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Crack kitchendraw 6.5

sur la route image by vaÃ©rie Beunardeau from Fotolia.com Windshield cracks can confound the most astute vehicle owner, especially when there were no outward signs of a hole, chip or crack to begin with. The next day or two might bring another startling revelation; the crack has lengthened and crossed the entire windshield, distorting his view. The answer lies with a few basic physics facts and also some very obvious reasons. The most obvious and damaging windshield cracks can be attributed to road hazard impacts, particularly gravel, stones and rocks. They can be kicked up from behind a vehicle or slung across the lane from a car passing in the opposite direction. Obvious strikes show themselves as large chips or holes, which might extend out with primary cracks or "spider-webbing." Some small gravel pieces can leave only a small pit or chip, sometimes microscopic in size, which can be very hard to spot. These small pits or chips collect moisture, and the moisture molecules can expand and contract, pushing the glass in all directions, eventually forming a groove. Such small pits and chips, if not repaired immediately, can expand out and cover the windshield. The majority of all cracks have their origins very near the edges of the windshield at a point about three inches away from the windshield end mold. Due to the manufacturing process, a weak spot occurs here more often, caused by a thermal effect during the casting process. Since the composition of glass consists of particles and not a liquid substance, the particles have no stable gripping surface at the edge where no glass exists. Also, the mechanical stress that must be used to force the two pieces of glass together against the interior plastic liner also causes imperfections in and around the windshield edges. The very nature of the windshield edge exposes it to more jarring stress, since it binds into the windshield mount galley at the end. The larger, middle area of the windshield can flex and absorb shock, whereas the edge of the windshield must endure the first and heaviest stress loads put upon it. Variations in temperature that expand and contract the windshield on a continuous basis can often produce small cracks that travel the length of the glass. If the inside air of the vehicle cabin registers 75 degrees and the outside air temperature reads 30 degrees, the inside layer of glass can expand while the outside layer of glass contracts, causing distortion. Any small defect that exists in the windshield can stress and begin to crack. More temperature variation, with the addition of moisture on the windshield, can accelerate the crack's travel. A deluge of large hail in the form of rock-like stones can impact the glass and cause obvious chip and crack damage. What's worse, multiple strikes can pepper the windshield with numerous cracks and sometimes holes, rendering it useless to repair. Hail damage can be infrequent, but when present can be devastating to all glass panels on the vehicle. A little girl skips down a sidewalk, holding hands with her best friend. Together, they sing while strategically placing their footfalls. "Step on a crack and break your mother's back," goes the tune, a harmless little rhyme whose dark origin seems ill-matched with the bright game it has become. Like these children, many people avoid stepping on cracks, whether they appear in soil or sidewalks. There's no definitive source of the first instance of this avoidance, but there is evidence that the practice dates to some of the earliest folk beliefs shared by early Europeans and Americans. The basic idea was that cracks were not something to trifle with because danger lurked in these empty spaces. Cracks in sidewalks, floors and soil, as well as in walls, signaled gaps in the boundaries between the earthly realm and the metaphysical realm. Interact with these chasms, no matter how narrow, and it could bring misfortune to you or your family. One perceived consequence of crack-stepping that persists to this day was damage to your family's health -- thus, the "break your mother's back" rhyme and its more rarely heard cousin, "step on a line, break your father's spine." Although some took the phrase literally and avoided cracks to preserve their mothers' mobility, others were left with a sense of "waiting for the other shoe to fall." This general unease was attributed to a vague threat of ill fortune brought on by negative magic, which usually includes a tit-for-tat scenario. In this case, offenders might cause a break by stepping on a break. For some, stepping on a crack also means freeing a spiritual entity that could break apart one's family. Conversely, some believe stepping on a crack will break a witch's back or the devil's back. A more light-hearted take on this superstition holds fast to the notion that stepping on a crack will cause rain. Whatever the consequence, the idea that stepping on a crack can change the future is an enduring one. A poll of 3,000 respondents in Great Britain found that one in 20 wouldn't step on cracks in pavement, even though they didn't really think they'd face real-life consequences if they did. Because of long-held superstitious beliefs -- some we don't even fully understand the meanings of -- we think