

MAU MAU

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THERE'S plenty of room—which side of the plane would you like to sit on?" was the question asked us by the little dark-skinned stewardess as we boarded the smallish two-motored airplane of the newly established Ethiopian Airways at Addis Ababa to fly to Nairobi, in Kenya, in October, 1955. The answer was easy. "The side on which we can see Mount Kenya."

"That means the left," she replied, "because we usually fly to the west of it. That is, except when they are bombing Mau Mau in the woods around Nyeri." I must have looked surprised, because she quickly added, "And that's very seldom now any more."

The Mau Mau! I had scarcely even thought about them for weeks. Of course, when, some months earlier, our friends heard that we, my wife and I, were planning a visit to Kenya, we were reminded of them plenty of times. Invariably, it seemed to draw the same witticism, "Well, don't let the Mau Mau get you." I grew adept at an equally witty rejoinder—"Not if I see them first," or something similarly clever.

Well! Here we were, not even in Kenya yet, and they were already becoming a reality. It gave me something to think about, as the half-dozen or so of us passengers buckled our belts for the take-off. Surprise number two

followed very soon. We had got into the air, after using every inch, or so it seemed, of the runway, and were flying, not south toward Nairobi, but east and a little north, when the pilot's voice came in over the loudspeaker. There was the usual welcome first, then the offer to sign certificates of Equator-crossing for any who wished it, and then the surprise. "We shall pass Mount Kenya at such-and-such a time. If any of you wish to see it, you should be on the right-hand side, as we shall fly to the east of it."

Again, well! I at once had unpleasant visions of bombs falling, and so on, when the stewardess, who probably from experience could read my thoughts, reassured me. "That doesn't mean any bombing," she explained. "It's only because we're flying so far east now. We've got to get to Awash in the Danakil Valley as soon as we can." Now, why, in heaven's name, should we want so eagerly to get to Awash in the Danakil Valley? The answer was simple. Awash is the only point of fairly low altitude within hundreds of miles of Addis Ababa, which is almost 9,000 feet up. With close to ten people, all told, on board, plus their baggage, plus a little freight, we qualified as a heavy load, and it was all that the plane could do to get off the ground. No wonder we used all the runway! At that it was possible only by taking the absolute minimum of gas, to reduce weight, and then by refueling at the very first chance. When it comes to flying, I am no particular hero (or, for that matter, at any other time), so I watched with increasing uneasiness the amazing roughness of the country only a little ways below us. And with overworked imagination I wondered how many cupfuls of gas were left as we came down in twenty

minutes at Awash. This proved to be only a landing strip, with nothing in sight but a gas truck. Once aloft again, I thought my worries were over, and settled down to read an English newspaper. The feature story was of an American plane that had crashed into a mountain in Wyoming in the fog, killing everybody—cheerless airplane reading, I thought, as I glanced outside, and then discovered that we had suddenly run into a dense fog! And ahead of us was Mount Kenya, Africa's second highest peak! I did not care if it was to the right or the left, if only it would be below us! But of course in due time the fog cleared, the ground flattened (we had passed the mountain without ever seeing it), and we came down safe and sound in Nairobi airport, the Mau Mau completely forgotten. Nor is there nowadays anything there any more to remind one of it. Gone are the side arms and the sacks of sand forming a shelter for the traffic police. People sit after dark on the open terraces of the hotel, outlined against the light, and they walk at will along the main street in the evening—all in marked contrast to scarcely a year before. After three full years of it, the "Emergency," as it is officially known, seemed all but officially over. That was the first impression. But only the first, as I soon realized. Even tonight, as I read this paper, I cannot make up my mind whether what I read is a bit of history of what is passed, an account of the present scene, or a forecast of what the future may hold. I suspect that you will end up as uncertain as I.

