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by Sandy from *Crossroads* in his choice of career. 'I liked the way that he manned reception,' he smiles, adding: 'I've never thought of myself as a "millionaire entrepreneur", as I'm usually dubbed. I'm just a bloke who went into catering.'

He is the first to admit that he can be a bit of a duffer. One of his earliest schemes, a chain of restaurants called Over The Top was, he says, a catastrophic failure: 'The food was appalling, the decor was appalling, the service was non-existent.'

In 1991, he was more than £1 million in debt but, with the help of the customary trinity of luck, contacts and skill, he managed to extricate himself from his parlous situation. His insurance-broker father helped him out with capital, and Nick changed the Over The Top restaurant in Old Compton Street into a successful brasserie called Café Bohème. The landlord soon offered to rent him the upstairs premises, too. Nick says it was a fluke that it ended up as Soho House, and that he only decided to do it because the entrance door was so small it would only work as a private club. 'Some of my professional decisions have been stupid, but sometimes it's not good to think about things too long. You can ruin an idea if you do that.'

Kirsty also decided to skip university and pursue a holiday job as a runner. Her first job, at BBC Radio Scotland, was reading the shipping



had remained
thing to feel'

forecast. Nearly all her colleagues were Oxbridge graduates. When, in 1997, she was asked about her meteoric rise to the top of Channel 5, she said it hadn't been meteoric – she'd spent eight years slogging away. As for ambitions, she says it is foolish to have long-term plans in TV. That said, her salary could double at the end of 1999 when her contract with Channel 5 expires. Rumour is, she is already attracted to the brighter, more lucrative lights of the BBC or ITV.

But money is not the first thing on her mind right now. While Nick goes off to book Kirsty a massage, she agrees to take part in a brief *Mr and Mrs* quiz.

Question one: when Nick comes home late, what does he like to eat?

Kirsty: 'A very rare steak and a very good glass of wine.'

Question two: what is Nick's most precious possession?

'He's not a Rolex sort of man. This might sound corny, but it would be his children, Natasha, six, and Oliver, four – and me.'

Question three: what are his musical tastes?

'When Glastonbury was on, he told me that the Manic Street Porters [sic] were staying at Babington. He likes Andy Williams.'

When Nick returns, he slumps down next to Kirsty and puts his arm around her. His answers are: 1) a roast beef sandwich and a good glass of red wine; 2) his children; 3) naff old stuff – 'the Carpenters, maybe'.

As an addendum to answer number one, he says that he doesn't come home that late any more. 'When something special comes along, you don't need to work such long hours.' Visibly less well-practised than Kirsty in an interview situation, he apologises for sounding syrupy, again. When asked why he thinks it is that the British find it so hard to admit, in all seriousness and without irony, that they are in love, he rises to the challenge. He blushes only slightly as he says: 'I am very happy to say I'm utterly in love with Kirsty.' □

Rwanda WOMAN

The superhuman charitable work of Countess Albina du Boisrouvray, the heiress to one of the world's largest fortunes, is a modern-day wonder. Spurred on by the memory of her beloved son, who was killed in 1986, she liquidated her assets and left the party circuit to dedicate herself to the needy – particularly in Rwanda. Rory Ross accompanied her on a recent visit there

She inherited a colossal fortune, is a member of Europe's most glamorous royal family and ranks as one of the most quietly influential women on the planet. But instead of attending soirées for the rich and famous, Countess Albina du Boisrouvray circles the globe giving succour to its most destitute souls.

Albina is the granddaughter of Simón Patiño, the Bolivian 'Tin King' who, on his death in 1948, was one of the richest men in the world. Her Franco-Mexican father, Count Guy du Boisrouvray, was a cousin of Prince Rainier of Monaco (Albina made a rare public appearance last January as a witness at the marriage of her cousin, Princess Caroline of

Monaco, to Prince Ernst of Hanover). Thanks to her wealth, connections, beauty, intelligence and force of personality, Albina has had an impact on every field in which she has operated: radical left-wing politics, journalism, the film industry, the Green movement and, more recently, humanitarian work. She moves in powerful circles. Baroness Thatcher and Lord McAlpine of West Green are big fans, as is Jim Wolfensohn, head of the World Bank. Karl Lagerfeld, for whom she has modelled, is another friend. Before Jackie Onassis died, she and Albina were regular lunch companions.

If hers is an unfamiliar name, it is because she's been on the move for most of her life. Albina's solitary, peripatetic but characteristically Patiño-esque

PHOTOGRAPHS: MICHELLE PELLETIER/SGMA



*Clockwise from left, Countess
Albina du Boisrouvray
with her son, François-Xavier
Bagnoud, at Cannes in
1980. Albina with a Rwandan
woman in 1999. Tending a
Rwandan AIDS patient*



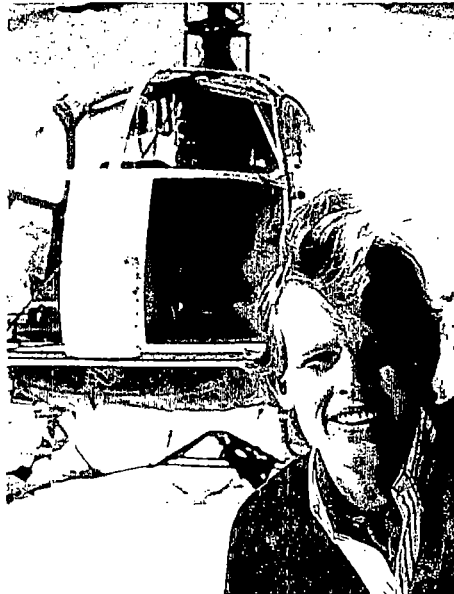
In all she does
she keeps
the memory of
her son alive

upbringing took her from Paris, where she was born, to New York, back to Paris, then to La Mamounia hotel, in Morocco, where she was dispatched for five years with her nanny, then to Argentina and eventually to Heathfield School.

