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001. draft	re: First Lady Hillary Rodham Clinton Africa Essay (1 page)	04/13/1997	P3/b(3)

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HRC - Vogue 1997 [2]

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RESTRICTION CODES

Presidential Records Act - [44 U.S.C. 2204(a)]

- P1 National Security Classified Information [(a)(1) of the PRA]
- P2 Relating to the appointment to Federal office [(a)(2) of the PRA]
- P3 Release would violate a Federal statute [(a)(3) of the PRA]
- P4 Release would disclose trade secrets or confidential commercial or financial information [(a)(4) of the PRA]
- P5 Release would disclose confidential advice between the President and his advisors, or between such advisors [(a)(5) of the PRA]
- P6 Release would constitute a clearly unwarranted invasion of personal privacy [(a)(6) of the PRA]

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- b(9) Release would disclose geological or geophysical information concerning wells [(b)(9) of the FOIA]

VOGUE

ANNA WINTOUR
Editor in Chief

April 15, 1997

To: Marsha Berry
Lissa Muscatine

From: Anna Wintour

Number of pages including cover: 25

VOGUE

ANNA WINTOUR
Editor in Chief

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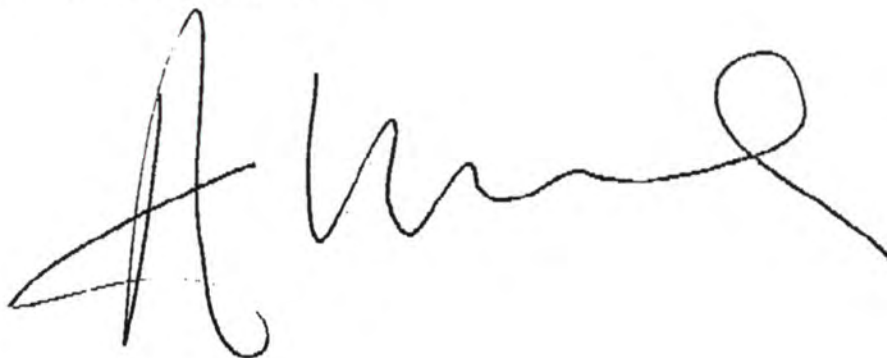
To: Marsha Berry
Lissa Muscatine

Dear Marsha and Lissa,

Here are the suggested cuts and possible places for some more personal anecdotes.

I will be in the office until 5.15pm today, otherwise I will be in the office tomorrow after 8.15am.

Looking forward to hearing from you.

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read 'Anna', with a large, stylized 'A' and a circular flourish at the end.

DRAFT 4/14/97
Monday 6:00 pm

FIRST LADY HILLARY RODHAM CLINTON
AFRICA ESSAY
VOGUE MAGAZINE

I have always wanted to visit Africa. As a child, I imagined exploring the Blue Nile, Victoria Falls, the Serengeti and other exotic places I discovered through books and movies. In college I studied writers like Nobel Prize winner Chinua Achebe and researched how the United States and the Soviet Union used the continent as a giant chess board to maneuver for advantage during the Cold War. After I read Isak Dinesen, I longed to sleep in a tent where I could hear the lions roar at night.

Finally, in March, I went to Africa. For two weeks, I was overwhelmed by new sights, sounds, smells, and tastes. Like so many others before me, I came home ~~transfixed, even~~ transformed, by the experience. I also ^{returned} ~~came back~~ more convinced ^{than ever} that what happens in Africa should matter to Americans.

~~My chance came because the President and Secretary of State asked me to demonstrate America's interest in the continent and to highlight positive stories about Africa's progress rarely told in our country. These stories are part of a~~

There is a
^ worldwide surge of peace, prosperity and democracy-building. Every region is
making its own contributions, ^{but} ~~with its own lessons for the rest of the world.~~
^{but} ^ Africa's ~~chapter~~ deserves special attention, as I saw in six countries ^{that are} leading the
continent's democratic and economic renewal: Senegal, South Africa, Zimbabwe,
Tanzania, Uganda, and Eritrea.

As with earlier trips I made on behalf of the United States to South Asia,
South America, and Europe, I tried in Africa to stress our nation's commitment to
democracy, human rights, and free markets. ^{Wanted} In particular, I ~~sought~~ to support and
speak out about efforts to advance the roles and rights of women and girls. A
democracy without women's full participation is a contradiction in terms. To live
up to its promise, a democracy must ensure that girls have the same opportunities as
boys in education and health care and as full participants in the economic, political
and social lives of their countries.

~~Prior to my trip, Secretary Albright and I delivered speeches at the State~~
~~Department about the centrality of women in building democracy, opening markets~~
~~and realizing human rights. As the Secretary said: "Advancing the status of women~~
~~is the right thing to do -- and the smart thing to do."~~

It happens that on several trips I have been lucky enough to travel with my
daughter Chelsea. These experiences ^{have} ~~give~~ me the greatest joy in my life. When

Chelsea comes along, I get the added pleasure of watching the excitement on her face as we visit a new place. And ~~I am reminded that~~^g people in other countries see that the President of the United States has a child -- a girl whom he values, respects and has done his utmost to invest with every chance to fulfill her own God-given potential. I am beyond grateful for the times we have circled the globe together. And if those travels have changed minds in countries where daughters are not as prized as sons -- well, all the better.

~~The way women are treated by a society is like the canary in the coal mine that miners used to send down the shaft ahead of them. If the bird kept chirping, they knew there was enough air for them to follow safely. From what I saw of Africa's girls and women, that canary is alive and well. And it can sing.~~

^{can}
As you will see from the memorable photographs by Annie Liebowitz, I met impressive national leaders and a lot of remarkable women (and even a few men dressed as women!). These photos, full of hope and promise, offer such a different picture than most of what we see on TV or in the newspaper ~~in America~~^g about Africa. So much of the time, it seems, the only news that filters in from Africa is bad news. Too often overlooked are ~~all those stories about~~^{g of} democratic and economic progress, about people living up to their best selves, ~~building good lives,~~^g ~~working to repair communities and doing all this while overcoming obstacles I~~

can't even imagine confronting. That's the Africa I saw. I hope, through these pictures, you will see it too.

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After weeks of planning, our departure was postponed because Bill injured his leg the day before Chelsea and I were to leave. Instead of last minute packing, I spent two days with him at the hospital and preparing the White House for his return. When I first saw how much pain he was in and learned how serious the operation was, I told him that Chelsea and I should either cancel the trip or abbreviate it. He would only agree to a one-day delay that would still permit us to complete the whole schedule. He thought the trip was an important demonstration of our country's concern about Africa. Besides, he didn't want to play up his injury and worried that my being a "nervous Nellie" would do just that. Once Bill was safely resting at home, I left for the airport filled with anxiety about him and anticipation about Africa.

* Did you speak to him at any point during this trip. Might want to plant late if so

Our plane touched down in Dakar, Senegal shortly after 3 a.m. on March 18th. My first impression was of a densely dark sky and air that felt like a wall of heat and humidity.

* Had you brought the proper clothes? How did you adjust to the weather?

After a quick nap in our hotel, our first stop was Goree Island off Senegal's coast, one of the departure points for millions of Africans sold into slavery from the 16th to 19th centuries and shipped across the Atlantic to North and South America, ~~including the United States~~. Just as Africa's history is rife with ironies and contradictions, so is Goree Island. As we approached by boat, we saw the peaceful shore filled with brightly dressed people singing and dancing to welcome me. It was jarring to remember that this seemingly idyllic spot was part of an industry that profited from the sale of human beings.

Nothing speaks more to the depravity of humankind than the slave compound, where African men and women were segregated by sex and kept in cages before they were sold and shipped away. At the aptly named Door of No Return, Chelsea and I saw the passageway where slaves were forced onto ships, separated from their loved ones, their land, and their culture with cruel finality.

Yet I quickly learned ~~in my travels~~ that the history of tragedy in Africa often ~~conceals a deeper story of human resilience~~. Goree Island not only offers a stark reminder of a shameful past, but a message about America's vital ties to Africa, the contributions of African Americans to our own culture, ~~and the importance of treating all men, women and children with the respect and dignity they deserve~~. It was a message that echoed throughout my time in ~~Senegal and from one country to~~ *Africa*.

the next.

After a whirlwind day in Senegal -- where I met many Senegalese from the country's impressive seven-foot President Abdou Diouf and his family, to girls attending a school named in honor of Martin Luther King, Jr., to villagers acting out a skit about democracy, to a group of women who are working to improve education, women's rights, health care and the economy -- we were back on the plane for another red-eye, this time to Johannesburg, South Africa eight-and-a-half hours across the continent.

I had been to South Africa once before to attend President Nelson Mandela's inauguration in 1994. But that brief visit had only whetted my appetite to know more about what many are calling the South African "miracle" of democracy.

Just outside of Johannesburg is the famous township of Soweto, scene of so much of apartheid's tragic history. As we approached the Entandweni Primary School, children in uniforms lined the dusty streets, waving and smiling. Escorted by the principal, Primrose Sishi, clad in a traditional dress of the Zulu tribe, I visited a class of six-year-olds who were learning English. Their teacher, Sibongile Vilikazi, was using a taped program funded partly through assistance from the United States Agency for International Development and private foundations. The lesson for the day taught the words "outside" and "inside," and the children were

asked to use each word in sentences. I couldn't help but smile when one boy said:

"The police are outside," because too often in the past, the police "inside" Soweto

ended up fueling violence and racial tension. ~~In these days, children, like the ones I~~

~~saw, boycotted school and took to the streets because the apartheid regime wanted~~

~~all classes to be taught in Afrikaans, the language of the white ruling class. Now,~~

~~thankfully, the police are "outside" doing what they are supposed to do -- keeping~~

~~the peace -- and the students are "inside" the classroom studying.~~

Unfortunately, crime and violence ^{remain} are big problems in South Africa;

fortunately, all citizens -- black, white and coloured -- are joined in combatting

them. African women first helped focus world attention on one crime, domestic

violence, at the United Nations World Conference on Women in Nairobi, Kenya in

1985. Domestic violence remains all too common in every country of the world.

But as I heard over and over in Africa, domestic violence crimes are often not

prosecuted -- or even considered crimes at all -- in many parts of the continent.

That's why it was so heartening to see women from South Africa to Zimbabwe to

Tanzania and elsewhere devoting their energies to changing ^{local} laws and attitudes in

~~their respective countries. In Johannesburg, I met with social workers,~~

~~psychologists, police officers, politicians and grass-roots activists who are working~~

~~to end the scourges of domestic violence, child abuse and crime. That's one of the~~

~~issues our two countries are cooperating on through the Binational Commission~~

~~chaired by Vice Presidents Thabo Mbeki and Al Gore.~~

Describe

The next morning I flew to Capetown, one of the most beautiful cities in the world. African women find strength in song, and everywhere I went, women sang as they worked, as they walked, as they greeted us to their homes and villages. And on a dusty patch of land in Capetown I watched women, their faces painted brightly, pushing wheelbarrows, pouring concrete, and mixing paint -- singing all the while.

Homeless squatters living in deplorable conditions, they had formed their own housing and credit association, modeled after one they had heard about in India. ~~They wanted to better themselves and their families.~~ Pooling their savings, they bought shovels, paint, and cement. They asked for information from the government about how to lay a foundation for a house. They put in a sewer line. ~~They worked and worked and~~ *at they* today, have completed 18 houses, *and* ~~while~~ *e* continuing to build more. They are also helping lay the foundation for a new South Africa.

Later, I learned the translation of the lyrics of one of their songs: "Strength, money, and knowledge -- we cannot do anything without them." Good advice for any woman ~~seeking a sense of her own value and empowerment.~~

One cannot spend time in South Africa without being inspired by its

democratic transformation. That democracy could take root after so many decades of violence and racial hatred is a testament to the courage and humanity of millions of South Africans of all races who are committed to peace and reconciliation. Some are famous, like President Mandela, who took Chelsea and me on a tour of the tiny prison cell he occupied for years on Robben Island. ^{What did you feel? Chelsea's response} But most are not, like the women at a memorial tree-planting I attended with Archbishop Desmond Tutu in honor of those who died or disappeared during apartheid -- women whose names will never make the nightly news, yet whose tear-stained faces told the story of the pain and agony they had endured. They weren't there to forget their pain; they were there to help themselves and their country move beyond the past to a brighter future.

That is the purpose of the nation's Truth and Reconciliation Commission.

Archbishop Tutu invited me to meet its members. In the most ordinary of conference rooms, ^{these} men and women are undertaking the most extraordinary of efforts. ~~They are~~ working to heal their nation after generations of injustice and brutality. ~~As we know from our own experience,~~ democracy is a complicated and difficult business under the best of circumstances. Given its ~~own~~ ^{own} past, South Africa has a challenging road ahead. But President Mandela and Archbishop Tutu know that their country cannot achieve democracy and equality for all citizens without ~~a~~

~~spirit of forgiveness.~~ Under the leadership of the Archbishop, the Commission is urging those who committed hate crimes during apartheid to step forward and confess. In return, they are granted amnesty ~~from prosecution~~. Through this great experiment in healing, the people of South Africa are not only shaping their own destinies, they are challenging the rest of the world -- from Belfast to Bosnia to Burundi -- to put aside ancient enmities in search of higher moral ground.

~~I spoke about South Africa's lessons for us all in a speech at the University of Capetown, presided over by its dynamic woman Vice Chancellor, Dr. Mamphela Ramphela. I wondered aloud what might have happened in our own country if President Lincoln had lived out his second term and been able to implement the vision of a healed nation set out in his Second Inaugural Address, which urged all citizens to unite as Americans and feel "malice toward none." Would our country have had its own Truth and Reconciliation Commission after the Civil War? Could we have averted a century of racial injustice and a legacy of prejudice that haunts us still?~~

From the southern tip of the continent, we journeyed northwest to Zimbabwe, another story of democratic renewal in Africa. It's a beautiful country -- green and peaceful. My first stop was a formal call on President Robert Mugabe and his wife, Grace, at their official residence. The two stuffed lions guarding the entrance were

the first signs of wildlife I had seen.

I was also thanked for arriving with the season's first heavy rainfall, and I was happy to take credit since President Mugabe explained that the country was suffering from drought.

In an elegant art gallery in the capital of Harare, a group of Zimbabwean women in politics, the professions and business explained to me that, although the country did not have laws guaranteeing legal rights to women, it's not just laws that need changing, but attitudes as well. They recounted stories of women who had been beaten by their spouses for having "bad manners" or wearing pants, a practice deemed only acceptable for men. One woman summed up the problem: "As long as you have a law that says men can have two wives, but women can't have two husbands, then you're not dealing with reality."

~~The refreshing candor of women talking about their problems is something I've heard around the world in the roundtable discussions I attend. No matter where we are from, or what our station in life, women everywhere seem to share the same fundamental goals and aspirations, and the same challenges to their full participation in society. I like Mary Wollstonecraft's comment which, written more than 200 years ago, still rings true and universal today. "I do not wish women to have power over men, but over themselves."~~

But as I was reminded time and again on this trip, women's authority over themselves ~~and their emotions~~ cannot be legislated; it has to start from within.

That's why Zimbabwe deserves great credit for its advances in family planning, which have encouraged women to assume responsibility for themselves. ~~The U.S.~~

~~has supported Zimbabwe's family planning efforts.~~ At the Kuwadzana Municipal

Clinic I watched a play about "baby-dumping," the ^{tragic} practice by teenagers of

~~abandoning babies born out of wedlock.~~ The actresses were school girls under the

direction of Peace Corps volunteers. The skit is aimed at persuading girls to

postpone sexual activity or, if they do not, to use ~~contraception to avoid pregnancy~~

~~and the tragedy of orphaning or killing babies by "dumping" them.~~

At my next stop I saw responsibility in action as I met with members of the Zambuko Trust, ^{which} ~~a microcredit project that~~ assists women with small loans to start or

expand businesses. After my ~~formal~~ remarks, I asked if the audience had any

questions ~~for me.~~ ^{I felt} I was at a small business meeting back home when one

after another asked if I knew where she could get second-hand items like sewing machines and steel punches. (If anyone reading this has any equipment to donate, I hope they will contact me!)

From Harare we flew to Victoria Falls, where we were drenched by the spray as we walked the length of the viewing area in the park, marveling at the power and

magnitude of the falls and the frequent rainbows that festoon the gorge.

Then it was on to ~~our next destination~~^O, Dar Es Salaam, Tanzania, a country formed from the union of two former colonies whose names entranced me as a child: Tanganyika and Zanzibar. At my first stop, I met President Benjamin Mkapa, who is working to open his nation's economy to take advantage of its natural resources and strategic location on the Indian Ocean. With the vigorous assent of Mrs. Mkapa and the women Ministers in attendance, I encouraged the President to change laws that limit women from owning and inheriting property. ^g ~~The~~ restrictions ^{that} are not only unfair, ^{but} ~~they~~ hobble the economic potential of half the country's population.

~~That discussion continued with Ministers and other women at the National Museum during a roundtable meeting convened by my friend, Gertrude Mongella, a former Tanzanian parliamentarian and the Secretary-General of the United Nations Fourth World Conference on Women in Beijing in 1995. The lively conversation ended with Gertrude draping me in a beautiful black and gold wrap called a Conga and leading her colleagues in song.~~

If there is one thing that most people associate with Africa, it is wildlife. In Tanzania, 25 percent of the land is set aside for parks and reserves, making the country a model for environmental stewardship. Chelsea and I were fortunate to see

first-hand some of Tanzania's treasures: the Ngorongoro Crater, the Serengeti plain, and the Olduvai Gorge, where Mary and Louis Leakey made their historic discoveries about modern human ancestry. Traveling by Land Rover across rutted and rocky trails we were awed by the vast zebra herds, running ostriches, bull elephants, sleeping mother hippos whose babies rested on their heads half out of the water, lions eyeing wildebeests and other potential prey. No matter where we looked, our eyes could not take it all in.

Near there, we also visited an extended family belonging to the Masai tribe, whose simple, pastoral way of life is at odds with Africa's push for development and growth. Anyone who sees Masai men and women standing tall and proud in their red robes, earrings and elaborate beaded necklaces may well feel that there is something bittersweet about the necessary march of progress and the passage of time.

Along with its environmental efforts, Tanzania is also a crucial actor in bringing peace and stability to war-torn central Africa. In Arusha, I visited the International War Crimes Tribunal investigating genocide in Rwanda. The Tribunal, recently reorganized to make its work more effective and under the leadership of Canadian Justice Louise Arbour, is charged with prosecuting war crimes and punishing those responsible.

The success of the Tribunal is vitally important for all of Africa, but especially for women and children, whose lives and dignity are too often sacrificed in war and civil strife. In Rwanda, rape and sexual assault were committed on a mass scale ^{as} ~~They were~~ tactics of war. Through the Tribunal, the international community can and must demand that those who committed genocide and crimes against humanity be brought to justice.

~~As has been true throughout history,~~ ⁹⁼ wars spawn many lasting repercussions, and one is the inevitable proliferation of refugees, most of them women and children. In Africa, as elsewhere, women and children comprise the majority of those left homeless, starving and dying from preventable diseases in the aftermath of war.

⁹ In Kampala, Uganda, I met with a delegation of Rwandan women whose soft voices and drawn faces told the story of the genocide in their country. One young woman described how, after her arm was severed with a machete, she tried to keep it attached while she sought futilely to find medical care. When an infection inevitably occurred, she had to remove the arm herself. As she showed me her stump, another woman ~~used the occasion to explain~~ ^{ed} that there is a severe shortage of prosthetic limbs ~~for victims like her~~ ⁹. The woman also gave me a photo album that documented the price of Rwanda's violence. On each page were graphic

images of bones, skulls, dazed survivors and orphaned children.

But More than the album's photos, I will long carry mental pictures of the women I met there -- and their determination as they talked about how they would overcome the inhumanity of their past to help rebuild their devastated lives and country.

Uganda was memorable for other reasons. In the face of the worst epidemic of AIDS in Africa, it is the only country to have lowered the rate of infection through an educational ~~awareness~~ ^{the} campaign that includes billboards, ~~which~~ ^I saw ~~prominently displayed~~ ⁹ along the road on my way from the airport. This campaign is led by Uganda's charismatic President, Yoweri Museveni, who believes in confronting head on problems that traditionally have been ignored and neglected. He and his wife, Janet, entertained me at Nakasero State House, where I met some of the government and business leaders ~~who are helping to shape~~ ⁱⁿ the fastest growing economy in Africa.

One of the President's priorities is education and his policies have led to a huge increase in the numbers of boys and girls attending primary school. I saw the results when Mrs. Museveni and I visited the Seguku Primary School, where I announced a USAID grant to Uganda to train teachers and prepare teaching materials. We met two Peace Corps volunteers who are helping to make classroom

materials out of plentiful items like bottle caps and banana leaves. I saw how necessary these efforts were when I walked into a classroom with 74 third-graders and one dedicated teacher who proudly told me she had more girls than boys in her class for the first time.

~~I also saw how Americans are involved in helping the Ugandan campaign~~
~~against AIDS.~~ When I helped dedicate the AIDS Information Center, constructed in part with funds donated by the German, Japanese and American governments, I listened with tears in my eyes as a young woman with AIDS told me how her aunt's husband, infected with HIV, had forced himself on her. She had found help and understanding, she said, at the Center. Other clients ~~of the Center~~ performed a song used in the country's education campaign. The refrain: "AIDS cannot win."