The realization that all was by no means over came only a few days later. We decided to visit Nyeri, which, along with Gilgit and Fort Hall, was the scene of the most concentrated trouble. Signs of a very different at-

mosphere soon appeared. Side roads bore a marker reading: "No Access without Military Permission." At Fort Hall, where our bus made a brief stop, heavily armed soldiers were lounging about. The native huts, instead of being scattered all over the countryside, were concentrated in palisaded villages, workers in the fields were in large groups, protected (or was it watched?) by detachments of police, and at one small town we briefly stopped next to a truckload of suspects on their way to police screening. More evidence that the trouble was far from over came at Nyeri itself. The little place is scarcely more than a military post, but the smallish hotel, set in a beautiful garden, is the picture of peaceful loveliness. Yet there, too, realities soon came to the fore. Would we please not go out into the grounds after dark? If we wished to go the cinema—perhaps a quarter of a mile away—a motor would be provided for us.

Two more instances of the tension will suffice. In the evening—we did not go to the cinema—I was talking to a fellow guest, a Kenyan himself. I mentioned how easy the customs examination had been at Nairobi, and that the only real questioning had been on whether we had any firearms with us. He cleared that up in a hurry! The questions had nothing to do with customs. They were to determine whether we needed warning on the extremely severe regulations governing possession of firearms. Letting them be stolen meant three months in jail! This, we were told, had been the actual fate of an unfortunate Swedish visitor. who had been so unlucky as to be robbed of his revolver. My final instance also arose from a conversation with a fellow guest—this time a middle-aged English woman. She and her husband had

owned and lived on an outlying farm. Very soon after the outbreak began, he had died—a natural death. Even though she had had the same servants for many years, she did not feel safe and had moved into the hotel. Some months before our conversation a friend had invited her to join him and his wife on their farm. This would be entirely safe, because the farmer was one of only two Kenya-born Englishmen so close to the natives that they had actually been initiated into the Kikuyu tribe and were regarded by the natives, therefore, as one of them. (The other was his cousin, L. S. B. Leakey, an anthropologist, who is far and away the leading authority on the Kikuyu and from whom much of my information has been derived.) Our hotel acquaintance went on to say that she accepted the invitation but, before going out into the country, decided to do some shopping in Nairobi for a few days. There she came down with pneumonia and went to the hospital. While she was recovering, the Mau Mau attacked the farm. First the couple's only child was disemboweled, then the husband was buried alive, and then the wife was so terribly slashed and stabbed that she barely lived until belated help came.

By the way, you may wonder how these isolated farmers could call for help. There were, and are, two ways. Where telephones are available, they call each other at frequent intervals. Where they are not, beacon lights are put on roofs, and at agreed times code flashes are shown to indicate that all is well.

After hearing and seeing things like these, my curiosity was naturally tremendously aroused, and I set out to find out all that I could about the movement. I do not delude myself with the idea that I am an expert! But I

got what I could from those who do have information, and who often disagreed violently with each other. Too bad that my search for information obviously could not include talking to a Mau Mau! So here are the high spots—and only the very high spots—of a terribly tense situation that is by no means solved even now and that may be more or less repeated elsewhere in the future, and probably will be in Southern Rhodesia and practically certainly in that hatred-ridden country, South Africa.

First, some general comments. Beautiful scenery and wonderful climate do not necessarily mean money wealth, and, in fact, Kenya is a poor colony—so poor that it and Southern Rhodesia are the only two African possessions of England that regularly have to receive subsidies from London to make both ends meet. Agriculture is its only resource, and, because of lack of water, only one-quarter of the area can be tilled. Most of this area is collectively known as the White Highlands, and it is this comparatively small region where all the trouble is concentrated. Of the population, about 42,000 are Europeans, a term that throughout Africa means whites, regardless of where they come or came from. About 160,000 are Asians, mostly Indians. The rest, over five and a half million of them, are blacks. It figures out to about 132 blacks to each white. Nearly one-fifth of the blacks belong to the tribe that the Mau Mau have made famous, the Kikuyu. There is general agreement that it is by far the most intelligent tribe, and as a result its members have had just about a monopoly on all the jobs, rural and urban, that require any kind of skill. Consequently, they have been particularly violently jerked out of the old ways and old traditions. No wonder, really, that the

