

# 2400

USA

## Mariel Booth The Model Student

### ONE DAY'S FOOD

IN OCTOBER

**BREAKFAST** Fruit salad of strawberries, blueberries, peach, and melon from Ruby's Diner, with low-fat yogurt, 9.3 oz • *Blue Diamond Almond Breeze* almond milk, 8.6 fl oz; mixed with *Whole Foods* soy protein powder, vanilla, 2 tbsp • Soy latte, 16 fl oz

**LUNCH** *Dean & DeLuca* brown rice vegetarian sushi, 7 oz; with soy sauce, 1 tsp; and wasabi, 0.3 tsp • *Kombucha Wonder Drink* fermented tea, 8.5 fl oz • *Zico* coconut water, 11.2 fl oz

**DINNER** Tuna salad: *Bumble Bee* tuna, packed in water, 4.6 oz; corn, 4.4 oz; avocado, 3.3 oz; mixed greens, 2.2 oz; cucumber, 1.9 oz; kidney beans, 1.9 oz; tomato, 1.1 oz; with lemon juice and olive oil dressing, 1 tbsp • *Progresso Vegetable Classics* soup, minestrone, 13.1 oz • Multigrain roll, 2.7 oz • White wine, 6.2 fl oz

**SNACKS AND OTHER** *365 Everyday Value* pita chips, 1.9 oz • *Tofutti Cuties* dairy-free ice cream sandwich, vanilla, 1.6 oz • *Yogi Tea* and *Numi* caffeine-free teas (4), 1.3 qt; with honey (not in picture), 2 oz • *Fiji* bottled water, 3.2 qt

**CALORIES 2,400**

Age: 23 • Height: 5'9½" • Weight: 135 pounds

**NEW YORK, NEW YORK** • She's tall, thin, blond, and beautiful, and she's been modeling since the age of 13. But at age 23, five feet, nine and a half inches tall, and 135 pounds, Mariel Booth is now too old and too fat to get the really good jobs.

This is Mariel's own blunt assessment, and one that is probably not shared by most passersby in New York City's East Village, where she lives in a fifth-floor walk-up with a boyfriend "who can eat anything he wants and stay skinny," she says.

She eats healthy food, but too much, she thinks. She struggles to reconcile the fact that she's at the perfect weight for her body type with her inability to fit into size 0 clothes: "That's what's so annoying. My weight is great. I'm a size 4½...which is a really bad size for modeling because I don't fit into the 4s and there's no market for size 6. It's irresponsible for me to be the weight I am. If I lost five pounds, I would probably make a lot more money."

Mariel Booth, a professional model and New York University student, at the Ten Ten Studio in Brooklyn with her typical day's worth of food. At a healthier weight than when modeling full-time, she feels good but laments that she's making much less money. At right: Reaching for Tofutti Cuties at a Whole Foods near her apartment.

