



Helmut Zell

**Black
Money**
in
Dar es Salaam

This novel is based on the author's experiences in Tanzania and other countries. The events did not occur, and the people are also fictitious. The story, therefore, is a work of fiction. Any resemblance to actual events, places, organisations, or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental.

The Author

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A Novel about Love and Corruption

Rushwa means corruption

ku-ruka – to jump; fly

ku-rusha – to throw

rushwa – a bribe

ku-kula rushwa – to take bribes

Swahili Dictionary, London 1965

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For my parents in gratitude

2 September 2013 – 16 September 2013. A Quick Start

Paul woke up, startled. The digital alarm clock on the sideboard next to him showed it was six o'clock. Light was seeping in through the thick brown curtains. At the nearby intersection, vehicles stopped and started moving again at regular intervals. A bus came to a halt with a loud squeak. The last memories of his dream faded. He suddenly remembered that he would be flying to Tanzania today. A happy feeling rose in him, but was quickly overcast by worry.

This trip would mean a temporary farewell to Katrin. Was she already awake? Carefully, he leaned over to her. She was still sound asleep, buried deep in her pillow. She peacefully lay there. Her breathing was calm and barely audible. He envied Katrin's ability to easily fall asleep at night and to wake up refreshed in the morning.

The previous evening came to his mind. Katrin had put in so much effort to prepare the farewell dinner. But afterwards, she started making plans for their future together, and she questioned him about his ideas. He didn't want to talk about it. From his perspective, their relationship was fine. Why couldn't it just stay the way it was? Every time he had a job, he would be away for months. But in between, they lived together. And they talked regularly on the phone. That was good, wasn't it? Many other couples saw each other even less often and both sides were still happy with the arrangement. Once again, their conversation had taken an inharmonious course.

Now, he looked forward to the upcoming journey. As an international railway consultant, at certain times he would be inundated with jobs. At other times, there would be a slump. One of these slumps came to an end today. Three months before, he had returned from a job in Shanghai. Since then, he had sat idly at home, in his apartment. All his efforts to find a new job had been unsuccessful. Then, out of the blue, he got a phone call from GermanRailConsult, an international consulting company based in Berlin, offering him a contract for a six-month mission to Tanzania, to start as soon as possible.

A few days later, he met with director Doctor Ernst Ziegler in the company's head office in the old villa in Berlin-Zehlendorf, the view through the window showing rows of trees dyed in the colours of autumn and behind them the blue lake, Krumme Lanke. Doctor Ziegler had told him that the previous project manager in Tanzania had suddenly pulled out, which had put the project under great time pressure. For Paul, however, this meant a most favourable fee amount and he had spontaneously agreed.

For six years, he and Katrin had been together, with ups and downs. Katrin now wanted to put their relationship on a firmer track. She wanted children; he did not. She wanted marriage; he did not. At forty-eight, Paul felt he was too old for that. Maybe age wasn't the issue; maybe he just didn't want change. He loved Katrin, but he also loved his freedom. He also had a tendency to be indecisive and he avoided serious decisions. Luckily, for the next few months there would be no more of these discussions with Katrin.

Paul slipped out of bed, showered, and got dressed. Looking at himself in the mirror, he was satisfied with his appearance. At forty-eight, he still looked very young. His dark blond hair showed some grey strands at the temples only. His youthfulness showed in his choice of clothing. He preferred light blue jeans and smooth, checked cotton shirts, for today's journey too. He wasn't interested in fashion trends, but he took great care in selecting tasteful clothing.

In the kitchen, he switched on the coffee machine. He only wanted a snack. Katrin was still sleepy when she came through the door. With a sigh, she sat down on the wooden kitchen bench and poured herself a cup of coffee. Katrin was thirty-eight, but

this morning she looked older. Her face with its high cheekbones looked pale, wrinkled and blotchy. She hadn't put on make-up yet. There were many fine lines in the corners of her eyes. Her cropped blond hair was dishevelled and straggly. Her slim figure was the result of a disciplined diet and many strenuous exercise sessions in the gym. One could see the stress and strain of the past few months. Katrin was ambitious. She made good money and wanted to move up through the ranks at her web advertising agency.

"I have to go," she said urgently. "We have a really important meeting with our main client this morning."

They parted coolly.

As Paul sat alone with his now lukewarm coffee and thought about what he still needed to pack, Katrin weaved her car through the heavy traffic on the city highway. As far as she could see along the lane, the cars had come to a halt. Traffic jam. Sometimes she could drive to the office in thirty minutes. Today wasn't one of those days. She would be late for the meeting. These unending traffic jams – they made her angry. Why had she gone by car? She would have been on time if she had taken the metro. But the waiting on the platforms and the stops made her feel uneasy. Even worse were the crowded compartments, the feeling of being locked up, the noise and smells of the passengers.

This morning, she felt depressed. She had wished for a nice last evening with Paul. But again, things had gone wrong. Actually, she had already given up on the issue. It had gone on like this for years with his long assignments abroad. When she spoke to him about it, he always argued that, with his expertise and work experience, he wouldn't be able to find any work in Germany at the age of nearly fifty. By now, she believed that he was just using it as an excuse. He was probably just a loner, who had no desire for a close relationship. However, he had always managed to comfort her. Then, several weeks before, he had started to have ideas about a shared future. He wanted to look for a bigger and nicer apartment. They even talked about marriage! That was new. At thirty-eight, she wasn't too old for a child.

Then, suddenly the Tanzania job had got in the way. Now everything looked different again, and the plan for a shared future was one again postponed.

The traffic jam dragged on until Steglitz. Completely unnerved, she tormented herself in “stop-and-go” the few kilometres to the exit. Only at ten did she rush through the glass door of her agency on the second floor. Her boss was already sitting in the meeting room with the two marketing people from the client’s firm. They had been waiting for her. She wordily apologized for her late arrival. She hung her jacket over the chair and tried to put all thoughts of Paul aside.

When his suitcase stood ready at the front door, he called Katrin at the office. His attempt at still saying something nice to her failed miserably. She seemed short-tempered and as usual, she was stressed and in a rush. It was actually still too early for the airport, but Paul couldn’t stand being at home anymore. It was not quite twelve o’clock yet when Paul pulled his rolling suitcase over the pavement to the nearby Neukölln metro station. Although he had packed only the essentials, his suitcase would probably be over the weight limit. As expected, he arrived much too early at Berlin Tegel Airport. Driven by an inner restlessness, he passed through passenger and luggage control to his gate ahead of time. He switched off his mobile phone. Nobody would call him now. From the free newspapers on the stand, he took a copy of the *Süddeutsche Zeitung*.

Finally the boarding call was announced. The Qatar Airways plane rolled onto the runway and punctually at 15:25, it took off into the sunny and clear autumn sky above Berlin. Paul leaned back in his seat, satisfied. Finally out of this city. After all these weeks of restlessness and useless activities, his life had purpose and direction again. In the seat next to him was a man at least ten years older than himself, in a business suit and tie, looking to start a conversation.

“Do you also have business in Qatar? Or will you continue on to a further destination today?”

Paul looked through the window.

“Yes, Dar es Salaam, Tanzania.”

"I'm just going to Doha, for two days of business. East Africa – very interesting. I haven't been there yet. Are you going there on business?"

"I'm on a project on a railroad line. Tonight I'll catch an onward flight. So we'll be going the same way until Doha," Paul muttered.

His neighbour was talkative.

"Do you know that Qatar also wants to build a railroad? Deutsche Bahn is also involved. With high-speed tracks for the ICE. I just don't know if it makes any sense for such small country."

"I haven't had anything to do with Qatar yet. My project in Tanzania has to do with an old route from the German colonial era. From the coast to Lake Tanganyika."

"Today's issue of the *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung* reports that the Chinese want to get more involved in East Africa."

"Yes, the Chinese had also built a railway in Tanzania. That was in the Seventies, under Mao Zedong. The TAZARA connects Dar es Salaam on the coast with Zambia. It still works today, but is in poor shape."

"I envy you. You have an interesting job".

"Hmm, I think so too. Tanzania still benefits from Germany's railway construction a hundred years ago."

"Yes, then I wish you success in your work."

His neighbour opened the newspaper on his lap, and the conversation died. A few minutes later, the flight attendants began to serve the meals. Paul chose chicken with rice.

As Paul was looking out of the plane window and saw dawn breaking over the Black Sea, Klaus Kronberg sat on the porch of his bungalow in Kunduchi. An expanse of sparkling, starry sky stretched above him. Kunduchi was a suburb of Dar es Salaam, right on the Indian Ocean some twenty kilometres from the city centre. Kronberg was about five foot seven, and of sturdy build, with a prominent round belly. Since he had grown up in Munich and spent his youth there, he thought of himself primarily as a Münchner and then as a Bavarian. Aged sixty-eight, he looked

younger; at least, that's what he thought. In fact, only a few days before, a couple he was friends with had vehemently assured him of the fact. His hair was completely white and thinning. For his age he was in perfect health.

From the ocean, a cool evening breeze blew across the terrace. From here he had a view of the pool and the well-kept garden. Kronberg was the *éminence grise* at GermanRailConsult. He had overseen the company as managing director for many years. Three years before, he retired. During his last job in Tanzania, he met Flora, his current wife. Flora was just over fifty years old and came from a village on the slopes of Kilimanjaro. She used to work as a director at the Ministry of Transport, but had retired early. She was as tall as Kronberg, but much slimmer. She had a friendly face and a lovely nature. The wrinkles around her eyes could only be seen in good light. Her good contacts with the senior management of the Ministry, and her knowledge of the internal decision-making mechanisms had always benefited Kronberg's business.

As on many evenings, tonight he was sitting in his well-padded wicker chair. The wind was just picking up. Then his mobile phone on the table beside him began to ring. He answered with a curt "Hello." Doctor Ernst Ziegler was on the line.

"Good evening, Klaus. This is Ernst. How are you?"

"Oh, it's you, Ernst. Glad to hear from you. Here, everything's fine ... You know, it's always nice and warm here, for days now not a cloud in the sky. I'll do a few more rounds in the pool soon."

"Klaus, you have it good. You can enjoy your life. It's not all that relaxed here."

"What's going on, then?"

"We had a lot of stress today. The state prosecutor is investigating us. Eight people were searching our GRConsult office. Supposedly there was bribery in the Qatar project. I don't know how they got that idea."

Ziegler waited. When there was no reply, he continued.

"But that's not why I'm calling. I'm calling about something that concerns you. Lothar Woerz jumped ship two weeks ago. I haven't seen him at all. He said he got a better offer from a

British consulting firm and has paid back the remainder of his fee.”

There was silence on the line. Then, Ernst Ziegler spoke again. “Klaus, are you still there?”

“Yes, yes. That’s something with the prosecutor’s office in the house, and also the thing with Woerz. No one has told me anything.”

“I didn’t want to bother you with it. But there might be some kind of connection between the two cases.”

Kronberg got up from his chair. Agitated, he asked, “What kind of connection? What does one have to do with the other? It was Woerz, after all, who led this project. He would know of such a connection. But what to do now?”

Ziegler was not surprised by Kronberg’s agitation.

“Klaus, maybe there’s no connection. At the moment the investigation is focusing on our business in Qatar. Don’t worry, I have taken action already. Paul Mansfeld takes over. He did a project for us in China, and he has worked in Tanzania once before. Although it’s been a few years and it wasn’t for us. But he’s loyal and reliable. He is the best man for the job. He will arrive in Dar es Salaam tomorrow and take over the office. I just wanted to let you know.”

Kronberg answered with hesitation. “Well, let’s see then how the new guy manages. I don’t know him. You absolutely have to send me his CV.”

“You’ll get it. I will be grateful if you keep an eye on him,” Ziegler said.

“I definitely will. Have you thought of the possible consequences this change can have for our partner, Joseph Kiloko, in the Ministry? However, as always, if there’s anything new, I’ll call you. Let’s just hope that this Paul Mansfeld doesn’t mess things up.”

Because of the distance of more than 8,000 kilometres, there was a bit of a delay before the answer came.

“Klaus, don’t worry. I have everything under control. Paul Mansfeld has been briefed, and I think he understands his task. Greetings to your dear wife.”

Kronberg pushed his glasses up onto his forehead, narrowed his eyes, and brought his mobile phone up close to his face.

Eventually he found the off-button. With a beep, the connection was terminated. *Damn!* he thought. He felt an uncomfortable tightening in his stomach. The peace and calm of this day had vanished all of a sudden. *No!* he thought angrily. *Everything had been arranged so nicely. And now this trouble, only because Lothar Woerz got cold feet. Anyway, I'll fix it. Now this Paul Mansfeld must just play along.*

"Who was that on the phone?" Flora called from the kitchen.

"Oh, Ernst called. Business matters. But it's all okay. He sends you his regards."

"Thanks," the reply came from the kitchen.

"Flora, a sundowner for you too? How about a gin and tonic?"

"Thanks. That's nice of you."

At this time of the day, he didn't drink beer. But the evening sundowner had become a ritual for them. Klaus Kronberg rose from his chair with a groan, and shuffled across the stone tiles to the kitchen fridge. His health was fine but he felt his age. It often seemed to him that his movements came with more difficulty each day. On the wooden kitchen table, he mixed two glasses of gin and tonic: one for Flora, with a third of gin and two thirds of tonic with ice. For himself, he chose the opposite ratio, and for once, he tipped an extra sip.

"Here you go, Flora, your gin and tonic."

Kronberg made sure he gave his wife the glass with the right mixture. She had meanwhile made herself comfortable on the chair next to him.

"Thanks. Then let's sit here for a little while longer. And tell me, because I can see that something isn't right."

Paul spent the two-hour stopover at the bar in a café at Doha International Airport. Qatar was planning a new and larger airport, but currently passengers still had to take a long bus ride across the airfield. During the day it was unbearably hot, but now in the late evening, the air was not as oppressive. Inside the aircraft it was cool. At exactly midnight the Qatar Airways Airbus A330 started. Paul was sitting in a window seat. He loved these long night flights over Africa. Over twenty years before, he had

flown to Dar es Salaam for the very first time, with Egypt Air via Cairo. He had been young and very enthusiastic about his first major assignment abroad.

He looked out through the cabin window. The flight attendant had turned off the main overhead lights after dinner. Unfortunately, the back of the seat in front of him was being reflected in the window, blocking his view to the outside. He leaned close to the windowpane and at the same time used both hands to block out the annoying light reflections. Above him, an immense, breathtaking starry sky unfolded. Beneath the aircraft's wing, there was complete blackness. At night, Africa really was a dark continent.

Once his eyes had adjusted to the light, he saw little specks of light on the ground. So they had already flown over the Sahara. Now they were above the Ethiopian highlands. The aircraft crept across the monitor, indicating the flight route. Later on, they would be flying over Sudan, then Kenya. He sat like this for a long time, his face pressed against the window. He imagined how people down there were breathing and sleeping in the dark. At one stage he saw in the dark nothingness an illuminated area: perhaps a city with street lighting.

Grasping along the ceiling above him, he turned on the reading light. From the pocket on the back of the seat in front of him, he pulled out the project file that Ernst Ziegler had almost solemnly handed over to him at the last meeting in the office.

"Study these documents carefully, and you'll have the information you need. The rest will then fall into place. You've been in business for a long time now; no need for more explanation."

In fact, Paul had been in business for a long time. But he had never taken over a project on such short notice and without detailed preparation. He opened the folder. On top was the proposal to prepare a study on the rehabilitation of the railway line from Dar es Salaam to Kigoma on Lake Tanganyika. GRConsult had won the contract. There was no doubt that it had been done professionally. His task was to examine the rehabilitation measures they'd need to take, according to defined criteria, and to prepare the documents for the tender for the construction measures. He skipped the many pages of lengthy

explanations. Then he found the core of the project: 2.8 million US dollar in total. Paul suddenly realized that he could make a lot of money with this project in the years to come. Follow-up assignments were almost certain. He just had to position himself smartly. But there was another reason for his enthusiasm: this was a project that made complete sense to him. He had been a railway man, with heart and soul, since the age of six when his father gave him a Märklin model train set. It always hurt him to see railroads being neglected, like the railway line, today known as the Central Line, which had been built during the German colonial era.

Finally I can do what I'd always wanted to do, Paul thought. He noticed that he was feeling cold. In the luggage compartment above his seat, he found a blanket wrapped in thin plastic foil and spread it over his legs. He lay back in his seat, getting comfortable. Satisfied with himself and his situation, he switched off the reading light above his seat, closed his eyes, and fell asleep.

When the flight attendants were serving breakfast, he was awakened by the rattling of the trolleys in the aisle. The screen showed the flight data: altitude 9,665 meter, ground speed 945 km/h and tailwind 77 km/h. Then the image changed and now the plane appeared on the monitor as a small icon, with its current position along the route over the continent. Meanwhile the time was displayed: it was only five o'clock. Even though he was tired and bleary-eyed, he was hungry. Squeezed into the narrow row of seats, he got a plastic tray carrying a sticky bun, a plastic cup, and in the middle an aluminium bowl in which lay an omelette with a soggy, lukewarm tomato on mashed potatoes. He ate with great appetite, but remembered with regret a time when, as a matter of course during his assignments, he was allowed to fly business class. But GRConsult obviously had to save money. Even for this long-haul flight from Berlin to Dar es Salaam he only got an economy class ticket.

On the horizon, the sun rose over the Indian Ocean and illuminated the cabin ceiling with a pale red. His knees ached. Far down below him, the coast now appeared. Through the oval of his cabin window, he had a spectacular view of the long coastline, with a brilliant mountain of cloud. Above him, the seatbelt lights

came on with a ping. A few minutes later, the aircraft started the descent and approach to landing. Before him lay Dar es Salaam: House of Peace. Beneath him were the sprawling suburbs, a huge area of houses and streets in a rectangular lay-out. On this morning, the Indian Ocean port city with its four million inhabitants lay there completely peacefully. The landing was gentle too: a small jolt, then touchdown. Paul was relieved. But it wasn't until the engines had roared loudly with a strong recoil and the machine had slowed that he felt his inner turmoil slipping away. *That went well again.* The turbines thrust again and the plane jolted towards the arrivals terminal.

With a rumble, the passenger's boarding bridge was docked to the cabin. It was a few minutes before the door was opened. *Tanzania is making progress*, thought Paul. In the past, one still had to walk over the hot asphalt of the airfield and through scorching heat to get to the exit. Inside Julius Nyerere International Airport it was pleasantly cool. Only in the customs clearance outside the air-conditioned area did the hot and humid tropical air engulf him. He quickly took off his sweater. Then along the long and empty corridor to the immigration area. A great rush among those who had arrived: experienced travellers to Tanzania knew that those who were the first to fill out the immigration form and hand it, along with their passport, over to the officers, were the first who could leave the airport. Paul noticed that too late and found himself at the end of the queue. He put the fifty-dollar note for the three-month tourist visa in his passport.

The immigration officer greeted him. "Good morning, Sir. Welcome to Tanzania."

Swiftly his passport was checked and his visa stamped in one of the pages at the back. Paul had expected a lengthy procedure. That's why he said in amazement, "Everything is going very fast today." He had switched to English, automatically and quite effortlessly.

The custom officer laughed. "Yes, that's right, the procedure used to be longer. But we're making progress."

Paul took his suitcase from the conveyor belt, put it on a luggage trolley and rolled it through the customs control, without being stopped. One after another, the passengers hurried to the exit, hauling their mostly heavy suitcases behind them. Only a few

of the arrivals were black; whites outnumbered them. Many of these whites, the *wazungu*, were easily recognisable as tourists because of their clothing with its well-known outdoor and globetrotter labels. Some of the younger tourists wore large backpacks in the currently fashionable colours and with lots of side pockets. Along with friends and relatives waiting behind the barrier were employees of tourism companies and hotels, holding up large name-plates, necks stretched out as they were looking for guests. For a moment Paul wondered if someone from the Ministry of Transport would pick him up. But he had not announced his arrival. He couldn't find his name on the signs. Numerous taxi drivers stormed at the arriving passengers. Those who didn't resist fiercely enough saw their suitcases in the hands of a taxi driver who would drag them to his taxi. Paul knew that some taxi drivers were trying to charge tourists absurdly high rates. A well-built, middle-aged taxi driver approached him.

"Do you need a ride into town? I take the official rate of twenty US dollar."

That made quite an impression on Paul. It still seemed expensive but he quickly agreed. "Okay, then please take me to the Sunrise City Hotel."

The driver took his suitcase from his hands and rolled it out of the airport's great lobby and across the parking lot to an old white Toyota Corolla. When the luggage was stowed in the trunk, Paul sat in the passenger seat. The stuffy, hot air in the car immediately drove the sweat out of his pores. The car had obviously been standing in the morning sun for a long time. The digital clock on the dashboard showed nine o'clock. According to Paul's wristwatch it was only eight. It was an hour later here than in Berlin. Paul adjusted the time on his wristwatch by an hour. The driver started the engine and switched on the air-conditioning. When they had passed the turnpike at the exit, they were casually waved through by a female uniformed officer. She knew the driver.

They turned right towards the city centre, onto the four-lane Pugu Road that led through the urban industrial area. To the left and right were high, red brick walls, with several chimneys and the rusty corrugated iron roofs of ancient factory buildings and warehouses towering over them. With their large glass facades, a

few modern buildings stood out among the old ones. Not much had changed here since Paul had driven on this road about twenty years before. This industrial area had not experienced an economic boom. When they reached the junction with Nelson Mandela Road, the traffic light turned red. There was a traffic jam. But behind the intersection, cars had started moving again, little by little. In both directions the vehicles were tightly packed: trucks, buses, taxis, limousines ... mostly Japanese brands. Many of them had seen better days. But there were also shiny luxury cars, their dark-tinted windows blocking the view into the interior.

"This traffic is really terrible. Is it always liked this?" Paul testily asked.

"That's always the case, around this time. It just gets worse later in the day. What do think it means for my gas mileage? At a walking pace from the airport to the city, always in a traffic jam, and the air conditioning always running."

Only when, coming from Nkrumah Street, they passed Mnazi Moja Park, the cars started moving faster again. To keep the conversation going, Paul asked: "Have you been driving a cab for a long time?"

"For about two years, now. Before that I worked as a driver for a Danish consulting firm. But they closed their offices two years ago. Since then, I have been driving a taxi."

"And how's business?" Paul asked.

"Good on some days, bad on others. It depends a lot on the season. On very bad days, I'll be standing at the airport from morning till the evening and not get even a single passenger.

There was silence until they reached the city centre. It had been a long time, perhaps twenty years, since Paul's last stay in the country. He couldn't remember the exact year, but he recognised the city. The same streets, the same buildings, but many more people and much more chaotic bustle on the streets. Some modern skyscrapers had been built and with their huge marble facades and tinted glass panes, they stood in peculiar contrast to the neighbouring colonial-era buildings with their crumbling paint. Street sweepers – many of them women – in red-orange safety vests used brooms and shovels to clear the street edges and pavements of rubbish and sand. When they had

passed the congestion in the city centre, things moved a little faster. Soon they turned into the hotel's palm-lined driveway.

As if it were his personal estate, the driver proudly announced, "This is the Sunrise City Hotel, one of our best in Dar. You will feel good here."

The driver brought the taxi to a stop directly in front of the entrance. When his suitcase was standing in the foyer, Paul handed the driver the agreed amount, in dollar. He liked the driver and had felt safe and relaxed in his presence. He spoke good English, and he had not tried to charge Paul an excessive fare.

When the driver had already turned to go, Paul called out to him, "Could you please tell me your name, and do you have a business card?"

"My name is John, and, yes, I have a business card."

"John, I have a proposition. I'm going to check in here and rest for a bit, but I have to go to my office this afternoon. My name is Paul Mansfeld. Could you please drive me again?"

John looked at him in astonishment.

"Yes! Definitely. You can call me anytime."

"But I have another problem. I have a German mobile phone. Could you get me a local number and SIM card?"

"No problem. As a provider, I suggest Airtel. But I'll need another twenty dollar for that."

Paul looked a little sceptical. But without hesitation he paid for the ride and handed over another twenty-dollar bill for the card. "Please, pick me up at two."

He emphatically added, "And don't forget the sim card!" Well, he thought, that could also go wrong. Maybe I'll see neither the card nor the money.

The check-in at the Sunrise City Hotel went without a hitch. GRConsult's travel department had already made the reservation from Berlin. The receptionist at the front desk was attractive and not very young anymore. Her smoothed hair was pulled back tightly and she wore a tight black skirt and a white blouse. She swiped his credit card. The bell-boy picked up his suitcase and took him by elevator to his room on the third floor. At the window was a desk overlooking some old houses from the

German colonial era. He wondered if the trees in the gardens had been planted at that time too.

After the heat of the city, he appreciated the cool air in the room. The air-conditioning hummed softly. On the sideboard there was a small flat screen, along with its remote control. He unpacked his suitcase, stacked his five shirts carefully in the closet and with just as much care hung his suit on a hanger. In the closet, he found a small safe with an electronic lock. The instructions were enclosed in a plastic-wrapped user manual, which was easy to understand. Nevertheless, Paul did not succeed in locking the door. Then he saw the reason: the battery compartment was empty. Here it's still Africa, he thought. Exhausted, he lay down on the bed. The long night flight had had an effect on him. After resting on the bed for an hour – he couldn't sleep – he called the GRConsult office. The phone rang twice before Joyce Malima, the office manager, picked up the phone. Paul announced his first visit to the office today at half past two.

At exactly two o'clock Paul came down to the hotel reception and placed his room key on the counter. John was stretched out in one of the oversized chairs in the seating area at the entrance. He hastily put his newspaper aside and got up.

"Hello, Mister Mansfeld. Have you rested? Are you well?"

"Everything's fine."

John held a small cellophane-wrapped envelope out to him.

"Here's your SIM card."

Paul looked somewhat helpless.

John let him hand over his mobile phone and installed the SIM card. Soon after, he declared it a success.

"It's working. Please try calling my number."

It rang. John was visibly proud. Paul put the device in his breast pocket. "Thanks," he said.

When they stepped from the climate-controlled hotel foyer into the open, they were assaulted by a blazing sun and tropical heat. John had parked his taxi directly in front of the hotel.

As he opened the passenger door for Paul, John asked, "Where would you like to go?"

"GermanRailConsult. The office is in Bibi Titi Mohammed Street, at the junction with Maktaba Street."

"I know where that is."

In the car, John switched the air-con to its highest setting. With a flourish he turned from the hotel exit into Garden Avenue, which wasn't frequented much at this time of day. As they were approaching the centre, the traffic increased. At Ohio Street they battled ahead among overloaded minibuses, honking taxis, tall SUVs, the three-wheeled motor rickshaws known as Bajaji and motorcycles, coming from both directions with only a few centimetres distance between them. Shrouded in gasoline and diesel fumes, the mostly young street vendors tried loudly to display their wares. Coming now from this side street onto Ohio Street seemed hopeless to Paul. But with passionate gesticulating and begging with his hands, John managed to seamlessly get his car into the column of traffic. At the intersection John found Random House, where GRConsult's rented office had to be. Daringly veering and making a turn off Bibi Titi Mohammed Road against the oncoming traffic, John brought his taxi to a halt at the entrance to the building. All of the parking spaces were occupied. John waited at the car.

Paul couldn't find GRConsult on the list of company signs at the entrance. The lift signalled its arrival on the ground floor with a short ringing tone. The doors opened with a rattle and the passengers got out. Paul hesitated for a moment. Should he really subject himself to this unsteady thing? He decided to be brave, got in and pushed the button with the number 2 on it. The sliding door slowly closed. The old lift hesitated for a moment; then, with a jolt, it started moving. On the second floor, at the dark end of the passage, Paul found a glass door with GRConsult's logo on it. He entered. A narrow, long reception room with a small seating corner, further back a humble table against the wall, on it an electric kettle with packets of coffee and tea. Across from it stood a bookshelf overloaded with files, as well as a copier and a desk. A woman in her thirties, wearing an elegant business suit, quickly got up and approached him.

"Good day, Mister Mansfeld?"

“Good day. And you must be Joyce Malima. I called earlier. How are you, Ms Malima?”

“Ah, good to see you; I’ve been expecting you. Did you have a good trip? Are you accommodated well at the hotel?”

“Everything’s fine. I’m glad to see you. I’ve already heard that in the past weeks you’ve managed our office excellently by yourself.”

“Yes, there wasn’t that much to do. Should I make you some tea? Then I’ll show you the office.”

The fact was that Joyce had been quite bored in the previous few weeks. Some conversations with the GRConsult head office in Berlin, monthly statements, many private calls – mostly with her husband. Joyce proudly showed him the best-kept office. From the connecting room where she sat, a glass door led to a larger room. The office didn’t have an Intercom – it was superfluous, since one could talk through the connecting door without any trouble. The walls were unadorned except for a calendar poster from the year 2012. Here stood a wide desk with a state-of-the-art computer, a printer and a high-backed office chair. The wide window offered a view of the four-lane Maktaba Road, from where the noise of the traffic reached up to here. This had been the workspace of his predecessor Lothar Woerz. Now it was his. Paul placed his briefcase on the shelf. Joyce brought a tray with two cups and a large thermos flask filled with hot water. The next hour was spent getting to know each other a bit and discussing the tasks at hand. Paul then had John take him back to the hotel.

After dinner in the Sunrise City Hotel’s restaurant, Paul went to sit on the night terrace. As far as they could reach, the spotlights lit the rich colour of a neatly cut lawn of as even and immaculate a green as that of a manor in the rainy central part of England. In front of him lay the hotel garden with its exotic shrubs and trees that directly bordered the neighbouring Botanical Gardens. Paul ordered a Kilimanjaro beer, a brand of Tanzania Breweries. The waiter wore an elegant uniform consisting of black trousers with straight creases, a dark shirt with the colourful logo of the Sunrise City Hotel and a subtle neckerchief. Within minutes he served the beer on a tray with a glass. The bottle’s surface was covered in a film of moisture.

Little by little, drops formed and first flowed together in rivulets, then gathered in a puddle on the shiny tabletop. Even though he took care while pouring the beer into the glass, it foamed and threatened to overflow. Paul took a sip of what was more foam than beer. The beer was light and ice cold. He liked it like that.

From the next table two pretty, young, fashionably dressed women with their hair smoothed and shaped into ringlets gave him a friendly greeting. He felt flattered. He returned their greeting with a nod. "Do you know me?" he asked irritably. But that could hardly be, since he had just arrived. No, they were prostitutes looking for clients. And he had obviously been targeted. When he sat at the bar and ordered another beer after the meal, one of the women turned to him.

"How are you?"

"Fine, thank you."

Paul kept his distance. After some brief, polite small talk, the conversation died.

The next morning, Paul entered the breakfast room on the ground floor shortly after seven. A buffet with countless offerings awaited him: tea, coffee, orange juice, tropical fruit, muesli, fragrant buns, baked beans, bacon, pink-red sausages, eggs prepared in different ways, and much more. The fact that one was in Africa was visible only in the abundance of fresh tropical fruit like mangoes, papayas, pineapples and guavas. Only a few tables were occupied. After breakfast he paged through the Daily News. Floods, drought, mismanagement and overly ambitious and completely unrealistic development projects by the government. On the front page there was an announcement for an anti-corruption conference that would take place the next week in the city's most expensive hotel, the Palm Tree.

Suddenly he remembered Katrin. He had forgotten to call her immediately after his arrival. It took a while before she answered as usual with a short "Hello".

"Hello, Katrin. Good morning. I've arrived safely. How are you?"

“Nice of you to get in touch. I thought you were lost along the way.”

“No, everything’s fine.”

“Why haven’t you called earlier?”

“Well, you know,” he stuttered. “With the mobile phone it takes a while. But now I have a local number where you can always reach me.”

“Isn’t there a telephone in the hotel then that you could have used to call me?”

Paul felt the anger rising in him. He had actually wanted to be nice to her after the failed last evening in Berlin. But she really made it difficult. He didn’t take the bait.

“And are you well otherwise? How’s work?”

“Terrible, as you know. My new boss is still in his acute profiling phase. He has no clue but consults me in everything.”

After talking about some trivialities, the conversation came to an end. Both parties seemed to be happy about it.

When Paul entered the hotel foyer shortly after eight, John was waiting, ready to take him to the office.

In the days that followed, Paul started to develop something of a work programme with Joyce. Soon he had installed himself in the office, set up the computer and looked over the work of his predecessor, Lothar Woerz. When he was done and had the idea of getting an overview of the project’s current status, he asked Joyce to arrange a meeting with Joseph Kiloko. As director in the Ministry of Transport, Kiloko was the contact and cooperation partner for the study. After some to and fro with Kiloko’s secretary, Joyce reported success. The meeting was set for the following Wednesday at ten.

At the hotel, Paul dressed for the occasion in the dark grey suit he had brought with for such cases and put on the better one of his two ties. Finely attired like this, he first went to the office, where Joyce complimented him on his look. The Ministry was down at the harbour only a few hundred meters from the office. Because of the congestion in the city centre, John had insisted on departing half an hour before. On his way to the exit, Paul went

into the bathroom and brushed his hair. Then he shot another glance at the mirror. Splendid: this was what a professional expert with international experience looked like. In stop-and-go fashion they pushed ahead in the direction of the harbour, in an endless column of traffic. Time was getting tight and Paul nervous. It was already ten o'clock when they drove into the parking lot at the Ministry. Since there was no roof over the courtyard, John had to park the car in the bright sun. John dealt with the security check: the name of the person being visited, the name of the visitor and the car registration had to be written in the visitor's book.

Paul was received by a secretary. Joseph Kiloko made an appearance more than twenty minutes late. Tall, slim and dressed in an elegant dark suit, he wordily begged his pardon while he led Paul into his modern office and invited him to take a seat at the meeting table. Paul quickly got onto the subject of the project, gave his impression thus far and enthusiastically presented his suggestions for the next steps in the study. In his reply, Kiloko used many words to emphasise the importance of the project but did not in any way respond to the suggestions made. Paul was disappointed. He had expected more engagement and especially more concrete support. Kiloko seemed to notice this disappointment. Maybe that was why he suggested that they meet for dinner in the following days.

"I'll show you Dar es Salaam by night. We have good restaurants here. Do you like beer? We have good beer here. Kilimanjaro, Castle, Safari, Tusker, Serengeti, Ndovu and German imported beer too. You'll be amazed."

Paul laughed. "Yes, as a matter of fact I like all beer, no matter what label. But yesterday I drank Kilimanjaro. Very good."

Kiloko frowned and thought hard.

"Let's go out of the city. Do you know the Slipway on the Mwasani Peninsula? There we can further discuss everything. Let's meet there at the Waterfront Restaurant. The day after tomorrow is Friday. A good day to start the weekend. Shall we say six o'clock? Your driver will know the restaurant."

"That's an excellent idea," Paul agreed, very happy with this suggestion.

The next work day was quiet. Paul made important telephone calls that Joyce put through for him in her polite and winning

manner. Later in the afternoon he asked Joyce to tell John about the appointment with Kiloko in Slipway. Before the meeting he still wanted to look for some reading matter for the long evenings. The bookstore was very close to the restaurant.

John was on time for the job. Unfortunately, at this time there was heavy end-of-work traffic. The cars were piling up from the city centre and over Ali Hassan Mwinyi Road for as far as he could see. Many high, massive four-wheel-drive vehicles, mostly of Japanese or Korean make. Paul was a friend of the railway and an enemy of cars. Annoyed, he turned to John: "It seems to me that the cars here are bigger than in Germany."

John laughed. "That I don't know. But they are definitely too big. My little Corolla is perfectly fine for the city traffic. But out there in the country, the streets are often very bad. There you need a four-wheel-drive."

"But," John continued, adding a gesture of helplessness, "the government officials like these cars. Especially Toyota Land Cruisers. It's a matter of power and prestige."

Just then, one of these government vehicles pushed past them in the right lane. An elegantly dressed man in suit and tie sat in the passenger seat. For a moment their eyes met.

"In one of these big vehicles you can look down on others," John said.

"In the past, only the experts from abroad had cars like these. Times have changed."

Paul looked at him.

"But with your old jalopy we get everywhere."

Paul didn't like cars at all. In Berlin already he got angry about the growing number of SUVs in the urban traffic, which now also increasingly shaped the Dar es Salaam cityscape.

After a pause he turned to John.

"How satisfied are you with your car?"

"As you can see, it still runs. But all these repairs are expensive. That's why I'd like to sell it and get me a new one. A second-hand one, of course."

"Have you saved money for it?"

With a gesture of despair, John lifted both hands off the steering wheel.

“No, something always comes up. Sometimes the car breaks down, then someone in the family is ill, then one of my three daughters needs something for school or their studies again. Then nothing’s left.”

A few kilometres out of town, John turned right at an intersection with a traffic light, towards the Msasani Peninsula. Msasani was the peninsula for Dar es Salaam’s wealthy. Here lived mainly diplomats, managers of foreign companies, international development experts and the Tanzanian upper class. After about two kilometres of businesses and some bars, John turned left onto a bumpy dirt track. The car driving in front of them kicked up a brown-yellow dust cloud that blocked their view of the street in the backlight of the evening sun. John increased their following distance. A few hundred metres further they reached the parking lot of the Slipway Shopping Centre. The complex was a modern shopping centre with a small arcade and some restaurants located along a bay. It was just before five o’clock. The residual heat of the day streamed from the asphalt. Paul asked John to wait for him with the car.

Wandering through the complex, he saw several European families strolling here with their children. In front of the businesses, fashionably dressed, light- and dark-skinned youths congregated in groups. Traditional art pieces were on offer in some of the window displays. One shop was exhibiting pictures with African motives in the entrance. In the bookstore, he asked the young assistant for novels by Tanzanian authors.

“No, we don’t have anything like that,” came the answer. When Paul asked her to look again, she called the manager, who was British, as one could tell from her accent.

“Yes, there are only a few Tanzanian authors; after all, the Tanzanian book market is very small, especially for fiction. The country doesn’t have a reading culture, you know. And only a few can afford books. The people have other things to worry about.”

To have something to read for the long evenings, he got an American thriller. When he left the shop, there was still more than half an hour left before his appointment. To kill time, he continued wandering through the complex. At a supermarket’s entrance a signboard announced the business hours: 9:30 to 21:00, 7 days a week. Inside it was clean and brightly lit. On the

shelves at the entrance there were corn flakes, flour and rice in several varieties, legumes, jams, biscuits and chocolates. In the next aisle he found a wide variety of pet food, cosmetics, detergents and cleaning products. Meat and sausage products were for sale at a counter. Basically there were almost all the wares that one could also find in a German supermarket. The choice was just clearly smaller. He could not find products of Tanzanian make. The household appliances were all from China. The prices for these items were also similar to those in Germany. Only the foreign diplomats and experts, as well as the wealthy Tanzanians who lived here on the Msasani Peninsula, could afford these products.

When Paul went the few metres across the little promenade from the supermarket to the restaurant, the sun was already a red ball deep over the bay. After the day's heat it was pleasantly cool; a gentle breeze was blowing from the water. The clientele was mixed but in terms of numbers, Europeans dominated without a doubt. Boats and small yachts gently bobbed up and down on the water. The setting sun was being reflected so strongly on the water of the bay that it was blinding. On the other side of the bay he saw, in the light of the setting sun on a chain of hills, the University of Dar es Salaam. To the left on the horizon one could see two single skyscrapers. The skyscrapers of the city centre had to be even further to the left. To the right was the cement plant which provided a large part of the cement needed for the country's building activities.

It was six o'clock and there was still no sign of Kiloko. When, fifteen minutes later, he stood in front of Paul, Paul didn't recognise him at first. Kiloko was wearing jeans with a garishly coloured batik shirt and light brown leather shoes. He greeted Paul exuberantly with a long, hearty handshake. Then he said:

"You can send away your driver. Afterwards, I will personally take you back to your hotel in my car."

Paul wanted to decline but Kiloko insisted. Paul let John know by mobile phone that he could go home. Kiloko ordered a red snapper from the grill, with chips. For the sake of simplicity, Paul ordered the same. When the waiter served the Kilimanjaro draught beer, the setting sun brightly lit the bubbles rising in the glass. Kiloko was so different here than in the office. Open and

relaxed. He enthusiastically talked about his experiences during his last business trip, during which he visited Berlin, among other European cities. The sun slowly changed, became flatter and wider before disappearing behind the horizon. Meanwhile, every space in the room was occupied. There was a happy end-of-work atmosphere among the customers. Hungry cats wandered among the tables in the hope that a compassionate soul would drop a piece of chicken, fish or meat. After Kiloko and Paul had eaten and had new beers in front of them, Kiloko said, "I know that you Germans are very polite and often formal. But Mister Paul, we will now be working together for quite some time. What do you think? Wouldn't it be better if you called me Joseph?"

The suggestion came as a surprise but without hesitation, Paul said, "Agreed. That's a good idea. I'm Paul."

They sealed the deal with a strong handshake.

After another round of beer, Kiloko raised a concern, so awkwardly and hesitantly that Paul thought he had to encourage him.

"What is it about, Joseph? So far I have not understood it correctly."

"You know, because there were certain difficulties at the start of the project, not everything was completed by your predecessor."

"Yes, what is it, then? Joseph, tell me. Then we get it done as soon as possible."

"It's about an invoice for a feasibility study, that hasn't been paid yet. It concerns a company called Star Studies."

Paul noticed that the man sitting across from him was searching for the right words. Paul met him halfway.

"Invoices should be paid as fast as possible. That's my motto. It saves work and trouble."

Kiloko seemed relieved.

"Then I'll ask the managing director to make an appointment with you."

Paul said, "I think we should have another beer."

"But of course," Kiloko said. "You should learn Swahili as soon as possible. A very important phrase is: '*Naomba bia baridi*.' It means, 'I would like a cold beer.'"

"I'll remember that," Paul said.

Because of the number of beers they had drunk, Paul struggled a little with the pronunciation. Several times he slipped from English to German.

“Yes, Joseph. So it is. Then it will be paid. Of course. With Joyce. He should make an appointment with Joyce. What’s his name?”

“He comes from my town near Mwanza. His name is Kiloko too. Stanley Kiloko. I’d be happy if that could come off.”

The good mood was improved by another round of beer. When, at eleven o’clock, the surrounding tables gradually emptied, Paul asked for the bill and paid. They left the restaurant on somewhat shaky legs. The steps to the parking lot they scaled slowly but without any problems. Directly in front of the Slipway’s exit, Kiloko’s driver was already waiting. He eagerly opened the doors of the brand-new white Toyota Land Cruiser for them. In the car, music was playing softly and the air-con was flowing pleasantly coolly. Paul felt light and exhilarated. And he was very happy with the way the evening had gone. A friendly relationship with the client’s most important man would be of enormous help to the project. Kiloko told his driver to take Paul to the entrance of the Sunrise City. Meanwhile, Kiloko and Paul had become pretty silent due to the late hour and the beer. At the Sunrise City, Paul said goodbye and climbed from the back seat. The receptionist handed him his key, not only politely as befitted a good hotel employee, but also like he was a family member coming home. Paul felt at home, not only in this hotel, but in this country of Tanzania too. Yes, life can be so good, he thought as the lift took him upstairs.

As railway expert, Paul knew all of the world’s important railway lines. That’s why he also knew the Central Line, although not in detail. To his surprise, he found a whole range of books and documents on the shelf in the office, not only about the Central Line or the *Mittellandbahn*, as it was called back in the day, but also about all of the German colonial history in East Africa. Upon looking through the books and files on the shelves, it became clear to him that his predecessor had put together these

materials with great care and expert knowledge. He found a supplementary collection of materials in a systematically organised file directory in the office computer. Why had Woerz gone to so much trouble? As far as the documents about the Central Line and its current state were concerned, the extent was amazing, but at least there was a clear connection to the project. However, the abundance of historical documents that Lothar Woerz had left behind upon his hasty departure was strange. Apparently he was an amateur historian. Paul began rummaging through these documents. Already at the beginning of their reign in East Africa, the German colonial officers in Berlin recognised that this huge region could only be opened up through railways. In 1895 the Railway Company for German East Africa did a study to work towards the construction of a central railway in German East Africa. It already contained the plans for the route. However, the Reichstag only authorised the construction of the 209 km stretch from Dar es Salaam to Morogoro in 1904. In 1905 the Colonial Railway Construction and Operating Company was founded. It had been a time of colonial beginnings. "More steam! Build tracks! For years the wake-up call resounded in vain! But now things have changed. Now, in all our colonies, the axe clangs, the explosives thunder to clear the path for the substructure that will carry the railway."

The gauge was set at exactly one meter. In contrast, when the Chinese constructed the TAZARA from Dar es Salaam to Zambia in the Seventies, they used the Southern African gauge of 1.067 meter. This so-called Cape gauge was based on the measure of 42 English inches. The Cape gauge was not even seven centimetres wider than the meter gauge but it meant that Tanzania now has two gauges: the meter gauge and the Cape gauge. Trains could not switch from one system to the other. The rehabilitation project would not change that. The Central Line would remain at the meter gauge. For Paul, these different gauges were a personal headache. In the nineteenth century already, the English railway pioneer Robert Stephenson had set the standard used in many parts of the world today: four feet and eight and a half inches. That is the 1,435 mm of the standard gauge on which trains in most European countries, the United States, Canada and China run today.

Paul continued reading. In 1905, the Philipp Holzmann Company was tasked with building the railway and the port facility that had to go with it. Morogoro was reached after two and a half years of construction and opened in October 1907. The course of the route then followed the old caravan route to the city of Tabora in the west.

The book, from 1916, about the colonial railways of the German Reich lying in front of him on the table described the construction techniques used. Modern techniques had not been applicable to local conditions. For example, steel joints were not welded but riveted. Since there were no pneumatic drills and hammers, blasting holes had to be made by hand with chisels. Where blasting was too dangerous, entire sections of rock were removed by hammer and chisel. There were no excavators and the only construction vehicle was the field railway. Because the African labourers could not get used to the wheelbarrows, all earth moving was done with baskets carried on the shoulders or head. It was difficult to get the necessary workers for railway construction. The reason was that both the colonial administration and the German farmers had a high demand for labour. During the construction, around fifty thousand people were constantly employed and their care, especially in remote areas, caused considerable logistical difficulties. Since there weren't enough skilled workers from Germany for the more demanding tasks, Africans had to be trained. So, after a while there were local measuring assistants, telephone operators, route messengers, locomotive stokers and brakemen.

The construction of the first stretch from Dar es Salaam to Morogoro was completed after two years and ten months. That was an annual construction output of 72 km. The construction of the railway from Morogoro to Kigoma on Lake Tanganyika took six years. So, for this stretch of 1,041 km, 173 km was built per year. Things went much faster. In February 1914 the railway reached Lake Tanganyika. The Tanganyika Railway or Central Line was the longest railway in the German colonies. The trip from the Indian Ocean to the shores of Lake Tanganyika took almost 58 hours.

Unfortunately, in 1914 the world war started that would end in surrender by the German Reich in 1918. The loss of German

East Africa also meant the loss of the investment in the Central Line. After Germany had to give up all its colonies under the Treaty of Versailles, German East Africa was placed under the administration of the League of Nations and in early 1920, the mandate for Tanganyika was assigned to Great Britain. However, the main focus of Britain's colonial power lay in the neighbouring colony of Kenya, where the British saw the future of their empire in this part of the world. Nairobi was developed as an East African metropolis and it was in Kenya where roads, hospitals and education were invested in. In contrast, Tanganyika got left behind by the British.

Paul paged further through Lothar Woerz's elaborations. According to the current timetable, the travel time along the Central Line as now 38 hours and 25 minutes. This was never the reality, however. Even if the locomotives could travel faster, due to the poor condition of the tracks the driving speed was limited in many places. Today the Tanzania Railway Company (TRC) offered three passenger trains a week in either direction. There were three classes, the top class even with sleeper comfort. A study of East African transport in 2010 described the condition of the single-track Central Line as pitiful.

Outrage and anger rose within Paul. What potential was squandered here! How could one let such an important mode of transport degenerate like this! In his eyes it was a scandal that more and more goods were being shipped by truck along the roads. And yet one couldn't blame any business or trader if they switched to trucks. Because Tanzania Railways could not specify when a shipment would arrive, or whether it would arrive at all. It was no wonder then that the private shipments by truck were always getting a bigger slice of the pie.

In his explanation, Woerz had voiced the suspicion that herein lay the roleplayers' main resistance against the rehabilitation of the Central Line. Many of the leaders at TanRoads and in the Ministry of Transport had their own companies or holdings in the transport industry. The numerous trucks, tankers and buses were to a considerable extent in the hands of high-ranking civil servants. However, Woerz himself said that he could not prove this allegation because there was no information on ownership in this sector.

Paul had to laugh aloud at this statement. Joyce answered from the next room.

“Is there something funny?”

“Indeed. Sometimes there are comical things in the files too.”

For Paul it was only normal that projects always had winners and losers. But here Woerz had strayed into a conspiracy theory. Yes, it was pure conspiracy theory. In contrast, his own theory was simple and valid: the railway did not run because, like so many other things in the country, it did not work. Inefficiency, a shortage of funds, disinterest, technical difficulties, floods – a complicated conglomerate of causes. Yes, if Woerz had strayed into such obscure theories, it was no wonder that he had thrown away the job.

Paul sorted the files and put them back in order. His anger was directed toward all the disinterest and inefficiency, against all the Tanzanian officials, against all the businesses at the TRC who were apparently indifferent about the railway. His anger was also directed at the international organisations that financed all projects, conferences, studies and initiatives imaginable but seemed not to have resources for this fundamentally important transport route. That had to change. Being seated for so long without moving had tired him. He went to the window and saw the clouds in the west glowing in the light of the setting sun. When a little later it became dusky in the room, Joyce switched on the ceiling light. After a last telephone conversation she took her leave at the end of the work day, but not without cautioning Paul to lock up with care. Paul studied the files some more. This evening he became aware of the full meaning of his task. The Central Line was of the utmost importance to the country. He was convinced of that. His mission was the creation of a study. But after these preliminary investigations, he already thought he knew what the result would be. The Central Line had to be restored and made functional. It dawned on him that this would be his true task. It was late in the evening when he let John take him back to the hotel.

23 September 2013 – 21 October 2013. An unpaid invoice

For now Paul had to deal with the matter of the supposedly unpaid invoice. A matter which, on this afternoon, was literally giving him a stomach-ache. It was still tolerable, though. The appointment with Stanley Kiloko was made for today at eleven o'clock. But at eleven there was no sign of Stanley. Paul waited. On his monitor the screensaver was slowly spinning its geometric patterns. At half past eleven the office telephone rang. Joyce in the next room took the call.

"That was Stanley Kiloko. He'll be late."

Paul was annoyed. It was shortly before twelve when Stanley finally walked through the door. Stanley turned out to be a young man in a brightly coloured, elegant suit and colourful, patterned tie, a black briefcase in his hand. Around his wrist flashed a shiny golden watch.

"Mister Mansfeld, I am sorry I'm late. There was a long line of traffic from Regent Estate to the city centre."

"Joyce, please bring us some coffee or tea. Stanley, what would you like?"

"I'd love some tea, thanks. With the *dalla-dalla* things don't go so fast; that's why it took so long."

Paul knew *dalla-dallas*, the rickety Japanese-made minibuses for the city's poorer inhabitants. He hadn't yet travelled in one himself. Stanley said that he had studied at the University of Dar es Salaam and spoke of his half a year of studying in England. He also knew Berlin, where he had spent a few days. Then he came

to the point. He laid a folded sheet of paper on the desk and pushed it towards Paul. It was an invoice with the logo of a company called Star Studies in the top right-hand corner. Named as company director was Stanley Kiloko. The subject line read in bold lettering, "Preliminary Feasibility Study on Rehabilitation of Central Line, Tanzania". Underneath that it said, "Reference: Agreement between Star Studies and GRConsult, on February, 17, 2013." It listed about a dozen items, coming to a grand total of 50,178 US dollar.

Paul took his time to carefully study the document. The invoice wasn't very unusual, neither in its nature nor in terms of the amount. What certainly was remarkable was that Stanley Kiloko had the same surname as his cooperation partner in the Ministry of Transport. It was obvious: this was a fake invoice, solely created to solicit a bribe.

Paul scratched his chin and then glanced helplessly at the paper. "Actually this is the first time I've seen this invoice. Apparently it goes back to an agreement before my time at GRConsult. Exactly what kind of work was carried out by your firm?"

"The work was carried out in the time before your arrival. I was told that a cash payment was agreed upon."

"I don't know anything about this assignment. I haven't seen any invoice of this kind among my documents."

Paul carefully folded the invoice, gave it another long look and then said apologetically:

"I suspect you would like this money to be paid soon. However, unfortunately it doesn't happen so quickly. Please give me time. I must first discuss it with my head office."

Stanley Kiloko hesitantly agreed and excused himself.

Paul went to stand at the window and looked into the distance. His stomach-ache had become worse.

"Joyce, please make me a cup of tea. And tell me: do you know anything about an unpaid invoice with Kiloko's company?"

"I didn't even know that Kiloko had a company. No, that's news to me."

Paul now guessed who was behind this case of corruption and what role he had been allotted. To him the matter was unpleasant and he decided to ignore it at first. He shoved the invoice into a

neutral folder and placed it in the bottom drawer of his desk. He didn't yet know how to react. But maybe it would resolve itself. That's what he hoped.

At the office everything had come to a standstill. Half an hour before, the power went out and the emergency generator had not kicked in yet. The air hung in the room, hot and thick. The sweat dripped from every pore in Paul's body and collected in little pools on his chest and back underneath his shirt. He turned his office chair to the window and looked at the hustle and bustle down in the street. Outside the sun was shining brightly. Through the closed window the street noise penetrated all the way here to the second floor. It would make no sense to open the window, because outside, it was the hottest time of the day. He felt hot and unwell. Was it because of the heat in the room or was it because of his indecision about what to do? Should he really contact Berlin? Did they assume at GRConsult's head office that he had arranged the business with Kiloko on his own? Would Ernst Ziegler blame him for his lack of determination if he asked for advice and backing in this case? Paul was torn. Nervously he walked up and down the room. He couldn't even think of working.

Through the open door he could see Joyce Malima at her desk where, not bothered by the heat, she was arranging the files and writing new labels for them. He had given her this task last week. On her forehead there were droplets of sweat which she periodically wiped away. He was glad to have Joyce in the office. She was of great help to him. She knew the important people and knew how one had to deal with them. With the extensive list on her mobile phone she had fast access to many people at the highest ministerial and authority levels. Her success was based on a combination of politeness and a high degree of energy and determination. She was always very friendly but also very firm. In general, Joyce was very involved in her work. Even small tasks like filing, labelling folders and sorting she did quickly and with precision. Where did her energy and motivation come from? Was it because here at GRConsult she was earning more than many a

high-ranking official? Money was an incentive for her, for sure. She and her husband, who worked as a computer expert at a large mobile communications firm, belonged to Tanzanian society's prospering middle class.

Paul got up and went to the window. From here he looked at the round black plastic water tanks that were lined up in great numbers on the rooftops of the surrounding houses. For years, in fact for decades, the city would often run out of water: one of the inconveniences that the people had become accustomed to. Whenever the city's water supply was interrupted, these containers ensured that water still flowed through the pipes in the buildings. Above the roofs towered a huge, snow-white cloudscape. Rainy season would start soon. Below him on Maktaba Street it was the usual picture. The vehicles stood bumper to bumper. He turned away from the window.

"Joyce, do you know when the power will come back on? This heat is unbearable."

"It's impossible to say. The power outage can last for hours still. But they've told me that they're working on repairing the emergency generator in the house. It will start soon."

