported was a dodge intended to disguise years of financial mismanagement and lousy accounting. While the ABIM backed off that effort, a group of physicians—including some of the country's most prominent ones—formed their own recertification program. Organizations that profit from the ABIM monopoly immediately raged against the mutiny, including one that sent letters to doctors declaring that anyone who recertified elsewhere would probably lose malpractice cases.

Many doctors tell me their criticisms of recertification on sites sponsored by the ABIM or related groups are deleted; their tweets demanding change result in their account being blocked; and the “conferences” where the debate is supposed to be aired are rigged to keep prominent critics off panels.

I can attest to the ABIM's pomposity. Starting with my first story about the ABIM, the organization usually has refused to acknowledge I even asked a question. The only other group to do that in my 30-year journalism career was a company that processed payments for child pornography websites. Plus, when I reported on the uprising by doctors, the ABIM ignored the facts and instead investigated me.

What's most troubling about the ABIM using dissent-crushing techniques that would make Lenin proud is the two-faced behavior of the group's leadership—particularly Baron, who demands disclosure of the slightest scintilla of even a theoretical conflict of interest from critics while refusing to fully reveal his own massive financial interest in keeping the recertification train rolling.

Which brings us back to the ABIM's recent IRS filing, a document called a Form 990 that is required from all nonprofits. Once again, the document shows the ABIM is a financial mess. For 2013, it reported total assets of \$57 million and liabilities of \$105 million, so fund balance (assets minus liabilities) is a negative \$48 million. What's bizarre is that Baron publicly crowed that, based on its 990s, The ABIM's assets were three times its liabilities—a patently untrue statement. The ABIM also lost \$4.8 million on \$55.5 million in revenues, largely attributable to its bloated payroll.

Then come the fun parts. As it has year after year, the ABIM claimed it spent no money on lobbying, its grandest and most easily exposed prevarication. To understand how specific the IRS requirement for disclosure on that topic is, if one ABIM official spent one phone call on, say, a discussion with a lobbyist, the salary expended for that time period would have to be disclosed as a lobbying expense.

However, while the ABIM says it spent nothing on lobbying for the period covered by the new 990, records with the Center of Responsive Politics show it paid \$100,000 to lobbyists (that amount climbed to \$160,000 in 2014). Much of that money, the records show, went to lobbying Congress on Medicare and Medicaid. And—surprise!—the ABIM and other recertification organizations now have a big role defining ways to improve patient care that, if followed, will partly determine the size of Medicare payments to doctors. And guess what is the only program that any of

these organizations deem, based on no data, improves patient care?

The ABIM did finally fix one of the oddities of its 990s that seemed to demonstrate its incompetence. For years, the group incorrectly listed Iowa in response to the question asking for its place of domicile, even though it didn't have a building, an employee or even a phone line in that state. This year, the ABIM's highly paid officials finally figured out that they go to work each day in downtown Philadelphia and reported in the new 990 that their employer is domiciled in Pennsylvania.

Now, as promised, let's look at the compensation of the ABIM's top officers. This is tough to do, because it requires thumbing through many pages in different financial records to dig up the numbers—something that, especially for a nonprofit, should be revealed clearly and simply. I had an easier time figuring out the compensation of officials at Enron, WorldCom and Adelphia—all famous for lying on financial filings—than I did for those at the ABIM, where enormous effort seems to have been taken to make murky what should be crystal clear.

Take former President and CEO Christine Cassel. Page 7 of the just-released 990, under the heading “Compensation of Officers,” lists \$741,553 paid from the ABIM, \$247,184 from the ABIM Foundation (a group that seems to be little more than a compensation slush fund for ABIM officials) and \$219,156 in “other” compensation. Grand total: \$1,207,893. So most folks could reasonably assume that Cassel received \$1,207,893. (It's not clear if she benefited from the ABIM's multimillion-dollar condominium disclosed in the foundation's 990.)

That lofty number understates Cassel's paycheck by 42 percent. The ABIM pays its executives so much money that they seem embarrassed to put it all on Page 7, the usual place nonprofits list compensation. Instead, they shifted more money each year into a deferred compensation pot,

which the ABIM treats as an unfunded liability (meaning it isn't socking the cash away). The ABIM finally dumped actual dollars into that pot in 2013, and then handed it to Cassel as she headed out the door.

You can find this on Page 28 of the 990 (be prepared for an aching neck if you look at the numbers on a computer—they're listed sideways). There, it shows Cassel received \$504,953 more in deferred compensation, for a grand total of \$1,712,846. This is six times the median compensation for nonprofits with revenues between \$50 million and \$100 million, according to an analysis by Charity Navigator. Remember: The ABIM revenues reported in the new 990 were \$55.5 million, meaning it is near the bottom of the 91 nonprofits in that range. (And don't think ABIM's excessive pay is limited to chief executives. Lorie Slass, the spokeswoman who refuses to acknowledge the existence of reporters who ask tough questions about the ABIM, makes \$255,000 a year, close to the median pay for someone running a comparable-size nonprofit.)

But what about Baron, who took over Cassel's job and wails about what he proclaims are conflicts for anyone who criticizes his organization? In the latest ABIM 990, Baron comes off as a noble man, one willing to take a huge cut in pay compared with what Cassel banked. His pay from the ABIM is listed everywhere as \$273,852, a very reasonable amount for the head of a nonprofit. But this is the ABIM we're talking about, and Baron is raking it in. (I asked that \$255,000-a-year spokeswoman, Slass, for Baron's full compensation figure, which is public information that will have to eventually be disclosed since the ABIM isn't paying taxes; as usual, she refused to acknowledge that I had asked the question.)

Here's why people reading the ABIM 990s are more likely to find Jimmy Hoffa than figure out how much Baron is pulling in. Even though almost two years have passed since he took the top job, the new 990 covers only 2013. On

the top line of the front page, the document states that the results reported are for the calendar year or the fiscal year. The ABIM puts its fiscal year on that line—July 1, 2013, through June 30, 2014—a 12-month period beginning the day Baron took charge. So unsophisticated readers would assume his reported compensation in that 990 is his annual pay.

Except IRS rules require only that nonprofits report calendar-year compensation. That means, despite the words on the front page, the disclosure in May 2015 shows just what Baron received from July 1, 2013, through December 31, 2013, assuming the ABIM followed the IRS rules.

So double that declared figure, which means Baron's base pay on an annualized was \$547,704. At minimum. And that doesn't include his paycheck from the ABIM Foundation, that compensation slush fund that handed him \$91,111. And again, double it, because of the fiscal/calendar year mishmash. That brings Baron's annualized income up to \$729,926.

And there's more misdirection here. Under his contract reported in the joint 2014 audited financials of the ABIM and the ABIM Foundation (a document the groups fought to keep secret), Baron is contracted to receive "at least" \$568,000 per year from the two groups. (And that "at least" has become a dodge to pay him a whole lot more.) This information is reported in a footnote without stating Baron's name as the recipient of this largesse, so it's easy to miss.

On top of that, Baron gets annual incentive bonuses. Such bonuses are usually paid every year on the date of employment, which is why the ABIM and the ABIM Foundation report that Baron received nothing as an annual bonus—the group cut the check for Baron after the 990 reporting period ended. As usual, the ABIM ignored me when I asked what his bonus was.

Not done yet. Just as they did for Cassel, the ABIM and the ABIM Foundation are piling up deferred compensation

for Baron. Yet that appears nowhere in the 990s of either organization, which specifically state that Baron received nothing in deferred compensation. How did they do the dodge? Based on the audited financials, the two groups set up Baron's deferred honeypot in June 2013 (during the time covered by the 990s), and then assumed the year's entire liability on June 30, 2014. In other words, once again they have dumped more compensation as an unfunded liability and will pour in the cash when Baron leaves the organization. The total amount of this pay is \$131,000, more than Cassel received on an annual basis.

Now, both the bonuses and the deferred compensation were paid about a year ago, past the 990 reporting period. That means it won't be disclosed until 2016—three years into Baron's contract, two years before its expiration, and the first time anyone can know exactly out how much cash the ABIM is dumping into his pockets.

So adding up Baron's pay, he receives \$860,926 on an annualized basis. This is three times the median amount paid to the chief executives of the 91 nonprofits with revenues of \$50 million to \$100 million.

The fact that I can piece together this portion of Baron's pay comes despite the ABIM's efforts to stop anyone from finding out. None of this analysis could be done without the audited financials of the ABIM and the ABIM Foundation, documents the groups worked hard to keep under wraps. First, emails show it refused to turn over the audited financials when the media requested them last year. Then, when the ABIM discovered that someone got their hands on the hard-to-obtain records from Pennsylvania government officials, the group posted a partial copy of the document, leaving out the compensation information. Eventually, an accountant named Charles Kroll posted the full financials online, and the ABIM was finally shamed into releasing the whole thing, including information about compensation and contracts. Nothing is illegal in all of the

ABIM's shenanigans and obfuscations, but they sure raise questions about the integrity of the groups.