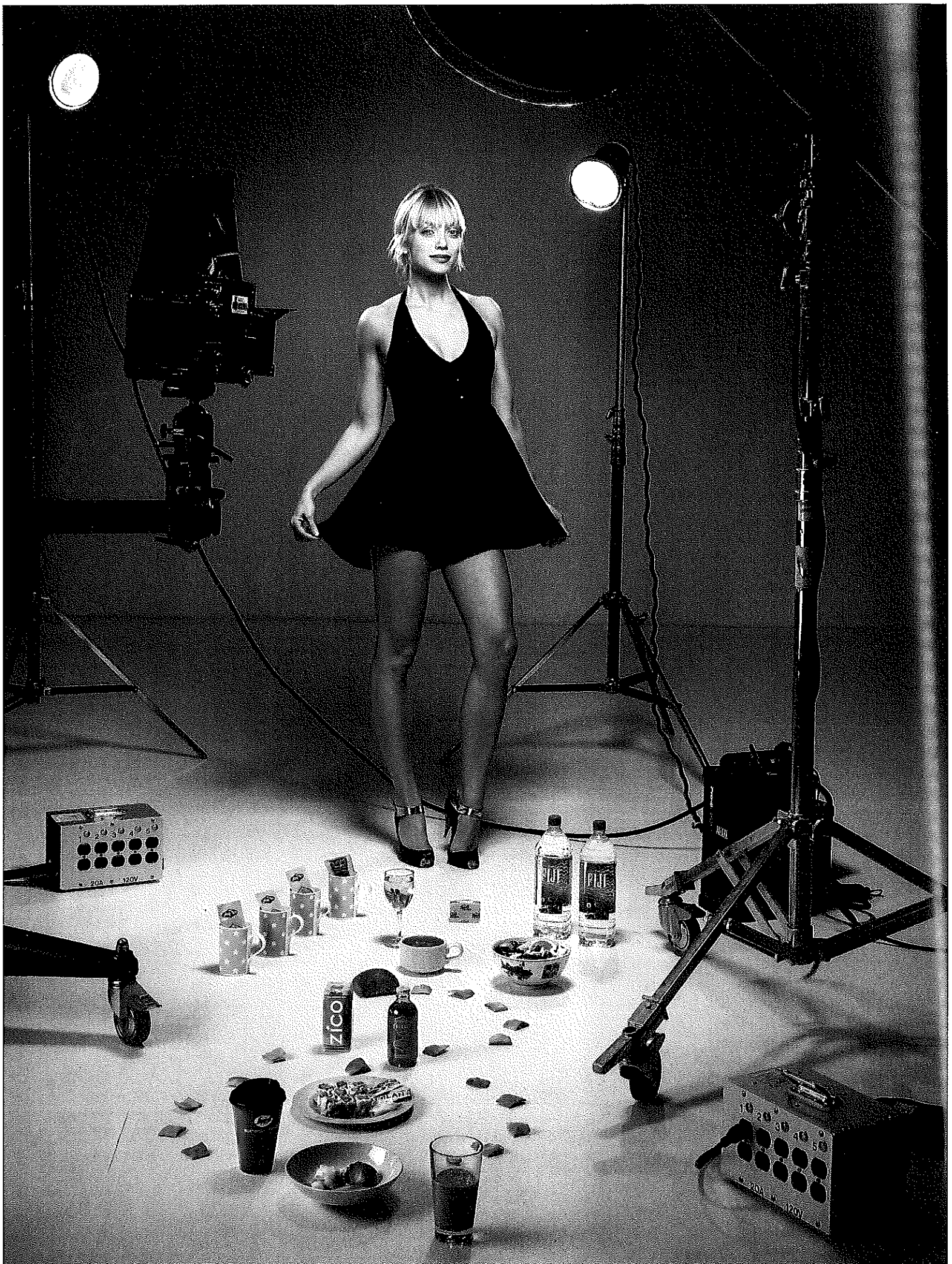
A bout with bulimia in her teens gave Mariel early insight into the effect that the drive for thinness was having on her colleagues in the modeling industry, an industry rife with eating disorders. "Most of those really serious eating problems come with the girls who have to be size 0, [if] it's not natural," she says.

Her own desire for perfection is driving her nuts, but not so nuts that she starves herself: "I'm like your average working model—

midtwenties, catalog, not high fashion. Make enough money to support our lifestyle and maybe a little extra."

Her diet is in constant revision—largely vegetarian, but laced with a little meat at times and frequent forays into healthy eating fads. She loves salads and has since she was a little girl, but imagines that the ones she puts together at Whole Foods have a lot more calories than she'd like to think.