At that moment the ceiling light went on. The air-con also started with a tinny rattle and then went over into a deep rumbling. On the computer monitor the red signal light started to blink.

Joyce let out a happy cry.

"Look, we have power again and we're back online."

"Good. Let's hope that it lasts longer this time. Joyce, I've decided ..." He paused. "I must phone Berlin. Can you get me on the line? I'd like to speak to Ernst Ziegler."

Barely two minutes later Ziegler was on the phone. Paul hesitantly began.

"Good day, Doctor Ziegler. Paul Mansfeld from the Dar es Salaam office speaking. I'm sorry to bother you. But there's a matter here that I must discuss with you."

"What is it, then?" Ziegler sounded irritated. "I thought everything was going smoothly there. Shoot, then."

Paul briefly told Ziegler about his encounter with Kiloko and his demand for a "commission fee".

Ziegler didn't sound very surprised.

“Yes, you know, Joseph Kiloko has done a lot for the establishment of our cooperation. This kind of business is common, not only in Africa. I just don’t understand what it’s all about. This matter was still dealt with by Woerz.”

“Apparently not. It’s about a bribe. For 50,000 dollar, that is. And I should pay that. Am I understanding you correctly?” Paul asked. His voice had grown louder; he barely managed to hide his growing displeasure.

“I don’t know the context either. I have nothing to do with these things at project level. Apparently Kiloko had ensured that GRConsult was awarded the contract. But dear Mister Mansfeld, whether you like it or not, this is how business is done.”

“I don’t want anything to do with bribery.”

“Now don’t exaggerate. It’s about a placement commission. Anyway, what do you suggest?”

Ziegler’s voice took on a sharp tone.

“Should we stop the project? Do you want to go home?”

Paul did not interpret it as a threat but felt intimidated anyway. He said, “Of course not.”

“Mister Mansfeld, you were not unaware that the prosecutor had ruled against GRConsult?”

“Yes, I’ve read about that.”

Ziegler paused and then continued in a muted tone.

“Then hopefully you also understand, Mister Mansfeld, that my hands are tied. We need to do something about this matter. Otherwise Kiloko will cause trouble.”

The receiver was silent for a few seconds. Then Ziegler spoke again.

“Get an advance from our accounting department. Woerz did not pay Kiloko the 50,000 dollar. Kiloko must get that money.”

Ziegler sounded agitated. Paul hesitated, then said, “Are you serious? I should withdraw 50,000 dollar in cash from Barclays Bank and press it into his hand?”

“I don’t care how you do it. Write it off as a suitable cost item, for example under ‘local staff’. And get corresponding receipts. All of this must be recorded properly. Or transfer the amount to an innocuous account. Arrange it with Kiloko.”

After a short pause, Ziegler added emphatically, “Listen: the process must be carried out properly. How does it work? Think

about it. You are in charge of the project.”

With that the conversation ended. Paul was not happy with this arrangement. The invoice was fake, but he should not worry about that. Simply pay, and the matter would be over for him. And somehow he even felt flattered. They trusted him in Berlin. But he didn't know yet if he wanted to get involved in this. And he knew just as little how to stay out of it.

The air-conditioning system's four cooling units on either side of the conference room were working at full speed. One could tell the level of the hierarchy by the degree of cooling of the room. Paul shivered and was glad about his jacket. The long and narrow meeting room at the Ministry of Transport was crowded with the ten to twenty people present. A reverent silence reigned, like that before the appearance of the priest before Mass. Hashim Juma, the Permanent Secretary who in the Ministry was respectfully known as the PS, arrived about 15 minutes late, accompanied by some of his staff. A soft whisper went around the room, then silence fell. Juma, a dignified old gentleman in a grey three-piece suit and sober tie, a considerable waist and a halo of grey hair around an otherwise bald skull, murmured an apology: "... sudden urgent matters with the Minister." He felt his way along the narrow row of attendees, greeting one and the other with a handshake. Carefully, he sat down in the chair reserved for him at the head of the horseshoe-shaped arrangement of tables. An official indicated to Paul that he should sit down next to the PS. Then he bent down towards the PS' ear and whispered something to him. Juma did not look away from the paper lying in front of him but barely shook his head and briefly closed his eyes. "No press."

The official whispered to the camera team to quickly leave the room. Without protest, they dismantled their camera with the microphones and tried to leave the room quietly. What respect and what awe were given to this Juma! Paul, too, felt the benevolent care and intimidating power radiating from this man. Paul remembered what a co-worker had told him about her audience with the Pope in Rome. Although she had been neither

Catholic nor religious, the Pope's aura could not escape her. To stand a few metres in front of him had been a deeply moving experience for her.

Despite the coolness in the room, Paul noticed that his armpits were sweating. This morning he had chosen with great care a brand-new, light blue shirt and plain, steel-blue tie. Hopefully nobody would see the dark stains of armpit sweat underneath the jacket. Test situation. It depended on the State Secretary whether his project design, which he had to present, would be accepted or not. If yes, an important milestone would be reached. If not, he could go back home.

Juma cleared his throat and a deathly silence fell. Then he began to speak softly.

"Welcome, ladies and gentlemen. It makes me happy to see all of the important people in our Ministry gathered here. Today is about a project of enormous significance not only for our Ministry but for the development of our entire country. Also, most of you will know that due to unfortunate circumstances, there have been delays. Today I am all the more happy ..."

Juma hesitated and cast a searching glance at the paper in front of him. His assistant whispered something to him. Then he looked around again and started anew.

"I am happy to be able to introduce to you today Mister Paul Mansfeld. He is an employee of GermanRailConsult and I am told that he has already successfully launched other projects of this kind. Mister Mansfeld is from Germany and as we all know, it was the Germans who had begun the Central Line. It was completed and put into operation exactly a hundred years ago. So, welcome, Mister Mansfeld. We are looking forward to hearing your ideas about how things stand with our Central Line. Mister Mansfeld. The floor is yours."

Paul thanked him for his words of introduction and, with a keystroke on his laptop, started his projector presentation. The title of his talk appeared on the screen: "Rehabilitation of the Central Line. Costs, benefits and enormous potential for the country." Yes, he was convinced of that: the Central Line offered enormous potential to the country and he wanted to prove this theory with his study. But first he had to convince the public and in particular the PS of the necessity of conducting the study.

Over the next thirty minutes, Paul explained his project design with the help of two dozen slides. Then there was a tentative applause and Hashim Juma took over the presentation.

“Mister Mansfeld, I thank you for your exciting explanation, which you presented with such dedication. I’d now like to afford those present the opportunity to ask their questions. And of course you are invited to submit your assessments of the statements made here. I very much wish for it.”

There were questions about some details, which Paul answered expertly and comprehensively. With great relief he noticed that no fundamental criticism of his design was expressed. With that the meeting was brought to an end. Juma rose, personally thanked Paul once again and took his leave with a strong handshake. *Was that a good sign?* Paul wondered. When Juma had left the room and informal chatter arose among those present, Kiloko came up to him with a beaming smile.

“Congratulations, that was a good presentation. I think he will accept it like that. In a few days you will be notified officially.”

Outside in the blazing sun, John was waiting with the taxi.

“So, how was it?” he asked. By now, a friendly but respectful sort of relationship had developed between John and him.

“Looks like it went well. It seems like the project will go ahead as planned.”

“That I sincerely hope,” John replied with relief. “I don’t feel like having to go back to waiting for customers at the airport with the taxi.”

Tanzania was a poor country but rich in conferences, high level round tables, forums, symposia and seminars. These events were constantly announced on billboards and banners along the streets. For weeks the announcement hung conspicuously over Ali Hassan Mwinyi Road: “Conference on the Role of Infrastructure in achieving the Millennium Development Goals in Tanzania”. There was the Royal Palm Hotel, where today the five-day conference to which the Ministry for Economic Development had sent invitations began. Due to his previous expertise in Tanzania, Klaus Kronberg was on the guest list. For

him, participation in this event was on the one hand a habit he'd come to love; on the other hand it was also his professional duty and allowed him to refresh personal contacts and look for possible projects for GRConsult. For Director Joseph Kiloko, however, participation was his duty, if only because his minister, Lazaro Simba, acted as keynote speaker for the Ministry of Transport.

Kronberg had already heard many presentations at these conferences. To be honest, he'd had his fill of them, yet he bore them with stoic patience: the fantastic predictions, the self-satisfaction on display, the mutual stroking of egos and the – to him – embarrassing flattery of the speakers. Once he fell asleep for a few minutes but woke up when a plan for the construction of a road from Arusha to Mwanza was introduced. Immediately he realised that the Road Group in the Ministry had become active again. Always the old conflict again: road or rail. As railway consultant he had a sensitive ear for these things. But this road project being presented, for a road that would go right through the Serengeti, seemed to him too vague and too immature. The opposition to such a road, especially from abroad, would surely be enormous. Kronberg remembered the title of Bernhard Grzimek's documentary film from the fifties: "Serengeti shall not die". This sentence had imprinted itself in the minds of many people. No, that was a crazy idea from TanRoads, an authority under the Ministry of Transport which had already survived many corruption cases and scandals. Kronberg saw no reason to worry.

The host, Minister of Economic Development Florian Mzumbe, gave the closing speech. Long-awaited, polite applause. The hundred or so participants in their festive garb got up from their seats and crowded into the foyer, where several buffet tables were set with tea, coffee, cakes and snacks. When Kronberg got himself a cup of coffee from the buffet, Kiloko came to greet him with a happy expression and outstretched hand. Kronberg and Kiloko had known each other for many years. In the Eighties, Kiloko had worked on a German project under Kronberg's leadership in the Morogoro District. Since then, they had seen each other only occasionally. Only when Kiloko started his career in the Ministry of Transport did they once again have dealings with each other on a professional level. They had

cultivated a respectful yet distant relationship.

"Hello, Kronberg. I haven't seen you in a long time. How are you?"

"Hello, Kiloko. It's good to see you again. I'm well. I have withdrawn from active business. But how are you and your family?" They vigorously shook hands.

"Everything's fine. The family is well. The children have since left home; they're all studying," Kiloko proudly answered. Then he changed the subject.

"That was an important conference. Did you hear our minister's speech? Our Ministry has important responsibilities."

Yes, Kronberg thought, *for you the only important thing about the conference was the "sitting allowance"*. It was a rule in the Tanzanian administration that officials, upon participation in such events, were paid attendance fees in addition to their salaries. This rule opened up a strange but completely legal source of revenue. That's why wicked voices also described it as a "sleeping allowance". One couldn't really get rich. However, by participating in many seminars and meetings, an official could earn an income from allowances that was more than his regular salary. But Kronberg refrained from making an allusion in this regard. After a bit of friendly chit-chat, Kiloko became serious.

"I have something else on my mind. Maybe you can help me. I was very much in favour of the last contract, this railroad study, after all. I don't know to what extent you were involved, but an agency fee, a commission fee, was agreed upon. I am sorry to have to bring this up."

Kronberg said nothing. He let his gaze wander aimlessly over the hectic activity at the buffet. Then he turned back to Kiloko.

"Yes, I know about it. What about it?"

"I'm still waiting for the money."

Kronberg looked up, surprised.

"But that should have been over ages ago. Woerz still did it."

"Woerz has gone. But you know that too. He left GRConsult very suddenly. I didn't get anything from Woerz or anybody else."

Kronberg now seemed genuinely concerned.

"Joseph, I didn't know. Something went wrong, apparently. But as you know, I'm no longer in business. I'm a pensioner. I'll

see if there is something I can do. But I can't promise anything."

Kiloko seemed reassured. He said a fond goodbye and went to mingle with the conference-goers at the buffet. With an absent look, Kronberg slowly made his way to the hotel exit. He was deep in thought.

Director Joseph Kiloko left the Royal Palm around five o'clock. His driver Clement picked him up in the company car at the hotel's covered entrance. In the white Toyota Land Cruiser they struggled their way out of town in the heavy rush-hour traffic. Along Ocean Road, through the tinted windows, they could see the distorted colours of the white beach and the blue sea. The air-con softly blew cool air into the car. The driver had put his boss' favourite music, Congo music from the Seventies and Eighties, in the stereo's CD player.

Kiloko was exhausted but in a good mood. The journey passed the numerous street vendors with their wares for sale. Music and movie DVDs, national and international newspapers and magazines, flowers, cashew nuts, apples and tomatoes packaged in plastic bags, maps ... everything one could think of. Whenever the traffic came to a halt, the vendors tried to turn the attention of the people in the vehicles onto their cheap products. If they waved too insistently in front of the windshield, Kiloko warded them off with a gentlemanly movement of his hand. The next time the column moved forward, they came to a stop in front of an older vendor who was balancing a huge woven basket with ripe mangoes on the carrier of his bicycle. Now Kiloko sat up in his seat and gestured excitedly to his driver.

"Clement, stop here. There are mangoes."

Clement knew how much his boss loved this fruit. He stopped the car along the kerb in such a way that Kiloko's window was directly in front of the vendor. Kiloko greeted the man.

"How much are the mangoes?"

"500 shillings apiece."

"Make me a better offer. I'll take ten."

After some back and forth they agreed on a price and Kiloko

piled the mangoes one by one in the footwell. "Very good," he said, satisfied. Clement threaded the heavy car back into the stream of traffic. They slowly crawled forth in the traffic jam along Ali Hassan Mwinyi Road. On the Selander Bridge the convoy came to a halt. It was low tide. Despite the air-con and closed window, the stink of rotten seaweed and sewerage penetrated into the car's interior. Only after the bridge could Clement switch from what had been stop-and-go up to then, to a higher speed. When they pulled up in front of the red metal gate of a high-walled property in Msasani, Clement briefly honked three times. That was the signal for the guards. They opened the gate a bit, greeted and eagerly pushed the two gate wings to the sides, squeaking and clanking.

For Kiloko, coming home was always a moment of reassurance and relaxation. The spacious two-storey house surrounded by palms and other trees belonged to the real-estate inventory of the Ministry. However, after ten years of living here with his family, it felt like it was his own. The modest rent was more of a symbolic nature. What was more important: the Ministry paid for the upkeep. The gravel crunched loudly as the heavy car came to a halt in the parking space next to the veranda. They both got out. Clement cleared the mangoes from the car and lined them up on the veranda. He locked the car with a click of the electronic key and handed the key to Kiloko. Then he said goodbye to his boss. He still had a long way ahead. With the *dalla-dalla* he would now need almost an hour to reach his little rented house in the poor neighbourhood of Kawe.

Kiloko's wife came shuffling onto the veranda, wearing plastic sandals. "Good evening. I've been waiting for you."

She wore a black outfit that snugly fitted her full figure. Because of her corpulence she swayed from side to side with every step, so that the way she walked resembled the waddling of a duck. When he saw her like this, Kiloko got the impression that she had become even heavier in the last few days. These days, many of the women in their circle of friends and acquaintances were fat. Of course he was too heavy too. He knew that. Always and everywhere there was food, abundant and overabundant. When he met his wife in her youth, she was slim. But in recent years she had expanded tremendously. When she sat, her behind

stuck out on both sides of the seat. He loved strong and voluptuous women, but this was too much. Where was the slim young woman that he married twenty-five years before? Where was the delicate creature of those days, beneath all the mountains of flesh and fat, the bulges and curves? Once he read for the first time about the term “obese” in a newspaper article. Now he encountered it constantly. But it wasn’t even the fullness of her body that bothered him. Worse yet were her dissatisfaction, her nagging and her hostility towards him. She was a burden to his emotional well-being when he came home at night, worn-out and tired.

“Where have you been? I’ve been waiting for you with dinner for so long.”

“But you know, the conference. I’ve spoken to the Minister. It went well. I’m not very hungry anyway. There were these snacks.”

“I’ve eaten already. The food is still on the table.”

“I brought mangoes.”

“Then we’ll eat them later.”

After the meal she remained seated at the table. She told him that she needed money. Today she had tried to use her bank card to withdraw some money from the bank. But the account was almost empty. She could only get ten thousand shillings. It had been awkward and embarrassing for her, the wife of an important ministerial official. Samuel, the eldest son, and Asha, the elder daughter, needed money for their studies. Besides, neither of them had yet received pocket money for this month. She herself also needed something for the household, to pay the gardener and the housekeeper. He was sick of listening to these complaints every day. Moreover, Joseph’s brother had called. His wife was in hospital in Mwanza; a few hundred dollars was needed urgently.

“You know, my sister-in-law Rose has a new car again. Her old one was only three years old. And look at my car. It’s a disgrace.”

Until now Kiloko had listened, trying to remain calm. But this comment was too much. Kiloko’s mood abruptly worsened. In the weakening evening light his eyes shone with anger.

“But your car is as good as new. Also, you hardly ever drive. Anyway, my driver does the shopping.”

“There are many things that I must buy myself; I can’t send Clement. Things for the house, my clothes, the hairdresser. You have no idea of all the things that need to be done.”

As the eldest of six siblings, he was well aware of his responsibilities towards the family. But he was constantly confronted with such requests. They were really not requests but demands. He’d had enough. The many close and distant relatives had a completely unrealistic idea of his financial resources. But he could hardly refuse these demands.

“Everyone thinks I’m the president of the country. Maybe next week I’ll receive a larger amount of money. Maybe then we can arrange these things.”

With this, he saw the subject as closed. He had no desire for such a conversation. It was often like this. He withdrew to the living room and pushed the button on the TV remote control. A few seconds later a shrill video clip appeared, advertising the new tariff for a mobile communications company. What Kiloko didn’t say, but thought: *Maybe I’ll soon be state secretary in the Ministry. Then we’ll solve these financial problems anyway. I just don’t know how long I’ll still be able to live with my wife.*

When Paul entered the office at nine o’clock on Monday, rested and in a good mood after a relaxing weekend, Joyce was there already. She was always punctual. The air-con was running at its highest setting. For the umpteenth time he asked her to turn it down. Then he sat down at his meticulously tidied desk. On his computer he had organised his electronic documents clearly and systematically in the last few days. He had Joyce scan the important ones. On the shelf on the wall were the folders that she had labelled on their spines. Actually it could start now. But he suddenly realised that he didn’t know where and how to begin. He scribbled some tasks on a sheet of paper. Dissatisfied, he crumpled the page. Driven by an inner restlessness, he got up, wandered aimlessly through the room and then went to stand in front of the office window. From here he overlooked Maktaba Street, where as always at this time of the morning the vehicles were crawling stop-and-go in both directions. Then he looked

through the open door towards Joyce. She was adjusting her hair. Stunned, he noticed that in the process her entire hairdo had shifted a bit. Joyce wore a wig. He bit back a comment. Until now he had always thought that the women styled their frizzy hair with straightening irons. With a slight shudder, he thought about how hot it had to be underneath such a wig, especially when the sun of Dar es Salaam was beating down on it. Finally he pulled himself together. His next task was the development of a detailed project design. He had the basic contents ready. It still lacked some data from the Ministry of Transport. Kiloko had promised this to him, and more than once already. Okay, he'd wait a few more days. He still had other things to do.

When on Thursday that week the documents from the Ministry still hadn't appeared, he asked Joyce to make an appointment for him with Kiloko. She called Kiloko's office; his secretary was on the line.

"Joyce Malima, GermanRailConsult, here. Mister Mansfeld would like to speak to Mister Kiloko."

"Bwana Kiloko is not in."

"Can we make an appointment for today or tomorrow?"

"Bwana Kiloko will be at the office this afternoon. Try again later."

"Will you please tell Mister Kiloko that Mister Mansfeld would like to speak to him?"

Half an hour later, as Paul was once again bent over his computer keyboard, his mobile phone rang.

"Hello, Paul," sounded the friendly voice through the device. "Joseph here. How are you? I hear that you want to speak to me."

"Thank you for calling. Everything's fine here. How are you? You know, we'd still like to clear up some things. When will you have the time?"

"Today I still have a talk with the Minister, but tomorrow morning is okay. Is ten o'clock all right?"

"That will work. I'll come to your office. Until tomorrow, then."

Paul hung up in relief. Well, that worked out well. When you know each other personally, such things move much faster in Tanzania.

“Joyce, the appointment with Kiloko is confirmed: tomorrow morning at ten. Please see to it that John is here on time with the taxi.”

The next morning, Paul completed the draft job description for the track inspection tender. Then he gave it to Joyce to edit. It's true that he was the railway expert but her knowledge of English was better. John appeared in the doorway.

“Good morning, Mister Paul. It's half past nine. I think we should leave soon. There's a traffic jam in the city centre again.”

Paul gathered his documents, then took his tie from the closet and put it on. “Okay, let's go, then.”

The decrepit lift rumbled down the two floors. John had parked his taxi behind the cars in the few parking spaces in front of the entrance. A guard in the yellow uniform of Ultimate Security rushed up to John.

“There is no parking allowed here. Your car must leave immediately. The lawyer Omari has complained. You have blocked his car.”

Now don't get involved, thought Paul. Omari was Tanzanian of Arabic descent, a big shot known in the city and very successful in litigation. Paul watched admiringly as John, with diplomatic skill, managed to placate the fully armed guard of Ultimate Security.

There was a menacing dark cloud cover in the sky. Down here on the ground the air was hazy. When they were in the car, John pressed a button and let the side window slide open.

“Today we don't need any air-con. It will rain soon.”

In fact, shortly thereafter a tropical rain set in like a cloudburst. Even though the windshield wipers were running at their highest setting, they struggled to keep the water off the windshield. John manoeuvred his Toyota Corolla through the dense traffic, cleverly using every gap. At five to ten they reached the entrance to the Ministry. Paul quickly got out, pulled his jacket over his head to shield him from the rain and tried to get past the puddles as fast as possible to get to the entrance. There a group of visitors had found shelter. For them the rain and the *Mzungu* trying to escape it made for a welcome change. With lots of laughter they cheered him on to hurry.

He took the lift to the fifth floor. In the reception area of

Kiloko's office, two women were seated, both with their hair artfully draped. One of them got up.

"Good morning, Mister Mansfeld. I'm sorry but Bwana Kiloko got held up. But he is on the way. He asks that you please wait."

Paul sat down in one of the two imitation-leather chairs. After a short while the receptionist placed a tray with a cup of tea on the side table. Half an hour later, the door was pushed open and Kiloko came rushing in.

"I'm sorry to have kept you waiting. But this discussion took longer, longer than I thought it would."

"But that doesn't matter, Joseph. After all, I know that you are a very busy man."

Kiloko heartily shook his hand.

"Please come into my office. Would you like coffee or maybe rather tea? Oh, you've already got tea. Rose, please bring me a cup of tea too, then."

When the cups were in front of them, Paul started raising his concerns.

"Joseph, in the meantime I've studied all the project reports available to me. There I found references to other documents: statistics, previous studies and the like. I'm hoping that you can help me get hold of these."

Paul handed a list across the table. Kiloko took it and gave it a cursory glance. He verbosely assured Paul of support. However, he didn't become more concrete. No indication of where these documents were; no indication of a contact person. When Paul asked about a particular study several times, Kiloko got up, went to a pile of documents and, after a long search, finally produced the study.

"Here it is, but it's old. It won't help you much."

Paul was beginning to feel like an annoying petitioner. Uncertainty spread through him. Could Kiloko be right and the documents were really irrelevant? Or did Kiloko not know the context? Or did he simply have no interest in the matter?

"Mister Ngwambo can help you with the missing documents. But he is about to travel abroad. He'll be back next week, though. You should speak to him."

Paul felt himself getting angry. And he did not try to hide his

anger. He waited and listened to the soft murmuring of the air-con. Then he gathered his documents and got up. Kiloko appeared not to have noticed the change in atmosphere, but still radiated a good mood. Only when they were saying goodbye, as Kiloko already had his hand on the door handle, did his expression become serious and did he pause in his movements.

“Paul, I don’t know if they told you in Berlin that I’ve helped GRConsult with getting the contract.”

Paul looked at him enquiringly.

“Yes, I was told that you’ve been working well with GRConsult for a long time. They also told me that I could turn to you in case of problems.”

“That is true. But I helped with the contract in a special way.”

Kiloko paused a little longer and then leaned towards Paul.

“I have learned that you still haven’t paid the invoice from Stanley Kiloko’s company. This payment was agreed on with Doctor Ziegler, as a subcontracting amount of about 50,000 dollar. To date, this invoice has not yet been paid.”

Paul looked at him and nodded helplessly.

“I know. That still needs to be cleared.”

Paul felt vulnerable. Like an idiot. He still wanted to say something. Despite frenzied thinking, nothing sensible occurred to him. *What a dirty business I’m getting into*, he thought.

“Right, Joseph, it still needs to be cleared. I have to get up to speed first.”

Kiloko let him see that he was angry. Their parting was decidedly cool. Paul felt weak and hopeless as he went through the lobby towards the exit.

He spent the rest of that morning at the office, studying the latest reports and data from Tanzania Rail and comparing them with those from the colonial era. Joyce was running errands and taking care of organisational things in the city. When in between she stopped by the office, she moaned about the things that had turned out to be more time consuming than planned. Since there were only a few phone calls that day, Paul could fully concentrate on his research. In the documents from the time of the German

colonial administration, he found reflections on the economics of the Tanganyika Railway that had been hired at the time. In principle they were still valid today. The documents made it clear that the German Empire had wanted to take permanent possession of its newly acquired colonies. The enormous construction costs played only a minor role. Paul had leafed through several years' editions of the German East African newspaper that his predecessor Lothar Woerz had systematically collected on the office computer. A bygone era opened up before Paul. He paged through issue to issue, closely following the news of the construction of the Tanganyika Railway.

He had another appointment in the afternoon. For that, he needed a car.

"Where is John?" he called.

Joyce's voice resounded from the next room. "John is downstairs with the car. Do you need him?"

"Yes, I must go to the station. Then to my appointment with the librarian of Tanzania Railways."

A few minutes later John stepped into the office, clicked his heels and saluted. "Sir, I hear you need my car."

John was, as usual, in a good mood. With his cheerful nature, he lifted the often monotonous atmosphere in the office. He now acted out his role as driver in an overly submissive manner. Paul marvelled again and again at how well John understood how to take on different roles and playfully switch between them. When they were sitting together in the car, their relationship was informal and friendly. They told tales of their youth, their plans at the time, their children and the health problems that often occurred among men of their age. But as a driver, especially on an official mission, John slipped into the role immediately, behaving respectfully and submissively.

"John, it's good that you're punctual. I must go to the station and then to the TRC headquarters. I assume you know where that is."

The journey to the station took them through the city centre, through which they struggled at walking speed.

This city was without a doubt chaotic and ugly. Of course there was this traffic, which clogged and suffocated every artery in the city. But it wasn't just that. What characterised the city was

the absence of beauty. A city guide would have a difficult task here. There was nothing beautiful, no aesthetically pleasing objects to proudly show off. Maybe there were hidden treasures. Paul hadn't seen these yet. And the skyscrapers with their mirrored facades left and right: were they beautiful? Were they pleasing? Paul could not say that. Maybe they fulfilled their function once. Now they were standing empty. How could all the people get into and out of this, where there was already no getting through? How could they supply electricity and water to the highest storeys without trouble? Paul doubted it. Well, he now had to worry about the railway line.

John stopped the car directly in front of the old station. Paul climbed the few steps to the entrance while John was looking for a parking space. The station building had been constructed more than a hundred years before, during the German colonial era, in the style of the time. Back then the city had about twenty thousand inhabitants; now over four million. But it was still the same station. Now a tangle of brightly dressed people crowded around the entrance, where cars were thickly parked, and there was rubbish on the dusty ground. It was exceptionally hot and muggy this afternoon. When they stepped into the hall, a train slowly rumbled in with a loud roar. The blue diesel engine with its yellow stripe caused the platform to shake. The train was set for the ride to Kigoma. John, who in the meantime had parked his car and was now standing next to Paul, commented, "That's the train to Kigoma. But it only leaves in an hour's time."

The hustle and bustle on the platform increased. A long stream of people with their paraphernalia pushed along past the train. A plump man with a gigantic suitcase on his head hurried along the long line of carriages. Women carried baskets, pots and bulging shopping bags, great hordes of children of different sizes at their sides. Uniformed porters lifted large and visibly heavy pieces of luggage onto their shoulders and carried them to the carriages. From the open windows passengers who had scored seats gesticulated excitedly to their travel partners who were still arriving. Numerous vendors still hastily sold white bread and roasted corn cobs in plastic bags. In front of the compartment windows one could see the passengers' relatives gathered; last news and requests were being exchanged. The cacophony of

music and announcements from numerous radios mixed with the voices and laughter.

Paul had literally lost his voice in the face of the bustle and noise. He carefully studied the posted timetable. According to that, three trains a week departed from Dar es Salaam. However, it was also true that the train often left only once a week. The reason was most often technical problems with the rolling material. The train that, according to plan, should depart at 17:00 on Sunday should then arrive in Kigoma at 07:25 on Tuesday morning. Paul calculated: 5 hours on Sunday, 24 on Monday, and 7,5 on Tuesday meant a journey of 36,5 hours. But he knew from the preliminary studies that things almost never went according to this plan. In reality the journey usually lasted between 36,5 and 50 hours. After the revamp the train with its new carriages and locomotives would clearly need less time. In addition, it would not only depart three times a week but every day instead. Long travel times by train used to be common over such distances. In 1883, when the Orient Express departed from Paris to Constantinople – now Istanbul – for the first time, the journey took three days and three nights: some 82 hours. Distance-wise, the Central Line was comparable to the connection between Buenos Aires and Posadas: about 1,000 km. For that, the train needed 32 hours if it didn't break down along the way.

As Paul walked along the train all the way to the front, he met the driver, who was making the last few adjustments to the controls. He and his colleague would take the train to Kigoma, 1,200 km away. Paul greeted him and introduced himself as a German railway expert. The driver, muscular with a potbelly, beamed. He was happy that someone from so far away was showing interest in him and his train. The diesel locomotive was Canadian made, built in 1976, dirty and dusty. Its diesel engine rattled in idle mode and radiated an enormous heat. In one spot, black oil dripped from the hull. Smoke and oil vapours mixed with the typical smell of a diesel engine. This old engine needed rest and a longer recovery time. It made Paul sad to see it like this.

The driver pointed him to a shunting locomotive standing further away.

“You'll find that interesting. This locomotive comes from

Germany, from the Henschel company.”

Paul also looked at this locomotive, which had seen its best days a long time before.

“You know, we can’t keep up with the repairs. The train locomotive is old; the carriages are even older still. The rolling material would have to be renewed. And I need a more powerful locomotive. Can’t you send me one from Germany?”

He laughed.

“We really need everything new. We don’t have enough carriages. When I started, we had enough of everything. The passenger train used to run the route three times a week. Now only two times, often also only one time and many weeks not at all. And the freight trains used to run four or five times a week. Now it’s maybe one time.”

Paul listened with interest. What the driver was saying here corresponded exactly with what was said in his documents. It was not only the tracks that needed a radical revamp but the locomotives and carriages too. And he also knew that the repair shop just behind the station wasn’t carrying out the maintenance and repairs. There they only managed to overhaul one carriage per month. But since more carriages broke during one month, it was foreseeable that there soon wouldn’t be any carriages anymore. The Central Line’s capacity for transporting people and goods had dropped dramatically in recent years. Tracks, bridges, locomotives and carriages were in a miserable condition. Where in the past the trains had run the route three times a week, this currently happened only once. The tracks were in such a poor condition that, for safety reasons, one couldn’t travel faster than 20 or 30 km per hour on them. Paul hoped that after a successful modernisation, the speed could be increased to 120 km per hour. The railway played a central role in the country’s economic development. Of this, Paul was thoroughly convinced.

In the late afternoon, John dropped Paul off in front of the administration building of the Tanzania Railway Corporation (TRC). At the entrance, Paul asked where to find the office of Mister Malembo. “Third floor, at the back, right,” the woman at

the entrance said. Paul took the lift. At the end of a long passage he found a door with the sign: *Director Documentation Department*. So Malembo wasn't only the librarian, like he had thought, but also in charge of the documentation department.

Paul stepped through the door. Immediately he felt the embrace of the cool air from the air-conditioner. He was in an office with about five desks, where people were working. Behind the high wooden counter sat a secretary who at first ignored him and then at one point looked up at him with a bored expression. Upon his enquiry, she clumsily got up and led him past the desks to the office at the back of the room. Here Malembo was sitting among piles of paper and files, busy on his computer. Above the desk hung a portrait of Tanzania's first president, Julius Nyerere, and beneath that a photograph of the acting president, Jackson Lubello. Malembo looked up from his screen, testily and defensively. Only when Paul was standing directly in front of his desk did he get up and look questioningly at Paul. Then a friendly smile spread across his face.

"You must be Mister Mansfeld. I've been expecting you."

The greeting came in a deep, rumbling voice.

"I am pleased to meet you, Mister Paul Mansfeld. You are the railway expert from Germany who has been urgently awaited. Good that you are here."

This very warm welcome caught Paul by surprise. He had not yet been greeted with such friendliness since his arrival in Tanzania.

"Two years ago I visited Europe. One week in Germany. With the new ICE we raced along the tracks at 300 km per hour. Unbelievable. I hope you will help us so that things here will go a bit faster too."

Malembo looked searchingly around the room. He cleared a pile of papers from a chair and eventually placed it on the floor.

"Please have a seat."

It was difficult to estimate Malembo's age, but he seemed to be past retirement age already. Nevertheless, his round face had hardly any wrinkles, he was barely taller than five feet and three inches and was pretty round. His agile movements were in contrast to his corpulence, the fat belly and short legs. He seemed to be unable to curb his urge to move and his vigour. At last he

sat down behind his desk and looked impatiently at Paul.

“Mister Mansfeld, let’s get straight to the point. For your study you’ve no doubt already read the important documents. But here I still have very important papers for you that you absolutely have to read.”

He shifted restlessly in his chair.

“You know that here we keep all plans that have ever been drawn up for the Central Line, since colonial times. You can access them at any time. Tell me which section you’d like to see and I will give you the plan.”

Paul had not expected that. An archive that was apparently well stocked could be of great help to him in his work. Paul began to brief Malembo on his work so far and then to work through the list of questions he had prepared. Malembo answered one after another precisely, while bringing to life his explanations with anecdotes and personal experiences. After each answer he looked challengingly at Paul, as if waiting for the next question. Malembo seemed to have devoted himself to the Central Line with heart and soul. Only when Paul really didn’t understand something and had to ask for clarification, did he become impatient, almost brusque. He then shifted nervously up and down, gesticulated with his arms and hands; his whole upper body started moving. When Paul had gone through all his questions, Malembo leaned back in his chair and looked squarely at him.

“Mister Mansfeld, I know that you earn money with such projects. You live on that. You, your wife, your children.”

Paul wanted to interject that he didn’t have any children. But Malembo was unstoppable.

“Mister Mansfeld, for you the Central Line may be a project just like any other. For me it’s more.”

“That I’ve already noticed,” Paul said with a smile.

“What you may not know, and what you haven’t asked me about at all: besides the technical difficulties, besides the problems with the underlying structure, the rotting sleepers, the broken locomotives, are there any problems of a different kind for the Central Line? I’ll tell you. Yes, there are. Not everyone is as enthusiastic about the idea of a functional Central Line as we both are. There are also those who are against it.”

“That’s nothing new to me, Mister Malembo. There are people who see the railway as a relic from a bygone era. But these are things that play a role at the political level. For my study they are insignificant. I must not and cannot concern myself with that.”

Malembo lifted his eyebrows. The deep line that formed on his shiny, moist forehead showed Paul that he did not share this opinion.

“Good, if you think so, but keep your eyes open.”

As Paul descended the worn steps to the exit, he felt encouraged, indeed happy, by the conversation and the insights it had brought him. With the knowledge of the Tanzanian railway business that Malembo had gained over the decades, he could fill the gaps that still existed in his study. For him, Malembo had truly been a stroke of luck.

For Paul, the evenings had become very long in the previous weeks. Only work and sleep – it was getting on his nerves. Often at night he still sat in a quiet corner of the garden restaurant and continued working on his laptop. Many evenings he spoke on the phone with Katrin in Berlin. It was mostly her calling him. The conversations were uneasy, from both sides. They had drifted apart; both had noticed it. After conversations like these Paul often tried to remember an earlier time, when their relationship was more intimate, heartfelt, joyful and loving. Over time, these memories faded.

Today he only got back to the hotel after dark. Since he felt the urge to move after many hours brooding in front of the screen, he decided to go for a walk in the nearby city centre. At the exit the doorman, a young Massai traditionally dressed in blue-and-red checkered cloths, held the door open for him in trained courtesy. The Sunrise City had recently employed Massai, not only in security but also at reception. In recent years there had been an ever-increasing number of young Massai who left behind their herds on the plains and moved to the cities in search of employment.

From the climate-controlled coolness of the reception area

Paul stepped into the darkness of the night and was immediately enveloped by the humid mugginess. For a few seconds he stood helplessly on the pavement in front of the hotel. Eventually he started moving in the direction of the city centre. En route he passed the National Museum. When the light of the few streetlamps reached far enough, he managed to get a glimpse of the old brick houses. This used to be the residential neighbourhood of the old German colonial officials, who had their magnificent houses along this tree-lined avenue. He continued along this street in the direction of the city centre. The street was poorly lit. To avoid the passing cars, he walked on the uneven clay at the side of the street, since there was no pavement. He had to be very careful not to trip. While working with the colonial history he had learnt today that this current Samora Avenue used to be called Acacia Avenue. At the junction with Maktaba Street, in the middle of the roundabout, stood the Askari Monument, today the most well-known point of reference in the city. This bronze statue of an African soldier had been erected by the British in 1927, in gratitude to the 100,000 or so African soldiers who had died fighting on the British side against the German troops under Lettow-Vorbeck during the First World War. In German colonial times Samora Avenue was still called Bismarckstraße. During the day, it was the city's main shopping street. But at this hour nearly all businesses were closed and most of the stalls packed up. Rubbish was piled up in a backyard. Only a few vendors still had newspapers, sweets or peanuts in plastic bags on offer. The walkway was brightly lit by the lights in the few storefronts. A sign outside a bank gave the temperature in red letters: 32 degrees. This was unusually high even during a German summer but it was the high humidity that made all physical activity so strenuous. Paul's short-sleeved cotton shirt showed dark sweat stains under the armpits and on the back.

Since he felt tired and spent after the short trip, he turned around. At the Askari he turned right towards the brightly lit New Africa Hotel. The Kaiserhof used to be here: in the German colonial era the best hotel in all of East Africa. Paul wandered along the palm-lined harbour promenade. The erstwhile Wilhelmsufer, which was now known as the Kivukoni Road, took

him to the Kilimanjaro Hotel. In the restaurant on the second floor he ordered lobster tail in garlic butter with rice and vegetables. Normally he avoided large expenses. But today he wanted to allow himself some luxury, since he felt unsatisfied without knowing why. The lobster was delicious. When he had cleared the plate, he felt that his mood had improved considerably. It was dampened a little by the bill, which the smiling waiter presented him on a silver platter. With a soft sigh, Paul parted with a thick bundle of thousand-shilling notes and consoled himself with the idea that in Berlin, this treat would have cost noticeably more.

He then took the lift to the roof terrace on the eighth floor. The rooftop bar offered an imposing view of the bay and the harbour. The sky was covered in clouds: no moon and no stars. No wind. A few lit-up ships lay docked at the opposite shore. Floodlights were shining across the harbour complex. Details were unrecognisable. All around him the backdrop was fantastic: in front of him the bay and to the left and right of him the maze of the surrounding neighbourhood, from which a few modern skyscrapers rose. The brilliantly lit buildings gave the city a metropolitan character. Easily exhilarated by the festive atmosphere, he returned to the Sunrise City Hotel. Compared to how hectic it was during the day, the centre seemed dead. Outside the barred entrances of the businesses, guards sat in the uniforms of their respective security companies. Only a few cars were still out; occasionally passers-by scurried through the night. Back at the hotel, when he had already picked up his key from the hotel reception, he decided on a sudden whim to have another beer. He went to the bar and took a seat at the bar counter, which was sparsely occupied. The bartender recognised him and approached him at once.

“Hello, Mister Paul, it’s good to see you again. A Kili, as usual?”

“Yes, Francis, a Kilimanjaro, but ice cold, please.”

When he looked around him, he noticed a European who was sitting alone at a group of tables in the back part of the room. Paul noticed that he had already looked over to him several times. Then he saw the man get up, grab his half-full beer glass and come up to him at the bar. Paul could see the stranger better

now. He was a man of clearly more than sixty years, tanned and with thinning grey hair. His beige striped shirt was freshly ironed. With it he wore equally immaculate cotton trousers.

“Good evening. How are you? Pardon me but I immediately recognised you as a countryman. May I sit with you?”

Paul was in a good mood and not averse to conversation.

“How do we Germans simply recognise one another? I thought the same about you,” Paul smiled. Then he gestured invitingly and pushed back the barstool next to him. “Please, have a seat.”

“You look like you haven’t been in the country for too long. When did you come, then?”

Paul did some calculations. “Well, it’s already been two weeks.”

“I beg your pardon but I see that you’re drinking Kilimanjaro beer.” Paul nodded.

“May I give you an insider tip? The best local beer in all of East Africa is without a doubt Serengeti.”

“But Kilimanjaro tastes good to me too,” Paul said. He took a big sip from his glass.

“Yes, yes, but Serengeti is far better. It’s brewed according to the old German Reinheitsgebot. Unlike the other beers on offer here. With them anything possible is added. For example maize, sugar and who knows what else.”

Paul’s new neighbour at the bar told him that he had been in Tanzania for several years already. Apparently he liked to talk and proved to be an entertaining conversation partner. He gave a very lively description of the situation in Tanzania in the Seventies and Eighties and embellished his tales with anecdotes from this time. Paul made a good audience and enjoyed the conviviality. Once his neighbour paused in his speech, but only briefly, to hold up his empty bottle and get the bartender’s attention.

“Please bring us two Serengetis.” Paul wanted to protest but it was in vain.

“I’ll pay. I’m glad to have met a countryman. We are sitting together so nicely.”

When Paul later glanced at his watch, it was past ten o’clock. Some guests had already left the room and Paul and his acquaintance had finished their beers. His neighbour became

increasingly talkative.

“You know, I don’t believe in development aid anymore. The countless development projects, the many millions and billions in development aid that have been given to this country. What is left of that? I’ll tell you: nothing. Everything built on sand and blown away by the wind.”

His conversation partner picked up speed and the conversation became more and more like a monologue.

“By the way, I’m Klaus. I mean, we should use first names.”

The bartender wiped the counter with a rag and placed two more bottles of Serengeti in front of them. Paul thought the invitation to use first names appropriate to the situation. After all, it wasn’t every day that one met a countryman in Africa.

“All right, I’m Paul. Paul Mansfeld.”

With a handshake they sealed the agreement, filled their glasses and toasted. Klaus vigorously tapped Paul’s shoulder and let his hand lightly rest there for a moment.

“You know, this German formality has become very strange to me after all these years in English-speaking countries.”

Just as Klaus wanted to continue talking, Paul managed to get a word in too.

“But overall, I have the impression that Tanzania is on the right track. Something is happening in the country: the socialist mismanagement is gone, skyscrapers are going up, the beautiful hotels, elections and democracy, computers and mobile phones wherever you look.”

He noticed that he had once again adopted a more formal way of speaking. He continued: “In the past twenty years, the country’s per capita income has increased more or less fivefold. World Bank data. Did you know that?”

His neighbour squinted at him through eyes that had become unsteady from beer.

“No, I did not know that. But I don’t trust any statistics, especially not in Africa,” Klaus said. “By the way, how is the beer?”

“Good,” Paul said. He lifted his glass and took a look at the label. “I agree with you: the Serengeti is really very good.”

“It is also brewed by a German brewer. I know him personally. He comes from Bavaria. This brand has won awards

and several gold medals. A successful German-Tanzanian cooperation project.”

Paul liked drinking beer.

“Great,” he said.

“It is the best. Tasty, and because it has been brewed according to the German Reinheitsgebot.”

After this diversion his drinking buddy came back to the actual topic.

He said, “In the Seventies and Eighties there were many who explained the underdevelopment of African countries through capitalist exploitation. People who called themselves Marxists. They were blind to the devastating effects of Mwalimu Nyerere’s socialist politics.”

Paul agreed. “Many people in the West had a lot of sympathy for Nyerere and Tanzania back then. And it was the time of the Cold War, after all.”

“For the West, African socialism was indeed a nuisance but not very important. Besides coffee and tea there was nothing to get from here. But today it’s different. Tanzania’s mineral resources are wanted. The Chinese are coming. Look around you in this country.”

Paul suddenly felt tired after the long day. The topic was too heavy for his beer-fogged head. Meanwhile they were also the last guests at the bar. Paul asked for the bill. Klaus protested heavily and wanted to take the bill. After a long to and fro, they agreed to split the bill. Now they were the last guests. Paul was tired. His neighbour had stopped talking too and was staring wordlessly at the empty beer glass in front of him.

Paul said, “Tonight was interesting. Maybe we can continue this conversation at some point in the future.”

“Yes, we could do that, certainly. I’d be happy to. I come to this bar from time to time.” He got up and swayed a little unsteadily.

Later, when Paul was lying in bed, he thought about the conversation. It had been somewhat strange, the informality and these kinds of conversation topics. Something didn’t add up. But then he fell asleep.

At the same time, Klaus Kronberg sat in the passenger seat of his SUV on the journey back to his house in Kunduchi Beach.

His wife was driving. In anticipation of a boozy evening, she had agreed that she should drive. As she was driving north along Ali Hassan Mwinyi Road, which was almost free of traffic at this late hour, she asked him:

“And? What do you think of the new project leader?”

“I was just thinking about it. I don’t know. I still can’t decide,” Kronberg answered.

For further work on the study, Paul needed support. Someone who knew the local conditions, had contacts in the Ministry and spoke Swahili. There was simply too much to do; he was also well aware that social interaction with Tanzanian contacts wasn’t one of his strengths. As an inveterate loner, he had postponed making the necessary contacts for cooperation.

“I definitely need a Tanzanian employee. He should have practical experience with transport projects.”

Joyce was pouring two heaped spoons of sugar into her cup of tea.

“Michael Kalenga. He once worked for us on a previous project. He was good and reliable. But I don’t know where he is these days.”

“Can you find out and arrange an appointment with him?”

“I’ll try,” Joyce answered, once again proving to be of true assistance.

Kalenga appeared at the office two days later, dressed like a consultant who didn’t quite meet the current professional standards in the country. His suit was somewhat crumpled and also seemed to be a few years old. When he took his wallet from his jacket to give Paul his business card, one could see his spotless beige shirt with its two sharply ironed folds. He had declined to wear a tie. He carelessly put aside the worn, stained black leather briefcase.

Only fifteen minutes into the conversation, Paul was already certain that he had found the right employee. Kalenga proved to be a reserved and polite man of about fifty. With Tanzanian women and men both, Paul found it difficult to correctly guess their age. Most looked younger than they were. As an Economics

graduate with many years' experience in freight and passenger transport, Kalenga was ideal. Paul definitely needed this man for the contract. He showed a level of kindness and politeness towards Kalenga that surprised himself. For Kalenga this contract was nothing special, especially since he had worked for GRConsult in the past and knew the ropes. Because of his reputation he had a teaching job at the University of Dar es Salaam, which he only availed himself of when his lucrative work as an international consultant allowed him to do so. For Kalenga the job came at a convenient time, since he had a gap in his schedule until the next contract in February. He would be available the following week and accepted the high fee that Paul offered him, with a nod and no comment.

When Paul walked into the office the following Monday at half past eight, Kalenga was there already. Joyce had converted a table into a desk for him. There he was sitting, absorbed in the documents that Paul had prepared for him the day before.

"Good morning, Bwana Kalenga. I'm glad to see you here. Let's sit together and discuss the project."

It was without much thought that he had greeted his new colleague with the *Bwana* that was customary in Tanzania. In Swahili, this corresponds to the formal "Sir". Because of American and Scandinavian influence, it had become customary in international cooperation for people to address one another by their first names. While Paul had become well aware of how this encouraged friendly dealings with others, he struggled a little with it.

"Mister Kalenga, I suggest that we address each other by our first names. My name is Paul. Are you happy with that?"

Kalenga immediately agreed.

"And my name is Michael. I am pleased about us working together."

Although Kalenga had agreed with the suggestion, because of his brief hesitation before replying Paul thought he had heard a certain reservation. Still. For Paul it was a successful day. That evening he went to bed satisfied.

After the office closed, Paul let himself be dropped off at the hotel. From the entrance he went straight to the bar and ordered his first beer. It wasn't thirst that had driven him to the bar, but frustration over the unpleasant meeting with Kiloko. Behind all the involved wording lay a simple fact: Kiloko wanted a bribe, even though he had called it a brokerage commission. Paul had denied him that. But it wasn't that which had left Paul in such despair. He was angry about his own helplessness and lack of determination. What consequences could this oh-so-courageous act have for the project and for him? Paul didn't know. He just knew that he had to make a decision now. If it was only the decision to temporarily postpone the decision.

He went without dinner today. To keep the hunger at bay, he nibbled on the peanuts in bowls that were placed on the bar counter for the guests. He ordered a second beer. Then he got into a conversation with two tourists from Cologne. Sprightly, enterprising retirees who had hired a Land Cruiser and wanted to embark on a tour of the Serengeti the next morning. Paul enjoyed the evening with them. The two were funny and managed to distract him from his worries. Then they ordered another round of beer. A round of whisky followed. Paul didn't want to shirk away, so he ordered the next round. And so it went on. It was late when he unsteadily made his way up to his room. He was hardly in bed when his mobile phone rang. It was Katrin.

"Hello, Paul. I've tried calling you all night. Where were you?"

"Oh, I've just seen that my phone wasn't switched on."

She noticed immediately that something was up with him.

"You've been drinking," she said drily.

"And so what? I have to endure a lot of crap here too."

He began to rant about Kiloko.

"Bribery, dirty tricks ... this official apparently can't get enough. What did GRConsult get me into?" And so on, and so forth.

Katrin listened without interruption. When Paul then let her speak, she reacted calmly.

"Don't take it so seriously. You always find a solution. And if you don't – then you come home." And she added, "Come back to Berlin." Paul actually felt a little comforted, but only slightly.

The next morning started on an unpleasant note for him. He

woke up not fully rested and with a stabbing headache. It wasn't the rays of the rising sun that had woken him but the aftereffects of the previous day's alcohol excess. He was sick. He remembered: the night before he got wasted in the hotel bar. He clumsily plodded across the room to the minibar, took a bottle of water and emptied it in one go. Exhausted, he fell back onto the bed. The thought machine had already started working in his head: *Am I maybe more papal than the Pope? After all, corruption exists everywhere, since there has been money. Yesterday, today and tomorrow. I can't change anything about that. And it's not my money either. The invoice that Kiloko had his nephew present is airtight. No German finance official and no state prosecutor can recognise that something is fishy. I can still call Kiloko and discuss the money transfer arrangements with him.*"

In this way he argued with himself, but fruitlessly. Instead, with his still drunken head he got tangled up in a jumble of thought. When at exactly half past seven his alarm clock started ringing, he went to breakfast as usual, in the restaurant on the ground floor. However, he drank only a glass of orange juice and two cups of coffee. When John pulled up in the driveway in his taxi, Paul was waiting at the hotel entrance, briefcase in hand. His head still ached. John saw that he wasn't well but didn't say anything. Paul energetically entered the office with a cheerful greeting. Joyce looked up from her desk, irritated, and took a look at his crumpled face. She didn't comment.

Paul hoped to find relief for his nausea with a cup of tea. He placed a cup on the side table at the entrance, put a teabag in it and poured water from the thermos. When he tasted the tea, he noticed that it was lukewarm. Annoyed, he snarled at Joyce.

"The water is lukewarm, Joyce. One can't drink the tea like this. The water must be hot."

Without comment, Joyce boiled some water in the kettle and poured him a cup of tea.

Later he apologised to Joyce by remarking, "I'm not feeling well this morning."

During his lunch break – the throbbing in his temples had subsided a little by then – he left to go for a walk through the city. He needed movement and fresh air. As he stepped from the building into the open, the heat hit him in full force. The sun was straight above him in the sky. He almost turned around. To take

advantage of the shade of the houses and few arcades, he walked close to the facades of the buildings. Since the power had failed again in the area, the businesses in Maktaba Street had started their generators. Everywhere on the pavement and in the entrances, the small generators were rattling and stinking. Because of the daily power failures, business in Tanzania was booming for the Japanese manufacturers of small electricity generators. The government had been promising for years to solve the problem of the power cuts once and for all. So far, however, without success.

After a short while, Paul realised that the walk among the crowds of people wasn't giving him any relief. Too much noise and heat. Fresh air was something else. He quickly changed his route and took the shortest path to the nearby Royal Palm Hotel. He longed for coolness. When the heavy glass revolving door of the luxury hotel closed behind him, it was suddenly calm. The tropical chaos was locked out. The air was cool and pure. In these high rooms, the atmosphere was refined. In the restaurant he ordered a salad, a cheese sandwich and an ice-cold cola. After about fifteen minutes, he started feeling better.

When he woke on Saturday morning, he thought of the unresolved problem with Kiloko. Fortunately, it did not bother him that much anymore. He thought: some kind of solution will present itself soon; now it's the weekend first. After breakfast he packed swimming trunks, a towel and other necessities and the weekend paper in a shoulder bag. With that he went to the nearby street corner, where several taxis were waiting for customers. He agreed on a flat rate with a taxi driver for the trip to and back from the Bahari Beach Hotel, some 20 km north of Dar es Salaam. This arrangement was cheaper than a rental car. Unfortunately the taxi had no air-con. Even though the movement of the car caused air to stream in through the open window, it was still very hot in the taxi. At a quarter to ten the taxi stopped in the parking area of the Bahari Beach Hotel and Paul got out. There were only a few bathers on the beach. A radiant blue sky: only way back on the horizon a narrow strip of

white cloud was hanging in the endless blue expanse. The sun had not reached its full strength yet. A fresh wind blew steadily inland and tasted of fish and salt. At this time the beach was still nearly deserted; the crowds of bathers would only arrive by mid-day. By the swimming pool, Paul looked for a lounge chair in the shade of a palm tree and let the pool attendant bring him a chair cushion. He wanted to spend the day here. The small waves slowly rolled towards the beach, where they gently crashed in ever-changing rhythm. The palm trees' feathered leaves rustled loudly in the wind. One could live like this. Paul started to relax. Only that night in the taxi back to the city did he begin to ponder again.

The weekend did him good. On Monday he came to the office well rested and in good spirits. It was almost eleven o'clock when he first took a break from his work. The entire morning had been calm: hardly any phone calls, no visitors and Michael was out on an appointment. Paul had gone through several studies; in front of him folders and papers were piled in disarray. Joyce had made a few phone calls and otherwise worked on the computer. Paul was tense. To move around a bit, he walked up and down the room. Then, looking for entertainment, he strolled to Joyce in the next room. But she seemed deeply absorbed in difficult billing problems. Still, she looked up and asked if she should make him a cup of tea.

"No thanks. For a change I'll have coffee. But you can carry on working. I'll make it myself."

Since the water, which flowed only occasionally, wasn't good for one's health, Joyce had provided drinking water in plastic bottles for tea and coffee. Several of these foil-wrapped six-packs were stacked against the office wall. Paul took one of the bottles, filled the electric kettle and waited for the water to boil. Then he scooped some loose coffee powder from the Africafe tin, sprinkled it into a cup and poured hot water over. With the steaming cup he went back to sit at his monitor and started paging through Google News.