U.S. investments in projects to improve education and fight AIDS aren't just foreign aid for the sake of foreign aid. ~~We learn from them too.~~ An American doctor at the AIDS Center explained that the policy of same-day testing ~~and sharing~~ ~~results~~ ^{is} pioneered there ~~are~~ now being transplanted back to the U.S.; and there is no doubt that medical research and clinical trials in Uganda can help advance the search for a vaccine and cure.

I also saw the vitality and outspokenness of Uganda's women in a village bank and at a gathering of women who attended a speech I gave at the Nile

Conference Center. FINCA (Foundation for International Community Assistance) is an international microcredit association whose banks I have visited in Managua, Nicaragua, and Washington, DC. But never before had the stories of what women did with their loans been conveyed to me in song and dance.

And there was more singing before ~~I gave~~ my speech. I was touched to hear, in this order, the Uganda National Anthem, the United States National Anthem, and the traditional Uganda song celebrating women that begins with the words:

"Mothers, daughters. . . ." ~~At that event~~ ^{including} I was surrounded by articulate, powerful women ~~like~~ Uganda's Vice President, Dr. Specioza Wandira Kazibwe.

Anyone who doubts the strength, courage, and tenacity of African women need only travel to Eritrea, the sixth and final country I visited. It is Africa's newest nation, a democracy born out of a 30-year civil war in Ethiopia.

The first thing I saw getting off the plane was a sign that said, "It Takes a Village." ~~Then,~~ ^{Of} descending onto the tarmac, I was greeted by women ululating and throwing popcorn at me, a sign of affection in Eritrea. A few minutes later, as we drove out of the airport, a large banner proclaimed: "Welcome, sister."

The Eritrean people pride themselves on industriousness and self-sufficiency, and time spent with Eritrean women explains why. I met women freedom fighters who helped wage the war for independence. Many took up arms as teenagers and

fought
~~continued to fight~~ for the better part of three decades. Now they have laid down their weapons (in fact, most Eritreans turned over their guns at the request of the new government, so that even police in the capital, Asmara, don't carry them) and are busy building schools, health clinics and training fellow ~~freedom~~ fighters for civilian jobs.

In an animated discussion hosted at our Ambassador's residence, I learned how proud the women are of their country's new Constitution, whose motto is "emancipation through equal participation." ~~The meeting was~~ moderated by Askalu Menkerios, the President of the National Union of Eritrean Women, ~~which is working jointly with our National Council of Negro Women to start microcredit projects.~~

One woman spoke for others present when she ~~acknowledged that~~ ~~constitutional and legal rights for women are still undercut by culture and customs.~~

said that Women like her, ~~she said~~, had not helped to fight for national independence to see victory bring a return of female dependence. That is why women who were active in the liberation struggle are speaking out in favor of girls participating, ~~alongside~~ ~~boys~~, in compulsory national service and against the practice of female genital mutilation, which is prevalent among Eritreans.

~~As Secretary Albright has made clear, the United States condemns female~~

04/14/97 MON 17:12 FAX

~~genital mutilation as a violation of human rights. Yet we also know that any~~
~~campaign to change such a deeply ingrained cultural custom must be led by African~~
~~women themselves. Our best hope of helping them may be to stress the health~~
~~problems associated with female genital mutilation -- higher rates of maternal and~~
~~infant mortality, for example -- which not only harm women and children but~~
~~weaken society as a whole.~~

~~I thought of the struggle African women are waging when I looked at the~~
~~faces of the little girls gathered at the dedication of the Embadorho Health Station,~~
~~built in part with USAID funds, and when I met women at the BANA~~
~~Woodworking Training Center who have been demobilized from the military and~~
~~now must learn new job skills to make a living on their own since many are single~~
~~mothers.~~

The President of Eritrea, Isaias Afwerki and his wife, a former freedom
fighter named Saba, do not live in the Presidential Palace but that is where they
entertained me. They prefer to live in a small house in town with their children.
Mrs. Isaias gave me a native dress of soft white, hand-loomed cotton decorated with
embroidery and silver with a matching shawl which I wore to the reception and
entertainment ~~they hosted~~. I sat in a courtyard in front of the palace, built by the
Italians during their occupation ~~of Eritrea~~, watching folk dances from various parts

04/14/97 MON 17:13 FAX

was

of the country. I asked the President, who ~~began~~ ^{was} a guerilla fighter while a university student in his early twenties, if, during the long war, he had ever found time to dance. "Of course," he replied. "We had to keep dancing to keep ourselves going."

Just at that moment the dancers came off the stage and beckoned to the President and me to join them. He appeared as surprised as I was, and at first he demurred. But the dancers were persistent and both of us made our way slowly to the stage, where we were joined by Mrs. Isaias and a few other guests similarly recruited. The dance, thankfully, was a simple circle movement that even I could

manage

As the music filled the air and I danced around the circle, I looked at the smiling men and women ~~surrounding~~ ^{surrounding} me and felt very lucky — and very grateful — to be part of their celebration of independence and democracy. If I'd had some popcorn, I would have thrown it at everyone in sight.

Where was Chelsea?
Did she dance too?
Need to bring her back
into story.

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Six years ago, there were only five democracies in Africa. Now there are 23 countries where free and fair elections have taken place. Africa is also moving from stifling state-controlled economies to open markets that give full ~~life~~ ^{scope} to

04/14/97 MON 17:57 FAX

human endeavor. Last year, 30 African countries recorded positive economic growth. Some countries, like Uganda, have rates of growth that rival those of the "Asian Tigers" -- and are now being called "African lions."

Africa also is renewing itself in ways that can't be measured by statistics.

There is a new generation of reform-minded African leaders. There is a new

relationship between ~~the countries of~~ Africa and the United States, one ~~that is now~~

based as much on free trade and shared ideals as ~~it is~~ on development assistance.

~~And there is a new commitment on the part of many of the countries of Africa to~~

~~forgo tolerant, civil, multiracial tribal societies. Nations that for too long have~~

~~known only violence and division are beginning to find peace, strength and unity in~~

~~their diversity.~~

To be sure, Africa faces formidable challenges. Many of the African democracies are new and fragile. Too much of the continent continues to be riven by AIDS and other diseases, poverty, injustice, corruption, and perilous conflicts. Refugee crises trap women and children, in particular, in lives that go from bad to worse.

Yet for all the cruelty and suffering, there is now more cause for hope than despair. The credit goes to the African people who have endured so much and come so far. ~~But the United States can be helpful. With modest contributions in aid, less~~

04/14/97 MON 17:57 FAX

~~than one-tenth of one percent of our budget, we have supported the teachers, family
planning centers, AIDS prevention efforts, environmental protection and economic
advances that give Africans the tools to help themselves and to become stronger
partners for peace, freedom, and democracy in the 21st century. We should do more
of it. Their hope is ours too.~~

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POSSIBLE INSERTS FOR VOGUE

1. INSERT FOR PAGE FOUR -- AT THE VERY BOTTOM

Fortunately, having become accustomed to sweltering summers in Washington, DC, I had packed enough lightweight suits, slacks and blouses to be comfortable even in tropical weather. (Little did I know that during the trip I'd have the chance to try out some traditional African garb too!)

2. INSERT FOR PAGE 14 -- AFTER THE PARAGRAPH ABOUT SEEING THE WILDLIFE

For Chelsea, seeing exotic wildlife was a special pleasure. She loved animals when she was little, and watching her in the game parks brought back memories of our many visits to the zoo and the circus. Now, of course, she's a young woman heading off to college. And while I dread the day she leaves, I will always treasure those priceless moments when her face conveyed her joy and excitement over a new experience.

DRAFT 4/14/97
Monday 6:00 pm

FIRST LADY HILLARY RODHAM CLINTON
AFRICA ESSAY
VOGUE MAGAZINE

I have always wanted to visit Africa. As a child, I imagined exploring the Blue Nile, Victoria Falls, the Serengeti and other exotic places I discovered through books and movies. In college I studied writers like Nobel Prize winner Chinua Achebe and researched how the United States and the Soviet Union used the continent as a giant chess board to maneuver for advantage during the Cold War. After I read Isak Dinesen, I longed to sleep in a tent where I could hear the lions roar at night.

Finally, in March, I went to Africa. For two weeks, I was overwhelmed by new sights, sounds, smells, and tastes. Like so many others before me, I came home transfixed, even transformed, by the experience. I also came back more convinced that what happens in Africa should matter to Americans.

My chance came because the President and Secretary of State asked me to demonstrate America's interest in the continent and to highlight positive stories about Africa's progress rarely told in our country. These stories are part of a

worldwide surge of peace, prosperity and democracy-building. Every region is making its own contributions with its own lessons for the rest of the world.

Africa's chapter deserves special attention, as I saw in six countries leading the continent's democratic and economic renewal: Senegal, South Africa, Zimbabwe, Tanzania, Uganda, and Eritrea.

As with earlier trips I made on behalf of the United States to South Asia, South America, and Europe, I tried in Africa to stress our nation's commitment to democracy, human rights, and free markets. In particular, I sought to support and speak out about efforts to advance the roles and rights of women and girls. A democracy without women's full participation is a contradiction in terms. To live up to its promise, a democracy must ensure that girls have the same opportunities as boys in education and health care and as full participants in the economic, political and social lives of their countries.

Prior to my trip, Secretary Albright and I delivered speeches at the State Department about the centrality of women in building democracy, opening markets and realizing human rights. As the Secretary said: "Advancing the status of women is the right thing to do -- and the smart thing to do."

It happens that on several trips I have been lucky enough to travel with my daughter Chelsea. These experiences give me the greatest joy in my life. When

Chelsea comes along, I get the added pleasure of watching the excitement on her face as we visit a new place. And I am reminded that people in other countries see that the President of the United States has a child -- a girl whom he values, respects and has done his utmost to invest with every chance to fulfill her own God-given potential. I am beyond grateful for the times we have circled the globe together. And if those travels have changed minds in countries where daughters are not as prized as sons -- well, all the better.



The way women are treated by a society is like the canary in the coal mine that miners used to send down the shaft ahead of them. If the bird kept chirping, they knew there was enough air for them to follow safely. From what I saw of Africa's girls and women, that canary is alive and well. And it can sing.

As you will see from the memorable photographs by Annie Liebowitz, I met impressive national leaders and a lot of remarkable women (and even a few men dressed as women!). These photos, full of hope and promise, offer such a different picture than most of what we see on TV or in the newspaper in America about Africa. So much of the time, it seems, the only news that filters in from Africa is bad news. Too often overlooked are all those stories about democratic and economic progress, about people living up to their best selves, building good lives, working to repair communities -- and doing all this while overcoming obstacles I

can't even imagine confronting. That's the Africa I saw. I hope, through these pictures, you will see it too.

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After weeks of planning, our departure was postponed because Bill injured his leg the day before Chelsea and I were to leave. Instead of last minute packing, I spent two days with him at the hospital and preparing the White House for his return. When I first saw how much pain he was in and learned how serious the operation was, I told him that Chelsea and I should either cancel the trip or abbreviate it. He would only agree to a one-day delay that would still permit us to complete the whole schedule. He thought the trip was an important demonstration of our country's concern about Africa. Besides, he didn't want to play up his injury and worried that my being a "nervous Nellie" would do just that. Once Bill was safely resting at home, I left for the airport filled with anxiety about him and anticipation about Africa.

12-9-79
18th. Our plane touched down in Dakar, Senegal shortly after 3 a.m. on March 18th. My first impression was of a densely dark sky and air that felt like a wall of heat and humidity.

After a quick nap in our hotel, our first stop was Goree Island off Senegal's coast, one of the departure points for millions of Africans sold into slavery from the 16th to 19th centuries and shipped across the Atlantic to North and South America, including the United States. Just as Africa's history is rife with ironies and contradictions, so is Goree Island. As we approached by boat, we saw the peaceful shore filled with brightly dressed people singing and dancing to welcome me. It was jarring to remember that this seemingly idyllic spot was part of an industry that profited from the sale of human beings.

Nothing speaks more to the depravity of humankind than the slave compound, where African men and women were segregated by sex and kept in cages before they were sold and shipped away. At the aptly named Door of No Return, Chelsea and I saw the passageway where slaves were forced onto ships, separated from their loved ones, their land, and their culture with cruel finality.

Yet I quickly learned in my travels that the history of tragedy in Africa often conceals a deeper story of human resilience. Goree Island not only offers a stark reminder of a shameful past, but a message about America's vital ties to Africa, the contributions of African Americans to our own culture, and the importance of treating all men, women and children with the respect and dignity they deserve. It was a message that echoed throughout my time in Senegal and from one country to

the next.

After a whirlwind day in Senegal -- where I met many Senegalese from the country's impressive seven-foot President Abdou Diouf and his family, to girls attending a school named in honor of Martin Luther King, Jr., to villagers acting out a skit about democracy, to a group of women who are working to improve education, women's rights, health care and the economy -- we were back on the plane for another red-eye, this time to Johannesburg, South Africa, eight-and-a-half hours across the continent.

I had been to South Africa once before to attend President Nelson Mandela's inauguration in 1994. But that brief visit had only whetted my appetite to know more about what many are calling the South African "miracle" of democracy.

Just outside of Johannesburg is the famous township of Soweto, scene of so much of apartheid's tragic history. As we approached the Entandweni Primary School, children in uniforms lined the dusty streets, waving and smiling. Escorted by the principal, Primrose Sishi, clad in a traditional dress of the Zulu tribe, I visited a class of six-year-olds who were learning English. Their teacher, Sibongile Vilikazi, was using a taped program funded partly through assistance from the United States Agency for International Development and private foundations. The lesson for the day taught the words "outside" and "inside," and the children were

asked to use each word in sentences. I couldn't help but smile when one boy said: "The police are outside," because too often in the past, the police "inside" Soweto ended up fueling violence and racial tension. In those days, children, like the ones I saw, boycotted school and took to the streets because the apartheid regime wanted all classes to be taught in Afrikaans, the language of the white ruling class. Now, thankfully, the police are "outside" doing what they are supposed to do -- keeping the peace -- and the students are "inside" the classroom studying.

Unfortunately, crime and violence are big problems in South Africa; fortunately, all citizens -- black, white and coloured -- are joined in combatting them. African women first helped focus world attention on one crime, domestic violence, at the United Nations World Conference on Women in Nairobi, Kenya in 1985. Domestic violence remains all too common in every country of the world. But as I heard over and over in Africa, domestic violence crimes are often not prosecuted -- or even considered crimes at all -- in many parts of the continent. That's why it was so heartening to see women from South Africa to Zimbabwe to Tanzania and elsewhere devoting their energies to changing laws and attitudes in their respective countries. In Johannesburg, I met with social workers, psychologists, police officers, politicians and grass-roots activists who are working to end the scourges of domestic violence, child abuse and crime. That's one of the

issues our two countries are cooperating on through the Binational Commission chaired by Vice Presidents Thabo Mbeki and Al Gore.

The next morning I flew to Capetown, one of the most beautiful cities in the world. African women find strength in song, and everywhere I went, women sang as they worked, as they walked, as they greeted us to their homes and villages. And on a dusty patch of land in Capetown I watched women, their faces painted brightly, pushing wheelbarrows, pouring concrete, and mixing paint -- singing all the while.

Homeless squatters living in deplorable conditions, they had formed their own housing and credit association, modeled after one they had heard about in India. They wanted to better themselves and their families. Pooling their savings, they bought shovels, paint, and cement. They asked for information from the government about how to lay a foundation for a house. They put in a sewer line. They worked and worked and today have completed 18 houses, while continuing to build more. They are also helping lay the foundation for a new South Africa.

Later, I learned the translation of the lyrics of one of their songs: "Strength, money, and knowledge -- we cannot do anything without them." Good advice for any woman seeking a sense of her own value and empowerment.

One cannot spend time in South Africa without being inspired by its

democratic transformation. That democracy could take root after so many decades of violence and racial hatred is a testament to the courage and humanity of millions of South Africans of all races who are committed to peace and reconciliation. Some are famous, like President Mandela, who took Chelsea and me on a tour of the tiny prison cell he occupied for years on Robben Island. But most are not, like the women at a memorial tree-planting I attended with Archbishop Desmond Tutu in honor of those who died or disappeared during apartheid -- women whose names will never make the nightly news, yet whose tear-stained faces told the story of the pain and agony they had endured. They weren't there to forget their pain; they were there to help themselves and their country move beyond the past to a brighter future.

That is the purpose of the nation's Truth and Reconciliation Commission. Archbishop Tutu invited me to meet its members. In the most ordinary of conference rooms, men and women are undertaking the most extraordinary of efforts. They are working to heal their nation after generations of injustice and brutality. As we know from our own experience, democracy is a complicated and difficult business under the best of circumstances. Given its own past, South Africa has a challenging road ahead. But President Mandela and Archbishop Tutu know that their country cannot achieve democracy and equality for all citizens without a

spirit of forgiveness. Under the leadership of the Archbishop, the Commission is urging those who committed hate crimes during apartheid to step forward and confess. In return, they are granted amnesty from prosecution. Through this great experiment in healing, the people of South Africa are not only shaping their own destinies, they are challenging the rest of the world -- from Belfast, to Bosnia, to Burundi -- to put aside ancient enmities in search of higher moral ground.

I spoke about South Africa's lessons for us all in a speech at the University of Capetown, presided over by its dynamic woman Vice Chancellor, Dr. Mamphela Ramphele. I wondered aloud what might have happened in our own country if President Lincoln had lived out his second term and been able to implement the vision of a healed nation set out in his Second Inaugural Address, which urged all citizens to unite as Americans and feel "malice toward none." Would our country have had its own Truth and Reconciliation Commission after the Civil War? Could we have averted a century of racial injustice and a legacy of prejudice that haunts us still?

From the southern tip of the continent, we journeyed northwest to Zimbabwe, another story of democratic renewal in Africa. It's a beautiful country -- green and peaceful. My first stop was a formal call on President Robert Mugabe and his wife, Grace, at their official residence. The two stuffed lions guarding the entrance were

the first signs of wildlife I had seen.

I was also thanked for arriving with the season's first heavy rainfall, and I was happy to take credit since President Mugabe explained that the country was suffering from drought.

In an elegant art gallery in the capital of Harare, a group of Zimbabwean women in politics, the professions and business explained to me that, although the country did not have laws guaranteeing legal rights to women, it's not just laws that need changing, but attitudes as well. They recounted stories of women who had been beaten by their spouses for having "bad manners" or wearing pants, a practice deemed only acceptable for men. One woman summed up the problem: "As long as you have a law that says men can have two wives, but women can't have two husbands, then you're not dealing with reality."

The refreshing candor of women talking about their problems is something I've heard around the world in the roundtable discussions I attend. No matter where we are from, or what our station in life, women everywhere seem to share the same fundamental goals and aspirations, and the same challenges to their full participation in society. I like Mary Wollstonecraft's comment which, written more than 200 years ago, still rings as true and universal today. "I do not wish women to have power over men, but over themselves."

But as I was reminded time and again on this trip, women's authority over themselves and their emotions cannot be legislated; it has to start from within. That's why Zimbabwe deserves great credit for its advances in family planning, which have encouraged women to assume responsibility for themselves. The U.S. has supported Zimbabwe's family planning efforts. At the Kuwadzana Municipal Clinic I watched a play about "baby-dumping," the practice by teenagers of abandoning babies born out of wedlock. The actresses were school girls under the direction of Peace Corps volunteers. The skit is aimed at persuading girls to postpone sexual activity or, if they do not, to use contraception to avoid pregnancy and the tragedy of orphaning or killing babies by "dumping" them.

At my next stop I saw responsibility in action as I met with members of the Zambuko Trust, a microcredit project that assists women with small loans to start or expand businesses. After my formal remarks, I asked if the audience had any questions for me. I thought I was at a small business meeting back home when one after another asked if I knew where she could get second-hand items like sewing machines and steel punches. (If anyone reading this has any equipment to donate, I hope they will contact me!)

From Harare we flew to Victoria Falls, where we were drenched by the spray as we walked the length of the viewing area in the park, marveling at the power and

magnitude of the falls and the frequent rainbows that festoon the gorge.

Then it was on to our next destination, Dar Es Salaam, Tanzania, a country formed from the union of two former colonies whose names entranced me as a child: Tanganyika and Zanzibar. At my first stop, I met President Benjamin Mkapa, who is working to open his nation's economy to take advantage of its natural resources and strategic location on the Indian Ocean. With the vigorous assent of Mrs. Mkapa and the women Ministers in attendance, I encouraged the President to change laws that limit women from owning and inheriting property. The restrictions are not only unfair, they hobble the economic potential of half the country's population.

That discussion continued with Ministers and other women at the National Museum during a roundtable meeting convened by my friend, Gertrude Mongella, a former Tanzanian parliamentarian and the Secretary-General of the United Nations Fourth World Conference on Women in Beijing in 1995. The lively conversation ended with Gertrude draping me in a beautiful black and gold wrap called a Conga and leading her colleagues in song.