problems of adjustment and change have been specially hard for them to handle. It must be quite a job to change in fifty years from savagery to so-called civilization! Certainly it meant to a large extent the breakdown of the old tribal responsibilities and restraints, without the acceptance, at the same time, of the new, European ones. Apparently, this was particularly true on the religious side. Christian missions largely succeeded in killing off the old beliefs, which had been scrupulously lived up to, while the behavior of so-called Christians did little to further the new beliefs. What made matters worse, at least so far as this demoralization was concerned, is that the Kikuyu are perhaps unique in being a tribe completely without chiefs. All government was handled by councils, on various levels of authority, and even in each council there was no single top man. Thus, when demoralization set in, there was not even the chance of an autocratic order by a chief on how to behave and how not. Incidentally, this absence of any chiefs has vastly complicated the problems of the English authorities, as it has meant no one with whom to negotiate. They have therefore tried artificially to create chiefs who must be obeyed and so have in the long run pushed on still further the breakdown of the old ways.

Dislocation and breakdown inevitably mean grievances, and there are plenty of them. Many are self-explanatory and need merely be stated. There is the color, not culture, bar, imposed with a strictness and rigidity that would amaze and delight even a Senator Eastland. There is the prohibition of any sort of assembly and of going about at night without express permission. There is complaint of the injustice of unequal pay for doing the

same work as whites and of not being eligible for promotion, regardless of ability. There is the ban on natives' growing coffee or sisal—profitable crops—and so on through many lesser irritants. But the biggest grievances, and therefore the ones most exploited by the Mau Mau, have to do with landownership, interference with social and religious customs, education, and urban living conditions. Each of these needs at least a little comment.

First as to the land problem. This, of course, is limited to the tillable area of the White Highlands. Unless and until irrigation enlarges the watered area, the rest of the land does not count. A considerable part of the highlands was formerly the domain of perpetual enemies of the Kikuyu—the wild and still warlike tribe of the Masai. They ceded these parts to the English and apparently each party to the transaction has been entirely content. The rest of the Highlands was Kikuyu territory, although Mau Mau orators consistently assert the untruth that they all formerly were Kikuyu. Contrary to what the English had experienced everywhere else in Africa, and therefore not in the least realized by them at the time, was the fact that all this Kikuyu land, even though not marked out by fences or hedges, was privately owned, though not by individuals but by families. If great areas of it appeared to be unused, this was simply because the natural bush growth formed the best grazing for local domestic stock. A few years before the English colonization began in 1902, no less than four terrible calamities struck the region simultaneously. There was the rinderpest, a terrific smallpox epidemic, an unprecedented drought, and a locust invasion. Almost half the population was wiped out in a few months' time. Most

of the landowners moved, temporarily, far to the north, leaving only a single member of the family on the family land, or even only a tenant farmer, as a caretaker. Any so-called land sale by such occupants was, under Kikuyu law, wholly invalid except as a sort of lease, until it was approved by the real owner, that is, by the family as a whole. Yet such sales by individuals were the only title under which, in most instances, Europeans have acquired their land claims—usually, apparently, in complete good faith.

After some years the native owners gradually began to filter back to their homes. Oddly enough, for some years no difficulties arose. Neither side seemed aware of the claims of the other. To the natives the Europeans were useful renters and guests, who brought many technical improvements. To the Europeans the natives were equally useful tenants—"squatters" is the term locally applied to them—willing to farm the land on a crop-sharing basis. But the number of the squatters constantly rose. More and more moved back, and families grew larger and larger. Soon the point was reached where the European owner refused to admit any more squatters and even insisted that some, already there, must leave. Where they were to go was no concern of his. To the African owner this was pure and simple eviction from his rightful property. He discovered that there was even a law *forbidding* him to buy or own any of these lands or even to hold any position involving management of a farm. To sum it up statistically, 4,000 white farmers wound up owning 24 per cent of the tillable land, and five and a half million natives own the rest. The situation, however, is really considerably more one-sided than even

this. The white reserves are wholly free from the tsetse fly, while large areas of the native reserves are unusable because of this scourge. Incidentally, I should explain that, in using the term "white" or "native" reserve, I do not mean that only whites or natives live there. The natives live everywhere. I refer only to the legal right to acquire and hold landownership.