When a teenager, Albina married Swiss helicopter pilot Bruno Bagnoud, whose company Air-Glacières, based in Le Valais, in Switzerland, has since become the largest rescue and general transport company in the Alps. Their son, François-Xavier, was Europe's youngest flight-rated pilot of both fixed-wing and helicopter craft. By the age of 24, the 'Little Prince of the Mountains', as the people of Le Valais nicknamed him, had flown more than 300 rescue missions.

In January 1986, François-Xavier was following the Paris-Dakar rally when his helicopter crashed at night in the Mali desert. He died from his injuries. Grief-stricken, Albina retreated into herself – no calls, no friends, no parties. Although she had inherited a nine-figure sum when her father died in 1980, she found herself unable to enjoy the trappings of high society. 'For 10 years, I was incapable of going out – of even going to normal places,' Albina told me. 'It gave me the creeps.' François-Xavier had known the dangers of helicopter rescue, but always added: 'Think of the lives it saves.'

This selflessness was probably uppermost in her thoughts when, in 1989, Albina liquidated a substantial part of her father's real-estate business. At a two-day sale at Sotheby's in New York, she sold collections, artworks and 66 lots of her mother's jewellery. It still ranks as the largest private jewellery auction in the saleroom's history. Among the treasures auctioned were diamond scarf-holders, valued at £20,000; diamond rings, £450,000; diamond



Above, François-Xavier with one of his beloved helicopters on the Combin glacier in 1984. Right, Albina with a young François-Xavier. Below, George Ortiz, Jaime Ortiz Patiño and Albina's grandmother, Albina Patiño, who holds baby Albina



It still ranks as the largest private jewellery auction in the

pendant earelips, £600,000; a 287-stone diamond necklace, £600,000; a Cartier necklace with 12 vast emeralds totalling over 100 carats, £1.2 million; and a Van Cleef & Arpels necklace with five huge sapphires totalling nearly 125 carats, £1.2 million.

With the £60 million proceeds, Albina established the François-Xavier Bagnoud Foundation to support the causes her son espoused – aerospace, child welfare and communal life in Le Valais – and to 'keep his presence alive'. Her largesse ran to a new aerospace building at the University of Michigan, where François-Xavier had

studied, and a biennial aerospace prize worth £150,000. She also set up the FXB Association (AFXB), a humanitarian non-governmental organisation, which gives 'never-failing attention' and 'tender loving care' to young victims of poverty, disease and cruelty. This could mean anything – from making the dreams of terminally ill children come true by giving them a dog or a computer, or a flight on Concorde, to campaigning against the prostitution of young girls in Thailand, or funding AIDS research.

But tragedy seems to stalk Albina. Her trusted colleague, Dr Jonathan Mann, died

in the Swissair crash in the Atlantic last September. With Albina's support, Mann had led the research into and been the first to espouse the link between health and human rights, and was the first AFXB Professor of Health and Human Rights at the Harvard School of Public Health. Then, early this year, three Air-Glacières employees were killed in a helicopter crash while returning from the rescue effort following avalanches in the Alps.

These setbacks have not deterred Albina. Perhaps more impressive than her £60 million benefaction is that, since 1989, she



saleroom's history

has devoted almost every waking minute to building up AFXB into a global presence, campaigning, lobbying, encouraging and inspiring everyone she meets, from heads of state and chief executives down to the poorest souls in the poorest countries. 'Albina could have had a life of ease,' says Baroness Thatcher. 'Instead, she chose to devote her efforts to helping others, especially children who have known little kindness. Her sympathy and understanding have brought joy and hope to so many young people.' Lord McAlpine adds: 'The causes she gives money to have become her life.'

She is more of a nomad than ever before. Having already spent 10 years on the road as a film producer, she has now spent another 10 living out of a suitcase for AFXB. 'There are very, very few people who have that kind of spirit,' says Albina's friend Lady Powell, who met her through Baroness Thatcher. 'The more you give, the more people want more. You need remarkable perseverance.'

Today, AFXB is based in Le Valais and has branches in Paris and New York. It runs 30 projects in 20 countries, including the US, Colombia, Brazil, Uruguay, Thailand, India, Burma, Cambodia, Uganda – and Rwanda.

During a four-day trip to Rwanda, I caught up with Albina. This small African country has had a grim time of late. In the 1994 genocide, Hutu extremists killed an estimated one million people out of a total population of eight million. The ensuing civil war killed another half a million, aggravating problems of poverty and disease, especially AIDS, which it is feared will wipe out a further 20 per cent of those who remain, mostly widows and orphans. While the spotlight shines on Kosovo, Rwanda's tragedy unravels unseen.

Six days before we flew, Interahamwe

rebels, remnants of the brutal units who perpetrated the genocide, had butchered 13 tourists in the Bwindi National Park, about 40 miles from where we were headed. Just as I began voicing my concerns – read ‘panic’ – to Albina, we thundered off, inexorably bound for Kigali. Albina just shook her head at my fears, and smiled.

She is in her 50s and stands about five foot six. The fiery Latin is clearly visible in her. Her romantic, cascading black tresses make her seem much younger than her open, friendly face – with its dramatic features and huge soulful green eyes framed by black eyebrows – admits. Her niece, Denise Ortiz Patiño, says her abiding image of Albina was formed one Christmas at Cliveden. On a bitterly cold morning, she glimpsed Albina riding off on a horse. ‘I’ll never forget it,’ says Denise. ‘The context was beautiful and she struck me as a woman not of this world.’ Sitting on the plane, Rwanda-bound, scared and with the epitome of calm sitting next to me, I found that easy to understand.