If there is one thing that most people associate with Africa, it is wildlife. In Tanzania, 25 percent of the land is set aside for parks and reserves, making the country a model for environmental stewardship. Chelsea and I were fortunate to see

first-hand some of Tanzania's treasures: the Ngorongoro Crater, the Serengeti plain, and the Olduvai Gorge, where Mary and Louis Leakey made their historic discoveries about modern human ancestry. Traveling by Land Rover across rutted and rocky trails we were awed by the vast zebra herds, running ostriches, bull elephants, sleeping mother hippos whose babies rested on their heads half out of the water, lions eyeing wildebeests and other potential prey. No matter where we looked, our eyes could not take it all in.

Near there, we also visited an extended family belonging to the Masai tribe, whose simple, pastoral way of life is at odds with Africa's push for development and growth. Anyone who sees Masai men and women standing tall and proud in their red robes, earrings and elaborate beaded necklaces may well feel that there is something bittersweet about the necessary march of progress and the passage of time.

Along with its environmental efforts, Tanzania is also a crucial actor in bringing peace and stability to war-torn central Africa. In Arusha, I visited the International War Crimes Tribunal investigating genocide in Rwanda. The Tribunal, recently reorganized to make its work more effective and under the leadership of Canadian Justice Louise Arbour, is charged with prosecuting war crimes and punishing those responsible.

The success of the Tribunal is vitally important for all of Africa, but especially for women and children, whose lives and dignity are too often sacrificed in war and civil strife. In Rwanda, rape and sexual assault were committed on a mass scale. They were tactics of war. Through the Tribunal, the international community can and must demand that those who committed genocide and crimes against humanity be brought to justice.

As has been true throughout history, wars spawn many lasting repercussions, and one is the inevitable proliferation of refugees, most of them women and children. In Africa, as elsewhere, women and children comprise the majority of those left homeless, starving and dying from preventable diseases in the aftermath of war.

In Kampala, Uganda, I met with a delegation of Rwandan women whose soft voices and drawn faces told the story of the genocide in their country. One young woman described how, after her arm was severed with a machete, she tried to keep it attached while she sought futilely to find medical care. When an infection inevitably occurred, she had to remove the arm herself. As she showed me her stump, another woman used the occasion to explain that there is a severe shortage of prosthetic limbs for victims like her. The woman also gave me a photo album that documented the price of Rwanda's violence. On each page were graphic

images of bones, skulls, dazed survivors and orphaned children.

More than the album's photos, I will long carry mental pictures of the women I met there -- and their determination as they talked about how they would overcome the inhumanity of their past to help rebuild their devastated lives and country.

Uganda was memorable for other reasons. In the face of the worst epidemic of AIDS in Africa, it is the only country to have lowered the rate of infection through an educational awareness campaign that includes billboards, which I saw prominently displayed along the road on my way from the airport. This campaign is led by Uganda's charismatic President, Yoweri Museveni, who believes in confronting head on problems that traditionally have been ignored and neglected. He and his wife, Janet, entertained me at Nakasero State House, where I met some of the government and business leaders who are helping to shape the fastest growing economy in Africa.

One of the President's priorities is education and his policies have led to a huge increase in the numbers of boys and girls attending primary school. I saw the results when Mrs. Museveni and I visited the Seguku Primary School, where I announced a USAID grant to Uganda to train teachers and prepare teaching materials. We met two Peace Corps volunteers who are helping to make classroom

materials out of plentiful items like bottle caps and banana leaves. I saw how necessary these efforts were when I walked into a classroom with 74 third-graders and one dedicated teacher who proudly told me she had more girls than boys in her class for the first time.

I also saw how Americans are involved in helping the Ugandan campaign against AIDS. When I helped dedicate the AIDS Information Center, constructed in part with funds donated by the German, Japanese and American governments, I listened with tears in my eyes as a young woman with AIDS told me how her aunt's husband, infected with HIV, had forced himself on her. She had found help and understanding, she said, at the Center. Other clients of the Center performed a song used in the country's education campaign. The refrain: "AIDS cannot win."

U.S. investments in projects to improve education and fight AIDS aren't just foreign aid for the sake of foreign aid. We learn from them too. An American doctor at the AIDS Center explained that the policy of same-day testing and sharing of results pioneered there are now being transplanted back to the U.S.; and there is no doubt that medical research and clinical trials in Uganda can help advance the search for a vaccine and cure.

I also saw the vitality and outspokenness of Uganda's women in a village bank and at a gathering of women who attended a speech I gave at the Nile

Conference Center. FINCA (Foundation for International Community Assistance) is an international microcredit association whose banks I have visited in Managua, Nicaragua, and Washington, DC. But never before had the stories of what women did with their loans been conveyed to me in song and dance.

And there was more singing before I gave my speech. I was touched to hear, in this order, the Uganda National Anthem, the United States National Anthem, and the traditional Uganda song celebrating women that begins with the words: “Mothers, daughters. . . .” At that event I was surrounded by articulate, powerful women like Uganda’s Vice President, Dr. Specioza Wandira Kazibwe.

Anyone who doubts the strength, courage, and tenacity of African women need only travel to Eritrea, the sixth and final country I visited. It is Africa’s newest nation, a democracy born out of a 30-year civil war in Ethiopia.

The first thing I saw getting off the plane was a sign that said, “It Takes a Village.” Then, descending onto the tarmac, I was greeted by women ululating and throwing popcorn at me, a sign of affection in Eritrea. A few minutes later, as we drove out of the airport, a large banner proclaimed: “Welcome, sister.”

The Eritrean people pride themselves on industriousness and self-sufficiency, and time spent with Eritrean women explains why. I met women freedom fighters who helped wage the war for independence. Many took up arms as teenagers and

continued to fight for the better part of three decades. Now they have laid down their weapons (in fact, most Eritreans turned over their guns at the request of the new government, so that even police in the capital, Asmara, don't carry them) and are busy building schools, health clinics and training fellow freedom fighters for civilian jobs.

In an animated discussion hosted at our Ambassador's residence, I learned how proud the women are of their country's new Constitution, whose motto is "emancipation through equal participation." The meeting was moderated by Askalu Menkerios, the President of the National Union of Eritrean Women, which is working jointly with our National Council of Negro Women to start microcredit projects.

One woman spoke for others present when she acknowledged that constitutional and legal rights for women are still undercut by culture and customs. Women like her, she said, had not helped to fight for national independence to see victory bring a return of female dependence. That is why women who were active in the liberation struggle are speaking out in favor of girls participating, alongside boys, in compulsory national service and against the practice of female genital mutilation, which is prevalent among Eritreans.

As Secretary Albright has made clear, the United States condemns female

genital mutilation as a violation of human rights. Yet we also know that any campaign to change such a deeply ingrained cultural custom must be led by African women themselves. Our best hope of helping them may be to stress the health problems associated with female genital mutilation -- higher rates of maternal and infant mortality, for example -- which not only harm women and children but weaken society as a whole.

I thought of the struggle African women are waging when I looked at the faces of the little girls gathered at the dedication of the Embadorho Health Station, built in part with USAID funds, and when I met women at the BANA Woodworking Training Center who have been demobilized from the military and now must learn new job skills to make a living on their own since many are single mothers.

The President of Eritrea, Isaias Afwerki and his wife, a former freedom fighter named Saba, do not live in the Presidential Palace but that is where they entertained me. They prefer to live in a small house in town with their children. Mrs. Isaias gave me a native dress of soft white, hand-loomed cotton decorated with embroidery and silver with a matching shawl which I wore to the reception and entertainment they hosted. I sat in a courtyard in front of the palace, built by the Italians during their occupation of Eritrea, watching folk dances from various parts

of the country. I asked the President, who began as a guerilla fighter while a university student in his early twenties, if, during the long war, he had ever found time to dance. “Of course,” he replied. “We had to keep dancing to keep ourselves going.”

Just at that moment the dancers came off the stage and beckoned to the President and me to join them. He appeared as surprised as I was, and at first he demurred. But the dancers were persistent and both of us made our way slowly to the stage, where we were joined by Mrs. Isaias and a few other guests similarly recruited. The dance, thankfully, was a simple circle movement that even I could do. As the music filled the air and I danced around the circle, I looked at the smiling men and women around me and felt very lucky — and very grateful — to be part of their celebration of independence and democracy. If I’d had some popcorn, I would have thrown it at everyone in sight.

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Six years ago, there were only five democracies in Africa. Now there are 23 countries where free and fair elections have taken place. Africa is also moving from stifling state-controlled economies to open markets that give full life and scope to

human endeavor. Last year, 30 African countries recorded positive economic growth. Some countries, like Uganda, have rates of growth that rival those of the “Asian Tigers” -- and are now being called “African lions.”

Africa also is renewing itself in ways that can't be measured by statistics. There is a new generation of reform-minded African leaders. There is a new relationship between the countries of Africa and the United States, one that is now based as much on free trade and shared ideals as it is on development assistance. And there is a new commitment on the part of many of the countries of Africa to forge tolerant, civil, multiracial tribal societies. Nations that for too long have known only violence and division are beginning to find peace, strength and unity in their diversity.

To be sure, Africa faces formidable challenges. Many of the African democracies are new and fragile. Too much of the continent continues to be riven by AIDS and other diseases, poverty, injustice, corruption, and perilous conflicts. Refugee crises trap women and children, in particular, in lives that go from bad to worse.

Yet for all the cruelty and suffering, there is now more cause for hope than despair. The credit goes to the African people who have endured so much and come so far. But the United States can be helpful. With modest contributions in aid, less

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Yet for all the cruelty and suffering, there is now more cause for hope than despair. The credit goes to the African people who have endured so much and come so far. But the United States can be helpful. With modest contributions in aid, less

than one-tenth of one percent of our budget, we have supported the teachers, family planning centers, AIDS prevention efforts, environmental protection and economic advances that give Africans the tools to help themselves and to become stronger partners for peace, freedom, and democracy in the 21st century. We should do more of it. Their hope is ours too.

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DRAFT 4/14/97
Monday 11:30 am

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FIRST LADY HILLARY RODHAM CLINTON
AFRICA ESSAY
VOGUE MAGAZINE

I have always wanted to visit Africa. As a child, I imagined exploring the Blue Nile, Victoria Falls, the Serengeti and other exotic places I discovered through books and movies. In college I studied writers like Nobel Prize winner Chinua Achebe and researched how the United States and the Soviet Union used the continent as a giant chess board to maneuver for advantage during the Cold War. After I read Isak Dinesen, I longed to sleep in a tent where I could hear the lions roar at night.

Finally, in March, I went to Africa. For two weeks, I was overwhelmed by the sights, sounds, smells, tastes, feelings, [animals and people] I encountered. I hope this brief recounting of what I saw and did gives some idea about why I -- like so many others -- came home transfixed, even transformed, by the experience, and why what happens in Africa should matter to Americans.

My chance to go came because the President and Secretary of State asked me to demonstrate America's interest in the continent and to highlight positive

stories about Africa's progress that rarely are told in our country. These stories are part of a worldwide surge of peace, prosperity and democracy-building. Every region is making its own contributions with its own lessons for the rest of the world. But Africa's chapter deserves special attention, as I saw that over the two weeks I spent visiting some of the touchstones of democratic and economic renewal: Senegal, South Africa, Zimbabwe, Tanzania, Uganda, and Eritrea.

In many ways, this trip built on trips I have been privileged to make on behalf of the United States to countries in South Asia, South America, and Europe. In each place I have sought to underscore progress and stress America's commitment to democracy, human rights, and free markets. In particular, I have sought to support and speak out about efforts to advance the role of women and girls. The way a society treats its women and girls is a clear indication of its quality as a democracy and its prospects for the future, for a democracy without women's full participation is a contradiction in terms. To live up to its promise, a democracy must commit to giving girls the same opportunities as boys to education, health care, and the chance to participate fully in the economic, political and social life of their countries.

Prior to my trip, Secretary Albright and I spoke about the centrality of women in the building of democracy, open markets and the realization of human

rights. As the Secretary so eloquently put it: “Advancing the status of women in the right thing to do -- and the smart thing to do.”

It also happens that on several trips I have been lucky enough to travel with my daughter Chelsea. These experiences give me the greatest joy in my life. When Chelsea comes along, I get the added pleasure of seeing the excitement on her face as we visit a new place. And I am reminded that people in other countries see that the President of the United States has a child who happens to be a girl -- a girl whom he values, respects and has done his utmost to ensure has every chance to fulfill her own God-given potential. I am beyond grateful for the times we have circled the globe together. And if those travels have changed minds in countries where daughters are not as prized as sons -- well, all the better.

When it comes to democracy, the way women are treated is like the canary in the coal mine that miners used to send down the shaft ahead of them. If the bird kept chirping, they knew there was enough air for them to follow safely. From what I saw of Africa’s girls and women, that canary is alive and well. And it can sing.

As you will see from the memorable photographs by Annie Liebowitz, I met impressive national leaders and a lot of remarkable women (and even a few men dressed as women!). These photos, full of hope and promise, offer such a different

picture than most of what we see on TV or in the newspaper in America about Africa. So much of the time, it seems, the only news that filters in from Africa is bad news. Too often overlooked are all those stories about democratic and economic progress, about people living up to their best selves, building good lives, working to repair communities -- and doing all this while overcoming obstacles I can't even imagine confronting. That's the Africa I saw. I hope, through these pictures, you will see it too.

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After weeks of planning, our departure was postponed because Bill injured his leg the day before Chelsea and I were to leave. Instead of last minute packing, I spent two days with him at the hospital and preparing the White House for his return. When I first saw how much pain he was in and learned how serious the operation was, I told him that Chelsea and I should either cancel the trip or abbreviate it. He would only agree to a one-day postponement that would still permit us to complete the whole schedule. He thought the trip was an important demonstration of our country's concern about Africa. Besides, he didn't want to play up his injury and worried that my being a "nervous Nellie" would do just that.

After I saw Bill safely resting at home, I left for the airport filled with anxiety about him and anticipation about Africa. Exhausted from worry and sleepless nights, I tried to rest up on the way over.

Our plane touched down in Dakar, Senegal shortly after 3 a.m. on March 18th. My first impression was of a densely dark sky and air that felt like a wall of heat and humidity.

After a quick nap in our hotel, our first stop was Goree Island off of Senegal's coast, one of the departure points for millions of Africans who were sold into slavery from the 16th to 19th centuries and shipped across the Atlantic to North and South America, including the United States. Just as Africa's history is rife with ironies and contradictions, so is Goree Island. As we approached by boat, we saw the peaceful shore filled with brightly dressed people singing and dancing to welcome me. It was jarring to remember that this seemingly idyllic spot was part of to an industry that profited from the sale of human beings.

Nothing speaks more to the depravity of humankind than the slave compound, where African men and women were segregated by sex and kept in cages before they were sold and shipped away. Looking through what is aptly called the Door of No Return, Chelsea and I saw the passageway where slaves boarded ships, separated from their loved ones, their land, and their culture with

cruel finality.

Yet I quickly learned in my travels that the history of tragedy in Africa often conceals a deeper story of human resilience. Goree Island not only offers a stark reminder of a shameful past, but a message about America's vital ties to Africa, the contributions of African Americans to our own culture, and the importance of treating all men, women and children with the respect and dignity they deserve. It was a message that echoed throughout my time in Senegal and from one country to the next.

In fact, I saw it acted out in a skit about democracy and women's roles performed by villagers in Saam Njaay, Village. And I met a lively American woman, Molly Melching, who lived in the village for several years and now directs a program that promotes literacy, health care and other services.

After a whirlwind day in Senegal -- where I met many Senegalese from the country's impressive seven-foot President Abdou Diouf and his family, to girls attending a school named in honor of Martin Luther King, Jr., to village chiefs, to a group of women who are working to improve education, women's rights, health care and the local economy -- we were back on the plane for another red-eye, this time to Johannesburg, South Africa, eight-and-a-half hours across the continent.

I had been to South Africa once, for a day, to attend President Mandela's

inauguration in 1994. But that brief visit had only whetted my appetite to know more about what many are calling the South African “miracle” of democracy.

A short distance southwest of Johannesburg is the famous black township of Soweto, scene of so much of apartheid’s tragic history. As we approached the Entandweni Primary School, children in uniforms lined the dusty streets, waving and smiling. Escorted by the principal, Primrose Sishi, who wore a colorful dress traditional to the Zulu tribe, I visited a class of six-year-olds who were learning English. The teacher, ^{embassy check} **Sibongile Vilikazi** [ck], was using a taped program funded partly through assistance from the United States Agency for International Development and private foundations. The lesson for the day taught the words “outside” and “inside,” and the children were asked to use each word in sentences. I couldn’t help but smile when one boy said: “The police are outside.” Too often in the past, the police were dispatched to Soweto and ended up fueling violence and racial tension. In those days, children like the ones I saw boycotted school and took to the streets because the apartheid regime would only let them learn in a language other than their own. Now, thankfully, the police are doing what they are supposed to do -- keep order rather than provoke disorder -- and the students are back in the classroom learning.

Unfortunately, crime and violence are big problems in South Africa;

fortunately, all citizens -- black, white and coloured -- are joined in combatting them. African women first helped focus world attention on the issue of domestic violence at the United Nations World Conference on Women in Nairobi, Kenya in 1985. Domestic violence remains all too common in every country of the world. But as I heard over and over in Africa, domestic violence crimes are often not prosecuted -- or even considered crimes at all -- in many parts of the continent. That's why it was so heartening to see women from South Africa to Zimbabwe to Tanzania and elsewhere devoting their energies to changing laws and attitudes in their respective countries. In Johannesburg, I met with social workers, psychologists, police officers, politicians and grass-roots activists who are working to end the scourges of domestic violence, child abuse and crime. That's one of the issues our two countries are cooperating on through the Binational Commission chaired by Vice Presidents Thabo Mbeki and Al Gore.

The next morning I flew to Capetown, one of the most beautiful cities in the world. The Mayor, Theresa Solomon, greeted me as I got off the plane and presented me with a pin and scarf bearing the emblem of the city's bid for the 2004 Olympic Games. If Capetown is selected, it will be the first time an African city hosts the Games.

I discovered early on in my trip that African women find strength in song.

Everywhere I went, women sang as they worked, sang as they walked, sang as they greeted us to their homes and villages.

In a dusty patch of land in Capetown I watched women, their faces painted in bright colors, pushing wheelbarrows, pouring concrete, and mixing paint -- and singing all the while. Homeless squatters who live in deplorable conditions, they had formed their own housing and credit association, modeled after one they had heard about in India. They wanted to do better for themselves and their families. Pooling their savings, they had bought shovels, paint, and cement. They asked for information from the government about how to lay a foundation for a house. They put in a sewer line. They worked and worked and worked. Today they have completed 18 houses. They are building more. And in so doing they are also laying the foundation for a new South Africa.

Later, I learned the translation of the lyrics of one of their songs: "Strength, money, and knowledge -- we cannot do anything without them." Good advice for any woman seeking a sense of her own value and empowerment.

One cannot spend time in South Africa without being inspired by the magnitude of the democratic transformation taking place there. That democracy could take root after so many decades of violence and racial hatred is a testament to the courage and humanity of millions of South Africans of all races who are

committed to peace and reconciliation. Some are famous, like President Mandela, who took me and Chelsea on a tour of the tiny prison cell he occupied for years on Robben Island. But some are not so famous, like the women at a memorial tree-planting I attended with Archbishop Desmond Tutu in honor of those who died or disappeared during apartheid -- women whose names will never make the nightly news, yet whose tear-stained faces told the story of the pain and agony they had endured. They weren't there to forget the past; they were there to help themselves and their country move beyond tragedy to a brighter future.

I also had the opportunity to join Archbishop Tutu at a meeting of the nation's Truth and Reconciliation Commission in downtown Capetown. In the most ordinary of conference rooms, men and women are undertaking the most extraordinary of efforts. They are working to heal their nation after generations of injustice and brutality. As we know from our own experience, democracy is a complicated and difficult business under the best of circumstances. Given its own past, South Africa has a challenging road ahead. But President Mandela and Archbishop Tutu know that their country cannot achieve democracy and equality for all citizens without a spirit of forgiveness. That is what the Truth and Reconciliation Commission is all about. Under the leadership of the Archbishop, the Commission is urging those who committed hate crimes during apartheid to

step forward and confess. In return, they are granted amnesty from prosecution. Through this great experiment in healing, the people of South Africa are not only shaping their own destinies, they are challenging the rest of the world -- from Belfast, to Bosnia, to Burundi -- to put aside ancient enmities in search of higher ground.

I spoke about South Africa's lessons in a speech at the University of Capetown, presided over by its dynamic woman Vice Chancellor, Dr. Mamphela Ramphele. I wondered aloud what might have happened in our own country if President Lincoln had lived out his second term and been able to implement the vision of a healed nation set out in his Second Inaugural Address, which urged all citizens to unite as Americans and feel "malice toward none." Would our country have had its own Truth and Reconciliation Commission after the Civil War? Could we have averted a century of racial injustice and a legacy of prejudice that haunts us still?

From the southern tip of the continent, we journeyed northwest to Zimbabwe, another story of democratic renewal in Africa. It's a beautiful country - lush, green and peaceful. My first stop was a formal call on President Robert Mugabe and his wife, Grace, at their official residence. The two stuffed lions guarding the entrance were the first signs of wildlife I had seen.

I was also thanked for arriving with the season's first heavy rainfall, and I was happy to take credit since President Mugabe explained that the country was suffering from drought.