# 2400

KENYA

## Roseline Amondi The Microloan Fish Fryer

### ONE DAY'S FOOD

IN MARCH

**BREAKFAST** Ndazi (fry bread), 2.8 oz • Black tea, 4.3 fl oz; with whole milk, 4.3 fl oz; and sugar, 1.2 oz

**LUNCH** Pinto beans cooked with onion, tomato, *Royco* spice mixture, and oil, 6.2 oz • White rice, 10 oz

**DINNER** Ugali (thick cornmeal porridge), 13.6 oz • Sukuma wiki (kale or collard greens, sautéed in oil with onion and tomato), 3.5 oz • *Coca-Cola*, 10.1 fl oz

**SNACKS AND OTHER** Deep-fried tilapia (not in picture), 2.8 oz • Black tea (3), 12.6 fl oz; with whole milk, 12.6 fl oz; and sugar, 3.5 oz • Tap water purchased on the street, 26.4 fl oz

**CALORIES 2,400**

Age: 43 • Height: 5'11" • Weight: 231 pounds

*Steam and kitchen smoke intermingle with the haze of smoky burning trash to create an ever-present aroma in Kibera, the slum area that an estimated 1 million East Africans in Nairobi call home. Kibera inhabitants suffer extremely high rates of unemployment, high crime, ethnic unrest, and tumbledown housing. Without the support of nongovernmental organizations and philanthropic programs, conditions would be even worse.*

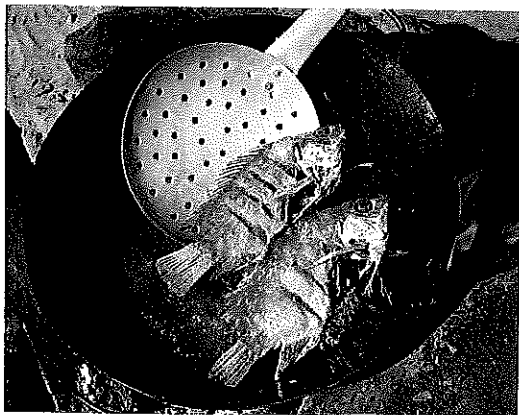
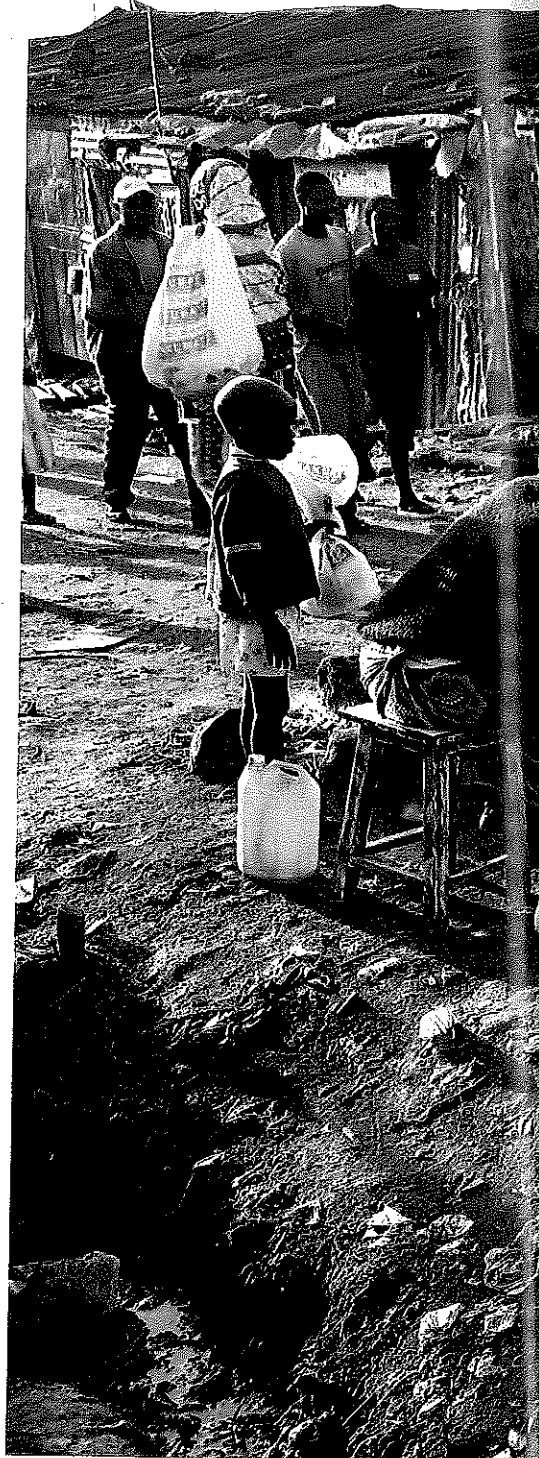
**KIBERA, NAIROBI** • It isn't the money from her microloan that gives Roseline Amondi her greatest joy; it's the women's club that formed to get the loan. The group itself, which they call Nyota, meaning "star," guarantees the loans of the individual members, who run small businesses as fish fryers, convenience