Suddenly he spotted the name of GermanRailConsult. Immediately he went to the site. In a long contribution by the *Süddeutsche Zeitung* it was reported that the Berlin state prosecutor had started an investigation into his firm. The story mentioned

cases of bribery in Arab countries and that the head office in Berlin had been searched. Tanzania was mentioned without going into more detail. Paul read the text again and again. And what did it mean for him? Maybe GRConsult's business dealings in Tanzania were already being investigated. Why had his predecessor Lothar Woerz left the project without any ado? Had Ziegler hired him to get the chestnuts out of the fire for GRConsult? Should he risk getting caught up in the bribery? Many questions. When he took a sip from his cup, he noticed that the coffee had gone cold.

23 October 2013 – 21 December 2013.

Displacement

During this time Paul wasn't the only one who was dealing with a serious problem. Joseph Kiloko was plagued by the question of how to react if Paul Mansfeld did not pay the commission fee of 50,000 dollar. This amount would be sorely missed in his family's budget. But it was also a matter of honour. He could not simply pretend that a commission had never been agreed on. No, the fish had almost been reeled in already; he didn't want to give up that quickly. How? He didn't know that yet. But first he wanted to test the waters with his boss, his Ministry's state secretary Hashim Juma. They knew each other well. Many years before, they had studied together at Makerere University in Kampala, Uganda. During the years of Tanzanian socialism under President Julius Nyerere they had competed for attractive positions in the state apparatus. At the same time, on occasion they had also supported each other. They weren't friends but for many years their relationship had been marked by a respectful tolerance. The decisive change in their relationship came about five years before, when Hashim Juma was named state secretary in the Ministry of Transport instead of him. Since then, Kiloko had spent all these years trying to come to terms with this blatant injustice. To no avail. The pain of this discrimination continued to gnaw at him. He was convinced that he would have been the better state secretary. The humiliation was only mitigated by the fact that Juma had always been surprisingly generous in his behaviour towards him. He enjoyed

all the benefits the Ministry had to offer.

Kiloko asked his secretary to make an appointment for him with Hashim Juma. When he entered Juma's office three days later, Juma was still on the phone. Apologetically pointing at the receiver, Juma gestured to him to wait and have a seat. Kiloko sat down in front of the polished black desk. While Juma zealously continued talking on the phone – it was about some annoying business affair – Kiloko let his gaze wander around the room, which had apparently undergone a major refurbishment since his last visit. In comparison, his own office seemed small and shabby. The back of Juma's office chair was clearly higher, the black leather softer and the design more modern. On the window side stood a conference table of solid, dark precious wood and ten upholstered chairs with armrests.

Juma hung up and came with outstretched hand from behind his desk. They heartily shook hands. Kiloko first addressed the matter about which he had sought this appointment: the pending staff issue in his department had been sorted out quickly. The conversation really came to an end with that and Juma already wanted to get up; then Kiloko came to the real reason for his visit.

"Hashim, there is something else I'd like to discuss with you. It's about this railway project, the rehabilitation of the Central Line. The German expert there is called Paul Mansfeld. I don't know if you remember him."

"Yes, he just recently did the presentation for the project."

"Right."

"The man seems competent to me."

"That's the thing. We have already worked on other projects with GRConsult. However, it now seems that this new expert Paul Mansfeld isn't very cooperative."

Hashim Juma leaned back in his chair, an inquiring look on his face.

"What do you mean? Why?"

Kiloko excitedly leaned forward: "He wants to get involved in something that has nothing to do with him. I prefer international consultants who studiously take care of their task as described and do it quickly."

"Yes, I agree with you on that, Joseph. What about this Paul

Mansfeld?”

“Paul is one of those who want to teach us in our Ministry how to do our jobs.”

Hashim Juma laughed in agreement. “Yes, I’ve also met a few of that sort. Often incompetent, which they hide behind arrogance.”

Kiloko felt understood and continued indignantly.

“They just want to make money here. Not only that. They also want to try out their half-baked ideas. And without any risk to themselves. We had to go through it all these years. Always new projects. First it was education, then promotion of industry, then promotion of agriculture, then small-scale technology, then vegetables, now Aids and good governance. Then transport. And what comes next? But we are the ones who’ve kept things running all these years. All the clever experts leave again.”

Hashim Juma listened without a word, occasionally nodding in agreement.

“You’re right. And at the end of their contract they’ve put away pretty savings and we’re left with the ruins of their project.”

Hashim Juma laughed. “Do you still remember how it was in the bad Eighties? Then we had a monthly income of 50 dollar. And Henk, the Dutch advisor in our department, got over 10,000 dollar a month. He and his family lived in the lap of luxury, he gave us clever advice and we planted maize behind our houses so that we wouldn’t starve.”

Kiloko nodded, agreeing.

“You’re right. He pushed us aside as incompetent, uneducated, and corrupt; he treated us like naughty children. This arrogance, this superior attitude of the whites. I’m sick of it.”

Hashim Juma slowly sat up in his chair and now looked directly at Kiloko.

“But my friend, what is it about? That’s not why you came to me today. Is it about this Paul Mansfeld?”

Kiloko could hear in Hashim Juma’s tone that he had become impatient. He leaned forward in his chair.

“Yes, it’s about him too. Mansfeld understands something about railways, on the technical side. Because he has worked in Tanzania once before, he now thinks he knows how things should be done here. Specifically, it is about this: a company I

know well has helped GRConsult with the bid for the study. This was a consultation service that was provided privately. GRConsult would pay a commission for it. But apparently this Paul Mansfeld is having none of it.”

Hashim Juma sat up in his chair, placed both forearms on the shiny tabletop and leaned towards Kiloko. He slowly replied: “You know that I didn’t have anything to do with how this project came about. Officially I don’t know anything about it and I don’t want to know anything about it either.”

“But I know that, Hashim. That’s not my issue at all. I can manage that myself.”

Juma continued slowly and with great emphasis.

“I sincerely hope so, Joseph. It’s a sensitive history, you know that. I don’t want any complications.”

Both were quiet. Kiloko sensed that his attempt had failed. Only after a long pause did he clear his throat and broached another subject.

“Another thing has occurred to me. This railway rehabilitation. Wouldn’t a road be much more sensible? For example this idea of building a road from Arusha to Lake Victoria. In eight hours a truck from Dar is in Arusha and in another eight it can be in Mwanza and only a few hours later in Rwanda, Uganda or Burundi. The rehabilitation of the old railway line would be unnecessary.”

“But Joseph, I’m testing out both options. I know that at the recent conference some experts made a plea for the road. With good reasoning. But there are good arguments for the railway too. Let’s first wait and see what conclusion the study comes to.”

“Yes, you’re probably right. We’ve been working on the Central Line for years already. We actually know what’s wrong with it. There are small things that have to be fixed. One doesn’t need this huge rehabilitation project. Repair a few bridges and the Central Line runs again. With the new roads we open up the economic development of the hinterland and create a connection with Rwanda and Burundi. Our minister also leans more toward the road.”

Hashim Juma didn’t seem pleased with this line of argument and the reference to the Minister. He kept quiet, looked at the spotlessly shiny tabletop in front of him and seemed to

contemplate.

“Maybe you’re right. I know that my minister will speak to the president about it. The matter has not been decided yet.”

“Paul, why do you actually live at the Sunrise City Hotel? That’s insanely expensive, after all.”

Measured by the usual income in Tanzania, the Sunrise was in fact not cheap.

“But the other hotels are even more expensive,” Paul replied.

“I don’t mean an international hotel. There are nice guesthouses that are comfortable too.”

John had asked him this a week before during one of their rides together. At the time, Paul had reacted evasively to this suggestion. He had other things on his mind, and besides, the hotel bill was paid by GRConsult, after all. He now remembered this conversation as they were sitting together in the car, he leaning back in the passenger seat, John at the wheel.

“John, you once suggested a guesthouse. What good ones are there?”

John lit up. As taxi driver he knew about accommodation.

“So I know a few that would suit you. One of them is on the Msasani Peninsula. You’ll like it. Clean, quiet, air-conditioned. It’s called Green Garden Inn. And it’s much cheaper than the Sunrise.”

In view of his increasingly uncertain position at the project, the idea of cheaper accommodation was becoming more attractive to Paul. According to his contract, he could have GRConsult pay for the hotel room or take advantage of a lucrative package.

“Good, John, then we’ll have a look at it tonight.”

In the evening, they drove to Msasani. When they stopped the car in front of a head-height lattice gate at the end of a side street, John honked several times. After a short time, a uniformed guard appeared. When he recognised John, he smiled and pushed open the two gate doors. The Green Garden Inn was a guesthouse with about ten rooms in a quiet location. The owner, a fifty-something Englishwoman named Shirley Smith-Mawe, came

from her office in the entrance area and greeted John. They knew each other: as taxi driver, John had often dropped off guests here in the past. The complex gave the impression of being very well kept. Lush green gave everything the look of a botanical garden. There were several small bungalows, each with one or two rooms, on the property. Among them, the reception, while narrow, slate-lined paths led to the restaurant with its covered roof but open to the front and sides. There, breakfast was served in the morning and dinner in the evening. The massive trees with their thick canopies provided shade. Shirley Smith-Mawe showed him the only room still available. It had air-conditioning, a shower and toilet as well as wireless internet. It wasn't as luxurious as the Sunrise City but Paul liked it. He was especially impressed with the direct access from the room to the lush, green tropical garden.

Paul spontaneously booked the room for four weeks. The next morning he packed his things in the Sunrise City Hotel and settled the bill. Then he let John drive him to the office and later, with his luggage, from the Sunrise to his new lodgings.

Within days he felt at home at the Green Garden Inn. When he had John drop him off after the office closed for the day, usually by five o'clock, he often lay down to rest for half an hour first in his cool, air-conditioned room. Many evenings he went for a walk along the streets in the neighbourhood. Since the sun was already low at this time, the walls and houses provided shade. However, the day's heat could still be felt everywhere. Even walking at a leisurely pace through the streets of the quarter, large, dark sweat stains formed on the back and front of his T-shirt. Sometimes he also put on running shoes and shorts and jogged for half an hour along the streets, which were nearly devoid of traffic at this time. When he then got back as darkness fell, his T-shirt and even his socks were completely drenched in sweat.

On Saturdays he slept in. Often he also lay for hours on a wide lounge in the garden and read in the shade of a tree. Through the thick green canopy, the sun sprinkled shimmering spots of light on the grass and the paved paths. Walking around the area on Saturday mornings, he often encountered tankers with the legend *Maji Safi*, which is the Swahili for "clean water".

They were on their way to fill the water tanks of their customers' houses and apartments. The old vehicles roared and groaned under the weight of their load. Thick black clouds rolled from their exhaust pipes and wafted over the entire width of the road's hot asphalt surface. The exhaust fumes were unbearable. Apparently, despite their wealth and influence, the wealthy of the area had had no luck in convincing the city to connect their neighbourhood to the mains network.

The Msasani Peninsula – also simply called “The Peninsula” – was an island of the rich and influential in a sea of poverty. High-ranking officials in ministries and authorities, diplomats, managers of domestic and foreign companies and employees of the countless international organisations lived here. But Paul hardly ever saw the inhabitants. They didn't get around on foot; they drove or were driven around in air-conditioned cars; they visited the air-conditioned supermarkets, shopping centres, businesses and restaurants. The people were hidden behind the dark tinted windows of the large vehicles. Nobody had to starve here. Eating problems didn't stem from a lack of food, but from an overabundance. Obesity was rampant.

On his walks he sometimes encountered a jogger; sometimes there were maids, gardeners or guards. Msasani was also a city of high, white walls. Behind them, villas were hidden on properties full of trees and bushes. This was how the rich shielded themselves from poverty and crime. A thought came to him: if the differences between rich and poor were smaller, the walls could maybe be smaller too. The rich Tanzanians still knew life in the villages where they had been born and grew up. But they had become unfamiliar with those places. Now they built their own tribe, the small tribe of the influential who had settled in Msasani and the coastal strip north to Kunduchi. With their level of sophistication and fashions they also determined those of the other neighbourhoods in the city. Paul enjoyed the luxury of the peninsula. But he didn't want to be a member of this privileged society; instead he saw himself only as a temporary external observer.

Msasani was also a city of fear. Fear was the shadow following the Peninsula's inhabitants night and day and against which an army of uniformed guards were on duty around the clock.

Meanwhile the security companies were the largest employers with the most businesses. Maybe that's why the number of thefts and burglaries was small. A peaceful neighbourhood, actually.

In previous years one could still see in Msasani more and more young Massai men, alone or in groups, who in their traditional red and blue checked cloths stood out clearly among the other passers-by. Up to then they had become known through movies, with their cattle herds on the plains of northern Tanzania. But today one found the wild warriors of the tribes increasingly less often in the savannah but rather as security guards in the city. Their reputation as lion-slayers and fearless fighters against neighbouring tribes now helped them get jobs with the security companies.

Joyce placed the two daily newspapers, which she got from the kiosk in Maktaba Street every morning, on the shelf next to Paul's desk. Paul and Michael Kalenga sat bent over the computer monitor and studied a table listing the transport services of the past three years. During a tea break, Paul's gaze fell upon the front page of the *Daily News*. On the bottom half there was an article with the headline, "Youth gangs chase old women in the Kagera Region".

Kagera is a region in the northwestern corner of Tanzania, bordering Uganda. With a shudder, Paul scanned the article, according to which youths in villages in the region accused old women of witchcraft and beat and in some cases even murdered them. He protested: "Surely that can't be true. Something like that today."

Kalenga agreed. "No, that's not real. These young hooligans kill innocent old women. They could not recognise witches."

Paul, who had lifted his cup to take a sip, jerked upright and looked at Kalenga, his mouth open.

"You're joking now. Do you believe that there are witches, then?"

Kalenga replied impatiently, "Yes, of course there are witches. They can cause great evil. But these stupid young ones in the villages don't have a clue. Only people who have been trained in

the tradition can recognise witches. There aren't many of those left."

Paul was speechless. There he was sitting in front of a modern computer with a highly educated, internationally experienced, mature man who had just explained the statistical method of regression analysis to him and had published a book about strategic management with a New York publisher. The same man believed that there were witches.

"Do you seriously mean it?" Paul asked again.

And with the same matter-of-factness with which he had just explained the statistical method, Kalenga now taught Paul that of course such things existed and that he had experienced them himself. He gave an example. In 1969 he went by bus from Arusha to Singida. In Arusha an old man – *mzee* in Swahili – boarded the bus. For his passage to his destination, a small town halfway to Singida, he gave the young conductor a ten-shilling note. The conductor said that he didn't have change right then but would give him the five shillings later. When the bus then approached the destination, the *mzee* reminded the conductor. However, the conductor asked what he wanted; he had already given the change, after all. Upon that, the *mzee* asked, "Are you serious?" The conductor then insulted him and told him to go away. After getting off the bus, this *mzee* then placed his cane in front of the bus and said, "Then you will not get away from here." And indeed, when the bus driver tried to drive off, the gear level kept jumping back into neutral, so that the bus could not start. A great deal of excitement then arose among the passengers, and they persuaded the conductor to hand over the change. He then gave the five shillings to one of the passengers, asking that it be given to the *mzee*. But the passenger refused, reasoning that it had nothing to do with him. Only after strong demands from the other passengers, for whom the delay had been too long, the conductor then went up directly to the old man. The *mzee* asked him if he was sorry. At this point the conductor was crying. Between sobs, he assured the *mzee* that he would never do it again. Upon this, the old man picked up his cane from the road and the bus continued on its journey.

There was no stopping Kalenga now and he told a whole series of such inexplicable events. His grandfather had been a

Protestant preacher but had also mastered these traditional techniques. However, when they were children, he had insisted that they shouldn't tell anybody, since the European priests wouldn't want to see such practices. He expressed regret that these things had now been forgotten. This traditional knowledge should be taught in schools, then it could still be very useful today.

Meanwhile, Paul had stopped expressing his disbelief. These stories fascinated him too much. Even more he wondered how a man as educated as Kalenga could believe in magic. Paul considered other explanations: maybe the gear lever of the bus had simply been defective? Or maybe the driver, because of the hustle and bustle around him, had been too nervous or, because of the *mzee's* authority, too intimidated? As someone for whom the belief in the extraterrestrial and supernatural was strange, he could not leave the matter like that, despite all his tolerance for Michael, whom he held in regard as colleague and expert.

"And, dear Michael, what do you think then about the other stories in the newspaper? I believe it was just last week that this story was in the paper again. An albino child was brutally slaughtered to sell his body parts for purposes of magic. Have you not read the newspaper?"

"I've read that too. That happened in the southwest. They cut off the hand of a six-year-old albino boy. All of Tanzania knows that there are many traditional healers in the Sumbawanga District."

Paul asked in disbelief, "And they can simply carry on practising?"

"Unfortunately there are many charlatans among them, and also many criminals. There's simply too much money to be made with these things. Such practices are criminal and have nothing to do with the useful practices of our tradition."

When by evening he was still sitting alone with Joyce in the office, he asked her if she also knew such curious stories. These things would be common in Sukumaland; among those in the Pare Mountains, where she was from, they were rare. And in Dar es Salaam even rarer. The reason for this was that these things only worked within a narrow social context. Here in Dar the tribes would have mixed. These practices wouldn't work here and

so they weren't used either. Paul found this explanation plausible. Apparently he didn't need any sociological or psychological studies for such observations. In Europe too, the belief in magic had not died out. He knew that even among his German acquaintances there were those who believed in witchcraft, the supernatural, paranormal phenomena, prophecies and things like that. Seen this way, Kalenga's statements were maybe not so strange after all.

An excursion to Morogoro was planned for Tuesday that week. Like every morning, John had picked up Paul at the hotel. Punctually at eight, Kalenga also appeared at the office. The aim of the trip was to take a look at the railway system in Morogoro and selected sections of the route. Paul also hoped that it would bring him a little closer to Kalenga. The professional cooperation with him was superb but so far their relationship had remained cool and distant.

After a short briefing they drove past the airport and reached the district of Pugu. Half a kilometre further and following Kalenga's directions, John turned left at a crossroads and onto a dirt road. After another few hundred metres, they parked the car near the railway line. Kalenga walked ahead; Paul and John followed him in single file along the worn footpaths through fallow land, maize fields and newly built-up areas. Some of the neighbourhood's luxurious family homes were already inhabited; others were still being built and there were some of which only the foundations stood. After ten minutes they reached the railway tracks. The morning sun had already warmed the tracks and in the distance, the heat was already flickering. As far as one could see the railway line to the left and right, it was in impeccable condition. The trackbed was freshly scraped and new concrete sleepers had been laid. There were no weeds. The ditch next to the line had been cleared of filth and rubbish and the inhabitants were using it as a footpath. The route was more than a metre higher than the surrounding terrain, so that the superstructure and the tracks were reasonably safe from floodwaters.

Paul asked Kalenga, "Did you know that the route was in

such good condition?”

“Yes, of course I’ve already seen it. Nevertheless, I wanted to show you this. This stretch from Dar to Mahundi was rehabilitated last year. But further on, in the direction of Morogoro, it looks much worse. There, the substructure dates almost entirely from the German colonial era.”

“That’s what I thought. It must have been hard work back then.”

“Manual labour,” Kalenga emphasised. “The hardest manual and physical labour. It’s always said that the Germans had built the railway line. But they had only planned it. The ones who built it were the poor day labourers. And not always voluntarily.”

“On such a hot day one gets an idea of how hard the work must have been,” Paul said.

“There’s still much to do. Over long stretches the route is in terrible condition. You know, it’s not only the line itself but also the end point in Kigoma. The port doesn’t really function anymore. Everything’s dilapidated.”

After they had done the inspection, they went back and made their way to Morogoro. On Morogoro Road there was busy traffic on both directions. Pedestrians were patiently waiting on the side of the road for a gap between vehicles, so that they could get to the other side of this four-lane asphalt road. Many of the trucks were obviously heavily overloaded and were hanging low on their suspension. Noisily and with black diesel fumes looming behind them, they slowly fought their way forward. Paul was happy to see with how much care and foresight John was overtaking these mammoths. Along this arterial road stood mighty steel constructions for billboards, mostly advertising mobile services, cigarettes and beer. They passed an advertisement for Kilimanjaro beer with the slogan, *It’s Kili Time! Make the most of it.* Just beyond the Dar es Salaam city limits, the traffic quickly thinned. They speedily passed through the towns of Kibaha and Mandizi and by noon, they reached Chalinze. In this place about 100 km from Dar, the A14 road to Arusha led to the right, in a northerly direction. Here there were some market stalls, gas stations and restaurants. They stopped at a bistro near the junction. They sat down at a table underneath the palm thatch roof. With a young waiter they ordered tea and a large platter of

samosas: triangular pieces of dough filled with minced meat and fried in oil. John was hungry; he ordered *wali na maharage*: rice and beans.

Kalenga came back to his conversation of earlier.

“The German colonialists weren’t squeamish when it came to procuring workers for the construction of the railway. Working conditions were terrible. The Hehe people in the Iringa area suffered especially under the despotism of the Germans.”

Paul admitted, “It must have been difficult indeed to organise the workers.”

“It was actually incredibly difficult to provide everyone with enough food, water and shelter. There were thousands of workers. They were treated poorly.”

Here Kalenga paused and added thoughtfully:

“However, one has to say that today too, working conditions for the railway personnel are bad. The pay is pitiful. For example, the maintenance teams along the line are both poorly supervised and poorly paid. Those are the main reasons why these jobs often aren’t done well enough. You should include this in your report.”

In the early afternoon they reached Morogoro. John immediately found the station just outside the city centre. When Paul recorded the station with his camera, the security personnel with their red uniforms became greatly agitated. Gesticulating vigorously, two of the guards came running up to him: “Stop. It’s forbidden to photograph the station.”

Michael Kalenga stepped in and told the agitated security guards in Swahili that they were travelling on behalf of the Ministry. But he could not convince them in any way. No, unfortunately they were now forced to bring them to the station master. He should decide how to proceed. Since Kalenga and Paul wanted to see him anyway, they willingly followed. Why was there even a security service at this station, where no train would pass today anyway? Was this exaggerated thinking about safety or really paranoia? Or was it the fear of terror attacks by fundamentalist Islamists of the al-Qaida network? In 1998 there had been such attacks on US embassies in Dar es Salaam and Nairobi, with many dead. Or did this fear stem from the time when South Africa was under apartheid rule and there was a risk of the South African Air Force carrying out attacks on

neighbouring states? In fact, from the time of apartheid up to 1992, the ANC had maintained a school near Morogoro.

They found the station master at his desk in his office, immersed in his files. Astonished, he looked up when the group, led by the head of the security service, pushed into his office. The station master pacified the security man.

“It’s fine. Everything’s alright. They’re the people from the Ministry.”

He heartily greeted Kalenga and Paul.

“Welcome. Here we only rarely get visited by such important people from Dar es Salaam.”

After a brief conversation, the station master invited them to inspect the railway system.

“We can go on the tracks. The next train only comes early tomorrow morning. If it comes then ...,” he said. “So, we have time.” Already upon entering the track system, its desolate condition was clear. Paul was appalled by the extent of the need for renovation that was visible to the naked eye.

One could scarcely believe that trains still passed by here, the tracks were so rotten. Twenty kilometres per hour was already breakneck speed here. As far as Paul could see, he observed warped, overgrown tracks. The sleepers were in a state of disintegration and no longer able to securely hold the bolts. The screw heads were covered in a crust of rust and had lost their shape. The gravel had washed away and formed a combined mass with the rotten thresholds. It was a miracle that trains could still pass along these decrepit tracks in one piece and reach Lake Tanganyika.

Paul made notes and used his camera to document the conditions. In his head he already calculated the costs of repairing the track system, the waiting room and the switches. As they were saying their goodbyes on the platform, the station master said, “We are happy to have this railway. One must be aware that colonialism was just a tyranny – but it also brought us the railway.”

They spent the night in the Oasis Hotel, which Joyce had booked for them days before. After breakfast, they went to the Morogoro workshop. This workshop specialised in the maintenance and repair of diesel locomotives and, compared to

other workshops in the country, was well equipped technically speaking. The workshop manager complained that there was a lack of spare parts for the proper maintenance and repair of the locomotives. Sometimes they couldn't even get enough diesel for the locomotives. The lack of money affected how well the railway functioned, which in turn led to declining passenger numbers and a drop in revenue. A vicious circle.

From the workshop they went to inspect the condition of the tracks to the west. Here too, as far as could be seen, the stretch was in a very bad condition. Both the track bed and the sleepers had to be renewed. Kalenga stayed with the car. The two rails stretched endlessly westwards. With big steps, Paul jumped from sleeper to sleeper. At this time no train was expected. He marched further and further. Above him a huge blue sky arched, infinitely high, stretching from horizon to horizon. High above there were two snow-white clouds. After half a kilometre he remembered that he had to get back. He turned around.

On the return journey to Dar es Salaam, after about a hundred kilometres a police officer signalled to them by hand that they should stop and waved them towards a checkpoint at the side of the road. Apparently John had driven through the town behind them at a speed greater than the allowed maximum of fifty kilometres per hour. Looking back along the road, they saw a uniformed police officer with a radar pistol in his hand, standing at a slight curve to the right. The Tanzanian traffic police used radar for surveillance because of the many accidents caused by speeding. In spite of this, there were still countless accidents with many dead and injured. After malaria and Aids, most Tanzanians died in traffic. There were 16,000 fatalities per year on the roads. In comparison, in Germany, with a hundredfold more vehicles, there were 4,000 traffic fatalities per year. John stopped the car in the bay for this purpose and got out. One could now see how John talked to the police officer responsible for the tickets and the payment of the fines. Lots of gesticulating. When, after a few minutes, he got back into the car, he said with relief and pride in a muted voice:

"I've settled it with 20,000 schillings. A ticket doesn't benefit him in any way, and me neither. So it's better for all." John smiled in satisfaction.

The amount was about ten dollar. There was no ticket and no written warning. Paul disagreed with this type of arrangement but withheld comment. Kalenga didn't say anything either. Of course it was a case of corruption, but of minor corruption. He could not approve of that.

With the seminar "The Future of the Central Line: Chances and Obstacles", Paul wanted to get the ideas of the directors and high-ranking employees of the ministries, authorities and institutions involved and win them over for cooperation. He planned to invite 20 to 25 people to this event. Joyce had already warned him in advance that the officials expected allowances for their participation. At the high levels of hierarchy in the state apparatus where most of the participants were found, the usual daily rate was fifty dollar. Why an official had to get additional pay for participation, Paul didn't understand, but he didn't say anything further about this and asked Joyce to prepare the appropriate payments. After a long search, she suggested the Sunrise Beach in Bagamoyo as a hotel suitable for the seminar. It was the sister hotel to the Sunrise City, where Paul had lived for some time. As Joyce told him, upon booking major events, the hotel offered the person in charge, in this case him, a trial stay for a night: a so-called "courtesy stay". Paul asked her to arrange this for the coming weekend. The marketing manager would introduce him to the hotel and its technical equipment.

It was agreed that Paul should pick up the marketing manager at her second-floor office on Sokoine Drive at noon that Saturday to discuss the arrangement. At the local Hertz office he had rented a car, a Toyota Camry, for the weekend. He wanted to use it for other things too, but in the first place he needed the vehicle for the drive of about eighty kilometres to Bagamoyo that day. The city centre was very busy; columns of vehicles rolled along the streets at a walking pace. As pedestrian and as passenger he was familiar with this part of the centre, but not as driver.

Navigating the dense traffic and at the same time searching for the Sunrise office overwhelmed him. He noticed the mistake,

but too late. He had already entered a one-way street, going in the wrong direction. Waving excitedly, a passer-by made him aware of this. As fast as he could, he turned into the next main street. Then he tried for the second time to find a parking spot and this time he drove down Sokoine Drive in the right direction. Suddenly two uniformed police officers stopped him and indicated that he should park on the sandy shoulder of the street. There they spoke to him in Swahili mixed with bits of English. At first he didn't understand what it was about, then he heard the term "one-way road". Energetically they instructed Paul to open the car doors' electronic locks. They weren't locked. Seconds later, to his surprise there were two Tanzanian police officers in uniform seated in the back of his Toyota Camry. When he turned to face them, he looked directly at the muzzle of a gun. At least the gun wasn't pointed at him but stood upright between the police officer's knees and the back of the driver's seat. The gun with its museum-like character didn't scare Paul and besides, they were in the very busy city centre. Then they asked him to drive on. That seemed absurd to Paul. Was this an attack by criminals dressed as police? Now he was feeling queasy after all. He quickly switched off the engine, pulled out the key, got out and stood a few metres from the vehicle.

Although the two in uniform didn't move in their seats, they now seemed visibly uncertain. Through the open car window they asked him to get back in. They explained that they wanted to show him the traffic sign that he had just missed. Paul answered that this wasn't necessary, since he already knew that it was about a one-way sign that he had missed. They insisted, however. *Well*, he thought, *maybe it's a new and commendable kind of Tanzanian traffic education*. So he got back in, started the car and pulled away. They had scarcely reached the corner with Mirambo Street when they told him to stop in a quiet place. They told him that they had to give him a fine. Paul asked the police officers what penalty would be due now. He would happily pay it. At this, he pulled his wallet from his trouser pocket. But he needed a receipt; he had to insist on that. That was now a problem, since unfortunately they didn't have a receipt book with them. Therefore, they would have to go to the central police headquarters, but this was a long drive. Paul's first consideration: *Since it's already just before noon, I'm going to*

miss my appointment at the Sunrise Hotel. After a while it dawned on him: the two police officers had no intention of making him a better driver, but wanted to be bribed. When this had seeped into his consciousness, he felt led by the nose. Angrily and in a loud voice he said:

“I work for the government. To be precise, I work for the Ministry of Transport. That’s just around the corner. We’ll now drive there together and find out how we can deal with the payment despite not having a receipt book.”

It was a pretty empty threat, since on Saturdays there was nobody except the porter. But in the meantime, the entire context had become clear to him.

“I want to pay the fine, but only with a receipt. Otherwise – get out of the car.”

The one police officer grinned sheepishly, hesitantly opened the door on his side, heaved first the gun and then himself through the door frame and clumsily got out. Without a word, his colleague followed him like a caught-out schoolboy.

The marketing manager had already been expecting him at the office of the Sunrise Hotel. To his surprise he knew her. Because coming from the airport on his first day, when he arrived bleary-eyed and tired at the hotel, she received him at Reception. They had also met on occasion when he was living at the Sunrise City. She introduced herself as Vivien Chimagu.

“Welcome, Mister Mansfeld. We’ve met already.”

Paul remembered her well, but had nevertheless viewed her only as one of the many female hotel employees. But this morning she was performing in her true professional role. Medium in size and athletically slender, she sat in front of him in a light blue outfit that emphasised her lovely figure and shapely hips. He heard her explain the business details with practised words but with her open smile she was warm and friendly at the same time and he had trouble staying on topic. Every now and then her eyes, deep dark eyes with thick black eyelashes, shimmered mischievously, almost mockingly, and her wide mouth with its velvety full lips moved gracefully and fully in harmony as she spoke, while for split seconds flashing a row of spotless white teeth – how did Africans do that? – finally the sound of her warm, dark voice – it captivated him so much that

he only fleetingly took in the content of what she was saying.

He was fascinated by this woman, who confidently and with practised ease explained the conditions at the Sunrise Beach Hotel to him and whose age he could not guess, but he tried to hide this behind clever and objective comments; after all, this was a business meeting to negotiate favourable terms. Paul didn't have any questions concerning the arrangement and the procedure, but with charm and witty comments he tried to steer the conversation toward personal things. To no avail. Vivien laughed. Apparently he and his clumsy ways amused her. After half an hour she became impatient. "Mister Mansfeld, do you have any other questions? If not, I suggest that we drive directly to Bagamoyo and look at the hotel."

Together they went down to where Paul had parked his rental car in the hotel's parking lot. They drove north along Bagamoyo Road, past Regent Estate and then the northern district of Kawe. When after a few kilometres they reached the northern suburb of Mbezi Beach, the heavy traffic finally broke up and Paul stepped on the gas pedal.

When at the end of the 19th century the Germans annexed large parts of East Africa into a German colony, Bagamoyo served as capital for the emerging German East Africa from 1889 to 1891. Today, however, Bagamoyo was only the small administrative centre of the district of the same name north of Dar es Salaam, and its inhabitants made a living mainly from fishing, agriculture and tourism. There was a row of hotels of different standards and a white, sandy beach with a fantastic view of the Indian Ocean. The most beautiful and luxurious hotel was the Sunrise Beach, about a kilometre north of the centre. It was early in the afternoon when Paul parked the car in the hotel's covered parking lot. When they went across the sun-warmed asphalt to the reception area, they met the hotel manager there. Vivien introduced them. Then she excused herself.

"My colleague Aisha will show you your room. Unfortunately I have an urgent meeting. We'll meet again at four o'clock. I will then show you the seminar room and your office. Maybe you'd

like to go for a swim beforehand. The beach is not to be missed.”

She gestured towards the beach.

“By the way, I’ve arranged a trip to the Kaole Ruins in the evening. Aisha will take us. I haven’t yet been there myself.”

Aisha, a young woman of about twenty-five in the uniform of the Sunrise Hotel, took him to his room in the upscale category of an “executive room”. The room was very big, air-conditioned. With a spacious bathroom, a well-stocked minibar with a wide range of drinks, a TV with a large flat screen and a card with the code for the wireless internet. The window faced east. It offered a panoramic view of the beach and ocean. For a moment he stretched out on the double bed. Yes, he enjoyed the preferential treatment for his trial stay. After he had put his few things in the closet, he got ready for an exploratory walk. He looked to the north, where the beach stretched for kilometres. To the right it led to the town. He walked across the beach to a customs house from the German colonial era. On the beach there were fishing boats being worked on. It smelled like fish and sea. Out there on the water a sailboat floated past as if in a picture. He walked past the fishing harbour and the fort from the German colonial era. It was muggy and hot; his T-shirt already showed dark sweat marks. Then he passed the mighty Boma, the seat of the German administration back in the day, and wandered along the former Kaiser-Straße back to the hotel.

There Vivien was waiting already to show him the scheduled seminar room and its technical equipment. Everything was perfectly in line with his expectations. At Reception they met Aisha, who would be covered for by a colleague during her absence. Paul offered to drive them in his rental car. With that, they could go.

Upon getting in, Aisha admonished him: “Drive carefully. Your car has only a low ground clearance. The road to Kaole is only a worn sandy track with deep ruts.”

Kaole turned out to be a collection of a few mostly traditional houses a few kilometres southeast of Bagamoyo. Near the settlement were the Kaole Ruins. These stone ruins dated back to the Shirazi, people from the city of Shiraz in Persia, who had settled here between the 13th and 15th centuries. In front of the museum they met the museum director, an older man in an old,

frayed jacket and baggy trousers. Otherwise there were no visitors. Aisha translated his explanations from Swahili to English. In the small museum there were archaeological artefacts that indicated that there had been trade from this place on the coast to distant Persia and China. The construction of a huge container port in the natural bay south of Bagamoyo had been in the Tanzanian press in the past weeks. It concerned the construction of a deep sea port at Kaole, which the Tanzanian government was planning with China. Paul wanted to see the planned location. This was the real reason why he had suggested this excursion. The museum director knew about the plans.

“Yes, the port is to be built back there at the Mbegani Peninsula. A big harbour, an idea of the Chinese,” he said and shrugged. There was talk that the Chinese wanted to invest ten billion US dollar to build the biggest harbour in all of Africa here. Ten billion dollar – for a simple person living on the coast that was an unimaginable sum. Paul thought that he could see the Mbegani Peninsula as a feint contour across the misty surface of the water. He tried to imagine such a construction. An industrial port the size of Hamburg or Rotterdam: loading docks, terminals, long rows of cranes, dozens of ships at the piers and, spreading from here in the shape of a star, railway tracks into the African interior. Goods trains heavily laden with containers, rattling to the cities in the interior of the continent and then returning from there heavily laden with ores and minerals. In this quiet, still underlined by the buzz of insects, grass, bushes and an empty sea, it was hard to imagine. But why not? Maybe that which people had hoped for a long time would come true. Escaping from poverty to abundance and wealth. The development of Tanzania, one of this world’s poorest countries, to prosperity. What consequences would such a construction have for the town of Bagamoyo? No longer *bwaga moyo*, so no longer “lay down your heart” for the people who came here and were enslaved, no: “Get up; conquer the world.” So, the motto of the future. And what would the port mean for Dar and the Central Line only sixty kilometres away?

Paul looked over the crumbling buildings and graves among the hip-height grasses and the thorny scrub: remnants of a culture that had prospered here several centuries before. He took his

digital camera from the glove compartment and walked along the narrow footpaths through the stony remains of the Shirazi. In front of him lay the wide Indian Ocean. He turned around and looked back. Far behind him he saw the small museum next to the huge mango tree. Aisha, Vivien and the museum director. Against the evening sky, the small group of people seemed lost next to the black-grey tombs and the remains of the old mosque. What would people see from here in five hundred years' time? The ruins of an industrial port or the ruins of a pre-capitalist Oriental culture? Paul noticed that he had become lost in thought. The wind from the sea had become noticeably cooler. The sun disappeared in the west without spectacle. Dusk fell quickly. With the help of the Toyota Camry's headlights they went along the bumpy road back to the hotel.

At seven o'clock he called Vivien from the telephone in his room and invited her to dinner. She declined, offering important errands as an excuse. He ate alone in the restaurant. Afterwards he went to sit in one of the hotel's palm-thatched huts on the beach. A strong, warm wind was blowing from the sea. Lost in thought, Paul sat in the dark and looked at the moonlit sea. Then, from the corner of his eye he noticed a figure slowly approaching him along the sandy path. It was Vivien.

"Oh, here you are. How are you? Are you enjoying the evening?"

"Yes, it's so peaceful here. One can really relax here. May I invite you for a drink?"

"Thank you for the offer. But our management does not like seeing invitations to the staff."

Vivien sat down in the chair next to him.

"Do you also have an executive room, like me?" he asked. She laughed.

"No, we have our staff quarters. Less luxurious, but okay."

After a little small talk, she left. The next day Paul woke up before sunrise. Since he had slept well, he went to the beach at dawn and sat down on the cool sand. In front of him, far away on the horizon, there was a thick cloud bank. He suspected that behind that, invisible in the fog, lay the island of Zanzibar and even further lay India. Above him stretched a vast sky. No movement of air. A penetrating silence filled the empty space,

with the occasional cawing of some crows piercing it. There were only small waves that hit the beach with ease and almost provocatively casually. Then the sun broke through. He stripped down to his bathing trunks. Crabs fled with jerky movements and disappeared in their holes in the wet sand. Heavy, dark green seaweed floated along the shore and blocked access to the open sea. Paul was revolted as he waded through it like a stork. The water was very warm in the morning. With great relish he let the waves rock him, then he crawled far into the sea again. Back on the beach he looked at the sun rising slowly from the mist. Out there a dhow, a traditional freight boat with its typical triangular sail, silently drifted northwards in the gentle breeze. In the light of the rising sun one could make out the silhouettes of the two boatmen. A picturesque image. Paul was happy, now in this moment. Nothing was missing; nothing was too much. Above him the palm leaves softly rustled in the treetops; at his feet, the rippling waves of the vast ocean slowly hit the white beach. It was peaceful. Gentle movements of the air brushed his skin. For him, the world had come to a satisfying standstill.

After showering he had breakfast; then he checked out. He met Vivien as she busily hurried through the complex. Paul thanked her for the lovely stay and told her to book the Sunrise Beach for the seminar. On the journey back, Vivien was constantly in his thoughts. What an impressive person and what an attractive woman. He would like to see her again. Under what pretext could he contact her? She came to him on the beach the night before. Why? Was that her duty towards a guest as an employee of the Sunrise? Had it only been a gesture with the objective of getting him to book the seminar? Did she only see him as a client? He had no idea. When he left Bagamoyo, the road was still free and he could drive faster than now. His thoughts revolved around Vivien. He reproached himself for not having tried to get personally closer to her. He hadn't had the courage. Too hesitant, too half-hearted, too indecisive. He remembered Katrin in Berlin with a heavy heart.

Only a few kilometres outside the Dar es Salaam city centre

was the Kijiji cha Makumbusho. *Kijiji* means “village” and *kukumbuka* means “remember” in Swahili. So, it was the Village Museum of Tanzania. Here, the traditional huts of sixteen different Tanzanian peoples could be viewed from the outside as well as on the inside. Only a few hundred metres from the museum one could find the Mpanga Handicraft Centre. Several artists and artisans maintained small, modest workshops and shops there. What was exhibited and offered here was crafts which, although based on the precolonial tradition, were also influenced by the ideas of the current artisans and the expectations of tourists from overseas. At certain times of the year, they did good business; at other times, only a few tourists showed up and the income was correspondingly little. The global financial crisis of 2008 and 2009 had had a significant impact on the tourism industry in Tanzania.

In the centre there were several dozen woodcarvers who created their products, masks and sculptures of black ebony, in the traditional Makonde style. Many of these woodcarvers were Makonde, a people from southern Tanzania near the border with Mozambique. The selection of sculptures of various sizes and motifs was huge. Since ebony had become scarce and expensive in recent years, some carvers had resorted to using a different, lighter hardwood and then blackening it with shoe polish. Meanwhile, in the Mpanga shops there were also other items, such as chess sets, oil and watercolour paintings, soapstone figurines, wooden chests and jewellery. Some of the centre’s artists had become famous for their work. There were rumours that some had even become very rich. For an artist’s commercial success, it was important to satisfy the tastes of a sufficient number of customers with his or her style, but to not produce the standard wares that were offered cheaply and in abundance in the hotels and tourist shops. Since the Mpanga Handicraft Centre’s establishment around twenty years before, its proximity to the Village Museum had been helpful for business, because their being neighbours had given potential customers, who stopped here in their Jeeps and safari Land Rovers and usually didn’t have more than half an hour, the idea that it was an institution of the National Museum.

For several years, the centre had been run by Lovemore, a

friend of Vivien's. They had known each other since their childhood in a village near Bukoba. Lovemore was a year older than Vivien and had a very wide build, especially around the hips. She had been the first one to make her way to the big city of Dar es Salaam. When Vivien's husband died in a car accident, they shared a room for a while in the Mwenge neighbourhood. Later Vivien also found a house for rent there.

On her way home, Vivien often looked in on Lovemore at the handicraft centre and they would then go home together. Today it was half past five when she arrived. She had come in a *dalla-dalla*, one of the rickety minibuses that commuted along the stretch between the centre and Mwenge. Both women said that they were hungry. They wandered to the nearby kiosk to get something to eat. Today there were several dozen tourists, alone or in groups, roaming the countless little shops. They sat down on the rough-hewn wooden bench next to the kiosk. The owner greeted them in a loud welcome. They ordered their meals and soft drinks. Then Vivien came to the real reason for her visit this day.

"Last week I met a nice *Mzungu*."

Lovemore listened and then remarked with a laugh: "You always with your affairs."

Vivien joked, "No, it's not an affair. Only a client, but a nice client. I do business with him. Or are you maybe just jealous?"

Paul took a break. He had Joyce bring him tea to his desk. He was satisfied with the progress made with his work to date and this problem with Kiloko weighed less and less on his soul; he had succeeded in shutting it out of his mind. Completely relaxed, he opened the *Daily News* on his desk. It was reported on the front page that the power cuts in the city had increased again lately and that the state electricity company was working hard on a solution. So that was really no news. Power failures could not disturb Paul's peace anymore. When the power went out, the emergency generator would ensure that the lights and air-conditioning in the building kept working. However, it often led to a disruption of the internet, which significantly affected his

ability to do research and communicate with his partners. Today's edition had a story on the growing number of telephone cable thefts, causing the national telephone company to report annual losses of three million dollar. With the current high price of copper, digging up and stealing copper cables still made sense, while the fibre optic cables could not be turned into money, so the thieves didn't benefit and only caused damage. Then his mobile phone rang with a strong vibration. It was Vivien Chimagu.

"Hello, Paul, Vivien speaking. How are you?"

"Hello, Vivien. I'm well, thanks. And how are you? Once again, thank you very much for the courtesy stay."

"How did you like the stay with us?"

"Fantastic. A beautiful hotel, ideal for our seminars."

"I'm glad to hear that. I'm calling because my boss asked about GRConsult's seminar booking. In fact, we still need your signature on the contract. Would it be fine if I came by today? In principle we've agreed. In case there's still anything to clear up, we can then discuss it."

"Yes, I've actually forgotten about the contract. I'm happy that you'd like to come by personally."

Paul noticed his excitement about the suggested meeting. He tried not to show it.

Vivien sounded eager. "Yes, I'd gladly come by your office. What about this afternoon at two?"

"Yes, good. I'll be here."

In the past few days he'd often thought about Vivien, but not about the contract. In fact, the seminar in Bagamoyo still had to be booked. He was happy about seeing her again. Now, when he went to sit at his desk again, he noticed that he paged through the newspaper, lost in thought and without being able to concentrate on the articles. His mind wandered again and again. He saw her in his mind, sitting next to him in the passenger seat on the way to Bagamoyo and that night on the beach.

"Joyce, where are the booking documents for Bagamoyo? Vivien is coming at two about the contract. Is there anything else we should still discuss?"

"I have them here. But everything seems to be in order."

After the lunch break – Joyce and Paul had eaten *wali na*

samaki, rice and fish, in the restaurant around the corner – Paul became more restless. He was happy. Why was he excited like a teenager? Where did this excitement come from? There was Katrin in Berlin too, who wanted to come to Dar es Salaam in a few weeks. Actually he was also very busy with the work on the study. He couldn't afford any distractions. Or maybe? Vivien held what was for him an unfamiliar fascination, a radiance that he had not yet noticed like this with women. Paul walked restlessly up and down in the room. When he went to stand at the window, he saw how heavy, dark clouds covered the city. Out there it was gloomy and windy. Down in the street, the wind drove scraps of paper and plastic bags to and fro among the parked cars. It announced the short rainy season that had been eagerly awaited for weeks with several showers and thunderstorms. The tropical winter in the Southern Hemisphere often lasted from June to September. The big rainy season only came in March. But now heavier rains were setting in. The drops came down with all their might against the office window. He could see the people down below hurrying through the streets and looking for shelter. Vivien came earlier than agreed upon.

The Seminar "The Future of the Central Line: Chances and Obstacles" was scheduled for two days. A day before, late in the afternoon, the office team set out for Bagamoyo. John was at the wheel and, as was so often the case, had put his favourite Johnny Cash music in the car's CD player, although at muted volume in deference to Paul. Joyce sat next to him in the passenger seat. Paul had stretched out in the back seat and had spread out folders and other seminar documents next to him. Although he had invested many weeks, days and nights in preparing, he felt some stage fright. Had he really thought about everything? The success of the seminar depended on creating a harmonious and productive atmosphere among the participants. He didn't show his nervousness. As usual, John was driving very fast, but not too fast. Paul had admonished him many times about driving too fast. Joyce, in charge of organising the seminar and looking after the participants, conducted some conversations on her mobile

phone. John would stay in Bagamoyo during the day and be available for any trips in town and to Dar es Salaam.

Along the paved road they passed through the centre with a few shops and simple restaurants. Then the asphalt abruptly ended and the road changed into a bumpy stone and clay track. About a kilometre beyond the urban development they turned into the entrance to the Sunrise Beach Hotel. The sun was low on the horizon. John brought the car to a stop in the covered parking lot. They moved into their rooms. Michael Kalenga was there already. Half an hour later they met in the pleasantly cool conference office for a last discussion. For several weeks, Kalenga and Paul had worked together on the seminar concept. In consultation with the speakers, they had agreed on talks on six topics.

Paul glanced around the conference room. Joyce had done an excellent job. Everything was well prepared. The invitations had been sent to twenty-four addresses and twenty-four affirmative replies had come back. The reason for the high quota was not only the fact that the invitation came with free accommodation and meals in one of the best hotels in the country. The attendance fees, for which Joyce was responsible, also had a favourable impact on attendance. When they sat around the table in the conference office and reconciled the list of participants with the most up-to-date SMS and email entries, they found that Joseph Kiloko of the Ministry of Transport had declined and was sending an employee from his department in his place. For Paul that was bitterly disappointing, since he had hoped to re-establish a good working relationship with Kiloko during this seminar. However, he was happy when Joyce shouted across the table that Goodluck Malemo of the Tanzania Railway Company had confirmed his participation by SMS. In the evening, more and more participants arrived at Reception, where they were received by Joyce.

The next morning, when Paul stepped out of his room at half past seven, he was blinded by the morning sun. In front of him lay the beach. Breakfast was in an open restaurant with a palm-thatched roof. The seminar would start at nine in the large conference room. When Paul entered the room half an hour early, there was nobody. In spite of the many fluorescent lamps in

the ceiling, it was dark in the room. The windows were small and only a little daylight penetrated through their green-tinted panes. The two big Panasonic air-conditioners worked at full strength and blew ice-cold air into the room. On the tables there were plastic water glasses covered in condensation. Gradually, the participants ambled in. The men appeared in dark suits; the women mainly in robes. Paul delivered the welcome speech and he and Kalenga took turns to moderate. In his introduction, Paul explained the purpose of the seminar and his mission. Then he presented the status of his work and his findings to date.

Goodluck Malembo of the Tanzania Railway Company, the TRC, did the first presentation, with the theme “Maintenance: One Hundred Years’ Experience with the Central Line”. He did this without slides or computer projections. The expressiveness and vividness of Malembo’s presentation rested upon his personal horror. In dramatic words he reported how the Central Line had come to its present disastrous state through sloppiness, lack of money and neglect. The audience commiserated. Malembo understood how to skilfully promote the basic and speedy restoration of the railway. Every day of further inaction was a crime – so he expressed it drastically.

A discussion developed about which gauge the tracks should have in future. Although the gauge wasn’t a central theme of the seminar, since the metre gauge had already been established in the tender, things became heated. Malembo vehemently argued that it should be left at the metre gauge that had been used to date. A conversion to the Southern African Cape gauge was unnecessary and too expensive. A conversion to the standard gauge of 1,435 metre was even more expensive and would offer few advantages in terms of transport volume. There was no stopping Malembo and he did not rest until the last sceptic had also agreed with his position or at least had been silenced.

After the hour-long lunch break, the director of the East African Community, the EAC, who had travelled from Arusha, presented the development plan for the East African railway network that had been worked on in-house. After a brief historical outline he proudly reported the current state of affairs. Construction of the rail link between Mombasa and Kampala had officially begun. The Kenyan president, the Chinese premier and

the Ugandan president had signed the corresponding cooperation agreement a few days before. The cost of building the first stretch to Nairobi would be financed mainly by the Chinese government and it would be built by the Sino Engineering and Construction Corporation, SECCO. After a construction period of four years, the railway line would reduce travel time from Mombasa to Nairobi from the previous twelve hours to four. One participant interjected that he had learned from a Kenyan colleague that there had been significant irregularities in awarding the contracts. There was talk of bribes to the tune of millions of dollars.

A series of futuristic-looking plans, the realisation of which was still up in the air, was presented. Among these was, for example, a connection from the Kenyan coast to Addis Abeba in Ethiopia or from there to Juba in South Sudan. Such plans were nothing new to Paul and most of the participants. For many years they had been circulating in different variants at the appropriate symposiums.

The plan to convert the port at Bagamoyo into a huge, modern container port was one in a series of similar mammoth projects, like the expansion of the port of Tanga in the north and Mtwara in the south. In contrast, however, the construction of the container port at Bagamoyo had been decided. This year the presidents of China and Tanzania had signed the agreement. After that, China would take care of financing the construction of the port as well as the adjacent Special Economic Zone. On what modes of transport, whether road or rail, the connection to the port should be, the EAC representative did not know.

Professor Chiwasi, who taught Traffic and Transport at the University of Dar es Salaam, introduced the master traffic concepts based on the two so-called corridors. The Central Corridor concerned the connection from the Tanzanian coast to the interior of the continent. For the Central Line, the EAC's plans envisaged extending the line from Dar es Salaam beyond the Isaka station in Tanzania to Kigali and Bujumbura. Chiwasi asked the plenum, "How are the measures of the Northern Corridor coordinated with those of the Central Corridor?"

There was a long silence. When it threatened to become embarrassing, he gave the answer himself.

"Not at all. There is no vote in the plans of the Central

Corridor. In the Northern Corridor the construction work is already underway.”

Uncertainty spread. One participant nudged his neighbour and softly whispered something to him. But one could understand him. “Kenya overtakes us again.”

Now it dawned on most that with construction already begun in the Mombasa area, facts had already been created. The landlocked countries of Uganda, Rwanda and Burundi would be connected by the railway widened to standard gauge and going from the port in Mombasa. Loud outrage spread. Apparently it made little sense to simultaneously build two high-capacity railway lines into the continent’s interior. The result was obvious: Tanzania would be behind Kenya once again. Suddenly there were many requests to speak: some rather quizzically, others indignant. The vehemence with which this issue was discussed astonished Paul. Here the old rivalry between Kenya and Tanzania came to the surface. The Kenyan Northern Corridor against the Tanzanian Central Corridor.

The next day, the first session started at nine with a presentation by Michael Kalenga. He introduced his research findings about the East African road construction project of the EAC and its possible effects on the Central Line. Kalenga stated that these plans would have a significant negative impact on the Central Line. Paul had had this suspicion too, which was why he had insisted on discussing road construction plans at the seminar. Goodluck Malembo spoke up. In a few sentences he presented his argument loudly and with indignation in his voice.

“In Tanzania, the Chinese and the East African Community are set on road construction. In Kenya, however, both are being financed: roads and rails. With us, forcing the roads leads to the neglect of the Central Line. The Chinese built the roads because they wanted access to Tanzanian resources like manganese, cobalt, and so on. For that they don’t need railways, only roads.”

Malembo sat down in a rage. Again the room was silent. Then came a tentative comment from the circle of participants.

“That does not look good for the Central Line.”

Shortly before the break, the geologist from the Ministry of Mining spoke. Carefully weighing his words, he reported that for mining products like gold, tanzanite, diamonds, precious stones,

copper, nickel, manganese, uranium and iron, significant transport capacity was needed. However, since these deposits weren't along the Central Line, one had to rely on roads for transporting the ores. Transport by rail would be suitable only for a few deposits.

During the discussion afterwards, emotions were boiling. Among the participants the opinion was unanimous that – if the Kenyans were to build the stretch from Mombasa via Nairobi to Kigali – the Central Line would become unprofitable and therefore superfluous.

Paul could not really figure it out. Was the Tanzanian Ministry of Transport not aware of this connection? Or did they not regard it as important and instead were busy with other things? Were they putting all their cards on the table with traffic projects? He could not shake off the suspicion that those higher up had already distanced themselves from the rehabilitation of the Central Line. His own activity was only for show. Everything had already been decided. The Central Line would be neglected further and road construction would be forced. That would be the early demise of the Central Line. Yes, that was how it was. Why had he not seen it before? It was right before his eyes, during all his studying, his brooding over plans, reports, studies and analyses. The dream had died – travelling at a hundred kilometres per hour in the direction of Lake Tanganyika, on time, sitting in the dining car, air-conditioned, with internet, with a timed connection to the ferry in Kigoma – everything null and void. That would not be. It also became clear to Paul why Kiloko hadn't participated himself. His representative had not participated in the discussion, but had only sat there quietly, presumably to spy. Kalenga gave the concluding speech. There was a hearty farewell in the foyer. Paul was exhausted. When the other participants had left and only Kalenga and Joyce were still standing with him, he suddenly made his decision: he needed rest. Swimming, walking on the beach, maybe another visit to the Kaole Ruins, reading, relaxing. He called John on his mobile phone.