As if all this was not bad enough, it has been made much worse by the doubling of the native population in the last twenty-five years, thanks to a higher birth rate and reduced infant mortality. Finally, on the economic side, with increasing civilization, a state of crowded savage poverty is less and less acceptable. The natives have learned to want and need clothes, tools, education, razors, and coffee and soap. All this in a way is directly part and parcel of the land problem.

But there is another economic problem that has come up only in recent years, and that is rapidly getting much worse. This is as to the status of the urban worker, a wholly new phenomenon in Kikuyu life. The low pay scale and shockingly bad housing conditions make it impossible for the city worker to bring his family to the city with him. But, though his family and his roots are still in the country, he himself comes to belong there less and less, year by year. With no chance to provide for old age, he has become a permanent transient. I was told that seven-eighths of the native population in Nairobi were men. Nor were the one-eighth women a helpful factor, as most of them were prostitutes. What a gold mine of potential trouble you have in that setup!

The two remaining grievances center around education and interference with social and religious customs. As to

education, the people whose views seemed, to me at least, worth serious attention, all agreed that the Kikuyu were not only eager for education but highly intelligent. On the other hand, there was, of course, a group—loud and emphatic—whom my wife and I speedily dubbed the “they’re-only-fifty-years-out-of-the-trees” group who would assert, “Oh, they’re just like monkeys—you can teach them all kinds of tricks, but they don’t really know what it all means.” However this may be and whichever may be right, only about 8 per cent of the Kikuyu children go to school, said one authority. The vast majority do, said another. But on one thing there was agreement. The schools, whether government or mission or independent, all put too much emphasis on mere book knowledge and too little on preparation to become good and responsible members of their community. The old tribal education knew nothing of reading or writing or arithmetic, but it seems to have done a very good job of making well-behaved members of the tribe. In any event, good or bad, tribal education by the elders of the tribe has pretty well gone by the board now. To fill the gap, and also because of the increasing boycott, for religious reasons, of the mission schools, the Kikuyu did a thing just about unheard of in native Africa. They organized their own Independent Schools Association. For these schools they even had to organize their own teachers’ college. This school system ultimately fell under the control of one Jomo Kenyatta, of whom I shall have more to say later on. Under him the independent schools became nationalist, and, later on, Mau Mau, hotbeds, and they have now all been suppressed.

Allied to the educational grievance is that of the lack

of any newspaper in their own language. There used to be over twenty, but all have been suppressed since the trouble began. However, this is not so much a grievance that led to trouble as a consequence flowing from the trouble.

But to get to the final one of the major sources of tension—the religious one. Fundamentally, it was apparently much more of a confusing shock to the natives than the whites appreciated, to learn that white religious teaching and white conduct did not necessarily match up, as their cruder teaching and conduct usually did. Furthermore, so many of the Christians disagreed and differed so sharply among each other. This confusion was a pretty poor substitute for the old-time long and rigorous training that had to be gone through before a young man or woman was regarded as fit in character to be admitted as a full and adult member of the tribe. Worse yet, instead of mere confusion, it was sharp anger that was aroused when the missions began to utter blasts at conduct that they had practiced always, especially when, as they alertly soon discovered, the missions' own Bible was on their side or, at any rate, was not against them. For instance, in their view polygamy was not merely all right—it could often be a man's moral duty: not only were there more women than men, and these women needed protection, but what, for instance, was to become of the widow and children of one's dead brother, if one did not add them to one's own household? Must one let the widow starve? Must he divorce his own wife to make room for her? What sort of immoral teaching was this objection to polygamy?