store operators, and fruit and vegetable vendors. The group is also a netball team, competing in community tournaments and leagues; Roseline is their manager.

Mama Sumaki (Mama Fish) is what Roseline's neighbors call her, and that's also the name of her restaurant, where she and her husband, George, have lived for 20 years and raised their four children. Her microlender, Umande Trust, a nongovernmental organization that built large community toilets and shower facilities in one part of Kibera, is one of many that operates in the slum. It's a place that gets few services from the government, because no one is supposed to live there.

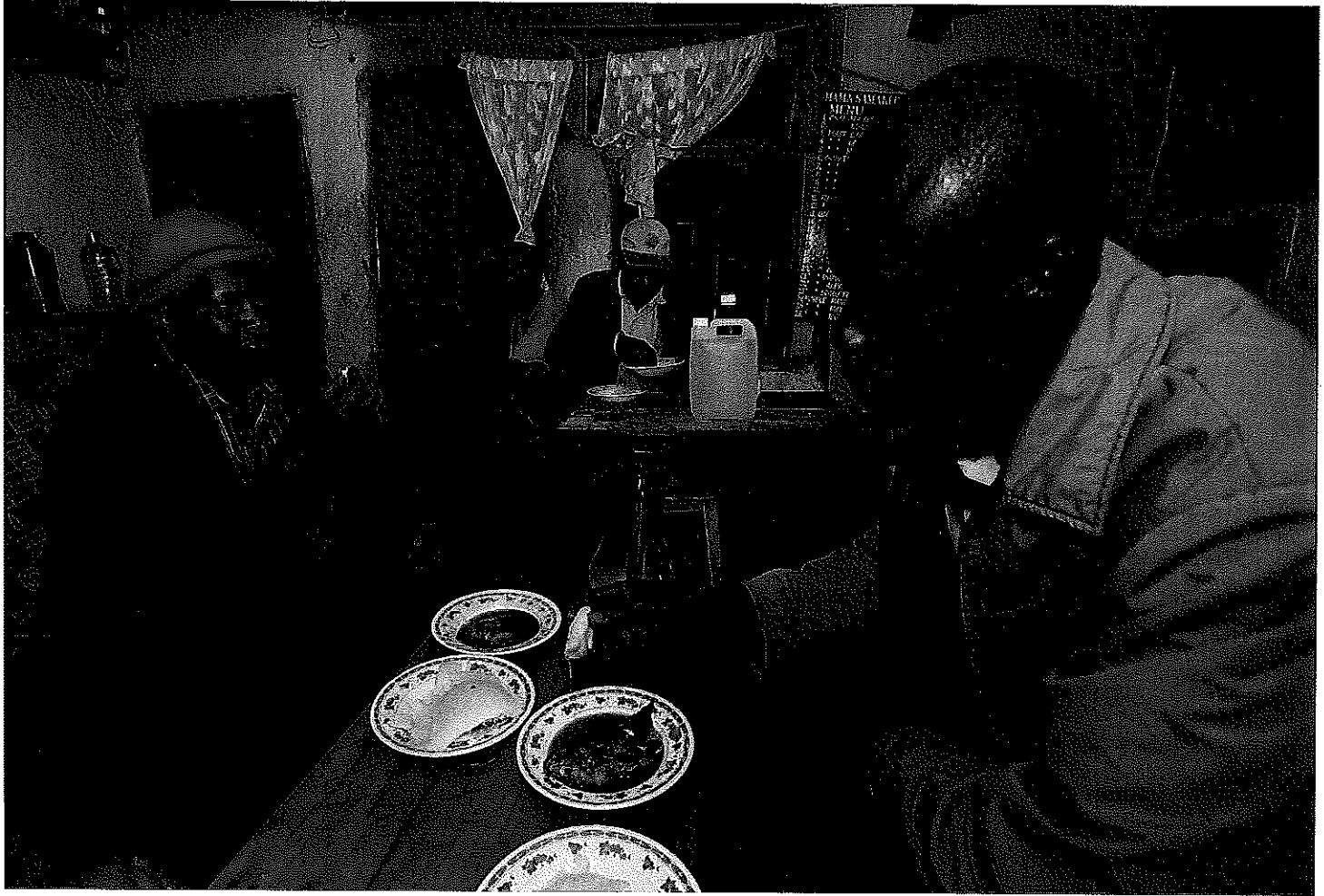
Butchers ready their meat in small makeshift stalls, and vendors lay out fresh vegetables and fruit here and there throughout Kibera to sell by the piece for the day's cooking. Few can afford the luxury of stocking up on food and staples for future days, and hardly anyone has a refrigerator for long-term storage. Passersby stop to make purchases, or to visit on their treks to fill up water jugs at faraway taps.