"I'm staying here. I'll call you about the trip back."

When he went back to his room and fell on his bed, exhausted, he was thoroughly depressed. He had done his best,

but in the end he had once again played the role of the idiot. Unfortunately he had done that far too often. After dinner he went to sit in the beach bar and drank beer. By the third bottle he swore that this time, it wouldn't happen to him. As he sat there in the wicker chair overlooking the beach at night, a dark figure came along the narrow stone path towards him. It was Vivien. She sat down across from him. When she noticed how exhausted and dejected he was, she tried to cheer him up. He was drunk. At times he just stared dully ahead of him, seemingly having forgotten her presence. Then again he explained to her the events in the project that she could actually more or less understand without knowing the details. Normally Paul kept his problems to himself, but now he spoke very openly about his anger. He was suffering emotional pain, felt cheated, abused, betrayed. Vivien tried to comfort him.

"That is bad, I understand," she said.

In his drunken head, Paul felt understood. She excused herself and left him in his wicker chair. He let the waiter bring him another bottle of Serengeti.

At the Palm Beach Hotel near the city centre there was a symposium that Joseph Kiloko, in his capacity as director in the Ministry of Transport, attended. During the half-hour break he stood with other ministerial officials at a table in the foyer, when a middle-aged Chinese man in suit and tie addressed him.

"My name is Jin Ming. I beg your pardon for simply addressing you like this. I represent the firm Sino Engineering and Construction Corporation here in Tanzania."

He gave Kiloko his business card with the SECCO logo, which Kiloko studied closely.

"Do you have a moment? I'd like to speak to you face to face."

Kiloko was already in the middle of an animated conversation and it was clear that he wasn't very happy with the interruption.

"What is it about?" Kiloko turned to him. They went to stand a few metres away from the group.

"Please pardon the interruption, Mister Kiloko. I'm from the

firm SECCO. We've already carried out many road building projects here in Tanzania. Very successfully, always on time and always within the contractual framework."

"Yes, I know your firm." Kiloko looked inquiringly at his conversation partner.

"My boss, Mister Wang, asked me to make an appointment with you. Mister Wang is our company's regional director for East Africa. He asked me to speak to you directly – not through your secretariat. It's confidential."

Jin Ming attentively waited for Kiloko's reaction. But Kiloko took his time. He was undecided. On the one hand, such contacts outside of work had provided him with important information in the past. On the other hand, the issue seemed too delicate. Instead, he suggested a meeting in the Blue Pearl Hotel, one of the anonymous business hotels along the busy Morogoro Road, for the following Saturday at eleven in the morning.

On the appointed Saturday, Kiloko sat in one of the elegant upholstered chairs in the foyer of the Blue Pearl Hotel. The walls and floors were covered in white marble; the sound of music from invisible speakers swept through the large room. He didn't feel well. He was used to being chauffeured by his driver. Today that hadn't happened. Not because it was Saturday, but because he was to meet here with someone that his driver should know nothing about. For that reason, he had laboriously struggled his way for over ten kilometres through the city to get here in his own car. But nobody was waiting for him. Where was his conversation partner? He looked at the automatic watch by a well-known Swiss watchmaker on his arm. It was eleven already. Kiloko was nervous. Despite the coolness in the room, he was sweating under his jacket. Just then, a group of Western tourists came chattering through the revolving door and crowded at Reception. Punctual to the minute, the door of the lift next to the reception desk opened. An elegant Chinese dressed in black suit and tie stepped out. Kiloko recognised him with relief. It was Jin Ming.

"Mister Wang is expecting you. He asks that you come to his suite on the fifth floor. Please follow me."

Jin Ming walked ahead. On the fifth floor he knocked on one of the doors and led Kiloko into the large suite. The wide

window offered a view of the Ubungo district. Mister Wang did not match the image Kiloko had of a Chinese. Wang was almost a head taller than him. Kiloko was not exactly small. Already upon greeting he noticed that Wang spoke awkward and poor English. He also mumbled in such a way that Kiloko had a hard time understanding him. In addition, he moved slowly and gropingly, almost as if he were scared. Wang led Kiloko to the group of chairs at the picture window and asked him to take a seat. Then he sat down himself.

“Welcome, Mister Kiloko. I thank you for coming. Would you like a cigarette too?”

He pushed the nearly full packet of unfiltered Chinese cigarettes toward Kiloko.

“No, thank you. I don’t smoke.”

Wang shook a cigarette from the packet and lit it with a silver lighter. He drew on it, inhaling deeply.

“Then have a cup of tea. I have the tea brought for me from my province in eastern China. I especially like the green tea from the Huangshan mountain slopes. It’s very good.”

These sentences went smoothly over Mister Wang’s lips. A pot of tea and three cups were standing ready. Mister Wang poured Kiloko a cup of light green, translucent liquid and, with a hint of a bow, handed it to him across the table.

“Mister Kiloko, you probably know that Sino Engineering and Construction Corporation is the largest company in the industry – worldwide. Last year we overtook our American colleagues. Our main business is still in the People’s Republic, but the fastest growing markets are in Africa, particularly in East Africa. And we would like to further expand our local activities.”

Wang paused to gather his thoughts. He spoke slowly in bumpy English. He repeated difficult words. Kiloko listened attentively.

“Mister Kiloko. I know you have a high-ranking and very responsible position in your ministry. And I also know that you know everything about transport and traffic in this country. So I don’t have to tell you about the importance of infrastructure for a country.”

Kiloko nodded in agreement.

“Recently our firm completed the connecting road from

Arusha to Dodoma. If I may say so, four weeks earlier than planned and within budget.”

“A very important road for us. I’ve driven on that stretch. Wonderful.”

Mister Wang sipped on his tea and seemed to be gathering his thoughts.

“Mister Kiloko. We would like to continue working so successfully in your country.”

In fact, Kiloko was well aware that Mister Wang’s company had completed a large number of projects in recent years, fast and without great problems. It was also known in the Ministry. SECCO had a good reputation. Kiloko confirmed this:

“Your firm has done good work. And I really appreciate it.”

But it was clear to Kiloko that Mister Wang did not only want praise from him personally right now, but that there was more to it. Wang continued:

“Mister Kiloko. Your country is making strides.”

He went quiet and lit a new cigarette.

“And yet I am sad,” Wang said.

Stunned, Kiloko looked up but said nothing. He waited until Wang had formulated a new sentence.

“There is only one problem that I’d like to discuss with you today. There is too much bureaucracy. We have the people, we have the machinery, but they are not being used. They stand idle in the workshops and in the halls.”

Mister Wang gave a deep, heartfelt sigh. Now he spoke Chinese to his assistant, who translated what was said into English.

“Mister Wang apologises for wanting to switch to Chinese. He would like to make a suggestion. Now the tender for the route from Dodoma to Mwanza and Kigali is due. But the tendering process has been stalling, and for months. The release of funds is now to be done according to the cumbersome and infinitely complicated rules and criteria of the World Bank. Always new revisions, then resubmission, and so on and so on. Nothing is moving forward.”

For Kiloko this complaint was nothing new. He himself found the many rules on public procurement a nuisance. But he could not say that.

“Mister Wang, please understand that we must follow our rules. And that simply takes time.”

His counterpart gathered his thoughts, then he asked Jin Ming to translate these words:

“What worries me a lot: if the decision about the road project from Dodoma to Mwanza is not made soon, World Bank funding will go to railway construction, to the rehabilitation of the Central Line. But the road should be built now, not in ten or twenty years. When I’m in China, I always try to travel by rail. But it seems to me that in your country, roads are more important. I would like that we now finally make progress. This is the reason for my plea to you today: can you help so that we can finally get to work? I know that you, as chairman of the selection panel, play a very important part.”

Thanks to the good translation, Kiloko had no problem following what was being said. Wang raised something over which Kiloko had already been thinking for a long time. It was totally clear to him what Wang expected of him, and he also knew in detail how he should proceed. But whether he should follow this suggestion? For him it came with personal risk. As if Wang had read his thoughts, he addressed this point directly in English. Because of his somewhat awkward and hesitant way of speaking, one could get the impression that Wang was uncertain. But it was clear to Kiloko that he should not be fooled by that.

“You know, you will not only do your country and its development a favour, but if you can help us, we at SECCO will show our gratitude for your efforts. Mister Jin will tell us the details.”

Now Jin Ming continued in perfect English:

“Since the order is still in the tendering process, we don’t know the precise amount yet. Still, it involves a volume of about 100 million dollar. With this sum, one is prepared to pay a commission fee of normal size for the conclusion of the contract. One is thinking of a percentage of the contract volume. We’re thinking of a set amount of a million dollar, payable in three equal instalments: upon signing the contract, upon beginning the construction and upon completion, in an account in your name in Switzerland.”

Jin Ming had finished his speech and looked ahead of him at

the floor. Wang looked at Kiloko, inquiringly. Quiet in the room. The aircon hissed barely audibly. Kiloko too remained silent for minutes. Then he cleared his throat.

“I have to agree with you. The bureaucracy is devouring us. You will not believe how many meetings I have to arrange, how many provisions, rules and regulations I have to follow. And it’s becoming ever more complicated.”

Wang listened attentively and nodded in agreement with Kiloko’s remarks.

“Mister Wang, I know about your problems. You want to work, want to get your machinery working. We in the Ministry must keep an eye on the whole thing. Because of heavy rains we have too many rail accidents. There have even been accidents with fatalities.”

In the back of his mind he calculated: *One per cent of 100 million – a lot of money.* Kiloko got up.

“I thank you for the tea, Mister Wang.” Then he held out his hand and said, “But now I can’t take up more of your time. I’ve understood your request.”

When, accompanied by Jin Ming, he went to the lift, there was exhilaration in his tread. On the horizon he could see not only the solution for his current financial problems, but also how he and his family would have arrived in Tanzanian society. Jin Ming thought he’d seen a happy glint in Kiloko’s eyes when he held the door open for him at the hotel’s exit and shook his hand in farewell.

When Vivien sat at her desk in the Sunrise office that Friday morning and thought about the previous week’s seminar in Bagamoyo, she did it with pleasure. Not everything had been perfect on these days but most things went well. With customers, there was often trouble at such events. Often they were falsely accused of mistakes when making reservations and bookings. She then had to pay for others’ screw-ups. That was part of her job. But the GRConsult seminar with Paul had proceeded without any trouble or problems. And she had enjoyed working with Paul. He had been courteous and friendly. The job had been important to

her. Lately she had had to endure some criticism from her boss. So she was grateful to Paul that he had given her hotel this lucrative job. A nice client. It had made her sad when he had complained so openly to her about his experiences with the seminar. She had sensed that he had been wronged. That afternoon she called him.

“Hello, Paul. Vivien here. How are you?”

Paul was sitting in his office.

“Hello, Vivien. Great that you call. I’ve thought that you’d forgotten about me.”

“Of course not. How are you?”

“Good, I hope you too.”

“Paul, I’d like to ask if you and your seminar participants were happy with our Sunrise Beach.”

“Everything was good. I was very happy. I haven’t heard any complaints from our participants.”

“I’m glad. Paul, I have another idea. Since you recently said that you’d like to see more of the city ... Would you like to see a craft centre?”

A client call like this was probably part of her job as marketing manager. But Paul had the sense that this invitation was beyond the usual level of customer service in the hospitality industry. It warmed his heart.

“I’d love to,” he said happily.

“I have a friend at the Mpanga Handicraft Centre who can show us everything there. How would Saturday suit you? Tomorrow, in other words. What about ten o’clock?”

“Yes, great, I’d love to. I’ll see you there.”

That Saturday at half past nine, Paul took a taxi from the Green Garden Inn to the centre at the junction of Kajenge and Bagamoyo Road. Vivien was already waiting for him when the taxi stopped in front of the centre and the driver let him get out. The small shops made of rough boards stood in long rows. The entrance opened onto a large courtyard. Here there were further rows of businesses and in the middle there was a building of unpainted cement blocks, which housed the office and storerooms. In the shops it was slow; only a few tourists were rummaging through the wares.

Vivien greeted him and led him to the office almost at the

entrance. Here they met Lovemore, who had just ended a conversation on her mobile phone. When she saw Vivien, she happily came up from behind her desk and looked at Paul with interest.

“Hello, good day. I’ve heard that you’re a good client of Vivien’s.”

Her round face beamed. In fact, she herself was round. Some people would have described her as chubby. She was noticeably smaller than Vivien, but had a pronounced belly and behind. She said something to Vivien in Swahili which Paul didn’t understand, and then laughed aloud. She carefully shook Paul’s hand, as if she didn’t want to appear too forward. She had a *kitenge* with colourful patterns wrapped around her body. Vivien, in contrast, was dressed in a business-like blue skirt and white blouse. Lovemore took them around, talking to individual carvers and explaining the origin and meaning of the sculptures’ characteristics. She told Paul how she had come to the Mpanga Handicraft Centre. She herself was no artist; she had not yet discovered any talent of that sort. Her strength was management. In the Eighties she had done a marketing course for small-scale industries in Bukoba and then came to Dar es Salaam. She didn’t tell him that she had been dating a US development worker for several years. The centre was supported by private development aid from Europe and the USA.

Lovemore had participated in several international tourism fairs as a representative, also in New York, London and Berlin. Paul invited both women for lunch. Lovemore led them to a simple restaurant nearby, actually more of a street kiosk. She came here almost every day but Vivien too was well known here and was greeted heartily. They ordered *ugali na nyama*: maize porridge with beef. Paul got a knife and fork, while Vivien and Lovemore ate with their hands. The meal was excellent. After the meal Vivien announced that she now had to get back to the office. Paul took a taxi back to the Green Garden Inn.

That night Vivien called Lovemore.

“So, what do you think of the *Mzungu*? Nice, yes?”

“Yes, I thought so too. But I think he’s married.”

“No, he’s not married. He said. And I think he’s telling the truth.”

Paul had sent the tender for examining the technical condition of the tracks to several companies. Only one offer had been received. Joyce had received it from the DHL courier the night before and placed it on Paul's desk this morning after his arrival. After a brief look, it was already clear to Paul that the provider had an excellent understanding of the task and had submitted a convincing concept. An important step had been taken. Despite the aircon he was sweating. Even upon very critical examination, the offer was convincing in both technical and financial terms. The supplier had the necessary equipment and experience to determine the condition of the Central Line. And what was important too: it remained within the framework of the project plan. His decision was firm. Two days later, Paul invited the business manager of the company Survey Engineering Ltd., Mister Isaac Lyimo, to his office for a discussion.

Punctual to the minute, Mister Lyimo entered the office. During the conversation it was soon clear to Paul that Lyimo and his company were right for this kind of job. Lyimo was a railway engineer, had studied in England and had many years of professional experience in the UK and Kenya. He was able to provide eight experts for the job: six younger Tanzanians and two more mature ones of Indian descent. The job involved inspecting the entire route from Dar es Salaam to Kigoma with a measuring car, determining the condition of the bridges, sleepers, the track substructure and superstructure, the railway stations along the route, photographic documentation, especially of the safety-critical points, and a comprehensive report with a detailed cost estimation. For the inspection, a TRC railway trolley was to be used, but it still had to be repaired. Judging by the existing reports and his visit to some parts of the route, he realised that the stretch actually needed to be closed. There were too many places that were so dilapidated that a disaster could be expected at any moment. This assessment was shared by Isaac Lyimo. They agreed on the beginning of February as starting date, and the report should be submitted three months later, at the end of April.

Since Paul had to coordinate with the Ministry of Transport to get the procurement approved, he feared some delay. To his astonishment, however, everything went smoothly and in the middle of the following week already, the contract was lying on his desk, ready to be signed. Paul suspected that it was partly because it was not Kiloko but another department in the Ministry that had been responsible for the approval. On the Friday of that week, Isaac Lyimo signed the contract as provider and Paul Mansfeld as client in the GRConsult office.

Days later, Paul was sitting in the chair on the veranda in front of his room at the Green Garden Inn one evening. It was dark, but had barely cooled down. Around the outdoor light above him on the wall fluttered moths, gnats and every other kind of insect possible. These bothered him while he was reading the *Daily News* but worse were the mosquitoes lurking below in the shadow of the table. These pests were constantly trying to bite though his trousers and socks to get to his blood. Always with success, which made reading difficult for him. Through the unlit, vine-covered pergola, an obscure figure approached him. When this person stepped into the light, he recognised Klaus Kronberg, who seemed equally surprised.

"But now I'm stunned. So this is where you've buried yourself," Kronberg said, looking down at him with a friendly grin. Paul put his newspaper away.

"Yes, a few weeks already. It's more pleasant here than at the hotel. But what are you doing here?"

"I still had a bill to pay here at the guesthouse. My niece and her friend had spent a night here when they started their safari from here last week."

Paul made an inviting gesture.

"Please have a seat. Shall I order us something to drink?"

"Thank you for the offer. A cold beer would be nice."

Paul got up and at Reception he ordered two bottles of Serengeti beer.

"Thanks," Kronberg said. "I didn't want to intrude. The pure coincidence."

The man from Reception brought glasses and two bottles, which he jauntily opened one after the other. With a short, loud hiss, the tops popped into his hand.

"Have you noticed yet that in Tanzania, the bottles are only opened at the table? They're afraid of being poisoned. There's a lot of mistrust in this country!" Kronberg meaningfully added with a frown.

Paul took his glass but only played around with it. He was happy about this visit from Kronberg, or Klaus, as he was calling him by now, but dreaded his tendency for long-winded monologues.

Paul pushed the open *Daily News* over to Kronberg.

"Have you read it yet? Another case of corruption."

The article reported allegations of corruption against a Chinese businessman who had bribed a senior customs official from the Ports Authority. This issue had caused a furore in the local press in the past few days.

"The corruption is always getting worse. And the security situation is bad and is always becoming worse," Kronberg said.

Paul doubted whether such a statement was supported by statistics, but didn't say it.

Instead, he said, "But there is progress too. Tanzania is one of the fastest growing national economies in the world. And then these finds of natural resources in the country. Gas in the south, natron in the north, coal in the west, diamonds and gold; there's even talk of uranium. Enormous changes are coming."

"But I know of no country in Africa that became rich from its mineral resources. I only know ones that have sunk into corruption and civil war."

Paul disagreed: "Nevertheless, Tanzania is on the right track. Something is happening in the country: the socialist mismanagement is gone; there are elections, a true democracy, and a free press. In Dar the skyscrapers are shooting up into the heavens."

"True. Capitalism has won; Julius Nyerere's socialist dream was a nightmare. And what's strange about it: the Chinese are here again. Busy like bees, they're after the money. They're the new imperialists."

Paul remarked, "Aren't you exaggerating a little? They're

building roads here.”

“Not only roads! The Chinese are continuing what we Germans started a hundred years ago, namely the development of the country. In between there were long years of stagnation. Back then the Germans made serious investments. For example the Central Line. A monument from the German colonial era, a very important investment.”

Kronberg poured for himself and took a long sip. Paul asked, “Do you believe that the Chinese are now bringing the country forwards?”

“At the moment it looks like it. Look what is currently taking place here: China is doing business. In contrast, we Europeans are novices. It concerns a gigantic amount of raw materials. Colonialism of the old kind, that’s old hat: sisal, coffee and tea. Now it’s about other products: oil, gas, coal, iron, manganese and so on. And a lot of money flows into this country.”

Kronberg stared into his beer. The lights on the wall cast shadows that deepened the wrinkles on his forehead. He looked old.

Paul said, “Klaus, you may be right about that, that European dominance in Africa is coming to an end. But the Chinese see Tanzania simply as a huge store of raw materials. What benefits does Chinese engagement have for the population? With their credits they’re sending the country into debt.”

“That may be. But that’s not our problem anymore. No, Paul, we don’t have anything to say here anymore. Let’s roll up our carpets – or how do they say? Let’s enjoy the beach, take another trip through the Serengeti – on the wonderfully smooth asphalt roads that the Chinese had built. Stay in their hotels. What are you getting excited about? It’s old hat, after all.”

Paul interjected, “The world is not getting better, not more just.”

“Is that important? We with our morality; we with our respect for good governance and with our prohibition of bribery. The Chinese are laughing.”

Paul was outraged.

“And as the report in the *Daily Mail* says, the corruption reaches up to the highest levels. The ministries aren’t up to the temptations of the Chinese investors.”

“Do you then believe that companies from other countries don’t bribe?”

That wasn’t really a question from Kronberg, but a statement. When Paul didn’t reply, he continued:

“Dear Paul, you have something of a do-gooder in you. But you won’t improve things. We can now only worry about making it well through our lives.”

Paul corrected him: “Not only making it well through life, but to some extent also making it honestly through life.”

Kronberg seemed not to like this turn in the conversation. Abruptly he changed the subject.

“But Paul, enough of the big politics. How is it going with your project?”

“Very good, actually. You know, the more I work on it, the clearer it becomes to me how important the Central Line is. A functional Central Line – that would really be a step forward for this country.”

Kronberg listened. Paul continued.

“At the moment working with the Chinese may seem to make sense, at least for the current generation of Tanzanians. But in the long term? In the long term a railway is more profitable than a road. But to get that into their heads is difficult.”

Kronberg said, “That may be, but my advice to you: see to it that you properly end the project for your firm. I think with that you’ll position yourself for future jobs.”

Kronberg drank his beer and took his leave for the drive back to Kunduchi. That night, when Paul was lying in bed in his room, this meeting seemed very odd. Had it really been coincidence that Kronberg had found him here? What did he really want? For a long time Paul could not sleep.

In Berlin, the cold easterly wind swept through Karl-Marx-Straße, driving scraps of paper and empty paper cups ahead of it. It wasn’t five o’clock yet. The wet pavement swallowed the dim light of the street lamps. In the back street Katrin used her shoulder to push open the heavy front door to the block of flats. The spacious three-room apartment, where she lived with Paul

when he stayed here in between his foreign missions, was on the second floor. She unlocked the door to the apartment and put down her coat and bag. When she came home like this, she first noticed how tired and disappointed she was; once again, Paul hadn't called all day. This waiting for weeks, often in vain. Disappointment had become her constant companion. When she was out of her office suit and had already stretched out on the bed, her mobile phone vibrated. Surprised and at the same time with a pounding heart in case it was him, she picked it up. It was Paul.

"Hello, Katrin. How are you?"

"It's nice that you also get in touch!" Although she had been very much looking forward to his call, she could not hide the anger and frustration over his long silence in her voice.

"I've tried to reach you several times in the past few days."

"There was a hitch with the telephone company," Paul lied.

"Oh yes? Are I supposed to believe that?"

"Katrin, I'm sorry. But I must change our plans for Christmas. I can't get away."

"I've already thought so," she said and at the same time felt the pain of this hurt spreading through her. Like so many times, she suppressed the urge to simply cry and steeled herself. She had had practice in that.

"Why did you think that?" he asked.

"Because it's always the same with you. How often we've wanted to do something together, which then got crushed! And you don't call, and you can't be reached."

Her tone, which she couldn't control anymore, was now reproachful and angry.

"You know, work. There's still a lot to do!"

"Paul, you don't really want to tell me that the ministries work over Christmas?"

"Well, no. Maybe not. But I still have many other things to do here."

"Well, I wanted to talk to you anyway, actually later on, when you're here in Berlin. But maybe now is the right time. The last few weeks I've thought a lot, about you, about me, about us."

"And what have you learnt?" Paul said mockingly, downplaying the sudden gravity in her voice.

“Yes, Paul, exactly. I have learnt something. Namely, that our relationship isn’t working and won’t work either. It was an illusion.”

Paul protested.

“No, Paul. Listen to me. There was a time when we wanted to build something together: marriage, children, a bigger apartment, travelling together. But now you’re hanging around in Africa for months again.”

“But it’s my job!”

“Yes, alright. But Paul – I don’t want this anymore. Do you understand, I’m sick of always being consoled. And then you don’t even answer when I call you.”

“But Katrin, I’ve told you that there are often interruptions in my service provider’s network.”

“Often interruptions? Paul, don’t make me laugh! I enquired at the German embassy in Tanzania. They don’t know anything about any interruptions in the Tanzanian telephone network.”

“You called the embassy?”

“Yes, I did.”

“Well, the network breaks down only sometimes. Katrin, I’m sorry that a Christmas holiday together won’t work now. But maybe later, for instance when I’m done with the project in the middle of the year. Two weeks safari in the Serengeti and other parks.”

“Paul, are you joking? In half a year!” He heard the exasperation and anger in Katrin’s voice. “Apparently you didn’t understand me! I’m done,” she shouted into the receiver.

Paul noticed that Katrin was serious and lamely defended himself.

“Katrin, okay, it’s fine. A few times you couldn’t reach me on my mobile. Sometimes I’ve also forgotten to charge the battery. Sorry.”

Katrin replied, worn-out and tired.

“Stop that nonsense. Paul, this is serious. For you it isn’t important to come here for Christmas. Okay. You shouldn’t come; you shouldn’t come at all anymore. I’ll clear your things from the apartment and put them in storage.”

“But you can’t do that!”

“But Paul, I can. I’ll spend Christmas with my mother. She’ll

be happy.”

Paul still wanted to say something, but Katrin had already hung up. Now she had taken the decision from him. He didn't know if he was relieved or if he regretted it. It was both. The regret wasn't big enough for him to move heaven and earth to get her to change her mind. Nor did he believe that her decision was final. Actually he was simply too tired and drained. He needed rest. A week holed up in a hotel on the coast, a few books, eating well at night, maybe meeting a few people, swimming, jogging on the beach along the coast towards the horizon. Or sailing the few kilometres with the ferry across the sea to Zanzibar, studying the history. Even the thought of such undertakings comforted him.

9 January 2014 – 28 February 2014.

An Ultimatum

It was only a triviality. But Paul almost despaired at his desk. In front of him was the thick file with the maintenance instructions for the diesel locomotives currently used by the TRC. But he didn't gain any knowledge from the maintenance intervals. Although they probably weren't respected anyway, he still needed this information for his calculations. Then the office phone rang too. Joyce picked up the receiver and answered with her usual routine. Through the open door he saw how she suddenly got up from her desk chair and raised her voice. Apparently an important caller.

“Yes, he's here. I'll connect you. A moment, please.”

She gestured frantically to Paul and then put the call through to his phone. Annoyed by the disturbance, Paul picked up the receiver and answered in English.

“Yes, Paul Mansfeld speaking. Good morning.”

“Good morning, warm greetings. My name is Schmidt.”

The caller spoke German, hesitantly and almost timidly.

“I'm responsible for finances at GRConsult. We haven't met yet.” For Paul, this didn't bode well.

“Good day, Mister Schmidt.”

“Mister Mansfeld, I'm really sorry about having to disturb you. Truly. But we are waiting here for the payment of the first instalment for your project. It concerns 180,000 euro. According to the contract documents available to me, this payment is two weeks overdue. Did you not make the request to the Ministry?”

“Yes, Mister Schmidt, I have, and four weeks ago already. The finance department there had assured me that the payment would follow shortly.”

“Could you maybe ask again, informally, I mean?”

“Has the payment not been made?”

“No, Mister Mansfeld. No cash receipt to date,” he said apologetically. “You know, our cooperation with the Ministry has been going smoothly up to now. But we don’t want to broadcast the problem.” Schmidt spoke deliberately slowly.

“I understand. I’ll try and deal with it today still. I’ll let you know then.”

Paul hung up. *What a bummer*, he thought, *I just missed that*. He knew how much alarm failure to pay caused in a consulting firm. Immediately he asked Joyce to connect him with the responsible woman in the Ministry’s accounting department. Joyce had a long phone conversation in Swahili, then she hung up again.

“Ms Kilimbo isn’t there. She’s at a seminar for three days. Her deputy isn’t there either: on a business trip. We should try again when she’s back. But I’ve left a message.”

“Thank you, Joyce. It’s really urgent. Our head office is waiting for the money.”

Joyce consoled him.

“I know Ms Kilimbo. She’s reliable. She will definitely call back.”

Four days later, the call was indeed returned. Joyce put the call through to him.

“Hello, good morning. Kilimbo of the Ministry of Transport here. You wanted to speak to me.”

“Good morning. Thank you for calling back. You know, I called you because our head office tells me that the payment for the rehabilitation project hasn’t been made as contractually agreed. What is going on?”

“Yes, I know about that. I’ve prepared the payment. I’m still waiting for our directorate to release it. They have a lot to do there at the moment. More I can’t tell you.”

Paul persevered.

“Ms Kilimbo, you know that we have a contract that has to be honoured. We have done our part. The payment is due.”

“Yes, Mister Mansfeld, I know that. I am very sorry that I

can't do more. Goodbye."

Paul could feel an uneasiness and nervousness rising in him. *Now don't panic*, he told himself. *It's the bureaucratic processes in the Ministry that are taking so long. The important people are probably on some business trip.* But he didn't really believe it. No, it was Kiloko who was deliberately delaying the payment to put him under pressure. Quite successfully, Paul had to admit. For the next hour Paul sat at his computer, where he erratically tinkered with the folder structure and files, unable to focus. When he couldn't deny to himself anymore that this was a senseless exercise, he switched off the computer and called Joyce.

"Joyce, we need to discuss something. Please make us some tea."

Joyce, who in the last few days, due to a lack of work, had only conducted private talks, read the papers and aimlessly surfed the internet, filled the kettle. She brought a tray with a plate of biscuits and two cups of tea to Paul's desk. Then she pulled up an office chair and sat down.

"There are some problems. I'd like us to think about it together."

Paul started hastily and confusedly. He told her about the outstanding payment, the conversations with Kiloko, the pressure from head office. Joyce listened without a word. When her boss called her for this meeting, she already knew that he was in serious trouble. For days now she had been observing him. Although he arrived at the office punctually at eight, was friendly towards her and had been working diligently, lately she had been worried about him. He seemed down. His skinny figure seemed to have become even thinner and she could see the strain and exhaustion in his face. He was white, a *mzungu*, but she liked him. She felt very honoured by his request for help. She would really like to help him. Besides, her income also depended on the project continuing. Most of what Paul now told her hesitantly and long-windedly about the troubles with the project, she had guessed already; she had been in the GRConsult office for three years, after all. When Paul had finished with his explanation, she replied:

"Yes, you're right. Kiloko is a difficult person. One has to be careful with him. He's one of the old guard of civil servants. They

believe they have a right to their privileges and that they're above the law."

She took a sip of her tea and continued, "But there's something else too that you could not have known. Politics come into play."

Then she put a biscuit in her mouth.

Paul felt aggrieved.

"What politics? What do you mean?"

"Kiloko isn't only a director in the Ministry, but he's also a big shot in the CCM, the governing party. Did you not know this?"

Paul shook his head, not comprehending. He had not engaged with local politics.

"There's an election in October. Kiloko is the CCM's candidate for the parliamentary elections in his home district of Mwanza. Did he not tell you?"

"No, that's news to me. And what does it have to do with our project?"

"I don't know either. Of course he wants to win the election. But whether one has anything to do with the other: that I don't know."

Paul suddenly felt relieved. Although he wasn't clear yet about the coherencies, at least he wasn't stumbling around completely in the dark anymore.

"Joyce, can you think of reasons why the Ministry hasn't paid the project fee?"

Joyce took some time with her reply.

"Kiloko is behind it. Mind you, I don't know why. His secretary recently made a strangely disparaging comment about GRConsult. I think she heard something."

A few days later, when Paul came back from an appointment around midday, Joyce was waiting impatiently for him at the office.

"The German embassy called. It's urgent. You should call them back. Here is the number."

She held a piece of paper with the number out to him. Paul

sank into his chair at his desk.

“What is it about?”

“The woman didn’t tell me. Her name was Bomer or something like that. Should I call back?”

Paul thought fast. What could the embassy want from him? He had not lost his passport; he couldn’t think of anything he had done wrong either. During all his foreign missions he’d never been called by the German embassy.

“Yes, Joyce, please make the call.”

A short time later he had a Ms Böhmer on the line.

“Good day, Mister Mansfeld. Great that you’re returning my call. The ambassador has asked me to make an appointment with you. He’d like to speak to you.”

“What is it about?”

“The ambassador didn’t say. He suggests Friday at eleven, here at the embassy. Would that suit you?”

Paul looked in his diary, which he had open in front of him on the desk. There weren’t any appointments written in for Friday.

“Yes, that suits me. I’ll be there at eleven.”

On the appointed Friday, John drove Paul to the German embassy. From the office it was less than a kilometre and Paul would rather have walked. But it was raining. In the car it smelled mouldy. The windshield wipers started moving laboriously and, with a screeching sound, drew streaks across the windshield. The German embassy was located in a double-storey building which also housed the European Union delegation. Since John found the building without a problem but not the driveway, Paul asked him to stop in front of the gate and let him out. Immediately the security guard came running up.

“You can’t stop here. Drive on immediately.”

But Paul already had his foot out the door.

“Drive on immediately! On! On!” the man shouted hysterically. Paul slammed his door closed again and John started driving. A little further on they stopped again and Paul went back to the entrance. Now he saw the sign on the wall, saying *No stopping*. He understood. This rule had become obligatory due to the fear of a car bomb there. The receptionist at the embassy led Paul to a spacious meeting room with a view of Garden Avenue.

Soon the ambassador appeared and introduced himself as Doctor Gregor Hinze. He politely asked Paul to have a seat. Coffee was served. Paul anxiously waited to find out the reason for the invitation. However, the ambassador started with general statements.

“We have good relations with Tanzania, and have had for many years. In April both our Minister of Foreign Affairs and our Minister of Development visited. That makes it clear that our good relations with Africa and especially with Tanzania are very important to us. Although there are problems in this country too. During government negotiations we always address these openly. We would also like things to stay like this. Mister Mansfeld, how long have you been here?”

“I arrived in September last year. I assume that you know GRConsult and our work here?”

“Yes, yes. I know that you are working on a project on the Central Line.”

Paul nodded. “That’s true. I’m working on a study about the rehabilitation of the railway.”

“Yes, the old *Mittellandlinie*. An important thing with which I wish you success.”

Only now did he start talking about the real issue.

“I wanted to speak to you about the allegations of corruption against your firm. You are GRConsult’s representative here. I must clarify that I’m neither from the state prosecutor nor from the police.”

Doctor Hinze paused, then continued soothingly:

“Regarding the issue with the prosecutor’s investigations I only know what’s written in the papers. But we don’t want any diplomatic entanglements that can complicate our relations with this country.”

He stopped speaking and looked inquiringly at Paul. There was a pause.

“With your project you probably also have to deal with one diplomatic hurdle or another. In many ways, public administration is still not very efficient. There is indifference and corruption.”

Paul thought hard about a good reply and then began hesitantly:

"I've only been in the country for a few weeks; I've only recently taken over the project. I too was surprised by these press reports about the corruption allegations against GRConsult. But as far as I know, it mainly concerns GRConsult jobs in Qatar. There has been no talk of Tanzania."

"Either way, Mister Mansfeld, we should stay in contact. I'll be very grateful if you'll let me know as soon as you hear something. I can assure you of confidentiality."

"Ambassador, I'll keep you informed. In fact, there have been minor problems in project execution but that's normal with all the voting and approval procedures."

"That's normal, indeed. I'd like to address something else that concerns the country's economic relations with Germany. We've noticed China's growing interest in Tanzania. This applies particularly to road construction and raw materials. China has also built the national stadium in Dar es Salaam. A prestige project," the ambassador said.

"Yes, I've heard about that."

"As railway expert you'll also know that the Chinese railway industry is becoming a world leader and that it's increasingly becoming a competitor of our suppliers. Siemens is already very worried."

Paul replied, "I know that. However, I also know that the Chinese railway builders in Africa are interested in Kenya but not in Tanzania."

"That may be. In general, I feel that we are beginning to lag behind in Tanzania, where we've traditionally had a special bilateral relationship. The German economy is not interested enough in the opportunities in this country. In contrast, China has long-term plans for Africa and Tanzania. I want you to know that."

With that, Doctor Hinze apparently regarded the conversation as over. He got up and, with the friendly smile of a diplomat, led Paul to the door.

"I wish you all the best with your project and the *Mittellandlinie*, Mister Mansfeld."

On his way out, Paul thought, *The ambassador doesn't know anything about the bribery issue here with GRConsult. But he seems to have his suspicions. The thing is politically explosive.* And he felt even more

under pressure.

The work on the railway study went ahead, albeit with difficulty. In addition, Paul carried the burden of constantly being concerned about how the bribery issue would develop. He hadn't heard anything from Kiloko in recent weeks, but obviously the matter was still pending. Paul felt trapped. He had to get out of here, out of the office, out of Dar. When he walked into the office this morning, the first thing he did was to ask Joyce to book him a rental car for the weekend. "A small Toyota is sufficient. But please check that they offer you the cheap weekend rate."

That evening, when he had received the car in the rental agency's yard and stuck the key in the steering lock, he continued sitting in the car, with the door open. He realised with surprise that he had no plan. Out of the city, but where to? The area south of Dar es Salaam, where he hadn't been to yet, or maybe the Usambara Mountains? No, that was too far: somehow he lacked the courage for a big trip. Bagamoyo came to mind. White beach, waves, warm ocean water. And he also remembered Vivien Chimagu, the nice hotel manager. Unlikely that she would be there this weekend. He was undecided. Eventually he pulled himself together, called the Sunrise Beach Hotel on his mobile phone and asked for a room. The woman at the hotel reception remembered him.

"No problem, Mister Mansfeld. We have a beautiful room with a view of the beach for you."

Two hours later his Toyota Corolla rolled into the hotel's lighted parking area. There were only a few vehicles in the forecourt; apparently there were no seminars this weekend. On his way to the reception he could smell the sea and hear its waves in the distance. With these first impressions he could breathe out and allow the stress of days past to start lifting. The waiter in the restaurant recognised him and heartily greeted him as Mister Paul. Paul soon felt at home at the Sunrise Beach.

The next morning he was woken by the brightness in the room. He put on his swimming trunks, put his towel around his

shoulders and balanced barefoot across the flagstones towards the water. On the hotel grounds everything was quiet; there was nobody to be seen. He could hear the cawing of seagulls from the direction of the beach. The damp, cool sand crunched between his toes. The sea was enveloped in a grey fog. One could only guess that the sun had risen already, since it was still lying hidden behind a grey mass of cloud. Paul swam for half an hour, staying close to the shore. Still no other guests could be seen; only occasionally one could see some locals trudging along the beach.

After a hearty breakfast, he set out on a walk. The sun was far above the horizon. He walked northwards along the beach, across the loose sand. After many kilometres, a thick mangrove forest blocked his way. He turned back. Already on the way back, the tide set in. When he eventually reached the hotel again, he swam for another half an hour in water that was deeper now. He showered. Refreshed, he lay down on a plastic beach chair in the shade of a palm tree and tried – with little success – to read the novel he had brought with him. Gradually his tension eased and he began to enjoy the silence.

In the evening, he sat down for dinner in the restaurant, as he had done the evening before. There were only a few guests, exclusively tourists. When he got up from the table after the meal, the others were still filling their plates at the buffet. He went to the bar and took a seat at the empty bar counter. Suddenly he saw Vivien. She was standing with a group of newly-arrived guests. He waved at her, but she either hadn't seen him or was deliberately ignoring him. But then, finally, she smiled at him. With a wave he invited her to join him at the bar. A small eternity later – at least for Paul – she was standing next to him: polite, friendly but keeping a professional distance.

“Hello, Paul, how are you?”

Paul noticed his own excitement. The light at the bar was dim. Hopefully one couldn't see him blush. *Like a teenager*, he thought again. It was embarrassing.

“May I buy you a beer?” he asked.

“You know that our boss doesn't like seeing the staff sit and drink with the guests.”

Vivien remained standing next to him and they made some small talk.

“But please excuse me now. I just got an SMS. Apparently there’s a problem checking in a difficult guest.” She sighed, indicating what she thought of this type of complaint.

Paul was disappointed.

“Maybe I’ll see you on the beach later on?” he asked her with an unfamiliar impulsivity.

Vivien looked at him in surprise and, after a short delay, said, “Yes, maybe.”

Paul finished his beer and left the restaurant. He wandered through the complex and eventually sat down in one of the hotel’s plastic chairs on the beach. The waves crashed onto the shore in an irregular rhythm and slowly rolled over the sand. They were visible only as far as they were illuminated by the hotel’s lights. The moon was a round disc in a gap between the clouds. A cool breeze blew in from the sea. The empty beach lay before him in the pale moonlight. The Indian Ocean was a black surface over which a dark cloud front was building up. Now and then, lighting silently flashed in the distance. Suddenly Vivien was standing next to him.

She said, “It’s going to rain.”

Paul stood up, got her a chair and placed it next to his. The wind became stronger and made the palm leaves rustle.

“I now have the evening free. Unless this thing rings,” she said smiling as she indicated the mobile phone in her right hand.

“You seem to work a lot,” Paul remarked. “Sometimes you’re here and then you’re at the Sunrise in Dar.”

“Yes, but this way there is variety. And you, Paul? Do you have the day free? No seminar?”

“No seminar, no. You know, the past week was very exhausting. I want to relax, swim, read and sleep.”

“You’ve got it made!”

“True. And then I hoped to find you here.”

“You’re joking,” Vivien laughed. “You couldn’t possibly know that I’d be on duty today.”

“I didn’t know, actually, but I hoped.”

Vivien looked askance at him and tried to make out his face in the light from afar.

“Paul, that’s nice of you to say. But of course I don’t believe you.”

"You know, the seminar was very stressful but I'll have good memories of it. You arranged it well."

"Thank you, we try."

"Vivien, how long have you been working at Sunrise?"

"Almost eight years already. With the fluctuations in the local hotel industry, that's been a very long time."

"Were you born in Dar?" Paul asked.

"No, no. But who was born in Dar? I'm from the Bukoba area at Lake Victoria, on the other side of the country."

"That's far away. It's probably very different than here in Dar?"

"You're right about that. It was a village, simple and primitive. But I had a great childhood. I remember it fondly."

"What brought you to Dar, then?"

"I passed Form 6 in Bukoba. Then I went to Dar and got my training at tourism college. And after that I got married."

Until now, he hadn't thought of Vivien as a married woman. *How stupid of me*, he scolded himself. Without giving anything away, he asked, "And does your husband work in tourism too?"

"Yes, he used to. He died. A terrible traffic accident in a bus from Dodoma. A collision with a truck, not even thirty kilometres from Dar."

"I'm sorry."

"But I've now told you a lot about me. What about you? Do you always work in Africa or what else do you do?"

Paul told her about his work as railway expert, which he had done in many places in this world. He told her about Berlin, about Neukölln and about his travels. Vivien listened. Sometimes she asked questions or told him something about her own life.

"Oh God, what time is it?" she suddenly asked and looked at the time on her mobile phone. "It's after ten already! I must go. Tomorrow is another day."

"It's a pity that you have to go already."

He'd wanted to do it all along, but now he found courage and put his arm around her shoulder. She allowed it without a word. After a few minutes, she snuggled up close to him.

"Vivien, may I still invite you for a drink in my room?"

"Yes, maybe I'll come later," she whispered. "I still have something to do."

They parted without greeting. Paul went to his room and lay on the bed in his clothes. Impatiently he waited and hoped. Eventually, a soft knock. Hastily he jumped up and opened the door. Vivien quickly slipped into the room. He offered her something to drink from the minibar. She took orange juice; he mineral water. They both sat on the bed, which was still covered with the bedspread. He found her incredibly enchanting; at the same time, he also felt confused by her self-confidence. He found courage by telling himself that she had come to his room. He gently took her hand. She looked at him and returned his touch. In that moment the rain set in; at first one could hear single drops, then a wild patter on the roof, going over into a steady stream.

Vivien said, "I told you that it was still going to rain today."

"Yes, you were right."

He pressed her against him. For a brief moment he thought about Katrin. But how would she find out about this? They were in two different worlds with ten thousand kilometres separating them. Here Africa, there Berlin. Then he turned to Vivien. They became very close during this night. When the first light of day gleamed in the sky in the east, Vivien sneaked back to the employees' quarters.

After a hectic day at work, on Wednesday evening Paul still sat alone at his desk. Joyce had left the office an hour before, not without urging him to lock the door properly later. Outside it was dark. In the room it was quiet; only muffled sounds came up from the street. Paul sat bent over his computer; to the left and right of it there were piles of papers and files. His mobile phone rang. It was Kiloko.

"Paul, I must talk to you."

Kiloko was curt: did not sound unfriendly but formally official.

"There is something I want to discuss with you in person. Please come to my office tomorrow at ten o'clock. It's important." It was the urgency in Kiloko's voice that made Paul agree immediately.

The next morning punctually at ten, Paul was sitting in the reception room of Kiloko's office, a cup of coffee that the secretary had served on a tray in front of him. Because the water in the cup was only lukewarm, the coffee powder had clumped into thick lumps. He didn't touch the milk powder. The coffee tasted awful. Kiloko appeared half an hour late and asked him rather coolly into his office. Once they were seated, Kiloko decided to forego niceties and got directly to the point.

"Paul, this will not do. We've always worked well together; I've always helped you. But the thing with the commission has been taking too long now. I've been very patient."

"I agree that it's been taking too long. Things went wrong before my time on the project."

Paul let his hands drop helplessly on the desk. Kiloko spoke calmly and thoughtfully. He had prepared his argument well.

"Either way. This commission had been agreed upon between your firm and me. You are GRConsult's representative in Tanzania. I'm sorry. Payment for the first instalment of the project will be difficult."

What Paul had only been suspecting thus far was now fact. It was Kiloko who was delaying the payment. Paul took a sip of the lukewarm coffee standing in front of him before haltingly replying:

"But the payment schedule has been contractually agreed upon. The issue with the commission is a separate one. I'm working on it. One has nothing to do with the other."

Kiloko did not engage in any discussion.

"Paul, I like you. As long as the invoice remains unpaid, there will be no payment to GRConsult. This is the situation. More than that I cannot say at the moment. The ball is in your court now."

Paul got up. They said a clumsy goodbye and Paul sensed an unpleasant tension. Back in the office he started playing nervously and aimlessly on his computer's keyboard. *Well, the issue is clear, then*, he thought, worried. He had a problem but no idea how to solve it. For him, paying the money to Kiloko was out of the question. In the face of the prosecutorial investigation, he did not want to take this risk. It did not make any sense either to address the issue again with Doctor Ziegler. Ziegler would only

be angry if he realised that Paul still hadn't cleared up the matter. And if the first payment didn't go into GRConsult's bank balance soon, Ziegler would quickly find out the reason. Paul's contract and possible career with GRConsult would be over.

Over Jomo Kenyatta International Airport, the morning fog had cleared. But the air was still cold. Shivering, the passengers hurried across the airfield to the six-seater Cessna Citation. The plane was a new purchase for the company's business in Africa. But it was almost exclusively used by Wang Xiping. Painted in gold letters on the two-engine aircraft's nose was the company logo: SECCO. Wang attached great importance to the safety and comfort of himself and his colleagues. All three passengers as well as the Chinese pilot and the flight attendant were employees of Sino Engineering and Construction Corporation Ltd. Wang was regional manager for the entire East African area. Also on board were Wang's closest colleague, Jon Ming, and his assistant, Jenny Hua. Wang made himself comfortable in his wide leather seat, while the two of them were still discussing something at the back of the cabin. As the plane taxied to the runway, everyone fastened their seatbelts. A few minutes later the aircraft took off and rose steeply into the sky. As it started breaking through the thick grey cloud cover, the plane and the passengers were violently shaken. Then, finally, they were through. Glistening sunlight awaited them above the now snow-white cloud cover. Breaths were released throughout the aircraft. They had reached their cruising altitude. The seatbelt lights went out and the flight attendant served tea in fine porcelain. Wang called everyone together for a discussion around the small conference table. The flight was very rough. Rainy season had begun in East Africa and even at eight thousand metres there was heavy turbulence. They had trouble keeping the files spread out on the table.

"Let's briefly go through the plans for today and tomorrow. I'll start with the question: what do we want to achieve?" Wang said.

His strategy for Tanzania was the result of months of reflection combined with years of observation of developments

in world economics, the People's Republic of China and East Africa. The upshot: Tanzania had to be put into focus. Not planning, but doing was called for now. What was already underway had to be performed with new impetus. On the Tanzanian side, trust had to be created and the commonalities and benefits for both sides had to be highlighted. "Win-Win" was the motto. The current two-day event was just one piece of the puzzle for strategic success, but it was an important one. Officially it was a joint event of the Tanzanian Ministry of Transport and SECCO. SECCO would be paying for everything. Only a little bit of time was planned for discussions. In the run-up there had been many: too many for Wang's taste.

As the plane left its altitude, it curved above Dar es Salaam's sea of houses towards the runway at Julius Nyerere International Airport. The weather was sunny and tropical. The landing went smoothly. Wang put the shoes next to his seat back on. After roll-out, the airport personnel pushed a small gangway to the Cessna Citation's door. A bus brought the three passengers to the VIP area. There, the driver with his black Mercedes S-Class, neutral without company logo but with tinted windows, was already waiting. The limousine gently started moving in the direction of the city centre. In a car of this class, the potholes in Pugu Road leading to the port were barely noticeable. It was cold inside. Wang wore a bespoke three-piece suite of fine virgin wool and a Hermès silk tie.

At nine the car was standing in a queue of cars at the ferry dock. From here the ferry sailed across the harbour entrance to the Kigamboni district, about two hundred metres away. One could actually reach Kigamboni by road, but that involved a huge detour through the hinterland off the coast. Wang tapped his legs impatiently. They were stuck in the queue for more than half an hour before they could finally roll onto the blue ferry named Alina. The rusty and filthy vessel quickly filled with pedestrians and vehicles. Wang asked his colleague Jin Ming to get out and ask about when the ferry was built. Jin struggled through the mass of people back to the car and reported that it said on a display board on the structure that the ferry had been built in 1960 and had been in service, with the name Johannes, as a Rhine ferry in Remagen until 2003.

“Second hand,” Wang commented businesslike but disparagingly. “The Germans dispose of their decommissioned vehicles in Africa. Do you hear the rattle of the diesel engine? There should have been a high bridge here so that large ships could pass. But in the long term, this port is too small. The problem will only be solved once the sea port in Bagamoyo has been built. This port can then be used for luxury yachts in future.”

To confirm, he nodded his head several times. A few minutes later they reached the opposite pier. They then drove a few more kilometres along the narrow paved road. When Wang and his entourage came up to the reception area of the five-star Southern Sun Hotel, Minister of Transport Lazaro Simba was waiting for them already. They knew each other from previous encounters. Their greeting was friendly but reserved. In the large conference room the first conference guests were standing together in groups. They knew one another. There were handshakes and hearty laughter. The room with its huge panorama window offered a view of the white beach and the Indian Ocean. Several dozen conference participants with high-ranking positions in ministries and authorities were sitting in the rows of armchairs. Also invited and present was Joseph Kiloko, director in the Ministry of Transport.

A projector beamed the theme of the conference onto the giant screen at the front end of the conference room: “Prospects of Chinese–Tanzanian Cooperation: Looking towards a bright future.” At ten o’clock exactly, an employee of the Ministry stepped up to the microphone and said that it was his honour to take over the moderation.

Minister of Transport Lazaro Simba spoke some words of welcome. Then the Chinese ambassador to Tanzania gave the official opening address. He recalled that during his visit to Tanzania the previous year, Chinese President Xi and Tanzanian President Jackson Lubello had signed a whole series of cooperation agreements. China was determined, the ambassador continued, to continue supporting Tanzania’s development and would encourage Chinese companies to invest in Tanzania. Africa was a continent full of hope and with a bright future. In particular he pointed out that, with a foreign trade volume of 2,5 billion US

dollar and 15 per cent growth, China was Tanzania's largest trading partner.

Afterwards there was a short break. Then Wang Xiping, keynote speaker of the conference, stepped up to the podium. He arranged his manuscript and then started speaking in halting English about the country's enormous economic successes.

"Today you can travel by maglev train from Pudong International Airport to the Shanghai city centre. The duck ponds and fish farms that still lined the streets twenty years ago have given way to huge blocks of flats and industrial zones. In Shanghai, a thousand skyscrapers are created per year: three per day."

There was restlessness in the hall, incredulous whispers. Here Wang paused briefly. Then he continued.

"You've heard correctly. Last year, over a thousand skyscrapers were built in Shanghai. In 1995 Shanghai opened its first underground railway; today we have five and in the next ten years the network will be extended by a thousand kilometres. At the same time, new six-lane highways, tunnels and bridges are being built. Why am I telling you this?"

Here Wang paused too, this time longer. Some of the audience members were getting impatient.

"I'd like to show you what enormous strides forward people can make in only a few years. And I am convinced that similar development projects are possible in East Africa as well. You can do it too. And it doesn't have to be three skyscrapers per day. One will also do."

A joke. The public laughed.

"Where today there are skyscrapers, twenty years ago there were only rice fields in Shanghai. In 1980, China had foreign exchange reserves of around one million; in 1996 we exceeded the 100 billion dollar mark. Today we have 1,4 trillion US dollar in foreign exchange reserves. This allows us to invest outside of China and to contribute to the development of other countries. Due to the long friendship between the two countries, we want to make Tanzania our priority in East Africa."

With the index finger of his right hand he pressed a key on his laptop and a map of Tanzania appeared on the screen behind him. The many symbols indicated investments in infrastructure,

mining and transport that were being planned for the coming years. Each symbol was supplemented by an indication of which of these projects SECCO wanted to be part of with the support of the Chinese government. There was a reverent silence in the room. The participants were noticeably impressed by this presentation.

In the afternoon, Wang's colleague Jin Ming presented selected projects in detail. Among them were the planned construction of the container port in Bagamoyo and the urban development of Kigamboni with the title "The Kigamboni Project: The New City". Later, Wang Xiping took over the presentation of the Mchuchuma and Liganga project in southern Tanzania, where a huge iron and steel works would be created. There was a series of critical questions from the conference participants. Overall, the presentation had left a euphoric impression with most of the participants.

After dinner, the Tanzanian band Chiko Chika performed with the internationally known singer Chora. The stage stood on the green surface next to the swimming pool. They played a mix of modern pop and traditional music. Several servers tended to the guests. Sparkling wine, wine, beer – everything was free and thoroughly enjoyed. The initial uncertainty and reserve that could still be seen with some gradually disappeared. Wang mingled with the people; for everyone he had a friendly word. With his confident and cordial manner he contributed to a relaxed atmosphere. The party only broke up after midnight. The next day, some of the participants had to deal with the consequences of the long, boozy night before. But that had already been taken into account during the planning. After a hearty breakfast there was a short get-together in the conference room. A heart-felt farewell and then Wang and his colleagues got into the limousine, which was already waiting. At the airport, the Cessna Citation was ready and waiting for the onward flight to Kampala, Uganda.

Kiloko was making his way back too. He hadn't come with his work car and driver but in his private Land Cruiser. Because not everyone had to know about this meeting. When Kiloko had started the car and the air-con was blowing cool air into the interior, he opened the folder given to him by the Chinese assistant. Inside he found a print-out of the speeches, the

associated attachments and a small envelope. It contained ten crisp hundred-dollar bills. He thought to himself, *The Chinese are more generous with the sitting allowance than our Ministry. They understand the meaning of our work.* He smiled contentedly, shoved into first gear, and the heavy car began to move.

One morning during a break, when Paul mentioned to Joyce that he had met a German named Klaus the night before and told her about this conversation, she started listening keenly.