As we cruised high over Chad, Albina, dressed in discreetly expensive brown velvet trousers and a jersey, explained AFXB’s role in Rwanda. ‘The women will die,’ she said, matter-of-factly, in a soft yet swift burble, punctuated with operatic crescendos. ‘The



Albina gets invited for dinner. Can you imagine Mother been invited to dinner? Few people have her linguistic

children will be orphaned. So they need income-generating schemes. We want to evaluate the living expenses of 200 HIV-infected widows to help alleviate their problems. Over in America, we are pushing vaccine research. The world spends \$18 billion a year on AIDS issues, of which only \$250 million goes on research, of which only \$5 million goes on the Rwandan strain of the virus, which is worse than elsewhere. Yet 90 per cent of people with AIDS are in Africa and the other poorest regions of the world.’ Her accent is a combination of French, American and Oxford English. Long pink fingernails emphasise her gestures. Only her chunky wristwatch whispers ‘high-net-worth individual’.

It was dark when we landed, and I smelt Rwanda before I saw it – a hot vegetable aroma, spiked with burning wood. Rwanda lies in east-central Africa, edging the western shores of Lake Kivu. Lakes, forests and

mountains protect its approaches from more favoured regions, which were controlled by European masters. Rwanda has neither stock exchange nor railway. It finished 16th in football’s African Nations Cup and has only a handful of Olympic medals, in athletics, to its credit. It is slightly larger than Wales.

AFXB is doing three things here: looking after AIDS-infected widows, rehousing civil-war victims and running a scheme whereby the poorest people in certain areas are given animals to provide meat, manure and milk. Of course, its efforts hardly touch Rwanda’s problems, but Albina adopts ‘the starfish approach’. ‘It comes from a story told me in Newark, New Jersey,’ she says. ‘A girl walks along a beach throwing stranded starfish back into the ocean. Someone asks, “Why bother? There are millions of starfish. Why does it matter to you?” “It doesn’t,” the girl replied. “It matters to the starfish.”’

Kigali, Rwanda’s capital, is an amorphous low-rise, tin-roofed shanty town, patched with exuberant greenery and compacted red earth, veined with open sewers. Wherever bespoke architecture had been called for, it was of the most drab, utilitarian sort. The few token stabs at municipal adornment – the odd flowerbed or fountain here and there – only heightened the general lack of it. The place screams ‘make do’.

First stop on Albina’s itinerary was the headquarters of an association for the protection and promotion of widows, which Albina was encouraging to pool knowledge with similar groups in neighbouring countries so that all of them might meet the challenges of living with AIDS. At our second stop, a hospice for about two dozen AIDS-infected widows, the skies darkened and the rains pelted down. Marbles of hail beat a mad tattoo on the tin roofs, then the clouds lifted and blue sky appeared. ‘What



Teresa ever having and social ability

Above, Albina with Johnny Halliday in Paris during the Sixties. Right, with Princess Caroline of Monaco in the tiny vineyard of the Abbé Pierre near Sion, Switzerland, in 1984

we do is try to put in place income-generating activities to support their families,' said Albina as we drove away. 'But these women are incapable of looking after themselves, so they need another system of support.'

On to the house of a 43-year-old widow, who was so ravaged by AIDS that she could barely sit up. In her timber and rubble hut, I eyed the meagre furniture and the painfully superfluous ornaments. In a corner, two small chairs were a tragic reminder that more children will soon be orphaned. The mother sat on her bed sadly gazing at Albina, hands clasped. Four of her seven children had died in the genocide.

'Some of her children will also carry the virus,' said Albina, shaking her head as we

slithered through the steaming mud. 'We must make sure we put in place *something*, so that when they fall ill, their lives won't crumble—something that will act as a bridge between these people and the charitable agencies like UNICEF and the WHO. Meanwhile, you have to carry on doing small, modest things, then use your leverage in high places to get decisions made.'

This sums up Albina's working methods: one day begrimed and compassionate in the field; the next, businesslike and forceful, plying her considerable influence in Europe and the States, ever the Patiño, very much the 'big agenda' woman. A month earlier, she had been crunching toes at the World Economic Forum in Davos and letting the

investor George Soros, a former suitor, embrace her in front of the cameras. A fortnight later, she'd be pressing home her message about forced child labour and human rights at the Greatest Love Dinner in London, before flying off again, while everyone else returned to shopping, aerobics, hairdressing and partying.

'Albina gets *invited* to dinner,' says her friend Robert Shriver, Arnold Schwarzenegger's brother-in-law, who sits on the board of AFXB. 'Can you imagine Mother Teresa ever having been invited to dinner? Very few people have the linguistic, spiritual and cultural flexibility to work like Albina. She can relate to a woman on her death-bed as well as she can relate to the guy who heads Nestlé.'

Albina's mother was born in Oruro in the high Andes, where Albina still has relations and a small AFXB project. Her grandfather left Oruro in 1912 and ultimately pitched up in Hamburg in the Thirties. When Albina's grandmother complained about the Hanseatic weather, they moved to Paris. 'Had they stayed in Hamburg, we'd have sold tin to Germany, not the Allies,' Albina said, clearly conveying the message that Patiño kitchen-table chit-chat had an undeniable effect on global events.