four-leaf clovers are lucky or black cats are bad luck, and that stepping on a crack causes harm [source: Daily Mail]. Video Playback Not Supported Danny takes a look at foundation cracks under a carpet and helps sort out when to worry and when not to. Many times these cracks are from expansion and contraction, but in the rare case of something more serious from settling, you may need to call in a structural engineer. Watch this video to find out more. 3M Master Your Move Giveaway Investors woke up Friday morning to great news about the economy. The U.S. Labor Department reported that employers added 248,000 jobs last month, about 30,000 more than economists expected. In addition, job numbers for previous months were revised upward. And the jobless rate fell to 5.9% last month from August's 6.1%. The stock market rallied modestly on the news. But those encouraging headline numbers don't reveal the extent to which problems remain with the economy. As a piece in Forbes.com points out, there are a slew of other data points that aren't as encouraging. For example, average hourly earnings were down a penny in September to \$24.53, bringing the year-over-year growth rate down to 2%. And the much-discussed labor-force participation rate, instead of going up, ticked down slightly from 62.8% to 62.7%. Reaction to the Jobs Report Recent headlines have been pointing to economic warning signs in the form of sliding energy prices due to weak demand from a weakened China, weak manufacturing, and a fall-off in new home construction, in part because of cash-strapped younger people. It's small wonder then, according to Fortune's Chris Matthews, that a "whopping 72% of Americans believe we are still in a recession," according to a recent poll from the Public Religion Research Institute. It's easy to conclude that Americans who talk to pollsters about the economy are simply misinformed about the economy or simply have a negative bias. But the lackluster income numbers support their distress. As Matthews puts it, "The total number of jobs created, which had been a good enough metric to estimate the state of the economy, just isn't cutting it anymore. The number we need to be looking at, which is also released in the monthly Employment Situation Report, is income. And unlike the jobs picture, there's been little to no improvement when it comes to average hourly earnings." Matthews points put that since the current economic recovery began, average hourly earnings have only kept up with inflation. "And without rising incomes, there's little reason for people to feel like their lives are getting better or for the economy to grow at a faster rate." Another interesting piece by Matthews seeks to get to the heart of economic woes that have prevented the housing industry from recovering more robustly since the end of the financial crisis. The Problems With Housing Industry "According to Jed Kolko, chief economist at Trulia, all of this can be laid at the feet of the Millennial generation; or, to be more specific, the fact that members of that generation can't find jobs," writes Matthews. "In a report released on Wednesday, Kolko points out that while home prices, existing home sales, and the foreclosure rate have more or less recovered to their pre-bubble norms, two measures--new home construction and youth unemployment--show where the recovery has come up short." As Kolko writes, these measuress "connect the housing market to the job market," because youth employment creates demand for housing, and demand for housing creates good paying, middle-class jobs that can help further spur economic and wage growth. The Fortune article concludes, "Housing prices have recovered, but no amount of home price appreciation can solve the fact that young people don't have jobs, and the ones they do have aren't paying well enough for them to form households of their own." Indeed, the extent to which many Americans are not engaged in the labor force is referred to by economists as "slack." In a column that appeared this week in the New York Times, Jared Bernstein, a senior fellow at the Center on Budget and Policy Priorities in Washington and a former chief economist to Vice President Joe Biden, writes that as long as this slack exists, the Fed will move cautiously in raising short-term rates despite the positive headline job numbers. "There are at least two special factors that are distorting the unemployment rate's signal," writes Bernstein. "First, there are over seven million involuntary part-time workers, almost 5% of the labor force, who want, but can't find, full-time jobs. That's still up two percentage points from its pre-recession trough." Bernstein writes that the second factor masking the extent of slack as measured by unemployment has to do with participation in the labor force. "Once you give up looking for work, you're no longer counted in the unemployment rate, so if a bunch of people exit the labor force because of the very slack we're trying to measure, it artificially lowers unemployment, making a weak labor market look better," he adds. When American's get a collective pay raise and young folks can afford to move out of their parents' basements en masse, we'll have real reason to celebrate about the economy. E-mail: editors@barrons.com It's day four of our journey into the heart