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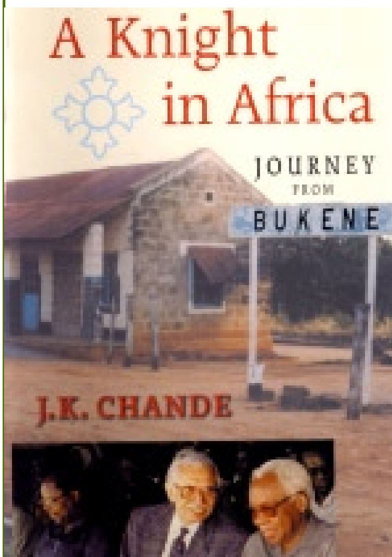
Sir J.K. "Andy" Chande

A Knight in Africa: Journey from Bukene

Part 2

By Sir J.K. Chande

Former Academy Board Member Sir **Jayantilal Keshavji Chande**, known to countless friends around the world as Andy, recently published an autobiography, *A Knight in Africa: Journey from Bukene*. All profits will go to a program he has developed to fight malaria.



A Knight in Africa: Journey to Bukene, may be purchased from Penumbra Press (http://www.penumbrapress.com/book.php?id=254) or Amazon/Canada http://www.amazon.ca/exec/obidos/ASIN/1894131894

This chapter from Sir Andy's book highlights his work in developing Tanzania's national tourism industry while simultaneously trying to advance the causes of environmentalism and sustainability. This eloquent passage encapsulate's Sir Andy's passion, prescience, and eloquence.

"We in Tanzania know better than most just how fragile the balance is between the workings of nature and the workings of man. It is not just a matter of our being home to the African 'Big Five' or others of the more charismatic animal species. It is not just about our hard and often painful experience in balancing the needs of impoverished local communities with those of the animals and trees that live alongside them. It is about understanding, as Africans often do better than most other peoples, that everything ultimately connects, and that actions taken elsewhere with no knowledge or thought of our fragile great continent, be they political, economic, or environmental, often have the greatest impact upon us, in Africa, mere innocent bystanders. In a globalised world, where the few effectively make the rules for the many, there is a lesson embedded in all of that, a lesson about the urgent need for a greater sense of global responsibility, in Africa, yes, but more importantly, much more importantly, in the governments and businesses of the dominant nations of the developed world."

Sir Andy with
Tanzanian President William Mkapa

Mr. Corporation

Corporations, corporations, corporations. Any state based on the proposition that the means of production must be controlled by the state, be it Marxist, Maoist, or just plain socialist, quickly turns into a land full of 'corporations.' Tanzania in the 1970s and 1980s was no exception to this rule.

In the heyday of his Tanganyikan business career, my father Keshavji was known affectionately across Tanganyika as 'Mister Milling.' Given my wholehearted commitment to service of the new African Socialist state being erected by Mwalimu Nyerere, my nickname in independent Tanzania should have been 'Mister Corporation.' In the space of a few short years I found myself appointed by the President as chairman of the following major corporations: Air Tanzania Corporation; the Tanzania Tourist Corporation (TTC); the Tanzania Harbours Authority; the Tanzania Railways Corporation; Tanzania Standard Newspapers Limited; State Travel Services Limited; Tanzania Hotels Investment Limited; Printpak Tanzania Limited; National Distributors Limited; Tanganyika Development Finance Company Limited; General Agriculture Products Exports Corporation; Tanzania Shoe Company; Tanzania Wood Industries Corporation; Tanzania Film Company; the National Urban Water Authority; Tanzania Distilleries; the National Insurance Corporation of Tanzania; and Tanzania Elimu Supplies. And that doesn't include my various board responsibilities elsewhere, or my chairmanship of non-profit foundations, such as Museum and Library services and the African Medical and Research Foundation.

There was no magic formula to running any of these corporations successfully. They were like any other business, really, requiring the fundamental skills of making the capital and the staff work as effectively as possible. Sometimes there was a need for diplomatic skills of a sort that I doubted I really possessed. The sorting out of the disputes that arose at the time of the creation of the Air Tanzania Corporation is a good example.