“The way you describe him, it could be Klaus Kronberg.”

“Who is Klaus Kronberg?”

“He used to be my boss here in the office. Your Klaus sounds just like him.”

Paul was astounded. Now he wanted to follow up on the case. He let Joyce explain to him exactly where this Klaus lived: on the beach in Kunduchi.

He rented a Toyota RAV4 for the weekend and on late Saturday afternoon he drove north-westwards out of the city. In the seclusion of the vehicle, his thoughts revolved around the upcoming conversation. Development along the road stretched for many kilometres in the direction of Bagamoyo. When, after about twenty kilometres, he turned right off the main road and towards Kunduchi, the short tropical dusk had already set in. Soon it would be pitch dark. On either side of the narrow paved road there were small, dimly lit businesses. There were still many people on the road, so he throttled the speed. After a few kilometres the paved road ended. *And now?* he asked himself.

In the dusk he could see around him only fallow land, a few trees and lone houses. Once in a while some pedestrians and cyclists appeared in vehicle’s headlights. At a crossroads he stopped by a group of people, let the car window slide down and asked where the European settlement was. In barely understandable English he got vague directions to drive on for another kilometre and then to turn right.

“You’ll see the lighted houses there.”

Indeed, after he considered his rental car and crept very slowly along a bumpy dirt road full of deep pools, he came to a

settlement. His headlights, swaying up and down due to the unevenness of the road, swept along high, white walls that only occasionally offered a glimpse of the houses behind them. But which of these was Kronberg's house? He got out but kept the engine running. Above him he could see, between the tops of the palm trees, the moon and white clouds drifting in the night sky. In the headlights a figure on a bicycle appeared from the darkness and, treading carefully on the pedals, moved along the loose sand. He stopped next to the car.

"Good evening. Is there a problem? Can I help you?"

"Yes, I'm looking for Klaus Kronberg's house."

"Kronberg: I know him. A *mzungu*. His house is the last one in this row."

Paul parked the car across from the house and got out. Because of the air-con, it had been cool inside the car; now he was suddenly enveloped in muggy, hot air. Around him there was a deep silence; only the soft crashing of waves on the beach could be heard. Approaching the wall lit by two cast-iron lamps, he hesitated for a moment. He wasn't well at all. Shouldn't he simply drive back to the city and see it all as an excursion? No, he had to bring things to a head now.

He couldn't find a bell, so he used his knuckles to knock hard against the steel gate. Soon he heard a voice speaking English.

"Who's there? What do you want?"

Paul gave his name through the closed door. For a long time, everything was quiet. Finally the door opened again and an employee in the orange-red uniform of Total Security Tanzania appeared. A few steps behind him stood Klaus Kronberg.

Kronberg took a step towards him, reserved and formal.

"Paul, I suppose you have a concern, or you wouldn't have made the long journey?"

"Yes. It was not at all easy to find you here. Joyce thought I could find you somewhere in this area. So you are Klaus Kronberg!"

"Oh, then you know already. Well, come in then."

Kronberg led Paul past lush shrubs to the terrace. An imposing double-storey villa in a Mediterranean style, Moorish arches, a well-kept garden, and behind the oval-shaped pool one could see the shimmer of the Indian Ocean at night. Above them

the palm leaves rustled in the evening breeze. On the terrace in front of the pool, Kronberg offered Paul an armchair. He sat down. Kronberg disappeared through the terrace door and into the kitchen.

Paul was nervous. Through the wide door he had a direct view of the living room's interior. It was huge. On the white tiled floor, there were two carpets in colourful African patterns. The pottery, the carvings, the paintings: everything seemed casually presented but gave a remarkable overall impression. One could see that the objects had been chosen with great expertise and had been arranged with care. The muted lighting made the tasteful furniture come into its own. On the spotless white walls there were many paintings, all original works by Tanzanian artists. Probably his wife's doing, since Kronberg didn't give the impression that he had an interest in interior design.

Finally Kronberg returned from the kitchen. As if he'd read Paul's thoughts, he remarked:

"My wife is an avid collector of Tanzanian paintings. There's probably nobody who knows more about it."

Kronberg placed the dew-covered beer bottles on the table, with the glasses next to them.

"Would you like a glass or just the bottle?"

"A glass, please. You're living very luxuriously," Paul remarked appreciatively. At the same time, there was a critical tone in his voice as he let his gaze wander over the swimming pool and garden. Paul sipped on his beer. It was stingingly cold.

Kronberg didn't pursue the subject.

"Yes, very. But tell me, what has brought you here all of a sudden?"

Paul tried to hide his inner tension and nervousness. He wanted to stay calm despite his anger. But now it boiled over.

"It seems to me that someone got me into something and, from what I have learnt, you weren't completely uninvolved in the matter."

Kronberg remained completely relaxed.

"You know, before one judges an issue, one has to know how things really stand. I think I know what you're implying. But I don't know if you're seeing things in the right context."

Kronberg filled the two glasses, toasted Paul and took a deep

sip. Paul could no longer suppress the anger that had been building up for days already and in the last hour. He sat up in his chair and in a voice raw with outrage he said:

“But it’s clear. GRConsult got the contract that I’m working on through bribery. Kiloko is now unhappy because he hasn’t received the money yet. And I should fix it now. In Berlin the prosecutor is investigating. And I’m in the middle of it.”

Kronberg seemed not to be happy with this subject. He made a dismissive gesture, as if he wanted to shake it off.

“Paul, you know about working internationally and you also know a little about Tanzania. You have worked here before. You know how it works and how it doesn’t; how one can do business here and how one can’t.”

Paul didn’t argue but only stared wordlessly in front of him. Kronberg looked directly at him, searching for eye contact.

“Here in this country, inefficiency is commonplace. For the civil servants it’s only about filling their pockets. The result is stagnation. The officials are shrewd players when it comes to filling their private coffers with development aid money. No wonder: they’ve had many years to perfect the art. When you want to be successful in your project, you have to know how to play the game. I mean, to play it in such a way that you also benefit.”

Paul, with resignation:

“I know that there’s corruption everywhere, in Germany too. But that doesn’t mean that I want to be a part of it. So far I’ve also made it well through life.”

“That’s good, but if you want to run a shop like GRConsult successfully, that ethical attitude won’t get you very far. It simply doesn’t work and you’re dead broke. And who does that serve? Do you think our competitors’ projects are better? I can tell you stories, just about cases here in Tanzania. GRConsult works reliably, fulfils its orders, employs good people: including you. I have great respect for your work on your last project in China. That was great. Ernst Ziegler told me about it.”

Paul felt flattered. What Kronberg had told him made sense. He remained silent. A strong wind had come up from the Indian Ocean. Only when the breeze weakened and the rough rustling of the palm trees stopped, could the soft sound of waves breaking in

the background be heard. The air was now pleasantly cool. Paul started to relax.

Kronberg asked, "Another beer?"

"Yes, I'd love one."

Kronberg fetched two more bottles of beer from the kitchen. To his surprise, Paul noticed that his anger was almost gone. It was late already, but something kept him from getting up and going. He felt terribly heavy and paralysed. Kronberg used Paul's silence to further explain his worldview.

"If you were in Kiloko's position, you probably would have done the same. There's a lot of talk about African solidarity and humanity. Nyerere built his entire ideology of African socialism on it: *Ujamaa*, the extended family. But they are like us: selfish, egoistic, and ruthless. And since their existence and that of their family is mostly very precarious, maybe they're more ruthless, more selfish. We with our salaries, our securities, our pensions, can afford to act morally, or at least to rant about it. Kiloko lives in a big house, has his cushy job, has a big car. But from his childhood he still knows his family's struggle for survival. Hunger is unknown to us; we only know it from TV. The people here know it from first-hand experience. Kiloko too. That's the difference."

Kronberg paused and looked into the distance. Then he leaned back, exhausted, and took a long drink of his beer. Paul said nothing. The wind had died down and there was a profound silence.

Paul only came to the office at half past nine that day. Joyce looked up in surprise. He had barely sat down or the office phone rang. Joyce put the call through. It was Ernst Ziegler calling from Berlin.

"Good morning, Mister Mansfeld. I'm glad I've reached you so quickly. I'd like to keep it short. It's about the thing with Kiloko. Have you given him the negotiation fee yet?"

Paul hesitated. Ziegler interpreted it as a no and continued, "You know, there's a lot at stake for us. This relationship with

Kiloko is important to us and I must ask you to cooperate.”

Paul became evasive.

“You ordered me to create a study. I’m working on that. Please understand that I don’t want to have anything to do with acquisitions and other things.”

“Now you’re simplifying it. Listen. You must also have an interest in the success of the project. And I’m told that you’re doing a good job. This contractual matter is part of your job. You know, if we didn’t have the prosecutor breathing down our necks, we would have done it from here. It’s not a big deal. Be sensible.”

Paul felt trapped and helpless. He’d been expecting this call but still hoped it would never come. Now he felt guilty. His cheeks turned red and there was sweat on his forehead. His voice sounded tight.

“My job is to carry out a study. It doesn’t include chestnuts.”

Paul paused when he realised he had misspoken.

“I mean, getting your chestnuts out of the fire. That’s not my job.”

For a few seconds the receiver was silent. Then Ziegler’s voice could be heard, calm and every word clearly stressed.

“That’s not what you should do either. It’s just about tackling the next hurdle for the project. Everything’s going well. You’re doing an excellent job. Your interim reports are outstanding. I just wish this thing with Kiloko was done.”

Paul felt understood.

“Doctor Ziegler, I see too that you’re in a difficult position given the current situation. But I don’t want to get pulled into it.”

“Mister Mansfeld, please consider this: when you’ve settled the matter with Kiloko, you can finally concentrate on your work. Then the project can be finalised, maybe earlier than planned. You can then add a safari at GRConsult’s expense. Don’t you want to reconsider?”

Paul said emphatically, “I’m sorry, but I don’t see how that is possible.”

“Mister Mansfeld. Take your time. You don’t have to decide today. Then we have to find another solution.”

Paul was about to justify his refusal when he heard the click. Ziegler had hung up.

The Sea Cliff Hotel on the very end of the Msasani Peninsula got its name from the cliff on which it was built. But the rugged, coral-covered rock beneath the hotel only appeared at low tide. Even at high tide the cliff wasn't a good place for a swim: there was no sandy beach and the waves were too strong. Unsuitable for a beach holiday. Because of its wonderful view of the Indian Ocean coastline, however, the Sea Cliff was popular with business people.

In the afternoon, Kronberg had called and invited Paul for an evening meeting. He had emphasised the urgency of the meeting, without giving a reason. When, at the agreed time at five, Paul arrived on the terrace with its sea view, Kronberg was there already. Wearing an elegant, light suit, he sat at an out-of-the-way table directly at the balustrade. With his colourful silk scarf and dark designer sunglasses, he looked like he had sprung from a Hollywood movie. Completely at rest, as it seemed to Paul, he was looking at the incoming tide. When Paul stepped closer, he looked up smiled and invited him with a wave of his hand to take a seat.

"I'm glad you could make it. First get something to drink. They have good cakes here too."

Paul sat down in the wicker chair and placed his order. Kronberg carefully removed his sunglasses, folded them and then turned to Paul:

"Paul, I'm sorry to have called you for this meeting at such short notice. Thank you for coming. But there's an issue that I'd like to discuss with you face to face."

Paul looked inquiringly at him. Kronberg added:

"I've met with Kiloko. It seems he's putting us in a stupid quandary. By 'us' I mean GRConsult, you and me."

A sudden anger arose in Paul. What was Kronberg doing, meeting with Kiloko behind his back! In the end, he was project leader. A deep frown appeared on his forehead.

"Tell me, how well do you know Kiloko? And where did you meet him? And why are we in a quandary?"

Paul looked angry. Kronberg took a conciliatory tone.

“Kiloko and I worked together once four years ago. I should have told you. Recently I’ve had very little to do with him, though. Yesterday he called me; pretty upset. In other words: he was pissed off.”

“So, you know him then. You only tell me that now!”

Kronberg leaned across the table towards him and spoke to him as if to an unreasonable child.

“Of course I know him, for years now. I’ve told you that I’ve worked for GRConsult in the country before. And then of course there is no way past Kiloko. Listen. Kiloko has set clear conditions. That concerns you and our company. He was very polite and diplomatically and verbosely formulated his demands. There are two things. Demand number one: he wants the 50,000 dollar commission for the project. Demand number two: your rehabilitation study for the Central Line must come to a negative conclusion. Only then does he want to arrange the rest of the payment. You know, we’ve only received one payment for the project so far. We’re talking about two and a half million dollar.”

Paul frowned.

“What is the negative outcome then?”

“Jesus, but you can think about that. For example: rehabilitation will be exorbitantly expensive, does not pay, transport demand is too low – you can choose, preferably everything together.”

“You’re not serious! He can’t ask that.”

Kronberg lifted his hands in a gesture of helplessness.

“We need his blessing. Otherwise ...”

Kronberg made a vague gesture.

“Otherwise there’s no money for GRConsult. Very simple. Kiloko will claim that the study does not meet the contractual requirements. You know better than I do what project costs we’ve already had. If the rest of the payment doesn’t come, GRConsult will have a serious problem. A very serious one, even. You know about the investigation by the prosecutor in Berlin?”

Paul nodded.

“But the situation became clear to me only over time. I now know why I got this job so quickly. The prosecutor in Berlin was after you: so after Ziegler, you and the management. That’s why Woerz left the project so fast and I got the job. And I was naïve

enough to accept it without hesitation.”

Kronberg remained silent and looked out over the sea. Then, finally, as if something was hurting him, he turned to Paul.

“Paul, I’m sorry. GRConsult hasn’t been open with you. You have reason to be angry. But what were we supposed to do? We now must bring the matter to an end, and to a good end. Good for you too. GRConsult needs the rest of the money.”

“There are courts for such cases, though,” Paul objected.

“There are. But fight this in front of a Tanzanian court. It can take years. GRConsult are with their back to the wall. Since the prosecutor has started investigating, no new jobs have come in. And the fixed costs continue.”

Paul thought about it.

“Klaus, I have a clear assignment and a contract here. I should conduct a study to professional standards. It doesn’t say that I should tailor the result to the wishes of a Mister Kiloko.”

“I understand. But this is an exceptional situation. You’re doing GRConsult a favour, and yourself too. Paul, think about your career!”

“I have an assignment and I’m doing it. You may call it stubbornness.”

“One could say that. You must remain flexible or you’ll fall on your face. The big projects are done by the Chinese. At the moment the Tanzanians are embracing the Chinese. But in a way I also understand them. The Chinese are building them a stadium; we’re building a biogas plant. They’re building roads; we’re building trolleys and are tinkering on an old railway. We offer seminars with sitting allowances, very nice. But the Chinese are offering sitting allowances plus high-rises that reach up into the sky. Like in Shanghai! And what do we still have to offer otherwise? Advice, admonitions, criticism. Paul, we can’t compete in this way. For us all that’s left is an orderly retreat.”

Paul shook his head.

“But will the Chinese leave behind something lasting that will benefit the country? Or only holes in the ground and exploited nature? One can judge that only later, maybe in a hundred years’ time. Did the Germans think of the benefits for the country and the people? Of course not. But still, with the railway they left something useful.”

Both busied themselves with their cake and coffee for a long time without saying a word.

Then Paul said, "You speak of retreat. But that means that we've lost with this project. And the Central Line has also lost, over and out?"

Kronberg looked at him, smiling encouragingly.

"You know, Paul, what I'm going to say now may sound a little philosophical. Losing is not so bad. Hemingway once said, 'The ultimate value of our lives is decided not by how we win but by how we lose.'"

Both remained silent for a while; then Kronberg continued.

"We can continue in Tanzania. Pussyfooting around. Kiloko has agreed to give preference to GRConsult on future assignments. A small study, a small consultation. A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush. But first we have to bring the rehabilitation project to an end, and in the way he wants it."

Paul felt the lure. A combination of skill and flexibility had brought Kronberg considerable wealth. Paul was impressed by his seaside villa; he couldn't deny it. But then he slowly shook his head. No, he could not get involved. What Kronberg suspected: for Paul it wasn't just about the ethics but he was afraid of getting tangled up in the prosecutor's investigation in Germany. It was as if Kronberg could read his mind.

"Don't worry. It's all for the better, for you too. Kiloko is very adept at such things. Nobody will know about it."

Paul had his head in his hands and stared at the tabletop. He didn't know what to say. His face was red and there were drops of sweat on his forehead. Kronberg waited patiently until Paul finally straightened up and looked him in the eye.

"Klaus, you're right, for sure. But I can't do it."

It was still early evening when Paul went back to the Green Garden. In his room he lay down on the bed. He was beginning to understand the situation. He knew that the time for action had now come. But how should he decide? On the one hand he could play Kiloko and Kronberg's game, which would be well worth it for him and his career. That meant calling Ziegler or Kronberg and saying, "Yes, I'll play along." Then he would give Kiloko the 50,000 dollar, give a negative recommendation in his report and have it pretty cushy for the remainder of his contract period in

Tanzania. But the idea of leaving the project now would be like a personal defeat. The Central Line was his baby that he would let down. The alternative would be to take on Ziegler, Kronberg and Kiloko and expose the corruption. The longer he grappled with it, the more it became clear to him that he had been played from the outset. But to do the honest thing now would mean the end of his contract, no income, no assignment and unemployment in Berlin. And he didn't know what Kronberg and co. were still capable of. So, what to do? Actually he didn't want one or the other, only to rest and not to think about anything anymore. But he felt trapped, caught up in this story. He could not make a decision. Not on this night, anyway, and not the next day either.

Then it was weekend. The upcoming decision was weighing heavily on his soul and robbing him of all joy. He now had to decide: play along with the bribery or not. He decided on a third option, which was to postpone the decision. Paul got the money on Monday morning.

GRConsult had had an account with Barclays bank for years, since the nearest branch was close to the office. Since Paul didn't want to carry the money through the city, he let himself be driven there. John took him in his car. They knew him there, so the payment was done quickly and smoothly. Back in the office, Paul put the money in a brown envelope. Fifty-thousand in 100-dollar bills made a surprisingly compact bundle. He quickly let it disappear into the bottom drawer of his desk. In the evening, after Joyce had said goodbye at closing time, he cut – with some difficulty and repeated efforts – a piece of cardboard which he inserted into the drawer as a false back wall. A safe hiding place. If and when he wanted to give the money to Kiloko he didn't know. He was still undecided. Although he had not solved the problem once and for all with his action, he still felt better now.

That morning, when Kronberg stepped onto the veranda of his villa on the Indian Ocean, the coast was covered in thick cloud. The diffused morning light cast no shadows. Kornberg was tired. The night before, he had lain awake for many hours. The issue with the project occupied him more than he had

thought. But now he had come to a decision: he would call Ernst Ziegler and suggest that he recall Paul Mansfeld. Since it was still too early for a call to Germany because of the time difference, he first swam his usual laps in the pool. Then he changed and went to sit in his favourite chair on the terrace. When Tatu, the home help, served breakfast at eight, he called out to his wife.

"Flora, come. Breakfast is ready."

It took a few minutes for Flora to appear in her dressing gown. After breakfasting together, she retired to go change. Kronberg picked up his mobile phone and called Ernst Ziegler's number.

"Ernst, I know it's still early. I hope I didn't wake you. But there's trouble here. Yesterday I spoke to Joseph Kiloko. He is angry. He says he didn't get his money."

A few seconds of silence. Then Ziegler's indignant voice could be heard.

"But Klaus, I thought that had been done ages ago!"

"Apparently not. Paul didn't give Kiloko the agreed commission."

Ziegler groaned. "But it's a simple kick-back. Paul Mansfeld should take the money from the project account, give it to Kiloko and get a credible invoice. Nothing more is expected."

Kronberg nodded. "Who are you telling? Joseph did not get his commission from Lothar Woerz even then."

There was silence in the receiver, then Ziegler's voice again.

"Yes, I know. Woerz is gone. I've had someone look for him. He's not registered in Germany. Rumour has it that he's working for a British consulting firm in Saudi Arabia. I've already considered too whether he had put the fifty thousand in his own pocket."

"I don't think so. He's not the type to do something like that. However, it's clear that Mansfeld doesn't want to cooperate. You need to remove him. Take him back to Germany under some pretence. I'll lead the project office here provisionally."

"Yes, that's a possibility. So far I've hesitated because with the prosecutor's investigation, we can't afford any additional complications. You don't know what's happening here. Now we have the tax investigation too. But in principle I agree with you."

Kronberg now got up from his chair and, pressing the mobile

phone against his ear, he walked across the terrace. The sun slowly broke through.

"First, this unfortunate story with Kiloko must be dealt with. Let Paul Mansfeld come back to Berlin and end his contract."

"You're probably right, Klaus. I'll think it over."

"I must tell you something else. The bush telegraph says that the rehabilitation of the Central Line isn't a priority at the Ministry anymore anyway. The road-building lobby has prevailed there. The Chinese want to enter road construction all-out, assignments to Burundi and Rwanda. For us that means nothing will come of our follow-up project for the Central Line."

For Ziegler this meant another disappointment, since he had high hopes for this assignment. Just too much bad news at the moment.

"Klaus, please keep an eye on it and let me know as soon as there's news. And about the Paul Mansfeld issue: I'll think about it."

Paul was in good spirits. The work was going astonishingly well. From Kalenga, who had arrived in Dodoma the night before, he had received word this morning that Lyimo's Survey Engineering team had already completed the investigation of the route to Dodoma. That was good news. Paul himself worked intensively on the planning and cost statement for the remaining work that would be necessary. In the afternoon he left for half an hour to go eat in a nearby restaurant and then continued his work on the computer. At four, Joyce packed up and left the office. In the reception room John dozed in an armchair and waited until Paul would finally be done, so he could take him to the guesthouse. It was already dark outside when his mobile phone rang. It was Ernst Ziegler. Ziegler very calmly and in well-formulated sentences told Paul that head office in Berlin had decided to recall him from Tanzania and to entrust him with other tasks. The main work had already been done and for Paul there was an interesting assignment in the Berlin office: preparing an offer for a tender for a big project in China. Paul was thunderstruck.

“But I’m still in the middle of work! Right now I’m doing the profitability calculation on which the recommendations will be based. It’s at the core of the study. Who will do it now, then?”

“You still have a few days. You have done good work; for that I thank you in particular.”

Paul was paralysed; he laboriously suggested: “But the work on the route is going well. I can finish the project as planned.”

“Well, we have problems working with the Ministry. These contractual matters are very delicate. You’ve already met Klaus Kronberg. An old Tanzania expert. He kindly agreed to take over the final work at my request.”

“But Kronberg does not know all the information. He doesn’t know at all what’s happened on the project so far. I don’t understand.”

“Mister Mansfeld, I’d like you to hand over the project. Of course, this also includes your draft final report. Just leave everything in the office. This is the best decision for the project. That’s the way it is. Our travel department has booked your return flight for late on Thursday, 13 March. You’ll get an email with the reservation number.”

Ziegler hung up. Paul sat there motionless. It was a punch in the gut. The verve with which he had still been working on the study five minutes before had vanished. Absently, he saved the file, switched off the computer and called John.

“John, let’s go. I’m done for the day.”

On the drive back to the guesthouse in John’s car, Paul was devastated. At the last minute, he cancelled his appointment with Vivien for the evening. He spent the night alone in his bed in the guesthouse. It became a long, sleepless night of self-flagellation. His thoughts spun incessantly, repeating themselves; now and then a new thought arose, and gradually they became ordered after all. When, in the dark of the night, he picked up his mobile phone and looked at the time, he saw that it was two o’clock already. Still he could not fall asleep. At six he was no longer in bed. He showered and then went to breakfast. Afterwards he called Katrin in Berlin to tell her that he’d be returning to Berlin earlier: in fact, that coming Thursday already. He didn’t tell her anything about the drama surrounding the whole matter. Katrin said she was happy, but Paul wasn’t so sure. She hadn’t sounded

too enthusiastic. She seemed to have a lot of work and stress.

The next afternoon he told Joyce and John about the decision from Berlin. They were upset because their jobs depended on the continued existence of the project and the office. In the days that followed, Paul was in a strange, indefinable state that he himself could not grasp. He was livid, but somehow not really. He mostly felt defeated, dispirited and helpless.

Paul's call came in the late afternoon.

"Vivien, I'll come over to pick you up. I have to talk to you about something. John will drive us to the Green Garden. I hope that you can get the evening free."

Vivien was puzzled, since she'd agreed not to call during work.

"Paul, that's not possible. I still have a meeting with a tour operator that offers safaris through the Selous Game Reserve. They want to book twenty rooms for three days at the Sunrise Beach."

"Good, then we'll see each other tonight at the Green Garden. I'm already on my way there."

Vivien was late. It was half past seven already when she arrived by taxi and found Paul waiting for her in the restaurant. He looked annoyed. Vivien chose the standard menu for the evening: soup, chicken with vegetables and a fruit cup. He only ordered soup and a second beer. Since Paul's unusual phone call in the afternoon, Vivien had been concerned about the meeting. Immediately after she had ordered, she asked him impatiently, "Paul, now tell me: what did you want to talk to me about?"

It was obviously hard for him to get it out.

"My contract ends earlier than planned," he finally began.

"What do you mean?" Vivien asked, not understanding.

"My contract was terminated today. I must go back to Berlin."

Vivien took a deep breath.

"But your contract is still for half a year. At least that's what you said."

"Yes, it was planned that way too. But now they've decided differently in Berlin. Or here in the Ministry someone decided

differently.”

“I’ve told you over and over: don’t mess with these people! They have influence.”

He raised his hand defensively and said meekly, “Yes, you were right about that. There are powerful people at the Ministry.”

Paul suddenly looked very tired.

And what about me? Vivien thought but didn’t say.

“Vivien, I’m sorry. But I have to go back.”

She became angry. “I’ve already suggested so many times that you look for a job here. It doesn’t have to be railways. There are other consulting firms here, and other organisations and businesses – German ones too – that have jobs.”

“It’s not that simple. I’m a railway expert. Nobody but the ministry can give me a job.”

He sat there defeated, his head resting on one hand. Still, he thought he needed to say something encouraging.

“You know, the Central Line project isn’t over yet. Maybe I’ll come back later.”

Vivien looked sceptical.

“You don’t believe that! Why would your company bring you back?”

Paul now stared ahead, silent. She was livid.

“Now? Tell me, why?”

Paul answered quietly, “You know, in this project business there are sometimes incredible changes. I have my experiences with that.”

It didn’t sound convincing to Vivien, not even to himself. She noticed that the whole thing was becoming too much for him.

“Today was a long day. I’m tired. I’ll still stay here tonight.”

“Vivien, I don’t know what will happen. But it’s good that we still have a few days together.”

Paul ordered a third beer. Vivien knew that he would now sit here moping. She left and went to the room. There she fell onto the bed, totally exhausted. She liked Paul and had become used to him. Yes, maybe she even loved him, although she didn’t want to admit that to herself. One couldn’t rely on men, her mother had always said. One couldn’t rely on a *mzungu* either. She had already been afraid that Paul would simply disappear from her life again. She had quietly hoped that he would ask her to go to Germany

with him. She had not expressed this wish. And no such invitation had come from him, not once even for a visit. She didn't seriously think about going to Germany forever, since her personal frame of reference was here in Tanzania. Her two children were still living with her parents in Bukoba. She missed them. And she had a responsibility toward her elderly parents. She couldn't go away at all. Maybe she would have been willing to go with him to Germany in spite of her responsibility toward her family – if he had asked. But he hadn't asked. And she didn't want to beg. He had ignored her tentative attempts in that direction, intentionally or unintentionally. In general, he seemed not to understand the importance of family. To her, Paul seemed undecided and, despite his age, immature. For Paul, that might be freedom. She couldn't live like that, so unattached, alone and lost in a big, uncertain world. Now he was going back to Europe. She saw how he worried and suffered. But was saying goodbye to her painful? Or, because it didn't work out with the project, was it the way he wanted?

In the days that followed she often met with Paul and also stayed the night at the Green Garden Inn several times. She noticed that he was very preoccupied with himself during this time, and got the impression that as he thought more and more about his return to Germany, she was receiving less and less of his attention.

11 March 2014 – 22 March 2014.

Hiding in Mwenge

The day of Paul's return trip arrived. John arrived punctually with his taxi at the Green Garden's reception area. There was still enough time for the drive to the airport. Vivien, who had taken the day off and was helping Paul pack, was depressed. Their impending farewell was weighing on the couple. Paul tried to lift the mood with wisecracks but actually he wasn't feeling like joking. He struggled with his failure. Yes, he had failed, but he didn't know how he could have done things differently. Basically he still didn't know. His flight had been booked for the evening plane to Zürich, with the connecting flight to Berlin early in the morning of the next day. John stowed his two suitcases in the taxi's trunk. Paul and Vivien sat in the backseat. It was a long way from Msasani to the airport. When they were nearing the airport, John's mobile phone started ringing in his breast pocket. He answered it and then held it out to Paul.

"For you, Paul. It's Joyce." Joyce Malima sounded excited.

"Kronberg called. He wants to come to the office tomorrow morning. I should put everything together that's needed to finish the report. He needs it soon for the conference set for mid-June. I thought you should know."

At this point John was turning left onto the airport access road. For Paul, the idea that Kronberg would falsify his report and wanted to recommend the opposite for the Central Line was simply unbearable. Suddenly he said very calmly and in a soft voice, "We're going back."

John wasn't sure if he'd understood correctly.

"What do you mean? If we go back to the city now, you'll miss your flight," he remarked.

More loudly and in a firm voice, Paul said, "I've thought about it. I'm staying here; I'm not going."

John cast a quizzical glance backward and almost crashed into a car that had just passed them in the next lane. Vivien first looked at Paul without comprehending, then a smile spread across her face and finally she laughed triumphantly.

"I've told you shouldn't go. At last you can see it."

Without hesitating, John made a U-turn at the next turn and wove his vehicle into the column going back to the centre. Luckily the guesthouse wasn't fully booked. Paul even got his old room again. He sent John home. He kept the office key, which he was actually supposed to give to John later at the airport. At six o'clock, when it was already dark, Paul took a taxi to the GRConsult office. The guard at the building's entrance recognised and greeted him. The ride in the decrepit lift up to the second floor of the building, which was empty at this hour, made him nervous. Upstairs all the offices were dark; only the green emergency lights illuminated the floor. He was alone. He slowly felt his way along the passage to the GRConsult office, then unlocked first the security gate and then the door. In the entrance hall he turned on the light and looked around him. Everything as always. He turned on both computers and copied all the files on the laptop he had brought with. In addition, he backed up the data onto a memory stick, which he stored in a soft leather pouch. He wore this on a string around his neck. Sweat and years of use had made it unsightly and grubby. He deleted all important documents about his project on the two office computers. From the bottom drawer of his desk, he took the brown envelope with the 50,000 dollar and the invoice from Star Studies. At Joyce's work station, he found a black plastic bag on a shelf, put the money and invoice in it and wrapped it all tightly with tape.

Once he had carefully locked the office again and arrived downstairs at the entrance, it was eight o'clock. He took a taxi back to the Green Garden through the nearly empty night streets. There he stowed the envelope with money in his suitcase and locked it. With Vivien he went to dinner at the Sea Cliff. The

restaurant was busy but they got a table with a wonderful view of the bay and the opposite shore. A sailboat with bare mast chugged across the nocturnal sea. In the front part of the restaurant a band was playing; there were some couples on the dance floor. By ten o'clock they both were quite drunk on beer and wine, Paul actually very drunk. He did most of the talking. For the umpteenth time he told Vivien about the wrong committed against him. Vivien listened patiently, but his constant repetition gradually angered her.

"And what do you want to do now? Do you want to keep staying at the Green Garden?"

"To be honest, I don't know. I don't know what to do now. You know, turning around at the airport actually didn't have anything to do with Joyce's call. When I saw the airport in the distance, I realised that I didn't want to go – not away from you."

Vivien gently put her hand over his.

"Is that true? Stay here then; look for a job. You can live with me at first."

Paul looked at her unsteadily with glassy eyes.

"Do you mean that a white person can live in your neighbourhood? Do you have air-con?" he asked.

"Everything's there. Don't worry."

She laughed gaily. He liked her cheerful ease. They found a taxi in front of the Sea Cliff. There was a long negotiation about the fare with the taxi driver, whom she apparently knew well. Despite his alcohol level, he became more uncomfortable by the minute and his courage was dwindling rapidly. *What am I getting myself into?* They both sat in the backseat. At this hour there were only a few vehicles travelling from Msasani to Mwenge. Suddenly she turned to him with a jerk.

"Do you think there's electricity at my place?"

"I don't know." They laughed heartily.

"No, power cut. Maybe again tomorrow."

Apparently she liked this guessing game. Animatedly she asked:

"Do you think there's a shower at my place?" He nodded his head in irritation and said nothing.

"No," she said triumphantly. "No, I don't have that either, but maybe I have a bucket with water. By the way, there's no air-

con either.”

She noticed his uncertainty with amusement. During the ride, Vivien talked to the taxi driver. Paul didn't understand a word, felt isolated and insecure. After a while, the taxi slowed down, turned off the paved road and slowly felt its way along the narrow, sandy road. From the backseat, Paul asked, “Is this Mwenge?”

“Yes, Sir, this is my hometown. *Here* I am the boss,” she said with ironic emphasis. Paul realised that Vivien was quite drunk too and was enjoying the situation to the fullest. She was in her element, felt at home here. In contrast, Paul was becoming increasingly insecure. Outside, deep darkness. Only the two yellowish headlights illuminated a world foreign to Paul: lonely palm trees, a barely recognisable road in the loose sand. On either side small houses were standing close together, some of primitive clay construction, others made of unpainted concrete blocks. The road narrowed more and more to a trail. The old taxi rattled in every corner and groaned alarmingly loudly as it had to struggle through one of the deep troughs of sand. To Paul's horror, the car suddenly got stuck in the soft sand. It took much manoeuvring before the driver managed to find a solid track for the car again. Growing anxiety and fear arose in Paul. He was slowly losing his trust in Vivien. Finally she instructed the driver to stop. In the dim light of the car's interior, Paul paid him. Paul and Vivien got out and, in the sparse moonlight, walked across the soft sand towards a house. Vivien knocked on the door. After some time, the low wooden door was opened a crack from the inside. A woman Vivien's age appeared in the door frame, a *kitenge* wrapped around her heavy body.

Vivien whispering: “This is Kokugonza, my friend. She lives here too.”

The two women softly whispered to each other. Kokugonza handed Vivien a kerosene lamp. There was a dark atmosphere inside the house. Stuffy, humid air like in a tomb. The sweat came from all of Paul's pores. Vivien took him by the hand and led him through the darkness into her room. She lit a candle. His gaze fell upon a foam mattress on the floor, a few pieces of furniture and two windows that were burglar-proofed with vertical bars, causing a claustrophobic fear to rise within him. They undressed

and lay down on the thin sheet covering the narrow foam mattress. The kerosene lamp stood on the low table, illuminating the oppressive atmosphere with its flickering light.

Oh God, what did I get myself into? Paul thought. The air was still; the heat in the room was unbearable. The net over the mattress apparently had holes in it, because soon Paul not only heard the soft buzzing of mosquitoes by his ear but could feel the first of these bloodsuckers attacking him.

A new day dawned. The sun shone through the curtains and woke Paul. His head ached. He slowly became aware of where he was. He heard dishes clattering in the room next door.

"Vivien, is that you?" he called. She stepped into the room, a green and black *kitenge* wrapped around her.

"Hello. Did you sleep well?"

"Yes, thank you. But the mosquitoes! Why don't you have a net? I mean, one that doesn't have holes in it?"

"You're right, there are many mosquitoes at the moment," she said unconcernedly. "The bathroom is behind the house. There's a bucket of water for showering."

"Can you give me a glass of water? I'm thirsty."

"I'm not doing too well either. Too much beer yesterday?"

Vivien gave him a big plastic bottle of water. The water was lukewarm but good against the hangover-related dehydration. At once he felt much better. He walked through the door into the open. He stepped barefoot in the soft sand. In the morning sun, the surroundings made a much friendlier impression than the night before. In front of the house, the huge top of a mango tree provided shade in the forecourt. A few metres behind the house he discovered the bathroom: a shed with walls made of palm leaves woven together. Here he also found the bucket with a yellow plastic ladle. He used it to wash himself from head to toe. Meanwhile, Vivien had made breakfast. There were omelettes, white bread and tea which she placed on a rickety wooden table standing very precariously in the soft sand.

"Welcome to breakfast."

Paul took a cup of tea.

“Do you still want me to move in with you?”

“Yes, I invited you. The day after tomorrow you can have Kokugonza’s room. She’s going home, to Bukoba: death in the family. She’ll probably stay for four weeks.”

“Good, then I’ll fetch my things from the Green Garden Inn today.”

There was something tranquil about the little house under the mango tree on the tiny plot, but he found the overall living situation unbearable. *The tropics are more appealing in the movies and on TV than in reality*, he thought. With a little power of persuasion, he encouraged himself: *I have now got myself into this. I will see it through.*

After breakfast, Vivien said goodbye. She had to hurry; she was late for work already. She’d be back in the evening.

“Oh, and another thing: in a bit, Georgina, a cousin of mine, will come. A young girl. She comes every day to clean, wash and tidy up. If you need anything, ask her. But ask her in Swahili; that’s all she understands. Or in Kihaya.” She laughed. Of course Paul hadn’t mastered the language of the Wahaya.

He watched her laboriously trudge through the soft sand towards the main road in her business suit and high heels. Then he put the dishes from breakfast in the kitchen. The meagreness of the household surprised him. After all, Vivien had a prominent position at the hotel and until now he had known her only in that environment. There were only four cups here – one of them without a handle – as well as an old gas stove and a few pots next to a dented pan. The food supplies consisted of a plastic bag with rice and some teabags. No water came from the tap on the wall. Next to the kitchen there were only the two rooms, the walls plastered and painted white but with dirty stains. In each, a naked bulb hung from the ceiling. He pressed the switch – nothing happened. Vivien’s room contained a mattress on a simple slatted frame, a wardrobe and a small cupboard. So this was how a hotel manager in Tanzania lived. In the corner a heap of dirty laundry was lying on the floor. Paul also looked into Kokugonza’s room – similarly sparsely furnished. Everything very primitive, but somehow he liked this simplicity. A small, simple world. The house was framed by sparse bushes and shrubs, through which he could see the neighbouring houses with women in their

colourful cloths and children.

It was still morning when he caught a taxi in the nearby Sam Nujoma Road and fetched his things from the guesthouse. The guesthouse manager, Shirley Smith-Mawe, asked him where he was going. Paul moved away, mumbling something about a business matter. He let the taxi driver take him to a shop that sold mosquito nets. He took three: one for Kokugonza too. Then he let himself be driven to the Mlimani City mall. There he bought the things he deemed necessary for a household. Rice, oil, beans, dishwashing liquid, cooking pots, a tea service with six cups, noodles, a few bottles of wine, orange juice and some other things. He pushed the heavy shopping trolley across the parking lot to the taxi.

Back in Mwenge, the taxi driver helped him to unload the things from the car. Then his mobile phone rang. It was Katrin.

“I waited for you at the airport. Where are you?”

“Hello, Katrin.” He could not think of anything more. Oh no, he had not thought of Katrin.

“What happened? When are you coming?”

Katrin noticed on the other end of the line that something wasn’t right.

Lamely and with a guilty conscience he explained to her that he hadn’t known about the change in plans until he had already been on the way to the airport.

“I’m sorry I didn’t tell you. There has been a change of plan. My trip to Berlin has been postponed. Something new suddenly came up with the project. I hadn’t thought about it.”

Actually, something new had come up, in a way. He hoped to pacify Katrin with this excuse. But Katrin felt very hurt. She angrily ended the conversation. Paul thought: *I must tell her that I’m living here with Vivien. But not now. I’ll tell her tomorrow.*

During the afternoon, Paul unpacked his two suitcases in Vivien’s room. He brought the shopping from the supermarket to the kitchen. There was still an important task left. In one of the suitcases he still had the bundle of money that he had taken from the office the night before. Where to hide a package like this in such a humble hut? Looking for a suitable place, he wandered through the two rooms. There was simply nothing. And of course it shouldn’t be found by Vivien either. Only after

leaving the house and seeing the corrugated-iron roof did the idea come to him. He hid the bundle with the 50,000 US dollar and the invoice from Star Studies behind one of the roof beams where two of the corrugated sheets came together in a corner. There it would be protected against the rain and could only be discovered if someone completely removed the roof.

Then he went to sit in front of the house in the shade of the mango tree. A gentle breeze was blowing. Loud music sounded from the neighbouring houses. When it started getting dusky, he lit the outdoor lamp. He tried to read by its dim light but subconsciously he was impatiently waiting for Vivien to come back. Unfortunately the light also drew all kinds of flying creatures. Huge moths fluttered around the lamp. When they hit the wall, they fell onto the open pages of his book. More unpleasant were the mosquitoes constantly trying to bite his feet. True reading wasn't possible in these circumstances. It was already pitch dark when he finally heard Vivien's footsteps coming through the sand. He could tell by her happy greeting that she was in good spirits.

On the morning after Paul's planned departure, Joyce idly sat in the office. She ate from a box of biscuits reserved for visitors and had already drunk a third cup of tea. There was simply nothing to do. The arrangement was that Kronberg would take over the office after Paul had left. Where was he? At eleven, the office door opened and Kronberg entered. He greeted Joyce exuberantly. They knew each other. Before his retirement two years prior, they had worked together in the GRC office. He as boss; she as his secretary. Joyce had already heard from John that Paul hadn't departed the day before. But she didn't say anything. Officially she didn't know anything about it. In the afternoon, Kronberg came to talk about the project report.

"I need Paul's final report. I believe it should be completed."

Joyce switched on the computer on Paul's desk and searched the hard disc for the report. First in all the directories she knew of, then with the help of the search function. In vain. She could remember Paul still working on it the day before he left. The

report was gone.

Kronberg angrily sat down behind the computer. After an hour of desperate searching, he gave up. Although he knew that his computer skills were limited, he was certain that Paul had deleted the report. He cursed loudly.

“It’s company property. Paul wasn’t allowed to delete it. Joyce, please see again if you still have a copy on your computer. Even an old version of the report is better than nothing.”

But all their efforts were fruitless. Joyce noticed his anger. Even though it wasn’t her fault, she felt guilty.

“I still called Paul while he was on the way to the airport. I assume that he flew to Germany in the evening. More than that I don’t know.”

In the east, the sun was already high in the sky. Paul was hungry. Breakfast first. He showered in the primitive bamboo shack behind the house. Then he walked about two hundred metres along the sandy road through the houses to his favourite restaurant on Sam Nujoma Road. As usual, many vehicles were on the move, whirling up dust and mixing it with their exhaust fumes. This wasn’t a restaurant in the European sense, but a shop with a modest range of food on offer. Above the entrance there was a big sign with the name “Morning Star Restaurant”. The restaurant was a building made of rough boards on a concrete foundation. It was open on the side facing the street. A shelf on the wall held the entire product range. From soft drinks and cigarettes to washing powder was on offer. In the back there was a small kitchen; in front two tables with rickety plastic chairs. Paul ordered tea and two fried eggs with bread. The restaurant was run by an old couple. The old lady was mostly in the kitchen; her husband served the guests. Paul sometimes talked to him in a mix of English and Swahili. So far nobody had asked yet how he as a *mzungu* had ended up here. Was the Tanzanian politeness the reason? Or was it because they already knew everything about him and his relationship with Vivien anyway?

Back at the house, Paul finally pulled himself together. Since their last conversation, Katrin had not called again. She was

angry. Very angry even: Paul was certain of that. He reached her at her office. Against all expectations he didn't get the consolatory call back, but she had time for him immediately.

"Katrin, I must tell you something. GRConsult wanted me to come back to Berlin. They wanted to remove me here. Apparently I haven't fulfilled their expectations." He laughed uneasily.

"And now you've simply stayed there? What does the company say about that?"

"Complicated story. They don't know where I am."

"Are you crazy? Paul, that's a serious question."

"I don't really know that either. In any case, I didn't want to leave the project in the lurch: you know, the Central Line."

"Yes. Are you back in the office and working again, then?"

"I'm still working, but not in the office."

Katrin considered this. Her reply came slowly. "I don't understand it. Where are you working, then? Who is paying you?"

"At the moment I don't know that either. I still need some time."

"Time for what? Why don't you take the next plane and come to Berlin! Then you can sort out everything from here."

"That won't do. The ticket has expired."

"Paul, tell me where you are now. In a hotel?"

"In something like that."

"In a guesthouse?"

"Yes, in something like that."

"Jesus! Speak plainly. I think I can put it together. You're living with a woman."

"Yes. But that does not have to mean anything."

"You know what? You don't know me very well. I must get back to work now."

A beep sounded in the receiver. Katrin had hung up.

He called her back right away. She didn't pick up. Not in the evening either, when he tried again. He knew Katrin and knew that she would not be taking his calls anymore.

On his second day in Mwenge he only woke up when the sun

was shining glaringly through the thin curtain and into his eyes. The space next to him was empty. Vivien had already left. There weren't any noises coming from the kitchen anymore either. At this time of the morning it was still cool in the room. A gentle breeze was blowing through the open window and moved the light cotton curtain with its colourful African pattern to and fro. The curtains, which Vivien had made for her in the handicraft centre, rose up in the wind, stayed briefly and then slowly collapsed again. The morning sun cast a stripe of light on the sheet, which disappeared again after a few seconds. Paul liked this play of light. From the neighbourhood houses he could hear the screaming of children and loud female voices. But not a single bird call, not even the cooing of pigeons, as he was used to from Berlin.

The next day, Kokugonza packed her suitcase as planned for the trip to her family in Bukoba. She had a ticket for second class on the Central Line from Dar to Mwanza. From there she would take the bus to Bukoba. Since Vivien had to work, Paul took her by taxi to the station. After all, he was allowed to live in her room for the next four weeks.

Even during the day Paul was mostly depressed but it became really bad at night. So the first nights in Mwenge were terrible for him. He lay awake for hours. He suffered in the heat and there was always a mosquito trying to get through a fold in the net and biting him. But it wasn't just these external disturbances. The worry that he had brought himself into an untenable situation through his actions weighed heavily on his soul. There was no peace in his head. He tried relaxation exercises to fall asleep. Years before he had even attended a course on autogenic training, which he now tried to remember. Unfortunately, even then he hadn't quite succeeded in experiencing the supposed heaviness and warmth and to relax. In fact a bottle of beer worked better than autogenic training. But now he had to discover that after a few bottles of beer in the evening, he often woke up at night and for hours couldn't fall asleep again. So the nights stretched endlessly.

Nevertheless, after a few days he started to feel at home in the unfamiliar surroundings. When it became too hot around midday, he sat in the plastic chair underneath the mango tree. Once he

noticed a group of small children watching him, giggling from the shrubbery. They called, “*Mzungu*,” over and over again. Then they quickly ducked, only to come peeping from their hiding place after a while. They were the children from the neighbouring houses and they were very shy around him as a white person. When he waved at them and invited them to come closer, they just shrieked loudly and sped away. Then they came stalking up again. It went like this several times. Finally a boy of about ten bravely approached and sat down in front of him without a word. Paul was glad. His attempts to talk to the boy in simple English failed, however. The boy seemed to like sitting with the *mzungu*, maybe some kind of test of courage. Once, when Paul made a sandwich around lunchtime, he noticed that the boy was watching him closely. He gave him a slice. Now other children came up too. Apparently they were hungry. He made them some slices of toast with peanut butter which they – sitting in a circle in front of him – devoured silently. This helped to gain their goodwill and later even to start some kind of friendship with them. It became clear to him that he had become a minor celebrity here and that his whereabouts would become known sooner or later.

During the day Paul sometimes got food at one of the nearby shops where there were bananas, roast corn cobs and skewers with grilled goat meat: *nyama choma*. Sitting like this on a plastic chair in front of the shop, he saw that the passers-by looked at him covertly from the corner of their eyes, but in no way bothered him. Paul appreciated this polite restraint. At the small market off the dusty Sam Nujoma Road he bought fruit and vegetables. After some days, Paul began to like life in the neighbourhood. It had its charm. Meanwhile he got to know the owner of the shop and learned a few new Swahili words from him. It was a peaceful, comfortable life. In the afternoons he often lay down on the foam mattress in the room. With the constant heat, sleep wasn’t easy because often the power went out. Then the electric fan stopped and he waited while sweat streamed from every pore. In general, his greatest difficulty during his stay in Mwenge was the heat. Only now did he realise that previously, he had experienced the tropics mainly in air-conditioned rooms and vehicles.

He thought less and less of GRConsult and his job and gradually a peace came to him that he had not noticed anymore in the past years. Oddly enough, he remembered his childhood in the small village in Lower Saxony.

After some time, Paul took over the household water supply. Water only sometimes came from the tap. From the communal taps the water came when the taps in the houses had been dry for a long time. When excited voices signalled that there was water, he rushed off with two buckets. At first, the others had asked him respectfully to move ahead. After a while, however, they had become used to him and the preferential treatment came to an end. A few days later Fupi, a boy from the neighbourhood, offered to fetch water for him. Paul gladly accepted this offer. Fupi was happy about the income.

One morning, as he stood in front of the small mirror to shave, he noticed that his face was white. Since for many days now he had had dealings with black people only, somewhere along the line he had forgotten that he wasn't black himself. He had begun to feel part of this world.

In the evening, when it cooled down, Paul sat at the primitive table in the room that had previously been occupied by Kokugonza. He had been able to charge his laptop's battery the night before, when there had been electricity for several hours. The battery capacity now gave him three hours to work on his report. He put in some effort with it, even though he had no idea what he wanted to use the report for. The heat in the room was unbearable; the humidity was definitely over ninety per cent. Next to the table he had placed a towel which he used to keep wiping the sweat from his face and neck.

He often went for walks in the neighbourhood. From the house in Mwenge it was about a kilometre to the Mlimani City mall. It was always difficult to cross Sam Nujoma Road to get to the mall on the other side. At this point, the road separated two worlds from each other. The mall was the modern world of consumerism, professional advertising and selling. A huge parking lot with electric gates, shopping trolleys on wheels, clean pavements, glass doors that opened automatically. A mall like in Berlin, Dubai, New York or Shanghai. This fifteen-minute walk brought him to the world that he knew and was familiar with. It

wasn't just the air-conditioned coolness inside but also the cleanliness, the order, the shining floors, the familiar facilities. He went to a snack stand that could have been in Berlin. A long counter, self service, loosely grouped seating areas, not much business. At the counter he ordered coffee and a pastry. Yes, this was his home; here he felt good. He opened the *Daily News* that he had just bought at the kiosk.

Around him everyone was busy on their mobile phones. Paul too took his phone from his shirt pocket. The day before, he had succeeded in charging the battery. In the past days five calls had been listed. He found three missed calls from Joyce and two from a number that he didn't know. He selected Joyce's number, knowing that she always had her mobile phone lying on her desk. She answered after the first ring.

"Hello, Mister Paul. Where are you?"

"Hello, Joyce. I hope you're well. I'm still here. I'm vacationing in Tanzania," Paul tried to joke.

Joyce didn't respond, but lowered her voice:

"Mister Kronberg is here at the office. We have tried many times to reach you. Would you like to speak to him?"

Paul hastily countered, "No, no. There's no reason for that. I'll call again later."

When Vivien came back from work in the evenings – tired but still full of verve – she almost always found him under the mango tree. Dressed in a *kitenge* and T-shirt and with his feet in plastic sandals, he was usually reading in the weakening evening sun. Dinner was eaten on the rusty table. Sitting on the plastic chairs was problematic, since the legs had the habit of very gradually sinking into the loose sand. Since Vivien especially liked having fish, sometimes she brought a fresh fish from a stall on the main road. She would then prepare it with rice and spinach, *wali na mchicha*, to make a delicious meal. In general the meals were very African. When they wanted something to drink, they simply needed to call out loud to Fupi. Then the boy next door would come walking up to provide them with beer and soft drinks from the nearest *duka*.

As usual, on this night the power failed in the neighbourhood. The globe started flickering, then went out completely and everything was dark. Paul looked up towards the sky. Above him

stretched a firmament in which countless stars seemed to be sharply drawn. After a while, Vivien managed to find a flashlight; then she lit a candle on the table in front of the house. For a long time still, they sat together by candlelight. Vivien talked about her work troubles at the Sunrise City. Even though he was very busy with the GRConsult story, he avoided talking to Vivien about it. Suddenly she asked him, "Do you think I'm too black, really? Do you prefer white women?"

"I think you're incredibly beautiful. I love your black sin, your hair, your smell. Simply everything."

"Should I believe you?" He could see by the light of the candle how a beaming smile spread across her face.

On other evenings they called the taxi driver they had befriended and he would then take them to a restaurant. At night, Vivien usually went to bed early. Paul often still lay awake for many hours; then he felt threatened by the deep darkness around him. But after some time, his daily rhythm had changed. He still had enough money. Under the present circumstances he could still stretch his savings for a long time. Why worry, then?

One evening it started raining. Heavy drops fell onto the corrugated iron. At first one could hear every single one, then the pace increased and seconds later, they pelted onto the thin sheet in such loud staccatos that it scared Paul. A cloudburst. Heavy gusts of wind swept through the palm tops and rattled the roof. Luckily the roof withstood the masses of rain. After fifteen minutes, the racket was over. The rain had subsided to single drops. The air had cooled noticeably. In front of the house, the water had gathered in puddles and slowly sank into the sand. The big rainy season had started.

It was exactly nine o'clock in Berlin when the phone started ringing on Doctor Ziegler's desk. Kronberg was on the line and came to the point immediately.

"We have a problem. The report isn't there. Paul Mansfeld isn't there. Where is he?"

"That I don't know. I think here in Berlin, and as far as I know he'll show up for a meeting here tomorrow."

He asked his secretary to ask the travel department. At eleven o'clock the employee responsible called him and gave him the news that Paul Mansfeld hadn't boarded the Swiss International flight from Dar to Berlin.

Ziegler dialled the mobile phone number of Kronberg, who had been waiting for his call in the GRConsult office in Dar.

"Klaus, apparently Mansfeld is still in Dar. What does it mean? Can you tell me?"

It was now clear to both men that they, and GRConsult, had a serious problem. Paul had disappeared. The report, which had to be submitted urgently for the conference, was gone. And in Kronberg the suspicion grew that Paul had probably not yet arranged the matter with Kiloko either. Did he withdraw the money from the project account and given it to Kiloko?

"Joyce, please show me the last bank statements for the project account."

Joyce started looking for the bank statements. It took over an hour before she finally found the folder on the top shelf of the room where Paul used to work.

"Mister Kronberg, I have the bank statements here. There was a lot of movement in the past weeks, in large part for the payments for the ongoing inspection work on the track, and a payment in cash for 50,000 dollar on the fourteenth of February."

"Joyce, do you know where this 50,000 dollar is? Where is the money?"

"I don't know. Only Paul Mansfeld had account authorisation."

Kronberg's suspicions became more solid. Or could it be that Paul had handed the money over to Kiloko like he was supposed to? He wanted to be sure. He called Joyce to connect him with Kiloko. Two hours later Kiloko called back.

"Kiloko speaking. How are you? I haven't heard from you in a long time."

"Hello Joseph. Everything's fine; I hope with you too. The reason I'm calling: I'd like to let you know that I've now officially taken over the GRConsult office. Paul had to start another project on short notice. Everything happened rather quickly."