Why should Americans care that a nonprofit is showering millions on its leaders? As Baron has been quick to point out about ABIM critics, conflicts of interest matter. (After the ABIM investigated me, he attacked me publicly for not revealing the "conflict" that I am married to a doctor, thus suggesting that anyone connected to physicians would automatically oppose the ABIM.)

Yet, despite his pretense of objectivity, he and the ABIM refuse to disclose that he has close to one million reasons to ignore the many doctors who say the recertification process is damaging their practices and taking up so much time that they aren't able to pursue education programs that might actually improve the care they provide.

This might not be so bad if the ABIM didn't have a stranglehold on the nation's internists, leaving them no choice but to cough up large amounts of cash for a product they don't want or need.

The ABIM is a monopoly that can do whatever it wants. Its officers and other officials suckling off the recertification teat are conflicted beyond repair—when their personal wealth is at stake, they cannot possibly be expected to objectively assess a process that thousands of doctors say is harming patient care and that the National Institutes of Health says is damaging science.

It is time for Congress to investigate the ABIM and force these millionaires to prove they aren't damaging America's health care system for personal profit. It is time for the Federal Trade Commission and the Justice Department to investigate whether the ABIM is engaged in a restraint of trade by driving doctors out of business if they don't pay up. It is time for the IRS to investigate whether the ABIM is a nonprofit or a business.

Most important, it is time for doctors to grow a backbone: Organize yourselves and boycott the recertification process en masse. Then maybe Rich Baron and his fellow rich barons at the ABIM will be forced to change the system into something that demonstrably improves patient care rather than just growing the size of their bank accounts.



Nick Purser/Getty

*THE SHAPE OF YOUR  
BEER GLASS IS MAKING  
YOU DRUNK*

**PEOPLE CAN'T ACCURATELY GAUGE THE VOLUME OF  
THEIR PINTS—AND THE MORE THEY DRINK, THE WORSE  
IT GETS.**

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Your drinking glass can trick you into consuming alcohol much more quickly than you intended.

That's because, according to new work by researchers at the University of Bristol in England, people tend to

make volume judgments based on the height or shape of a container—and they are often pretty far from the mark. When the glass holds OJ, those terrible guesstimates don't really matter. But they become a serious problem at the bar.

To better understand what makes people overindulge, David Troy, a Ph.D. student at Bristol, and his fellow researchers recruited drinkers and split them into two groups. Half received glasses with lines marking where it was a quarter, half and three-quarters full; the other group had the same glasses but without the indicators. Those drinking from marked glasses imbibed more slowly than the other group—suggesting, the researchers say, that when drinkers have a clear view of how much they're consuming, they pace themselves.

To test the effect of glassware shape on volume judgment, researchers asked volunteers to complete a computer task designed to measure their ability to judge the true volume midpoint of a liquid in two glassware silhouettes: one with curved sides and one with straight. Perhaps unsurprisingly, participants were far more likely to misjudge the halfway point of a curved glass than that of a straight glass.

Lastly, the researchers took their study out on a bender. They asked three bars to record how much beer they sold over the course of two weekends when using two different kinds of glasses: one straight and one curved. It turned out that straight-sided glasses led to significantly fewer purchases. The paper that resulted from the work, presented recently at the 2015 British Psychological Society Annual Conference in Liverpool, argues that the bar patrons served in the straight glasses ended up drinking less because they were better than those barflies with curved glasses at judging the volume of their beverages.

“Human behavior is not actually driven by deliberation upon the consequences of actions, but is automatic in response to their environments,” says Troy. Environmental

cues like color, size and, in this case, shape of glassware can influence how we experience drinking. Speciality beer glasses with curves—the Belgian dubbel chalice, the German pilsner beer boot, the India pale ale snifter—may make the drink taste better, but they are also great at convincing bar patrons they’ve drunk less than they actually have. And the more they drink, the worse their perception gets. All of which leads to excess drinking.

Dr. Pamela Peeke, a physician and senior science adviser at Elements Behavioral Health, an addiction and mental health treatment facility in Bethesda, Maryland, suggests simple changes can nudge individuals to make healthier choices. “Use tall, narrow glasses when alcohol is poured. People think they’re drinking more when they’re not, in comparison to short, wide or curved glasses,” says Peeke. “It’s all a mind game.”



Johannes Heuckeroth/Gallery Stock

## *TECH'S LIGHTBULB MOMENT: SENSOR- LADEN LIGHT SOCKETS*

**THE PORTAL TO THE FUTURE MIGHT BE YOUR DESK  
LAMP.**

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How many CEOs of the Internet of Things companies does it take to screw in a lightbulb?

Apparently all of them, since every IofT company—from General Electric to Samsung to startups like Sensity—wants to get into your light sockets.

Coming off this month's lighting industry conference, **LightFair International**, there is nothing hotter in the networking space than the idea of sensor-laden LED bulbs sending back data about stuff like air quality, commuting patterns or whether your dog gets on your sofa when you're not home.

While some of the industry's pitches seem over-caffeinated, there is an intriguing notion at the end of this rainbow: Light sockets are a logical path to a global sensing network that allows us to understand movements and patterns around the globe in real time. The technology would create a kind of quantified planet, and it promises to help us do unheard-of things like spot wars before they start or see fashion trends unfurl as they happen.

"There aren't many things where the measure of what's connected can be in the billions," Philips's chief strategist, Jim Andrew, **told** Fast Company. "That's just a world we were never really in, so people don't even know the questions to ask."

But...light sockets? Well, yes. They are shaping up as an inevitable gateway drug to the Internet of Things, which is why CEOs are seeing little cash registers before their eyes.

For starters, light sockets are nearly as common as mosquitoes. One estimate says there are 4 billion street lamps in the world. There are another **4 billion** household light sockets in the U.S. alone, an average of 52 per house. (Americans are light hogs. The Netherlands, for instance, averages 40 per house.) Add in businesses, schools, airport terminals and so on, and you get to tens of billions of sockets spread across every populated area.

Each socket is a source of electricity, which can power sensors and wireless networking devices embedded in a bulb. But more important, lots and lots of the incandescent light bulbs currently in sockets are starting to be switched out for LED lights. The initial reason is pragmatic: LEDs save enormous amounts of energy. **New York**, for instance,

figures it will save \$14 million a year in electricity once it replaces all its street lamps with LEDs by 2017.

But in the larger picture, LEDs are essentially digital lights. So we're about to witness the transformation of lighting from analog to digital. Think of what happens when anything goes digital: music, video, shopping, phones. Entirely new applications become possible. That's what will happen to lighting. We'll increasingly have lights that can be digitally tuned—colors, hues, brightness—while also gathering information and sending it to other nearby lights, to devices like a smartphone or back to big databases through the cloud. Lights have always been dumb and lonely. They're about to get smart and connected.

Early apps will combine sensing and lighting in some interesting new ways. One company, **Terralux**, is marketing LED networks that can detect odors or smoke, with enough intelligence to understand whether the drapes are on fire or you're just burning something in the oven. The network might then trigger an alarm and set off a pattern of flashing warning lights. Another class of application, for retail stores, would analyze sales data and map it to different lighting in the store to see what lighting drives the most purchases.

A next level of apps will do more ambitious local sensing. Lighting networks will be able to track cars in a mall parking lot, alerting shoppers to empty parking spaces and telling retailers inside when a crowd is coming. For police, light networks will detect gunshots with far better accuracy than current technology, and sense when gathered people are moving in a way that suggests they're getting into a brawl. Lighting company **TCP** is marketing "motion and presence" sensing, which, unlike typical motion detectors, can tell if something is in a room but not moving. It could catch your dog sleeping on the couch he's forbidden to be on, and maybe make the lights flash like lightning to scare Fido so he runs off the couch and under the bed.

The big prize of this technology will be a globally connected light platform. **GE, Samsung, LG** and other global behemoths have announced efforts in this space. Cisco last year **partnered** with startup Sensity, which got out ahead of the trend in 2013 with what it calls a Light Sensory Network. “Four billion street lights are crying out to be elements of a new network,” Sensity CEO Hugh Martin tells me. “So we wondered, What else could you do with that?”

Digital lights can be set up to sense weather, sounds, chemicals in the air, seismic activity from earthquakes or tanks rumbling past, motion and presence, and probably a whole lot of other things. Sensity is trying to create a common platform so all the data from all these lights, indoor and outdoor, can be anonymized and made available to application developers. That would create an astonishing flow of data, opening up possibilities for deep analysis of how the world works—and also giving us instant, real-time views, as if we are hooking up the planet to an EKG and watching its heart beat.