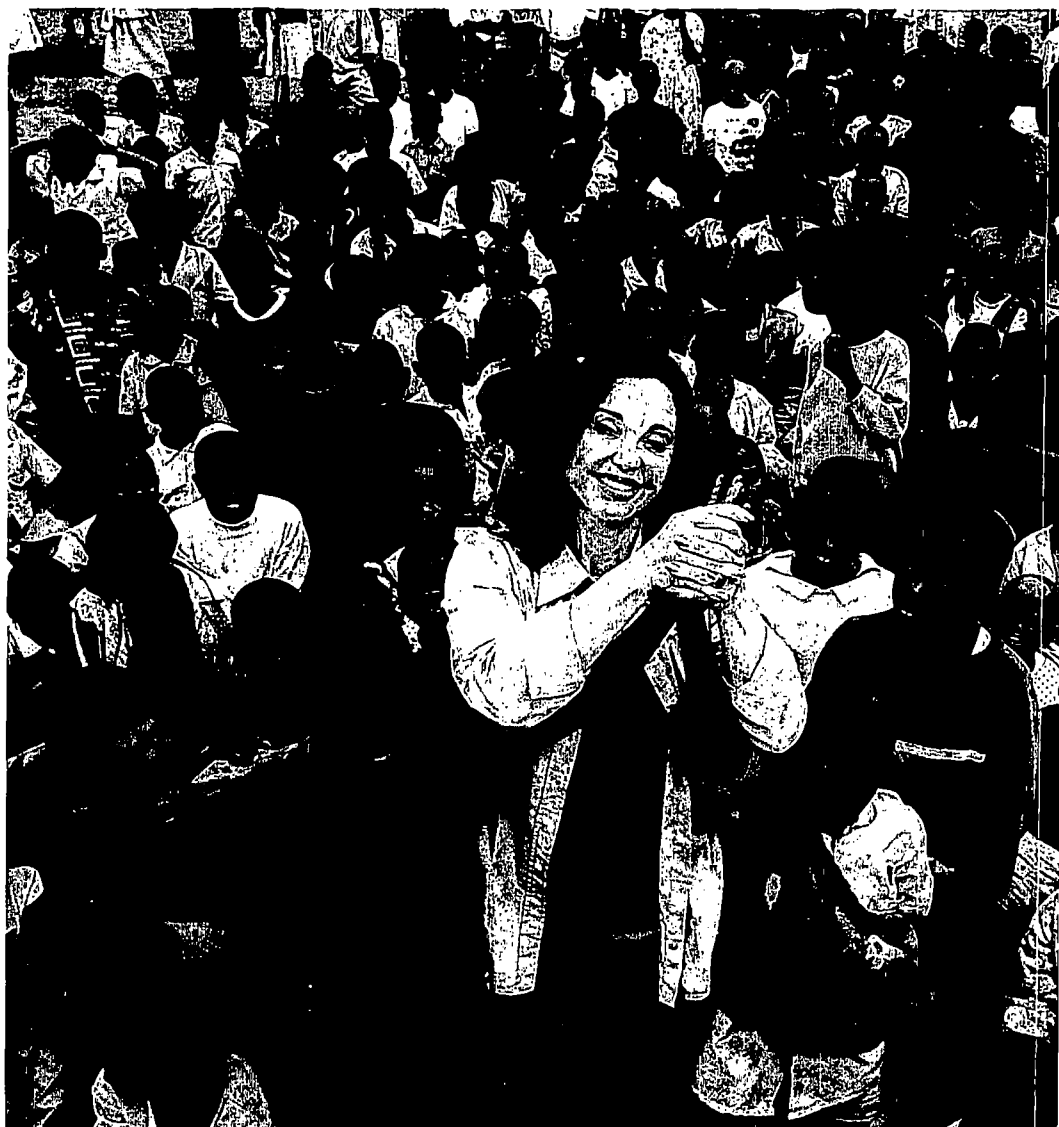
As an anti-capitalist militant during the Sixties, Albina sympathised with Che Guevara. She happened to be in Bolivia for her grandmother's funeral when he was killed. The journalist in her took advantage and scooped the circumstances of his death. 'I met the general who signed his death warrant,' she says. 'Che was naïve and Utopian, but he embodied the dreams of a generation that wanted to change the world.'

When her marriage to Bagnoud broke up, Albina returned to Paris and studied philosophy at the Sorbonne. During the student riots of 1968, she discovered her vocation for humanitarian work. 'There was complete opposition between what the students preached (Marxist theories against consumerism and capitalism) and what the workers wanted (a new refrigerator or TV). So I lost interest in political action and used to take people to hospital in my car.'

'She was a very glamorous woman – still is,' recalls Shriver, whose father was then US ambassador in Paris. 'I was 15, but I just knew she'd do something. She has a determination that things will be done.'

Albina wanted to make a documentary about the events of 1968, but no one would back her. So she made it herself. The success of *Le Grand Tournant*, which was about similar unrest in 1936, encouraged Albina to make films. While married to her second husband, George Casati, she produced 22 movies, made a pile of money and was appointed vice-president of the Cannes Film Festival jury in 1980. Five years later, she was anointed a Chevalier des Arts et Lettres. 'I'm no longer interested in films,' she sighed as we bounced along dirt roads in Gitamara prefecture, where AFXB's Rwandan project is based. 'My life has had enough drama without trying to create more.' Still, she obviously admires photographers: she is presently romantically linked to interiors photographer Fritz von der Schulenburg.

In September 1990, the Pope visited Gitamara and spun the inflexible Vatican



'These people are amputated, not just families. I feel close to them because

line about condoms, an approach to the AIDS epidemic that will help wipe out a generation and that typifies the chasm of incomprehension that splits the developed world from Rwanda. 'The fundamental problem is one of women's rights and human rights,' said Albina. I saw a chilling example.

Laurent, a 38-year-old mechanic, was a five-stone sack of bones wrapped in rugs on a makeshift cushion mattress on the floor of his concrete hut, with his wife, four children and a local doctor looking on. Laurent had told his doctor not to tell his wife that he had AIDS. She blithely assumed he merely was suffering from TB and bronchitis. The doctor later confided to me that Laurent's wife, too, was HIV positive, but that he hadn't told her that either. 'The youngest two children also, I suspect,' he said.

'Why not tell them?' I asked.

'To respect the rights of the patient,' he said. Barmy. It beats me how anyone can say that not telling someone they're HIV positive is 'protecting their rights'.