Then, too, the missions objected to some of the features

of the tribal initiations and demanded that their flock promise not to partake. Mostly this had to do with sexual conduct that did not conform to white notions. This included circumcision and particularly female circumcision, which was specially painful and even dangerous. But not to be initiated meant exclusion from the tribe and life as an outcast. Quite literally, then, the reaction of many was: "To hell with your Christianity." Others set up their own dissenting churches, and these, just like the independent schools, became in due time very often Mau Mau propaganda centers.

These are the highlights of the discontent that finally led to Mau Mau. Now I want to say something about the gradual emergence of that foul movement. Wisely or unwisely, some of the Kikuyu young men were used by Britain for non-military service in France in World War I. When they came back, things did not look the same to them as before, and in 1922 they formed an organization, the Kikuyu Central Association, always called the K.C.A., to recover the land "stolen" (as they put it) by the whites. Both the objectives and, even more, the proposed means of operation of the K.C.A. became more and more extreme, especially after the same Jomo Kenyatta, who was head of the independent schools, also became head of K.C.A.

Apparently the local authorities refused to take seriously warnings that trouble—very serious trouble—was coming, even though by the summer of 1952 these warnings had become very insistent. Just how much earlier it was that a terrorist organization came into existence nobody knows, but it was probably about four years. Likewise nobody knows the origin or meaning of its

name "Mau Mau," as it has no more significance in Kikuyu than it has in English. In these four years organization and recruitment went forward actively. The recruits were drawn exclusively from the vast middle group between the real Christian converts, on the one hand, and those who stayed with the old religion, on the other. At its head was Jomo Kenyatta, a self-made man of extraordinary ability. He had been one of the organizers of the K.C.A. in 1922 and some years later started a newspaper. In 1929 he went to Europe and lived in London for the next seventeen years, except that off and on, for a total of about five years, he lived in Moscow. Mostly he studied anthropology under Malinowski and authored an extremely prideful book on Kikuyu national customs. Thus the new terrorist society was immediately equipped with a most able leader.

Before I go on to what Mau Mau actually did and how it did it, I want to make a comment or two more on its purposes. One sentence sums it all up. It aims to drive all whites (and ultimately all Asians too) out of the country and to use murder, torture, and terror to bring this to pass. Part and parcel of this, therefore, are the destruction of white government, white schools, and Christianity and the setting-up of a new Mau Mau religion in its place. About this last I shall have something more to say a little later. The leaders probably realized all along that it would be impossible to kill off all the Europeans in the land but very realistically assumed that, if a good many were killed, there would be such an atmosphere of fear and hysteria that the survivors would voluntarily get out. To this end it was, therefore, desirable to make all the killings as horrible as possible. Since the outbreak

began on October 20, 1952, there have been at the very least four thousand murders, and actually less than 3 per cent of them have been of whites. Overwhelmingly, the victims have been fellow natives. Yet, even so, an absolute reign of terror was created among all peoples, white and black, except the Indians. (Their turn was—or is—only to come later.)

The process of preparation was, as I have said, a long and thorough one. The Kikuyu Central Association was a perfect front, and the native schools and churches were ideal for spreading propaganda. In fact, as I also said a moment ago, Mau Mau was actually made a religion, just as communism has been. As the Kikuyu are by nature extremely religious, this was doubly valuable. Indeed, Mr. Leakey said that this was the greatest single factor in Mau Mau's success. An elaborate creed was drawn up, as a sort of travesty of the Christian one, with Jomo Kenyatta taking the place of Christ. To follow his orders was, therefore, a righteous thing. The psychological shrewdness of the leaders was most strikingly shown in their writing of complete new hymnals. The old tunes were used, but new words were written. These new hymns were carefully guarded, and it is only recently that the authorities first got hold of copies. The words would soon be learned by heart and sung over and over. Thus they would be a unique way to reach the illiterate as well as the literate. As practically no Europeans could understand the words, it was an almost fool-proof method, too. Who would suspect that the kitchen boy, singing "Abide with Me," was telling about the torture and horrible death that awaited all who refused to join the movement? With what almost approached

grim humor, words exhorting the murder of all government officials were set to the tune of "God Save the Queen" and were reverently sung at official occasions.