In an elegant art gallery in the capital of Harare, a group of Zimbabwean women in politics, the professions and business explained to me that, although the country did not have laws guaranteeing legal rights to women, it's not just laws that need changing, but attitudes as well. They recounted stories of women who had been beaten up by their spouses for having "bad manners" or wearing pants, a practice deemed only acceptable for men. One woman summed up the problem: "As long as you have a law that says men can have two wives, but women can't have two husbands, then you're not dealing with reality."

The refreshing candor of women talking about their problems is something I've heard around the world in the roundtable discussions I attend. No matter where we are from, or what our station in life, women everywhere seem to share the same fundamental goals and aspirations, and the same challenges to their full participation in society. I like Mary Wollstonecraft's comment which, written more than 200 years ago, still rings as true and universal today. "I do not wish women to have power over men, but over themselves."

But as I was reminded time and again on this trip, women's authority over

themselves and their emotions cannot be legislated; it has to start from within. That's why Zimbabwe deserves great credit for its advances in family planning, which have encouraged women to assume responsibility for themselves. The U.S. has supported Zimbabwe's family planning efforts. At the Kuwadzana Municipal Clinic I watched a play about "baby-dumping," the practice by teenagers of abandoning babies born out of wedlock. The actresses were school girls under the direction of Peace Corps volunteers. The skit is aimed at persuading girls to postpone sexual activity or, if they do not, to use contraception to avoid pregnancy and the tragedy of orphaning or killing babies by "dumping" them.

At my next stop I saw responsibility in action as I met with members of the Zambuko Trust, a microcredit project that assists women with small loans to start or expand businesses. After my formal remarks, I asked if the audience had any questions for me. I thought I was at a small business meeting back home when one after another asked if I knew where she could get second-hand items like sewing machines and steel punches. [If anyone reading this has any equipment to donate, I hope they will contact me!]

From Harare we flew to Victoria Falls, where we were drenched by the spray as we walked the length of the viewing area in the park, marveling at the power and magnitude of the falls and the frequent rainbows that festoon the gorge.

I was also thanked by my airport greeters for bringing rain to our next destination, Dar Es Salaam, Tanzania, a country formed from the merger of two former colonies whose names entranced me as a child: Tanganyika and Zanzibar. My first stop was an official call on President Benjamin Mkapa, who is working to open his nation's economy to take advantage of its natural resources and strategic location on the Indian Ocean. With the vigorous assent of Mrs. Mkapa and the women Ministers in attendance, I encouraged the President to change laws that limit women from owning and inheriting property. The restrictions are not only unfair, they hobble the economic potential of half the country's population.

I continued that discussion with Ministers and other women at the National Museum during a roundtable meeting convened by my friend, Gertrude Mongella, a former Tanzanian parliamentarian and the Secretary-General of the United Nations Fourth World Conference on Women in Beijing in 1995. The lively conversation ended with Gertrude draping me in a beautiful black and gold wrap called a Conga [ck] and leading her colleagues in song.

If there is one thing that most people associate with Africa, it is wildlife. In Tanzania, 25 percent of the land is set aside for parks and reserves, making the country a model for environmental stewardship. Chelsea and I were fortunate to see first-hand some of Tanzania's treasures: the Ngorongoro Crater, the Serengeti

plain, and the Olduvai Gorge, where Mary and Louis Leakey made their history changing discoveries about modern human ancestry. Traveling by Land Rover across rutted and rocky trails we couldn't help but be awed by the vast zebra herds, running ostriches, bull elephants, sleeping mother hippos with their babies resting on their heads half out of the water, lions eyeing wildebeests or other potential prey. No matter where we looked, our eyes could not take it all in.

Near there, we also happened upon an extended family belonging to the Masai tribe, whose simple, pastoral way of life is at odds with Africa's push for development and growth. Anyone who sees the Masai, standing so tall and proud [any more description?], will inevitably feel that there is something bittersweet about progress and the passage of time.

Along with its environmental efforts, Tanzania is also a crucial actor in bringing peace and stability to war-torn central Africa. In Arusha, I visited the International War Crimes Tribunal investigating genocide in Rwanda. The Tribunal, recently reorganized to make its work more effective and under the leadership of Canadian Justice Louise Arbour, is charged with prosecuting war crimes and punishing those responsible.

The success of the Tribunal is vitally important for all of Africa, but especially for women and children, whose lives and dignity are too often sacrificed

in war and civil strife. In Rwanda, rape and sexual assault were committed on a mass scale. They were tactics of war. Through the Tribunal, the international community can and must demand that those who committed genocide and crimes against humanity be brought to justice.

As has been true throughout history, wars spawn many lasting repercussions, and one is the inevitable proliferation of refugees, most of them women and children. In Africa, as elsewhere, women and children comprise the majority of those left homeless, starving and dying from preventable diseases in the aftermath of war.

In Kampala, Uganda, I met with a delegation of Rwandan women whose soft voices and drawn faces told the story of the genocide in their country. One young woman described how, after her arm was severed with a machete, she tried to keep it attached while she sought futilely to find medical care. When an infection inevitably occurred, she had to remove the arm herself. As she showed me her stump, another woman used the occasion to explain that there is a severe shortage of prosthetic limbs for victims like her. The woman also gave me a photo album that documented the price of Rwanda's violence. On each page were graphic images of bones, skulls, dazed survivors and orphaned children.

More than the album's photos, I will long carry mental pictures of the

women I met there -- and the determination on their faces as they talked about how they would overcome the inhumanity of their past to help rebuild their devastated lives and country.

Uganda was memorable for other reasons. In the face of the worst epidemic of AIDS in Africa, it is the only country to have lowered the rate of infection through an educational awareness campaign that includes billboards, which I saw prominently displayed along the road on my way from the airport. This campaign is led by Uganda's charismatic President, Yoweri Museveni, who believes in confronting head on problems that traditionally have been ignored and neglected. He and his wife, Janet, entertained me at Nakasero State House [ck], where I met some of the government and business leaders who are helping to shape the fastest growing economy in Africa. One of the President's priorities is education and his policies have led to a huge increase in the numbers of boys and girls attending primary school. I saw the results when Mrs. Museveni and I visited the Seguku Primary School, where I announced a USAID grant to Uganda to train teachers and prepare teaching materials. We met two Peace Corps volunteers who are helping to make classroom materials out of plentiful items like bottle caps and banana leaves. I saw how necessary these efforts were when I walked into a classroom with 74 third-graders and one dedicated teacher who proudly told me she had more girls

than boys in her class for the first time.

I also saw how Americans are involved in helping the Ugandan campaign against AIDS. When I helped dedicate the AIDS Information Center, constructed in part with funds donated by the German, Japanese and American governments [ck], I listened with tears in my eyes as a young woman with AIDS told me how her aunt's husband, infected with HIV, had forced himself on her. She had found help and understanding, she said, at the Centre. Other clients of the Centre performed a song that is used in the country's education campaign. The refrain: "AIDS cannot win."

U.S. investments in projects to improve education and fight AIDS aren't just foreign aid for the sake of foreign aid. We learn from them too. An American doctor at the AIDS Centre explained that the policy of same-day testing and sharing of results pioneered there are now being transplanted back to the U.S.; and there is no doubt that medical research and clinical trials in Uganda can help advance the search for a vaccine and cure.

I also saw the vitality and outspokenness of Uganda's women in a FINCA village bank and at a gathering of women who attended a speech I gave at the Nile Conference Center. FINCA is an international microcredit association whose banks I have visited in Managua, Nicaragua, and Washington, DC, but never before have I

been told the stories of what women did with their loans in song and dance.

And there was more singing before I gave my speech. I was touched to hear the audience sing, in this order, the Uganda National Anthem, the United States National Anthem, and the traditional Uganda song celebrating women that begins with the words: "Mothers daughters. . . ." At that event I was surrounded by

Embassy does not have lyrics - cannot get them - Sorry

articulate, powerful women like Uganda's Vice President, Dr. Specioza Wandira Kazibwe and [ck].

[Alice Sembuya
Margaret Mugabane] FINCA chair women

Anyone who doubts the strength, courage, and tenacity of African women need only travel to Eritrea, the sixth and final country I visited. It is Africa's newest nation, a democracy born out of a 30-year civil war in Ethiopia.

The first thing I saw getting off the plane was a sign that said, "It Takes a Village." Then, as I descended onto the tarmac, I was greeted by women ululating and throwing popcorn at me, a sign of affection in Eritrea. A few minutes later, as we drove out of the airport, a large banner proclaimed: "Welcome, sister."

The Eritrean people pride themselves on industriousness and self-sufficiency, and time spent with Eritrean women explains why. I met women freedom fighters who helped wage the war for independence. Many took up arms as teenagers and continued to fight for the better part of three decades. Now they have laid down their weapons (in fact, most Eritreans turned over their guns at the

request of the new government, so that even police in the capital, Asmara, don't carry them) and are busy building schools, health clinics and training fellow freedom fighters for civilian jobs.

In an animated discussion with women hosted at our Ambassador's residence, I learned how proud the women are of their country's new Constitution, whose motto is "emancipation through equal participation." The meeting was moderated by Askalu Menkerios, the President of the National Union of Eritrean Women, which is working jointly with our National Council of Negro Women to start microcredit projects for women. [ck] - state is checking -

One woman spoke for others present when she acknowledged that constitutional and legal rights for women are still undercut by culture and customs that have to be addressed. Women like her, she said, had not helped to fight for national independence only to see victory bring a return of female dependence. That is why women who were active in the liberation struggle are speaking out in favor of girls participating, alongside boys, in compulsory national service and against the practice of female genital mutilation which is prevalent among Eritreans.

As Secretary Albright has made clear, the United States condemns female genital mutilation as a violation of human rights. Yet we also know that any

campaign to change such a deeply engrained cultural custom in Africa must be led by African women themselves. Our best hope of helping them is to stress the health problems associated with female genital mutilation -- higher rates of maternal and infant mortality, for example -- which not only harm women and children but weaken society as a whole.

I thought of the struggle African women are waging when I looked at the faces of the little girls gathered in front of me at the dedication of the Embadorho Health Station, built in part with USAID funds, and when I met women at the BANA Woodworking Training Center who have been demobilized from the military and now must learn new job skills to make a living on their own since many are single mothers.

The President of Eritrea, Isaias Afworki and his wife, a former freedom fighter named Saba, do not live in the Presidential Palace but that is where they entertained me. They prefer to live simply in a small house in town with their children. Mrs. Isaias gave me a native dress of soft white, hand-loomed cotton decorated with embroidery and silver with a matching shawl which I put on and wore to the reception and entertainment they hosted. I sat in a courtyard in front of the palace, built by the Italians when they occupied the country, watching the dancers perform folk dances from various parts of the country. I asked the

President, who began as a guerilla fighter while a university student in his early twenties, if, during the long war, he had ever found time to dance. “Of course,” he replied. “We had to keep dancing to keep ourselves going.”

Just at that moment the dancers came off the stage and beckoned to the President and me to join them. I think he was as surprised as I was, and at first he demurred. But the dancers were persistent and both of us made our way slowly to the stage, where we were joined by Mrs. ~~Sabo~~ ^{Isqias} and a few other guests similarly recruited. The dance, thankfully, was a simply circle movement that even I could do. As the music filled the air and I danced around the circle, I looked at the [smiling men and women] around me and felt very lucky — and very grateful — to be part of their celebration of independence and democracy. If I’d had some popcorn, I would have thrown it at everyone within sight.

* * * * *

Six years ago, there were only five democracies in Africa. Now there are 23 countries where free and fair elections have taken place. Africa is also moving from stifling state-controlled economies to open markets that give full life and scope to human endeavor. Last year, 30 African countries recorded positive

economic growth. Some countries, like Uganda, have rates of growth that rival those of the “Asian Tigers” -- and countries now being called “African lions.”

Africa also is renewing itself in ways that can't be measured by statistics. There is a new generation of reform-minded African leaders. There is a new relationship between the countries of Africa and the United States, one that is now based as much on free trade and shared ideals as it is on development assistance. And there is a new commitment on the part of many of the countries of Africa to forge tolerant, civil, multiracial tribal societies. Nations that for too long have known only violence and division are beginning to find peace, strength and unity in their diversity.

To be sure, Africa faces formidable challenges. Many of the African democracies are new and fragile. Too much of the continent continues to be riven by AIDS and other diseases, poverty, injustice, corruption, and perilous conflicts. Refugee crises trap women and children, in particular, in lives that go from bad to worse.

Yet for all the cruelty and suffering, there is now more cause for hope than despair. The credit goes to the Africans people who have endured so much and come so far. But the United States can be helpful. With modest contributions in aid, less than one-tenth of one percent of our budget, we have supported the teachers,

family planning centers, AIDS prevention efforts, environmental protection and economic advances that give Africans the tools to help themselves and to become a stronger partners for peace, freedom, and democracy in the 21st century. We should do more of it. Their hope is ours too.

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Extra stuff #2:

I was also lucky enough to travel with one: My daughter Chelsea. Like any parent, traveling with my daughter is one the greatest joys of my life. When Chelsea travels with me, people see that the President of the United States has a child who happens to be a girl, and that he values her, respects her, and has done his utmost to see to it that she has every chance in the world. I am beyond grateful for the times I have been able to travel with my daughter. But if those travels have changed minds in countries where daughters are not as prized as sons -- well, all the better.

When I first saw these pictures, two thoughts came to the front of my mind -- and they are related. First, that Africans are responsible for Africa's success -- but that the United States has helped. We have played a critical role in the creating the

context for Africa's progress. A modest contribution in United States aid to Africa - less than 1/10 of 1 percent of our budget -- yields extraordinary returns. I wish I could show every American what this aid does -- how it trains teachers, supports AIDS prevention, keeps family planning centers open, helps people start small businesses, helps communities to protect the environment [Peace Corps part of this budget?].

DRAFT 4/13/97

7:00 pm

FIRST LADY HILLARY RODHAM CLINTON
AFRICA ESSAY
VOGUE MAGAZINE

Masai -
outside Ngor -
family living in bush (??)
No ppl were dramatically
represented as a -
gastrol lifestyle
presumed to be read
for econ. growth &
development -
yet a.o. who see those
stand straight as
can arrow more
feel bitterness and
passion of life

I have always wanted to visit Africa. As a ^{young child} ~~little girl~~, I imagined exploring the Blue Nile, Victoria Falls, the Serengeti and all the other exotic places I discovered through books and movies. In college I studied writers like Nobel Prize winner [ck] Chinua Achebe and researched how ~~both~~ the United States and the Soviet Union used the continent as a giant chess board ^{to} ~~as they~~ maneuvered for advantage during the Cold War. After I read Isak Dinesen, I longed to sleep in a tent where I could hear the lions roar at night, ~~and listened eagerly as friends recounted their Peace Corps and safari adventures.~~ ~~I contributed money to funds to save endangered animals and I worked to end apartheid.~~

Finally, in March, I went to Africa. For two weeks, I was overwhelmed by the sights, sounds, smells, foods, feelings, animals and people I ^{encountered.} ~~experienced~~ [NOTE: might want to use a different word here since it's repeated at the end of the paragraph — maybe I was “exposed to,” or ~~“encountered”~~]. I hope this brief recounting of what I saw and did gives ~~you~~ some idea about why I -- like so many others -- came home transfixed, even transformed, by the experience.

My chance to ~~visit Africa~~ ^{because} ~~when~~ the President and Secretary of State asked me to ~~go~~ there to ~~exemplify~~ [NOTE: demonstrate] American ^{progress} ~~interest~~ in the continent and to highlight ~~and~~ ^{are} ~~support~~ positive stories about Africa that rarely ~~get~~ told in our country. These stories are part of a

world wide surge of peace, prosperity and democracy-building. Every region is making its own contributions with its own lessons for the rest of the world. But Africa's chapter deserves special attention, ^{as} both because of the promise -- and peril -- it represents.

I saw ^{the} ~~that~~ over ^{the} two weeks ^{spent visiting} as I visited some of the touchstones of Africa's democratic and economic renewal: Senegal, South Africa, Zimbabwe, Tanzania, Uganda, and Eritrea.

In many ways, this trip built on the other foreign trips I have been privileged to make on ^{my own} on behalf of the United States to ^{countries in} South Asia, South America, ^{& and} Central and Southern Europe, ~~Mongolia, and China~~ [what about Thailand and Australia?]. In each place I have sought to

^{the} underscore progress and stress America's commitment to democracy, ^{and} human rights, ^{and free markets}. ^{I have also spoken out about} Everywhere I have been, I have tried to focus attention on the role of women and girls ⁱⁿ ~~in~~ each society. Why? Because the way a society treats its women and girls is, ^{to my mind, the} ~~clear~~ ^{the quality of it} ~~indication of its success as a democracy~~ ^{and its prospects for the future,} for a democracy without women's full participation is a contradiction in terms.

To live up to its promise, a democracy must commit to giving girls the same opportunities as boys ^{to} ~~x~~ education, health care, the chance to participate fully in the economic, political and social life of their countries. Only when women's rights -- the fullness of human rights -- are respected can women embrace that [the?] authority over themselves as citizens that is the bedrock of the democratic experience. Only when they have the rights to be listened to, to plan a family, to start a business, to feel safe from violence on the streets and in their own homes can they experience the consciousness of full citizenship, and the action it inspires.

When it comes to democracy, the way women are treated is like the canary in the coal mine that miners used to send down the shaft ahead of them. If the bird kept chirping, they knew

Chelsea,
insert.

there was enough air for them to follow safely. From what I saw of Africa's girls and women, that canary is alive and well. And it can sing.

As you will see from the ^{memorable} photographs by Annie Liebowitz, I met impressive national leaders and a lot of remarkable women (and even a few men dressed as women!). These photos, full of hope and promise, ^{offer} are such a different picture than most of what we see on TV or in the newspaper in America about Africa. So much of the time, it seems, the only news that filters in from Africa is bad news. ^{Too often overlooked} (Left on the editing room floor) are all those stories about democratic and economic progress, about people living up to their best selves, building good lives, working to repair communities -- and doing all this while overcoming obstacles I can't even imagine confronting. That's the Africa I saw. I hope, through these pictures, you will see it too.

* * * * *

After weeks of planning, our departure was postponed because Bill injured his leg the day before Chelsea and I were to leave. Instead of last minute ^(packing, I spent Friday and Saturday either w. or b. him at) [illegible xxx] the hospital with ~~him~~ or preparing the White House for his return. When I first saw how much pain he was in and learned how serious the operation was, I told him that Chelsea and I should either cancel the trip or abbreviate it. He would only agree to a one-day postponement that would still ^{permit us to complete the whole schedule} [xxx] because he thought the trip was an important demonstration of our country's concern about Africa. Besides, he didn't want to play up his injury and worried that my being a "nervous Nellie" would do just that. After I saw Bill safely resting at home, I left for the airport filled with anxiety about him and anticipation about Africa. I was exhausted from worry and sleepless nights and

~~He~~ tried to sleep on the way over.

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Yet I quickly learned in ~~Senegal and throughout~~ my travels that the history of tragedy in Africa often conceals a deeper story of human resilience, ~~and triumph~~. Goree Island not only offers a stark reminder of a shameful past, but a message about America's vital ties to Africa, the contributions of African Americans to our own culture, and the importance of treating all men, women and children with the respect and dignity they deserve. It was a message that echoed throughout my time in Senegal and from one country to the next.

In fact, I saw it acted out in a skit about democracy and women's roles performed by

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WPOST/State

villagers in Saam N'jaay, Village. And I met a lively American woman, Molly Melching [ck], who had lived in the village for several years and now directs a program that promotes literacy, health care and other services. Molly and I were pulled to our feet to dance with the [xxxx].

After a whirlwind day in Senegal -- where I met many Senegalese from the country's impressive seven-foot President Abdou Diouf and his family, to girls attending a school named in honor of Martin Luther King, Jr., to American Peace Corps volunteers, to village chiefs, to a group of women who are working to improve education, women's rights, health care and the local economy -- we were back on the plane for another red-eye, this time to Johannesburg, South Africa, eight-and-a-half hours across the continent.

I had been to South Africa once, for a day, to attend President Mandela's inauguration in 1994. But that brief visit had only whetted my appetite to know more about what many are calling the South African "miracle" of democracy.

A short distance south [ck] of Johannesburg is the famous black township of Soweto, scene of so much of apartheid's tragic history. As we approached the Entandweni Primary School, children in uniforms lined the dusty streets, waving and smiling. I visited a class of six-year-olds who were learning English. Escorted by the principal, Primrose Sishi [ck], who wore a colorful dress traditional to the Zulu tribe, the teacher, Sibongile Wilikazi, was using a taped program funded partly by assistance from the United States Agency for International Development and private foundations. The lesson for the day ^{taught} was the words "outside" and "inside" and the children were asked to use each word in sentences. I couldn't help but smile when one boy said: "The police are outside," which is where they belonged to keep order (not, as was too often the case in the past, to promote disorder) so that children "inside" schools can be

state

Atlas

target

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Not so long ago children like the ones I saw were in the streets ~~or~~ ^{being} ~~at~~ school because of the ~~apartheid~~ ^{apartheid} regime would only let them learn in a language not their own.

educated.