**Privacy** is part of the pitch of Sensity’s network and others like it. The one thing the light sensors don’t do is shoot video or take pictures. So individuals won’t be identified, only patterns. But those patterns can be powerful. In the data, researchers might identify combinations of motion, sound and smell that reveal an army coalescing and moving—an early war detection system. By seeing weather more intimately, scientists might find the butterfly wing flap in Indonesia that leads to the hurricane off Florida. Motion pattern sensors might record that women walking on the streets of Paris are wearing longer skirts, and see the trend spread from city to city.

And still, in a charming way, this powerful quantified-planet network will be built by all of us, screwing in one lightbulb at a time. Even magazine editors can help. Do you know how many it takes to screw in a lightbulb? At least

three: one to put it in, one to take it out, another to put it back in...



Amber Fouts/The New York Times/Redux

## *WHY DOES YOUR CHOCOLATE TASTE SO BAD?*

**NEW EFFORTS BY THE CHOCOLATE INDUSTRY ARE AIMED AT GIVING CACAO BEANS THE CACHET OF WINE GRAPES.**

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Walk into any upscale market and you'll see an array of high-end chocolate bars labeled with food industry buzzwords: artisanal, small batch, fair-trade. They'll probably have slick packaging and presentation. But they're mostly a sham. Most consumers can't taste the difference

between often costly fine chocolate and supermarket staples. Some believe chocolate-makers can't really differentiate between the two either.

That's why leaders in the industry have created the **Heirloom Cacao Preservation** (HCP) initiative. It's a joint effort between the Fine Chocolate Industry Association and the U.S. Department of Agriculture's (USDA) Agricultural Research Service, and an outgrowth of the booming artisanal chocolate business. The program is utilizing the industry's most discerning palates, along with genetic analysis, to identify—and hopefully preserve—the fine-flavored cacaos of the world. HCP's purpose is to increase the availability of quality cacao and encourage farmers to grow it in a market that's currently overwhelmed by flat-taste, high-yield varieties.

“The chocolate industry has lost sight of its fundamentals, which include flavor,” says Mark Christian, founder of the C-spot, a go-to website for chocolatiers and passionate connoisseurs, who is involved in the initiative. “Most chocolate people don't know good chocolate.”

Founded in 2011, HCP has so far designated seven “heirloom” cacaos in the world, with provenances in Belize, Costa Rica, Hawaii, Bolivia and Ecuador. The panel of tasting judges is made up of prominent figures in the chocolate industry, including executives from Guittard Chocolate, Scharffen Berger and Valrhona. They review the historical, cultural, botanical and geographical makeup of each cacao. But most importantly, they are adding one last innovative metric: genetic profiling. “We're going to enter the next wave of chocolate,” says Christian. “Chocolate has yet to be data-driven.”

Actually, corporate chocolate giants such as Lindt, Hershey's and Mars have long had an interest in genetics—but mostly as a tool for preserving and propagating cacao beans that consistently provide the highest yield and can withstand drought and diseases. And the USDA's

Agricultural Research Service, the **Cocoa Research Center in Trinidad** and the **International Cocoa Collection** of the Tropical Agricultural Research and Higher Education Center in Turrialba, Costa Rica, all have ongoing programs to analyze and catalogue general data on cacao genetics. But the HCP endeavor is a completely different type of project, one that prizes quality over quantity. It's the first systematic effort by the chocolate industry to look at genetics in terms of flavor.

Historically, when the industry identified a tree with a high bean yield, cacao farmers would propagate that variety by taking cuttings of a mother tree and grafting them onto a less desirable type of cacao tree, a process known as cloning. For example, a high-yield bean might be grafted onto the rootstock of a more disease-resistant tree, creating a variety that could more effectively keep up with the industry's demands.

Two of the most popular high-volume, fast-producing varieties are CC-N51 in Ecuador and Cacao Mercedes in West Africa, which can both conceivably produce fruit in as little 18 months after being grafted. But cacao of this pedigree is generally low quality when it comes to taste and better suited for bulk production of cocoa butter and cocoa mass—critical for making Snickers but a detriment when it comes to crafting a quality bar with few ingredients.

Until recently, agronomists claimed there were only three varieties of the *Theobroma cacao* tree: Criollo, Forastero and Trinitario. But in 2008, Juan Carlos Motamayor, a tropical agronomist for the USDA's National Clonal Germplasm Repository and lead scientist of cocoa genetics at Mars Incorporated (makers of M&Ms, Twix, Milky Way and many other candies), **published a study** in the journal *PLOS One* that upended industry beliefs. His team conducted genetic analysis on samples from the three known species. After comparing DNA snippet patterns, they discovered 10 distinct cacao genotypes.

A few years later, most believe the number is probably much higher, says Lyndel Meinhardt, a research leader at the Agricultural Research Service's sustainable perennial crops lab. The Mars research, he says, accounted for samples from only a handful of germplasm banks and collections in the world, and didn't represent cacao genotypes still out in the wild that have yet to be discovered. Meinhardt is helping to build a genetics database of cacaos known to have the finest flavors and has already genotyped HCP's first heirloom samples. The current count is 14 types of cacao, but that number is expected to grow—the USDA continues to make efforts to locate more diverse botanicals in unexplored areas of the Amazon.

A decade ago, Volker Lehmann, a German farmer, discovered an abundance of cacao trees on several islands that speckle the Beni River, a tributary of the Madre de Dios River that flows into the Amazon. Recently, DNA analysis confirmed that this was a brand-new cacao variety. It was named Bolivia Tranquilidad and became the second cacao to earn an HCP heirloom designation, after Bolivia Alto Beni. According to HCP's tasting panel, it has a flavor profile of “floral overtones—slightly spicy, resinous with green notes...trace vanilla character...slight balsamic wood resin and aged fruit notes.”

For the USDA, conducting genetic research to encourage the production of better cacao is ultimately about job creation in this country. Chocolate production still frequently requires the use of domestic products. “You make chocolate from U.S.-grown sugar, U.S.-grown milk, U.S.-grown almonds and peanuts. So by supporting the chocolate industry, we're also supporting a lot of other U.S.-grown commodities,” says Meinhardt. And it does appear that the heirloom-ization of chocolate is helping both U.S. chocolatiers and the farmers from whom they source their ingredients.

Todd Masonis began making chocolate in his friend's garage in 2010, and the former Silicon Valley executive co-founded Dandelion Chocolate a few years later. He currently has 400 stores on his waitlist and is building a larger production facility so he can keep up with the demand. He's part of a burgeoning new wave of chocolate production in the U.S. that focuses on the bean and nothing else. "We only use two ingredients—beans and sugar—in our bar," says Masonis, who is also a board member of HCP. "A bar from Madagascar will be very fruity. A bar from Venezuela will be very chocolaty. Some will be nutty or floral, and you actually really can taste the difference. Whereas, industrial chocolate for a long time has been concerned solely with consistency and low cost. There's nothing wrong with that, but it's a different set of priorities."

Masonis makes one of his bars from Maya Mountain Cacao from Belize, one of two heirlooms inducted earlier this year. The Maya Mountain business, founded five years ago, is made up of a network of 309 farms in the region. MMC buys wet cacao beans from local farmers, ferments and dries the beans, and then sells them, mostly to small-batch chocolate-makers like Dandelion. The premium beans go for \$5,600 per metric ton, which is approximately \$2,600 more than the current world market price for cacao beans, and Maya Granit, managing director for MMC, says approximately \$3,300 of the sale of each metric ton goes directly to the farmer. She believes HCP's designation put Belizean cacao on the map.

Beth Kimmerle, author of *Chocolate: The Sweet History*, says the HCP initiative shows that "flavor has currency again." In recent years, companies such as Dandelion and Brooklyn-based Mast Brothers have proved there is a place in the market for a gourmet bar. Kimmerle says consumers would purchase even higher-end chocolate if businesses were willing to take the risk.

Last year, the chocolate company To'ak produced a small batch of dark chocolate bars made from a rare variety of Ecuadorean heirloom cacao. Each bar came packaged in a handcrafted Spanish elm wood box with handmade tasting utensils—the idea being that handling pieces with fingers could diminish the flavor. The specialty bars, **priced at \$260 each**, sold out immediately. It's proof positive that HCP designation may turn out to be a useful marketing tool to target passionate chocolate lovers by creating a way for both chocolate-makers and consumers to spot quality in the product, much like the wine industry's appellation system.

“You don't have to be a sommelier to gain some knowledge about wine now,” says Kimmerle. “I think when you start connecting the dots for consumers and you explain what goes into an \$8 or \$10 bar of chocolate, they'll probably look at you and say, ‘I'm not paying enough.’”