Kibera residents trudge atop thoroughfares of mounded, compacted dirt and trash mucked up from open drainage ditches that run alongside the shacks and shops. Every year the mounded pathways get higher, and the jump from path to doorway over drainage ditch, longer and longer. School children in sparkling clean, albeit ill-fitting and threadbare, school uniforms hop over piles of rotting

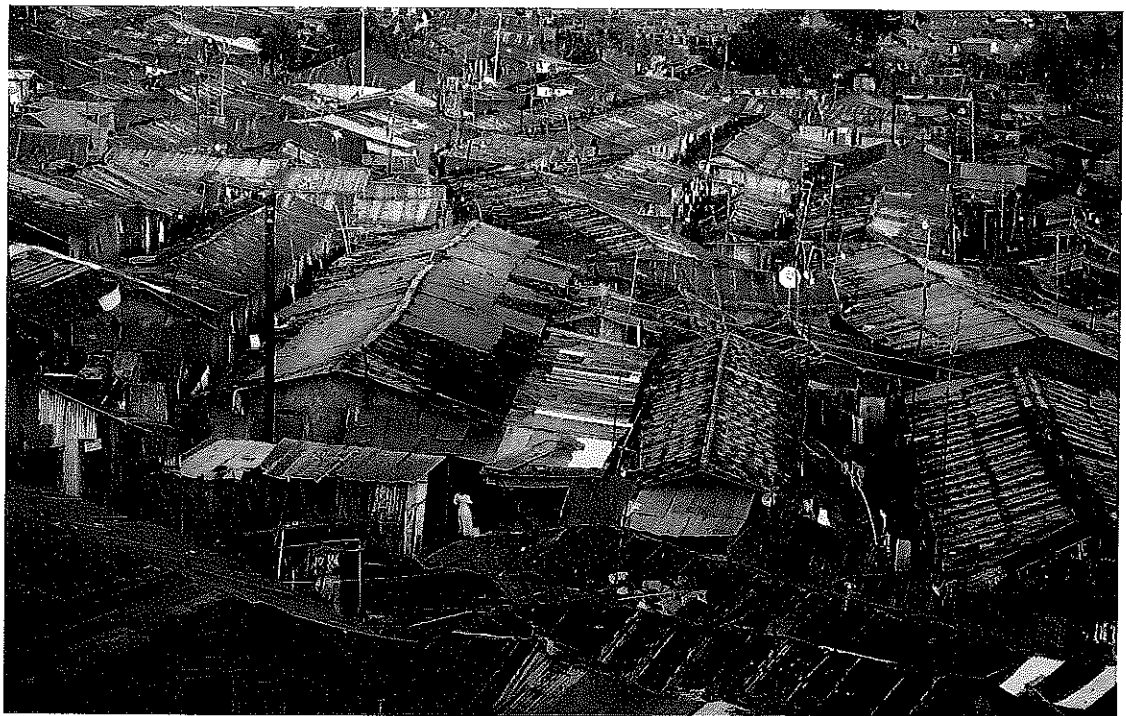


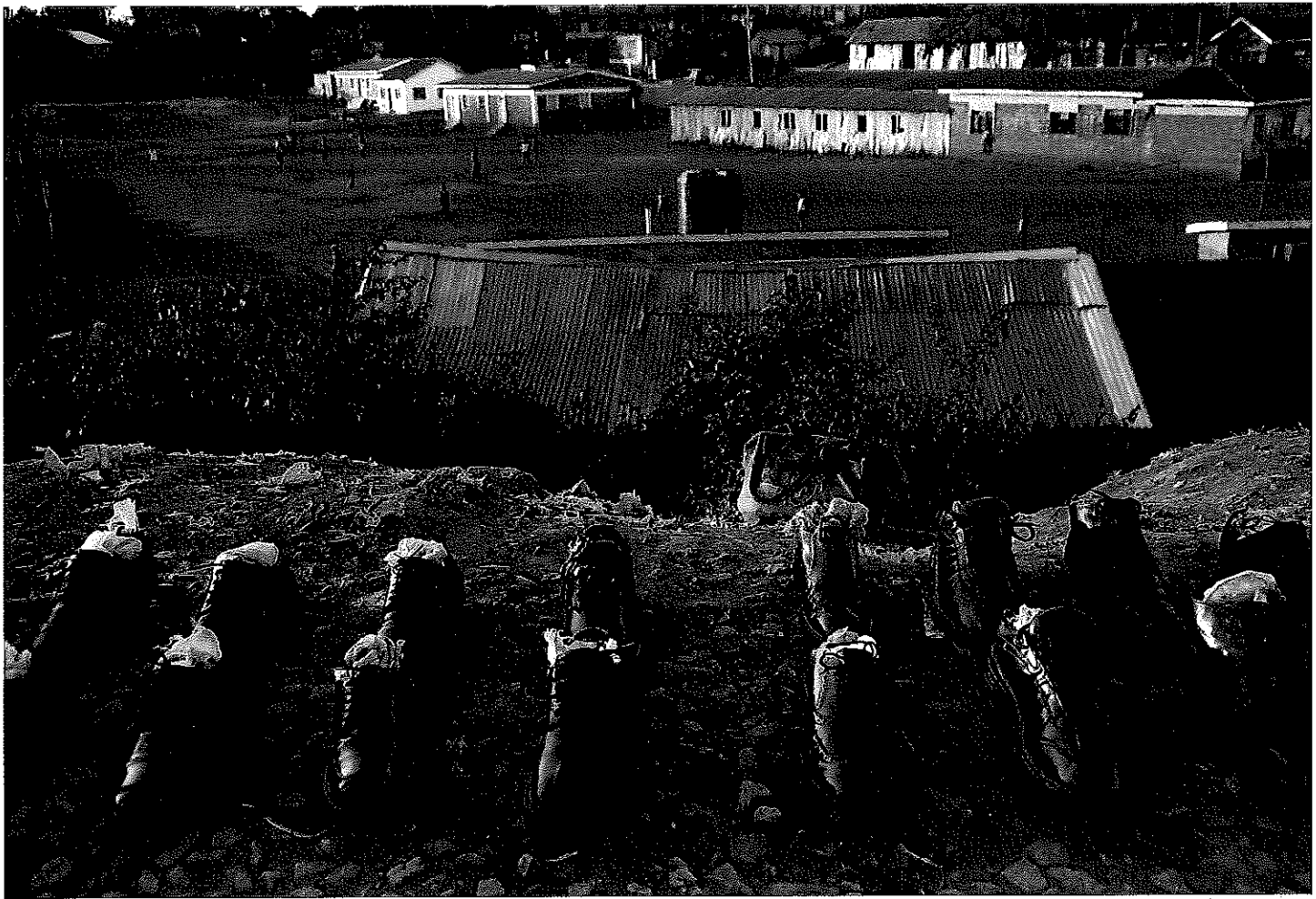


Roseline Amondi, a mother of four and microloan recipient, in front of her restaurant with her typical day's worth of food. A neighbor sells *mandazi* (the plural of *ndazi*, a sweet fried bread), as people hurry to work or school. Roseline and her husband, George, have lived in Kibera, Africa's biggest slum, for 20 years. A new community-built multistory toilet facility nearby charges residents a few cents per day, cutting down the number of "flying toilets"—human waste in plastic bags thrown onto roofs and into the open sewers lining the streets. At left: Roseline fries some tilapia to sell to people returning from work.



In an area the size of New York City's Central Park, nearly 1 million people live in tin houses (at right), with an average of five people in a typical nine-by-nine-foot room. Roseline and a neighbor, Kennedy Mbori (top left), eat in her restaurant, where her brother sleeps at night to guard against thieves. Top right: Shiny used shoes for sale along the railroad tracks that run near Kibera.