Unfortunately, we've got a big problem in SA; fortunately, all extreme - black and white - movements are combining now.
The biggest problem now in South Africa is crime and violence which ~~are~~ ^{are} joined in combating.

is still a problem

~~It was~~ African women who first helped focus world attention on the issue of domestic violence at the United Nations World Conference on Women in Nairobi, Kenya in 1984 [ck]. 1985

Domestic violence remains all too common in every country of the world. But as I heard over and over in Africa, domestic violence crimes are often not prosecuted -- or even considered crimes at all -- in many parts of the continent. That's why it was so heartening to see women from South Africa to Zimbabwe to Tanzania and elsewhere devoting their energies to changing laws and attitudes in their respective countries. In Johannesburg, I met with social workers, psychologists, police officers, politicians and grass-roots activists who are working to end the scourges of [601]

domestic violence, child abuse and crime. That's one of the issues our two countries are ~~cooperating~~ ^{US - South Africa - ~~cooperating~~} (b)(3) cooperating on through the Binational Commission chaired by Vice Presidents Thabo Mbeki and Al Gore.

The next morning I flew to Capetown, one of the most beautiful cities in the world. The (b)(3) Mayor, Teresa Solomon [ck], greeted me as I got off the plane and presented me with a pin and scarf bearing the emblem of the city's bid for the 2004 Olympic Games. If Capetown is selected, it will be the first time an African city hosts the Games [?]. ✓ - NY T [8/6/96]

I discovered early on in my trip that African women find strength in song. Everywhere I went, women sang as they worked, sang as they walked, sang as they greeted us to their homes and villages.

In a dusty patch of land in Capetown I watched women, their faces painted in bright

colors, pushing wheelbarrows, pouring concrete, and mixing paint -- and singing all the while. Homeless squatters who live in deplorable conditions, they had formed their own housing and credit association, modeled after one they had heard about in India. They wanted to do better for themselves and their families. Pooling their savings, they had bought shovels, paint, and cement. They asked for information from the government about how to lay a foundation for a house. They put in a sewer line. They worked and worked and worked. Today they have completed 18 houses. They are building more. And in so doing they are also laying the foundation for a new South Africa.

Later, I learned the translation of the lyrics of one of their songs: "Strength, money, and knowledge -- we cannot do anything without them." Good advice for any woman seeking a sense of her own value and empowerment.

One cannot spend time in South Africa without being inspired by the magnitude of the democratic transformation taking place there. That democracy could take root after so many decades of violence and racial hatred is a testament to the courage and humanity of millions of South Africans of all races who are committed to peace and reconciliation. Some are famous, like President Mandela, who took me and Chelsea on a tour of the tiny prison cell he occupied for years on Robben Island. But some are not so famous, like the women at a memorial tree-planting I attended with Archbishop Desmond Tutu in honor of those who died or disappeared during apartheid -- women whose names will never make the nightly news, yet whose tear-stained faces told the story of the pain and agony they had endured. They weren't there to forget the past; they were there to help themselves and their country move beyond tragedy to a brighter future.

I also had the opportunity to join Archbishop Tutu at a meeting of the nation's Truth and

Reconciliation Commission in downtown Capetown. In the most ordinary of conference rooms, men and women are undertaking the most extraordinary of efforts. They are working to heal their nation after generations of injustice and brutality. As we know from our own experience, democracy is a complicated and difficult business under the best of circumstances. Given its own past, South Africa has a challenging road ahead. But President Mandela and Archbishop Tutu know that their country cannot achieve democracy and equality for all citizens without a spirit of forgiveness. That is what the Truth and Reconciliation Commission is all about. Under the leadership of the Archbishop, the Commission is urging those who committed hate crimes during apartheid to step forward and confess. In return, they are granted amnesty from prosecution. By [Through?] this great experiment in healing, the people of South Africa are not only shaping their own destinies, they are challenging the rest of the world -- from Belfast, to Bosnia, to Burundi -- to put aside ancient enmities in search of higher ground.

I spoke about the lessons South Africa has for all of us in a speech at the University of Capetown, presided over by its dynamic woman ~~[NOTE: not sure people will know from her name that she's a woman]~~ Vice Chancellor, Dr. Mamphela Ramphele [ck]. I wondered aloud what might have happened in our own country if President Lincoln had lived out his second term and been able to implement the vision of a healed nation set out in his Second Inaugural Address, which urged all citizens to unite as Americans and feel "malice toward none." ~~[NOTE: couldn't quite read it, so I improvised]~~. Would our country have had its own Truth and Reconciliation Commission after the Civil War? Could we have averted a century of racial injustice and a legacy of prejudice that haunts us still?

✓ Clettr from sample 1
52

From the southern tip of the continent, we journeyed northwest to Zimbabwe, another

story of democratic renewal in Africa. It's a beautiful country -- lush, green and peaceful. My first stop was a formal call on ^{-Robert = Grace (State)} President and Mrs. Mugabe at their official residence. The two stuffed lions guarding the entrance were the first signs of wildlife I had seen.

I was also thanked profusely for ^{coming since my arrival coincided with heavy rain} bringing the first [rain?], for which I was happy to take the credit offered since President Mugabe explained that the country was suffering from drought.

In an elegant art gallery in the capital of Harare, a group of Zimbabwean women in politics, the professions and business explained to me that, although the country did not yet have laws guaranteeing legal rights to women, it's not just laws that need changing, but attitudes as well. They recounted stories of women who had been beaten up by their spouses for having "bad manners" or wearing pants, a practice deemed only acceptable for men. One woman summed up the problem: "As long as you have a law that says men can have two wives, but women can't have two husbands, then you're not dealing with reality."

The refreshing candor of women talking about their problems is something I've heard around the world in the roundtable discussions I attend. And I'm always reminded that no matter where we are from, or what our station in life, women everywhere share the same fundamental goals and aspirations, and the same challenges to their full participation in society. I like Mary Wollstonecraft's comment which seems as true — and universal — today as it was when she first wrote it nearly 200 years ago [ck]. ^{@ least 200 yrs. ago died 1797 do not} "I don't wish women to have power over men, but over themselves." [ck exact quote]

But as I was reminded time and again on this trip, women's authority over themselves and their emotions cannot be legislated; it has to start from within. That's why Zimbabwe deserves great credit for its advances in family planning, which have encouraged women to assume

responsibility for themselves. The U.S. has supported Zimbabwe's family planning efforts. At the *Full name: Kuwadzana Municipal Polyclinic* Kuwadzana [ck] Health Clinic I watched a play about "baby-dumping," the practice by teenagers of abandoning babies born out of wedlock. The actresses were school girls under the direction of several Peace Corps volunteers. The skit is aimed at persuading girls to postpone sexual activity or, if they do not, to use contraception to avoid pregnancy and the tragedy of orphaning or killing babies by "dumping" them.

At my next stop I saw responsibility in action as I met with women involved in *Zambuko*, a microcredit project that assists women with small loans to start or expand businesses. After my formal remarks, I asked the women if they had any questions for me. I thought I was at a small business meeting back home when one after another asked if I knew where she could get second-hand equipment like sewing machines and steel punches. *if anyone reading this has any ideas, I hope they will contact me.*

From Harare we flew to Victoria Falls, where we were drenched by the spray as we walked the length of the viewing area in the park, marveling at the power and magnitude of the falls and the frequent rainbows that festoon the gorge.

I was also thanked by my airport greeters for bringing rain to our next destination, Dar Es Salaam, Tanzania, a country *formed* from the merger of two former colonies whose names entranced me as a child: *Tanganyika* and Zanzibar. My first stop was an official call on *President Benjamin Mkapa* [ck], who is working to open his nation's economy to take advantage of its natural resources and strategic location on the Indian Ocean. With the vigorous assent of Mrs. Mkapa and the women Ministers in attendance, I encouraged the President to change those laws that limit women from owning and inheriting property. The restrictions *are not only unfair, they hobble* the economic potential of half the country's population.

I continued that discussion with Ministers and other women at the National Museum at a roundtable meeting convened by my friend, Gertrude Mongella, a former Tanzanian parliamentarian and the Secretary-General of the United Nations Fourth World Conference on Women in Beijing in 1995. The lively conversation ended with Gertrude draping me in yards of material [colors? fabric?] and leading her colleagues in song. ✓✓

If there is one thing that most people associate with Africa, it is wildlife. In Tanzania, 25 percent of the land is set aside for parks and reserves, making the country a model for environmental stewardship. Chelsea and I were fortunate to see first-hand some of Tanzania's treasures: the Ngorongoro Crater, the Serengeti plain, and the Olduvai Gorge, where Mary and Richard ~~[NOTE: he's the son, do you mean him or her husband, Louis?]~~ Leakey made their history changing discoveries about modern human ancestry. Traveling by Land Rover across rutted and rocky trails we ~~[saw]~~ ^{marvelled} at the ~~[saw]~~ ^{various zebra herds,} running ostriches, bull elephants, sleeping mother hippos with their babies resting on their heads half out of the water, lions eyeing ~~wild beasts~~ ^{unsuspecting?} or other? potential prey. No matter where we looked, our eyes could not take it all in. (The scale was like nothing I had ever seen.) 7

Along with its environmental efforts, Tanzania is also a crucial actor in bringing peace and stability to war-torn central Africa. In Arusha, I visited the International War Crimes Tribunal investigating genocide in Rwanda. The Tribunal, recently reorganized to make its work more effective and under the leadership of Canadian Justice Louise Arbour, is charged with prosecuting war crimes and punishing those responsible.

The success of the Tribunal is vitally important for all of Africa, but especially for women and children, whose lives and dignity are too often sacrificed in war and civil strife. In Rwanda,

rape and sexual assault were committed on a mass scale. They were tactics of war. Through the Tribunal, the international community can and must demand that those who committed genocide and crimes against humanity be brought to justice.

As has been true throughout history, wars spawn many lasting repercussions, and one is the inevitable proliferation of refugees, most of them women and children. In Africa, as elsewhere, *Indians* *and children* women comprise the majority of those left homeless, starving and dying from preventable diseases in the aftermath of war.

In Kampala, Uganda, I met with a delegation of Rwandan women whose soft voices and drawn faces told the story of the genocide in their country. One young woman described how, after her arm was severed with a machete, she tried to keep it attached while she sought futilely to find medical care. When an infection inevitably occurred, she had to remove the arm herself. As she showed me her stump, another woman used the occasion to explain that there is a severe shortage of prosthetic limbs for victims like her. The woman also gave me a photo album that documented the price of Rwanda's violence. On each page were graphic images of bones, skulls, dazed survivors and orphaned children.

More than the album's photos, I will long carry mental pictures of the women I met there -- and the determination on their faces as they talked about how they would overcome the inhumanity of their past to help rebuild their devastated lives and country.

Uganda was memorable for other reasons. In the face of the [oldest] epidemic of AIDS in Africa, it is the only country to have lowered the rate of infection through an educational awareness campaign that includes billboards, which I saw prominently displayed along the road on my way from the airport. This campaign is led by Uganda's charismatic President, Yoweri

Zimbabwe: 30%
Uganda: 7%

Museveni, who believes in confronting head on the problems that traditionally have been ignored and neglected. He and his wife, Janet, entertained me at Nakagero State House [ck], where I met some of the government and business leaders who are helping to shape the fastest growing economy in Africa. One of the President's priorities is education and his policies have led to a huge increase in the numbers of boys and girls attending primary school. I saw the results when Mrs. Museveni and I visited the Seguku Primary School, where I announced a USAID grant to Uganda to train teachers and prepare teaching materials. We met two Peace Corps volunteers who are helping to make classroom materials out of plentiful items like bottle caps and banana leaves. I saw how necessary these efforts were when I walked into a classroom with 74 third-graders and one dedicated teacher who proudly told me she had more girls than boys in her class for the first time.

I also saw how Americans are involved in helping the Ugandan campaign against AIDS. When I helped dedicate the ^{spelled Center or Centre} AIDS Information Centre, constructed in part with funds donated by the German, Japanese and American governments [ck], I listened with tears in my eyes as a young woman with AIDS told me how her aunt's husband, infected with HIV, had forced himself on her. She had found help and understanding, she said, at the Centre. Other clients of the Centre performed a song that is used in the country's education campaign. The refrain: "AIDS cannot win."

U.S. investments in projects to improve education and fight AIDS aren't just foreign aid for the sake of foreign aid. We learn from them too. An American doctor at the AIDS Centre explained that the policy of same-day testing and sharing of results pioneered there are now being transplanted back to the U.S.; and there is no doubt that medical research and clinical trials in

Uganda can help advance the search for a vaccine and cure.

I also saw the vitality and outspokenness of Uganda's women in a FINCA village bank and at a gathering of women who attended a speech I gave at the Nile Conference Center [ck].

FINCA is an international microcredit association ^{whose banks} I have visited ~~its banks~~ in Managua, Nicaragua, La Paz, Bolivia [ck: Chile too?], and Washington, DC, but never before have I been told the stories of what women did with their loans in song and dance.

And there was more singing before I gave my speech. I was touched to hear the audience sing, in this order, the Uganda National Anthem, the United States National Anthem, and the traditional Uganda song celebrating women that begins with the words: "Mothers, daughters..."

At that event I was surrounded by articulate, powerful women like Uganda's Vice President, Dr. ^{Wandira} Specioza Wandir Kazibwe [ck] and ?

Anyone who doubts the strength, courage, and tenacity of African women need only travel to Eritrea, the sixth and final country I visited. It is Africa's newest nation, a democracy born out of a 30-year civil war in Ethiopia.

The first thing I saw getting off the plane was a sign that said, "It Takes a Village." Then, as I descended onto the tarmac, I was greeted by women ululating and throwing popcorn at me, a sign of affection in Eritrea. A few minutes later, as we drove out of the airport, a large banner proclaimed: "Welcome, sister."

The Eritrean people pride themselves on industriousness and self-sufficiency, and time spent with Eritrean women explains why. I met women freedom fighters who helped wage the war for independence. Many took up arms as teenagers and continued to fight for the better part of three decades. Now they have laid down their weapons (in fact, most Eritreans turned over

an all
Thank?
FINCA
No - only
Nicaragua
Wash. DC
↓
more
words?

their guns at the request of the new government, so that even police in the capital, Asmara, don't carry them) and are busy building schools, health clinics and training fellow freedom fighters for civilian jobs.

In an animated discussion with women hosted at our Ambassador's residence, I learned how proud the women are of their country's new Constitution, whose motto is "emancipation through equal participation." The meeting was moderated by Askalu Menkerios, the President of the National Union of Eritrean Women, which is working jointly with our National Council of Negro Women to start microcredit projects for women.

*addressed us
Askalu
Chairwomen*

One woman spoke for others present when she acknowledged that constitutional and legal rights for women are still undercut by culture and customs that have to be addressed. Women like her, she said, had not helped to fight for national independence only to see victory bring a return of female dependence. That is why women who were active in the liberation struggle are speaking out in favor of girls participating, alongside boys, in compulsory national service and against the practice of female genital mutilation which is prevalent among Eritreans. ~~[This is a tricky topic for outsiders to tackle].~~ Challenging FGM should [has to] be led by African women themselves.

Those of us on the outside who wish to be helpful should stress the health-related arguments that compellingly point out the connections between FGM and maternal and infant mortality and morbidity. But the struggle will be waged -- and eventually won -- by the women like those I met.

agreed
[NOTE: is your point that the health-related arguments are the most pragmatic way to affect cultural change in this case? If so, maybe we should say so more directly. I'm worried that it sounds as though you're dismissing what FGM represents in terms of women's rights].

I thought of the struggle when I looked at the faces of the little girls gathered in front of

Embadorho Health Station

me at the dedication of the Ebaderho Health Clinic [ck], built in part with USAID funds, and when I met women at the ^{Woodwork Training Center} BANA wood-working center who have been demobilized from the military and now must learn new job skills to make a living on their own since many are single mothers.

Isaias Afworki [Saba]

The President of Eritrea, Isais Afwerki and his wife, a former freedom fighter named Saba ~~Maka~~, do not live in the Presidential Palace but that is where they entertained me. They prefer to live simply in a small house in town with their children. ^{Isaias} Mrs. Saba [ck] gave me a native dress of soft white, hand-loomed cotton decorated with embroidery and silver with a matching shawl which I put on and wore to the reception and entertainment they hosted. I sat in a courtyard in front of the palace, built by the Italians when they occupied the country, watching the dancers perform folk dances from various parts of the country. I asked the President, who began as a guerilla fighter while a university student in his early twenties, if, during the long war, he had ever found time to dance. "Of course," he replied. "We had to keep dancing to keep ourselves going."

Just at that moment the dancers came off the stage and beckoned to the President and me to join them. I think he was as surprised as I was, and at first he demurred. But the dancers were persistent and both of us made our way slowly to the stage, where we were joined by Mrs. Sabo and a few other guests similarly recruited. The dance, thankfully, was a simply circle movement that even I could do. As the music filled the air and I danced around the circle, I looked at the [smiling men and women] around me and felt very lucky — and very grateful — to be part of their celebration of independence and democracy. If I'd had some popcorn, I would have thrown it at everyone within ^{right} reach.

TO: HRC
FROM: Lissa
RE: Vogue
DATE: April 11, 1997

Here is a framework for the Vogue piece. Obviously a lot is missing.

1) The opening section doesn't have enough about women. I think the solution is to say something like Africa is changing for women -- and women are changing Africa. And then we can insert your tried-and-true women's themes:

- if half the world is underfed, underschooled . . . can't have true democracy
- too often women's rights are on the outskirts of opportunity
- women's rights are human rights -- and human rights are women's rights
- Imagine what would happen if women stopped working -- stopped working in the home, in the fields, in the factories, etc....
- Importance of the tools of opportunity
- As Sec of State said, "advancing the status of women is the right thing to do -- and the smart thing to do."

2) You'll see lots of brackets where you might want to tell stories or where you may remember things that others weren't privy too.

3) There is not a lot that is personal in here. I don't think that's necessarily bad, but you may want to add some anecdotes along the lines that Anna's memo suggests.

4) I think you need to discuss the FGM issue somewhere and explain why it is so difficult for an outsider to go into those countries and raise it.

Please let me know if I can help the process along at this point. Thanks.

TO: Anna Wintour
FROM: Lissa Muscatine (202-456-2935) *LM*
RE: Mrs. Clinton's piece
DATE: April 14

At last, a draft of Mrs. Clinton's piece. She worked very hard on it over the weekend and it is quintessentially her. We welcome your suggestions for improving it, especially what to cut. (It's too long -- about 5,400 words). Apologies for getting it to you so late. Please let me know what else we can do. Thanks.

VOGUE

ANNA WINTOUR
Editor in Chief

April 14, 1997

To: Marsha Berry

From: Anna Wintour

Number of pages including cover: 4

VOGUE

ANNA WINTOUR
Editor in Chief

April 3, 1997

Marsha Berry
Office of the First Lady
1600 Pennsylvania Avenue
Washington, D.C. 20500

Dear Marsha,

These are some of my thoughts about Mrs. Clinton's trip. Obviously she has her own point of view, but I think these are some of the things that *Vogue* readers would be interested in.

We would love this piece to be something of a diary, both a record of and a response to the highlights of Mrs. Clinton's trip, her impressions of events as they occurred, and her reactions now that she is back. Among the questions the First Lady might want to consider addressing are:

How did Mrs. Clinton decide on Africa? Had Mrs. Clinton had a long-standing interest in the continent, and when did this begin? And how was the final itinerary determined?

What was the biggest surprise of the trip? What were the elements which, despite all the research and briefings, Mrs. Clinton was not prepared for or that turned out to be more beautiful and/or dramatic than she had expected?

What did Mrs. Clinton find to be the most fun? What was the most fascinating thing that Mrs. Clinton discovered?

What was the emotional highlight? Seeing Goree Island, the port where slaves were shipped from, or touring Nelson Mandela's jail cell with the South African president? Or was there a more quiet and personal moment that sticks in Mrs. Clinton's mind?

Page 2

We were amused to read that the First Lady watched "Out of Africa" on the flight out. Did the reality of the continent match the beauty and romanticism of the movie? What was Mrs. Clinton's response to the Serengeti plain? Even with the presence of the press and Secret Service details, was it possible to escape civilization and have a real encounter with nature at its most wild?

How much actual contact was the First Lady able to establish with local villagers, mothers, and students? Were there moments when Mrs. Clinton could break away from her heavily scripted schedule and interact with people one on one?

When she was not taking part in official dinners, what did Mrs. Clinton eat? Did she make any culinary discoveries? And how did Mrs. Clinton decide what to wear each day?

In terms of logistics--how long did it take to plan the trip? When did Mrs. Clinton begin her own research for the trip, and what did this entail? How many people altogether accompanied Mrs. Clinton, including White House officials, Secret Service, and press?

At the University of Cape Town, Mrs. Clinton said that she felt it might be easier for women to be elected to high positions under a parliamentary system because, Mrs. Clinton said, "They do not have to go out and sell themselves to the entire country and face all the required questions that we in public life have to deal with. It's very difficult for women to answer many of the perceptions and stereotypes the public holds about them." Can Mrs. Clinton elaborate on this, and does Mrs. Clinton think that this will change in the near future--either in Africa or in the United States?

The complications and contradictions of Africa are enormous, and even the successes come at a cost, such as the Foundation for International Community Assistance, which is required to charge interest rates as high as 80 percent. Does Mrs. Clinton think this is why so many Americans feel distant from Africa and so often regard its problems as insurmountable?

As such a champion of women's rights, did Mrs. Clinton find it difficult to encounter firsthand tribal customs and rituals that seem to Westerners barbaric and anti-women? Did Mrs. Clinton feel it is possible for these tribes to learn to understand and embrace our ideas about human rights while continuing to respect ancient traditions?