of India's culture, and we're holed up inside the sprawling Bangalore Oberoi hotel. Somehow, this immaculately manicured property blocks out the offensive cocktail of sandalwood and diesel that overwhelms your senses when you're actually navigating the anarchic streets of India's high-tech capital. It makes you forget that India has no personal space, or that 300 million of its people live on less than a dollar a day. So on this afternoon, instead, India comes to us. Even before the research session begins, participants reveal centuries-old cultural tics. Women are wound in rich greens and hot pinks, oranges and golds; the men are a colorless contrast, swathed in grays and beiges and blacks. Asked to sit themselves in a circle, they self-organize: Men and women take to opposite sides of the room, with the oldest of both sexes seated together. This surely means something, and eventually, the Frenchman in black cowboy boots watching via a monitor in the next room will explain what that meaning is. G. Clotaire Rapaille will crack India's code, as he has dozens of others. He will explain what makes this intricate country and its people tick and, not incidentally, how to do business there. And for that intelligence, the corporate clients who have traveled to India with him, including executives from DuPont and luxury goods group Richemont, will reward him handsomely. Rapaille is a market researcher, political scientist, medical anthropologist, and cultural shrink. Armed with Freudian and Jungian psychoanalytical theory, he seeks to tap a people's "collective unconscious," revealing what it means to be Japanese, German, or most recently, Chinese. "The code is like an access code: How do you punch the buttons to open the door?" Rapaille says, revealing a pungent accent. "Suddenly, once you get the code, you understand everything. It's like getting new glasses." This stuff doesn't fly well in scholarly circles. Richard A. Schweder, a University of Chicago professor of cultural anthropology and psychology, likens Rapaille's methodologies to "the soft porn of irrationalism." (Rapaille, for his part, dismisses academics out of hand: "They only have ideas. They don't have any results.") And his New York-based firm, Archetype Discoveries Worldwide, seems amateurish at times. (I discovered that the woman leading the Bangalore focus group, for example, was also his live-in personal chef; "he and his wife prefer light fare like salads," she told me.) Yet Rapaille's corporate portfolio is as extravagant as his black velvet suits and Rolls-Royces. He's not shy about boasting that "50 of the Fortune 100 companies" are his clients, that he has "cracked 35 codes" for P&G, and that he is author of "14 books." Companies pay Rapaille between \$125,000 and \$225,000 to crack cultures, product categories, or brands across cultures. (What, for example, does toilet paper mean to Americans versus the Japanese?) He gets \$30,000 per 45-minute speech. Indeed, many clients regard him with a zeal more often reserved for a cult leader. Listen to Mike Jensen, GMAC Insurance's chief brand officer: "For us, [Rapaille's findings] created a sense of identity and noble purpose." Or to Ed McQuigg, who directs strategy and marketing for Richemont: "Whenever you can... go for a walk with him, let your mind run and ask him one question after another, and you will learn things about life." One question comes to mind over and over: Is Rapaille for real? I traveled to India with him looking to decode one of the world's last great growth markets: "The next China's" mushrooming middle class, after all, is nearing 300 million, creating an enormous opportunity for consumer brands and retailers. Yet its 5,000-year history, its 1 billion inhabitants, and its 15 official languages also make it, if not impenetrable to outsiders, then certainly challenging. Rapaille promised insight. And that, I certainly got. As the session begins, Rapaille perches, legs crossed, within inches of the monitor, furiously scribbling in a journal with a quote from Gandhi taped to the interior flap. His swooping amber hair grazes a finely tailored black suit; he sports a watch on each wrist--one for local Indian time, the other for New York. "Does India still have a caste system?" the moderator asks the group. The Indians take the bait, shouting "no!" or "yes!" as the room explodes into raucous debate. "Suddenly, once you get the code, you understand everything. It's like getting new glasses." "Hahaaaaaaa!" Rapaille exclaims, like a detective stumbling onto critical evidence. "Do you hear that?" His clients nod, thinking he's talking about the fascinating details of India's enigmatic caste system. But Rapaille is hearing something entirely different--the dramatic change in the intensity of the conversation. "Remember," he warns, "I never believe what people say. I want to understand why people do what they do." According to Rapaille, we all have an alibi. Our alibis are the ways we explain our motivations--the surface responses typically served up in market research. Which is why, he argues, focus groups don't work. To get to the "why," Rapaille stages something closer to a three-hour psychotherapy session--where participants ultimately find themselves lying in fetal position on the floor being asked to channel their earliest