Kiloko was genuinely pleased. "Welcome back. I'm glad that you're actively involved again."

“Joseph, please tell me: how are things standing with Paul regarding the commission?”

Kiloko’s reply came hesitantly.

“He hasn’t done anything about it. I’ve been waiting for more than six months for the commission.”

“Joseph! I didn’t know that. We should both end the whole thing with the study now.”

“I’m glad you’re saying that. It’s March now; I was promised the money in July last year. Great that you at GRConsult have finally found a solution.”

“I’ll call you.”

Kronberg hung up and calmly sat there. If Kiloko didn’t have the 50,000 dollar, where was it?

“Joyce, you’re responsible for the project money. Please tell me how much there is in the project cash box.”

After a few minutes, Joyce’s voice sounded from the room next door.

“There’s exactly 36,450 shillings in the cash box.”

That was about 2,000 euro.

“Is there a cash box with dollars?”

“No. We don’t have any dollar bills, at least not at the moment.”

Kronberg thought about it. He remained motionless for several minutes. There seemed to be only one explanation. And he didn’t like it.

Vivien usually got up at six and left the house at seven in order to get to her office in Sokoine Drive on time at eight. Paul had really wanted to accompany her on her way to the city today, to look at the news and his emails. However, he had not managed to get out of bed.

So it was already ten o’clock when he got into a city-bound taxi in Sam Nujoma Road. After several days in the primitive conditions of Mwenge, he wanted to once again enjoy Western luxury and let the driver drop him off at the Royal Palm Hotel. He did not feel very well. After all, he could run into Kronberg or Kiloko or another familiar face. Very carefully he went from the

hotel lounge to the business centre on the ground floor. There he went to sit at a computer, entered his email password and looked through his inbox. Most of the messages were unimportant and he deleted them immediately. There was an email from GRConsult, from Doctor Ziegler, asking about his whereabouts and urging him to call as soon as possible. Paul clicked the message away.

Then he looked at the status of his current account at Berliner Sparkasse. To his shock he found that GRConsult had not paid any money yet for the last month's bill, neither for his fee nor for his reimbursements. Usually these payments came in punctually in the first days of the following month. His money was enough to still make ends meet for a long time at the current modest standards, though. Life at Vivien's was inexpensive; even the dinners and taxi rides were affordable. He could use his debit card to withdraw money at every ATM in the city. But this threat of scarcity began to cloud his mood. He turned to the news on the monitor: first the international, then the German and finally the Tanzanian news. He was amazed at how little he was touched by it. He switched off the computer, paid a few shillings and then went the few metres to the book shop, bought the latest edition of the *Daily News* and went to sit in the coffee shop. The espresso was hot, good and expensive. Only on page three of the *Daily News* did he come across the story. Under the headline "The unusual anniversary" the writer had written a report of half a page about the jubilee of the Central Line. On this day a hundred years before, the train had embarked on its first trip from Dar es Salaam to Kigoma on Lake Tanganyika. The official gazette for German East Africa had reported in the edition of 21 March 1914 that, on 15 March of that year, transit traffic for the *Mittellandbahn* for the stretch Tabora–Kigoma opened and thus the total distance from Dar es Salaam to Kigoma was now free. The opening ceremonies were to take place in the context of the German East African Provincial Exhibition of 1914 in Dar es Salaam in the autumn of that year. Nothing came of it. By that time, the First World War had already begun in Europe. *Pity*, Paul thought, *that 15 March would be commemorated with a jubilee neither in Germany nor in Tanzania.*

Heavy clouds were hanging over the coast as the Minister of Transport, Lazaro Simba, travelled north along Bagamoyo Road in his official car. Traffic was smooth on this Saturday morning. Simba listened to the news on the radio. There had been heavy showers the night before. Parts of Buguruni were flooded and thousands of inhabitants were left homeless. The city administration was in the process of determining the cause. It wasn't clear yet whether a canal had been blocked by trash or whether the area was simply too low-lying for settlement.

The meeting had been quietly arranged for eleven o'clock on Saturday. In addition to Lazaro Simba, the following were invited to the confidential meeting: the Minister of Mineral Resources, his state secretary, five directors from both ministries and the general manager of TanRoads, the Tanzania National Roads Agency. Director Joseph Kiloko of the Ministry of Transport was also among the attendees. There was not a single woman. A small conference room in the Silver Sands Hotel, some twenty kilometres north of Dar es Salaam, had been booked for the meeting. The Silver Sands was particularly well suited for such a meeting, since its remote location meant that the long row of luxury Land Cruisers and black Mercedes sedans would not attract much attention. There were drinks and snacks on the table.

The Minister for Mineral Resources, Shuguru Maguti, made the opening remarks.

"Honourable gentlemen, I've called you to this informal meeting, since I believe that in the interests of our country, we have to move things forward. The transport sector plays a key role in the development of our country and I know that each one of you present is aware of this responsibility. You know that the Energy Supply Company, which I advise, supplies the nourishment for our economy with over 250 tankers. The vitamins for this organism, one could say."

The others laughed in agreement.

"For the purpose of our meeting, my colleague and Minister of Transport Lazaro Simba will now give us some up-to-date information. I don't want to give a long speech here without

letting my friend Lazaro say something, because he wanted to make an important announcement and a suggestion.”

Applause.

Minister Simba got up and turned to the previous speaker: “Thank you very much, dear friend, for the kind words. I really appreciate that you all made time on this beautiful Saturday to accept my invitation. To start, I would like to share with you a small success of our group of companies. This week, our company, Transcontinental Logistics, put into service the 500th truck. On its first trip it will bring goods from the port in Dar es Salaam to Bujumbura in Burundi.”

At this point, he paused for a long while and let his eyes wander over the group.

“We all know that the state can’t handle all the tasks for our country by itself. It needs the private sector, which will have an increasingly important role. Everyone present works on the task of coping with the challenges of the future. And we’re successful. Our country’s growth rates are impressive. They are among the highest in this world. The African lion has been awakened.”

Some clapped.

“As our honourable Minister for Industry and Trade, Sam Mutukale, announced in his press release last week, the government will simplify trade regulations with our neighbours. We therefore expect further growth in transport volumes. To meet this growth in our transport industry, we need more and better roads. More roads not only in Dar es Salaam, but especially the highways to our neighbours need to be expanded. And we need roads in remote areas. We have had good experiences in road construction with our Chinese partners.”

Murmurs of approval.

“And now I’m getting to the real subject of our gathering here today. On 19 and 20 June the East Africa Rail & Roads Conference will be held. I’d like to draw your attention to the fact that this will not be a conference like any others. This conference will determine the future direction our transport sector will take. We must be vigilant: there are people in our ministries who believe that one can stop the passage of time or turn back the clock. These people want to relive the old way of the railroad. Yet we all know what bad experiences we’ve had with that. Or would

someone from here take a train to Dodoma, or even to Tabora, or even to Kigoma?"

Simba looked around him.

"Of course none of you present will do that. One would take the staff car, a luxury bus or the plane. Am I right?"

Simba paused to gauge the reaction of his audience. Gestures of agreement. Emboldened by this, he raised his voice and emphasised the following statements, speaking deliberately slowly and clearly:

"Therefore, this conference must have a clear direction. For the expansion of our road network. The programme for the conference will be prepared by my colleagues and me. However, our foreign backers have other priorities. I know that some of them would like to give preference to the railway. I've commissioned a study of the Central Line. Their results will be officially presented at the conference. I got insight into the results. They are preliminary but basically the recommendation is that the study will advise against the rehabilitation of the Central Line. Instead it will recommend pushing for road construction. Because we need a modern traffic system with more and better roads. We here, who have to deal with this topic up close, must see to it that our international interests are expressed at this conference. Gentlemen, this is the topic of our meeting today. I ask for your comments, suggestions, and questions."

Simba sat down, leaned back in his leather chair and looked around him expectantly.

25 March 2014 – 25 April 2014.

Battle Lines

In the night Paul dreamed that he was drifting deep beneath the surface of a sea. The water was flooded with light and pleasantly warm. Comfortable and carefree, he was lolling in the water. Suddenly a mighty crocodile appeared on his right. Its head slowly came closer to within a few centimetres. It remained as if weightless at this distance, its yellow eyes fixed on Paul. The eyes shone like gemstones. Paul was paralysed. Completely motionless, the monster hovering next to him just beneath the sunlit surface of the water. *Just don't move; any movement can make it snap.* Silent panic and paralysis. Paul didn't move. But how long could he keep this up?

He woke up drenched in sweat and felt a rare inner turmoil. At first he didn't know where he was. Outside it was bright daylight. Then he saw the familiar surroundings of Vivien's room and the mosquito net over the bed. Vivien's place next to him was empty; apparently she was up already. Gradually he realised that the experience had only been a dream and his fear subsided. Before the calm could really spread through him, though, his current problems came to mind. The crocodile from his dream appeared in his mind's eye. Yes, his situation was just like that: every action could make things worse. That meant an all-encompassing paralysis. He could not remain lying any longer. Heavily he rolled out of bed, tied a *kitenge* around him and went into the kitchen. Vivien had indeed left for work already. He drew water from the plastic bucket and filled the dented

aluminium pot. He lit the burner and placed the pot on the primitive gas stove. While he was waiting for the water to heat up, he became more and more convinced that he had to act now. Urgently. But how? He felt threatened from all sides: his contract with GRConsult had ended. No money was coming in from that anymore. He still had something in his account in Germany but how long would it last? His unclear relationships with Vivien and Katrin. His visa had expired. Kiloko and Kronberg were breathing down his neck. From Joyce's call during the ride to the airport, he knew that Kronberg was trying to falsify the study about the Central Line for the coming conference. When the water was bubbling, he brewed a cup of instant coffee. The coffee was hot. It burned his lips. He cursed. He felt weak, exhausted and desperate. His situation was hopeless. How to get out of it again? The more he tried to find a solution, the more confused his thoughts became. The fear of doing something wrong now paralysed him. He felt the rising panic. He had manoeuvred himself into a corner. But still: he had done the right thing. Yes, he had been right not to get involved in this case of corruption. Why should he feel an obligation toward GRConsult, Ziegler, Kronberg and Kiloko? There was no reason for it. It wasn't about the money but about law and order. So far he had behaved like a hare on the run. The events of the past weeks were spinning around in his head. Suddenly he was angry. No, he wouldn't watch Kiloko and Kronberg deal the Central Line a death blow out of egoism and greed. He would see to it that the trains between the coast and Lake Tanganyika would run again.

It was still dark when Jin Ming's driver picked him up in Mwasani. Their destination was SECCO's latest mining project at Morogoro behind the Uluguru Mountains where, like every week, Jin Ming wanted to review the work in progress. Coming from the residential area, the driver drove to the end of Haile Selassie Road, then turned northwards first onto Bagamoyo Road and onto Sam Nujoma Road after that. There were only a few vehicles and pedestrians on the road. At the crossroads in Ubungu the drive continued along Morogoro Road, which was

completely open at this hour. The driver increased their speed. Ming lay back in the backseat and soon fell asleep. He only woke up again when it was light. Four hours and about 250 kilometres later, beyond Morogoro, the vehicle turned left off the paved main road and onto an unpaved road. It had rained during the night. The driver initially went too fast on the slippery mud track and the car started to skid a few times. Then he throttled the speed of the heavy off-road vehicle to a walking pace. The road meandered through a landscape of acacias, thorn bushes and tall grass in which only a few single huts appeared.

For several years, SECCO had been investing heavily in the exploration of the area around the Uluguru Mountains. Countless test bores had been fruitless. Then, half a year before, they had finally found what they were looking for and discovered abundant rare earth deposits over an area of several square kilometres in the Wigu Hills. As a result, SECCO established the RET-Project – Rare Earth Tanzania Project – as its own organisational unit and entrusted Jin Ming with leading it. He had been involved in exploration in Tanzania from the beginning and had since become the leading specialist in rare earths at SECCO. The local rare earths were found in carbonatite complexes and were increasingly needed for making automotive catalytic converters and soot particle filters as well as for the production of neodymium magnets. These magnets with their tremendous pulling power were needed for the production of wind turbines and cars. Jin Ming always carried two such magnetic balls for demonstration purposes, when he would say, “These two balls are magnetic. Try and pull them apart. And please be careful.” Only a few did it. Jin Ming had already painfully crushed his fingers.

When they had covered the bumpy side road for about five kilometres, Jin Ming’s mobile phone rang. He answered. It was Wang Xiping. He needed quiet for that and quickly ordered the driver to stop at the side of the road.

“Thanks you, Mister Wang, for calling back. It’s about the preparation for the Roads & Rail Conference on 19 June.”

“This conference is very important. I don’t want there to be any problems,” Wang said.

“Everything’s well prepared,” Jin Ming replied.

"I've seen your draft for the presentation. It's good. But Jin Ming, why did you want me to call you back?"

"I'm sorry to bother you. But there could be a problem and I'd like you to know."

"Okay. Tell me."

"An earlier feasibility study for the Central Line has appeared and it comes to the conclusion that rehabilitating the Central Line would be cheaper than building a road. For our road-building projects that is not a favourable statement."

There was a short disturbance in the connection. Then Wang's voice could be heard clearly again.

"I have nothing against the railway. But road construction comes first. Roads are priority. That was discussed with Kiloko's people. Where does this study come from, then?"

"The Ministry of Transport ordered it years ago. The German project leader has disappeared, they tell me. But the study is there and it could show up anytime."

Wang now raised his voice and emphasised what he was saying.

"The Central Line may not be discussed. In no circumstances before the conference. Understand?"

"That's what I say too. We don't want any unnecessary problems," Jin Ming confirmed.

"We want to present our plans for the construction of the road connection to Rwanda and Burundi, as well as the connection through the Serengeti. The Central Line does not fit in here. Take care of it."

Jin Ming eagerly replied, "Yes, Mister Wang."

Silence on the line, then Wang's voice again.

"What's this man's name?"

"Paul Mansfeld."

"This man is dangerous. Find out where he lives. And find out where this study is. It may not show up. If necessary, turn to our friends at Total Security Tanzania."

That afternoon, Julius Msifuni was sitting in his office on the third floor of the agency that was fighting corruption in Tanzania.

He had eaten lunch alone in the air-conditioned canteen and now felt a little sleepy. Msifuni had been with the office since its founding in 2007. At the age of thirty he was already an old hand. The modern glass palace was in Urambo Street, in Upanga, not far from the city centre. Outside the building it said in capital letters: Anti-Corruption Bureau. In front of the building there was a large parking area, about halfway full of vehicles. Msifuni didn't have much to do that day. Just when he thought that he would like some distraction, the phone in front of him started ringing. Jane from reception told him that a *mzungu*, a Mister Mansfeld, was there looking for a contact person. Msifuni told her that he was busy but could make a few minutes' time.

"Tell him I'll come down and fetch him right away."

Meanwhile Paul sat waiting in the seating area of the reception room. Inside he was still torn about whether it had really been a wise decision to turn to the Anti-Corruption Bureau. This morning he had finally pushed himself, took a taxi and came here. To be on the safe side, he had asked to be dropped off in front of a building a hundred metres from here. The driver wouldn't know what his real destination was. Paul was nervous and sweating.

Fifteen minutes later, Msifuni stepped from the lift, dressed in a dark pin-striped suit and blue striped tie. He approached Paul through the spacious entrance area.

"My name is Julius Msifuni. What can I do for you?"

"I'm Paul Mansfeld. I'd like to discuss something with you. But it has to be confidential."

"Please come to my office, then. Follow me, please."

In his office, Msifuni invited Paul to have a seat in the visitor's chair in front of his desk. Through the wide glass window Paul had a good view of Upanga's rooftops. Even before he could voice his request, Msifuni began to introduce the Anti-Corruption Bureau.

"The AC-Bureau was established to fight corruption. In the past five years, we have handed 780 cases over to the courts. But today we want more. We want to intervene in the run-up to corruption in the first place. And we are very successful, if I may say so. We are well equipped with staff and finances."

"Yes," Paul agreed. "The building is impressive: amazing

architecture. And you have a very nice office. Congratulations.”

Msifuni was visibly flattered.

“Thanks.” He smiled.

“You see, when someone is guilty of corruption, they can no longer expect to get away with it. We work against it on disciplinary and judicial levels. The battle has not been won yet, but we’re working on it.”

Msifuni spoke animatedly and seemed to be convinced of the importance of his mission.

“It’s important to create a culture in which every act of corruption is despised. Some people still think that corruption is an acceptable way of getting rich. This attitude needs to change. That’s what we’re here for.”

Paul wanted to come to his request.

“If I tell you about this case of corruption, what happens then? And in what way am I, as informant, protected?”

“We need the information in as much detail as possible. Only then can we begin our investigation. And of course we treat our sources very discreetly. There I can reassure you.”

Even though Paul wasn’t fully convinced, he saw no other option. Hesitantly he talked about his work at GRConsult, the rehabilitation project, how important it was for the country, and his experiences with the Ministry of Transport. He gave Mister Msifuni his elaborate multi-page report in which he had neatly noted the important events, with the names of the people involved.

Msifuni scanned the paper and hesitated briefly.

“Joseph Kiloko is involved?”

“Do you know Joseph Kiloko?”

The reply was guarded.

“Yes, he’s a director in the Ministry of Transport. As it says here.” Msifuni didn’t say anything else and paged further through the documents. Then he put them aside and turned to Paul.

“How can I reach you? Where do you live?”

“I trust you, of course, but I’d rather not mention my current address. However, I’d be happy to give you my mobile phone number, where you can reach me day and night.”

Paul wrote the number on a piece of paper and slid it across the table. Julius Msifuni promised that he would take care of the

matter. Upon parting, he said, "Mister Mansfeld, I thank you for your cooperation. I will keep you informed. Please stay available. We may still need your support."

As Paul stepped from the air-conditioned building into the muggy tropical air, he asked himself whether he had just made a big mistake.

At the same time, Msifuni picked up the receiver of the phone on his shiny desk. He dialled Joseph Kiloko's number. Kiloko was engaged in a lively conversation with participants in a seminar on good governance in the foyer of the Kilimanjaro Hotel. He answered. "Hello, Kiloko speaking."

For a moment it was quiet on the other end; then, after a bit of a delay, Msifuni answered.

"Mister Kiloko. I can hear you're not alone right now. Only a moment: a German friend of yours was here. You may call me back when you have more time."

"I understand. Thank you."

Paul took the current edition of the *Daily News* and went to sit underneath the mango tree in front of Vivien's house in Mwenge. He found the editorial office's phone number underneath the masthead. He called and asked the female voice that answered to connect him to the editor-in-chief. He was told that the editor-in-chief wasn't available at the moment. Would he like to speak to Ms Almeida, his substitute? "Yes, please," Paul said. But she too didn't answer. At some point the connection broke off completely. After ten minutes he tried again. Again he only reached the switchboard. He left a message, asking that Ms Almeida please call him back. The call from the *Daily News* came an hour later, formal and curt.

"Jane Almeida, *Daily News*. You called me. What is it about?"

"Thank you for calling back. My name is Paul Mansfeld and I'm a German consultant for a railway project. I have information that you may find of interest."

Almeida was reserved as she spoke. It took some convincing to get her to agree to a meeting. The next day, at one o'clock as agreed, Paul was sitting in the City Garden. The restaurant

belonged to a former Minister of Finance of Somalia, who had managed to save some of the state assets for himself and his family when the Barre regime collapsed in 1991. Surprisingly, he proved to be a very successful restaurant manager. The tables in the City Garden were shaded by palms and other trees. The clientele were mainly business people and tourists. However, when someone tried to order beer or wine here, they had no luck. As a devout Muslim, the owner didn't allow alcoholic drinks to be served. Paul ordered a glass of freshly squeezed orange juice. Half an hour later, a single woman in a suit and with briefcase in hand slowly made her way along the tables, apparently looking for someone. Paul quickly got up and waved at her. She came to his table.

"Are you Paul Mansfeld?"

"Yes, Ms Almeida. I'm glad you could make it. Please have a seat. I haven't ordered yet."

Paul handed her the menu. She sat down and placed her briefcase on the chair next to her. Paul guessed that she was around forty years old, somewhat plump, of Indian descent. The conversation started off very slowly. Only when Paul mentioned that it concerned a case of corruption in the Ministry of Transport, did she become animated and wide awake at once.

"There have been suspicions. Nothing could be proven. My editor-in-chief would have stood behind me if I had something tangible. You know, this kind of research takes time and I don't have it."

Paul listened attentively.

"Here in Africa there is a particular problem. Reports that are critical of politicians and civil servants are perceived as *lèse-majesté*. Sometimes when I read reports and commentaries in the international press about your politicians, how they are ridiculed there, I can only marvel."

There was no stopping Almeida; Paul only listened.

"Investigative journalism requires time and money. Many of these critical columns that you read in the *Daily News* – and value, as you say – are written by freelance journalists. The fee we pay for an article – it wouldn't get you dinner in your hotel! We have very talented journalists here. But in their unprotected position they cannot allow themselves to have a critical attitude. They

must think of the next assignment. The freelancers are dependent on additional fees. You heard correctly: people pay to be shown in a good light in the press.”

Almeida became less and less reserved.

“What is the hardest to understand in this country: the job of the press is to expose abuses, scams and corruption. For that we need investigative journalism and no court reporting. When scandals aren’t exposed, the country has a problem.”

She continued.

“But I don’t want to complain. In comparison to other countries in Africa, we here in Tanzania can work well, though not always without a certain tension.”

She raised her hands in a gesture of helplessness.

“After all, it’s astounding that even in a government newspaper like the *Daily News*, there is criticism of political practices.”

“Oh, I didn’t know that. Although I read it regularly.”

“Then you will surely have noticed that there are articles that are unflattering to some in the upper echelons of business and politics. They are printed and our editor-in-chief takes the flak. A brave man.”

“Then I’m happy, because some people would not like my story.”

Almeida casually looked at her mobile phone. Apparently there was a message. Then she said, “When we do something critical, it has to be sound, of course. We can’t afford false reporting. At present a new law is being discussed in Parliament, which stipulates that every statistic has to be approved by the National Bureau of Statistics. As journalist one is standing with one foot in jail there.”

The waiter brought the food. Both had ordered a curry dish with rice: he one with crab; she one with chicken. To drink, he ordered another juice, this time passion fruit; she ordered a cola.

During the meal she said impatiently, “But Mister Mansfeld, please tell me what this is about. Why exactly did you want to meet me?”

“It’s about a case of corruption. I’ve already taken it to the Anti-Corruption Bureau. But somehow I have the feeling that they won’t take action there, or it will take too long for me.”

“There have been some cases of corruption recently that were uncovered by the Bureau. Something like that doesn’t really happen quickly. You must also know that whistle blowing in Tanzania is a risky business.”

Paul asked incredulously, “Why?”

“To tell on someone is frowned upon. If it comes out who the whistleblower was, their career – their entire existence – is at risk.”

“Indeed?” Paul wasn’t convinced.

“Yes, it is indeed dangerous. Especially when it involves a powerful person in government.”

“But one can do it anonymously, though?”

Almeida shook her head. “Yes, but still risky. Usually it’s only a limited number of people who know about the matter. It’s often easy to find out who the whistleblower was. And when it comes to a lawsuit, that person must testify as a witness. It’s always difficult for whistleblowers. They’re easily regarded as traitors.”

“You’re scaring me. I only hope that as a foreigner and not an official, I have less to worry about.”

“You’re probably right about that. You can be more courageous. So tell me.”

Paul leant over the table towards Ms Almeida: “What I’m telling you now, I ask you to please treat confidentially. And then you tell me what you think about it, then we consider together what to do about it. As I said at the beginning, it’s about a case of corruption in the Ministry of Transport and the director Joseph Kiloko there.”

“I know Kiloko. Always polite and courteous,” Almeida replied in surprise.

“Oh, you know Joseph?” Paul said in wonder.

“Yes. He’s a member of the CCM old guard and has powerful friends in the party and in politics. But recently he’s also made enemies. A dubious character. There have been several cases of corruption where his name was mentioned. But nothing could be proven.”

Almeida had finished her meal and put the cutlery aside.

“You know, I can only do something that is watertight. Otherwise my boss will rip off my head.”

Paul told her about the prosecutor's investigation into his firm in Germany.

Almeida asked, "Have there already been reports in the German press about the allegations of corruption against GRConsult? If I understand you correctly, it's centred on a case in Qatar. Has Tanzania even been mentioned?"

"Tanzania has been mentioned, but only as a footnote."

"Could you get me this article and translate the most important parts? If I refer to it, nobody can rip my head off."

Paul nodded.

Almeida continued: "And I need information about your project. What do you have that is concrete against Director Kiloko?"

"I've summarised the facts in writing. I've brought a copy. Further information on the GRConsult case has been compiled in a dossier, at least what's available in English."

Paul reached for a brown envelope and handed it to her. Almeida thanked him. At the restaurant's exit they parted.

It was easy for Paul to formulate the sentences; after all, in recent days he hadn't thought about anything else. The heat in the room was unbearable. There was a towel next to him with which he kept wiping away the sweat from his face and neck. After two hours he had a summary of multiple pages of what had happened. He carefully saved a copy of the report on his memory stick. Because the battery of his laptop was almost empty and the power was out again, he was doomed to idleness. The minutes oozed by. Vivien wanted to come home early today, she said.

He had Fupi, the boy next door, bring him two cold bottles of beer. With these he sat down in his chair under the mango tree. By now he had also realised that Vivien's being late wasn't just caused by urgent work at the office but also because she was using the money Paul had given her for time-consuming shopping. Vivien needed to buy some new clothes. For hours she rummaged with her friend Lovemore through the shopping malls and shops. Usually it didn't amount to large sums. He still had enough financial reserves to afford her shopping trips. When she

returned, beaming and showing off a newly purchased garment, and he clutched his head with both hands, groaning, it was theatrics rather than serious indignation. But now he was hungry and becoming annoyed. Only when the sun had almost set in the west already and the shadow of the house was getting longer and lighter over the sandy forecourt, did he finally hear her steps in the sand. Paul went to meet her.

“Let’s go out to eat. I’m starving and the kitchen is empty.”

“OK, I just need to freshen up and change.”

Paul waited. Today it took a long time again. Several times he called to her to hurry up. From inside the house came the reply: “You know I can’t hurry up.”

Finally Vivien appeared in the doorway. With a beaming smile, she spun around, twirling her dress. Paul noticed that it was new, as were the shoes with their very high heels. She looked stunning. They took a taxi to a restaurant in Oyster Bay. Both were in a good mood. After the meal, they still had a beer together. The mood changed when Vivien began asking critical questions.

Paul enthusiastically told her about his conversation with Julius Msifuni. However, Vivien didn’t share his enthusiasm.

“I don’t think that’s a good idea. You want to report these people to the authorities, to this Anti-Corruption Bureau. You think you’re very clever. You think you have to get involved. Very crafty, little *mzungu*. I’m telling you these people won’t like that.”

Vivien said this calmly but he could hear the fear in her voice.

“Paul, we have it good. I don’t understand why you worry about this story with GRConsult, the Ministry, bribery and all that. You’re getting into hot water.”

She hesitated.

“I’m afraid for you, and for me too!”

Paul stared into his beer and watched the foam collapse. His good mood had gradually left him. Vivien continued, “In general, how should we continue? I don’t know what your plans are. Do you want to go back to Germany or do you want to stay here?”

Paul had no answer. He said nothing. Gently she continued.

“Why don’t you look for a job here? There are many foreign organisations, after all. They’re looking for people like you. Or

you join me in tourism.”

The latter she said in a mocking, ironic tone, which was why Paul didn't take it as a serious suggestion.

“Let's talk about it another time. I have other things to worry about right now.”

The rainy season was over. A bright morning, no clouds in the sky, no wind. Like on all workdays, on this day too the traffic at this hour was backed up for kilometres in the direction of the city centre. Along Bagamoyo Road from the north and also along Haile Selassie to the side streets from Msasani, the cars stood bumper to bumper. At half past seven the rising and falling sounds of police sirens could be heard. There was restlessness in the line of cars at the crossroads. Daunted, the drivers tried to painstakingly manoeuvre their cars onto the shoulder. From behind, a police car with a continuous tone and flashing red light pushed past the column to the front. A shiny black luxury-class Mercedes followed closely. In the backseat was Lazaro Simba, minister of Transport of the Republic of Tanzania. He was sixty-five years old and was wearing an elegant bespoke suit, the jacket of which was stretching too much across his big belly. Leaning back against the upholstery, he paged through the day's newspaper which, as usual, his driver had placed in the backseat for him. Only occasionally did he look outside.

He had an important meeting scheduled. The East Africa Road & Rail Conference, planned for 19 and 20 June of that year, was to be prepared in an interministerial voting session. A common policy for the Ministry of Transport and the Ministry of Mineral Resources had to be found. When the Minister's car approached the crossroads, the police had already closed it for other traffic. The vehicles in the area of the crossing were standing still; only the police car and the Minister's car were moving forward. The Minister was very pleased with his decision to request police escorts for particularly important appointments. Without these, he would have had to get up at least an hour earlier. In the suburbs of Mbezi or Kawe his employees often had to leave home while it was still dark, in order to be at the office

on time. He told himself that, for him as Minister, the police action made sense economically, since his work time was simply too valuable to be spending it in a traffic jam. He also found his important position in government and the state adequately honoured by the police escort. When the escorting vehicle with the ministerial car following it had passed the crossing, the way to the city centre was open to them. The police car accelerated; the ministerial car followed closely behind. Both hurried towards the city. They had to push past several cars whose drivers didn't seem to notice that the street was closed to regular traffic. These drivers nervously tried to move their cars onto the side of the road. By then, however, the group had already passed them by. Spellbound, the passers-by on either side of Ali Hassan Mwinyi Road looked at the two cars, probably hoping to see a spectacular crash.

The car stopped at the back entrance to the Ministry of Mineral Resources. The driver opened the door; the Minister got out and went through the glass door to the lift. He was fetched by his colleague, Minister of Mineral Resources Shuguru Maguti, on the top fourth floor. They had known each other for years.

"How are you, Shuguru?"

"I'm well, thanks. How are you?"

The usual formalities of greeting, accompanied by strong handshakes, followed. They entered the conference room, where about a dozen participants had gathered. It was freezing. The wide window offered a spectacular view of Dar es Salaam's harbour. On the table there were blue plastic bottles of water as well as tea and coffee. Most of the younger employees spoke little and when they did, it was in muted voices. For them, a meeting like this was a test. Their motto was: just don't say anything wrong. Director Joseph Kiloko, as a long-serving member of the governing party and influential official in the Ministry of Transport, didn't know such fears. His Minister spoke highly of him. He was well known to the Minister of Mineral Resources too. The state secretaries of the two ministries were present too.

As host, Minister Maguti opened the session. Peppering his speech with little bits of humour, he greeted those present: first his colleague, Minister of Transport Lazaro Simba; then the two state secretaries, then the directors. He projected a map of the

country onto the wall, showing all the mineral deposits being mined and explored. Tanzania had enormous riches, not only in gold and tanzanite but also huge reserves of coal and iron to be unlocked. To mine these, the transport routes needed to be expanded urgently. With that, he gestured towards Minister Lazaro Simba, who was sitting next to him. Simba smiled in agreement. During the second part of his contribution, Maguti reported on his visit to China, from where he had returned the week before. That country's economic development had impressed him greatly. He urgently emphasised the importance of Sino-Tanzanian cooperation for this country's economic development. The attendees listened attentively; his enthusiasm was infectious.

After a short break, it was Minister of Transport Lazaro Simba's turn to speak. With flattering words of thanks to the previous speaker, he gave an overview of the planned construction projects in the transport industry. Since he wasn't very familiar with the details, he invited Director Joseph Kiloko to the podium, as agreed. Kiloko had been waiting impatiently all this time. He continued on from Minister Maguti's speech and his enthusiasm for China's success. He emphasised that this Chinese verve was already noticeable in Tanzania too. Transportation would be revolutionised through the planned infrastructure measures. He spoke of fast road connections throughout the entire country, which would make not only getting the country's natural resources to the coast but also transporting goods to the interior much easier. Tanzania was well positioned due to its strategic location between the coast and the interior. He didn't mention the railroad. Kiloko ended his remarks with these words:

"Tanzania is opening up to the world. Tanzania is opening up the countries in Africa's interior to the world. Our investments in transport infrastructure create prosperity for the present and for the future."

Applause broke out at this final sentence. State secretary Hashim Juma, seated in the first row, clapped too – but only out of politeness. He didn't feel well. It wasn't only that he couldn't agree with the remarks made by Kiloko, but also that he realised the whole thing was an attack on him and his position. Juma felt that this was a well-timed game. His own minister and Joseph

Kiloko against him. Juma was sweating in spite of the air-conditioning. He felt helpless but he could not leave the field to his opponents without a fight. In an act of self-defence he took the floor. With many polite words he paid tribute to the previous speaker's contribution on the road construction plans, but here and there he hinted at small concerns. Then he took a clear turn in his argument. He said, "We may not forget about the railroad. We will also need TAZARA and the Central Line in future. We can't cover the growing demand for goods and passenger transport with roads only."

Although his concerns had been formulated carefully and diplomatically, the attendees noticed that here was someone who didn't share the euphoria over road construction projects. After he had stopped speaking, the room was silent. The Minister of Transport, Lazaro Simba, had understood very well that his state secretary did not agree with his predecessor. He was seething on the inside and immediately thought his usual defence: *It's time for Juma to retire. I must see to it. He is too old; he can't keep up with the times.*

Following the session, snacks were served. People were still gathering together. State secretary Juma felt excluded. Although they spoke to him, it wasn't like it usually was at such events, where they would literally crowd around him. He left soon, using the excuse of urgent business matters. When the room was empty, Minister Maguti took his colleague aside and asked him into his office.

"The event went well. I think we're headed in the right direction. Hashim Juma, however, does not seem very convinced by our plans. It seems that rehabilitation of the Central Line is important to him."

For Simba it was embarrassing that his own state secretary had been stabbed in the back by the assembled team. Almost apologetically, he said about his behaviour: "Somehow he has taken a fancy to this railway line. But I fully agree with you. If we want to tap the resources in the scattered locations, we need roads."

"That's the way it is. A railroad won't help much with that. The tracks don't go directly to the production sites. In the coming years, roads must have priority. Then we agree. We

should present this focus to our president. I have a meeting with him next week.”

“I also suggest that we expand our cooperation with Sino Engineering and Construction Corporation Ltd. I have a good relationship with SECCO’s general manager. The upcoming major contracts for road construction as well as for mining should be bundled together into a consortium led by SECCO. That seems to make more sense to me.”

“Understood. And make your state secretary fall into line. His critical attitude interferes with our business with China. It’s about something bigger. It’s about the future of our country.”

When Paul came back from breakfast at the Morning Star Restaurant, he sank into the white plastic chair under the mango tree, exhausted. The heat of the day had set in and there were already dark sweat stains on his T-shirt. Paul had struggled with the decision for several days. Now he selected the number for Goodluck Malembo at Tanzania Railways on his mobile phone. After a few seconds, Malembo answered with a short “Hello.”

“Hello, Mister Malembo. How are you? Paul Mansfeld here.”

Malembo was sitting at his desk at Tanzania Railways.

“I’m glad that you called.”

Paul was surprised.

“I hope I’m not disturbing you, but there’s something I’d like to discuss with you. During the work on my study there were some things ...”

Malembo interrupted him.

“I have tried calling you but I couldn’t reach you. It’s best that we meet and discuss these things in person.”

“I’d love to.”

“I get off work at four. How would it suit you if we met at five? Come to the Uhaya Bar in Ilala, Ngoma Street. Every taxi driver knows it.”

Paul hesitated for a moment, then happily accepted. “I’ll be there at five. Until then.”

Paul was relieved and also curious. Why had Malembo wanted to call him? And he hoped for his support. Later in the afternoon

he took a taxi. Because of the heavy rush-hour traffic he only reached the bar in Ilala a little after five. It was cheerful on the veranda. Malembo was sitting at a rickety metal table in the quiet interior. He warmly shook Paul's hand in greeting.

"Please have a seat. What would you like to drink? There's something to eat too, although only local dishes." Malembo ordered the only dish offered: chicken boiled in broth with plantains.

"Your sudden departure from the project was talked about here at the Tanzania Railway Company too."

"Indeed?" Paul asked.

"Indeed. I wasn't the only one who wondered. But tell me now. What happened exactly?"

Paul told him everything. He talked about the commission Kiloko had required, of GRConsult's behaviour in the case and of his visit to the Anti-Corruption Bureau. And he informed Malembo that he had been asked to misrepresent the rehabilitation project in his study. None of this seemed to surprise Malembo.

"I have heard that the Ministry has changed to the road solution. A friend in the Ministry sent me an SMS."

Malembo flipped through the directory on his mobile phone. After some fumbling with his thick fingers, he found the message and read it aloud: *Ministry has changed priorities. It's the roads now.*

Paul was upset. "I've suspected that all this time. TanRoads is probably behind it too. And Kiloko plays an important role in it."

Malembo clapped his hands together and said with resignation, "You may be right about that."

They were interrupted for a moment when the meal was served. The server, an attractive young woman, placed the two plates in front of them. Paul had hardly eaten anything all day. Only now did he realise how hungry he was. Meanwhile, the room next door had filled with more guests. The music coming from the many speakers made understanding difficult.

Paul wanted to get back onto the topic of his problem with the Central Line. He began an attempt.

"What do you think, how can the rehabilitation project still be saved? If nothing happens, the Central Line will finally crumble."

"But you will have to get on with some big people. Do you

want to? Maybe you will stand alone.”

Paul felt sick. He was no hero; he knew that very well. Embarrassed, he poured himself some cola. He was angry that his project, which was close to his heart, should fail because of a few people’s egoism. No, he wasn’t just angry; he was livid. But would his anger be stronger than his fear of dealing with important people in the country’s elite? Did he lack the courage? Above all, he had no idea how to fight back. And Malembo’s comments, good and correct as they may be, hadn’t helped him one bit.

Malembo noticed his conversation partner’s irritation.

“It was the minister who had changed his mind: from the railway to roads. We have a problem here in Africa. Sometimes I want to call it ‘The oversized respect for the big man.’ Here it’s simply bad manners to criticise your boss. That’s how the ones at the bottom see it, and that’s how the ones at the top see it. The boss is used to being respected and not having his decisions questioned. Criticism is perceived as a nuisance, not as something that should be heard and respected.”

Paul interjected: “But it’s like that everywhere, here just like in Germany.”

“In your country, politicians are constantly exposed to criticism. We, however, submit to the leaders with their great speeches. We are blinded by their wealth and their posturing. In this regard, Tanzanian culture has a problem. Too much respect; too much tolerance. That’s why it’s a breeding ground for kleptocrats.”

Goodluck ordered another cola; Paul now chose black tea. Malembo continued on from his previous remarks.

“Our politicians and officials understand how to hide their incompetence in a cloud of activity. Tanzania: the country with the most conferences per capita. The country with the most declarations of intent and plans. I don’t know if someone has measured that yet. Do you know why we have so many conferences and seminars here? Because everyone loves them!”

Paul pushed in: “Do you think this is also true of the foreign donors? Because in the end they have to pay for it.”

Malembo seemed to have waited for this.

“The foreign donors too! Because this is how they can show how important they are and how much they care about the

country's problems. But instead of solving these problems, they have yet another seminar or another conference. And since the problem is of course worse the next year, another seminar is held. There is a system behind it. It took me years to understand it. The hotels are full of people who are talking about problems instead of getting rid of them. It's been like this for years. While the African has the motto, 'Word is action,' the expert changes it to 'Seminar is action.' Everyone loves beautiful words. And what our people like in particular: for every seminar and conference there are allowances. Cash for participating in seminars and conferences."

Paul took a sip of his tea.

"But what I'm talking about: you certainly don't want to know about that."

Paul actually became restless. It had become dark in the meantime. Moths and other insects gathered against the wall, near the light. Paul watched as a gecko crept forward, slowly and cautiously, one foot after the other – and then grabbed an insect with a sudden jerk.

"I would only like the Central Line to work again. If we don't do it, nobody will. And if the conference scheduled for June helps, it's fine by me."

"Yes, the Central Line is important. The government knows now that it made a mistake when it wanted to privatise the Tanzania Railway Company. Always the same mistake: when things become difficult, they get foreign partners. In this case they involved this Indian company and thought they'd solve the problems this way. It didn't work."

Paul knew about this. After a brief pause, Malembo continued.

"I want the railway to run. For you it's about one project – one of many – that you had to do with in your work. When you're back in Germany, you can forget about it again. But I live here. I must watch the infrastructure crumble. Yes, the Central Line must be rehabilitated! If it doesn't work this time, it may never work and the whole thing will go to ruin. I'm going to suggest something. Let's sleep on the issue and in two days' time, we meet here again. For when do you say the conference with the World Bank is planned? The end of June. Then we still have

some time, but not much. Give me some time. Let's meet again, same time, same place."

"OK. Maybe another idea will come up."

In the street in front of the bar he got a taxi. He fell onto the backseat, exhausted. On the ride back his thoughts circled around the conversation with Malembo. Paul was disappointed; he had hoped for more. Malembo was careful, probably. Paul only awoke from his reverie when they reached Mwenge.

Paul let the driver drop him off in Sam Nujoma Road. There was still a lot of activity. Any of the stalls were lit. The chugging of generators told him that the power had failed yet again in the neighbourhood. In a letter to the editor of the *Daily News*, the writer had claimed that the power cuts that had been going on for years were due to corrupt wheeling and dealing. This seemed plausible to Paul, even though he couldn't remember the writer's reasoning anymore. As he struggled through the crowd at the bus stop, he noticed a completely dark black Toyota Land Cruiser at the crossroads. Going past, he tried to catch a glimpse of the interior. The windows only reflected the dim light of the shop across the road. Paul slowly continued. In the sparse light he felt his way onto the narrow footpath leading to Vivien's house. He'd rather not tell her about the strange black vehicle. He was worried. Was it Kiloko spying on him? Or was it Kronberg? But nobody could know that he was here. Not even John and Joyce knew. So far, Paul hadn't received any word from Msifuni at the Anti-Corruption Bureau. He didn't know if they had started any action in the matter.

It was already well past seven o'clock when he finally reached the house in the dark. Through the bushes he could see Vivien working in the dimly lit kitchen. He was very hungry now.

Vivien asked angrily, "Where have you been? Why haven't I been able to reach you?"

Dinner was ready in the kitchen: chicken and rice. She was annoyed.

"I had switched off my mobile phone."

During the night, Paul woke up with a start. Had he heard

something? Vivien was sleeping peacefully next to him. She was not particularly resentful and was usually soothed quickly when they were together. He listened for a few minutes more. Nothing. Just before he fell asleep again, he heard soft, shuffling steps in front of the house, then a strange moan and a violent rumble against the door. Now Vivien was awake. Drowsily she asked, "What's wrong? What are you doing?"

Paul laboriously scrambled from under the mosquito net over the bed. Finally he was touching the light switch. But no light. Power failure, as usual. With the torch he crept to the front door, opened it and shone around.

"Is there somebody there?" he called into the darkness. No reply. When nothing had happened after several minutes, he carefully locked the door and felt his way back to the room. In the light of the torch he saw Vivien sitting up in bed. He switched off the torch. At the window he pushed the curtain aside and peered out. Only darkness and silence outside. Paul remained at his observation post. After a few long minutes of straining to see, he thought he noticed a barely perceptible movement in the bushes behind the trunk of the mango tree. He looked closer. Yes now he could clearly recognise the outline of a figure. It seemed to be crawling across the yard on all fours. Was that a person or a large dog? Or simply his imagination? Behind him, Vivien whispered:

"Do you see anything?"

With his heart pounding, Paul softly said:

"It's nothing. Probably a dog."

Vivien's breathing was strained. She was panicking and for the rest of the night she didn't calm down again. The next day, Paul was wakened by the sounds coming from the kitchen. Vivien had made tea. Then he heard her calling nervously, "Come immediately, there's something here!"

Still half asleep, Paul crawled out of bed, tied the *kitenge* tightly around his hips and looked blindly into the bright morning sun. Vivien briskly pointed at a small brown pouch hanging from one of the protruding rafters. Paul took it down. Vivien got very excited, her voice cracking.

"You must destroy that right away. Right away!"

Paul fetched a knife from the kitchen and cut open the

pouch. Through the gap in the coarse fabric he saw broken bones – probably from a bird – as well as dried herbs and brown sand.

Vivien looked at him with her eyes widened.

“That’s *uchawi*: black magic.”

Paul shook his head in disbelief and laughed.

“Well, that’s something. Superstition and magic. I didn’t know that it was real.”

Vivien looked very scared.

“You can laugh about it. Maybe magic doesn’t work on Europeans, but it does on us. That scares me. Who is behind it?”

Even though Vivien was very familiar with the modern world through computers, TVs and mobile phones, she still adhered to the basic beliefs of her parents and grandparents. This included the knowledge that people could cause great harm to others through magic. Some even believed that there was no accident, no misfortune that hadn’t been intentionally caused by others. In fact, it took Paul an hour to reassure her somewhat. They had breakfast together. Vivien was still pretty confused. Then, completely bleary-eyed, she set out on the way to look for a *dalla-dalla* in Sam Nujoma Road to go to work.

Two days later, in the morning Paul again was sitting in the plastic chair under the mango tree. In front of him on the rickety wooden table there was a cup of black Africafe which he had already brewed. There was no milk in the house. Lost in thought, he stirred his coffee. He felt shattered. Again he hadn’t been able to sleep the night before. Too hot, too many worries. Only towards morning he had managed a few hours’ sleep. Now his thoughts were running amok again, along with an unpleasant feeling in his stomach, a smouldering fear. He felt like prey. But how to fight back? There was no sense in turning to the state secretary in the Ministry of Transport. He, too, was probably in bed with Kiloko. What was left?

In his uncertainty he called Goodluck Malembo; maybe he would have a suggestion. Malembo had time. That same evening they met again in the Uhaya Bar in Ilala. After a warm greeting, Paul immediately got to the point.

"Mister Malembo, I now know how I'll proceed in this matter. I will write a report about this case of corruption. And then I will publish it. Maybe you can help me with that."

Despite his hectic nature, Malembo remained calm. His hands, which would otherwise have been gesticulating, remained motionless, folded over his belly, and his eyes were fixed on Paul. At last he cleared his throat. "The press: excellent idea. But the question is whether the *Daily News* will take on such a case."

"I've already talked to a journalist from the *Daily News*. However, I haven't had any feedback yet."

"That doesn't surprise me. The editors are careful about accusing the top brass."

He cleared his throat again and seemed to be thinking hard.

"Maybe it's an advantage that you're a *mzungu*. But I'm not sure about that."

Paul waited, hoping for an encouraging answer. But Malembo changed the topic.

"I'd like to introduce you to someone today: a young member of Parliament. He is my nephew."

Paul looked up, enquiringly. Malembo continued:

"I've invited him to our little meeting. He would like to meet you. I simply assumed that you would agree to it."

Paul nodded without much conviction.

"If you think so. Certainly."

"My nephew's name is Peter Kimaro. Very clever boy. He studied in the USA for a year. He's quickly worked his way up in Chadema, our opposition party, and then was the candidate for the Kilimanjaro West district. The CCM candidate there was corrupt; people had known it for years. Peter won the seat. In Parliament he stands out by denouncing corruption. He is interested in cases of corruption. That's why I asked him to come. He should be here soon. Ah, there he is."

Shortly after, a tall man approached their table: about forty years old, blue designer jeans, a bright white T-shirt, sunglasses and a gold watch on his arm. With a joyful, respectful grin, he first greeted Goodluck Malembo.

"*Shikamoo, Mzee.*"

Goodluck replied to the greeting with the traditional *Marahaba*, his entire face beaming. They liked each other, Paul

realised. They spoke a little in Swahili. Then Kimaro turned to Paul and switched to English.

“I’m pleased to meet you. My uncle has told me about you.”

“Well, I got into something. And I still don’t know how I’ll get out of it again.”

“Yes, my uncle told me about your project. Corruption is a disease in this country. I have my experiences too. I’ve been in Parliament in Dodoma for two years, now I’ve been appointed Chairman of the Committee on Budgets. However, this isn’t necessarily a committee where you make many friends.”

Kimaro laughed and paused for a moment.

“I’ve already prepared a speech for one of the next sessions on the subject of corruption. And that’s why I’m interested in such stories. Professional interest, you might say.”

Paul explained to Kimaro in detail what had happened: that the German state prosecutor was investigating GRConsult, that the German press had already reported on the corruption allegations against GRConsult and that Director Kiloko had tried to cash a bribe and falsify the results of the study on the Central Line. Kimaro listened intently. Paul waited. Finally Kimaro said, “Interesting. If I understand you correctly, there are two things here. First the procurement of your project. Here corruption has come into play: 50,000 dollar. And second, you think that in the ministry, the people calling the shots would rather build roads than repair the railroad. Have I understood you correctly?”

Paul nodded.

“You’ve summarised it well. Yes, those are the two things.”

“And both times there’s money involved, so two cases of corruption. What do you suggest?”

“The thing has to go public, both here and in Germany.”

“Let’s think about it, then. My guess is that Kiloko has done the job of awarding the contract on his own. He wanted the 50,000 dollar: peanuts, really. However, I’m sure that the promotion of road construction involves other people and other amounts. That’s the roads lobby. That’s what I’d say. These are influential and well-established personalities in Tanzanian society. To get to them isn’t easy. Whistle blowing is a dangerous matter. Others who have wanted to fix such things have already noticed that.”

Paul nodded and said, "We must take it internationally I think that corrupt practices are of greater interest to the media. The media is vigilant. The connection between the actors here and in Germany has to be shown."

"Some research into the activities of your firm and corruption cases in connection with Tanzania certainly makes sense. If you find out something, please let me know."

"I'm compiling a synopsis of my research for you."

"As I've said, I've already prepared a speech for one of the next sessions of Parliament in Dodoma. Time is tight but if you could deliver more concrete material for it, that would be helpful. The issue with your project seems too vague. What evidence do you have? That a service in the project was not billed correctly. That's not enough."

Paul thought: *I have the proof already. That's the 50,000 dollar neatly bundled together under the tin roof at Vivien's. And I have the fake invoice too.* But he didn't say anything.

Kimaro continued: "It may be banal, but with corruption there are always two sides. Someone bribes and someone is bribed. With your project, one already knows who wanted to be bribed and who should bribe. Who exactly profits if road construction is promoted at the expense of the Central Line? It's those who wanted the construction contracts. The construction companies."

Kimaro paused to think.

"Mister Mansfeld, I need information. You have access to German-language sources. Please look for up-to-date information on connections between Tanzania and the Swiss. I have a suspicion in this respect and would be very grateful for something concrete."

"I'll do some research and let you know," Paul said.

"Did you say that the conference with the World Bank was scheduled for June?"

"Yes, the East Africa Road & Rail Conference is scheduled for 19 and 20 June 2014."

"Then we must hurry. I can only encourage you to write a report on the Central Line events for the international press. But please don't mention my name. Where is your study, actually? Can I see it?"

“The last version is on my memory stick.”

With that, Paul pulled the pouch from underneath his shirt and held out his palm with the USB memory stick. Kimaro glanced at the small stick, astonished.

“Joseph Kiloko will try to present a recommendation to his taste. Something like: railway bad; roads good. No matter what the quality of the document is, the Ministry, that is the Minister, will give everything his blessing if it contains this statement. I suggest that you prepare your report, but to scientific criteria. And create a short summary of your recommendations. And keep a watchful eye on your memory stick.”

When Paul had left the Uhaya Bar and was looking for a taxi, he noticed a black Nissan sedan of a newer model parked across the street. On the door it said in three large letters: *TST*. That was the logo of the security company Total Security Tanzania. The tinted windows hid the occupants of the car. Still, Paul thought he could recognise the heads of two people. They seemed to be watching him. For a moment he thought of addressing the driver. But in that moment a taxi came past and stopped directly in front of him in response to his wave. Paul pushed his suspicion aside. On the trip back he was elated, almost ecstatic. His brain worked, but no longer frantically confused; rather with purpose. His good mood and optimism rubbed off on Vivien, who strove to follow his lengthy remarks about his latest activities. Luckily, the night’s experience with black magic didn’t appear to have left her with any serious trauma. In any case, she didn’t talk about it anymore. To Paul, his task for the next day was crystal clear.

To escape the hustle and bustle of the city again, Paul had hired a car for the weekend. On Saturday morning he and Vivien drove to Bagamoyo to spend to days together at the beach. They could have stayed cheap at the Sunrise Beach, using Vivien’s employee discount. But they knew her there. That’s why they didn’t go there but to the nearby Ocean Beach Hotel, which was located by the sea as well. They spent Saturday on the beach; in the evening they went to eat in the hotel’s restaurant. On Sunday morning they went for a walk in the historic centre; they spent

the afternoon on the beach again, reading and swimming.

Late in the afternoon they left the hotel to drive back to Dar. After a few kilometres they passed the crossroads from which the avenue led to the museum. Spontaneously, Paul suggested a quick visit there. The museum was housed in a historic building in which the first Catholic mission in East Africa was founded in 1868. Paul found the exhibited documents from the early German colonial activities fascinating; Vivien too listened attentively to his explanations. At least for a while: then she became impatient.

“We must go on. It’s dangerous to drive after dark.”

“OK, we’ll leave soon,” Paul agreed. “Just another quick walk around the museum.”

Just behind the museum they came upon the Livingstone Tower. It was the last remnant of the former church. The tower got its name after the body of the British explorer David Livingstone temporarily lay in state here before being shipped to England. Vivien urged him. Her interest in historic buildings was clearly less than Paul’s. When they walked across the parking area to their car, the sun had already set behind the museum building. The sky was grey and strangely dark. Vivien noticed the vehicle first. The monstrous black car hadn’t been here earlier. It was a high, battered, dirt-covered pick-up of Chinese make, which made a war-like impression with a mighty bulbar in front of the radiator. The effect was reinforced by the headlights lined up like cannons on the cabin roof and the huge exhaust that towered over it like a chimney.

A few kilometres outside Bagamoyo, Paul noticed in the rearview mirror the lights of a vehicle that was fast approaching from behind. To let it pass them, Paul drove very close to the side of the road. The vehicle drove up close but didn’t make any move to overtake them. Its headlights lit up the interior of their rented Toyota. Then a deafening honk came from behind, which made Paul and Vivien panic. Paul cursed. Suddenly their car received a heavy bump at the rear, throwing their heads back. Startled, Paul pushed the gas pedal all the way down. But their pursuer could not be shaken off. It stayed with them and gave them another violent bump. Paul drove faster but for minutes the car stuck to the rear with only a few centimetres between them,

its headlights alternately flashing and dimming. Then their pursuer began to overtake them. Vivien shrieked as the vehicle appeared close by her window and kept driving directly next to them for a long time. Then the dark colossus accelerated and overtook them at breakneck speed with the horn sounding. But within minutes the car appeared again, this time in front of them. With dimmed headlights it was blocking the entire road. Paul managed to bring his car to a halt twenty or thirty metres before it. The three white letters *TST* on the driver's door could be seen clearly in the light of the headlights. Total Security Tanzania again – like recently – where had it been? He couldn't remember. He put the car in reverse but stayed on the brakes. The Camry's engine could hardly be heard alongside the churning of the TST vehicle's heavy diesel engine. The nocturnal chirping of the cicadas could be heard through the open side windows. Waiting. Paul and Vivien were paralysed.