Page 3

Does Mrs. Clinton feel that her trip has helped to highlight the successes of the continent and will strengthen the U.S. commitment to the continent? What advice will Mrs. Clinton give the President before he makes his own visit to Africa?

This may be the last trip the First Lady and Chelsea take together before Chelsea leaves for college. Was Mrs. Clinton aware of this during the trip? Was there a sense of nostalgia and sadness? Did the press attention to and reiteration of this fact make it more difficult for Mrs. Clinton?

AU be last-



Questions from Anna Wintour:

- 1) What was the biggest surprise of the trip? What, despite the research and briefings, were you not prepared for? What turned out to be more beautiful or dramatic than expected?
- 2) What turned out to be the most fun? What was the most fascinating thing you discovered?
- 3) What was the emotional highlight? Was it a dramatic moment, like Goree Island or President Mandela's cell? Or was there a quieter, more personal moment?
- 4) What was your response to the Serengeti plain? Even with the presence of the press and the Secret Service, was it possible to escape civilization and encounter nature at its most wild?
- 5) Were you able to break away from formal settings and interact with people one on one?
- 6) What did you eat?
- 7) How did you decide what to wear?
- 8) How long did it take to plan the trip? How many people accompanied you? How did you plan for it (reading, research, etc.)?
- 9) Do you wish to elaborate on your comment at University of Cape Town about why it's easier for women to attain political power in a country with a parliamentary system? Any predictions re. women in politics in the U.S. and Africa?
- 10) Do the contradictions in Africa (great successes coupled with great human and natural disasters) make it harder for Americans to engage with the countries of Africa?
- 11) Did you find it difficult to encounter and discuss tribal and societal customs and rituals that seem anti-woman to Westerners? How do we respect ancient traditions even as we promote human rights?
- 12) Advice for the President before he makes his trip to Africa?
- 13) Was there a sense of nostalgia and sadness because this was probably your last trip with Chelsea before she goes off to college? Did the press attention to this make it more difficult?

LEVEL 1 - 2 OF 30 STORIES

The Associated Press

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April 6, 1997, Sunday, BC cycle

ADVANCED-DATE: April 3, 1997, Thursday, BC cycle

SECTION: International News

LENGTH: 1087 words

BYLINE: By SONYA ROSS, Associated Press Writer

DATELINE: GOREE ISLAND, Senegal

BODY:

"It was total separation." The curator's words echoed in my head, repeating a fact I'd known all my life but never fully understood until this moment.

I was stepping through the Door of No Return, a crude square opening in the wall of a stone "slave house" here, the westernmost point between **Africa** and America.

My thoughts were of the Nameless **African** who was pushed through a doorway just like this one, who lived the rest of his life - her life? - as a slave on a plantation in Georgia, who created a child whose child created a child who ultimately created me.

I was in **Africa** to chronicle the goodwill tour of first lady Hillary Rodham Clinton. Six countries in two weeks, designed to gin up interest in a continent most Americans dismiss as a font of famine, disease and chaos.

But I also was on a mission of self-discovery, to identify my Nameless **African** and bring him home. Although my family doesn't know a name, gender, tribe or description of this person, I felt surely on a continent this vast and ancient, clues would simply turn up.

Joseph Ndiaye, curator of this slave house since 1962, has told the story so many times that his voice punctuates his words like a drumbeat.

"They left this continent in the largest movement of people the world has ever experienced ... Men, women and children ... They waited three months for transport ... They were fed once a day.

"... The value of children depended on how many teeth they had. Women were judged by the firmness of their breasts. Men, by their muscles."



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The disabled were placed here, in this room. Skinny ones were fattened there, in that room. This dark, cone-shaped cubbyhole held the "recalcitrants." Solitary confinement for the resisters.

Ndiaye said his family has been on Goree for nearly 400 years. I could imagine his great-great-great-grandfather's dark hands pushing my helpless, Nameless **African** down a gang plank onto a putrid slave ship.

I was filled with rage.

"Yeah, let's TALK about your ancestors!" I said to myself. "Did they work here? Did they lay the babies head to toe in a cold room, on a cold floor? Did they wash the blood from the walls? Did they select maidens for the merchants to rape?"

Until this point, I was at peace with slavery. Long ago, I'd disposed of my unfocused hatred for the unknown white people who owned my family and reduced the **Africans** who traded slaves to a vague haze in my mind.

To suddenly uncover these **Africans** stung like a stab wound.

By the second day in Tanzania, I was hankering to get away from organized activity. Vicki Mabrey, a reporter for CBS, was feeling the same way. So when the chance came to visit a Maasai village about 30 minutes away from our safari lodge, we seized it.

We jumped into a jeep driven by Shaaban Lagwen, a Tanzanian brother who has guided tourists here at the Ngorongoro Crater for about 10 years. He told us we would be among the first to visit this particular village.

The Maasai are a gentle, pastoral people who coexist with the lions and cheetahs in the conservation area around the Ngorongoro Crater, raising goats and cattle.

He drove us along a bumpy road that led to a half-dozen tiny huts made of mud and cattle dung and covered with roofs of banana leaf. Groups of lean Maasai, draped in flowing red or plaid fabric and wearing huge beaded strands in their ears or wrapped around their heads, warily watched us from inside an empty cow corral.

Through a translator, Vicki asked women who stood outside of a hut if they would take a picture with her. Vicki wanted the photograph for her mother, who had asked to see **Africans** in an attempt to identify physical features in common with her family.

That comment confused the women. They looked at Vicki, looked at me, looked at themselves, obviously wondering what **African** could possibly resemble us?

Shaaban explained that Vicki and I were **African** Americans, the children of **Africans** who were stolen from here and taken to a far, far place. We don't know our tribes, we don't know our ancestors, he said. As this was translated, two women drew closer and stared openly at me. It was OK, because I was staring

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back.

How could these women be **Africans**, one woman finally asked, and have skin that is such a strange color? "We're diluted," I joked. They laughed, but the questioner wanted to know, really?

So I explained that we had been mixed with so many different peoples through the ages that we came out this way. In the translator's version, Vicki and I are what happens when you mix everyone together, and did they notice that the **African** in us remained obvious?

"Ahhhh!" the women said collectively.

The translator pointed to our hair, our eyes, our much paler faces, my short corkscrew hair and Vicki's straight, shoulder-length tresses. The women pointed to their noses and eyes, as if to say, "See that nose? It is like my nose!"

By this time Karen Breslau, a reporter for Newsweek, had wandered over and stood beside me. Suddenly, one of the women reached down and pulled our hands side by side. The women craned their necks to take in the contrast between Karen's creamy skin and my caramel complexion. Then she held her midnight dark hand beside my hand. Another contrast. "Ahhh!" the women said.

We laughed like little girls. Before long the Maasai women were our friends. Their children drew close to pose for pictures, their body language saying, "We accept you. Welcome home."

Despite the anger I felt on Goree, I politely asked Ndiaye whether any of his ancestors were sent into slavery through the slave house where he now works.

"No, I don't know," Ndiaye said. "But I know, as an **African**, some have passed through here. That is why, when I speak here, I put myself in the shoes of my ancestors."

This genteel old man not only had one Nameless **African**, he had two - one who was pushed aboard a slave ship and another who did the pushing.

"Names were taken away, and people were given numbers," he had said. "It was total separation."

William Bolden, a Navy chaplain who spoke with a relaxed Southern drawl, sucked in his breath as we exchanged our Goree experiences in our hotel later. Bolden traveled to Senegal with tickets won from a Los Angeles radio station.

Sure, Goree was painful, Bolden said, but he felt better once he read the words beside the Door of No Return: "From this door for a voyage without return they went, their eyes fixed on the infinity of suffering."

"Our coming back proved that was a lie," Bolden said.

LANGUAGE: ENGLISH

LOAD-DATE: April 6, 1997



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TO: HRC
FROM: Lissa *dm*
RE: Vogue
DATE: April 11, 1997

Here is a framework for the Vogue piece. Obviously a lot is missing.

1) The opening section doesn't have enough about women. I think the solution is to say something like Africa is changing for women -- and women are changing Africa. And then we can insert your tried-and-true women's themes:

--if half the world is underfed, underschooled . . . can't have true democracy
--too often women's rights are on the outskirts of opportunity
-- women's rights are human rights -- and human rights are women's rights
--Imagine what would happen if women stopped working -- stopped working in the home, in the fields, in the factories, etc....
--Importance of the tools of opportunity
--As Sec of State said, "advancing the status of women is the right thing to do -- and the smart thing to do."

2) You'll see lots of brackets where you might want to tell stories or where you may remember things that others weren't privy too.

3) There is not a lot that is personal in here. I don't think that's necessarily bad, but you may want to add some anecdotes along the lines that Anna's memo suggests.

4) I think you need to discuss the FGM issue somewhere and explain why it is so difficult for an outsider to go into those countries and raise it.

Please let me know if I can help the process along at this point. Thanks.

DRAFT 4/13/97

7:00 pm

FIRST LADY HILLARY RODHAM CLINTON

AFRICA ESSAY
VOGUE MAGAZINE

Masai -
 outside Nyo -
 family living in bush (??)
 No ppl were dramatically
 represent of A -
 pastoral lifestyle
 prepared to be read
 for econ. growth &
 development -
 yet a.o. who sees them
 steady straight as
 an arrow must
 feel bitterness at
 passing of life

I have always wanted to visit Africa. As a ^{young child} ~~little girl~~, I imagined exploring the Blue Nile,

Victoria Falls, the Serengeti and all the other exotic places I discovered through books and
 movies. In college I studied writers like Nobel Prize winner [ck] Chinua Achebe and researched
 how ~~both~~ the United States and the Soviet Union used the continent as a giant chess board ^{to} ~~as they~~
 maneuvered for advantage during the Cold War. After I read Isak Dinesen, I longed to sleep in a
 tent where I could hear the lions roar at night, ~~and listened eagerly as friends recounted their Peace~~
~~Corps and safari adventures. I~~ contributed money to funds to save endangered animals and I
 worked to end apartheid.

Finally, in March, I went to Africa. For two weeks, I was overwhelmed by the sights,
 sounds, smells, foods, feelings, animals and people I ^{encountered} ~~experienced~~ [NOTE: might want to use a
 different word here since it's repeated at the end of the paragraph—maybe I was “exposed to,” or
 I “encountered”]. I hope this brief recounting of what I saw and did gives ~~you~~ ^{you} some idea about ^{why} ~~why~~
 why I -- like so many others -- came home transfixed, even transformed, by the experience, ^{and why what} ~~happened~~ ^{happened} ~~in Africa~~ ^{in Africa} ~~should matter to~~ ^{should matter to} ~~Americans.~~

My chance to ~~visit Africa~~ ^{because} ~~when~~ the President and Secretary of State asked me to ~~go~~
~~there to exemplify~~ [NOTE: demonstrate] ^{progress} ~~the~~ American ^{are} ~~of~~ interest in the continent and to highlight ~~and~~
~~support~~ positive stories about Africa ^{that} ~~that~~ rarely ~~get~~ ^{are} told in our country. These stories are part of a

world wide surge of peace, prosperity and democracy-building. Every region is making its own contributions with its own lessons for the rest of the world. But Africa's chapter deserves special attention ^{as} both because of the promise -- and peril -- it represents.

I saw ^{the} ~~that~~ over ^{the} ~~two~~ weeks ^{spent visiting} as I visited some of the touchstones of Africa's democratic and economic renewal: Senegal, South Africa, Zimbabwe, Tanzania, Uganda, and Eritrea.

In many ways, this trip built on the other foreign trips I have been privileged to make on ^{my own on} behalf of the United States to ^{countries in} South Asia, South America, ^{& and} ~~Central and Southern~~ Europe, Mongolia, and China [what about Thailand and Australia?]. In each place I have sought to

^{the} underscore progress and stress America's commitment to democracy, ^{and} human rights, ^{and free markets.}

^{I have brought to} Everywhere I have been, I have tried to focus attention on the role of women and girls ^{I have also spoken out about} in ~~the~~ ^a each society. Why? Because the way a society treats its women and girls is, to my mind, ^{the quality of the} ~~the~~ ^{and its prospects for the future,} clearest indication of its ~~success~~ ^{as a} democracy for a democracy without women's full participation is a contradiction in terms.

To live up to its promise, a democracy must commit to giving girls the same opportunities as boys ^{to} ~~x~~ education, health care, ^{and} the chance to participate fully in the economic, political and social life of their countries. Only when women's rights -- the fullness of human rights -- are

respected can women embrace that [the?] authority over themselves as citizens that is the bedrock of the democratic experience. Only when they have the rights to be listened to, to plan a family, to start a business, to feel safe from violence on the streets and in their own homes can they experience the consciousness of full citizenship, and the action it inspires.

When it comes to democracy, the way women are treated is like the canary in the coal mine that miners used to send down the shaft ahead of them. If the bird kept chirping, they knew

Chesler,
Insert

there was enough air for them to follow safely. From what I saw of Africa's girls and women, that canary is alive and well. And it can sing.

As you will see from the ^{memorable} photographs by Annie Liebowitz, I met impressive national leaders and a lot of remarkable women (and even a few men dressed as women!). These photos, full of hope and promise, ^{offer} are such a different picture than most of what we see on TV or in the newspaper in America about Africa. So much of the time, it seems, the only news that filters in from Africa is bad news. ^{Too often overlooked} (Left on the editing room floor) are all those stories about democratic and economic progress, about people living up to their best selves, building good lives, working to repair communities -- and doing all this while overcoming obstacles I can't even imagine confronting. That's the Africa I saw. I hope, through these pictures, you will see it too.

* * * * *

After weeks of planning, our departure was postponed because Bill injured his leg the day before Chelsea and I were to leave. ^(Packing, I spent Fri. and Saturday either w. or to him at) Instead of last minute [illegible-xxxxx] the hospital with ~~him~~ or preparing the White House for his return. When I first saw how much pain he was in and learned how serious the operation was, I told him that Chelsea and I should either cancel the trip or abbreviate it. He would only agree to a one-day postponement that would still ^{permit us to complete the whole schedule} [xxx] because he thought the trip was an important demonstration of our country's concern about Africa. Besides, he didn't want to play up his injury and worried that my being a "nervous Nellie" would do just that. After I saw Bill safely resting at home, I left for the airport filled with anxiety about him and anticipation about Africa. I was exhausted from worry and sleepless nights and

~~we~~ tried to sleep on the way over.

Our plane touched down in Dakar, Senegal shortly after 3 a.m. on March 18th. My first impression was of a sky that was densely dark and air that felt like a wall of heat and humidity.

After a few hours of sleep in our hotel, our first stop was Goree Island off of Senegal's coast, one of the departure points for millions of Africans who were sold into slavery from the 16th to 19th centuries and shipped across the Atlantic to North and South America, including the United States. Just as Africa's history is rife with ironies and contradictions, so is Goree Island. As we approached by boat, we saw the peaceful shore filled with brightly dressed people singing and dancing to welcome me. It was jarring to remember that this seemingly idyllic spot was part of to an industry that profited from the sale of human beings.

Nothing speaks more to the depravity of humankind than the slave compound, where African men and women were segregated by sex and kept in cages before they were sold and shipped away. Looking through what is aptly called the Door of No Return, Chelsea and I saw the passageway where slaves boarded ships, separated from their loved ones, their land, and their culture with cruel finality.

Yet I quickly learned in Senegal and throughout my travels that the history of tragedy in Africa often conceals a deeper story of human resilience and triumph. Goree Island not only offers a stark reminder of a shameful past, but a message about America's vital ties to Africa, the contributions of African Americans to our own culture, and the importance of treating all men, women and children with the respect and dignity they deserve. It was a message that echoed throughout my time in Senegal and from one country to the next.

In fact, I saw it acted out in a skit about democracy and women's roles performed by

villagers in Saam N'jaay, Village. And I met a ^{lively} lovely American woman, Molly Melching [ck], who ^{had} lived in the village for several years and now directs a program that promotes  literacy, health care and other services. Molly and I were pulled to our feet to dance with the [xxxx].

After a whirlwind day in Senegal -- where I met many Senegalese from the country's impressive seven-foot President Abdou Diouf and his family, to girls attending a school named in honor of Martin Luther King, Jr., to American Peace Corps volunteers, to village chiefs, to a group of women who are working to improve education, women's rights, health care and the local economy -- we were back on the plane for another red-eye, this time to Johannesburg, South Africa, eight-and-a-half hours across the continent.

I had been to South Africa once, for a day, to attend President Mandela's inauguration in 1994. But that brief visit had only whetted my appetite to know more about what many are calling the South African "miracle" of democracy.

A short distance south [ck] of Johannesburg is the famous black township of Soweto, scene of so much of apartheid's tragic history. As we approached the Entandweni Primary School, children in uniforms lined the dusty streets, waving and smiling. I visited a class of six-year-olds who were learning English. Escorted by the principal, Primrose Sishi [ck], who wore a colorful dress traditional to the Zulu tribe, ^{the} teacher, Sibongile Vilikazi, was using a taped program funded partly by assistance from the United States Agency for International Development and private foundations. The lesson for the day ^{taught} ~~was~~ the words "outside" and "inside" and the children were asked to use each word in sentences. I couldn't help but smile when one boy said: "The police are outside," which is where they belonged to keep order (not, as was too often the case in the past, to promote disorder) so that children "inside" schools can be

Not so long ago children like the ones I saw ^{apartheid} were in the streets ~~or~~ ^{being} ~~at~~ school because of the ~~regime~~ ^{regime} would only let them learn in a language not their own.

educated.

Unfortunately, one of the big problems in SA; fortunately, all citizens - black and white - now are joined in combating.

The biggest problem now in South Africa is crime and violence which ~~are~~ ^{are} joined

in combating.

It was African women who first helped focus world attention on the issue of domestic violence at the United Nations World Conference on Women in Nairobi, Kenya in 1984 [ck].

Domestic violence remains all too common in every country of the world. But as I heard over and over in Africa, domestic violence crimes are often not prosecuted -- or even considered crimes at all -- in many parts of the continent. That's why it was so heartening to see women from South Africa to Zimbabwe to Tanzania and elsewhere devoting their energies to changing laws and attitudes in their respective countries. In Johannesburg, I met with social workers, psychologists, police officers, politicians and grass-roots activists who are working to end the scourges of domestic violence, child abuse and crime. That's one of the issues our two countries are cooperating on through the Binational Commission chaired by Vice Presidents Thabo Mbeki and Al Gore.

The next morning I flew to Capetown, one of the most beautiful cities in the world. The Mayor, Teresa Solomon [ck], greeted me as I got off the plane and presented me with a pin and scarf bearing the emblem of the city's bid for the 2004 Olympic Games. If Capetown is selected, it will be the first time an African city hosts the Games [?].

I discovered early on in my trip that African women find strength in song. Everywhere I went, women sang as they worked, sang as they walked, sang as they greeted us to their homes and villages.

In a dusty patch of land in Capetown I watched women, their faces painted in bright

After the school,

~~after the school~~
~~in the school~~

~~When~~ I visited the Hector Pitsoan Memorial ~~to~~ which
commemorates the involvement - and deaths - of
young people in ^{the} Soweto uprisings against ~~of~~ apartheid.
The photograph of an ^{uprising} teenager carrying ~~the~~ Hector's
body with a ^{screaming} young girl running alongside
is a stark reminder of the sacrifices ~~all~~
~~been~~ young South Africans made for the
freedom and hope school children today
enjoy.

colors, pushing wheelbarrows, pouring concrete, and mixing paint -- and singing all the while.

Homeless squatters who live in deplorable conditions, they had formed their own housing and credit association, modeled after one they had heard about in India. They wanted to do better for themselves and their families. Pooling their savings, they had bought shovels, paint, and cement. They asked for information from the government about how to lay a foundation for a house. They put in a sewer line. They worked and worked and worked. Today they have completed 18 houses. They are building more. And in so doing they are also laying the foundation for a new South Africa.

Later, I learned the translation of the lyrics of one of their songs: "Strength, money, and knowledge -- we cannot do anything without them." Good advice for any woman seeking a sense of her own value and empowerment.

One cannot spend time in South Africa without being inspired by the magnitude of the democratic transformation taking place there. That democracy could take root after so many decades of violence and racial hatred is a testament to the courage and humanity of millions of South Africans of all races who are committed to peace and reconciliation. Some are famous, like President Mandela, who took me and Chelsea on a tour of the tiny prison cell he occupied for years on Robben Island. But some are not so famous, like the women at a memorial tree-planting I attended with Archbishop Desmond Tutu in honor of those who died or disappeared during apartheid -- women whose names will never make the nightly news, yet whose tear-stained faces told the story of the pain and agony they had endured. They weren't there to forget the past; they were there to help themselves and their country move beyond tragedy to a brighter future.

I also had the opportunity to join Archbishop Tutu at a meeting of the nation's Truth and

Reconciliation Commission in downtown Capetown. In the most ordinary of conference rooms, men and women are undertaking the most extraordinary of efforts. They are working to heal their nation after generations of injustice and brutality. As we know from our own experience, democracy is a complicated and difficult business under the best of circumstances. Given its own past, South Africa has a challenging road ahead. But President Mandela and Archbishop Tutu know that their country cannot achieve democracy and equality for all citizens without a spirit of forgiveness. That is what the Truth and Reconciliation Commission is all about. Under the leadership of the Archbishop, the Commission is urging those who committed hate crimes during apartheid to step forward and confess. In return, they are granted amnesty from prosecution. By [Through?] this great experiment in healing, the people of South Africa are not only shaping their own destinies, they are challenging the rest of the world -- from Belfast, to Bosnia, to Burundi -- to put aside ancient enmities in search of higher ground.