'Yes, it is every patient's right to have confidentiality,' muttered Albina. 'But, in the mean time, women and babies are getting infected. In their despair, people turn to the Church, yet the Pope says no to condoms. So what can we do? It is an awful dilemma.'

'Twenty per cent of the population will die,' added Jean-Marc, Albina's Lausanne-based fixer. 'It's another genocide, but worse.'

Strangely, given the suffering, the majority of Rwandans I met seemed happy and friendly. I felt safer and more welcome here than in certain parts of London. 'It is curious,' agreed Albina. 'But in all the



Left, Albina with the children of Gitamara on Mother's Day this year in Rwanda. Above, a 1999 portrait taken by Fritz von der Schulenberg

survey and built 548 sturdy tile-roofed concrete houses, providing homes for 5,000 people. They'll last several brief lifetimes.

The Countess herself is the ultimate gypsy, shuttling between Paris, London, New York and wherever in the world AFXB needs her, funded by the profits of the hotels her father bequeathed her: the Bristol, the Hôtel de Berne and the Eden in Geneva, and the

family, Albina is close not only to her cousins Jaime Ortiz Patiño, the proprietor of Valderama golf course, and George Ortiz, who owns one of the world's finest collections of Amerindian art, but also her nephews and nieces, such as Isabel Goldsmith and Princess Minnie de Beauvau-Craon. 'I am always struck by Albina's acute intelligence,' says Princess Minnie. 'She uses it in so many ways, but always towards others, giving out love and understanding. Through all she does, she keeps the memory of her son alive.'

On the Grimaldi side, Albina is very close to her cousin Princess Caroline of Hanover. She is godmother to Caroline's daughter Charlotte Casiraghi. 'We love horses and literature,' says Albina of herself and Caroline. 'We're Franco-American; we both lost our mothers early. Her husband and my son were killed in races. She's very warm. Ernst is a great addition – he's fun, bright and organises everyone. I was moved, touched and happy to see such a wonderful climax to this romance.'

Albina admits that at times she feels exhausted. Compassion fatigue is staved off by 'trying to lead a balanced life – I go out, see pretty things, meet people. And when I'm in a place that has some luxury, I even enjoy it. It is unjust, but I also know it is a way for me to get my strength back. On the other hand, my compassion is replenished whenever I see the difference that's been made on a project. I'm part of this,' she waved at the Rwandan countryside outside. 'These people are amputated, not just

physically but in their affections. They have lost their I too carry something that will be a terrible thing all my life'

countries in which I work where there has been genocide, the people are so friendly.'

The terrible truth about Rwanda is that we absolutely couldn't care less about it. When the genocide took place, the world stood by and watched. Now, for the majority of us, aid for Rwanda comes on the end of a 4,000-mile pole, if at all. Albina gave me a pathetic illustration. In 1996, the United Nations High Commission for Refugees organised a pan-Rwandan emergency housing programme. At huge expense, it built an entire village miles from the nearest road, market, hospital and school. Result: no one wanted to live there, which is just as well because the rains washed away the 'foundations'.

When she heard of this supremely inept relief attempt, Albina, in her can-do, hands-on, make-it-happen-now way, ordered a

Three Kings in Basle. She resides principally in Switzerland, where she keeps François-Xavier's chalet in Le Valais and the vast Bois de Malagny, outside Geneva. François-Xavier's bedroom is exactly as he left it. Says one friend: 'The love affair with François-Xavier has never ended; everything about AFXB is predetermined by what Albina thinks he would have wanted.'

Warily, I asked Albina about her dead son. 'He was a very mature young man – kind, sensitive, very concerned about others,' she said. 'That's why he had a passion for rescue. It expressed itself in aviation because that is what his father did. Were it not for that, it would have come out some other way. He had it in him. I kept my inheritance for him, so I have used it to perpetuate his mission.'

Although she no longer has any immediate

physically, but in their affections. They have lost children, husbands, brothers and sisters. I feel close to them because I too carry something that will be a terrible thing all my life.'

John D. Rockefeller once said: 'Anyone who dies rich, dies disgraced.' Many of the rich and privileged like to do good, yet the path of philanthropy is rarely smooth. Socialists would like private charity to be unnecessary; capitalists argue that self-help is the only help worth having. Albina knows the socialist route doesn't work, but also that helping oneself is dangerously isolating. As for politicians and bureaucrats, their efforts amount at best to temporary alleviations and at worst to costly failures. Private philanthropy is most powerful when powerful individuals give their ideas, time and money. Albina has given a great deal of all three. □

James and the giant pitch

Rupert Murdoch's youngest, James, who was once considered a bit of a drop-out, has emerged as a serious contender for the empire, says Philip Delves Broughton. Photographed by Troy Word



For the supposed rebel of the family, James Murdoch looks surprisingly at ease in corporate surroundings. The jacket of his black suit hangs over the back of his chair, and he is wearing a crisp white shirt, a fat silver ring on one finger and a tycoonish, thick-framed pair of glasses. His corner office, number A01 in the headquarters of News America Digital Publishing, crackles with sunlight and looks out over the roofs of Manhattan's increasingly chic Chelsea district.

James is lanky, unlike his diminutive father, and his hair has grown out from a near crew cut to a length which he can run his hand through, something he does often. Rupert Murdoch's youngest and,

by most accounts, brightest child used to be regarded as the family maverick, the one who took his father to a Grateful Dead concert and left university early to run a hip-hop record company. These days, tie-less and tanned, he looks every inch the thrusting young Internet entrepreneur.

As the president of News America Digital Publishing, James, 26, oversees interactive media for News Corporation, the company his father built from one newspaper in Adelaide, into one of the biggest media groups in the world. He is charged with developing the means for people to receive, over the Internet, the programmes, articles and advertising generated by his father's empire, which stretches from

The Times, *The Sun* and BSkyB in Britain, to the Fox network in America and numerous other newspapers and television stations all around the world.