waste as they walk to school in groups of two and three, or hand-in-hand with their mothers.

In the morning there's a steady exodus of men and women trekking to workplaces throughout Nairobi. They return in droves in the late afternoon, and that's when Roseline sets up her fish-frying stand on the dirt path in front of her restaurant. She scores, salts, and then fries the fish and offers it for sale. She says this is a better business than her small restaurant, which sells traditional Kenyan fare but has a lot of competition from others in the area. "A lot of people like to buy fish when they're coming home," she says. "They don't have to prepare food."

Roseline's husband manages the restaurant cooking. When we visit, he's using a five-foot-long wooden paddle and both hands to stir a large vat of thick cornmeal porridge. A helper feeds the cooking fire in the alley behind their small, ramshackle building.

They serve cornmeal porridge, called *ugali*, and *sukuma wiki*—stir-fried leafy greens cooked with tomato and onion. *Ugali* and

*sukuma wiki* (which means "push the week" in Swahili) are staple foods for Kenyans in homes throughout the country, offering basic affordable nutrition, in theory at least, in a country where 50 percent of the population lives in poverty.

Roseline finds herself pushing and pulling the week every day, stretching money and meals for both her family of six and at the restaurant. Sometimes meat is added to *sukuma wiki*, but only once a week at Roseline's home table. Her four children would eat meat every day if they could, she says, but cornmeal, greens, rice, and beans are cheaper.

One expense that they choose to take on, unlike most Kibera residents, is the cost of boarding school for their children. It would be

far cheaper to send them to public school, but they hope that a better education will result in better-paying jobs. "Education is very important," says George. "If I'm educated, I can meet you anywhere and talk with you. Some here feel that way, but not many. The slum area isn't very good for children. It's not safe for them, so we decided to send them to boarding school."

Unfortunately, when tuition payments run behind, the school sends the children home until the parents can pay the fees. As soon as she can afford the payment, Roseline sends them back to school, usually with the money that was meant to buy fish for frying and food for the restaurant. A never-ending problem, and a vicious circle.

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