Fredy Builes/Reuters

## *THE BOOMING MARKET FOR BREAST MILK*

**HOW NATURE'S HOTTEST COMMODITY IS IGNITING  
A TURF BATTLE BETWEEN PROFITEERS AND DO-  
GOODERS.**

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Lurking in a corner of the World Wide Web, there lives a rough-hewn site where lactating women post ads with alluring titles like “Producing Like a Holstein—Have Plenty \$1/oz” or “Athletic, Young Mom with Excess Creamy Breastmilk!! \$2/oz” or “Fresh Supply from My Breast to Your Lips! Price: \$60.” The site, Only the Breast, looks a

lot like Craigslist, except it sells just one thing: breast milk. There's a surprising variety of the stuff, though, including vegan, of a particular vintage (i.e., when the donor's baby is 3 months old, 6 months old or 9 months old—mothers buying donor milk like to match their baby's age with the baby of the donor mom), milk-on-clearance or even milk targeted to male bodybuilders and men with fetishes.

Only the Breast, with 45 million ounces of milk coursing through its classifieds at any given time, has become a virtual bazaar connecting mothers who are unable to breast-feed with mothers who have excess human milk. This free-market model has wedged itself between traditional nonprofit human milk banks, neighborhood milk-swapping sites and the newest bio-science companies looking to make a killing from baby's first meal.

Julia, a 22-year-old mother of a 2-year-old and 7-month-old in Fort Worth, Texas, says the site has been a financial blessing. "I'm a stay-at-home mom," she says. "The extra money lets me feed my family an organic diet and sign my daughter up for dance classes." As "Organic-Dairy-Soy-Gluten Free Mommy," she sells her excess milk for \$3 an ounce. (Julia and the other lactating mothers *Newsweek* spoke to asked that their last names not be used because they did not want to be judged by some friends and family members.)

Julia pumps 60 to 70 ounces a day; after feeding her children, she usually has 20 to 24 ounces left over, which she freezes in sterile, plastic bags. Once she connects with a buyer, Julia ships her milk overnight in an insulated cooler with dry ice. To date, she has sold over 1,000 ounces.

Trafficking in breast milk is nothing new. Rules for wet nursing date back to the Code of Hammurabi (1745 B.C.). And it's been profitable for a long time, too: Janet Golden, a history professor at Rutgers University and author of *A Social History of Wet Nursing in America*, says it was among the highest-paid domestic service jobs in the 19th

century. But it also wasn't all roses. At the time, destitute women who had given birth to illegitimate children were sometimes contracted as milk machines for affluent families. These women often abandoned their own babies.

“It was an incredibly fraught relationship because you were exchanging the life of a poor baby for the life of a wealthier one,” says Golden. As methods were developed to collect and store breast milk, physicians turned it into a therapeutic commodity—particularly for premature infants. In the 20th century, milk banks sprang up all over the country, buoyed by evidence that human milk was helping sick and premature infants thrive. When HIV became a concern in the 1980s, many banks were shut down. In 1985, the Human Milk Banking Association of North America (HMBANA) was created to establish national standards for screening and processing milk. Today, the HMBANA is a professional association of 18 nonprofit donor milk banks in the U.S. and Canada, with 10 more banks slated to open in the next couple of years.

HMBANA interviews potential donors, performs blood tests and covers the costs of containers and overnight shipping. When frozen breast milk arrives at the banks, it is pasteurized and screened for drugs like alcohol and nicotine, as well as diseases such as hepatitis and HIV. HMBANA charges hospitals a processing fee of \$4 to \$5 per ounce, a price it says does not always cover its costs. The neediest babies—usually premature, or “preemies”—get first dibs on the milk. A prescription from a doctor is required. In some cases, HMBANA gifts donor milk to outpatient babies who cannot get insurance coverage.

There are also two large for-profit bioscience companies, Medolac and Prolacta, selling donor milk. Both currently pay their screened donors \$1 an ounce. Medolac, based in Oregon and started in 2009, sells 4-ounce pouches of sterilized donor milk to hospitals for up to \$5.90 an ounce. Theirs is the only “room temperature” product currently

on the market, meaning it does not need to be thawed out. Medolac's milk bank, called Mother's Milk Cooperative, has also started a small program to sell milk directly to mothers at a discount, if they can prove their infants have medical needs.



*Jars of human breast milk in a freezer at the Human Milk Bank at the Agostinho Neto Central Hospital. Each jar is labeled with the name of the woman and date when it was given. Credit: Alfredo D'Amato/Panos*

Prolacta, based in California and started in 1999, primarily uses donor milk to manufacture a line of pasteurized, human milk-based fortifiers in its \$18 million facility. Its fortifier—essentially a breast milk concentrate with added minerals—delivers more calories than regular donor breast milk and targets the most fragile infants, those who weigh 1,250 grams (2.76 pounds) or less at birth. The company says its fortifier is crucial, since these infants have incredibly tiny stomachs. A typical preemie might consume up to \$10,000 worth of the fortifier during a 60-day stay in a neonatal intensive care unit (NICU).

That price tag leaves some with a sour taste, but Prolacta counters that it takes up to 10 ounces of human donor breast milk to make one ounce of fortifier. Furthermore, Prolacta says it saves hospitals money, citing studies that show a breast milk diet reduces the incidence of necrotizing enterocolitis, a serious intestinal disease common in preemies. Next year, Medolac will launch its own milk fortifier.

The competition between these two companies is fierce and familial. Prolacta was founded by Elena Medo, who left to start Medolac in 2009. Prolacta is currently suing Medo, claiming she stole trade secrets and pilfered its client list for the benefit of her new company. "Prolacta is trying to monopolize this small industry through frivolous litigation," counters Medo. "I'm proud of what I started at Prolacta...but by replicating them I would be taking a step backward." Prolacta would not comment on pending litigation.

### Quality Control

One of the loudest criticisms of these for-profit breast milk banks is that they divert the supply of donor milk from nonprofits. "If our nonprofit milk banks were gone tomorrow, hospitals would see much higher costs in the NICU. Health plans and NICU leadership need to embrace us," says John Honaman, executive director of HMBANA.

Prolacta did not pay donors when its first products launched in 2006. Instead, it hired recruiters to set up milk banks. Some of these banks had a charitable component—such as donating \$1 to a charity for every ounce of milk collected. Critics lambasted Prolacta for not always making it clear to mothers that investors were profiting from their free milk.

"They use a lot of sleek marketing ploys to look like a socially responsible company," charges Amy Vickers, executive director of HMBANA's Mother's Milk Bank of North Texas. "In my opinion, we should not be profiting from our bodily fluids. It's akin to selling organs on the

black market.” Prolacta’s milk bank affiliates have since tweaked their online presence and language—and offered to pay some donors.

In 2014, Prolacta’s Tiny Treasures Milk Bank quietly launched its “\$1/oz” paid program. “We don’t advertise it or else we would be awash in milk,” says Scott Elster, Prolacta’s CEO. Elster adds that “paid donors typical donate for longer, and we get three times the amount of milk.” Opponents say it increases the incentive to dilute their milk with other liquids. Prolacta counters that its rigorous DNA-matching protocol and adulteration testing make cheating virtually impossible.

But there is no testing going on at the many DIY outfits that have sprung up in recent years. Using Facebook communities, global sites like Eats on Feets and Human Milk 4 Human Babies connect local moms-in-need with moms-in-excess. These sites promote free community milk sharing, touting “raw” breast milk “from a trusted source” as the purest form of nourishment. And of course, there is Only the Breast, where anyone can sell her milk to anyone else.

Sarah Keim, a researcher at Nationwide Children’s Hospital in Columbus, Ohio, and her team recently purchased about 100 samples of donor milk from Only the Breast. Keim found that 10 percent of the samples contained bovine DNA and three-quarters of them contained “unsuitable levels” of bacteria and viruses, including salmonella. The American Academy of Pediatrics (AAP) and the Food and Drug Administration (FDA) have cautioned that fresh milk from unscreened donors can pose a risk. But to date, the FDA does not regulate informal milk sharing or selling, and only four states—California, Texas, Maryland and New York—formally regulate milk banks.

Critics also worry that some moms might be tempted to pump-and-sell their milk while giving their babies infant formula instead. Both Medolac and Prolacta claim to have preventive safeguards in place. For example, Prolacta

requires each donor to obtain a note from a physician and the child's pediatrician, verifying that the donor's baby is healthy and being breast-fed. Medolac pays donors after a 90-day waiting period, which it says keeps those looking to make a fast buck off its donor list.

But last year Medolac came under scrutiny after joining a Clinton Global Initiative campaign to increase breast-feeding rates among low-income, African-American women in Detroit. Medolac's idea was that in an area plagued with low nursing rates, paying mothers \$1 an ounce for any excess milk would entice more of them to breast-feed. Local community groups unleashed a media tsunami in response, charging Medolac with exploitation. Their argument was that cash-strapped mothers might sell all their milk and leave their babies sucking on a bottle of government-subsidized formula.