James was the family maverick, the one who took his father to a Grateful Dead gig

At a time when the Internet is dominating business-thinking in America, James Murdoch has secured himself an enviably interesting and powerful position. NADP is still only a small part of News Corp but, over time, most experts agree that it will grow into the most significant, boosting James's chances of one day succeeding his father.

The Murdoch succession is one of the most fascinating on-going sagas in business. For a man who so despises Britain's hereditary monarchy,

Rupert Murdoch has a surprisingly dynastic vision for his company.

Of his four children, three work for News Corporation and the fourth is married to a News Corps executive. Elisabeth is the managing director of Sky networks in Britain; Lachlan runs News Corp's Australian operations and its publishing businesses in the US; and Prudence, Murdoch's daughter from his first marriage, is married to Alastair MacLeod, the managing director of News International Digital Publishing in the UK. The field has been further complicated by Rupert's recent third marriage, to Wendi Deng, a Chinese woman 35 years his junior, with whom he may have more children.

But in early July, Rupert Murdoch told *Newsweek* magazine that if he were to die soon, control of the company would pass not to

THE GLOBAL IMPACT OF AIDS
by ALBINA DU BOISROUVRAY
WORLD BANK, WASHINGTON, D.C.
January 24, 2000

Thanks for inviting me to give a talk on the global impact of AIDS.

The UNICEF publication of World AIDS Day, last December 1, says that the economists of the World Bank have conservatively estimated the impact on countries with high HIV rates as a loss of 1% of gross domestic product growth each year.

I would like to address the human cost, especially the cost to children, and that cost, in turn, on the whole of society, not just the country's society, but on our village earth coop, of which we are all now shareholders.

In this global world of ours, women and children do not always come first and if they are poor, they come last. Orphans lose the advocacy of their parents for their rights specified in the Convention on the Rights of the Child. And society has a poor record as advocates for the rights of children. As the Nobel laureate in Portugal, author Jose Somaraga puts it "what is the weight of an orphan on the political scale in China or Russia? What is the price of an orphan on the stock market in New York?"

The Association Francois-Xavier Bagnoud and myself have been immersed in the AIDS orphans crisis for the past 10 years. AFXB's first action had been to lobby for the Convention on the Rights of the Child. And about the same time, I read an interview given by the late Dr. Jonathan Mann, then, at WHO, saying that by the year 2000, there would be cohorts of orphans, many of whom would themselves be infected. I wanted to use my resources to rescue children not cared for by others. Jonathan's declaration made me choose to put the focus on those children. Children do not vote, nor lobby. They don't buy, and when orphaned cannot pressure parents to do so. Orphans are no market incentive so they are ignored by the affluent and powerful world. At AFXB, we are committed to forgotten people in forgotten places and their forgotten issues.

At the very beginning of the spread of the epidemic, we set up FXB Houses of tender, loving care – family type – where these infected orphans and abandoned children could live in a family setting, implementing, de facto, the 54 articles of their convention, until they died. We allocated significant resources to these houses to show how important it was to give these children the best love possible during their short lives. Quality, the best, where there was limited quantity of time. These houses are living statements against discrimination. We did this here in Washington, D.C.; in Thailand; in Colombia; and in Brazil.

But when we got to Africa in 1990, there were already cohorts of orphans, and we took a different direction to provide care for thousands of children. We started a modest program to sustain the deep-rooted tradition of the extended family. We helped families who had taken in orphaned children to set up small businesses that enabled them to barter goods and services to local schools, to pay the children's school fees, and enabled them to provide basic necessities to those children. These guardians were grand parents, or some family members or just neighbors.

We extended the project to schools as well. This took place in three communities in Luwero, Uganda. To date, 3500 children have been enrolled in 51 schools. 34 schools have added classrooms, teachers and supplies from the proceeds of these micro-enterprises. One school constructed a roof from the funds made available, giving the community, students and teachers, another way to secure precious water from the rain.

These children are not lost and depressed. They are not violated sexually. They are learning tools for a productive human life. But we were working in 1990, in a country where thanks to political leadership, thanks to President Museveni and his wife Janet, the epidemic was contained. We were working with a social fabric that was torn but not decimated. This was implementing health and human rights at large.

For at that time, having pursued Dr. Mann and connected with him at Harvard University, at the School of Public Health, we set up together the FXB Center for Health and Human Rights, the Global AIDS Policy Coalition, and from there, published AIDS in the World I and II. Using the paradigm of the link between health and human rights, he predicted figures of HIV/AIDS in Africa that seemed wild, at the time, but today, according to Peter Piot, are less than the tragic reality.

Today, UNAIDS recognizes by the end of this year, there will be 13 million orphans of the AIDS epidemic, the majority in Africa, and that in this decade in those same countries there will be 40 million of them.

But we, at AFXB, applying the teachings and analysis of Health and Human Rights that are in AIDS in the World, and adding the multiplying factors by region, we say, that in a decade, worldwide, it will be closer to 100 million orphans, if mothers and fathers do not immediately have worldwide access to tri-therapy.

Why do we say that? Because eight years after having called attention to what was happening, in large numbers of countries, there is still no total government recognition of the epidemic. We at AFXB, see it glaring at us in the field.

In Colombia, for instance, we started to setup an FXB House in 1992. Then, all orphans had an extended family, so we catered to the infected community as we do in Newark, New Jersey, with Dr. Oleske and Nurse Mary Boland. But in 1996, we had one orphan, two years later three, and now we have nine.