I spoke about the lessons South Africa has for all of us in a speech at the University of Capetown, presided over by its dynamic woman ~~[NOTE: not sure people will know from her name that she's a woman]~~ Vice Chancellor, Dr. Mamphela Ramphele [ck]. I wondered aloud what might have happened in our own country if President Lincoln had lived out his second term and been able to implement the vision of a healed nation set out in his Second Inaugural Address, which urged all citizens to unite as Americans and feel "malice toward none." ~~[NOTE: couldn't quite read it, so I improvised]~~. Would our country have had its own Truth and Reconciliation Commission after the Civil War? Could we have averted a century of racial injustice and a legacy of prejudice that haunts us still?

From the southern tip of the continent, we journeyed northwest to Zimbabwe, another

story of democratic renewal in Africa. It's a beautiful country -- lush, green and peaceful. My first stop was a formal call on President and Mrs. Mugabe at their official residence. The two stuffed lions guarding the entrance were the first signs of wildlife I had seen.

I was also thanked profusely for ^{coming since my arrival coincided with the heavy rain} bringing the first [rain?], for which I was happy to take the credit offered since President Mugabe explained that the country was suffering from drought.

In an elegant art gallery in the capital of Harare, a group of Zimbabwean women in politics, the professions and business explained to me that, although the country did not yet have laws guaranteeing legal rights to women, it's not just laws that need changing, but attitudes as well. They recounted stories of women who had been beaten up by their spouses for having "bad manners" or wearing pants, a practice deemed only acceptable for men. One woman summed up the problem: "As long as you have a law that says men can have two wives, but women can't have two husbands, then you're not dealing with reality."

The refreshing candor of women talking about their problems is something I've heard around the world in the roundtable discussions I attend. And I'm always reminded that no matter where we are from, or what our station in life, women everywhere share the same fundamental goals and aspirations, and the same challenges to their full participation in society. I like Mary Wollstonecraft's comment which seems as true — and universal — today as it was when she first wrote it nearly 200 years ago [ck]. "I don't wish women to have power over men, but over themselves." [ck exact quote]

But as I was reminded time and again on this trip, women's authority over themselves and their emotions cannot be legislated; it has to start from within. That's why Zimbabwe deserves great credit for its advances in family planning, which have encouraged women to assume

responsibility for themselves. The U.S. has supported Zimbabwe's family planning efforts. At the Kuwadzana [ck] Health Clinic I watched a play about "baby-dumping," the practice by teenagers of abandoning babies born out of wedlock. The actresses were school girls under the direction of several Peace Corps volunteers. The skit is aimed at persuading girls to postpone sexual activity or, if they do not, to use contraception to avoid pregnancy and the tragedy of orphaning or killing babies by "dumping" them.

At my next stop I saw responsibility in action as I met with women involved in Zambuko, a microcredit project that assists women with small loans to start or expand businesses. After my formal remarks, I asked the women if they had any questions for me. I thought I was at a small business meeting back home when one after another asked if I knew where she could get second-hand equipment like sewing machines and steel punches. *follow up?*

(idea) I hope they will contact me
From Harare we flew to Victoria Falls, where we were drenched by the spray as we walked the length of the viewing area in the park, marveling at the power and magnitude of the falls and the frequent rainbows that festoon the gorge.

I was also thanked by my airport greeters for bringing rain to our next destination, Dar Es Salaam, Tanzania, a country formed from the merger of two former colonies whose names entranced me as a child: Tanganyika and Zanzibar. My first stop was an official call on President Mkapa [ck], who is working to open his nation's economy to take advantage of its natural resources and strategic location on the Indian Ocean. With the vigorous assent of Mrs. Mkapa and the women Ministers in attendance, I encouraged the President to change those laws that limit women from owning and inheriting property. The restrictions *are* not only unfair, they *hobble* the economic potential of half the country's population.

I continued that discussion with Ministers and other women at the National Museum at a roundtable meeting convened by my friend, Gertrude Mongella, a former Tanzanian parliamentarian and the Secretary-General of the United Nations Fourth World Conference on Women in Beijing in 1995. The lively conversation ended with Gertrude draping me in yards of material [colors? fabric?] and leading her colleagues in song.

my
adjective?
+ subject

If there is one thing that most people associate with Africa, it is wildlife. In Tanzania, 25 percent of the land is set aside for parks and reserves, making the country a model for environmental stewardship. Chelsea and I were fortunate to see first-hand some of Tanzania's treasures: the Ngorongoro Crater, the Serengeti plain, and the Olduvai Gorge, where Mary and Richard [NOTE: he's the son, do you mean him or her husband, Louis?] Leakey made their history changing discoveries about modern human ancestry. Traveling by Land Rover across rutted and rocky trails we ^{marvelled} ~~xxxx~~ at the ^{various zebra heads,} ~~xxxx~~, running ostriches, bull elephants, sleeping mother hippos with their babies resting on their heads half out of the water, lions eyeing ^{wildbeasts?} ~~wild beasts~~ or ^{other?} other potential prey. No matter where we looked, our eyes could not take it all in. (The scale was like nothing I had ever seen.)

Along with its environmental efforts, Tanzania is also a crucial actor in bringing peace and stability to war-torn central Africa. In Arusha, I visited the International War Crimes Tribunal investigating genocide in Rwanda. The Tribunal, recently reorganized to make its work more effective and under the leadership of Canadian Justice Louise Arbour, is charged with prosecuting war crimes and punishing those responsible.

The success of the Tribunal is vitally important for all of Africa, but especially for women and children, whose lives and dignity are too often sacrificed in war and civil strife. In Rwanda,

rape and sexual assault were committed on a mass scale. They were tactics of war. Through the Tribunal, the international community can and must demand that those who committed genocide and crimes against humanity be brought to justice.

As has been true throughout history, wars spawn many lasting repercussions, and one is the inevitable proliferation of refugees, most of them women and children. In Africa, as elsewhere, *Indians* *and children* women comprise the majority of those left homeless, starving and dying from preventable diseases in the aftermath of war.

In Kampala, Uganda, I met with a delegation of Rwandan women whose soft voices and drawn faces told the story of the genocide in their country. One young woman described how, after her arm was severed with a machete, she tried to keep it attached while she sought futilely to find medical care. When an infection inevitably occurred, she had to remove the arm herself. As she showed me her stump, another woman used the occasion to explain that there is a severe shortage of prosthetic limbs for victims like her. The woman also gave me a photo album that documented the price of Rwanda's violence. On each page were graphic images of bones, skulls, dazed survivors and orphaned children.

More than the album's photos, I will long carry mental pictures of the women I met there -- and the determination on their faces as they talked about how they would overcome the inhumanity of their past to help rebuild their devastated lives and country.

Uganda was memorable for other reasons. In the face of the worst epidemic of AIDS in Africa, it is the only country to have lowered the rate of infection through an educational awareness campaign that includes billboards, which I saw prominently displayed along the road on my way from the airport. This campaign is led by Uganda's charismatic President, Yoweri

Museveni, who believes in confronting head on the problems that traditionally have been ignored and neglected. He and his wife, Janet, entertained me at Nakagero State House [ck], where I met some of the government and business leaders who are helping to shape the fastest growing economy in Africa. One of the President's priorities is education and his policies have led to a huge increase in the numbers of boys and girls attending primary school. I saw the results when Mrs. Museveni and I visited the Seguku Primary School, where I announced a USAID grant to Uganda to train teachers and prepare teaching materials. We met two Peace Corps volunteers who are helping to make classroom materials out of plentiful items like bottle caps and banana leaves. I saw how necessary these efforts were when I walked into a classroom with 74 third-graders and one dedicated teacher who proudly told me she had more girls than boys in her class for the first time.

I also saw how Americans are involved in helping the Ugandan campaign against AIDS. When I helped dedicate the AIDS Information Centre, constructed in part with funds donated by the German, Japanese and American governments [ck], I listened with tears in my eyes as a young woman with AIDS told me how her aunt's husband, infected with HIV, had forced himself on her. She had found help and understanding, she said, at the Centre. Other clients of the Centre performed a song that is used in the country's education campaign. The refrain: "AIDS cannot win."

U.S. investments in projects to improve education and fight AIDS aren't just foreign aid for the sake of foreign aid. We learn from them too. An American doctor at the AIDS Centre explained that the policy of same-day testing and sharing of results pioneered there are now *being* transplanted back to the U.S.; and there is no doubt that medical research and clinical trials in

Uganda can help advance the search for a vaccine and cure.

I also saw the vitality and outspokenness of Uganda's women in a FINCA village bank and at a gathering of women who attended a speech I gave at the Nile Conference Center [ck].

FINCA is an international microcredit association ^{whose banks} I have visited ~~its banks~~ in Managua, Nicaragua, La Paz, Bolivia [ck; Chile too?], and Washington, DC, but never before have I been told the stories of what women did with their loans in song and dance.

And there was more singing before I gave my speech. I was touched to hear the audience sing, in this order, the Uganda National Anthem, the United States National Anthem, and the traditional Uganda song celebrating women that begins with the words: "Mothers, daughters. . . ." At that event I was surrounded by articulate, powerful women like Uganda's Vice President, Dr. Specioza Wandir Kazibwe [ck]. *and ?*

Anyone who doubts the strength, courage, and tenacity of African women need only travel to Eritrea, the sixth and final country I visited. It is Africa's newest nation, a democracy born out of a 30-year civil war in Ethiopia.

The first thing I saw getting off the plane was a sign that said, "It Takes a Village." Then, as I descended onto the tarmac, I was greeted by women ululating and throwing popcorn at me, a sign of affection in Eritrea. A few minutes later, as we drove out of the airport, a large banner proclaimed: "Welcome, sister."

The Eritrean people pride themselves on industriousness and self-sufficiency, and time spent with Eritrean women explains why. I met women freedom fighters who helped wage the war for independence. Many took up arms as teenagers and continued to fight for the better part of three decades. Now they have laid down their weapons (in fact, most Eritreans turned over

their guns at the request of the new government, so that even police in the capital, Asmara, don't carry them) and are busy building schools, health clinics and training fellow freedom fighters for civilian jobs.

In an animated discussion with women hosted at our Ambassador's residence, I learned how proud the women are of their country's new Constitution, whose motto is "emancipation through equal participation." The meeting was moderated by _____ Askalu, the President of the National Union of Eritrean Women, which is working jointly with our National Council of Negro Women to start microcredit projects for women.

One woman spoke for others present when she acknowledged that constitutional and legal rights for women are still undercut by culture and customs that have to be addressed. Women like her, she said, had not helped to fight for national independence only to see victory bring a return of female dependence. That is why women who were active in the liberation struggle are speaking out in favor of girls participating, alongside boys, in compulsory national service and against the practice of female genital mutilation which is prevalent among Eritreans. ~~[This is a tricky topic for outsiders to tackle]. Challenging FGM should [has to] be led by African women themselves.~~

Those of us on the outside who wish to be helpful should stress the health-related arguments that compellingly point out the connections between FGM and maternal and infant mortality and morbidity. But the struggle will be waged -- and eventually won -- by the women like those I met.

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[NOTE: is your point that the health-related arguments are the most pragmatic way to affect cultural change in this case? If so, maybe we should say so more directly. I'm worried that it sounds as though you're dismissing what FGM represents in terms of women's rights].

I thought of the struggle when I looked at the faces of the little girls gathered in front of

me at the dedication of the Ebaderho Health Clinic [ck], built in part with USAID funds, and when I met women at the BANA wood-working center who have been demobilized from the military and now must learn new job skills to make a living on their own since many are single mothers.

The President of Eritrea, Isais Afwerki and his wife, a former freedom fighter named Saba Hailu, do not live in the Presidential Palace but that is where they entertained me. They prefer to live simply in a small house in town with their children. Mrs. Saba [ck] gave me a native dress of soft white, hand-loomed cotton decorated with embroidery and silver with a matching shawl which I put on and wore to the reception and entertainment they hosted. I sat in a courtyard in front of the palace, built by the Italians when they occupied the country, watching the dancers perform folk dances from various parts of the country. I asked the President, who began as a guerilla fighter while a university student in his early twenties, if, during the long war, he had ever found time to dance. "Of course," he replied. "We had to keep dancing to keep ourselves going."

Just at that moment the dancers came off the stage and beckoned to the President and me to join them. I think he was as surprised as I was, and at first he demurred. But the dancers were persistent and both of us made our way slowly to the stage, where we were joined by Mrs. Sabo and a few other guests similarly recruited. The dance, thankfully, was a simply circle movement that even I could do. As the music filled the air and I danced around the circle, I looked at the [smiling men and women] around me and felt very lucky — and very grateful — to be part of their celebration of independence and democracy. If I'd had some popcorn, I would have thrown it at everyone within ^{right} reach.

EXTRA MATERIAL FOR ENDING

Six years ago, there were only five democracies in Africa. Now there are 23[@] countries where there have been free and fair elections. Africa is also moving from stifling state-controlled economies to open markets that give full life and scope to human endeavor. Last year, 30 African countries recorded positive economic growth. Some countries, like Uganda, have rates of growth that rival those of the "Asian Tigers" -- and countries now being called "African lions."

^{also}
+important, Africa is renewing itself in ways that can't be measured by statistics. There is a new generation of reform-minded African leaders. There is a new relationship between the countries of Africa and the United States, one that is now based as much on free trade and shared ideals as it is on development assistance. And there is a new commitment on the part of many of the countries of Africa to forge tolerant, civil, multiracial tribal societies. Nations that for too long have known only violence and division are beginning to find ^{peace + unity} strength in their diversity.

To be sure, Africa faces formidable challenges. Many of the African democracies are new and fragile. Too much of the continent continues to be riven by diseases, including AIDS, ^{other diseases} poverty, injustice, corruption, and perilous conflicts. Refugee crises trap women and children, in particular, in lives that go from bad to worse.

Yet for all the cruelty and suffering, there is now more cause for hope than despair.

The credit goes to the Africans who have achieved so much & won so far. But the US has helped, ~~at least~~ its modest contribution in aid, less than 1/10 of 1% of our budget, we have supported the teacher, fairly many centers, ^{Extra stuff #2: A} and promotion efforts, environmental protection & economic efforts that give Africans the tools to help themselves and to become a stronger nation for peace freedom democracy in the 21st century. We should do more of it. Their hope is ours too.

have been
I was also lucky enough to travel with one: *the joy on* My daughter Chelsea, Like any parent,

signed in body
traveling with my daughter is one the greatest joys of my life. When Chelsea travels with me, *I get the added pleasure of seeing her face as we visit a new place and* people see that the President of the United States has a child who happens to be a girl, *and that he* values her, respects her, and has done his utmost to *insure* ~~see to it that she~~ *to fulfill her* has every chance in ~~the~~ *our God-given promise* world. I am beyond grateful for the times I have been able to travel with my daughter. But if those *also* travels have changed minds in countries where daughters are not as prized as sons -- well, all the better.

See Chris go as CEO
When I first saw these pictures, two thoughts came to the front of my mind -- and they are related. First, that Africans are responsible for Africa's success -- but that the United States has helped. We have played a critical role in the creating the context for Africa's progress. A modest contribution in United States aid to Africa -- less than 1/10 of 1 percent of our budget -- yields extraordinary returns. I wish I could show every American what this aid does -- how it trains teachers, supports AIDS prevention, keeps family planning centers open, helps people start small businesses, helps communities to protect the environment [Peace Corps part of this budget?].

Questions from Anna Wintour:

- 1) What was the biggest surprise of the trip? What, despite the research and briefings, were you not prepared for? What turned out to be more beautiful or dramatic than expected?
- 2) What turned out to be the most fun? What was the most fascinating thing you discovered?
- 3) What was the emotional highlight? Was it a dramatic moment, like Goree Island or President Mandela's cell? Or was there a quieter, more personal moment?
- 4) What was your response to the Serengeti plain? Even with the presence of the press and the Secret Service, was it possible to escape civilization and encounter nature at its most wild?
- 5) Were you able to break away from formal settings and interact with people one on one?
- 6) What did you eat?
- 7) How did you decide what to wear?
- 8) How long did it take to plan the trip? How many people accompanied you? How did you plan for it (reading, research, etc.)?
- 9) Do you wish to elaborate on your comment at University of Cape Town about why it's easier for women to attain political power in a country with a parliamentary system? Any predictions re. women in politics in the U.S. and Africa?
- 10) Do the contradictions in Africa (great successes coupled with great human and natural disasters) make it harder for Americans to engage with the countries of Africa?
- 11) Did you find it difficult to encounter and discuss tribal and societal customs and rituals that seem anti-woman to Westerners? How do we respect ancient traditions even as we promote human rights?
- 12) Advice for the President before he makes his trip to Africa?
- 13) Was there a sense of nostalgia and sadness because this was probably your last trip with Chelsea before she goes off to college? Did the press attention to this make it more difficult?

DRAFT 4/14/97
Monday 11:30 am

FIRST LADY HILLARY RODHAM CLINTON
AFRICA ESSAY
VOGUE MAGAZINE

I have always wanted to visit Africa. As a child, I imagined exploring the Blue Nile, Victoria Falls, the Serengeti and other exotic places I discovered through books and movies. In college I studied writers like Nobel Prize winner Chinua Achebe and researched how the United States and the Soviet Union used the continent as a giant chess board to maneuver for advantage during the Cold War. After I read Isak Dinesen, I longed to sleep in a tent where I could hear the lions roar at night.

Finally, in March, I went to Africa. For two weeks, I was overwhelmed by the sights, sounds, smells, tastes, feelings, (animals and people) I encountered. I hope this brief recounting of what I saw and did gives some idea about why I -- like so many others^{before} -- came home transfixed, even transformed, by the experience, and why what happens in Africa should matter to Americans.

My chance to go came because the President and Secretary of State asked me to demonstrate America's interest in the continent and to highlight positive stories

about Africa's progress that rarely are told in our country. [These stories are part of a worldwide surge of peace, prosperity and democracy-building. Every region is making its own contributions with its own lessons for the rest of the world. But Africa's chapter deserves special attention, as I saw that over the two weeks I spent visiting some of the touchstones of democratic and economic renewal: Senegal, South Africa, Zimbabwe, Tanzania, Uganda, and Eritrea.]

[In many ways,] this trip built on ^{the ones} ~~trips~~ I have ~~been privileged to make~~ ^{made} on behalf of the United States to countries in South Asia, South America, and Europe. In each place I have ~~sought to underscore progress and~~ ^{ed} stress America's commitment to democracy, human rights, and free markets. In particular, I have sought to support and speak out about efforts to advance the role ^{s and rights} of women and girls. The way a society treats its women and girls is a clear indication of its quality as a democracy and its prospects for the future, for a democracy without women's full participation is a contradiction in terms. To live up to its promise, a democracy must commit to giving girls the same opportunities as boys to education, health care, and the chance to participate fully in the economic, political and social life of their countries.

Prior to my trip, Secretary Albright and I ^{delivered speeches} ~~spoke~~ about the centrality of women in the building of democracy, open markets and the realization of human

rights. As the Secretary so eloquently put it: "Advancing the status of women ^{is} ~~in~~ the right thing to do -- and the smart thing to do."

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It also happens that on several trips I have been lucky enough to travel with my daughter Chelsea. These experiences give me the greatest joy in my life. When Chelsea comes along, I get the added pleasure of seeing the excitement on her face as we visit a new place. And I am reminded that people in other countries see that the President of the United States has a child who happens to be a girl -- a girl whom he values, respects and has done his utmost to ensure has every chance to fulfill her own God-given potential. I am beyond grateful for the times we have circled the globe together. And if those travels have changed minds in countries where daughters are not as prized as sons -- well, all the better.

~~[When it comes to democracy]~~ ^{by a security} the way women are treated is like the canary in the coal mine that miners used to send down the shaft ahead of them. If the bird kept chirping, they knew there was enough air for them to follow safely. From what I saw of Africa's girls and women, that canary is alive and well. And it can sing.

As you will see from the memorable photographs by Annie Liebowitz, I met impressive national leaders and a lot of remarkable women (and even a few men dressed as women!). These photos, full of hope and promise, offer such a different picture than most of what we see on TV or in the newspaper in America about

Africa. So much of the time, it seems, the only news that filters in from Africa is bad news. Too often overlooked are all those stories about democratic and economic progress, about people living up to their best selves, building good lives, working to repair communities -- and doing all this while overcoming obstacles I can't even imagine confronting. That's the Africa I saw. I hope, through these pictures, you will see it too.

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After weeks of planning, our departure was postponed because Bill injured his leg the day before Chelsea and I were to leave. Instead of last minute packing, I spent two days with him at the hospital and preparing the White House for his return. When I first saw how much pain he was in and learned how serious the operation was, I told him that Chelsea and I should either cancel the trip or abbreviate it. He would only agree to a one-day ^{delay} postponement that would still permit us to complete the whole schedule. He thought the trip was an important demonstration of our country's concern about Africa. Besides, he didn't want to play up his injury and worried that my being a "nervous Nellie" would do just that. After I saw Bill safely resting at home, I left for the airport filled with anxiety about

him and anticipation about Africa. ~~[Exhausted from worry and sleepless nights, I tried to rest up on the way over.]~~

Our plane touched down in Dakar, Senegal shortly after 3 a.m. on March 18th. My first impression was of a densely dark sky and air that felt like a wall of heat and humidity.