In the aftermath of the breakup of the East African Community, Tanzania established its own organisations to run rail, road, port, and air services. President Nyerere appointed me Chairman of Air Tanzania Corporation—an office I accepted only on the condition that it would be a non-executive post (at a time when the Minister for Transport and Communications was keen to have a full-time chairman). Of all the East African corporations relating to transport and communications, Air Tanzania inherited the most experienced staff, as a result of the collapse of East African Airways. Indeed, a few of the senior employees, such as Silva Rwebangira, were well-known personalities in the international airlines arena. But while the staff were committed to making a success of Tanzania's own fledgling national airline, they found themselves working under the most trying circumstances. First and foremost among

these was the need to resettle the families of EAA staff from Nairobi, together with such connected issues as children's education, the transport of personal belongings, and vehicles. The Tanzanian government was sympathetic to their plight, but found itself in a very difficult situation, in which it had to find extra money to cater for a whole raft of newly created organizations following the collapse of the EAC *[East African Community]*. Pending the distribution of assets of the collapsed Community, which inevitably took longer to finalise than everyone had hoped, significant additional money had somehow to be provided by the Tanzanian government (and, in my view, the direct and indirect cost to Tanzania of the breakup of East African Community was around US$900 million). Understandably, there was a great deal of anxiety, and to some extent resentment, on the part of the airline employees while all this was being sorted out. I recall going to an evening meeting with the pilots, flight engineers, first officers, and other staff, held at the Africana Beach Resort outside Dar es Salaam, where many of them had been temporarily housed since their enforced return from Nairobi. I was accompanied by Michael Shirima, the Operations Director of Air Tanzania Corporation—now, incidentally, a major shareholder and chairman of the board of the successful Precision Airlines, of which Kenya Airways is a shareholder. After dinner with the senior staff (at which we wisely provided free drinks), we went to a meeting with all the rest of the employees. The meeting was conducted in a good spirit, in spite of the difficulties they were all facing. We eventually came to a close at around two in the morning, and as Michael and I left to return home we felt that we had achieved a great deal. Even then the Standing Committee on Parastatals (SCOPO) threatened to undo much of our good work when they tried to link up the salaries of cabin crew with those in other sectors in the hospitality industry. Only after we explained to them the inconvenience airline hostesses experience and the risks they take as a matter of routine, and pointed out that they need to be able to handle emergency situations and that they undergo medical check-ups every six months, did SCOPO agree to improve their salary package.

Such were some of the situations requiring diplomatic and commercial skills that I was asked to deal with on behalf of the government. But on some issues, mere business skills and a commitment to work hard for the state were simply not enough. In these, a sense of vocation was needed, and that was no more in evidence than in my work on what is now commonly termed 'sustainability.'

'Sustainability,' the art of existing today in a way that safeguards tomorrow, is a concept that was in the lifeblood of everyone prior to the industrial revolution. The hunters and gatherers, the medieval farmers, the tribesmen of yore, none of these needed to be educated in the subtleties of sustainable management of their local environment. They may have lived off the land, but they did so in a way that didn't cast a shadow on succeeding generations.

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The industrial revolution, and the societal changes spawned by it, changed the nature of man's relationship with his environment. No longer was it possible for man to assume that his productive activity would remain in a state of balance with nature. Resources, first mineral, then animal and vegetable, began to be consumed at a rate that brought into being the twin spectres of exhaustion and extinction. A two-tier world emerged, in which the rich got richer

and the poor, if they were lucky, stayed where they were. And in this two-tier world, the rich grabbed hold of the resources of the weak and defenceless, using conquest and colonisation as the means of keeping down the immediate cost of this rapacious consumption.

Then, in time, the world changed again, politically this time, and the foundations of unchecked colonial consumption were at last swept away. But in their place came a new form of exploitation, one rooted less in might and more in hypocrisy, which manifested itself in the attitudes of industrial countries, who asserted to themselves the right to consume and pollute without care for the long-term consequences to others. The flip side of this irresponsibility came in the form of First-World exhortations to Third-World countries to limit the consumption of their own natural resources, on the grounds that they had a special responsibility to keep their own rivers and forests and savannahs as nature intended. This meant that it was fine for parts of Pennsylvania, or Lancashire, or the Ruhr, to be natural wastelands, brownfield monuments to the industrial gods, just as long as the Tanzanias, the Brazils, the Madagascars of this world could be shamed and browbeaten into keeping their own territory in a pristine condition, to cleanse the air and provide playgrounds in which the rich could spot and hunt their 'charismatic' species.