For ten minutes, nothing happened. No other cars came from either direction. Then the monster's engine suddenly roared. As it turned, its headlights swept in a wide arc over the tall grass and low shrubs by the side of the road. Then it started moving and accelerated with roaring engine towards Dar es Salaam. Paul pushed the gear lever into *drive* and slowly took off. Expecting a new onslaught all the time, they finally reached the bustling suburbs. The black vehicle didn't show up again.

Back in Mwenge, Paul checked the car with a flashlight in the street. The Toyota Camry's rear was pretty demolished but ultimately it was just damage to the sheet metal. Nothing else had happened. However, Paul was terrified down to his bones. Vivien sat quietly in her seat, intimidated. At the same time, she was angry too: especially at Paul.

"Paul, what you're doing is dangerous. You're involved with dangerous people. Why are you doing it? Who do you want to benefit?"

"That was just a feint attack. They just wanted to scare me."

But they had succeeded in their mission, Paul had to admit. He was scared too.

Two days later, when Paul got out of the taxi in Sam Nujoma Road, he noticed an old white Mercedes SUV on the other side of the road. It was Kronberg's car. Then he saw Kronberg too, beckoning him through the open side window. Paul walked the few metres to the car and stood at the side window.

"Well, Paul, how are you? So this is where you've been hiding."

Paul greeted with a nod.

"Wasn't difficult at all to find you, Paul. Dar es Salaam has four million inhabitants but it's remained a town. You see, word gets around."

"What do you want?"

"I wanted to speak to you. You hadn't arrived in Berlin and you weren't here either. You couldn't be reached by phone. I see you've assimilated well into Tanzanian society." With a movement of his head he indicated the local scenery. "Yes, yes, and the Tanzanian women ..."

There was loud bustle around them. *Dalla-dallas* arriving and departing; street vendors trying to sell food, drinks and other goods to people.

"I don't know what there is to discuss," Paul said coolly. He ignored the allusion to African women.

"Paul, be reasonable. We both can only win – or we both can lose."

A rickety, overloaded *dalla-dalla* stopped on the sandy shoulder right in front of them. People struggled out of the bus; others laboriously squeezed into it.

"Paul, I need your report. It's not on the office computer. You had it almost completed, Joyce tells me. Where do you have it?"

"I've deleted my report. All my preliminary work, previous surveys and even interim reports are on the office computer. Joyce Malima knows her way around; she will help you. Only my final report I can't give you."

"For goodness' sake, Paul, you know very well that I can't draw up a printable report in such a short time with that. One could maybe keep the Ministry happy but not the World Bank. It only involves expressing some of your exaggerated, euphoric statements about the railway project more realistically in the final

report. And formulating the recommendation so that it better fits the Ministry's concept."

"No, Kronberg, my work is done since Ziegler ordered me back to Berlin. I can't help you."

"Paul, be reasonable. I know that your visa has expired. That can cause you a lot of trouble. The Tanzanian authorities react quickly and energetically in such cases. I can help you to extend your visa."

With a movement of his head and the trace of a grin, he pointed to the surroundings.

"And you can keep living here and enjoying the amenities of Tanzanian life."

"I'm sorry, I'm not writing another report for GRConsult. I have left the project."

"According to the bank statements, in February you withdrew 50,000 dollar from the project account. In cash. Where is the money?"

Paul didn't reply.

"Paul, you're making a big mistake. That's embezzlement. But I don't want to get you into jail. I want us to bring the project to a close. That's best for Kiloko, for GRConsult, for your me, for you. Who do you mean to help with your strange actions? Do you know what Kiloko has recently called you? *Mzungu kichaa*: the crazy white man."

"Are you threatening me?"

"I'm not threatening you. But I'm telling you that you're getting in the way of important and powerful people."

The whole situation became unbearable for Paul. But defiantly he remained silent. He saw how his opponent's face slowly changed from a friendly smile to an angry expression. Kronberg spoke more loudly now.

"It's not anymore only about Kiloko and his commission. It's about bigger projects. And you're not only bothering me but others too. Be careful. If I could find you here, so can others. And there are people in the country who don't have my good intentions."

Kronberg looked encouragingly at Paul. Paul was watching the hectic activity along the street without a word.

"Paul, I'm on your side. We want a peaceful ending for

everyone. Call me if you've changed your mind. You have my number."

With a soft hum, the side window closed. Kronberg slowly drove off and energetically squeezed his car into a gap in the rush-hour traffic.

The residential area by night lay peacefully in front of them when they got out of the taxi and went the last stretch home on foot. In their neighbourhood the power was out again, as so often in the previous weeks. It was around nine o'clock. One could still see light in the houses, music was playing and one could hear people talking. Everything was as always. They only noticed that something was amiss when they had already reached the house and someone with a kerosene lamp was coming up to them from the dark. It was Shida, the neighbour. She was upset.

"I'm glad you're finally here," she said in Swahili.

"How so? Why? What's wrong?"

Shida nervously told them that she had heard a strange noise coming from Vivien's house. But she and her husband hadn't thought much of it; they had assumed that Paul and Vivien were home. Only when they heard a loud crash coming from the house did they become suspicious. In the light of the kerosene lamp they could see the mess. The doors of the house were hanging more crookedly on their hinges than usual. In the light, Paul caught a glimpse of Vivien's face. What he saw was naked horror. He wondered if his own fear could be seen as well. He felt paralysed. With his torch he shone inside through the broken front door. He could see chaos and destruction in the two other rooms. Clothes, bed sheets, pillows were lying in a mess; the pictures had been torn from the walls; books and documents from the shelf were in tatters on the floor. Paul fetched the gas lamp from the kitchen and lit it. Its bright light made the full extent of the destruction visible. Vivien started to cry and slowly went into an attack of hysterics. Paul pressed her against him. He tried to comfort her. But he sensed that her despair was turning into anger towards him.

"Paul, I told you not to do it! There are people who are angry

at you. You have insulted them!” she exclaimed loudly.

Meanwhile more people were coming from the neighbouring houses, gathering in the dark around the house and excitedly talking all at once. Paul searched for his laptop among the things scattered all over. To no avail. What else was missing he would be able to determine by the light of the next day. But his laptop was gone. That was annoying but not really bad. Because Paul had developed the habit of saving everything important on his memory stick. He touched his money pouch. Through the soft leather he could feel the stick. The report and the available data were there. Maybe it had only been a regular break-in by petty criminals who had been looking for electronic devices in the first place, since they could make good money with these. When Shida, the neighbour, finally left too, she turned to Vivien and said, “*Pole sana* –I’m sorry.” Vivien wasn’t reassured. And she was very angry.

“These people are after you, Paul! Maybe after me too. We aren’t safe here. Why do you have to mess with such people!”

Paul started feeling the shock only now. His legs felt weak and the fear rose in him. Despite all his efforts, he could not remain calm. Never in his life had he felt so unsafe and in such danger. Maybe at this very moment his enemies were sitting out there in the dark. He felt helpless and guilty at the same time. Vivien was right. They could have lived here in peace. Because of his stubbornness in wanting to show the world that one had to oppose fraud and deceit, he brought serious trouble not only upon himself but also upon Vivien. His actions did not benefit anybody but were harming everyone. Paul tried to sound energetic when he said, “You’re right. We can’t stay here. I’ll call the Green Garden and ask if we can get a room there. Pack your things.”

As soon as Vivien was gathering her things, Paul inspected the immediate surroundings of the house, seemingly without aim. He had to know if the envelope with the money was still in place. There were still a lot of people on the property, talking about the burglary. As unobtrusively as possible he walked around the house and, here and there, shook the corrugated iron of the roof. With one hand he reached unerringly into the spot above the beam where he had put the bundle of notes wrapped in a plastic

bag. With relief he could feel the smooth surface underneath his fingertips. The money was still there. He called the Green Garden on his mobile phone. After the third ring, Shirley Smith-Mawe answered.

“Yes, we have a room available. It’s a large room, so a little expensive. Is that OK?”

“That’s fine. We’ll come in half an hour.”

And so Paul moved into the Green Garden again, this time with Vivien.

27 April 2014 – 16 May 2014.

Millions of Dollar in Switzerland

Peter Kimaro was a sitting Member of Parliament, an MP, of the Parliament of Tanzania. Since the Swahili name for Parliament was *Bunge*, he was known as a *mbunge* in the common parlance of Tanzania. However, he stayed in Dodoma only for the weeks when the *Bunge* was in session; otherwise he continued to live and work in Dar es Salaam. His per diems as parliamentarian were not enough for the high standards of his family in Dar es Salaam. Although daily allowances and attendance fees significantly increased their earnings, many *wabunge* earned an additional income through professional activities of their own. So did Peter Kimaro. As partner at a consulting firm, he received an income from fees through lucrative consulting contracts, which exceeded his per diems many times over.

On this Sunday, his driver came to his house in the Mikocheni neighbourhood at dawn to drive him to Dodoma. After the night watchman had let him in onto the property upon his knock, he set about getting the car ready for the trip. Kimaro had bought the Toyota Land Cruiser once the National Electoral Commission had confirmed his victory in the Kilimanjaro West constituency after the election. He had paid for the car with the credit he had received for this purpose when he started working as an MP, and which he had to pay back over the five-year legislative period.

The next day, another two-week session of the *Bunge* would

start in Dodoma. As usual, Kimaro's wife had packed his two suitcases for him. When these were stowed in the rear, he put his bulging briefcase in the backseat and sat down next to it. When the vehicle was finally ready to go, the first reddish shimmer of the morning had already appeared in the east. He said goodbye to his wife and the car took off.

Kimaro wanted to use the driving time of eight hours for the approximately five hundred kilometres to Dodoma for work. As chairman of the budget committee, good preparation was important to him. Since the road between Dar and Dodoma was paved all the way and the suspension of the heavy car was good, he had no difficulties reading the documents he had brought with him. However, typing on his laptop wasn't that simple. Hitting the letters on the keyboard was difficult at higher speeds because of the unevenness of the road. The further away from Dar they got, the fewer cars there were on the road. The car radio was playing Tanzanian pop and rap music, intermittently interrupted by an excited radio announcer, blatant advertising and always the same news. After a while, Kimaro felt that the racket was bothering him in his work and he instructed the driver to turn off the radio. In the course of the next hour, he conducted several mobile phone conversations with CHADEMA colleagues in preparation for the upcoming sessions. The kilometres dragged endlessly. Now, at the end of the rainy season, the green vegetation stretched to the horizon on either side of the road. At Morogoro they took a break at a rest stop outside the city. They reached Dodoma in the late afternoon. As was his habit, Kimaro checked into the New Dodoma Hotel. It was one of the oldest hotels in the country. It was built in 1904, during the German colonial era, and was to host the German Kaiser Wilhelm II during his planned visit to German East Africa in 1914. In the spacious and comfortable room with its view of the nearby station, he freshened up and then let his driver take him to the Bunge. The building had been constructed in 2006 by a Chinese firm, for around thirty million US dollar, and now it was one of the most modern parliament buildings in all of Africa.

During the parliamentary elections in 2010, Peter Kimaro was elected to Parliament for the opposition party, CHADEMA. Because he had excelled in his parliamentary work through

commitment and competence, a few weeks later he was appointed by the political bodies of his party to Chairman of the Public Accounts Committee, the PAC. As budget committee, the PAC had the task of overseeing state revenue and its efficient use at national level. Under Commonwealth regulations, the PAC was the only standing committee chaired by a member of the opposition. That was Kimaro. Representative Stephan Mzumbe had been appointed as vice-chairman by the ruling CCM. Since they belonged to competing parties and both were very ambitious, they had already had heated debates during meetings of the committee, even in the Bunge. It was less about differences on technical issues and more about their political positions. On a personal level, they got along well. With critical questions and sharp-tongued speeches, they had been responsible for some turbulence at Bunge meetings. Despite their different party affiliations, they were bound by a common issue: corruption in the country – more specifically, the rampant corruption. Not that of traffic officers turning a blind eye to a traffic violation for a few bills, but cases where bribes to the tune of millions or billions of Tanzanian shillings were involved. Several times already, Kimaro and Mzumbe had prematurely ended the careers of corrupt officials through joint initiatives.

Like all MPs, Kimaro too didn't have his own office in the Bunge, but as chairman of an important committee he had access to the meeting rooms of the fourteen standing committees. He and Stephan Mzumbe had booked the Antelope Room for the evening to prepare together for the next day's meeting. In the middle of the room there was a long table with a row of upholstered chairs on either side. At the back, there was a work area with two computers and a printer. Through the window he had a view of the illuminated residential area behind the parliament building. He switched on his laptop and waited for his colleague from the CCM. After years of teething problems – some computer companies in Dar had made a fortune in the process – the Bunge's IT infrastructure was now functioning perfectly. Around two hundred and fifty computers in the various departments were connected in a network with the most modern communications technology. Internal and external communications functioned without a glitch. His laptop's email

program picked up the wireless connection with the server and dozens of messages appeared in succession in his inbox. One email caught his eye. It was a message from Paul Mansfeld, without text, but with the subject line: *Urgent – please see attachment*. With a click of the mouse he opened the attachment. It was a PDF file with an article from the English-language weekend edition of the *Neue Schweizer Zeitung*. At first, upon superficially scanning the text, he didn't understand anything. Then he saw that Tanzania was mentioned. Now he looked at the article more closely and learned that the 2013 Annual Report of the Swiss Central Bank was being analysed and commented on. Among other things, the article pointed out the fact that Tanzanian balances in Swiss bank accounts amounted to the high total of 192 million US dollar. When Stephan Mzumbe finally came through the door of the meeting room, Kimaro excitedly gestured for him to join him at his laptop.

“Read this. You'll be amazed.”

CCM-MP Stephan Mzumbe pulled up a chair to the monitor and started reading with concentration. For a long time, only the soft hum of the air-conditioning could be heard. Then he cleared his throat.

“Strange thing. I don't understand why Switzerland should publish such things. I thought their banks had strict confidentiality.”

“I've heard that it's slowly changing. Maybe the Swiss will have to give up their holy banking confidentiality soon,” Kimaro said.

Stephan Mzumbe was flabbergasted. He remarked, “That illegal money is involved seems to be clear. But which Tanzanian already has such millions. It's not Tanzanian shilling but US dollar!”

Kimaro sat up in his chair and said, “You know as well that one can't readily transfer dollar credits abroad. There's no approval for it from the Bank of Tanzania. Something's fishy here. It's documented in this official document of the Swiss Central Bank. It's a matter for the budget committee, Mzumbe! We must do something about it.”

Together they decided to investigate the matter. For Kimaro it was an opportunity to make a name for himself in his party.

Stephan Mzumbe caught the hunting fever too. His enthusiasm was more subdued, however. He couldn't rely on similar support from his party, since many of the powerful CCM party members in their high-ranking government positions had had enough of the constant allegations of corruption by the opposition and the criticism from Western countries. Kimaro, however, realised that this matter was an once-in-a-lifetime opportunity for him. It was the most adventurous that he had come across in his short career as parliamentarian. Where did this money come from? Who were the account holders? For what purpose had this money flowed? He needed details, figures, names. Maybe Paul Mansfeld could help him. He turned to his colleague.

"Stephan, the German I've met recently sent me this article. Maybe he can help us. As German he probably has better access to information about this account story."

"Do you think it's a good thing to drag a *mzungu* into this? It's risky: politically, I mean," Mzumbe said.

"I'm not sure about it myself. We'll have to be careful. But if he can help us, why not? He won't get access to government documents."

"No way. But still – I'd be very careful."

Kimaro seemed undecided too. He scratched his chin. After contemplating for a while, he turned to his colleague again.

"A conversation can't do any harm. I'll talk to him. I'm going to Dar this weekend. At the moment he's hiding out in a guesthouse and it's a hopeless situation. Mansfeld got himself into a stupid situation with a project. Why? I don't know."

Kimaro grinned. Then he became serious again. Determined, he reached for his mobile phone. First he called his uncle Goodluck. An hour later, Goodluck sent him an SMS with Paul's number. Then he called Paul. At this moment, Paul was sitting in his room in the Green Garden, full of inner turmoil, unable to concentrate on the American thriller in front of him. Paul agreed immediately. They made an appointment for the coming Saturday at the Green Garden Inn.

Saturday around noon, Peter Kimaro steered his newly

washed Toyota Land Cruiser up the narrow, bumpy driveway to the Green Garden Inn. The guesthouse property was enclosed by a high, white wall. He honked briefly in front of the red, barred gate. Soon a guard in the yellow uniform of Ultimate Security stepped up to the bars, then came out through the small door next to the gate and cast an examining look through the windshield at the arrival. Kimaro lowered the side window and greeted him. The guard hesitated when he recognised the Bunge member Peter Kimaro. He respectfully greeted Kimaro with a "*Shikamo*" and hurriedly opened the two heavy gates. Kimaro felt caught out, since he would have liked to keep this visit a secret. However, he should have expected to be recognised: because of his recent political activity, he appeared not only in the daily press but also on television news. Kimaro parked the car and got out. He was dressed in light blue jeans and a spotless white T-shirt of a well-known international label.

From Reception, Paul was informed about the arrival of his visitor. A minute later he met Kimaro at Reception, where the arrival of the prominent visitor had already attracted some attention. Shirley, the manager of the business, came rushing excitedly into the office, to personally greet the famous arrival. The cook stood in the door to the kitchen, behind him two curious kitchen helpers. Paul greeted Kimaro and led him to a table on the veranda in the garden. He ordered coffee and sandwiches for them both. Kimaro sat down.

"Thank you for the newspaper article about the case in Switzerland. Interesting; very interesting. I'm glad that you thought about me."

"I thought that you might find it interesting."

"The report in this Swiss newspaper is the first written proof that Tanzanians have large financial assets abroad. I've always had the suspicion that money was disappearing from here to other countries. But with this newspaper article I have the first concrete proof of that. And then from such a regarded source as the NSZ."

Meanwhile, the coffee and the plate of sandwiches had been brought on a tray. At the Green Garden they served freshly brewed coffee: no instant coffee. Then Shirley came to their table to ask if everything was alright. Impatient with the interruption,

Paul returned to the subject.

"I was very surprised to discover Tanzanians in the annual report of the Swiss National Bank. I've always been angry that Switzerland offers shelter to tax evaders from around the world."

Kimaro nodded in affirmation and added, "And the Swiss politicians hide hypocritically behind their laws, because of banking confidentiality and such."

"I can't really imagine the thing with the accounts. After all, it's almost 200 million dollar. Where would this money come from?"

"There's still corruption here. In the past, it involved peanuts. But now it's taken on huge proportions. Tell me, are there any other newspaper reports about the annual report of the Swiss National Bank?"

"The matter was also taken up by other German newspapers, in fact."

Kimaro said, "It can be assumed that the investments in Switzerland are not just about tax evasion. Bribes are certainly hidden there too. That's why it's important, of course, to find out the names of those who have invested their money in Switzerland. Do you have any idea how one could do that?"

Paul lifted his eyebrows. He hadn't thought about that yet. He said, "I couldn't say. I'd have to think about it and do some research."

Then Paul talked about the break-in at Vivien's house in Mwenge and the move to the Green Garden Inn. He also told of how the house was destroyed but only his laptop was stolen. It could be that someone used the opportunity given by their absence for breaking in. In Tanzania, electronics were prized by thieves, since they could earn money fast with these.

Kimaro doubted that: "A normal robbery – I don't think so. The break-in doesn't look at all like the work of petty criminals. I'd rather suspect that you have become a problem for people with your actions. Can't you think of any reason?"

"Yes, of course. My firm wanted me to come to the conclusion with my study that basic repairs of the Central Line would not be worth it. My analysis showed, however, that its reinstatement would have enormous economic advantages for the country."

“And the study was on your laptop?” Kimaro asked.

“Yes.”

“I suspect that there are people who would find this conclusion inconvenient,” Kimaro said. “Maybe someone wanted the study. As you said: the Ministry has switched from rail to road. There’s bribery at play!”

Paul helplessly held up his hands: “That’s how I see it too. But the whole thing doesn’t really rhyme yet.”

“Sometimes strange things happen in this country. As MP and chairman of the budget committee, I’m often confronted with such things.”

“In my project it was simply corruption, or more precisely: the attempt to bribe for the award of the contract for the railway study. There’s the Anti-corruption Bureau for these things. I’ve already been there. I’ve told them about the attempted bribery.”

“Yes, *Mzee*, I mean my uncle Goodluck Malembo has told me about that. Have you found out anything, then?”

“I haven’t had any feedback yet. I don’t know if the Bureau did anything at all.”

“Peter,” Paul had meanwhile switched to the more intimate use of first names. “What do you think: why is the Ministry now so heavily involved in road construction? Does it have something to do with Chinese involvement in the country?”

“It could be. With its enormous growth, China has an insatiable need for raw materials. Africa is becoming China’s biggest supplier of raw materials.”

“That could be. But the question remains: why are the Chinese investing in roads and not in the railway, perhaps in the Central Line?”

“Good question,” Kimaro said. “Maybe roads and harbours are more important than railway lines for mining. I don’t know that exactly. But these investments are financed for the most part by the Exim Bank. As the name suggests, this bank handles the Chinese export and import business.”

In recent years, more and more banks had established branches in Tanzania. In the past, there were five big banks nationwide: the National Bank of Commerce, Standard Chartered, NMB, CRDB and Barclays. Now there were more than fifty different institutions. A new heavyweight was the filial

of the Chinese Exim, which complemented the Dar es Salaam skyline with a newly constructed skyscraper.

“With that, China has a foot in the Tanzanian door. But does China benefit the country with that?” Paul asked.

“The enormous Chinese activities are already underway, without a doubt. Of course, China doesn’t award the loans out of charity but receive raw materials and mining licences in return. I describe it as neo-colonialism. Because loans have to be paid back some time.”

Paul listened attentively and then pushed in: “For the German and British colonial masters it used to be about sisal, coffee or tea. For China, it’s now about diamonds, gold, uranium, rare earths and natural gas.”

Kimaro nodded vigorously and banged the table with the palm of his hand. Indignantly he said, “And to make sure everything runs, a lubricant is needed: oil. *Mafuta*, in Swahili. It’s mainly the higher levels of our ministries that are lubricated.”

Paul said, “But meanwhile there’s the Anti-corruption Bureau.”

“I’m afraid this Bureau is a toothless lion, at least for those at the top. No conference, no press release, no speech without mentioning how important the fight against corruption is. But even in the tea break at such an event, corrupt business is being prepared. That I know.”

They remained silent. The important things had been said. Kimaro reminded Paul about his promise to research the names of the Tanzanian account holders. Paul accompanied him to his car; then they parted.

Vivien had not come back from work yet at this time. When darkness fell and the outdoor lighting had been switched on, Paul was still sitting on the terrace. Like every evening, the female *Anopheles* mosquitoes were foraging at this hour. Just then, one of these blood suckers landed on his forearm. The little creature assumed the position, lifted her hindquarters, brought her little body into a straight line with her long proboscis. Then she forcefully started penetrating his skin. Paul slapped her with his free hand. He looked in surprise at the bloody spot. At last, he was quicker for a change. He hated mosquitoes. It was a strong personal hate that he had not noticed yet towards people. Not

even against Kronberg or Kiloko, who were making his life truly difficult at the moment. Upon his request, the waitress put incense coils underneath the table. Thin streaks of smoke rose and spread a spicy smell. The biting attacks ceased.

Vivien came late. They had dinner together in the Green Garden. After dinner, Vivien went back to the room to sleep. Paul was too upset to sleep. He spent the rest of the evening at the computer in the small business centre, researching illegal financial transactions in Switzerland. The Green Garden's business centre was really nothing more than a small alcove in the entrance area, with a table, computer and printer. He let the night porter bring him a bottle of Serengeti. Later he ordered some more beers, which animated his thoughts but didn't make them any more astute. Only past eleven did he finally get up and go to bed. He couldn't sleep, maybe also because the many beers didn't agree with him. Vivien was sleeping. Hour after hour he lay restlessly on the mattress and listened to her soft breathing, which was overlapped by the monotonous buzzing of the air-conditioning.

Because of the bad night, he woke up the next morning with a slight headache. But he was full of energy. With a cup of coffee in a cool corner of the terrace he wrote down two questions in his schedule that he had to clarify. First: *How do I find out the names of the Tanzanian account holders who have 192 million US dollar in Switzerland?* And second: *How can I make the bribery case of GRConsult and the Ministry of Transport public?* Then he went to the Green Garden's business centre and settled there with his documents. Fortunately there wasn't much going on this day. The day before, several guests had left and new ones hadn't arrived yet. Taking only short breaks, Paul spent the entire day writing and doing internet research. In the afternoon he emailed an enquiry to the news magazine *Der Spiegel's* Africa correspondent, Martin Mickart. When he still hadn't received a reply an hour later, he impatiently called Mickart at his office in Cape Town, South Africa. Paul asked him if he would be interested in a story about his experience with GRConsult in Tanzania. Mickart

replied that he hadn't dealt with GRConsult yet, but that he was aware of the coverage of the incidents in Qatar. Regarding a story about the bribery case, which Paul was offering him, he was cautious. Africa was big and there were many events to report about.

"If we were to report on every known case of corruption on this continent, we'd have a lot to do."

Maybe Mickart noticed Paul's disappointment across the many kilometres. Because he softened his brusque statement. "OK, GRConsult is a well-known German firm, after all. One would need proof, though, you understand. Hard facts, names, recorded offenses, press releases, court decisions, and so on. Otherwise I can't do a story. If you have something of the sort, please send it to me."

In closing, he advised Paul to contact Transparency International.

"TI's secretariat is based in Berlin. Maybe they know something. And also enquire directly at the *Neue Schweizer Zeitung*. My Swiss colleague there knows a lot about Tanzania."

Paul heeded the advice and emailed an enquiry to the editorial staff of the NSZ. When the next day there still wasn't a reply, he called the newspaper. The switchboard put him through to the Africa editor. He answered as Anton Zwingli. Paul roughly explained the case to him. Zwingli was interested. He knew of the report of the Swiss Central Bank. Paul asked him if the names of the Tanzanian account holders were known.

"As far as I know," Zwingli said, "no names were mentioned in this context. Names are banking secrets. They aren't available to anybody. I'm afraid the only chance is to steal the data. But that's not allowed, of course."

Paul asked impatiently, "But something has to be known."

Zwingli said, "Sorry that I can't help you at the moment. But if you should know of underhand schemes in Tanzania – I'm ready for any crime. It's time for a bit of Tanzania bashing again."

Zwingli laughed. He seemed amused. In fact he wasn't the cynical sceptic he pretended to be. Years before, he worked for the SDC, the Swiss Agency for Development and Cooperation, on a project to promote municipal administration in Arusha. Zwingli loved the country and its people. However, this love was

for the land and the country's poor, but certainly not the rich. He was hostile to them. Maybe it also annoyed him that there were people in Tanzania who had accumulated as much wealth within a few years as what the Swiss had to work hard and save for over several generations. Zwingli, who had deeply internalised the mindset of William Tell, called Tanzania's rich the bigwigs.

"Mister Mansfeld. I can give you a tip for something similar. I'll send you a link. Look in your inbox."

Fifteen minutes later there was a new email on Paul's laptop. It was the message from Anton Zwingli. When he clicked on it, the subject line appeared: *Allegations of serious money laundering against HSBC Geneva*. With a click of the mouse, Paul opened the attached NSZ article. The first paragraph was: *The allegations of money laundering are based on a publication of Swiss Leaks, which in turn came about through a whistleblower at HSBC Private Banking. Employees of the Geneva Public Prosecutor's Office raided the premises of Geneva-based HSBC Private Bank early Wednesday morning.*

Paul entered "Swiss Leaks" into the search engine. He quickly came upon the website and found something astonishing. Swiss Leaks was a project where a hundred and forty journalists from many countries had come together and worked for many months on the stolen – that is the leaked – data. The data came from Hervé Falciani, a former IT specialist at HSBC, which he stole there in 2008, then sent to the French investigative authorities and to the French daily *Le Monde*. *Le Monde* eventually handed the complete data set to the ICIJ – the International Consortium for Investigative Journalists – who analysed the data and passed it on to numerous media outlets around the world. The data offered an interesting insight into HSBC's huge private banking business. At the time Hervé Falciani had copied the data, more than 100 billion US dollar were stored at HSBC Geneva by 106,000 clients from 203 countries.

The website of Swiss Leaks had gone live only that morning. Paul threw himself into his work with renewed vigour, because finally there was movement in the case. Impatiently he paged through the website. Gradually he understood how the navigation worked and how the data was displayed. Professionals had been at work here. The data stolen from HSBC Private Bank was systematically ordered; on the home page, the countries were

listed in descending order according to the size of the HSBC investment amounts. With the cursor he went through the list. Tanzania was in the hundredth place. With a further click he learned that the funds of Tanzanian clients at HSBC amounted to 114 million US dollar. The account with the highest balance showed an amount of 20 million US dollar.

After the break-in at Mwenge, Vivien often looked to see if everything was in order at her house. The front door, which had been hanging only loosely on its hinges, had finally been repaired by a carpenter. Two days before, her housemate Kokugonza had telephonically announced her imminent return from the visit to her family in Bukoba. Therefore, Paul couldn't move back to Vivien's house in Mwenge, especially since his pursuers knew the place too. Sometimes he thought of little Fupi and the communal fight for water at the public taps. But otherwise he hardly missed life there: the inconveniences of Mwenge were still very present to him. He enjoyed the service of the Green Garden Inn: electricity, water, air-conditioning, food and drink. If he worked sparingly and Vivien held back a little on their shopping trips, the savings in his Berlin account would still last for months. His uncertain situation was still a burden, but his mood gradually improved. Vivien had adapted to the new situation very quickly. She now mostly lived with Paul at the Green Garden. Meanwhile she had also become friends with Shirley and the guesthouse personnel. She returned to Mwenge only sometimes but never stayed the night.

Vivien was having breakfast at a table in a pleasantly cool corner of the veranda. She was done already when Paul came onto the terrace.

"Good morning. Well, you're up early today. Do you want to go to work?" she teased him. This morning she looked wonderful, visibly rested and in the best of moods. It wasn't like that every day. Sometimes she came back so exhausted after a stressful work day that she didn't recover in the few hours of the evening. Then, with her irritability, she reminded him unpleasantly of Katrin. This day, however, was a bright day and

Vivien lovingly turned to him. She was wearing her hair in an Afro, carefully brushed upward and tied together with a hair band. She had tied a *kitenge* around her hips. To give her outfit the business character necessary for the office, she wore a colourfully patterned blouse and a light beige, thin cotton jacket. Just as he wanted to join her at the table, the mobile phone in his breast pocket started to ring. Kimaro was on the line: "How are you? Have you had no more burglaries and other incidents?"

Paul was surprised. "Hello, Kimaro. No. Everything's peaceful."

"I'm surprised that you haven't heard anything more from Kiloko and friends. But Paul, be careful. They're looking for you! Apparently everyone who knows your hiding place has been keeping it a secret so far."

"Yes, it looks like that. So far I've seen neither Kronberg nor Kiloko, nor Total Security's SUV in front of the Green Garden."

Now Kimaro came to the real reason for his call. He spoke fast and excitedly.

"About the Swiss Central Bank's report. You sent me the newspaper clipping. According to that, Tanzanians have 192 million dollar in Swiss accounts."

"Yes, Peter. I've done some further research too. And I have a new message from the NSZ about the activities of a Swiss bank in Geneva."

Kimaro asked, "Is Tanzania involved too?"

"Yes, indeed. This time it involves Tanzanian accounts at HSBC."

"Is it about this 192 million mentioned in the Swiss Central Bank report too?"

"No. Here they mention an amount of 114 million dollar. Those are Tanzanian deposits, but only at this single bank! You can see it on the website of Swiss Leaks. Of course it could be completely legal money, at least in part, such as investments by state institutions."

"Paul, nevertheless. I need to know the names of the account holders."

"I don't know if the whistleblower's data gives that. The names of the account holders aren't mentioned on the Swiss Leaks website either."

"I'm sure that it includes dirty money. Bribes, untaxed money, money from criminal business. I want to know who is behind it. Can you find something out for me? I'll be very grateful."

Paul had been happy about the call but now he felt overwhelmed. He had no idea how to find out the names. He hesitantly managed:

"I'll try. It's not simple. I'll contact you."

Deep in thought, he put the phone on the table. Vivien, who had overheard the conversation, said excitedly:

"That's good. As *mbunge*, Kimaro is an influential man. He can help you. But be careful not to mess with even more people. We have enough anger."

When Vivien had left for the trip to work as she did every day, Paul sat at the breakfast table and poured himself a cup of coffee. He wasn't hungry. He still didn't know how to proceed. But he knew that he had to be careful. For the international calls he would need sufficient credit, or airtime. For this purpose, he always had two prepaid cards worth fifty dollar from his service provider in his wallet. With that, he increased the balance to a hundred dollar. Since he was now familiar with the mobile phone technology, it took less than two minutes. Then he went to his room and put his mobile phone charger in the socket. Now he was ready.

Over the course of the three months, the relationship between Paul and Vivien had gradually changed. It had become self-evident, not only to themselves but to others too. A relationship like that between a married couple who had known each other for years. At times Paul was amazed at how familiar and dear she had become to him. This morning too he said goodbye to her, as always, in the guesthouse's parking lot. As usual, this was done through a tender embrace barely noticeable to others. And as always, she waved through the side window of the taxi that took her to the Sunrise City Hotel. Paul took a seat at a table on the veranda, which was empty at this hour. The air was still pleasantly cool. Suddenly his mobile phone vibrated on the tabletop and made a rattling sound. He quickly took the call.

The Swiss German voice was unmistakable.

“Yes, Anton Zwingli here. Greetings, Mister Mansfeld. I hope you’re well. I’ve researched your story and the background in Germany. Yes, it’s interesting. Your case fits well with the current one with Swiss Leaks. We’d like to publish your article – if you agree.”

Paul was surprised. “Yes, agreed.”

“Mister Mansfeld, of course we need the important information about your railway project. Do you have anything new about the prosecutor’s investigation into GRConsult?”

“No.”

“I’d be happy to get you as author. Would you be able to describe your observations for our readers in an understandable and exciting way?”

“I think so.”

After a pause, he added, “At least I’ll try. You can edit the text.”

Zwingli suggested doing his own research for the contribution too. In any case, the focus would be on the corruption case in Tanzania in which Paul was involved, and then the connection to the accounts at HSBC. In view of his otherwise leisurely way, Anton Zwingli sounded almost effusive.

“First I’m planning a full page, maybe two, in the foreign section, at least 1,500 words. Do you have an idea for a photograph of Tanzania? Otherwise I’ll ask at our archives. Maybe we’ll get it for the weekend after next.”

For Paul everything was moving a bit too fast.

“Mister Mansfeld, are you still there?”

“Yes,” he managed with effort.

They agreed that Paul would have until Thursday evening to send the text for final editing. Since his laptop had been stolen in Mwenge, Paul had always resorted to the computer in the Green Garden Inn’s business centre. Now, for this coming task, he’d need his own computer. Paul called a taxi and let it take him to the computer shop in the Mlimani shopping mall. From the wide variety he chose a small, compact net book weighing less than a kilogram. A Windows operating system, a word processor and a basic internet and e-mail program had already been installed. Back at the Green Garden, he turned on the air-conditioning and

booted up the net book. But before he copied the data from his memory stick onto the new net book, he secured the computer with a password. Nobody would be able to boot up the computer without the password. There were still two days left. He could do that, even if he had to pull an all-nighter. Formulating the text was easy; after all, in the past days and weeks he had been busy with nothing else.

First he described the conception of the project for rehabilitating the Central Line, as formulated in the Ministry of Transport's invitation to tender. Then he listed the important events chronologically: how, through bribery, GRConsult had won the international contract against several competing offers; how the German project leader was recruited; how he had quietly cast aside the job; how in September a new project leader was nominated and how this one had also thrown in the towel under mysterious circumstances. Around this time, the Ministry had moved away from the railway project and would favour a road solution from then on. There was proof that, for this change in priorities, bribery by a road construction lobby had been in play. Chinese donors were ready to invest enormous amounts in Tanzanian road construction. He hoped that with his knowledge of Swiss banking, Zwingli would be able to help supplement his findings with his own research.

The next morning, he had a first draft ready. He briefly summarised the contents in English and emailed it to Kimaro. Then he saved the data on his memory stick, which he wrapped in a plastic bag to protect it against sweat and conscientiously placed in the pouch underneath his T-shirt. Then he closed the computer. This would do for today. Now he first needed something to eat and drink.

The call came in the late morning. Paul immediately recognised Anton Zwingli's voice. But somehow he sounded different; he also didn't give his name upon greeting, as he usually did.

"I'm in Zürich, in a computer shop at the station. I have a full list of HSBC's Tanzanian clients. Would you like it?"

Paul hesitated. "Sure."

"I can send it to you. It's a zip file with data specially compiled for you and your purposes. But don't tell anybody where you got it. You can get me in big trouble. There is no sender, you understand: it's completely confidential."

Stunned, Paul asked, "Where did you get the data?"

"Let's just say – others have to pay many thousands for such data. You understand that I'm talking about US dollar, not Tanzanian shilling."

He laughed and continued.

"You're getting it free of charge. Why? Because I want to help a poor country. Development aid of a special kind. Maybe it will also help you with your article. However, no indication of your source, please – the contrary is not our style at the NSZ."

He gave a short laugh.

"Swiss Leaks has identified 286 Tanzanian accounts belonging to 99 Tanzanian clients of HSBC. There's a total amount of 114 million dollar. You've seen these numbers on the Swiss Leaks platform, I suspect."

"Yes, I have," Paul confirmed.

"What Swiss Leaks doesn't say but what I'm giving you now: for every account there is a name and an account balance. Some also have more than one account. And this was on the day the data was copied from HSBC's server."

"Incredible," Paul said.

"That's what I thought."

"But what about the Tanzanian accounts?" Paul still asked, incredulously.

"I only had a search done for data on Tanzania," Zwingli said impatiently. "But be careful: the interesting thing about the data is that it shows the movements in these accounts over the last two years too. That's according to my source who has compiled it for your purposes."

"Money from where, money to where, you think?"

"Something like that," Zwingli said. "I'm no banker, you understand."

Then the line went silent. Zwingli had hung up. Minutes later the email program indicated with a ping that there was a new message. *Reliable, the Swiss*, Paul thought. After he had unzipped

the file, he saw a directory with seven different Excel files. It took him more than an hour to understand the scheme of the directory and the files. As Zwingli had said, not only the holdings for the accounts but also the extensive in- and outflows could be seen. He found a GRConsult account that was used for business in Tanzania. At first glance, these appeared to be regular payments. However, there were payments that were not so easy to understand. To unravel it all would require some research and analysis. As for the names and their relation, he could do this only together with Kimaro. Paul was excited. This was what he had been looking for. Sooner than he thought, an incredible result. This was explosive material. But then, suddenly, he started to worry. Was the case maybe too big for him after all? So far he had defended himself bravely. But now fear arose in him. Zwingli certainly meant well. But then he was also safe in Zürich. Paul asked himself if he should get involved in the country's affairs like this. Anyway, what did he really want? For a moment the thought came to him: *Why don't I simply catch the next plane home to Berlin?* But then he remembered: he was stuck here. At the latest, upon his departure they would intercept him at the airport. Kiloko had certainly asserted his influence.

It took a whopping three hours to finally get himself to call Kimaro.

"Hello, Peter. The reply came from Switzerland."

Kimaro immediately understood.

"I'm still in Dodoma. Do you have the names of the accounts?"

"Yes. I have a list with the names of the account holders and their respective account balances. Some of these names I know; others you might know."

"Send me the list. I'm very curious already."

"The whole isn't that simple. One has to interpret the payments."

Kimaro's voice sounded disappointed. "I'd prefer to get started on it right away. But I can imagine that it's complicated."

Paul confirmed: "I also thought it would be simpler. One has to examine every account and with each one, every single account movement. And there are many. But that's the only way to understand what has happened and who could have stashed

illegal money there.”

“OK. But let’s get together as soon as possible,” Kimaro said.

Paul was relieved. “Great. You know, it’s better that we look at it together.”

“You know, if the allegations turn out to be unfounded and my name appears in the context, I’m done. I’m doing this at full risk.”

Paul realised that Kimaro too had to fight his fears, probably valid fears. He reassured him: “I promise you. We’ll look at it together. The names will not get out before you’ve seen them.”

“On Saturday I have another appointment in Dar. But I’ll come to the Green Garden on Sunday, then. Is that okay? It’s crazy. To be honest, I didn’t think we’d actually get the names. Until the day after tomorrow, then.”

“I’m surprised too. Yes, that was lucky. Until Sunday, then. I’ll prepare everything,” Paul said.

With that, the conversation ended. He sat down in a chair in his favourite corner of the terrace and booted up his brand new net book. He wanted to start the article for the NSZ. That was important. He drew up an outline. Since the matter was clear in his mind, he was confident that this article would be successful. But he had to be careful not to write too much, but not too little either. He was glad that he could now comprehensively describe things and publish them with the renowned NSZ. He was pleased with himself and the course of events. He had set something in motion. Gradually the sun started to set behind the houses in the west and the Green Garden Inn was lying in evening shade. He waited impatiently for Vivien so he could tell her about the latest developments.

17 May 2014 – 24 May 2014.

Flight north

On Saturday evening, Paul was sitting in his room in the Green Garden. In front of him on the small desk by the window lay his net book, on which he had worked intensively for several hours. Vivien was taking a shower in the bathroom next door. Suddenly, excited male voices could be heard outside. Frightened, Vivien came running from the bathroom, a large towel wrapped around her hips. Nervously she rushed to the window and pushed the curtain to the side a little bit. The voices were becoming clearer.

“Polisi. Ufungue mlango haraka, haraka.” They were saying, “Police. Open the door. Quickly, quickly.”

The security guard could be heard unlocking the gate at the entrance. A short time later, the two gate wings clattered over the asphalt and an approaching car could be heard. From her position at the window, Vivien said in a muted voice:

“I can see a police car. It’s parked at Reception. Two police officers in uniform and a man in civilian clothes.”

She whispered: “Paul, they’re looking for you. Disappear.” Paul jumped up with a lurch and hastily switched off the light. In a flash, he scurried out of the room, walked to the end of the wall with his back pressed to it, swung himself onto the boundary wall of about two metres’ height and jumped into the darkness. Only seconds later, two police officers were running searchingly among the guest bungalows, hammering on the doors. With a serious, immobile face, the police chief stepped into the reception room.

He was stocky and about fifty years old. Sewn onto his khaki-coloured short-sleeved uniform jacket with epaulettes and two large breast pockets was the colourful insignia showing his rank. The black uniform cap sat diagonally across his head. He met Shirley when she came rushing from her office. Without greeting or introducing himself, he commanded her in English:

“Where is the *mzungu*? *Bwana* Paul Mansfeld.” He pronounced the name like the English “Mansfield”.

Shirley was startled and seemed to be thinking.

“I don’t know. I can’t always know where my guests are.”

“He doesn’t have a residence permit. You must have known that. His visa has expired. Staying illegally is a serious matter. It can mean prison time. For you too, by the way.”

He looked at her threateningly. Shirley pretended to be timid; she knew how serious this threat was. The hotel employees who had gathered at Reception all agreed that they had not seen Paul Mansfeld this evening. They weren’t lying, since he had been working on his net book in his room all day. Minutes later there was a knock on the door of room 8. Without waiting for a response, the police chief tore open the door and yelled at Vivien.

“Where is he? Where is Paul Mansfeld?”

Vivien was in shock. She had already heard many stories about police actions in which the accused had done very badly. Her legs felt weak.

“Are you living with the *mzungu*? Has he been here today? When is he coming again?”

Vivien remained silent. That wasn’t a deliberate refusal; she had actually lost her voice. The chief commanded his subordinates:

“Search the room.”

The two police officers affected energetic expressions and began to look here and there, aimlessly and unsystematically. The chief pulled the plug from the socket and took the net book from the desk.

“The computer has been confiscated,” he brusquely declared. When his companions didn’t find anything suspicious, they gradually ended their search. They still sat for a while on the chairs on the veranda in front of the room, waiting for Paul’s possible return.

After his leap into the darkness, Paul tried to find his way. He had noticed too late that the wall had been studded with shards of glass on top. They had cut his left hand. But it was too dark to look at the wounds. He hid in a pile of cement sacks in a shed on the property, where a multi-storey residential property was under construction. Around him everything was peaceful. He could only hear the beating of his own heart, loud and clear. Towards the street, the construction site was closed off by a high wooden fence. In the weak light of a distant street lamp he now saw that his left hand was bleeding profusely. He had also razed his right thigh. Luckily these wounds didn't seem to be bleeding, but they were hurting like hell. He waited for a long time in his hiding place. When everything was calm at the guesthouse, he hobbled out from among the cement sacks, ventured out of the shed and peered through the cracks in the construction fence. No police car in sight. Outside of the circle of light from the street lamp, however, he discovered a vehicle he already knew. Unlighted, huge and menacing, the black SUV with the white letters he could not read but could guess. He was certain that inside it, there were men waiting for him. Paul felt like hunted game. Since he could not see a way through the property in this direction, he set out across the site towards the parallel street on the southern end. There it seemed that, as far as he could see, everything was peaceful. He reached Haile Selassie Road and moved from there towards the city centre. He avoided the light of the few street lamps. From an invisible spot off the street, he called Vivien from his mobile phone.

"Are they gone?" he whispered.

"They're gone. You can come back." She too spoke in a whisper.

"I can't come back. There is a car from Total Security in front of the Green Garden. I'll call again."

Because he feared that his pursuers would see him on the main street, he avoided it by taking side streets. He went past an illuminated villa, then a short stretch along Haile Selassie; passed the Saint Peter Catholic Church and reached the intersection with Ali Hassan Mwinyi Road with a limp. Gradually he began to feel the pain in his razed thigh, while his left hand had stopped bleeding. From Mwinyi Road he turned right at the next side

street and followed it straight ahead. He suspected that he was still in the Kinondoni neighbourhood. When, after a while, he realised that he had lost his bearings, he started to panic. He was wearing only a T-shirt, running shoes and trousers, but had nothing with him: no money, no credit card. Only the mobile phone, which he had quick-wittedly grabbed from the desk when fleeing. How good, he thought almost gratefully: it could be his salvation. Whenever a car approached that looked like a police car or a black SUV, he hid in doorways or behind corners.

Shortly after midnight, he called Vivien again in a muted voice. She answered immediately.

“Vivien, so far everything’s OK. I’m now near the city centre. Pack me a suitcase with the necessities: some clothes, toiletries, money, passport. Leave everything else at the Green Garden. Keep staying there for now. I’m now trying to get to the bus station in Ubungu and will take the first bus there. We’ll meet there. But, listen carefully: I don’t have any money. You’ll have to go to Mwenge first. Take a taxi immediately. But don’t get it from the Green Garden. They’re probably still there. Get over the wall to the street at the back. Go to the house in Mwenge; Kokugonza will be there. But either way. Be careful. Underneath the roof, to the right next to the front door, there is a package wrapped in black plastic. Climb onto a chair. Bring the package with you.”

Vivien still wanted to say something but Paul had hung up already. Shirley sent the guard to check if the police car was still parked in the street in front of the Green Garden. He reported: there was no police car but a little way off there was a black SUV. Vivien packed the suitcase and ordered a taxi for three o’clock at the parallel street at the back, with a taxi driver she knew well.

At this time Paul was wandering the streets of Dar es Salaam by night. He avoided the lit main streets. Luckily his mobile phone featured a GPS navigation system which he was good with. Since there were hardly any street signs – and when there were, he couldn’t read them – the map stored on the phone didn’t really help him. Maybe as a white man he would have been able to stay in one of the international hotels without a credit card or passport. However, in his current condition, bleeding and with torn clothes, maybe not. It also seemed too risky, since the spies of Total Security, who had their people everywhere, were no

doubt waiting there.

At one o'clock in the morning he reached the completely deserted Samora Avenue. Although he now knew where he was, he also realised that he had made an unnecessary detour. Now he moved among the gigantic skyscrapers. Sometimes the moon peeked out between the facades. On the pavement on Samora Avenue, beggars lay together in small groups. He imagined what it must be like to have to live like this. Day after day, night after night. And where did all these people go about their needs? The crippled beggars crawling along on the dusty asphalt? Where did the female beggars and their children go? He tried not to think about it. All the businesses were locked and barricaded. In the dim light of a streetlamp on the other side of the road, a sleeping bum lay on a piece of cardboard. Carefully Paul continued to grope his way over the holes and bumps of what had once been a magnificent boulevard. Now just not to stumble or fall into one of the manholes whose cast-iron lids had been stolen. To hide the lightness of his face from the guards in the business entrances, he held his head bent over; his light hair would probably still betray him as a *mzungu*. He regretted not having his black peaked cap with him. Paul felt that they were watching him and whispering in amazement. All his bones were hurting. His razed thigh bothered him more and more. Exhausted, every now and then he looked for chances to sit down and rest in the darkness. He was sweaty and thirsty. His tongue was sticking to his palate. At this time of night no *duka* or kiosk was open. But then he didn't have any money anyway. Despite his fear of his pursuers, at some point he had become tired of this tedious wandering along the byways. He had lost his way several times already. He turned onto Morogoro Road, which was lit by high street lights, and dragged himself along its pavement, further out of town. His feet were hurting. When a car approached suspiciously slowly from behind, he quick-wittedly jumped into the open concrete sewage ditch. He landed among plastic bags, empty plastic bottles and greasy garbage. Despite the stench, he remained in a squatting position and peered over the edge. It was indeed the black SUV driving slowly, searchingly along the street. In the light of the nearby street light he even recognised the hated logo of Total Security Tanzania on the vehicle's door. When the vehicle had

disappeared in the direction away from the city centre, he crawled out of the canal and crossed the wide median strip to the other side of the street. There he hit a neighbourhood where the primitive little houses stood close to one another. With difficulty he stumbled along the winding, muddy alleyways and tried to stay parallel to Morogoro Road towards Ubungo. He longingly hoped for a taxi, but at this time nobody got lost in this area.

Shortly before four, Paul reached the bus station located eight kilometres from the city centre. It was lying peacefully in the darkness. Only a few people, mostly in groups, were waiting for the departure of the first buses. In the light of the few lamps, filthy bags, bottles, boxes, paper and food remains could be seen strewn across the paved square. Paul knew that Tanzanian travel guides warned tourists not to stay there after dark. But he had no other choice now. He took a seat on a step in an unlit corner devoid of people. From there he had a good view of the clock enthroned on a concrete column in the middle of the square. He hoped that Vivien would appear soon. Numerous unlit buses were waiting in their parking spaces to be deployed. At some, the drivers were busy preparing their vehicles for the long journey to faraway places in the interior. It was cool. Paul was shivering. Besides his shirt and trousers, nothing sheltered him against the cold of the night. Whenever a car drove onto the square, Paul immediately became wide awake. He kept expecting a vehicle from Total Security Tanzania to appear.

At five o'clock he saw a taxi slowly crossing the spacious square. Paul ventured out of his hiding place and waved. Soon the car was in front of him. Vivien was inside. Upon seeing her, he was suddenly filled with a warm wave of peace; he felt infinitely grateful and saved.

"It's great that you did that! Did you still go to Kokugonza's? Do you have the package?"

She said yes. "You are brave," he remarked appreciatively and embraced her, exhausted. The first bus that was ready was the Luxury Coach Service bus to Moshi. The first passengers were getting in. Vivien stood in line with the few people at the counter. There were still seats available. She came back and pressed a ticket into Paul's hand. The bus engine was started and thick smoked billowed from the exhaust. A short farewell, then Paul

got in. He stowed the small suitcase, which Vivien had packed during the night's activities, under the seat. Vivien stayed behind. He sank back in the seat, dead tired. Punctual to the minute the bus drove off at 6:30. Morning had broken in the meantime. Upon leaving, he still looked through the wide windshield as the bus was waiting for an opportunity to overtake. The huge tanker with trailer in front of them bore the inscription *highly inflammable*. In the opposite lane too, they came across some of these mighty tankers. The motto of the railway enthusiasts from the colonial era came into his head: "More steam. More steam." No, steam was gone. A hundred years later, the motto was: "More oil, more petrol, more diesel." Before the bus had even reached the city limits twenty kilometres further, Paul had fallen asleep.

He woke up at the stop in Korogwe, south of the Usambara Mountains. Here, the bus made its first big stop after about three hundred kilometres and at the halfway mark. Most of the passengers got out and bought something to eat and drink. Paul also went to the newly built service area. Next to it was the building with the toilets. Inside, it was bright, the walls and floors tiled with sparkling white tiles, clean and maintained like at an international airport. Finally he could wash his face and hands. He rinsed the cut on the palm of his hand under the tap. Although it throbbed a bit, it looked less serious than he had feared. When he got back to his seat on the bus, he had to find that the seat next to his had been taken up by a young man of probably thirty. A short greeting, during which he cast an amazed glance at Paul's injured hand but didn't say anything about it. This new neighbour didn't suit Paul at all, since his freedom of movement was now greatly restricted. The scrape on his thigh made itself felt again. Besides, the man did not seem to have washed in several days. He smelled sharply of sweat and wood fire. But then Paul realised that the smell didn't only come from his neighbour but that he, too, stank. The foray into the sewage ditch! When the bus crossed the Dar-Moshi railway line, he saw a little Massai boy jumping over the thresholds, stopping and then looking at the bus. For years now no train had travelled here. In places the tracks were already overgrown with grass and shrubs. For Paul it was sad to see how the bush was busy taking over. He swore that he would do everything to spare the Central Line this

fate.

Since Joyce knew about his aversion to computers, today she wondered about Kronberg: how he had been sitting in concentration in front of the screen all morning. Joyce had already brought him a second thermos with hot water. Over the course of the morning, Kronberg brewed more cups of coffee with the powder from the red-and-gold Africafe box. About just as many times he had gone to the toilet at the end of their floor. Wearing his reading glasses, he stared at a distance of a few centimetres at the screen and used the mouse to page through the internet news. The Swiss and international press reported on the operations of HSBC, a bank with its headquarters in London. At the centre, however, was their branch office in Geneva. In this context, the name Swiss Leaks appeared. With this search term, he came across more information. Since he himself was an account holder with HSBC, he followed the news with some concern. He had two accounts there: a checking account for current business and an asset portfolio. Nobody knew about the portfolio with the high amount; not even his wife. But this money had been earned honestly – he was at peace with himself about that. The telephone on Kronberg's desk started ringing. Kronberg answered and heard someone say in English: "Paul is gone."

Silence. Kronberg needed some time before he recognised the caller. It was Joseph Kiloko.

"Hello, Joseph. What do you mean, gone?" he asked.

Kiloko was agitated and noticeably indignant.

"I'm here with the chief of the Oyster Bay police station. Do you have any idea where Paul Mansfeld could be?"

"No idea. Probably somewhere in Dar. He stayed at the Green Garden Inn for a while. Then he was with his girlfriend in Mwenge. Since then I haven't heard anything of him."

Kiloko had hoped for more. The sober information had apparently cooled him down.

"Paul Mansfeld was supposed to be arrested by the police at the Green Garden Inn last night. He didn't have a residency

permit,” Kiloko said.

“But you don’t want to send a former GRConsult employee to jail, do you?” Kronberg asked.

“Only to scare him. There was nothing else to accuse him of. Three days in jail here and then handcuffed into the Dar airport. That was the plan,” Kiloko said apologetically.

“Ah, this Paul. So he was at the Green Garden. And now he has finally appeared with the draft report. Well, I’m in the process of writing a new final report for the conference.”

“But that’s not the end of it. You know that I still haven’t received my commission from Paul.”