childhood memories. Rapaille subscribes to the trine brain theory, which describes three distinct brains: the cortex, limbic, and reptilian. Beneath the cortex, the seat of logic and reason, is the limbic, which houses emotions. Camouflaged underneath those is Rapaille's baby--the reptilian--the layer wired by our biological primal needs like sex, reproduction, and survival. "The reptilian always wins"--that's Rapaille's mantra. "So you have to discover the reptilian hot button, whatever you want to do--design an airplane, sell diamonds--what is the reptilian brain?" Whereas bad advertising only taps into the cortex ("Buy this paper towel to clean up a spill!"), mediocre ads appeal to the cortex and the limbic ("Buy this paper towel to clean up a spill and reduce stress!"). But truly effective campaigns nail all three ("Buy this paper towel to clean up a spill, reduce stress, and satisfy your maternal reptilian desire to relieve your son's shame at making the spill in the first place!"). Find out what Indians' earliest reptilian associations are with what it means to "be Indian," says Rapaille, and you've cracked the Indian code. By feeding the group concepts like "caste system," he's looking for patterns and structures that are true across the culture. In this case, Rapaille observes, Indians are at root a practical people. While they claim to be strict rule followers, for example, their political system is corrupt, and business and educational institutions are riddled with bribery. In the Hindu religion, Rapaille says, "you can buy [goods], you can bribe them, you can change gods depending on what you need." Even on India's streets, no one abides by traffic rules. "Deep down they're just practical," he says. Rapaille is quick to point out that these insights aren't positive or negative, or even judgments, but merely expose the flexible, adaptable structure of the Indian people. So the caste system--which to most of the world seems oppressive--is for Indians a triumph of practicality, clearly signaling to all their places in a complex society. "It's not a problem, it's a solution," he concludes, oozing a mischievous grin. The first time Rapaille visited India, he recalls, he drove from Paris in a rickety Citroën. It was 1964; he was a 23-year-old grad student, broke, so he camped in his car for a month. By his second trip, nearly 25 years later, he was worth millions of dollars and piloting his own helicopter. The saga is all about theater and contrast, like all of Rapaille's tales. He talks of his childhood in Normandy during World War II, when his father and grandfather were captured by the Germans (now he owns a ninth-century Norman castle). There's the one of becoming a TV celebrity in France during the late 1970s, only to abandon fame to chase the American dream. (He moved to the United States 30 years ago and lives in a mansion in Tuxedo Park, New York. He proclaims, "I am more Amer-ee-khan than other Amer-ee-khans, because I choose to become an Amer-ee-khan!") He repeats these stories so frequently, so indiscriminately--with seemingly choreographed bow gestures and verbal exclamation points--that the line between fact and mythology feels blurry after a time. What's really real, and what has simply acquired authority by constant, unchallenged retelling? Rapaille's favorite tale, and the one most frequently recycled by corporate devotees, starts with his study of autism. As a young psychologist in Switzerland, he says, he tried to determine why autistic children couldn't grasp language. He discovered a link to emotional experience, leading him to posit that each language really was a unique set of inherited associations. Understood those associations, he said, and you've unlocked a culture's DNA. This autism theory has long been considered outdated within academia. Says one expert: "Frasier Crane [the TV shrink] may accept it." But in the early 1970s, a Nestlé executive heard Rapaille lecture in Geneva and connected the idea to a business problem. He asked Rapaille to help Nestlé introduce its Folgers coffee into tea-drinking Japan--to crack the coffee code. Rapaille ditched his autism research. "I realized working with a business environment was fantastic because they were implementing my theories, and I could see my theories in action with the results right away," he says. Indeed, his consulting snowballed--L'Oréal, Johnson & Johnson, and Renault sought him out. French president Pompidou, he says, asked him to crack the code for nuclear energy. The project Rapaille flaunts most avidly is his work on Chrysler's PT Cruiser, the retro sedan introduced to acclaim in 1999. Rapaille says he advised Chrysler to design something people would either love or hate. To be "on code" across different cultural markets, he says, Chrysler connected with America's "I do" ethos via an aggressive AI Capone design, and with the "I think" psyche of France by marketing the Cruiser as infused with "ideas"--like a luggage area that can be converted into a table. ("I discover the code, and--bingo!