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All of that would sound laughable if it weren't all nearly true. As a resident of Tanganyika in the 1950s, I had grown used to hearing the colonial administrators talking of keeping Tanganyika industry-free, in the name of 'zoo-tourism.' But I never expected that this sort of double standard would live on into the twenty-first century, laying traps for the unwary proponents of 'eco-tourism;' establishing unequal rights for rich and poor, and saddling the poorest of us with the ultimate responsibility of somehow saving the planet by staying poor in perpetuity.

Many years ago, I was only dimly aware of this inherent tension between the needs of peoples in developing countries and those of our fragile eco-system. As a teenager in Bukene, I watched the people working for my father's company as they gathered in the evenings to cook their meals in the open air. No stoves for them, no ovens, no electricity. Just wood, sometimes charcoal if they were lucky, heaped in age-old triangular patterns under metal and earthenware cooking pots. Then I was struck not by the effect their wood gathering was having on the local forests and woods, but by the inefficiency of their methods of cooking food. A lot of wood, a lot of charcoal, went into very few meals.

In time this quasi-industrial concern for their methods evolved into a more sustained concern for the environment. I came to see that even in Bukene the traditional harmony between man and nature could not be sustained indefinitely. Even in the absence of any sort of significant industrialisation, the very growth of population that was a relentless feature of Tanganyika in the twentieth century was putting too much pressure on the local natural resources. In a country without access to enough clean water, enough trees near to population centres, enough food to feed every mouth adequately, nature, in all its forms, was vulnerable. Even in Tanzania, one of the cradles of civilisation, where the tradition of good husbandry of the environment has been one of

the defining characteristics of all tribes, where the sympathetic traditions of the Hadza people shine out across the world as a beacon even now, and where land, always plentiful, has never been at a premium—even in Tanzania, the future risks are all around us. I thought, 'Imagine, then, what is happening, what has already happened, elsewhere.' Such musings as these became a deepening preoccupation, and then, ultimately, the source of a lifelong vocation.

The first opportunity to put some of my concerns into practice came when I was appointed to chair the Tanzania Tourist Corporation.

At that time, in the late 1960s, the ethos was very much one of zoo-tourism. But thanks to undercapacity in the Tanzanian system, coupled with the fact that a preponderance of European tour companies were based in and operating out of Nairobi, the profits from the Tanzanian 'zoo' weren't ending up in Tanzanian pockets. My immediate priorities were therefore twofold: to encourage the overseas tour operators and their customers to look at Tanzania as a holiday destination in its own right, and not merely as some adjunct of Kenya; and to attempt to break the stranglehold that the beach holiday resorts of the Seychelles and Mombasa had on the British and American markets.

Neither of these was anything like straightforward. For many years now the safari packages to East Africa out of the UK and the US had followed a set pattern. The beach element of the holiday would be in Mombasa, Then the tourists would be bussed over the Kenyan border to the National Parks of Northern Tanzania—to the Serengeti, to Ngoron-goro, to Lake Manyara—for a few days of wildlife watching before being bussed back to their hotels in Nairobi and Mombasa. Often they returned to Namanga unaware that they had crossed the border into Tanzania, and rarely if ever did they spend any money in our country, preferring to buy any souvenirs that they wanted in the many stalls in the streets around the New Stanley Hotel in Nairobi. Because the Tanzania Tourist Corporation had only a thousand beds at its disposal throughout the country, and had to rely upon management agreements with foreign corporations to maintain the appropriate quality at some of the prestige locations, such as the Hotels Meru (Danish), Kilimanjaro (Israeli), and New Africa (British), because there was a very limited number of beach resorts on Zanzibar and even fewer back on the mainland, and because the Kenyans were masters of an aggressive marketing campaign (which led many to believe that Mount Kilimanjaro was actually in Kenya and not Tanzania), we started at a massive disadvantage.