Medolac immediately pulled out of the campaign. "It got so out of hand," says Medo. "We were only trying to help mothers stay home longer with their babies."

As the established for-profit companies totter down the line between ethics and profits, the liquid gold rush continues. Glenn Snow, who says he founded Only the Breast as a community service, has just stepped down. He says he never made a profit from his first venture, but that should change with International Milk Bank, his new, for-profit company. He plans to tap women on Only the Breast for the opportunity to sell directly to his new business, which will pay prescreened donors \$1 to \$2 an ounce for their milk. "Reimbursing the mother is absolutely crucial," says Snow. "By serving their needs, they are able to serve their baby's needs." International Milk Bank plans to sell sterilized donor milk to hospitals in the U.S. and abroad, as well as to any mom who can afford it.

### Is Breast Really Best?

The assumption behind this boom is that breast milk is much better for infants than formula. Is that true, or

are we all caught up in a mammary minute? The AAP recommends babies breast-feed exclusively for the first six months. Studies show that the potential benefits of breast milk include lower rates of ear infections, fewer colds and fewer gastrointestinal tract infections. Some researchers have found correlations between intelligence and breast milk, but that's been strongly contested.

Crystal Chevalier, 45, of Billings, Montana, formula-fed almost all 15 of her children (10 of whom are adopted). Then Ryan came along, eight weeks premature and with severe complications due to oxygen deprivation. He has had a tracheostomy, as well as a feeding tube for most of his life. Since birth, he's been unable to stomach any formula—including specialty prescription ones. Ryan threw up constantly, had an alarmingly high heart rate and would not gain weight.

Exasperated, Chevalier tried donor milk, gifted to her by HMBANA's Mothers' Milk Bank of North Texas. "Since Ryan started on this path, his heart rate has slowed down, he has gained weight, and he keeps most of his food down," she says. "The breast milk has been miraculous."

The thirst for mother's milk is far from quenched. Scientists today are studying specific components of breast milk that may have the potential to affect adult gut flora and fight Crohn's disease. "This is white plasma," says Elster, drawing comparisons to blood plasma. "As we study it on a deeper level, we will not only help babies but potentially everyone."



Ludovic/REA/Redux

*NO. 1 STUNNER:  
DOCUMENTARY  
'TOM SWIFT AND HIS  
ELECTRIC RIFLE'  
SHOWS THE DANGERS  
OF TASERS*

**NICK BERARDINI'S DOCUMENTARY ABOUT TASER  
INTERNATIONAL GIVES AN INSIDE LOOK AT THE  
DANGERS OF THE ELECTRONIC CONTROL WEAPON.**

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For its first 15 minutes, *Tom Swift and His Electric Rifle*, Nick Berardini's documentary about Taser International, is a classic all-American success tale: It recounts the origin story of Rick and Tom Smith, ambitious brothers who adapted ineffective stun-gun technology to revolutionize policing while earning millions of dollars.

Then the tone changes. Berardini shows the Smiths talking about the dangers of the Taser, the electronic control weapon Amnesty International says contributed to 540 deaths between 2001 and 2013. "My film speaks to our inclination to find an easy solution to a complicated problem," says Berardini, whose documentary had its world premiere in April at the Tribeca Film Festival and is currently seeking distribution. "But militarizing the police desensitized them and changed the way they handle use-of-force incidents."

He stumbled upon the story while working as a student reporter at the University of Missouri in 2008, covering the death of 23-year-old Stanley Harlan, who was pulled over across the street from his home in Moberly, Missouri, for going 38 mph in a 35 mph zone. Harlan was inexplicably Tased by the police for 31 seconds and died, in front of his mother. Berardini initially planned a documentary on how this incident divided the town, but after a special prosecutor dropped the charges after concluding that the police training did not indicate repeated Tasings could be lethal, he decided to focus on those who had provided the training: the Smith brothers and Taser International.

"They were saying no one could ever die from a Taser," Berardini says. "It certainly has killed people.... So I set out to make a movie about their journey and their successes and the collateral damage.... I want police officers to see this so they are aware of the consequences of using a Taser."

Taser Vice President Steve Tuttle has not seen the movie, but argues that the weapon is a vast improvement over

pain-compliance tools used by the police, like choke-holds, batons and pepper spray—the discomfort from which can last an hour, while a Taser shot lasts five to eight seconds. “It is also safer for the officer than tackling someone to the ground, and the police have saved money in worker’s compensation,” Tuttle says. “We never said the Taser is risk-free. Nick is painting us to be uncaring souls, but we are on a noble mission.”

Justin Mazzola, a researcher at Amnesty International, says approximately 40 people die each year from incidents involving Taser abuse—shots lasting longer than the recommended time—and argues the weapon needs more rigorous testing.

The movie is also about what Eugene O'Donnell, a former New York police officer and assistant district attorney who is now a professor at the John Jay College of Criminal Justice in New York, calls “the big industrial-police complex,” where weapons are sold to departments before guidelines and testing have been done by them.

Tom Swift reveals this through disturbing footage, like a 2007 incident at the Vancouver International Airport in British Columbia in which a disoriented Polish man was surrounded by four policemen who make no effort to find a nonviolent solution, instead stunning him repeatedly after he is on the ground with officers on top of him. He was pronounced dead at the scene.

The film juxtaposes such scenes with one in which Rick Smith says, “In every single case, these people would have died anyway.” Or another in which Tom Smith declares the company never said the weapon was risk-free, only to be contradicted by its promotional materials. The movie also presents evidence that the company was warned about risks by its scientists in 2006. In 2009, Taser finally changed its policy and recommended officers not fire at the chest, yet the film shows a nationwide call with its police department clients in which Rick Smith undercuts that by saying, “Are

chest hits with a Taser dangerous? The answer to that is definitively no.”



*Dane County Sheriff's Sgt. Christopher Larsh, left, rushes in vain to catch Sgt. Krist Boldt after he was stunned by an M26 Taser held by Sgt. Pat Price, right, in a demonstration on jail inmate control that went awry at the Public Safety Building in Madison, Wis., on April 18, 2003. Credit: Craig Schreiner/Wisconsin State Journal/AP*

Tuttle refutes the Amnesty International death toll and other concerns, citing numerous studies. The Department of Justice study he cites actually warns that Tasers should not be used for longer than 15 seconds and that the electric charges appear to be safe only in “healthy, non-stressed, non-intoxicated persons,” and that “it is critical that law enforcement officers minimize or avoid multiple or prolonged” use of the weapon.

Berardini says that by bombarding the media with reports, Tuttle is aping the tactics of Big Tobacco and climate change deniers—creating a “debate, and so people assume there’s truth on both sides.”

Berardini also points to the recent shooting in Oklahoma where Robert Bates, a reserve deputy, shot a man being held on the ground by other deputies. Bates said he meant to pull

his Taser, not his gun, but Berardini questions even that decision. “It speaks to how quickly officers are rushing to take risk away. That was not proportional force,” he says, adding that being pinned to the ground heightens the dangers of Taser use.

With more than 95 percent of the nation’s police forces owning Tasers, the questions the movie raises are worthwhile. Giving police another weapon seems to have contributed to a Tase-first mentality, even if the victim has done nothing more than question the police officer or provide other “passive non-compliance,” as happened in Miami with a 12-year-old girl who was playing hooky and fled. Or, recently in Texas, to a 76-year-old man stopped for an expired inspection sticker.

Chuck Wexler, executive director of the Police Executive Research Forum, a national organization of top police officials, says that too many officers think: I have this weapon, so I’ll use this weapon instead of calling for backup or finding ways to de-escalate a situation verbally. “Many officers have a sense that the Taser can be used in all situations, and [that they] are harmless,” he says. “But they are not. People are dying from being Tased too long.”

While the film focuses mostly on Taser International, it’s clear police departments and local governments bear responsibility for not creating their own strict policies and training. O’Donnell argues that governments and police departments abdicated their responsibility by allowing Taser to introduce a weapon and provide all the training early on, instead of running independent reviews and training. “Taser International is not elected and is not accountable,” he says. “Officials have to step up and say, ‘We own this.’ Overreliance on Tasers is an issue that goes to the core of democratic policing.”

Tuttle defends the company’s training program, but agrees that the weapon is not always used properly. “We did not put this out there to be used willy-nilly,” he says. “We

cannot teach common sense, but we can teach smart use. If they use Tasers in cases of passive-resistance, the system will break down and they risk getting sued. When they don't do the training properly, I am shocked they're not sued more often.”