Much of the organizational work during these years of preparation, however, was of a far more immediately practical nature. Regional councils were appointed, and under them subcouncils, and so on, to carry on the work. Every council member was required at once to name a deputy, so that, if anyone were arrested, there might be the minimum of delay and confusion. His deputy would at once step into his place.

At the same time the work to be done by the members became specialized. Courts were set up to deal with offenders, and punishments ranged from a fine for a small offense to death sentences. A very efficient intelligence system was organized, and its members planted as house-boys and government clerks—an easy thing, since these jobs are in any case practically a Kikuyu monopoly. Every village had its network of spies, who became especially useful later on, after the outbreak, as a full-fledged intelligence service. When the government put into effect a system of identity cards and passes, a new organization was set up to forge them. A police force was established to act as sentries and to carry out punishments imposed by the courts. It was largely recruited from ex-convicts, to whom the protection of the Mau Mau organization strongly appealed. Even more important was the recruitment and supplying of an army, whose members were carefully screened before admission.

All this, of course, cost money. Supplies had to be bought. Allotments had to be made to the families of those on active service. Defense funds had to be pro-

vided for those arrested, and so on. Funds were raised in various ways. One was by the sale of the land that was to be "recovered" from the whites. Mau Mau court fines were another. But the principal source of revenue was contributions—some voluntary but most, and increasingly, simply extorted by effective threats. The problem of banking all these funds was met by setting up an elaborate system of dummy corporations and societies. I mention all this in such detail to show how far the movement was from mere unplanned violence.

But the greatest need, next to recruitment of manpower, of which I shall speak in a moment, was arms of all sorts. There is no indication that any were smuggled in from Russia, and of course none could be bought. That left only two sources of supply—manufacture and stealing. Both were used, but manufacture proved only moderately successful, so stealing became the major method of supply. Ammunition could be removed in small quantities without arousing suspicion. Guns were more difficult, but even they were stockpiled in considerable quantity over a period of some years.

But the main job was, of course, recruiting manpower. As in Nazi Germany and Fascist Italy, the early adherents were voluntary. But coercion soon proved far more effective. In its milder form this might consist in the torture and mutilation of the prospect's livestock—a crucified dog was as much a Mau Mau symbol as a flaming cross was of their American brethren, the Ku Klux Klan. Where a recalcitrant human was to be made an example, his body was chopped into dozens of bits, partly to arouse horror and partly to increase solidarity among the killers. But the usual way to bring a non-member in-

to the fold was to entice or force him to be present at an oath-taking ceremony, where new members were sworn in. The first to be offered the oath would usually be someone who, it was known, would refuse. He was thereupon immediately and publicly murdered. At the ceremony's end, therefore, all those still living would be members. And by that I mean, in most, though not in all, cases loyal members. Loyal for two reasons. For one thing there would be the fear of reprisal for disloyalty. The other, and even more compelling, reason goes much deeper. To our way of thinking a coerced oath would have little or no force or compulsion. But that, it seems, is not the way a Kikuyu—a member of a deeply religious tribe—feels. To him, if certain ceremonial acts are performed, the obligation is there too, and it makes no difference at all whether those acts were done freely or under compulsion or even unwittingly. To fail in the obligations assumed means supernatural punishments beyond the power of one's imagination and infinitely worse than anything that can befall one in real life. True, there are ceremonies by which one can be cleansed from an oath, but these require long-drawn-out public ceremonies, and the would-be apostate and all his family would be murdered before they were even half-finished.

There were—or should I say are?—seven grades or degrees of oath, with the normal member never taking more than the first degree. This called for the sort of thing that we associate with African magic—passing (or being dragged) through a symbolic archway, putting on a magic necklace, drinking blood, and so on. Details are not important. The higher-grade oaths—reserved for a more selective group—reveal Mau Mau at its most

fiendishly clever worst. They were carefully planned to involve such bestiality and degradation as to make the taker forever incapable, in his own mind, of any redemption and so foul that nothing he might thereafter be ordered to do would even approach them. Henceforth his only possible associates would be his conjurors. What was included in these acts I did not learn, nor did I have any desire to. I can say, however, that among their *less* serious ones were sodomy, rape of mother or sister, and—perhaps—unspeakable atrocities committed on women in the last stages of pregnancy. What the *more* serious ones were I cannot even guess.