And yet that very weakness was a great advantage in putting together a policy that attempted to resolve the inherent tension between sustainability and the generation of much-needed revenue. By marketing Tanzania as a low-volume, high-revenue destination to an elite market in North America and Europe, the risk that tourism could in some way inflict lasting damage on the natural attractions that brought the tourists to Tanzania in the first place could be minimised. With few hotel rooms and even fewer resorts, we could aim for the top of the market, and maximise per tourist returns to Tanzania, even though the trend toward mass tourism was increasing. In this context I have had discussions with immigration authorities about the possibility of having immigration officers travelling on the flights that bring in the tourists, so that they could provide entry clearance on board the aircraft, thus minimizing the time spent

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in immigration by tourists upon arrival.

It took a long time for this ideal combination to deliver results. The first priority was to begin the process of diverting the return from Tanzanian wildlife tourism into Tanzanian pockets. White enterprises based in Kenya and Europe had an effective stranglehold over the National Parks, so we instituted new controls over vehicular access to the Parks while at the same time making a bulk purchase of fifty Volkswagen combis. At a stroke, we began to claw back control from a set of operators who had little sympathy with, and even less stake in, us Tanzanians.

The political impact of this was important too. Jomo Kenyatta, the founding father of modern Kenya, was being hailed as the 'architect of democracy' in Africa. In contrast, Mwalimu Nyerere, lauded by the Kenyan political establishment and media for his moderating influence before and at the time of taking power, was now being condemned as a proto-communist and the host to every African 'terrorist' movement in Southern and Western Africa. Relations began to deteriorate, and it was no surprise when, in the 1970s, the East African Community, which had been set up with such high hopes in the previous decade, eventually collapsed.

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The strain on relations complicated the transit of passengers between Kenya and Tanzania. This made my life difficult at times. I once had to engineer the safe passage back to Kenya of seven hundred foreign tourists who had fallen foul of one of many temporary border closures in the 1970s, a most delicate and complicated operation involving deals struck with fifty-eight Kenyan combi drivers, Arusha-based hotel managers, lawyers, Swiss Air, and eventually Mwalimu himself, a negotiation that must have taken several years off my life expectancy, and that took on at times the characteristics of a peacekeeping operation and a hostage negotiation rolled into one. But there were benefits too. Border closures made tour operators realise the wisdom of our ongoing efforts in North America and London to sell Tanzania as a sovereign state worthy of being considered a destination in its own right. And anything I could do to demonstrate to the President and his ministers that an improvement in Tanzanian tourist revenues would be at the expense of their then-difficult northern neighbours would be welcomed and further encouraged.

The practicalities of running a tourist corporation alongside a milling business and God knows what else besides never once distracted me from pursuing a deepening understanding of the contingent risks to the global environment. Back in the late 1960s I became close to Paulo de Costa, a Brazilian Rotarian who at one time was World President of the Rotary Movement. I still remember vividly a trip we both took in 1989 to a conference in Nashville, Tennessee — on which occasion, incidentally, former World President of Rotary International James L. Bomar Jr. arranged for me to become a Tennessee Squire, which involved my 'buying' about ten square feet of land in Moore County. Even today I get letters from the local town clerk, giving me an update on the fate of Plot No. 655, and how often it is mown or used by animals (small animals, I guess, something well short of a herd) for grazing and pasture. One evening on the terrace of Nashville's Opryland Hotel my Brazilian friend and I talked over drinks long into the night about the need to link sustainability

with poverty alleviation. His motto as World President of the Rotary Movement was to be 'Preserve Planet Earth'. And in spelling out how he intended to give this view the maximum publicity, he took me back to the argument about the use of wood as fuel by the impoverished villagers of Tanzania. I told him that it was okay to talk in inspirational terms about the environment, but if there was no alternative but to chop down trees for firewood, then environmental concerns had to fall away. Paulo disagreed with me strongly. 'You cannot separate these issues in that way,' he responded vehemently, and went on to argue, with increasing conviction, that environmental protection and poverty alleviation were two sides of the very same coin. One could not be achieved without taking measures to deal with the other.