Houston Executive Assistant Chief of Police Michael Dirden, who heads his department's Taser oversight committee, says the city's Taser use has evolved since 2004. The initial policies were not clear about what justified its use, nor did the company give guidance about the potential dangers of using the weapon on the drunk, the elderly or the mentally ill. Early on, white officers were far quicker to Tase than black officers, failing to recognize that “African-American folks have a tendency to talk loud or argue, and that is not a prelude to a fight,” says Dirden, who is African-American. When the department created its own education system about cultural differences, and training in de-escalation techniques and conflict resolutions, he says, the number of Taser incidents went down.

Many departments fail to make those adjustments. A 2011 study by the New York Civil Liberties Union showed that in New York state, 60 percent of Taser uses did not meet criteria set forth by outside experts; in 75 percent, there was no verbal warning; in 40 percent, the victim was at-risk (for being mentally ill, intoxicated, etc.); 27 percent were Tased in the chest; and more than one-third endured multiple or prolonged Taser shots. “Tasers have become a tool of escalation, rather than a substitute for de-escalation techniques that police experts support,” says attorney Corey Stoughton, one of the study's authors.

She points to a Syracuse, New York, case from 2012, when a high school student refused to leave school without taking the final exam that would allow him to graduate. A police officer arrived with his Taser drawn and ultimately used it four times on the student, who never physically resisted.

Stoughton says that, unfortunately, the NYCLU report had little impact on local police departments; a lawsuit they helped bring against the Syracuse police department, however, led to drastic revisions in its Taser policy.

Taser International continues hyping its product with a running tally of lives saved and serious injuries averted, but the film casts serious doubts on that. In British Columbia, after the Vancouver airport incident, the government placed major restrictions on Taser use; despite an 87 percent decline in usage, there was no rise in suspect or officer injuries. Berardini also interviews Jere Green, police commissioner in Warren, Michigan, who completely ended his department's use of Tasers and found absolutely no change.

“Taser is saying, ‘If you take this away, there will be chaos,’” Berardini says. “I wanted to at least present an alternative.”



Joshua Lott/Reuters

*MANOLO KOMBAT:  
INSIDE NEW YORK'S  
MOST VICIOUS SAMPLE  
SALES*

**"LADIES, PLEASE. FIVE SHOES AT A TIME, OKAY?  
PLEASE. PLEASE, EVERYONE!"**

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“The budget was \$150,000, but I just wouldn’t look at the bill,” a beautiful blonde in a not-quite-sensible pair of \$700 flats said of her last birthday gift while sitting below a crystal chandelier in a Warwick Hotel conference room.

Next to her, another woman rattled off the details of her reality show pitch, which her boyfriend assures her will be brought up at his next “investors meeting.” Several rows ahead, a polished older woman read the Style Section of The New York Times. She had on a Chanel fanny pack and was recognizable as a seasoned shopper from years past: You never bring a handbag to a sample sale.

Traditionally, a sample sale is a yearly, invitation-only event during which high-end designers off-load just that: samples. The prototype before the mass-produced design, cut in primarily model-small sizes, sells for rock-bottom prices to friends and family members of the people who work for the brand. To this day, veteran sale-goers reminisce about one particularly incredible Hermes sale held many moons ago, during which scarves were \$50 and riding boots filled the shelves.

Today's sample sales are a hodgepodge of true samples, last season's goods, damages and things that are just, well, ugly. Prices can be dirt cheap or no better than a year-end Bergdorf Goodman sale. Items range a variety of sizes, not just the model fit, and come in a variety of conditions. In many cases, doors are open to the public, but at the cost of an extremely long, slow-moving line. At a particularly great sale, one can find a mint-condition luxury good at a truly incredible price—that is, once you get past security, the line, more security, and weave through the often-rowdy crowd of fellow shoppers.

New York City is the sample sale capital of the world, with entire websites dedicated to tracking the almost-daily discounts. The city's garment district, though a far cry from its glory days, is still headquarters to many coveted designers, and even the highest end of those designers host sales.

On Wednesday morning at 38th Street and Seventh Avenue, the heart of the garment district, a line of almost entirely women wrapped around the corner. A series of

gunshots went off: An NYPD officer opened fire on a man who was violently swinging a hammer at his fellow officer. As authorities investigated the blood-splattered street corner a block away, the line only grew. The Christian Louboutin sample sale was on the other end and not even Bill Bratton himself could have scattered those shoppers.

The Louboutin sale is one of the best and most notoriously difficult to get into. The Parisian designer, known for his red soles, charges retail prices of well over \$1,000 for many styles and only the most eccentric ones get a minor markdown in department stores at the end of the season. The sample sale is truly the only opportunity to purchase discounted goods from one of the most popular shoemakers in the world. For this reason, the sale is nearly impossible to enter.

While many sales open their doors to the public, Louboutin requires proof of email invitation, your name on a list, and an identification check. Seven-foot-tall guards police the crowd, quick to explain, “No, ma’am, your brother’s co-worker’s cousin working here once is not enough to gain access inside.”

At this year’s Louboutin sale, shoppers tried to sneak into the building through two different cargo doors. Some stood outside, waiting for those with the golden ticket to come out, and asked if they could purchase their shoes at a slightly higher price than what they paid inside. That premium pricing would still be hundreds less than retail, but shoppers declined. Those shoes were theirs and they had fought for them.

Though the Louboutin sale causes a notable ruckus, it does not have the same reputation as the Manolo Blahnik sale at the Warwick Hotel. The latter sale brings out the worst in New York’s most cultured, stylish buyers—ones who have the privilege of spending several hours in the middle of a work day buying designer shoes.



*Footloose and Fancy: A pile of Manolo Blahnik's at the brand's sample sale in New York City on May 14* Credit: Polly Mosendz/Newsweek

“How they’re storming it, you’d think they had the cure for cancer in that room,” a woman quipped as she waited to be let into the sale. She sat in the same chandelier-lit waiting room at the hotel, not far from the woman who had complained bitterly about her lack of a reality television show. The frustrated woman was a size 42 and knew that plenty of stock would be left in her more unusual section, even if it took her hours to get in. As for the size 37 and 38, they stood firmly outside their door, waiting and chattering amongst themselves for their number to be called.

In an effort to keep the several thousand shoppers who hope to attend the sale orderly, the employees of Manolo Blahnik hand out carnival tickets with section numbers on them. The brightly colored little slips are pressed firmly into their palms, nearly shredded with sweat and anxiety by the time their section is allowed to enter.

The doorman opens the gateway to the sale and attempts to pick up the two dozen creased tickets thrown at him, which drop like confetti as people sprint into the sale.

Inside, there are screams, bags being ripped open and shoes soaring over shoppers' heads, landing unceremoniously in piles on the floor. An older man who appears to be running the madhouse keeps trying to make announcements: "Ladies, please. Five shoes at a time, OK? Please. Please, everyone!"

Ducking an airborne d'Orsay, I make my way to the size 41 table. Like the frustrated woman in the luxurious waiting room, I wear a large size and enjoyed a plentiful selection. In an effort to keep with the brand's usual sophistication, the conference room's cheap tables had been covered in white tablecloths. Atop them sat hundreds of plastic bags stuffed with last season's shoes. The starting price: \$100, a whopping 83 percent off the brand's least expensive heel, which retails for \$595.

I reach for a pair of black leather wedges and feel prodded in the leg by a stiletto. Yet another woman was throwing about her discarded merchandise. In a flash, the wedges were gone.

"Those are mine. These are all mine. That's my box," a young woman wearing a Missoni dress shrieked at me. She had filled a plastic bin, used to transport the shoes from the warehouse to the Warwick, with goodies. Her mother, a frail older woman carrying a stunning blue snakeskin bag, stood guard over the bin. "My bin, we got this bin," the mother added in a thick Eastern European accent. She attempted to put a lid on the bin, but it was too overcrowded with shoes. She plopped her handbag on top of it instead, staking her claim with a pocketbook.

At each mirror, a large cluster of shoppers gathered. I witnessed one woman snatch a pair of shoes out of another woman's pile and refuse to give them back. The rightful

owner began to tear up and continued to riffle through the piles. At another mirror, a woman yelled, “Get away from me!” It would have been apocalyptic if the shoes weren’t so beautiful.

In the center of the room, a gathering began of 15 or so younger buyers. They were all trying on shoes and bartering. A bride desperately needed white, bejeweled heels for her wedding. She traded two pairs of boots to get them. “I had to dig under a table to get those boots, but I need the white heels more,” she admitted.

Curious as to what was under the tables, I snuck into a corner near the size 41 table myself. Lifting the tablecloth, I ducked under and found myself surrounded with surplus shoes. Some had been clearly hidden by other shoppers, hoping to come back later. Others were simply kicked under the table in the mess. Unsatisfied with my findings, I emerged. “Anything good under there?” a woman asked me. She had a baby strapped to her front. I told her it wasn’t worth it.