From all this it is obvious that it is an understatement to say that by October, 1952, the Mau Mau had built up an efficient, closely knit, and terribly powerful organization. It was the plan of the leaders to wait until as nearly as possible every houseboy was a member, and then on a given date have each one quietly murder his white family as he brought in the invariable morning tea. Fortunately, the movement was forced into the open before such a terrible day was reached. It is often stated that the tip-off came when scattered hotheads acted too soon in murdering their employers. Actually, however, it was the courageous work of anti-Mau Mau Kikuyu leaders that burst things open prematurely. Indeed, the first open murder was that of one of these leaders. But there were of a sudden so many surprise murders of whites that on October 20 the government declared a state of emergency, which was still in effect when I was there, and may still be, for all I know.

As might be expected, there were, and are, the most divergent views as to the course of opposing action to be

followed, though there was general agreement that the first step actually taken was a remarkable one—to put it mildly. It consisted in London's sending a cruiser to Mombasa, on the coast, some three hundred miles away! One group—a very vocal one—maintained that since, unfortunately, it was impracticable to slaughter all the million Kikuyu, the next best thing was to wipe out entire neighborhoods where any murder occurred. Reprisal and counterterror were the only solution. This white supremacy group was the one whose counterparts are now ruling South Africa. To their continuing rage this was not the view taken by the more moderate whites or (far more important) by London. (As Kenya is still a colony, London has the last voice in everything important.)

Under the emergency declaration arrested persons could be detained for fifteen days without booking, and this was later lengthened to thirty. A system of identity cards was, as I have already mentioned, set up. As a partial concession to the extremist group, collective fines were imposed on all those in whose neighborhood a crime was committed. Strong protective measures were set up for those who elected to be cleansed from a Mau Mau oath. Over 80,000 squatters were allowed or, more often, compelled to leave the White Reserves and return to the native ones. Incidentally, this measure produced a particularly large amount of hardship. It left the white farms without the necessary labor, and it still further crowded the already overfilled native areas. But the principal countermeasure was, of course, military. White troops were brought in. Natives from other tribes hostile to the Kikuyu—notably the Masai (almost professional

fighters)—were recruited. But most important, though apparently least widely known, a so-called Kikuyu Home Guard was organized, whose members were anti-Mau Mau tribesmen. They have done very valuable work, in spite of three handicaps. One is their complete lack of training; another, the constant danger of Mau Mau infiltration; and, finally, the difficulty of communication between them and their white officers. Incredible as it seems, there are in all the world only two Englishmen who can speak the Kikuyu language fluently! Normally, communication is carried on only through those Kikuyu who have a smattering of English or through the international language, Swahili. The anti-Mau Mau Kikuyu were all along, even before the outbreak, useful in another way also—as informers. Where they were forced into taking the oath, they might feel free to tell their friends who could then report it to the authorities. Or, if they were genuine Christians, they might have so little fear of supernatural consequences as to be willing themselves to inform. How much courage it took to be an informer is shown by the fact that, though some 1,200 informers are officially listed as murdered, the actual number is said by some to be almost 5,000.

The military and other measures that I have described were enough to chase organized resistance into the forests and mountains, from whose shelter raids were launched on any farm or settlement that spies reported was momentarily unguarded. The worst of these raids was the Lari massacre. The Lari area was known to be particularly anti-Mau Mau. In the raid hundreds and hundreds of natives—men, women, and children—

were first tortured and then killed. In Mr. Leakey's opinion this outrage was the turning point of the "war." The intimidation hoped for by the Mau Mau was far outweighed by the shock it gave to uncommitted native public opinion. Thereafter, recruitment and expansion pretty well ceased.