--the car sells like crazy.") Talk to Chrysler, though, and it sounds as if Rapaille is inflating his contributions. "Absolutely he was involved... as one form of validating our design," says Sam Locricchio, a Chrysler spokesman. "But to take full credit for sales and success is not correct." Chrysler isn't the only one to call Rapaille out. Douglas Rushkoff, author of Get Back in the Box, says Rapaille's persona eerily echoes that of Ernest Dichter, a psychologist from Europe who in the 1950s introduced marketers to psychoanalytical techniques out of his lavish New York estate. "The thing that makes Clotaire so striking to me is how closely he modeled his whole pitch on Dichter and how well his technique works on marketers," says Rushkoff. "He appeals to these executives on the most base level of their most childlike needs for comfort and authority and a sweet, eccentric French uncle." Rapaille, clearly irritated by the comparison, says that, though similar, Dichter's work was rooted in the individual unconscious while "I'm speaking about the universal collective unconscious." In any case, he has little time or patience for such criticism. His latest book, The Culture Code (Broadway Books) will appear in June. He plans to start a university (online, that is--and outsourced to India) where anyone can become a code-cracking aficionado. And he laments on that he's developing a television show where he'd crack the codes of individuals--everyone from Madonna to Bono. "This," he says, "is why I love Amer-ee-kha!" Rapaille picks me up on Manhattan's 42nd Street in his silver PT Cruiser, sporting one black driving glove. It has been more than a month since we parted ways in Mumbai, the last stop of the Indian code-cracking journey. "He latched onto an idea many years ago, and it was a damn good one. And he's milking it." The mood among his clients during that trip's final days had swung between optimistic and skeptical. A few who had traveled with him before tried to reassure doubtful newcomers that Rapaille finishes strong (the "Indian code" won't be unveiled until March, and then only for clients). Others hypothesized that Rapaille concocts the code before he even hits the road and just drags everyone along for show. "Ze cheese is dead!" (a hyperbolic finding for Danone that cracked the American code for le fromage) became an inside joke after Rapaille retold the anecdote relentlessly. "I think he's an amazing bullsh--ter," says one exec. "He's got some talent, but... he latched onto an idea X many years ago, and it was a damn good one, and he's milking this one idea for all it's worth." "Ready for the anthropological journey?!" Rapaille asks, stepping on the gas. He's whisking me away to Jackson Heights in Queens to demonstrate how he "opens the file"--his way of verifying the structures of the culture through every angle of Indian life: from Bollywood to birth rates. If the code is correct, he says, you should be able to find evidence everywhere. Otherwise, "you have the wrong code." We arrive in Queens, and Rapaille lurches to a stop at a generic shop named Roosevelt Gift Bags and Luggage. He darts inside for a minute, then returns. "The Chinese guy told me 74th Street. That's where the Indians are!" A few blocks later, he finally spots a Himalayan restaurant and we park along a strip dotted with Sikh jewelry stores, sari shops, and restaurants. He hops out of the Cruiser. "See the turbans," he says, pointing. "Red, green, blue..." In a supermarket, he wanders the aisles, touching bags of spices and rice as if trying to divine a Ouija board. Then we enter a sari shop, where he asks the salesgirl to show him a Sikh wedding dress. "My wife would love this," he smiles. As we pass jewelry shops, he keeps pointing out, "See Ganesha; Ganesha is always in the window!" I keep waiting for him to say something profound, to deliver insight. But aside from repeating the few observations he had shared in India, there's nothing. After all of 20 minutes, Rapaille informs me that the visit is over. He has to meet his wife for dinner--and they're not eating vindaloo. Back at my office that night, I call Ajay Mookerjee, the executive director of Harvard Business School's new India Research Center, who's based in Bangalore. I share with him Rapaille's take on Indian rules and pragmatism, corruption, and the caste system, hoping for some perspective. And of course, Mookerjee disputes it all. "Sitting in his lakeside villa, it looks like he's getting quite used to spinning theories about other people. I don't think he has quite understood the Indian psyche here," he says. I'm not surprised. No one enjoys hearing their culture reduced to stereotypes. And it's difficult to digest Rapaille's theories if you aren't used to thinking about culture in psychoanalytic terms. Nevertheless, the conversation reinforces what I'd come to suspect: Rapaille is 25% substance and 75% shtick. And yet, as we're wrapping up, Mookerjee mentions an article he read that morning about America's inability to embrace a zero-defects policy. "Unlike Japan," he tells me, "they don't like to be right the first time. Americans love to fail... they like to learn from mistakes... I thought that was fascinating." After we hang up, it dawns on me that Mookerjee was referring to the American code. He didn't realize it, but the insightful article he had recommended actually was one I had emailed him. The subject: G. Clotaire Rapaille. Danielle Sacks is a Fast Company staff writer. Have something to say about this story? Email the editor.

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