After a quick nap in our hotel, our first stop was Goree Island off ~~of~~ Senegal's coast, one of the departure points for millions of Africans who were sold into slavery from the 16th to 19th centuries and shipped across the Atlantic to North and South America, including the United States. Just as Africa's history is rife with ironies and contradictions, so is Goree Island. As we approached by boat, we saw the peaceful shore filled with brightly dressed people singing and dancing to welcome me. It was jarring to remember that this seemingly idyllic spot was part of ~~to~~ an industry that profited from the sale of human beings.

Nothing speaks more to the depravity of humankind than the slave compound, where African men and women were segregated by sex and kept in cages before they were sold and shipped away. Looking through what is aptly called the Door of No Return, Chelsea and I saw ~~the passageway~~ where slaves boarded ships, separated from their loved ones, their land, and their culture with cruel finality.

Yet I quickly learned in my travels that the history of tragedy in Africa often conceals a deeper story of human resilience. Goree Island not only offers a stark reminder of a shameful past, but a message about America's vital ties to Africa, the contributions of African Americans to our own culture, and the importance of treating all men, women and children with the respect and dignity they deserve. It was a message that echoed throughout my time in Senegal and from one country to the next.

[In fact, I saw it acted out in a skit about democracy and women's roles performed by villagers in Saam Njaay, Village. And I met a lively American woman, Molly Melching, who lived in the village for several years and now directs a program that promotes literacy, health care and other services.]

After a whirlwind day in Senegal -- where I met many Senegalese from the country's impressive seven-foot President Abdou Diouf and his family, to girls attending a school named in honor of Martin Luther King, Jr., to villagers acting out a skit about democracy ~~to village chiefs~~, to a group of women who are working to improve education, women's rights, health care and the ~~local~~ economy -- we were back on the plane for another red-eye, this time to Johannesburg, South Africa, eight-and-a-half hours across the continent.

I had been to South Africa once, ^{before} ~~for a day~~, to attend President Mandela's ^{Nelson} inauguration in 1994. But that brief visit had only whetted my appetite to know

more about what many are calling the South African “miracle” of democracy.

A short distance southwest of Johannesburg is the famous black township of Soweto, scene of so much of apartheid’s tragic history. As we approached the Entandweni Primary School, children in uniforms lined the dusty streets, waving and smiling. Escorted by the principal, Primrose Sishi, who wore a colorful dress traditional to the Zulu tribe, I visited a class of six-year-olds who were learning English. The teacher, Sibongile Vilikazi [ck], was using a taped program funded partly through assistance from the United States Agency for International Development and private foundations. The lesson for the day taught the words “outside” and “inside,” and the children were asked to use each word in sentences. I couldn’t help but smile when one boy said: “The police are outside,” ^{because} too often in the past, the police ~~were~~ dispatched to Soweto ~~and~~ ended up fueling violence and racial tension. In those days, children, like the ones I saw, ^{boycotted} school and took to the streets because the apartheid regime would only let them learn in a language other than their own. Now, thankfully, the police are doing what they are supposed to do -- keep ^{ing} order rather than provoke ^{ing} disorder -- and the students are back in the classroom learning.

Unfortunately, crime and violence are big problems in South Africa; fortunately, all citizens -- black, white and coloured -- are joined in combatting

them. African women first helped focus world attention on the issue of domestic violence at the United Nations World Conference on Women in Nairobi, Kenya in 1985. Domestic violence remains all too common in every country of the world. But as I heard over and over in Africa, domestic violence crimes are often not prosecuted -- or even considered crimes at all -- in many parts of the continent. That's why it was so heartening to see women from South Africa to Zimbabwe to Tanzania and elsewhere devoting their energies to changing laws and attitudes in their respective countries. In Johannesburg, I met with social workers, psychologists, police officers, politicians and grass-roots activists who are working to end the scourges of domestic violence, child abuse and crime. That's one of the issues our two countries are cooperating on through the Binational Commission chaired by Vice Presidents Thabo Mbeki and Al Gore.

The next morning I flew to Capetown, one of the most beautiful cities in the world. ~~The Mayor, Theresa Solomon, greeted me as I got off the plane and presented me with a pin and scarf bearing the emblem of the city's bid for the 2004 Olympic Games. If Capetown is selected, it will be the first time an African city hosts the Games.~~ →

~~I discovered early on in my trip that~~ African women find strength in song, *and*
Everywhere I went, women sang as they worked, sang as they walked, sang as they

greeted us to their homes and villages. *And*

(In a dusty patch of land in Capetown I watched women, their faces painted in bright colors, pushing wheelbarrows, pouring concrete, and mixing paint -- ~~and~~ singing all the while. *Φ* Homeless squatters who live in deplorable conditions, they had formed their own housing and credit association, modeled after one they had heard about in India. They wanted to ~~do~~ better ~~for~~ themselves and their families. Pooling their savings, they ~~had~~ bought shovels, paint, and cement. They asked for information from the government about how to lay a foundation for a house. They put in a sewer line. They worked and worked ~~and worked~~ *until* Today they have completed 18 houses *and* ~~They~~ *they* are building more. ~~And in so doing~~ *helping* they are also *helping* laying the foundation for a new South Africa.

Later, I learned the translation of the lyrics of one of their songs: "Strength, money, and knowledge -- we cannot do anything without them." Good advice for any woman seeking a sense of her own value and empowerment.

One cannot spend time in South Africa without being inspired by ~~the its~~ ~~magnitude of the democratic transformation taking place there.~~ That democracy could take root after so many decades of violence and racial hatred is a testament to the courage and humanity of millions of South Africans of all races who are committed to peace and reconciliation. Some are famous, like President Mandela,

who took me and Chelsea on a tour of the tiny prison cell he occupied for years on Robben Island. But ^{most} ~~some~~ are not ~~so famous~~, like the women at a memorial tree-planting I attended with Archbishop Desmond Tutu in honor of those who died or disappeared during apartheid -- women whose names will never make the nightly news, yet whose tear-stained faces told the story of the pain and agony they had endured. They weren't there to forget ^{their pain} ~~the past~~; they were there to help themselves and their country move beyond ^{the past} ~~tragedy~~ to a brighter future.

^{invited me to attend meet its members}
~~I also had the opportunity to join Archbishop Tutu for a meeting of the~~
That is the purpose of the
nation's Truth and Reconciliation Commission in downtown Capetown. In the most

ordinary of conference rooms, men and women are undertaking the most extraordinary of efforts. They are working to heal their nation after generations of injustice and brutality. As we know from our own experience, democracy is a complicated and difficult business under the best of circumstances. Given its own past, South Africa has a challenging road ahead. But President Mandela and Archbishop Tutu know that their country cannot achieve democracy and equality for all citizens without a spirit of forgiveness. ~~That is what the Truth and Reconciliation Commission is all about.~~ Under the leadership of the Archbishop, the Commission is urging those who committed hate crimes during apartheid to step forward and confess. In return, they are granted amnesty from prosecution. Through

this great experiment in healing, the people of South Africa are not only shaping their own destinies, they are challenging the rest of the world -- from Belfast, to Bosnia, to Burundi -- to put aside ancient enmities in search of higher ^{moral} ground.

I spoke about South Africa's lessons ^{for the rest of the world} in a speech at the University of Capetown, presided over by its dynamic woman Vice Chancellor, Dr. Mamphela Ramphele. I wondered aloud what might have happened in our own country if President Lincoln had lived out his second term and been able to implement the vision of a healed nation set out in his Second Inaugural Address, which urged all citizens to unite as Americans and feel "malice toward none." Would our country have had its own Truth and Reconciliation Commission after the Civil War? Could we have averted a century of racial injustice and a legacy of prejudice that haunts us still?

From the southern tip of the continent, we journeyed northwest to Zimbabwe, another story of democratic renewal in Africa. It's a beautiful country -- lush, green and peaceful. My first stop was a formal call on President Robert Mugabe and his wife, Grace, at their official residence. The two stuffed lions guarding the entrance were the first signs of wildlife I had seen.

I was also thanked for arriving with the season's first heavy rainfall, and I was happy to take credit since President Mugabe explained that the country was

suffering from drought.

In an elegant art gallery in the capital of Harare, a group of Zimbabwean women in politics, the professions and business explained to me that, although the country did not have laws guaranteeing legal rights to women, it's not just laws that need changing, but attitudes as well. They recounted stories of women who had been beaten ~~up~~ by their spouses for having "bad manners" or wearing pants, a practice deemed only acceptable for men. One woman summed up the problem: "As long as you have a law that says men can have two wives, but women can't have two husbands, then you're not dealing with reality."

The refreshing candor of women talking about their problems is something I've heard around the world in the roundtable discussions I attend. No matter where we are from, or what our station in life, women everywhere seem to share the same fundamental goals and aspirations, and the same challenges to their full participation in society. I like Mary Wollstonecraft's comment which, written more than 200 years ago, still rings as true and universal today. "I do not wish women to have power over men, but over themselves."

But as I was reminded time and again on this trip, women's authority over themselves and their emotions cannot be legislated; it has to start from within. That's why Zimbabwe deserves great credit for its advances in family planning,

which have encouraged women to assume responsibility for themselves. The U.S. has supported Zimbabwe's family planning efforts. At the Kuwadzana Municipal Clinic I watched a play about "baby-dumping," the practice by teenagers of abandoning babies born out of wedlock. The actresses were school girls under the direction of Peace Corps volunteers. The skit is aimed at persuading girls to postpone sexual activity or, if they do not, to use contraception to avoid pregnancy and the tragedy of orphaning or killing babies by "dumping" them.

At my next stop I saw responsibility in action as I met with members of the Zambuko Trust, a microcredit project that assists women with small loans to start or expand businesses. After my formal remarks, I asked if the audience had any questions for me. I thought I was at a small business meeting back home when one after another asked if I knew where she could get second-hand items like sewing machines and steel punches. [If anyone reading this has any equipment to donate, I hope they will contact me!]

From Harare we flew to Victoria Falls, where we were drenched by the spray as we walked the length of the viewing area in the park, marveling at the power and magnitude of the falls and the frequent rainbows that festoon the gorge.

Then it was on to our next
~~I was also thanked by my airport greeters for bringing rain to our next~~
destination, Dar Es Salaam, Tanzania, a country formed from the merger of two

former colonies whose names entranced me as a child: Tanganyika and Zanzibar.

At My first stop, *I met* ~~was an official call on~~ President Benjamin Mkapa, who is working to open his nation's economy to take advantage of its natural resources and strategic location on the Indian Ocean. With the vigorous assent of Mrs. Mkapa and the women Ministers in attendance, I encouraged the President to change laws that limit women from owning and inheriting property. The restrictions are not only unfair, they hobble the economic potential of half the country's population.

I continued that discussion with Ministers and other women at the National Museum during a roundtable meeting convened by my friend, Gertrude Mongella, a former Tanzanian parliamentarian and the Secretary-General of the United Nations Fourth World Conference on Women in Beijing in 1995. The lively conversation ended with Gertrude draping me in a beautiful black and gold wrap called a conga [ck] and leading her colleagues in song.

If there is one thing that most people associate with Africa, it is wildlife. In Tanzania, 25 percent of the land is set aside for parks and reserves, making the country a model for environmental stewardship. Chelsea and I were fortunate to see first-hand some of Tanzania's treasures: the Ngorongoro Crater, the Serengeti plain, and the Olduvai Gorge, where Mary and Louis Leakey made their *historic* ~~history-changing~~ discoveries about modern human ancestry. Traveling by Land Rover across rutted

and rocky trails we ^{were} couldn't help but be awed by the vast zebra herds, running ostriches, bull elephants, sleeping mother hippos with their babies resting on their heads half out of the water, lions eyeing wildebeests ^{and} ~~or~~ other potential prey. No matter where we looked, our eyes could not take it all in.

Near there, we also ^{visited} ~~happened upon~~ an extended family belonging to the Masai tribe, whose simple, pastoral way of life is at odds with Africa's push for development and growth. Anyone who sees ^{the} Masai, standing ^{men and women} so tall and proud ^{in their red robes, and wearing earrings and necklaces} [any more description?], will inevitably feel that there is something bittersweet ^{the necessary result of} about progress and the passage of time. ^{may well}

Along with its environmental efforts, Tanzania is also a crucial actor in bringing peace and stability to war-torn central Africa. In Arusha, I visited the International War Crimes Tribunal investigating genocide in Rwanda. The Tribunal, recently reorganized to make its work more effective and under the leadership of Canadian Justice Louise Arbour, is charged with prosecuting war crimes and punishing those responsible.

The success of the Tribunal is vitally important for all of Africa, but especially for women and children, whose lives and dignity are too often sacrificed in war and civil strife. In Rwanda, rape and sexual assault were committed on a mass scale. They were tactics of war. Through the Tribunal, the international

community can and must demand that those who committed genocide and crimes against humanity be brought to justice.

As has been true throughout history, wars spawn many lasting repercussions, and one is the inevitable proliferation of refugees, most of them women and children. In Africa, as elsewhere, women and children comprise the majority of those left homeless, starving and dying from preventable diseases in the aftermath of war.

In Kampala, Uganda, I met with a delegation of Rwandan women whose soft voices and drawn faces told the story of the genocide in their country. One young woman described how, after her arm was severed with a machete, she tried to keep it attached while she sought futilely to find medical care. When an infection inevitably occurred, she had to remove the arm herself. As she showed me her stump, another woman used the occasion to explain that there is a severe shortage of prosthetic limbs for victims like her. The woman also gave me a photo album that documented the price of Rwanda's violence. On each page were graphic images of bones, skulls, dazed survivors and orphaned children.

More than the album's photos, I will long carry mental pictures of the women I met there -- and the determination on their faces as they talked about how they would overcome the inhumanity of their past to help rebuild their devastated

lives and country.

Uganda was memorable for other reasons. In the face of the worst epidemic of AIDS in Africa, it is the only country to have lowered the rate of infection through an educational awareness campaign that includes billboards, which I saw prominently displayed along the road on my way from the airport. This campaign is led by Uganda's charismatic President, Yoweri Museveni, who believes in confronting head on problems that traditionally have been ignored and neglected. He and his wife, Janet, entertained me at Nakagero State House [ck], where I met some of the government and business leaders who are helping to shape the fastest growing economy in Africa. One of the President's priorities is education and his policies have led to a huge increase in the numbers of boys and girls attending primary school. I saw the results when Mrs. Museveni and I visited the Seguku Primary School, where I announced a USAID grant to Uganda to train teachers and prepare teaching materials. We met two Peace Corps volunteers who are helping to make classroom materials out of plentiful items like bottle caps and banana leaves. I saw how necessary these efforts were when I walked into a classroom with 74 third-graders and one dedicated teacher who proudly told me she had more girls than boys in her class for the first time.

I also saw how Americans are involved in helping the Ugandan campaign

against AIDS. When I helped dedicate the AIDS Information Center, constructed in part with funds donated by the German, Japanese and American governments [ck], I listened with tears in my eyes as a young woman with AIDS told me how her aunt's husband, infected with HIV, had forced himself on her. She had found help and understanding, she said, at the Centre. Other clients of the Centre performed a song that is used in the country's education campaign. The refrain: "AIDS cannot win."

U.S. investments in projects to improve education and fight AIDS aren't just foreign aid for the sake of foreign aid. We learn from them too. An American doctor at the AIDS Centre explained that the policy of same-day testing and sharing of results pioneered there are now being transplanted back to the U.S.; and there is no doubt that medical research and clinical trials in Uganda can help advance the search for a vaccine and cure.

I also saw the vitality and outspokenness of Uganda's women in a FINCA village bank and at a gathering of women who attended a speech I gave at the Nile Conference Center. ^(Funds for International Credit Associations - started by USAID) FINCA is an international microcredit association whose banks I have visited in Managua, Nicaragua, and Washington, DC, but never before have I been told the stories of what women did with their loans in song and dance.

And there was more singing before I gave my speech. I was touched to hear the audience sing, in this order, the Uganda National Anthem, the United States

National Anthem, and the traditional Uganda song celebrating women that begins with the words: “Mothers daughters. . . .” At that event I was surrounded by articulate, powerful women like Uganda’s Vice President, Dr. Specioza Wandira Kazibwe and [ck].

Anyone who doubts the strength, courage, and tenacity of African women need only travel to Eritrea, the sixth and final country I visited. It is Africa’s newest nation, a democracy born out of a 30-year civil war in Ethiopia.

The first thing I saw getting off the plane was a sign that said, “It Takes a Village.” Then, as I descended onto the tarmac, I was greeted by women ululating and throwing popcorn at me, a sign of affection in Eritrea. A few minutes later, as we drove out of the airport, a large banner proclaimed: “Welcome, sister.”

The Eritrean people pride themselves on industriousness and self-sufficiency, and time spent with Eritrean women explains why. I met women freedom fighters who helped wage the war for independence. Many took up arms as teenagers and continued to fight for the better part of three decades. Now they have laid down their weapons (in fact, most Eritreans turned over their guns at the request of the new government, so that even police in the capital, Asmara, don’t carry them) and are busy building schools, health clinics and training fellow freedom fighters for civilian jobs.

In an animated discussion with women hosted at our Ambassador's residence, I learned how proud the women are of their country's new Constitution, whose motto is "emancipation through equal participation." The meeting was moderated by Askalu Menkerios, the President of the National Union of Eritrean Women, which is working jointly with our National Council of Negro Women to start microcredit projects for women. [ck]

One ^Awomen spoke for others present when she acknowledged that constitutional and legal rights for women are still undercut by culture and customs that have to be addressed. Women like her, she said, had not helped to fight for national independence only to see victory bring a return of female dependence. That is why women who were active in the liberation struggle are speaking out in favor of girls participating, alongside boys, in compulsory national service and against the practice of female genital mutilation which is prevalent among Eritreans.

As Secretary Albright has made clear, the United States condemns female genital mutilation as a violation of human rights. Yet we also know that any campaign to change such a deeply engrained cultural custom ~~in Africa~~ must be led by African women themselves. Our best hope of helping them ^{maybe} ~~is~~ to stress the health problems associated with female genital mutilation -- higher rates of maternal and infant mortality, for example -- which not only harm women and children but

weaken society as a whole.

I thought of the struggle African women are waging when I looked at the faces of the little girls gathered in front of me at the dedication of the Embadorho Health Station, built in part with USAID funds, and when I met women at the BANA Woodworking Training Center who have been demobilized from the military and now must learn new job skills to make a living on their own since many are single mothers.

The President of Eritrea, Isaias Afworki and his wife, a former freedom fighter named Saba, do not live in the Presidential Palace but that is where they entertained me. They prefer to live simply in a small house in town with their children. Mrs. Isaias gave me a native dress of soft white, hand-loomed cotton decorated with embroidery and silver with a matching shawl which I put on and wore to the reception and entertainment they hosted. I sat in a courtyard in front of the palace, built by the Italians when they occupied the country, watching the ~~dancers perform~~ folk dances from various parts of the country. I asked the President, who began as a guerilla fighter while a university student in his early twenties, if, during the long war, he had ever found time to dance. "Of course," he replied. "We had to keep dancing to keep ourselves going."

Just at that moment the dancers came off the stage and beckoned to the

President and me to join them. I think he was as surprised as I was, and at first he demurred. But the dancers were persistent and both of us made our way slowly to the stage, where we were joined by Mrs. Sabo and a few other guests similarly recruited. The dance, thankfully, was a simple circle movement that even I could do. As the music filled the air and I danced around the circle, I looked at the smiling men and women around me and felt very lucky — and very grateful — to be part of their celebration of independence and democracy. If I'd had some popcorn, I would have thrown it at everyone within sight.

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Six years ago, there were only five democracies in Africa. Now there are 23 countries where free and fair elections have taken place. Africa is also moving from stifling state-controlled economies to open markets that give full life and scope to human endeavor. Last year, 30 African countries recorded positive economic growth. Some countries, like Uganda, have rates of growth that rival those of the “Asian Tigers” -- and ^{are} ~~countries~~ now being called “African lions.”

Africa also is renewing itself in ways that can't be measured by statistics. There is a new generation of reform-minded African leaders. There is a new

relationship between the countries of Africa and the United States, one that is now based as much on free trade and shared ideals as it is on development assistance. And there is a new commitment on the part of many of the countries of Africa to forge tolerant, civil, multiracial tribal societies. Nations that for too long have known only violence and division are beginning to find peace, strength and unity in their diversity.

To be sure, Africa faces formidable challenges. Many of the African democracies are new and fragile. Too much of the continent continues to be riven by AIDS and other diseases, poverty, injustice, corruption, and perilous conflicts. Refugee crises trap women and children, in particular, in lives that go from bad to worse.

Yet for all the cruelty and suffering, there is now more cause for hope than despair. The credit goes to the African people who have endured so much and come so far. But the United States can be helpful. With modest contributions in aid, less than one-tenth of one percent of our budget, we have supported the teachers, family planning centers, AIDS prevention efforts, environmental protection and economic advances that give Africans the tools to help themselves and to become stronger partners for peace, freedom, and democracy in the 21st century. We should do more of it. Their hope is ours too.