India recognizes four million people infected. But at our FXB projects in that country, we link with the local epidemiologists who count 12 million people; another says 14 million. If we take the Delphi multiplier of AIDS in the World, we would be closer to 40 million people! A country with a billion people, no systematic sentinel surveillance, no strong political leadership on the matter, all the roads of transmission of Africa, plus the sale of blood and organs from the poorest of the poor. Forget human rights! Starting with women's rights! Human rights abuses do not always just come with dictatorships and blatant abuse. Poverty is, de facto, the abuse of people's rights. In our small Indian projects and those of local doctor friends, we are seeing more and more orphans with nowhere to go. Conservatively, 500,000 HIV-infected women are giving birth each year, according to Dr. Suniti Solomon

China: another billion people. Eight years ago, I was alerted to the extent of the epidemic in Burma, because of the eight Burmese young prostitutes from our FXB Houses for those children in Bangkok, all of them HIV infected. And in that same group, there were six Chinese, one HIV infected. We know the epidemic is now raging in Burma, not being dealt with. But since then, nothing happened either in China to acknowledge it and to do

surveillance and educate. A few months ago, I was in contact with a Chinese doctor who recognized that there were orphans in China from AIDS and that this doctor had met a woman who had 19 children, 11 of them HIV-infected. In a country where a family is allowed 2 children, doesn't this mean that this woman was sheltering 17 orphans of her family or friends, 11 of those children HIV infected. So?

In Russia, a broken, destitute, unraveling society, it is reported by French TV that there are one million street kids roaming in the cities. How many of those are AIDS orphans? I spoke a few days ago to reporters in Russia, who are convinced that there will be an AIDS bomb exploding within the next 5 years at a 10% infection rate.

And in South Africa, where we now know officially the tragic extent of AIDS, 10 years ago, in Cape Town, applying "Health and Human Rights" to the discriminated townships, I asked the French Ambassador to find out what the AIDS picture was there, and he came back with the information that there were not many cases.

Today, Africa is the showcase of what is surfacing elsewhere, unveiling what is happening in India, China and the rest of Asia, Russia and the Eastern European countries, the Middle East and other places.

I hope history proves me wrong, but until then, unfortunately, it hasn't. AIDS in the World I and II. Dr. Jonathan Mann and his colleagues work at the FXB Center for Health and Human Rights. It was all there, and still is. So the 40 million orphans of Africa of this decade are a window into the numbers we will be seeing elsewhere. The same causes, using the parameters of Health and Human Rights, lead to the same consequences, in societies where now the social fabric will not only be torn but decimated because of a huge loss of time. To quote Dr. Geoff Foster, "In the body, HIV gets into the defensive system and knocks it out. It does that sociologically too. It gets into the extended family support system and decimates it too."

The Grameen Bank initiative is a powerful tool for poverty eradication when people are poor and more or less healthy, but when they are wasting away and dying how can they pay back their loans as they can no longer work? They need injections of money, economic blood transfusions.

The holes of the social fabric are not only missing parents, dying grandparents from old age, but missing teachers, healthy adults. One teacher dies every day in Cote Ivoire. 15,000 teachers have died in Tanzania. In Malawi, seven teachers are trained for one job because they know six are going to die. Missing doctors and nurses. Missing farmers. And this will be in countries developing economically where a missing middle class will be swept away as quickly as it is created.

This urgently needs recognition by governments, with your help, so they start acknowledging their own epidemic. Do education, prevention, caring, bringing in the missing social building blocks and more monies. For the latter two, this is where a new global solidarity is needed.

But before going to that, I would like to remind us that even dealing with the 40 million recognized AIDS orphans of this decade, there are two categories of them – those who are sick and dying or going to die, and who die at this moment in great indignity like animals, like wasted garbage. They need structures for terminally sick children.

And there are those who have a life to live. But what life?

Children orphaned by AIDS suffer another extra load as they watch their parents and family grow weaker and weaker from the disease until they are wasted away. Often they are alone to care for their parents and they suffer that they do not have simple medications to ease the loved ones' pains. They have to bury them. Often they are depressed; don't go to school. They face prejudice and neglect or are shunned by their community that fears they too have the virus.

AFXB experience tells us that orphans have frightening higher rates of malnutrition, stunting and illiteracy and that some times their relatives exploit them, making them bear heavier workloads, or taking their meager inheritance,. Young girls are much more vulnerable to HIV infection by abuse or prostitution.

In Tanzania, in Zimbabwe, in Malawi, one can see households with only orphans, the oldest being 15 or 16. These children rely on food from neighbors. No one organizes them; they have nothing. So, in fear of not having food tomorrow, they will keep some. It

rots. There is no fridge. Ants and insects crawl over the leftovers. These children live, but they live in squalor and abandonment, indignity and horror.

Don't you feel that all of us adults are the Village Earth foster parents of these most destitute children? That on this shrinking planet, they are just on the other side of the village square from us? That we will need together to globally raise this lost generation of our planet's orphans.

40 million children is a population the size of Colombia, or the population of New York State, Connecticut, Massachusetts and Florida put together.

Even when there is worldwide treatment or that a vaccine is found, these tens of millions of orphans of the pandemic in 2010 will remain orphans. They are the straight loss of the AIDS tragedy and, in our global world, they are our global responsibility. And who knows? As Dr. Kituuka of Uganda says “ the orphan we care for today, might be the leader of our country tomorrow.”

A century ago, it was a world of autonomous regions distant from each other, unaware of each other with an overall population of one billion. Today, we are one world of six billion tightly knitted together of which one-third live in abject poverty. But with current communication technology, they and we are aware of their poverty.

Orphans are a scourge that always existed but not in these huge numbers. There are already 100 million orphans scattered worldwide from various other causes to which these 40 million UNAIDS orphans – or AFXB's 100 million – will be added in the next decade. And these will be agglomerated groups.

Just picture the size of this population of destitute, desperate, hungry orphans, out of the network of society, out of school and out of work, roaming the streets and the countryside. What about social stability, sustainable economic development? And national security? Then in countries where the working force will be annihilated, this lost generation will not be integrated into society. And, if we apply Metcalfe's law, with which you are all much more familiar with than I, it seems that the loss of those economies will be the square of the loss of the populations, the deceased adults and the outcast children.