Environmental protection and poverty alleviation were two sides of the very same coin. One could not be achieved without taking measures to deal with the other.

These thoughts were uppermost in my mind during my stewardship of the TTC, deep into the 1970s. Often, however, more prosaic matters pushed their way forward. A key one, oddly enough, was the need for office space. The TTC was housed in a rented building, and a very small one at that. With inadequate space for the staff, my predecessor had been obliged to take over much of the fifth floor of the neighbouring New Africa Hotel to house our overspill. As a result, the Corporation was losing valuable foreign exchange revenue.

The Board decided to look for a suitable piece of land on which to build a new headquarters. Since we were perennially short of cash, we decided to do this as a joint enterprise with the General Agricultural Export Company and the pension fund of the Cargo Handling Company of East Africa. Although cost savings would have accrued from such an enterprise, these three corporations would have made strange bedfellows, and it was something of a relief when the search for a new site proved fruitless. It was then that the Swedish Ambassador to Tanzania, at a dinner at his home, explained to me that his embassy was continuing to look after the interests of the Israeli government following the Tanzanian government's severance of diplomatic relations with Israel in the wake of the Six Day War. With no resumption in prospect, the government in Tel Aviv had decided to sell its embassy in Dar es Salaam for US$80,000, on condition that the payment would be in the hands of its Consul-General in New York within a week. Quite why the Israelis wanted to do a deal so quickly was a mystery to me (and to the Swedish Ambassador). But the opportunity and the price were, to my mind, much too good to resist. I knew at once that I had no prospect of raising that sort of money in a week, and so I asked for, and got, a week's extension, and began work to convince the Corporation to close the deal.

I called an immediate meeting of the TTC board. I outlined the proposal and the advantages it offered to us. After only a brief discussion, the Board authorised me to go ahead, subject to the agreement of the Ministry for Tourism, our parent ministry, and provided we could finance the deal, at least in part, with money from the Tourist Development Levy. The Ministry said yes, too, in record time, and the funds were remitted in good time to New York. I sat back, congratulating myself on a good bit of business done for Tanzania.

A fortnight later the Swedish Ambassador came back to me. He wasn't pleased. He told me that he had gone out on a limb to get me an extra week to find the money for the building, but I had failed to come up with it; the Israeli

Consul-General in New York had not been paid. I told him that there must have been a mistake, but my defence was not convincing.

I immediately called Dickson Nkembo, the former Permanent Secretary at State House. Dickson was by then chairman of the National Bank of Commerce, which had been responsible for transmitting the funds to New York. Dickson told me that he had personally overseen the transaction, but in the light of the Swedish Ambassador's complaint he would look into the matter again and report back.

The explanation for the problem was laughably straightforward. A clerk at the Morgan Guarantee Bank in New York had received our transfer just as he was going on leave. Instead of processing it there and then, he had put it into a safe, along with a lot of other urgent papers, until his return. The National Bank of Commerce never found out what happened to the clerk - although it is tempting to imagine, given the Morgan Bank's well-earned reputation for feistiness. The money, however, was quickly freed up, and the deal was eventually completed.

I sincerely believed I had pulled off something of a coup. The building was cheap by the market prices of the day, very cheap in fact, and we would save on the rental and gain from the freed space at the New Africa Hotel. I thought I had done well by Tanzania. Others, however, clearly thought differently.

About a month after the deal was struck, I received a phone call from the Minister for Finance, Amir Jamal. He wanted to know what I was up to. Instead of promoting tourism, as I was mandated to do, I was getting involved in the real estate business. I told the Minister that this was a one-off deal, and on very favourable terms to Tanzania. Why, I had already received an offer of US$104,000 for the building, after having paid only US$80,000 for it four weeks previously. Besides, I had gone through all the proper channels. I had consulted the Board and got their agreement, and that of the parent Ministry as well. I just couldn't see what the problem was.