Feeling like I did the baby a favor, I strolled to the table of mismatched shoes. It was piled three shoes high and a visibly unhappy employee was given the arduous task of finding their mates. He was being screamed at by a short, older man who was determined to find the other foot of a snakeskin sandal.

The small man was guarding a plastic bin, into which he proceeded to load three massive, overflowing bags of shoes. An employee nearby speculated that he was a reseller. “He has two more bins like that. He’s got to be selling them,” she said, adding that the hoarding at this sale was the worst she’d ever seen it. She had been with the company for 10 years.



*Best in Shoe: A pile of Manolo Blahnik shoes on the floor at the sample sale in New York City on May 14* Credit: Polly Mosendz/Newsweek

Taking a final lap around the conference room turned into a discount-shoe free-fire-zone, I found a unicorn: a true sample of a classic model. Many of the sale items were seasonal pieces, brightly colored or too unusual to wear every day. “NY Sample: Lauratomod. Date: 29/10/2013.” For two years, these sandals had sat forgotten in a Manolo Blahnik showroom or warehouse. The Lauratomod is one of the brand’s more popular styles, a thick strapped sandal with a chunky heel. Its practical, but not in the way your mother insists your shoes ought to be. (And it was 87 percent off, which my mother would approve of.)

The sample was slightly defective: it was missing the ankle strap, a simple black patent leather strap that I later purchased at a shoe repair store for \$10. As I walked towards the check out with my purchase, a woman who had tried on the shoes earlier stopped me. “I found those earlier and I think I’d like to buy them,” she told me. “I put them back

but I want them again, are you willing to give them up?" I was not, I told her, and clutched them more tightly.

After waiting six hours in line, dodging flying shoes, and witnessing more than one emotional meltdown, I deserved to take home what I long thought was just an **urban shoe myth**.



Graham Roumieu

## *WHY 'THE MOVIE VERSION' SHOULD BE FORGIVEN*

**IF YOU LOVE THE BOOK, THANK THE STUDIO DOING A  
VERSION OF IT NO MATTER HOW BAD.**

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Last month, *The Great Gatsby* turned 90 years old. This month, Baz Luhrmann's big-screen adaptation of the F. Scott Fitzgerald classic turns 2.

For fans of the book, the latter milestone is hardly worth remembering.

In 2013, readers steeled themselves before stepping into theaters to witness Leonardo DiCaprio portray the novel's title character. While visually stunning, the lurid excesses of Luhrmann's *Gatsby* were a wild departure from Fitzgerald's delicate visions of 1920s New York: fireworks abounded; Fergie and Beyoncé were featured on the soundtrack; Nick Carraway, who so eloquently conveyed the tragic beauty of the American Dream, was played by Spider-Man (Tobey Maguire). Essentially, our fears were confirmed, and we asked ourselves why this flawless jewel of a novel had to exist as anything but just that.

The film did well, though, raking in just shy of \$145 million at the box office. Not surprisingly, so did the book. According to Scribner, *Gatsby* sells, on average, just over 500,000 copies every year. In 2013, it sold 1.9 million. Undoubtedly, sales were buoyed by a new cover featuring DiCaprio grinning smugly amid Luhrmann's graceless, industrial aesthetic. For many, this intrusion is even more offensive than the movie itself, as the incongruity between the celebrity on the cover and the sacred text within seemed too jarring for comfort. The same can be said for Keira Knightley on the cover of *Anna Karenina*, James Franco on *As I Lay Dying* and Kristen Stewart on *On the Road*.

### **Related: [The 10 Types of Book-to-Film Adaptations](#)**

Despite negative reviews and a domestic box office take of less than three quarters of a million dollars, Stewart's *On the Road* resulted in a sizable bump in book sales, according to Penguin Books Marketing Director John Fagan. "People read it anyway," he says. "Whether you see the film or not, you may pick it up because you've always wanted to read it. [The film] makes people think about Kerouac and the Beats, and the whole thing kind of redeems itself into a bigger thing."

Fagan also notes that the sales of titles with covers that tie in the film outpace sales of the traditional cover by a

“significant” margin. “The movie definitely pushes it to people who might not read it otherwise,” he says.

Few artistic experiences are as personal as connecting with a powerful novel, so it’s easy to understand why a mass-market adaptation of our favorite book can feel like a betrayal. The criticisms that result are usually justified in the case of canonical literature, but there’s more to consider than just our (admittedly selfish) need to reinforce the authenticity of our experience with the source material. People are being given a new, potentially exciting way to discover an invaluable work of art, a possibility that’s far more important than our footing on our intellectual high horses. If it takes Leo winking on a glossy cover to catch someone’s eye, then let’s start up the presses, because a film adaptation—even an unspeakably bad one—is uniquely capable of shoehorning a classic piece of literature back into the public’s consciousness. It’s far more anti-intellectual to take that kind opportunity for granted. Here, critical reception is irrelevant.

Baz Luhrmann’s *Romeo + Juliet* received mediocre reviews when it was released in 1996, but there’s no telling how many teenage girls were turned on to the book—and, in turn, to Shakespeare and, in turn, to whichever rich literary tributary they then chose to follow—solely because a substitute English teacher popped in a VHS of the film, made when DiCaprio was in his ’90s heyday.

When the same substitute teacher forgot to cover up the screen during that one fleeting moment when Claire Danes was shirtless and caused the classroom to erupt, it probably steered some teenage boys in the same direction. A moment like that is pretty exciting for a high school freshman. Who knows? There may even be a life-changing book behind it.



Jim Mone/AP

## *BUD GRANT: THE MEANEST NICEST MAN IN NFL HISTORY*

**THE LEGENDARY VIKINGS COACH EXPLAINS WHY  
SHOOTING THE DOG IS SOMETIMES THE BEST  
SOLUTION.**

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The garage sale kicks off at 5 p.m. today, May 20, which also happens to be the 88th birthday of its host, Bud Grant. “That’s just a coincidence,” says the former Minnesota Vikings coach.

It's a yard sale, really. Most of the items, plucked not only from Grant's home on Oakmere Road in Bloomington, Minnesota, but also from those of his six children and 19 grandchildren, will be displayed on either the sloping driveway that is the length of a Fran Tarkenton pass or on his front lawn. Bud's Bazaar, a vernal tradition now in its 10th year, will continue throughout the day Thursday before closing on Friday at noon.

Don't let the calendar fool you: This is no spring cleaning. If you want Grant, a Hall of Famer best remembered for having coached the Vikings to four Super Bowls in the 1970s, to autograph your purchase, that will run you an extra \$25. "Some people have garage sales to get rid of junk," says Grant with the slightest trace of a grin. "I have garage sales to make money."

The handshake remains firm. The eyes, keen and blue. The hair is white, but then wasn't it always? Grant went turkey hunting in Nebraska last month and bagged three gobblers. He maintains an office at the Vikings facility in nearby Eden Prairie.

And yet, Grant disappeared from the public eye 30 years ago, when he retired from coaching. He shuns the spotlight and declines every invitation to opine about the Vikings' (mis)fortunes on local radio. He has turned down so many appearance requests from the NFL that, "they've stopped asking me."

So why is Bud Grant having a garage sale? Everyone who knows and loves Grant, from his son Mike, who has led Eden Prairie (Minnesota) High School to 10 state championships in football; to his former defensive end Jim Marshall, who set an NFL record for most consecutive games played (282) but confoundingly still finds himself not enshrined in the Pro Football Hall of Fame, will tell you the same thing: Bud Grant does not need a dime.

Why does a man who does not want for earthly riches—Grant owns nearly 500 acres of terra firma in neighboring

Wisconsin—spend the week of his 88th birthday staging a flea market in his front yard?

“Hey,” says Grant, fixing you with those Siberian husky eyes and a delicate tone of admonishment. “Everything has value.”

### 'Shoot the Dog'

You can digest all 263 pages of Grant's 2013 autobiography, *I Did It My Way*, and learn nothing about the Vikings' four Super Bowl defeats between 1970 and 1977. You will, however, discover what Grant, a Depression-era baby born and raised in Superior, Wisconsin, loved best about playing high school sports: “I could take a shower every single day.”

You will not find a sentence noting the Vikings' 11 NFC Central championships in a 13-year span under Grant's guidance. You will spot nary a clause noting that Bud Grant once intercepted five passes in a game as a member of the Winnipeg Blue Bombers of the Canadian Football League, which remains a pro football record. You will, however, learn that in his second and final season with the Philadelphia Eagles in 1952, Grant earned \$7,000 (he neglects to mention that, as a converted defensive end, he caught 56 passes, second-best in the league). “I'll earn a lot more than that with this garage sale,” he says with satisfaction.