Military action by the government has perforce been just about limited to patrol searches for Mau Mau groups hidden in the forest. How dangerous this can be was shown by a news item that appeared in a Nairobi paper while we were there. Two patrols ran into each other. Each thought the other to be Mau Mau, and they almost completely wiped each other out. Yet there appears to be no real alternative to this dangerous and discouragingly slow cleaning-up process. Bombing has been scarcely worth the cost, as there are no supply centers or other concentrations worthwhile as targets. Spotter planes to search out gangs and camps are very useful, however. How long the cleaning-up will take nobody can guess, but, in any event, the organized Mau Mau forces have long ago been broken up into numerous small, hunted gangs. Small and bloody raids in the Nyeri and Aberdare regions are still a present danger, but that is about all, fortunately.

A few other steps were taken by the government that need mentioning. Immediately after the outbreak six principal leaders, including the notorious Jomo Kenyatta, were arrested and brought to trial. The trial lasted five months and resulted in conviction of all six (although one was freed on appeal later on). All received seven years and are now serving their time. Another step taken has meant a lot of hardship, because it has involved such

a fundamental change in Kikuyu peasant life. The Kikuyu have always lived dispersed, never in village communities. They have now all been concentrated in dozens of small villages, each surrounded by a palisade, and outside it, a deep ditch with vertical sides and its bottom studded with spikes. The one gate is shut and guarded from sunset to sunrise. Several purposes are served by village concentration. The villagers are protected against raids, they can be watched to prevent oath-taking and recruitment, and, finally, food smuggling to forest gangs can be better shut off. A final step is the screening of all even remotely under suspicion. In innumerable cases, for obvious reasons, legal convictions may be impossible to obtain, yet suspicion may be so strong as to make release much too great a risk. Detention orders may now be issued, keeping such persons in custody until it is safe to release them. When we were there, there were over 62,000 in screening camps. They will be a real headache for a long time. It will probably never be safe to release the hard core—those who probably have taken the more advanced oaths. But the vast majority will in due time be sent back to their homes, where their anti-Mau Mau neighbors can be depended on to learn of and report any trouble-making activities.

On the whole, in this paper I have kept away from statistics, except to indicate that officially at least 4,000 persons were killed in the insurrection (and probably far more in fact) and that 62,000 are now in process of screening. I have done this mainly because the so-called statistics are so unreliable. For example, how many of the Kikuyu are or were Mau Mau or were sympathetic? Guesses ranged from 90 per cent, or over 900,000 to seventy per

cent. The latter—surely bad enough—had the more impressive supporters. Similarly guesses as to hard-core takers of higher oaths also ranged but even more widely. They were all the way from 700 to 6,000. In fact, nobody knows. Probably close to 9,000 Mau Mau have been killed, and some 175,000 have been arrested, most of them for screening. Even two years ago, the latest time for which I have figures, more than 500 had received death sentences.

But what of the future? In the narrow sense the particular terrorist movement called Mau Mau is pretty well overcome. Probably, too, the chances of its revival, either in Kenya or elsewhere, are less, rather than more, than even. But, unless the grievances that I described much earlier are met, there will be other movements, some peaceful, some, very likely, extremely unpleasant. No one knows what they may be. Thus a supreme fear is that the Africans may some time resort to passive resistance—so well suited to their patient natures. Then quite literally there will be hell to pay. The only real solution is, of course, to face up frankly to their grievances, political, social, and economic, and do something about them—a course highly distasteful to a majority of the white settlers. The alternatives that are put forward to avoid facing reality are frightening in their lack of realism. It is said: "We must import more whites," as though 42,000 Europeans could ever win a numerical contest with five and a half million natives and a skyrocketing birth rate. Or: "We must secede from the Commonwealth," as though London were the cause of all the troubles. Secession and white supremacy—that is the so-called solution that the Union of South Africa

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proposes to take. It is more than possible that the explosion that is surely coming there will engulf Kenya, too, unless constructive steps are taken in time. Determining what the future is to be is not in the hands of the Mau Mau. It is in the hands of the whites.

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