Amir Jamal went quiet after that. But about six months later, just before we were due to move into our new quarters, I was approached by the US Deputy Chief of Mission in Dar es Salaam, Herbert Levin. I assumed he wanted to buy the building, but State Department regulations wouldn't permit that. Instead, he asked to rent it; I quoted US$25,000 a year, payable in advance. The Americans took over the building and improved it significantly with their own money; when they eventually moved out, the building reverted to the newly created Tanzania Tourist Board. Meanwhile, following the improvement, the rental was increased by US$10,000.

This little episode taught me a lot about the mindset of Mwalimu's government when it came to commerce. It wasn't that they didn't want to make deals that maximised advantages for Tanzania, but their innate suspicion of the marketplace, an attitude common to socialists the world over, made it difficult for them to trust in any deal that seemed to be generating a rapid 'surplus.' I recall that in the 1970s I arranged for Mtibwa Sugar Estates Ltd. (a company then owned jointly by National Agricultural Food Corporation and the Madhvani Group) a loan by Williams and Glyn's Bank of Scotland to the tune of £2 mil-

lion for six years at 6 percent interest per annum payable on a reducing basis, to enable Mtibwa to buy sugar machinery from Fletcher and Stewart of Derby. Finance Minister Jamal thought that there must be some catch; otherwise the Bank wouldn't provide finance on such attractive terms. On these occasions, and on others, I was able to allay their fears, and they would join me in rejoicing in their good fortune. But alas, there simply weren't enough entrepreneurs willing to work within the new system. As a result, the cautious, doctrinaire, anti-enterprise line usually won through.

When I became chairman of TTC the general manager was Gabriel Mawala, a fine man from the old school, who continued to take an interest in Tanzania's tourism development until his recent death. I recall an amusing incident. Mawala on my suggestion had asked the Permanent Secretary in the Treasury to allow the Corporation access to the Tourism Development Fund, which was held by the Exchequer. The request was turned down. Mawala's successor was Francis Byaboto, who had just retired as Permanent Secretary in the Treasury, and I asked him to reopen the matter, as I felt that we would now have a better chance. However, about six weeks later I found that his successor in the Treasury had replied to him that he could do no better than quote the contents of his own letter, which he had written when he was occupying the Treasury chair. This did not amuse Byaboto.

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Some two years later Esrome Maryogo, one of President Nyerere's personal assistants, told me that the President had decided to appoint him General Manager of the Corporation, and had said that, because he had no experience in managing business corporations, I would assist him. A year or so after Maryogo took over I decided to resign from the chairmanship, and four months later Chief Adam Sapi, Speaker of the National Assembly, was appointed in my place. The board was also reconstituted.

Finding a way to balance the revenue demands of the government with the protection of the local environment was never easy. Like other African countries, we suffered from poaching and illegal logging by foreign companies. But thankfully, a combination of diligent local customs and enlightened policy-making ensured that a sustainable balance was struck. The local people had no taste for bush meat, so the depredations of local wildlife for food seen in, say, the Congo never happened in Tanzania. And the tourism policy of low volume, high value generated the necessary revenue without overloading our national parks. Vigilance is still required on all fronts. With our tourist attractions co-existing alongside expanding local communities, the threat from overdevelopment by tourist operators and local villagers, even in some of our most prestigious national parks, such as Gombe, is a continuing challenge to their survival. *[Ed. Note: Gombe National Park is the site of Jane Goodall's famous work with wild chimpanzees.]* Illegal logging, especially of teak, remains a problem, as does overuse by local communities of scarce timber for charcoal and woodcarving. Tourism in Tanzania has shown itself to be over-sensitive to the security fears of the British and Americans. And even now, in a global market worth close to US$4 trillion a year, Africa receives only four percent of the international tourist trade, and less than two percent of that four trillion dollars. But by and large, the policies laid down in Tanzania in the late sixties and

seventies, policies designed to make eco-tourism in Tanzania sustainable for generations to come, have undoubtedly worked, to the point that tourism is about to become the largest earning sector in the entire Tanzanian economy.