In a New York Times article regarding criminality and young people in the poorest pockets of America, a past president of the American Public Health Association, Dr. Joyce Lashof, said “what we are seeing is the complete destruction of the social environment for these kids, Economic opportunities, stable relationships, harmony, safety of school, hope for the future, everything that makes up living has kind of disappeared for them.” She emphasized the “three-fold increases in homicide and suicide in the last 30 years, which experts say signals the depth of their despair for the future.”

What can we conjecture about the millions of AIDS orphans who do not live in America? Already in the cities of Africa, on Cairo Road in Lusaka, Zambia, for instance, gangs of children have organized themselves to survive alone. They are prey to drugs and violence.

We know that in Sierra Leone, about 10,000 children were recruited by the rebels and regular army. A child, Ibrahim, who became a soldier at age eight, General Shareblood, told a French reporter, now that he is fourteen and a general, that he drinks a cup of human blood every morning that he mixes with drugs, sending one of his 50 children soldiers to fetch a prisoner or an innocent civilian whose head he cuts off with a machete. What can we conjecture here about the tens of millions of destitute orphans, perfect candidates for child armies, terrorists or mad dictators?

So what can we do?

In this complex epidemic and its consequences, everything is interconnected, health, human rights, the economy, social stability, security, government and civil society. Similar to the image of globalization where the walls of borders have shattered, so have the compartmentalization of disciplines and of human groups such as civil society, international institutions, governments and business.

We are all in this together, in an era of mosaic in which each color participates in the formation of the whole picture. It is also a mosaic or a palette of innovative solutions that is needed to reintegrate the lost orphans and to prevent a global disaster. But that is a whole other speech in itself.

To weave back a sustainable community, we need to do away with the discrimination within the communities, strengthen the invisible heroes that are the grass roots volunteers, mostly women. When governments wake up, they will find a palette of best solutions

right under their noses. We have to bring in the missing building blocks of society by leveraging the solidarity and generosity of the affluent parts of the planet. After Doctors Without Borders, can we see Education Without Borders, and Retirees Without Borders who live longer and in good health and have so much capacity in reserve?

For all this, a lot of money is needed, but it is possible. Live Aid was set up in 1985 for five million starving people. At AFXB, we have calculated that a commitment of \$200 a year per orphan over 20 years is a start, and we have, in four months, collected \$500,000 for an AIDS orphans fund. It is a drop of water against the \$8 or \$20 billion needed according to how large you count the orphan population. But, in turn, those billions are a drop of water in a world where \$250 billion were easily spent to fight the Y2K bug, and where a tobacco company agreed to settle a law suit by granting \$249 billion over 25 years, in a world where the three richest individuals own assets worth the combined GDP of the planet's poorest 48 countries, according to CID at Harvard. And where the Forbes list of nearly 500 individuals are worth more than 2 trillion dollars. Can we encourage corporations and affluent individuals to learn the reflex of giving small sums of money, from huge profits, from superfluous spending to create a international fund for the orphans of the AIDS pandemic? To transform, as David Bloom puts it, social responsibility into true social entrepreneurship. And, may I say, feel love?

The native American poet Joy Harjo said it beautifully. "I believe love is the strongest force in the world, though it doesn't often appear to be so at the ragged end of our century and its appearance in places of drought from lovelessness is always startling." This needs a change of mentality, a new set of ethics for the new economy of the new millennium. The poorer children of the global economy become our global responsibility and it becomes mandatory on ethical levels and security levels that affluence be shared to restore at the grass roots the safety nets needed for the social reintegration of the orphans of the Village Earth. Compassionate capitalism. To avoid an even bigger societal tragedy, at some point the world might have to copy the South African practice of town mergers, putting a rich one and a poor one together to maximize the use of resources.

You at the World Bank can do a lot. You have the power to integrate AIDS awareness into everything you deal with. Integrate it into all World Bank projects. Integrate it into the dams, the roads, the cross-sectoral projects of infrastructure on which the deaths of the parents and the outcast generation of their children will have a detrimental effect. Put

AIDS orphans on the top agenda as a conditionality for World Bank funding. The debt relief effort is a great step in that direction. But more needs to be done using the new technology tools such as the web. Are there not creative ways, you at the Bank can develop, to get the monies directly to trustworthy grass roots to avoid bureaucracy, waste and corruption?

Be aware that your World Bank partners are affected themselves by AIDS, are weakened and are dying. You have the power to encourage governments to get their most charismatic figures like Nelson Mandela, Graca Machel and others to go out there into the townships and the shanty towns to hug, kiss, eat and drink with people who have AIDS, explaining in front of the cameras that this is not how one contracts AIDS, that the infection does not take these roads. The discrimination against those with AIDS that I encountered walking in the Alexandra township of Johannesburg, a few weeks ago, must be done away with in order to reconnect with the urgently needed deep-rooted African tradition of the extended family.

You have the power to encourage, educate and stimulate governments to get them to recognize the size of their epidemics, do the tests, acknowledge the results and take action. You can push your governmental partners to address legislation protecting children, their property inheritance, access to free education and so on. You can get the Okinawa summit in July to put this issue of AIDS orphans, the global development and social dangers and the innovative ethics of the new economy on the top of their agenda.

You must read AIDS in the World I and II, and get governments to implement the conventions on Human Rights that they have signed and ratified, especially the 54 articles on the Convention on the Rights of the Child. But you must fight to get rid of the restrictions that take away the substance of the articles.

I would like to finish quoting Nelson Mandela who said “there is not keener reflection of a society’s soul, than the way it treats its children.” Let’s hope that in 10 years time, we reconvene here and say “we did for the children of Village Earth, what we had to do.”

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