Truly valuable items, Grant does not casually discard. This house? He has lived here since 1967, his inaugural season as Vikings coach (How many Hall of Fame NFL coaches, by the way, would even want the public to know where they live, much less invite them over to haggle over the price of duck decoys?). Grant's wife, Pat, who died a few years ago from Parkinson's disease, was married to him for 60 years. His best friend, iconic Twin Cities sports impresario Sid Hartman, 94, has been his sidekick since

Grant's first day of college at the University of Minnesota—where he was a three-sport star.

An avid hunter, Grant used the same Winchester 50 12-gauge shotgun for 30 years. “It started catching and I brought it in to be repaired,” Grant recalls. “The man at the store said, ‘I can’t fix it for you. You wore out the barrel.’”

Frugal? On game days Grant would have an assistant round up the leftovers of the steak-and-eggs breakfasts the Vikings were served so that he could bring the meat home to his dogs. Grant spent Sunday afternoons matching wits against Vince Lombardi, George Halas, Tom Landry and Don Shula, but he always returned to the rambler on Oakmere Road with a doggie bag.

Grant was equally frugal with verbiage. Dave Osborn, a hard-nosed but athletically limited running back, once asked Grant, who had led the CFL in receiving three of his four seasons, how to improve as a pass-catcher. “Concentrate,” replied Grant, who then walked away.

Hall of Fame quarterback Fran Tarkenton once walked into Grant's office and confided that he was having trouble getting his dog to behave. Grant looked up just long enough to say, “Shoot the dog.”

“Once, during a game, I got into a heated argument with one of our assistant coaches,” says Marshall, who still lives in Minneapolis and maintains a close relationship with Grant. “I walked up to Bud on the sideline and started pleading my case. He just looked down...and spit on my shoe. That was the end of it.”

Grant grins knowingly at the memory, then says, “I didn't have time to argue.”

Keep your head down, and keep your mouth shut. That has always been Grant's way. “If you talk, you only repeat something that you already know,” he says. “But if you listen, you may learn something that you don't know.”

Here's something you may not know: Bud Grant is the only man to have played in both the NBA and the NFL. Ever. Before his 25th birthday he was both a member of the world-champion Minneapolis Lakers, feeding entry passes to George Mikan, and a member of the Philadelphia Eagles, lining up at defensive end in front of linebacker Chuck Bednarik.

Here's something else you may not know: Bud Grant was the NBA's first hardship case—he dropped out in December of his senior year to join the Lakers. His first shot, taken on Christmas night, was a half-court buzzer-beater that swished. He was also the NFL's pioneer contract holdout.

One more item: Grant became a head coach in the CFL before his 30th birthday. While south of the U.S.-Canada border his epitaph may read, "Lost Four Super Bowls," north of it they remember him as the man who led the Blue Bombers to four Grey Cup championships.

Bud Grant is an ESPN 30 for 30 documentary waiting to be made, and that is before you come to the chapter of his stewardship of the Vikings. And yet he glosses over his football career, both as player and coach, and his basketball career, and even his baseball career—he was an outstanding pitcher. Grant only becomes garrulous when World War II is mentioned.

"The day after high school I was off to basic training at the Great Lakes Naval Station," he says. "You gotta understand, we didn't care about sports. We wanted to win the war. We wanted to win the war! And at the time, we didn't know if we would."

Stories pour out. Of the friend who died in the first wave of infantry that landed on Tarawa in the Pacific. Of another who shot down 40 Japanese aircraft then perished in a test-piloting mission. Of a third man, "Rabbit," who was on the crew of the last sub to disappear in the Pacific before the Japanese surrendered.

His bright blue eyes begin to well up a little. “I never use the word hero in sports. Hero is way above star. I save star for sports. Sports is entertainment, that’s all it is.”

In Grant’s rookie NFL year, 1951, he led the Eagles in sacks. His locker was next to that of Bednarik, one of the fiercest men to ever play the game. The two became good friends. “We used to go out for a beer after practice. Now you have to remember, Chuck Bednarik flew 25 missions as a waist gunner on a B-17, you know, a Flying Fortress, over Europe. Then, even though he’d fulfilled his quota, he flew 10 more.

“So we’d have a beer, and Chuck would pull out a pen. Now, remember, crews used to name their bombers, like Memphis Belle. Every day Chuck would pull out a pen and on a napkin or a piece of paper he’d write down the name of every bomber that had gone down over Europe. Every one he could remember. He’d be crying, this man who everyone in the NFL feared. And he’d just say, ‘I can’t let these guys be forgotten.’”

Strangely enough, Grant’s tour of duty extended only to San Francisco, where he was stationed when V-J Day came. He did see action, though. “There was a prison uprising at Alcatraz, and I drove the Marines over there in a landing craft to quell the riot,” he says. “I am the only serviceman I know with an American Theatre ribbon.”

If you are old enough to recall those vintage Vikings squads of Grant’s in the '70s, you will recall the white-haired (he began going gray in high school), stoic presence on the sidelines. You might remember that he forbade his players to wear gloves or long underwear, and he banned sideline heaters at Metropolitan Stadium, no matter how arctic the chill. “If they didn’t have to worry about what to wear,” explains Grant, whose teams went 19-6 at the Met after December 1, “it was one less thing to worry about.”

You could be forgiven for thinking he was a grim presence, a martinet, even. You would be wrong. While

Grant insisted, as the title of his autobiography suggests, that players do it his way—“Shoot the dog” was not just about a dog, and Grant intended for Tarkenton to spread the message—he also understood when to add some slack to the leash. During one pre-game meal, future Hall of Fame defensive lineman Carl Eller, the scariest man ever to don Vikings purple, decided that he had had enough of steak and eggs. Eller demanded pancakes.

“Moose [Eller’s nickname] is telling the waiter to bring him pancakes,” recalls Marshall. “And the waiter is terrified, but he’s telling him that he is not allowed to do that. Coach’s orders.”

At last, Eller stood up and theatrically overturned his table, and stomped out of the room. An entire team’s eyes turned to the coaches’ table.

“Well,” said Grant, “it looks like Moose is ready to play.”

Marshall who, like Eller, was part of that famed Purple People Eaters defensive line, still smiles at the memory. “If I found out tomorrow that the country was being attacked or that some type of apocalypse was upon us, the first thing I’d do is look for Bud Grant.

“When Bud got here, he came in and laid down some rules,” says Marshall, “and I said, ‘Whatever you need, Boss.’ I bought a ticket to the ride. We all did.”

Bud Grant turns 88 years old today. All sales are final. And please do not ask to use the bathroom. The answer is no.

01

## HIDE AND SEEK

BUJUMBURA, Burundi—A police officer warily stalks stone-throwing protesters on May 20. Burundi, one of the poorest countries in the world, has seen chaotic protests and sporadic violence since late April, when President Pierre Nkurunziza announced he would seek a third term, which his critics say is unconstitutional. A coup attempt in mid-May, when Nkurunziza was in Tanzania, failed and forces loyal to the president have been trying to quell the protests. At least 20 people have been killed, according to the Burundi Red Cross, and more than 100,000 have fled the country.



Dai Kurokawa/EPA

02

## SLICK BACK

Goleta, California—Workers clean up Refugio State Beach after an estimated 105,000 gallons of heavy crude oil spilled over about nine miles of beach within hours, on May 22. Governor Jerry Brown declared a state of emergency on the start of Memorial Day weekend. Houston-based Plains All American Pipeline, which operates the ruptured pipeline, is investigating the cause. This stretch of coast was the site of a major 1969 oil spill that spurred the modern American environmental movement.



Justin Sullivan/Getty

03

## *DISPLACED EMOTIONS*

BAGHDAD—Displaced Sunnis fleeing Ramadi arrive in the Iraqi capital on May 19. Around 25,000 people have fled since ISIS overwhelmed government forces in Ramadi, according to the United Nations. The capture of the strategically important city was quickly followed by another victory for ISIS, this time in Syria, where its forces seized control of Palmyra, a city known for its ancient Roman ruins. The capture of the two cities raised doubts about the U.S. policy of using airstrikes alone to fight ISIS.



04

## RAND AGAINST THE MACHINE

PHILADELPHIA—Kentucky Senator and Republican presidential contender Rand Paul speaks at a meet-and-greet where he vowed to do “everything possible” to block renewal of the Patriot Act on May 18. Two days later, Paul was in the U.S. Senate, delivering a 10-hour speech condemning the NSA’s bulk data collection program. The Patriot Act expires June 1, and the House has already passed a bill that would curtail mass surveillance. Paul’s filibuster attempt succeeded in delaying hearings in the Senate, and forcing a Saturday vote, during the Memorial Day weekend, on the bill to overhaul the Patriot Act.



Alejandro A. Alvarez/The Philadelphia Inquirer/AP