Stepping down from the chairmanship of the TTC did not bring an end to my interest or involvement in environmental issues. The Rotarian and Round Table movements both have long and distinguished traditions of involvement in green issues, on both the local and the international stage. With 758 Rotary Clubs across Africa alone acting as partners in environmental protection, the opportunities for close partnership with government and business and local communities is considerable. Through friendship exchanges, through the Rotary Foundation's Ambassadorial Scholarships (which have been running since 1947), through corporate programmes amounting to over US$100 million annually across every relevant discipline, from poverty alleviation to disease control, the Rotary movement undoubtedly makes a difference, and has certainly helped act as a catalyst in establishing that closer linkage between protecting the environment and eradicating poverty that is so dear to my heart.

The Rio Earth Summit seemed to mark a new beginning in the collective struggle to save our planet.

In 1989, Dr Salim Ahmed Salim, a former Prime Minister of Tanzania, was the Secretary General of the Organization of African Unity (OAU). Rotary International applied for OAU affiliation, which Dr. Salim granted, and he received my credentials as Rotary's first accredited representative to the OAU. A distinguished servant of Africa, when first appointed he was Tanzania's youngest diplomat. Currently, he is chairman of the Mwalimu Nyerere Foundation.

In the late 1980s, with the government having recognised my continuing deep interest and involvement in all matters environmental, I was appointed Deputy Leader of the Tanzanian Delegation to the Preparatory Commission to the Rio Earth Summit. In that capacity, I was elected by the G77 countries (and China) to act as their negotiator with the G7 (now G8) countries on the Global Environmental Facility. This ambitious programme was designed to ensure a transfer of funds to developing countries in compensation for the continued pollution of the earth by the industrialised countries. After much tough negotiating we struck a good deal. The same can be said about the whole Rio process more generally. At a time when the US administration was coming out of an anti-environmental era (which persisted throughout the two Reagan administrations), and when they were joining the Europeans and the rest of the world in celebrating the end of the Cold War, Rio seemed to mark a new beginning in the collective struggle to save our planet.

Those of us at Rio were hoping that the US delegation would be a high-powered one, led by at least Vice-President Dan Quayle, but as it turned out, even the Director responsible for the environment was not present. At an informal gathering one evening someone lamented at the apparent lack of interest by the US government; Minister Kamal Nath of India remarked, 'We should not worry of President Bush and Vice-President Quayle. We are concerned with real bushes and quails.'

It was an event of enormous significance, and even now, after the disappointments of the conspicuous failures to honour the Kyoto Agreements, Rio still stands tall as an inspiration to all those who truly care about our environment. We in Tanzania know better than most just how fragile the balance is between

the workings of nature and the workings of man. It is not just a matter of our being home to the African 'Big Five' or others of the more charismatic animal species. It is not just about our hard and often painful experience in balancing the needs of impoverished local communities with those of the animals and trees that live alongside them. It is about understanding, as Africans often do better than most other peoples, that everything ultimately connects, and that actions taken elsewhere with no knowledge or thought of our fragile great continent, be they political, economic, or environmental, often have the greatest impact upon us, in Africa, mere innocent bystanders. In a globalised world, where the few effectively make the rules for the many, there is a lesson embedded in all of that, a lesson about the urgent need for a greater sense of global responsibility, in Africa, yes, but more importantly, much more importantly, in the governments and businesses of the dominant nations of the developed world.

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About the Author: Sir J.K. "Andy" Chande, KBE, is a former Director of the World Business Academy. He has held innumerable high positions in Tanzania and received several awards. He was elected to the Court of Honorary Members of International Management Centres, Buckingham, and nominated International Man of the Year 1998/99 by the International Biographical Centre, England. He received the 'Service above Self Award' of Rotary International in 1998.

He currently is Chancellor of International Medical and Technological University in Dar es Salaam and Trustee of Tanzania-India Friendship Association. He is also Chairman of Tanzania Railways Corporation and has actively promoted India's business interests in the railways sector in Tanzania, as well as in the areas of aviation, shipping, industry and tourism. He is the Trustee of Indian School in Dar es Salaam and Gandhi Memorial Academy Society of Nairobi.

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428 Bryant Circle, #109, Ojai, CA 93023
Academy Phone 805 640-3713 • Fax 805 640-9914 • Website www.worldbusiness.org
Senior Editor, David Zweig, david@worldbusiness.org • Phone 510 547-3223