“I know, I know. Somehow I thought that Paul would reappear and we could settle this by mutual agreement. But Joseph: something important. Apparently you haven’t seen the international news yet. In Switzerland they’ve released a list of accounts with names of foreigners. This can become uncomfortable for some.”

Kiloko was surprised. “I didn’t know that. Which bank?”

“HSBC in Geneva.”

“Do you think that it concerns Tanzania too?” Kiloko asked.

“It seems like it.”

Kiloko was frightened. Suddenly his serenity left him, but he tried not to show it.

“Unpleasant indeed. Do you think Paul knows about it, then?”

Kronberg replied, “I was just thinking about that when you called. But I’m afraid so, yes.”

Kiloko now couldn’t hold back his anger any longer.

“This Mansfeld is a real problem. What does he actually want here? This *mzungu* only causes trouble. Who knows what else he knows and what else he’s planning to do.”

After nearly six hundred kilometres and ten hours in a bus without air-conditioning, Paul arrived at the bus station in Moshi in a battered state. Violent gusts swept across the square, whirling up a reddish-brown dust and covering the people in a thin layer of dirt. As soon as he alighted, a taxi driver took him under his

wing and dragged him energetically to his taxi, which he had parked directly at the entrance to the station. Paul let it happen without protest. When he then sat in the taxi's backseat, the driver bent down to him and asked his destination.

"Take me to a good and quiet hotel outside of the centre."

Like in Dar es Salaam, the traffic was heavy here. For a short while they drove on the overland road, where they came across heavy, loud vans on their way west. It was eighty kilometres to Arusha; two hundred to the Namanga border crossing to Kenya and three hundred and fifty to Nairobi, the real centre of East Africa. The taxi's windows were wide open. At an elevation of eight hundred metres, it was cooler and less humid here than in Dar es Salaam. But it was windy. Ten minutes later they reached the Mountain View Lodge at the northern edge of the city. The entrance was barricaded with a red-and-white striped steel beam and guarded by a watchman in a little guardhouse. The lodge consisted of a restaurant and some bungalows on a sprawling, grassy hill overlooking Moshi and Kilimanjaro.

At reception, a slim young woman with a pimply but pretty face and long braids greeted him. Mary, as the name badge on her uniform jacket said, eyed him curiously; apparently she was amazed that his luggage consisted of only a small suitcase. When she saw the wound on his left hand, she got a fright and used the expression of regret: "*Pole sana.*"

Paul said, "Yes, a small accident."

"You should have it taken care of. The KCMC is nearby." The Kilimanjaro Christian Medical Centre was a large hospital known throughout the country and was only a few kilometres away.

Paul, who shied away from the effort and time of getting treatment in an ambulance, vigorously rejected the advice: "No, that's not necessary."

"I advise you to have it treated. Because it could quickly become infected."

"Do you think so?" Paul was unsure now.

"I could at least disinfect the wound. I have a first aid kit here at Reception."

"That's very kind of you. Well, OK. But I just want to quickly take a shower, then I'll come back."

Paul checked in and moved into the spacious room with its view of Kilimanjaro. The room had two large beds. At first he made sure that the bundle of money was still in his suitcase. It was still in the same condition in which he had wrapped it into a compact package during his visit to the GRC office that night. Nobody had tried to open it. Since he had no idea how he should proceed with the money, he pushed it back underneath the pile of laundry in his suitcase. When he got back to Reception, freshly showered and dressed, Mary had already unpacked the first aid kit. With a cloth, she carefully cleaned the wound, which wasn't too deep, and then dabbed it with a reddish brown disinfectant. Then she bandaged the wound quite uncomfortably with a bandage from a sterile package. Apparently she didn't have much experience in first aid. Paul thanked her.

With his bandaged hand he then took a walk around the garden. There was a pavilion surrounded by several jacaranda trees in bloom. There was an oval-shaped swimming pool with crystal clear water. At the edge of the pool stood a large, ugly bird with a huge beak above its bare neck. When Paul carefully approached the marabou, it looked at him suspiciously from the corner of its eye, stalked away slowly and looked to see if Paul was following. Paul took a few slow steps towards it; the marabou took a few steps back. When Paul stood still, it stood still too. The marabou made sure that a certain distance between them was maintained.

Paul called Vivien from his room.

"I'm in Moshi in a hotel."

Vivien was persuaded to take a vacation and to clear it with her boss the next day. In fact, there wasn't much going on at the Sunrise City at this time of year, so she was almost certain that she would be able to get a few days' leave. Paul lay down on the bed. Even though he had slept a few hours on the bus, he was still exhausted and his strained body hurt with each movement. Gradually, his tension eased. As evening fell, he took a walk around the complex. Kilimanjaro was covered in thick cloud which gradually drifted away and freed up a view of Kibo's snow-covered peak. Even though he had seen the mountain in many pictures already, being so directly in front of it nearly took his breath away. When the sun had faded, he went to the hotel

restaurant and ordered a steak and chips and a beer. The waiter placed the bottle of ice-cold Serengeti beer in front of him on the table. On the bottle, the condensation formed drops which gradually collected at the bottom and caused the serviette to stick to the table. The gusty wind blowing across the complex could not blow it away anymore. After the meal he slowly wandered back to his bungalow. The moon was hanging in the night sky and shone from above through the fluffy clouds. He couldn't find Kilimanjaro. He went to bed early.

The next morning, when he woke up in his bed in the room, the world seemed a better place. The morning light shone through the curtain. The sun, however, was still hiding behind a thick cloud cover, so that it was twilight in the room. He enjoyed the idleness and listened at the awakening traffic that could be heard through the chirping of a flock of sparrows. Sometimes a crow spoke up energetically. He was feeling peaceful: his belly totally relaxed; complete silence in his head. He had fought and he had won. After all the weeks and months, a reassuring feeling. When he stepped onto the terrace of the restaurant at eight o'clock, the grey of the sky had turned into a deep blue. He took a cup of coffee from the buffet and sat down in a chair overlooking Kilimanjaro. In the morning sun, the giant Kibo and its companion, Mawenzi, were lying there in all their beauty. They looked as if they were resting and serenely looking down at the world at their feet. But Paul still had something to do. He went to the hotel's business centre, which was equipped with two computers with internet connection. There he took the memory stick from the pouch around his neck, put it into the computer's USB port and sent the article to Zwingli at the NSZ. The article wasn't complete yet, but it contained the most important information. Without paying attention to spelling, he translated the text into a simple summary in English. Because of the police action, nothing had come of his appointment with Kimaro the day before, which was Sunday. He sent the English summary of his NSZ article as well as the Excel file with the complete HSBC data about Tanzanian accounts to Kimaro in the hope that he would understand it and interpret it correctly. On the terrace he ordered a coffee and a donut. Now that he came to rest he noticed how deeply exhausted he was. Even Kibo and Mawenzi

in front of him seemed tired. As if they had seen enough now, white clouds appeared and were becoming bigger and bigger. An hour later, Mawenzi was completely covered in thick fog and Kibo too was retreating behind a thick curtain of clouds. Then both disappeared. Above the broad cloudscape stretched the infinite blue sky.

It was a sunny day in Dodoma. From the Impala meeting room in the Bunge's administration building he was looking out the window. From here he had a view across the plain, which blended flickeringly with the sky on the distant horizon. There was chaos in his head. He had run out of strength. He tried not to let his colleague notice anything. Yesterday he had been busy with his report here in the Impala room until midnight. His colleagues on the committee had said goodbye hours before, softly muttering their excuses. Only then did he let his driver take him back to the New Dodoma Hotel. This morning he had already spent another two hours revising the report. Now it was ready. But his reports were never truly ready in the sense of being perfect. He always saw more shortcomings which others often didn't notice. He would build his speech around this report but he would be speaking off the cuff. A sheet of paper with handwritten notes was enough for him. He was known for his rhetorical talent. Even though there were many talented and ambitious orators in Tanzanian politics, Kimaro knew that he had other characteristics too: curiosity, knowledge, ambition and diligence.

Kimaro clicked on the print command for the laser printer on the side table next to the desk and watched one page after another falling into the output tray. A ping sounded from the speaker on the computer. An email had come in. It was a message from Paul with the peculiar subject line "Excursion to Switzerland". The accompanying text read: *Am in the north. My summary of the article and the account file in the attachment. We'll talk by phone! Greetings, Paul.*

Had Paul been in a hurry? Kimaro opened the attachment. Already after having read the first few lines, Kimaro knew how

explosive this was. Apparently Paul had hastily summarised in English what had been taken from the Swiss Leaks documents about the Tanzanian accounts in Switzerland. He could build that into the central part of his speech, using the keyword “The millions of dollar in Switzerland”. Paul had done a good job. In the Excel spreadsheet, the individual accounts and their respective account balances were displayed. Everything looked good. Only the names were missing. Kimaro wasn’t completely fine with it, but he had to rely totally on the information prepared by Paul. If this information proved to be false, his burgeoning political career would end. Being fooled by a *mzungu* would be bad for him. But he had to take the risk. The fight against corruption was his cause, his passion and his calling. And he had greater ambitions. He wasn’t only proud of his country but saw himself as representative of a new Africa. But first his party had to win the next parliamentary election. His chances of being re-elected in the Kilimanjaro West voting district were excellent. But he needed more public attention. However, no great mistakes were allowed. His opponents – and he had many of them, within and outside of the party – were only waiting for him to make a mistake. He still needed something spectacular: something that would make the national newspapers and television. Something good for his reputation and to make him recognisable; something that would benefit his career and with which he could take a decisive step closer to his main goal. He hadn’t told anyone about this goal yet: he wanted to become president of the country.

Of course Vivien’s relationship with Paul had not remained a secret to the employees of the Sunrise Hotel. Wild rumours were going around among the staff about Vivien and her moving in with a *mzungu* who was now being looked for by the police too. When, two days after Paul’s disappearance, a police car came up the driveway to the Sunrise City and a high-ranking officer got out, this gave rise to further talk. The burly officer, about fifty years old and in a spotless uniform, announced himself at Reception with a curt, commanding tone. The general manager was alerted immediately. For a hotel in the class of the Sunrise

City, having the police on the premises was unheard of. The hotel manager, a Brit named Cliff Hamilton, received him. The officer came to the point immediately: Vivien Chimagu, an employee of the Sunrise Hotel, was in a relationship with a criminal foreigner, one Paul Mansfeld. Mansfeld was on the run and Vivien Chimagu would probably hide him from arrest. And he urgently had to interrogate her. For that, he needed a suitable room in the hotel.

Cliff Hamilton had Vivien called. She came rushing in. The chief didn't introduce himself to her; her greeting remained unacknowledged too. In a conference room provided for the purpose, he first took her personal details and then asked her a series of questions: How long had she known Paul Mansfeld? What kind of relationship did they have? When last had she seen him? Had she had any contact with him? Had she spoken to him on the phone? When was the last time that she had spoken with him on the phone?

He scared her with his authoritarian and authoritative manner. Only with effort did she maintain the innocent role of having been wrongfully fetched away from her work. She replied slowly and carefully. Some questions she answered truthfully; with others she lied. Yes, she had lived with Paul Mansfeld at the Green Garden Inn for a few weeks. On the night in question he disappeared. When exactly, she didn't know. She had been in her room the entire evening. Sometimes Paul went to town without telling her: sometimes on foot, sometimes by taxi. No, since his disappearance there had been no telephonic contact between them. She had no idea where he was at the moment. The chief didn't believe her. And he told her so. Since the interrogation didn't reveal anything new, he ended it after an hour.

Vivien was already exhausted by this time. She was supposed to be available for a more in-depth interrogation at the police station. They would notify her when. To explain the seriousness of the matter, he told her in closing that Mansfeld was now being investigated for espionage. Then he handed her his business card and emphasised that, should Paul Mansfeld appear, she had to notify him without delay.

Back in her office, Vivien noticed that she was trembling inside. Very frayed, she dropped down onto her office chair. It was all too much for her. The limit of what she could take had

been exceeded. The past weeks and months with Paul had been beautiful: the most varied and exciting of her life. With Paul her chronic money troubles had come to an end, which had simplified her life. Money, yes, but money wasn't everything. Although she had noticed how he was suffering because of his unclear and uncertain situation, there were still many days and nights that they had spent carefree and happily together. But now, in light of the latest events, happiness and lightness had disappeared, vanished into thin air. Love – well and good. Yes, she loved Paul, with his good-natured and often awkward way. He was a good man. He cared about her. But should she trust him? There was still this German woman in Berlin. When she spoke to him about this woman, he responded gruffly, defensively. She wasn't even allowed to know the woman's name. He told her nothing. No, she had to be careful. She would not depend on Paul. She didn't trust his oh-so-convincing affirmations of love. She definitely had to maintain her independent life. Her boss, Cliff Hamilton, thought highly of her. In all these years they had worked well together. He was devoted to her, but only as her boss, since he was happily married. The job was her life. She would settle the matter with Paul, one way or another. Then it would show how serious he was. During his calls since arriving in Moshi he had been urging her to follow him there. There she could recover well from the excitement of the past days. During the last call he told her: "Vivien, take a week's leave and just come here on the next bus. But don't tell anybody where you're going."

As a result, Vivien had officially applied for ten days' leave and Cliff had agreed to it. On Thursday evening she packed her things for the journey to Moshi. On Friday she got into an early *dalla-dalla* to the bus station in Ubungu. There, a luxury bus of the Kilimanjaro line departed for Moshi punctually at seven o'clock. Vivien was looking forward to seeing Paul again, albeit subdued. Because she took the fear of the police with her.

In his room at the Mountain View Lodge, Paul waited for Vivien's arrival. Her bus would arrive in Moshi at five o'clock.

Since at two o'clock already he had become too impatient to wait any longer, he made his way on foot to the bus station in the city centre, some five kilometres away. The wound on his hand had not healed yet, but had formed a scab. The scrape on his thigh had closed up already.

Of the way to the station he only knew more or less the direction. To shield him from the sun, he put on a black peaked cap. His hope that it would be noticeably cooler in Moshi than in Dar unfortunately hadn't been fulfilled. The air was hot and dusty. He passed by residential buildings that, because of their size and villa-like character, reminded him of the best neighbourhood in Dar es Salaam. The properties were huge. The black asphalt of the street was emitting an enormous heat and a gusty wind was whirling up dust. After a short while, his shirt was clinging to his back. Whenever possible, he took the well-trodden footpaths along the street. When he felt after a while that going in the heat and dust was making him really tired, he started looking for a taxi. A black pick-up with the large white letters TST drove past. Although he knew that Total Security Tanzania operated in all of Tanzania's large cities, he got a fright. *Definitely coincidence*, he tried to reassure himself. After all, besides Vivien, nobody knew that he was in Moshi. Then he wondered if Vivien had managed to get out of Dar unobserved. On the street towards the city centre there were only a few vehicles. There was no taxi. At the entrance to the International School he saw two young men with their Chinese motorcycles. They were motorcycle taxis – called *boda boda* in Swahili – that could transport a passenger on the back of the seat. *Boda bodas* were cheaper than autotaxis and were waiting at many intersections in the city. While it used to be Japanese Hondas and Yamahas that dominated the Tanzanian market, now they were machines of Chinese make. The asking price for the trip to the city centre was moderate. Since he hadn't been on a motorcycle in many years, he was rather anxious as he got onto the back of the seat.

“Please drive slowly and carefully.”

Indeed, the youthful *boda boda* driver took care of his anxious *mzungu* and drove at scarcely more than a walking pace. It was only three o'clock when he dropped Paul off in front of the CRDB Bank at the Clock Tower. There he put his credit card

into the CRDB Bank's ATM and withdrew the maximum amount. Nothing happened. Then the machine started humming and rattling heavily. It was barely possible to hide from those waiting in line behind him that someone was withdrawing a large amount here. As unobtrusively as possible, Paul put the thick bundle in his trouser pocket.

There was still a lot of time until the bus' arrival. For many years, Moshi had been the end station of the line from Dar es Salaam to Moshi, built in the German colonial era. Paul wanted to use the opportunity to see the train station. A friendly passer-by showed him the way. The station was only a few hundred metres south of the Clock Tower, at the end of the downhill sloping road. On the way there he passed several beggars, old women and men, who were begging for alms with their stretched-out hands. A few hundred metres further he reached the old station with its completely empty forecourt.

As he stood in front of this station, he suddenly came to a realisation. How ugly Moshi was. No, not the station. It was run-down, old, neglected, ruined, but one could still guess at a successful architecture. To most of the city's people, aesthetics probably didn't matter; they had other things to worry about. But the city lacked something beautiful, whether a building, park, church, tower or bridge. This old station could be a jewel for the city. In a renovated condition, it would blend in beautifully with the landscape, with Kilimanjaro, with the green slopes and snow-capped peaks. In the shade of the building an old man in old rags was sitting on a bench, watching him carefully and slowly getting up when Paul walked towards the entrance. Another beggar who would soon stretch out his hand.

But to Paul's surprise, the old man addressed him in good English. "Good afternoon. I see you're interested in the station."

"Yes, indeed. A lovely old station," Paul said.

"Are you German?"

"Good day," Paul said. "Yes, I'm German."

"You know, the Germans built this station," the old man said. "I used to be a railway official. But that was in the time of the British."

Paul looked along the façade. The building was in a sorry state.

“Actually a beautiful building.”

“Yes, but now it’s in ruins,” the old man confirmed. “But back then it was a beautiful building and a very beautiful railway. The trains still travelled for a long time after independence. Regularly from here to Dar es Salaam and back. One could travel from Moshi to Dar in a coupee. Only in First Class, of course. I was a steward and conductor.”

Paul asked: “How long has it been?”

“I didn’t experience the last journey. I had already retired. The last one was in August 1997. The exact date I don’t remember anymore. In this month the line was discontinued. That was the end. Today goats graze here.”

The old man pointed to the goats between the tracks. For a while Paul and the old man walked across the platform and right across the abandoned tracks. Then Paul said goodbye and went the few hundred metres to the bus station, where in contrast to the quiet at the old train station, an almost unbearably loud chaos reigned. The bus arrived at exactly five o’clock. During the trip already, Paul and Vivien had called each other a few times. When Vivien alighted, she could easily find him with his white skin colour among the black mass of people. He waved and his whole face was beaming. She looked tired, her clothes creased. He realised that he probably didn’t look much better himself. They embraced for a short moment, during which a big part of the last days’ fear and stress lifted for both of them.

A taxi brought them the few kilometres through the city to the Mountain View Lodge. During the ride to the hotel, both were quiet in the taxi’s backseat. About the spacious hotel room with its fantastic view of the green slopes of Kilimanjaro, Vivien only briefly commented, “Very nice.” She put her suitcase next to the bed. The last few days had been terrible for her because of the trouble with the police and her concern for Paul. The long bus ride had exhausted her. And yet, she didn’t want to rest now without having a talk. Paul used the room’s telephone to order tea and a plate of *samosas* from room service.

“Paul, do you know that what you’re doing is dangerous and stressful for me too?”

“Yes, I know.”

“And why have I been putting up with it?”

Paul looked irritated and shrugged somewhat helplessly. She looked him in the eye for a long time and said softly, but emphasising every single word, "Because I wanted to see you again."

Vivien looked thoughtful and Paul realised that she was working out her next sentence. After a short pause, she said, "I've thought about it for a long time. For you it was probably clear that I would come here. For me it wasn't."

"I'm glad that you came."

"A safari in Tanzania is dangerous. Always. A *mzungu* probably doesn't know it."

When she wanted to provoke him, sometimes only to tease him too, she called him a *mzungu*.

She looked him carefully in the eye to see if he had understood her.

"But I know that. You've come and you've had a long, difficult journey. I'm glad and I thank you."

"Are you really glad?"

"How can you ask that? I've missed you. A lot. Every day, every hour. I was so worried that you could change your mind again."

She maintained eye contact. Her normally smooth brown skin under her frizzy hairline was wrinkled.

"Vivien – I love you. You know that."

She didn't say anything. Then she turned her head away and in this way she hid the smile appearing around her mouth. For a long time neither spoke. Then she abruptly began to tell him about her experiences of the past few days. She told him about the interrogation by the police and about the officer's instruction to keep herself available for more in-depth questioning at the police station. She told him that she had moved out of the Green Garden and back into the house in Mwenge. There she had been alone, since Kokugonza was still in Bukoba. Alone at night, she was always terribly afraid. Paul listened attentively. He held her hand and gradually she calmed down.

In the west, the sun was sinking ever more deeply below the horizon and gradually the clouds around Kilimanjaro disappeared. When both peaks, Kibo and Mawenzi, had been freed from the clouds, Paul took her arm: "Look over there."

She looked up and got such a shock that she almost fell off her chair. An imposing panorama was presenting itself in front of her: there was Kibo, high and mighty, with its snow-capped peak free and open in the red evening sun. Next to it, Mawenzi, its companion, black with its sharp filigree contour.

For dinner they sat on the terrace, where there were only a few guests. As usual, in the evening a warm but strong wind was blowing. When it became stronger and blew the serviettes from the table, they moved to inside the restaurant. They found a window table. Because both knew that she disapproved of his involvement in the corruption case, they had avoided the subject up to now. Finally the push came from Vivien: "What's happening with the corruption? How are things looking with Kimaro?"

"I don't know anything new. Peter Kimaro is working on it. Next Monday he wants to make a speech in the Bunge."

Paul and Vivien spent the Saturday afternoon at the Mountain View's pool. For ten minutes, Paul tirelessly swam the twenty-five-metre stretch up and down. Vivien had pulled her lounge chair into the shade of the jacaranda trees and was reading a book. They asked the waiter to bring them tea and sandwiches. When the sun started sinking towards the horizon in the west, Paul and Vivien were the only guests remaining at the pool. They had just wanted to gather their things when Paul's mobile phone rang. He looked at the display. It was Kimaro calling.

"Hello, Paul. I finally reached you. How are you? I was at the Green Garden. I'm glad that you're safe."

"I'm well."

"Shirley told me about the police action. She was horrified and wants to take a closer look at her guests in future," he said and laughed. "Where are you now?"

Paul got up from his lounge chair and during the conversation he slowly walked up and down along the pool. "Not in Dar. More I don't want to say."

Kimaro didn't respond to that, but said, "We wanted to meet last Sunday to discuss the Swiss Leaks list."

"I sent you the Excel file with the account data. Did you not get it?"

"Yes, thank you, I got it," Kimaro said. "But I'm especially concerned about the names of the account holders. They weren't included."

"You have to understand that I've become rather careful. I was afraid that the police was still after me."

"I understand that. Still, I need the names of the Tanzanian account holders for my speech in front of the Bunge. That's the day after tomorrow. I've worked the thing with Swiss Leaks into my speech. But I still need the names with the account balances."

Paul replied hesitantly, "Yes. I have this list. I even know some of the people named. You'll be amazed."

"Where did you get the names?" Kimaro asked curiously.

"They come from someone who has access to the complete data set of HSBC in Geneva. More I can't tell you. It's a reliable source, I can reassure you."

Kimaro still didn't seem convinced.

"If the information is wrong, I'm done for."

"The names on the list: those are names of real people, of Tanzanians. Nobody invented them."

"Paul, now tell me: Can you send me the list?"

"You already have it. It's the Excel file called Mawenzi. You've probably seen it already. Because it's locked, you couldn't read it. I'll tell you the code. Do you have something to write with?"

Paul gave him a six-digit series of numbers and letters.

"Thank you. I've got it. I'll try it now," Kimaro said.

Paul waited. He waited for more than an hour. Then, finally, Kimaro called back.

"That's incredible. Crazy which people are on it. Most I know: well-known personalities. And considerable amounts in the accounts." Kimaro was audibly astonished.

The Excel spreadsheet contained several thousand accounts with the names of the owners and the current account balances. Even Kimaro didn't know all the names by far.

"And you know exactly who I discovered on it. Joseph Kiloko. And two names that you know too: Minister for Mineral Resources Shuguru Maguti and our Minister of Transport. But

Paul, you've already seen these names. Right?"

"Yes, I have," Paul admitted.

"I just hope – for you and for me – that your informant got the data from an accurate source," Kimaro said hesitantly.

Paul reassured him: "That's Swiss efficiency. Seriously, though: I can't give you a hundred per cent guarantee. The source is reliable. Nobody invented these names. They are the names of Tanzanians who have Swiss bank accounts. And they're likely accounts that, under Tanzanian law, shouldn't be there."

26 May 2014 – 20 June 2014.

The Conference

Like on the preceding days, on this day too Paul closely followed the coverage of events in the Bunge in the English-language *Daily News* and *Citizen*. The fact that so far, MP Peter Kimaro had not yet been mentioned in the press didn't mean anything, since his speech as chairman of the budget committee was only intended for today, Monday: the beginning of the second week of sessions. Would Kimaro address the issue of the millions of dollar in Switzerland in his report? Paul hoped so but also knew that Tanzanian domestic politics was a minefield in which Kimaro had to tread very carefully. According to the agenda, his speech was set for four o'clock. Paul definitely wanted to see the TV broadcast.

When they had finished breakfast, it was only nine o'clock. To pass the time until two, Paul suggested to Vivien that they went to see Moshi together. They took a taxi to the centre. Actually he wanted to show her the old station, but she showed so little enthusiasm for it that he dropped the idea. Since Vivien had never been in Moshi, she wanted to see the city instead. Her real interest, however, was in the shopping on offer. From the central Clock Tower they went along the lively Mawenzi Road, past the post office, several banks, specialist shops and the city's big Hindu temple. The bus station was situated across from there. The dusty pavements on either side were dominated by the countless offerings from street vendors. Pairs of shoes were laid out in endless rows on cloth and newspaper. The ladies' shoes

piqued Vivien's interest, although only briefly, because she quickly realised that the local offerings couldn't compete with the far better shoe selection in Dar. Vivien ignored the clothes hanging on the roadside and on the fences. They were cheap second-hand clothing – *mitumba* – from Europe. On the pavements in front of the shops, tailors and dressmakers were working on their foot-operated Singer sewing machines, unaffected by the hustle and bustle around them, concentrating on their work. The obstacle course through the passers-by and over the bumps in the pavement made Paul tired. They wandered back along Market Street to the roundabout.

As they went uphill along Boma Road, they passed a bar where a large poster had been set up, announcing today's television broadcast of the parliamentary debate on the big screen. In thick, handwritten letters it said, *Peter Kimaro in the Bunge. Entry 1,000 Tanzanian shilling* – about 0.50 euro. Paul knew that Peter Kimaro was popular in Tanzania. But that even with his TV appearances money could be made, still astounded him. Vivien, in contrast, didn't find it surprising: "This is Kimaro's home country. I know that he holds the Parliamentary seat for the Kilimanjaro West voting district. And everybody knows that he'll win the seat again. The election campaign just hasn't started yet."

After their return from the city, Vivien lay down on the couch in front of their bungalow. The sun was beating down from the sky, but in the shade of the lilac-coloured, blooming jacarandas it was pleasantly cool. She was still exhausted from the strain of the past week and the long bus trip, and soon she had fallen asleep. Paul, however, went into the room, sat down in front of the flat-screen TV and, with the remote, clicked through the channels until he found the English-language one. Interrupted by many commercials, there was background information on the Bunge and the session in progress. In this way Paul found out that the Bunge had 357 seats, elected for five years. The tenth parliament was currently running from 2010 to 2015, with the governing party, the CCM, in the majority. On the screen, the images now switched to the plenary hall. Paul stormed outside.

"Vivien, quick, quick. Kimaro's speech is starting. Everything is in Swahili. Come, you need to translate."

Still sleepy, Vivien reluctantly rolled from the couch. She followed Paul into the room, where he sat on a chair in front of the loud TV. On the screen, Kimaro could already be seen stepping onto the podium and, concentrating, sorting the flat stack of papers in front of him, carefully righting the microphone and then looking around the room. He wore a light blue short-sleeved suit in the traditional Kaunda style, named after the first Zambian president, Kenneth Kaunda. As the TV camera swept over the rows of red plush seats in the Bunge, one could see several of the MPs talking to their neighbours. Only when Kimaro audibly cleared his throat into the microphone did they fall quiet. According to parliamentary practices, Kimaro addressed his speech to the *Mheshimwa Spika* – the honourable speaker. He began to speak in a calm tone. *Like a university professor in a boring lecture*, Paul thought. However, gradually he increased the pace. One had the impression that this didn't happen intentionally but that the sharper tone was because of the urgency of the content. Then Kimaro increased the pace even more, speaking fast and fluently, varying the volume. He supported his arguments with energetic movements of his arms. Paul didn't understand a word but due to the skilfully used gestures, he found the argument convincing. Vivien tried to translate what was said in a nutshell. Although she only managed in part, Paul still understood what it was about. Kimaro spoke fast but without haste. He didn't look at his script on the lectern. He focused his gaze on the full breadth of the audience, then on the rows of seats of each faction: his CHADEMA party colleagues, then the MPs of the CUF. But his attention was focused primarily on the members of the ruling CCM, whose loud protests had often been heard in earlier sessions. Now they were listening carefully. Kimaro knew where his opponents were sitting. He seemed to have each one in his sights and to address each personally, enabling him to captivate the audience with his speech. Apparently they felt that here was someone standing in front of them with something right and important to say. Even in the rows of CCM parliamentarians there were nods in agreement. Then, finally, that which Paul had been waiting for the whole time came. In Kimaro's speech, a few words appeared that Paul understood. They were English terms like "Swiss dollars", "Swiss

Leaks”, “Bank of Credit and Commerce” and “corruption”.

In this way, Kimaro brought up the Swiss accounts. This was possible because the majority of the committee members had followed his suggestion at the preparatory meeting. So, Kimaro now spoke not only for himself as MP but for the entire budget committee. This topic was particularly sensitive for the co-chairman, Stephan Mzumbe of the CCM, since many of his CCM comrades had been strictly against addressing corruption here at all. As usual, their accusation was that this was only an excuse for the opposition to attack the CCM as ruling party. But members of the CCM were also enraged that some in their ranks had succeeded in amassing enormous wealth in Switzerland.

Kimaro’s performance was over. Vivien had done her best with the translation but for Paul there were still many gaps. Luckily, in the evening there was another broadcast with a summary of the day’s Bunge session. Paul sat in front of the screen until the end of the broadcast, armed with pen and paper. During the news broadcast, the central parts of Kimaro’s speech were repeated, with subtitles in English.

“*Mbeshimwa Spika*, first: in their annual report, the Swiss Central Bank has quantified the assets of Tanzanian citizens in Switzerland at 196 million dollar. I suggest that our competent authorities clarify what kinds of deposits are involved.

“*Mbeshimwa Spika*, second: I’d like to bring another matter to your attention. There has been research by independent journalists who have come together under the name ICIS, the International Consortium of Investigative Journalists. There was a special group called Swiss Leaks for the investments of foreign persons at HSBC in Switzerland. It shows on their website that Tanzanian citizens have accounts with HSBC in Geneva. There are 99 Tanzanian clients with altogether 286 accounts to the total amount of 114 million dollar.”

As the camera panned into the plenary hall, one could see the side conversations on the benches abruptly stop as Kimaro dropped the terms “dollar”, “Swiss” and “Swiss Central Bank”.

“*Mbeshimwa Spika*, third: and now I’m getting to the preliminary results of my investigation. There is every reason to believe that these balances at HSBC are partly illegal in origin. They do not go back to trade transactions. Nothing was exported.

Still, money went into these accounts. Why? What for? The suspicion is obvious: it involves bribes and tax evasion. The funds in these accounts violate Tanzanian criminal law as well as tax law. Why has the money not been paid into accounts with Tanzanian banks? To avoid taxes. And because one would not want to keep illegally earned income in an account with a Tanzania-based bank, but as far away as possible. In Switzerland, to be precise. That was the intention.”

In the ranks, there was now more excitement and whispering among the parliamentarians. It was only with effort that the “honourable speaker” could restore order.

“*Mbeshimwa Spika*, fourth: I got a list with the names of Tanzanian account holders with HSBC. On it there are the names of people that you and I know. Some of the named persons have responsible government positions in the Republic of Tanzania. It’s not my task as MP to play state prosecutor. It’s the job of the Attorney General to examine whether these persons have committed any legal offenses. Therefore, I hereby give him this document.”

Kimaro left the podium, walked the few steps to the Attorney General’s seat and placed the thin folder on his table. Unrest in the plenary. When order had returned, Kimaro continued his speech.

“*Mbeshimwa Spika*, fifth: in my capacity as chairman of the budget committee, I will suggest to the committee that a bill be drafted to let state officials in leading positions prove in future what income and assets they have. We will reverse the burden of proof. In future, income and assets must be disclosed and their provenance must be proven. Our Ministry of Finance must apply to the Swiss authorities that all illegal balances of Tanzanian citizens in Switzerland are transferred back to the Bank of Tanzania.

“*Mbeshimwa Spika*, sixth: I would like to introduce a case of alleged bribery. There is reason to believe that the Central Line rehabilitation study was awarded through bribery. Furthermore, an attempt was made to falsify the results of the study. The study came to the conclusion that reinstating the Central line from Dar es Salaam to Kigoma and Mwanza would make sense both from a business and economic point of view. However, some officials in

the Ministry of Transport wanted the study to come to a negative conclusion. Why? They have been bribed.”

This was also the end of the TV coverage. After a long series of commercials, a well-known professor in Political Science at the University of Dar es Salaam commented on the events. Unfortunately for Paul, in Swahili. Paul decided to get all the English-language newspapers early the next morning.

Through the closed curtain Paul could see that it was already light outside. Next to him, Vivien was still fast asleep and would probably sleep for another two hours. Paul was still tired but too restless to fall asleep again. He quietly got up and got dressed. Underneath a cloudy sky he went through the garden to Reception to look for the day's newspaper. However, the newspapers hadn't been delivered yet. It was only a few steps to the restaurant. The breakfast buffet was ready. Since he wasn't hungry, he only got a cup of coffee. The night before he had lain awake for many hours, poring over the same thought: why had there been no news yet from Kimaro? Had his speech before the Bunge had any consequences, and if so, which consequences? Had Kimaro maybe been arrested? One already knew that the African police apparatus could make up all kinds of things: betrayal of secrets or some other crime. Or maybe Kiloko and his consorts had found out his own hiding place here at the Mountain View Lodge? Would a police car drive up immediately and arrest him? Should he flee across the nearby border? Just beyond Kilimanjaro was Kenya, some two hundred kilometres away and easy to reach by taxi. But what would happen to Vivien then? He would like to be a hero but he wasn't one: only scared. He felt the fear in his stomach and it paralysed him.

He was the first guest at the breakfast buffet. The coffee was freshly brewed and hot. Out there over the landscape the morning fog had disappeared and it would be another sunny and hot day. Like every day at this time, the ugly marabou strutted around the swimming pool, which was devoid of people. For a long time Paul sat at his window table and stared at the scene in front of him, lost in thought. Then Kimaro's call came.

“Hello, Paul. How are you?”

With a jolt, Paul jumped up from the table and rushed into the foyer, out of hearing of the personnel on duty.

“Hello, Kimaro. I’m well. I’ve been waiting for your call.”

“There’s been a lot of commotion. My speech has caused some excitement, all the way up to the president.”

“I watched your speech on TV. Very good.”

“It seems to me that something’s been set in motion.”

“Oh? What do you mean?”

“The accounts in Switzerland: there’s been a big uprising. But my party chairman is standing by me. Finally the rampant corruption is being tackled. I’m still in Dodoma. We still have long sessions today; I’m beat.”

His loud moan was however followed by a laugh that sounded less like exhaustion and more like unbridled drive.

“Nothing is official yet. But in the president’s office there’s an investigation and interrogation of people who are maintaining accounts with HSBC after the publication of Swiss Leaks. Our two ministers don’t have any explanation for their accounts in Switzerland. They will be suspended. But that’s still unofficial.”

“And what about Kiloko?”

“Kiloko has been suspended too. That’s official. Paul, I have to meet with some people now. We’ll talk another time.”

And with that, he was gone. The news was better than Paul had ever dared hope for. He was still the only one at the breakfast buffet. Suddenly he felt hungry. He took a plate and loaded it with a large portion of scrambled eggs, as well as plenty of crispy fried bacon and a pile of toast. His fatigue gradually disappeared and he began to feel that he was on solid ground again. Yes, he had done the right thing. He felt as safe and confident as perhaps never before in his life.

For Thursday night, President Jackson Lubello had summoned his five closest advisors to State House. On the conference table there was a folder, a bottle of mineral water, a glass and a desk pad with paper and pen for every participant. Every folder contained three documents.

Document 1: Copy of the article in the English-language edition of the NSZ, with the headline “The Tanzanian millions in Switzerland”, by Paul Mansfeld and Anton Zwingli.

Document 2: The transcript of Kimaro’s speech before the Bunge three days before.

Document 3: Copy of the list of people with accounts with HSBC in Geneva. This was the list that Kimaro had given the Attorney General during his speech.

The president opened the gathering with the following words:

“You know why I have called you together. I’m asking you to read these three documents very carefully. You will already know most of it. Still, read them again. We’ll meet in precisely half an hour and discuss together how to proceed in this matter.”

With that, he left the room. When he came back, he didn’t sit at the head of the table but in one of the chairs around it. The meeting went on until late at night. Everyone gave a statement. Everyone could speak for as long as he wanted to. When the president thought that he hadn’t understood what had been said, he persistently asked about it. He wanted all options and consequences considered. Everyone was aware that it was the president who would ultimately decide. Many things had to be weighed up. It was eleven at night when he announced his decision.

The next morning, the attorney general was sitting with a folder with several arrest warrants to be signed. He personally called the president’s office to see if there were any objections to the arrest of the named persons. No objections were raised.

On this morning, Joseph Kiloko was living through the worst moment of his life. Desperately he sat in his office at the Ministry, his head in his hands. His informant in the president’s office had just informed him of the result of the night’s discussion: two ministers and ten ministerial officials would be suspended. His conversation partner had not been affected, but still seemed despondent. Kiloko’s world had collapsed, however. Such great hopes, such great opportunities: all crushed. Who had caused it? This *mzungu* Paul Mansfeld. His own minister Lazaro

Simba had been dumped for something ridiculously trivial. God, who didn't have any savings abroad? For bad times, as a responsible father, one had to make provisions, after all. Simba had taken care of himself. He had lost his prestigious ministerial post but had kept his lucrative private business. Many ministers had been suspended already but none had landed in jail yet. Lazaro Simba would live well in future. Only he, Joseph Kiloko, had nothing left. Even his salary for the first of the next month was uncertain. At his age of fifty-eight years. So many years of self-sacrificing work for the Tanzanian state.

It was no good talking to Klaus Kronberg; it was he, after all, who had started the whole thing and had been pulling the strings in the background. There had been several good proposals from qualified applicants for the rehabilitation contract. Yet, Kiloko had twisted the tendering and contracting process so that GRConsult got the contract. He would have received a commission from the other providers too. Why had he simply agreed to this? Maybe because of his old ties to GRConsult and Kronberg and because such things went smoothly with them. But Kronberg, the old man, had handled it like an amateur. Now everything was lost. He would never see the commission. His position in the civil service was gone and his right to a pension probably too.

But he was really mad at Paul Mansfeld. Even Kronberg was a victim of this Mansfeld. He with his pettiness, narrow-mindedness and hypocrisy. Of course laws were laws. But they should be interpreted and applied according to the circumstances! But Paul Mansfeld didn't understand anything like that. How could he, Joseph Kiloko, now stand before his wife, before his family, before his village? Everyone had such high hopes for him, with his position far away in the big city, Dar es Salaam. The world would collapse for his wife. Back to the village, failure all along the line, with this disgrace and humiliation. And then to break up the bone-hard soil under the searing tropical heat and to sprinkle maize and bean seeds into the furrows? Impossible. But what to do? He didn't know. Only away from here now. He stared at the telephone in front of him. He hesitantly picked it up and called home. It rang for a long time, then his wife finally answered.

“We’re going on a trip. It came very suddenly. Pack the bags. We’re going home to Mwanza. It’s urgent. I’m coming soon with the driver.”

2 June. Daily News. Two ministers arrested for corruption. State prosecutor investigates further

Due to suspected corruption, the Minister of Transport and the Minister for Mineral Resources along with twenty high-ranking officials were arrested early today. They are a flight risk. According to presidential spokesperson Sheti Susa, further prosecutorial investigations will be undertaken immediately. “Nobody may be excused in the war against corruption,” the president’s spokesperson quoted.

Lazaro Simba, Minister of Transport, was apparently completely surprised by his arrest at his villa. A search of his villa in the upscale Msasani neighbourhood took place. The media had previously reported repeatedly on several luxury homes costing around three million US dollar. There was speculation about where this money had come from. The state prosecutor only said that the starting point for the investigation had been the research by Swiss Leaks.

The 58-year-old is one of several suspects who have been detained in recent days. According to the prosecutor, more than sixty judicial, customs and police officials were conducting searches at several locations during the investigation. Three of those arrested have already appeared before the judge on Friday; Lazaro Simba will appear on Tuesday. According to the authorities, the investigations involved allegations of corruption and tax evasion.

The public welcomed the arrests. All too often in the past, ministers and other high-ranking officials had been suspended for various reasons but never criminally prosecuted.

Done. Klaus Kronberg sank into his seat, exhausted. At the last minute he had reached the plane of Egypt Air. Departing Dar es Salaam, transfer in Cairo and onward flight with Egypt Air via Madrid to Bilbao, Spain. So far he had not yet felt his age but

lately it had become increasingly difficult for him to walk. Even prolonged sitting caused him pain. That's why he had booked Business Class, with the more comfortable seats, for the flight. He had to leave Tanzania, at least temporarily. One had to cope with defeats: that had always been his motto. He didn't really want to sit in this machine.

The telephone conversation with Doctor Ernst Ziegler the previous day had been brief. With the release of the *Neue Schweizer Zeitung* the previous weekend, all hope that everything would turn out alright was dashed. It was a fiasco. The only good thing was that, under his seat, there was a briefcase with a well packaged bundle of dollar bills. He could not have financial need. Nobody knew about this money: no tax office in either Germany or in Tanzania. He had bought this house thirty kilometres west of Bilbao thirty years before already: fantastic view over the Bay of Biscay, almost as beautiful as that over the Indian Ocean. Two state prosecutors breathing down his neck: that's really not what he had wished for in his old age. If the German prosecutor wanted to bring charges against him, he would be in Spain, for now out of the line of fire. There he would wait for further developments. His wife had stayed behind in Kunduchi; somebody had to look after the house, after all. Should it ever come to a conviction in a German court, there was a good chance that he would get away with a fine. In Tanzania, things would blow over. And later he would bribe an official at the prosecutor's, so that the file would disappear underneath a mountain of other files. That shouldn't be too expensive.

What made him really sad was Paul's betrayal. Just the thought of him was like a stab in the chest. Recruiting Paul Mansfeld for this project had been a mistake. Not his, but Ernst Ziegler's. But even Ziegler could not have guessed that Paul could be capable of such disloyalty. Without any scruples he had bitten the hand that fed him. Everyone had been sympathetic to Paul, but he had alienated them all. Everything had been arranged well until he had appeared in Dar es Salaam and messed up the game. This heroic fighter for justice and against corruption; this self-righteous, arrogant gentleman! Suddenly a thought came into his head: *Where exactly is the 50,000 dollar, Mister Paul Mansfeld?*

The next day Paul got a surprising call. There was a woman's voice on the line. "Ministry of Transport," Paul understood; the name of the caller, he didn't. Without beating around the bush, she began asking questions.

"Are you Paul Mansfeld?"

Paul confirmed that he was.

"Are you responsible for a railway study?"

"Yes."

"Do you know Goodluck Malembo?"

"Yes, I know him."

"So you are Paul Mansfeld?"

Paul replied impatiently, "Yes, that's me. I've said it already."

"State Secretary Hashim Juma would like to speak to you personally. It's about the EARR conference on 19 and 20 June. He asked me to make an appointment with you. Goodluck Malembo is being invited to the meeting too. You know him already. When would suit you?"

This completely caught Paul off guard. He stammered something unintelligible and then said:

"Please give me your phone number. I'll call you back."

He slowly put the mobile phone on the table. To think first and not to let things be cast in stone. He needed advice. First, he needed agreement with Goodluck Malembo. He trusted him. Paul called him. Goodluck was in a good mood.

"I have learned that you helped my nephew Peter to prepare his speech before the Bunge. He'll become a celebrity."

"Yes, we've worked together, on the matter with the Swiss accounts. But Peter was famous before that already."

"But now even more. I suspect you're calling because you also got an invitation from *Mzee*."

Paul had meanwhile learned that Goodluck spoke of Hashi Juma not as PS – Permanent Secretary – but always as *Mzee*, a respectful term that meant "old man". It was funny because both were more or less the same age.

"Yes, I got an invitation to a meeting. What does it mean?" Paul asked.

"*Mzee* has problems. His minister is under arrest; at ministerial

level, things are all topsy-turvy. Then there is the international conference where the Minister was supposed to give the opening address. And then the Ministry has to present its own suggestions and plans for the transport infrastructure in front of an international audience and donors, and the results of the railway study play a central role.”

With satisfaction and a certain glee, Paul said, “GRConsult has nothing to present. I imagine that the office in Berlin is pretty desperate. Because without the study, the firm doesn’t get any money.”

“That’s why *Mzee* needs you for the conference.”

“That’s the reason for this meeting?”

Goodluck knew. Apparently everything had already been agreed between the two.

“Yes. It’s mainly about the study. He only called me in as advisor. Where are you now? Not in Dar?”

“In Moshi.”

“Good. Confirm the appointment from your side. Today still. I’m flexible about the time. And prepare well. Because you need to present the railway study at the conference. It’s important.”

Immediately after the conversation, Paul called back Hashim Juma’s receptionist. He was still in Moshi but could be in Dar on Monday of the following week. An hour later, his mobile phone rang. It was Juma himself. Since he mumbled his name in his grumpy voice, Paul only recognised him after asking twice. Apparently Juma assumed that everyone had to know him.

“Mister Mansfeld. It’s about the East Africa Roads & Rail Conference. We must present the study on the Central Line. It should be finished already. How far are you and GRConsult with it?”

“I’ve largely finished my work on the study. But I’ve left GRConsult.”

“I know that. I know that there have also been irregularities with our Ministry.”

Paul confirmed: “Yes. There have also been irregularities at GRConsult. The German state prosecutor is investigating the firm for corruption.”

“Unpleasant business. But that’s not what matters now. The study is.”

“Yes, but I’m not with GRConsult anymore.”

There was a tone of impatience in Juma’s voice.

“I know that. We need a solution for the conference. We need a pragmatic short cut. How far are you with the report?”

“I’ve drawn up the report on behalf of GRConsult. But they weren’t in agreement with my conclusions.”

Hashim Juma spoke calmly and slowly: “Regardless of the question of your contractual relationship with your firm GRConsult, I must know how far you are with the study. Is there a report and could you present the results at the conference?”

Although Goodluck had already indicated that he could count on this question from Juma, it still took a while before he had decided on his answer. He said, “Yes, I could do that.”

There was a brief pause in the conversation. Juma seemed to be thinking about it. Then he spoke again.

“After the welcome, I’ll introduce the theme ‘The future of the Central Line’ on behalf of the Ministry. Next, you do a presentation on the results of the study. About thirty minutes. What do you say?”

“Okay.”

“Then we’ll see each other on Monday at eleven to discuss the details. Send me the report as soon as possible. I’ll check whether the study and its results meet the requirements of the Ministry and the call for tenders.”

Paul felt overwhelmed by how fast things were happening. Surprised, he stammered, “Where do we meet on Monday?”

“Here in my office. In case there’s anything else, your display will show my private mobile number. By the way, my secretary is making a booking for you at the conference hotel. It’s the Royal Palm.”

Saturday at the Mountain View Lodge started very hectically for Paul. At seven, his mobile phone’s alarm clock went off. Vivien was still sleeping. When, half an hour later, he went past the pool on his way to the business centre, he found the ill-tempered marabou there, critically looking at him as always. Paul ignored the bird. His attention was focused on his memory stick

more than ever, since the stick contained everything that was still left of his work on the Central Line. The stick lay in the leather pouch that he always wore around his neck and which – or so it seemed to Paul – was always getting heavier. He only took it off to shower. Vivien had already made fun of him. “It stinks,” she had said. That wasn’t true but the pouch did look stained and sordid.

In the Mountain View’s business centre he printed the last version of his report. It encompassed fifty-six pages, which he wanted to go through during the bus trip to check for mistakes and discrepancies. Vivien had made the booking for the trip and the other travel arrangements. She was very good at such things, as Paul realised.

Early on Sunday, Paul and Vivien got onto one of the first buses from Moshi to Dar. During the trip they didn’t speak much. Vivien dozed in her seat and in between she watched a video shown on a monitor behind the driver’s seat. It was one of the popular daily soaps in Swahili, which Paul could not follow due to his lack of Swahili. Squeezed into the tight seat, he spent many hours of the journey working on his report. They reached Dar in the evening and took the next taxi to the Royal Palm Hotel in Ohio Street. That was the conference hotel where the Ministry of Transport had booked him a double room.

On Monday, after breakfast in the garden, he went to the hotel’s business centre on the ground floor. All morning he worked on the changes to the report and drew up a thirty-minute PowerPoint presentation with photographs and diagrams. His recommendation: rehabilitation of the system at the current track width of one metre. According to his calculations, the time frame for the work was an estimated two years. On his own initiative, he added a suggestion that wasn’t part of his assignment: repairing the line from Dar to Arusha, which would connect the coast, including Zanzibar, to Arusha and the game parks there. At eleven he met with Hashim Juma and his experts at the Ministry for the final changes to the PowerPoint presentation. In the evening he received by SMS from Juma his approval and authorisation. With that, the presentation became the Ministry of Transport’s official submission for the East Africa Roads & Rail Conference, which would start on Thursday.

On Friday evening Paul went from the conference directly to his room at the Royal Palm, where Vivien was already waiting. She was packing.

Vivien asked, "How did it go?"

"Very well. Better than expected. There was approval for broad-based rehabilitation. The foreign donors are positive; there's talk of a billion dollar. Of course it's only talk, no contract yet."

"Good. Then everything comes to an end. On Monday I have to go back to work. My vacation is over. Where will you stay then?"

Paul was surprised: "I haven't thought about that yet."

Vivian said, "I've spoken to the organisers of the conference. We must move out at the end of the conference. That's at eleven tomorrow. Kokugonza is back from Bukoba. I've spoken to her on the phone. She's in Mwenge again."

"Actually, I didn't want to go back there anyway," Paul said. He didn't seem to regret it much.

Vivien teased, "The *mzungu* is spoiled; he needs luxury."

"Electricity, water, air-conditioning – it's not that bad. Let's first go back to the Green Garden Inn. Just call Shirley Smith-Mawe."

Vivien didn't seem very enthusiastic about this idea.

"I can do that. But it's not a long-term solution."

Paul said, "You don't know the latest yet."

Now Vivien looked up, curious.

"What?"

"After the meeting I met with Hashim. Yes, I'm talking about Hashim Juma, the State Secretary. I now call him Hashim and he calls me Paul. He would like me as advisor for the work on the Central Line and offered me a contract. I'd like to take it."

"Where will you have to work, then? Here or in Germany?"

"In Tanzania. Mostly here in Dar es Salaam."

Paul waited for her reaction. She didn't show anything, however, but only said, "Good for you."

Neither said anything. Then Vivien asked, "With whom will

you live here?"

Paul hesitated; at first he didn't understand her question.
"What do you mean?"

"I'm asking who you'll be living with here."

Paul put on an emphatically serious expression.

"Yes, with whom? With a wonderful woman, of course."

"What's her name?"

"Her name is Vivien Chimagu."

There was no emotion on Vivien's face. She folded her clothes and slowly put them in her suitcase.

"Have you asked her if it's what she wants?"

"Not yet. Vivien, do you want to live with me in Dar es Salaam – if I get the job?"

She frowned and pretended to think hard. Then a smile spread across her entire face.

"Yes, I'd like to. Even when you don't get the job."

Glossary

German and European actors

Brosius, Katrin: Paul Mansfeld's longtime partner in Berlin
Hinze, Gregor, Dr.: German ambassador to Tanzania
Kronberg, Klaus: Former managing director at GRConsult
Mansfeld, Paul: Railway expert and project leader
Smith-Mawe, Shirley: Owner of the Green Garden Inn
Woerz, Lothar: Paul Mansfeld's predecessor on the project
Ziegler, Ernst, Dr.: Managing director of GRConsult, Berlin
Zwingli, Anton: Africa editor at the *Neue Schweizer Zeitung*, Zürich

Tanzanian actors

Almeida, Jane: Editor at the *Daily News*
Chimagu, Vivien: Paul Mansfeld's lover
Juma, Hashim: State Secretary in the Ministry of Transport
Kalenga, Michael: Consultant on the project
Kasungu, John: Driver with the GRConsult office
Maguti, Shuguru: Minister for Mineral Resources
Malembo, Goodluck: Director at Tanzania Railway Corporation (TRC)
Malima, Joyce: Secretary in the GRConsult office
Kanoni, Lovemore: Manager of Mpanga Handicrafts, Vivien's friend
Kiloko, Joseph: Director in the Ministry of Transport
Kiloko, Stanley: Nephew of Joseph Kiloko
Moshi, Isaac: Consultant and civil engineer
Musisi, Charles: Information Officer at the World Bank, Dar es Salaam
Kimaro, Peter J.: Member of Parliament in Tanzania
Lubello, Jackson M.: President of Tanzania
Msifuni, Julius: Employee at the Anti-corruption Bureau
Sekeli, Kokugonza: Friend of Vivien Chimagu
Simba, Lazaro: Minister of Transport

Chinese actors

Wang, Xiping: Regional Manager East Africa, Sino Engineering and Construction Corporation Ltd. (SECCO)

Jin, Ming: Wang Xiping's assistant
Hua, Jenny: Wang Xiping's assistant

Swahili – English

askari	soldier, guard
biriyani	rice dish with meat
boda boda	motorcycle taxi
bwana	sir
chai	tea, also: bribe
chapati	flat bread
dalla-dalla	minibus, collective taxi
duka	shop selling daily necessities
fupi	small, short
habari gani	How are you? (form of greeting)
heshimu , ku-	respect (verb)
heshima/u	respect (noun)
jambo	event
juju	magic
kamusi	dictionary
kanga	cloth for women
kitenge	cloth for women; made of thicker fabric than a kanga
kuku	chicken
magoti	knees (singular: <i>goti</i>)
mafuta	oil
maji	water
mambo	things
mama	mother, woman
maharage	beans
marahaba	greeting for someone older (in response to <i>shikamoo</i>)
mbunge	Tanzanian Member of Parliament
mheshimiwa spika	honourable speaker
mitumba	second-hand clothing
mkubwa	renowned personality
mswahili	Swahili-speaking inhabitant of Tanzania
mtoto	child
mzee	honorary title for an older

ndizi
mzungu
mzungu kichaa
nyama
nyama choma
pole sana
pikipiki
pombe
samosa
shamba
shauri ya mungu
shenzi
shikamoo mzee
spika
titi
tokomeza, ku-
uchawi
ugali

ugali na maharage
wali

man
bananas, also plantains
White person, European
crazy white man
animal, meat
grilled meat
expression of compassion
motorcycle
beer
pastry fried in oil
field, plot
fate, God's will
crazy, idiot
greeting for an older man
Speaker of Parliament
woman's breast
reduce to nothing
magic, witchcraft
cooked maize porridge, staple
food in Tanzania
maize porridge with beans
rice

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