Title: Cars Out of Place: Vampires, Technology, and Labor in East and Central Africa.

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This essay is about things that never happened. The African vampires discussed here are not the undead, but men and occasionally women specifically employed—as firemen in East Africa and game rangers in Central Africa—to capture Africans and extract their blood. Such vampires were said to exist throughout much of East and Central Africa; they were a specifically colonial phenomena and were first noted in the late 'teens and early 1920s. In the colonial versions of these stories, most vampires were black men supervised on the job by white men, but in postcolonial versions who works for whom has become unclear. Although it seems plausible that these stories originated in botched medical procedures done in too great haste during World War I, establishing their source does not account for their meaning thirty years later, or their power, or the passion with which they were retold and withheld. Stories in which colonial employees drained Africans of their blood may reveal more than the vivid imagination of their narrators; they disclose the concerns and anxieties of people at a specific time and place.

Vampires and Colonial Historiography

The problem of how to interpret the imaginary has haunted the historiography of colonialism like no other issue. "Believe me," wrote Frantz Fanon, "the zombies are more terrifying than the settlers; and in consequence the problem is no longer that of keeping oneself right with the colonial world...but of considering three times before urinating, spitting, or going out into the night." He envisioned a day when,

After centuries of unreality, after having wallowed in the most outlandish phantoms, at long last the native, gun in hand, stands face to face with the only forces that contend for his life—the forces of colonialism. And the youth of the colonized country, growing up in an atmosphere of shot and fire...does not hesitate to pour scorn on the zombies of his ancestors, the horses with two heads, the djinns who rush into your body while you yawn.  

But the opposite appeared to have happened. Survivors of a famine in Malawi recalled that the goats they sold to buy food turned into snakes when their new owners took them home; Africans in colonial
Northern Rhodesia who opposed federation with white dominated Southern Rhodesia believed that sugar had been "poisoned by the English "House of Laws" to sap their will;" guerrillas in Zimbabwe's war of liberation not only believed in spirit mediums, they claimed to have been supplied with goods by their ancestors' spirits.  

How do we account for this? Taussig offers two extremes, that academic representations of superstition are "blind belief in blind belief" and that such explanations reflect another level of reality, "in which faith and skepticism easily coexist." I want to suggest that both analyses are unsatisfactory; they treat imaginary events as make-believe, locating them firmly in the gaze of the observer, not that of the people whom they terrify and fascinate. We must ask instead what things that never happened meant to the people for whom they were real--people who, in many cases, claimed these things happened to them. Rewriting colonial histories means asking how the colonial experience created what Ann Stoler has called "hierarchies of credibility." Dismantling those hierarchies so that phantoms and fantasies can be re-inserted into colonial historiography requires linking the revisionist histories themselves with the methodologies on which they are built.

Although postcolonial discourses have provided an undifferentiated account of colonialism, recent research has shown colonialism to be far more fragmented than earlier studies revealed. The colonialism that was, in Frederick Cooper's words, "acceptable in polite company" policed itself, while the colonized struggled to control their own lives. The meaning of ethnicity now seems to have been refashioned under colonial rule, and white power has been deconstructed from a monolith to a fractured group whose cohesion came from the class-based critique of continually redefining who was white and the privileges being white entailed. Making the colonized a disciplined, exploitable labor force, or westernized in any way, was not easy: ex-slaves, for example, struggled to maintain their customary rights to land and crops rather than work as free labor, while casual labor--the work men could do a few days a week or a month to eke out a living--might have been exploited, but it was beyond employers' control. Every shantytown, beggar, and runaway wife was an affront to the ability of colonialists to control the cities they designed. Where labor performed to imperial expectations, it nevertheless produced a cycle of official violence and reform: colonial terrorism had its own aesthetic that made its victims dangerous and primitive, innocent and in need of protection. All this suggests that the dichotomized categories of rulers and ruled are obsolete, and that colonial situations might best be studied for their ambiguities as much as for their injustices.

We know that colonialists understood this--their documents were obsessed with poor whites and the dangers of Africans in European clothing--but how did Africans express the contradictions of their oppression? In African history, the search for African voices with which to write has been an academic obsession for almost thirty years. While the formal study of oral
tradition was to provide a concrete methodology with which historians might study a precolonial past filled with mythical heroes and landscapes. Colonial historians were not supposed to have such images to interpret. Oral histories were by definition about things that were within a living memory; facts could be checked by interviewing a number of informants. The emphasis was on how to verify, not how to interpret. Even a long overdue feminist critique of oral history addressed the politics of the collection of oral materials, not their interpretation. As ethnography and anthropological objects have been decentered in the last decade, academic attentions have subtly shifted to the individual; methodological debates in oral history have concentrated, like those in literature, on establishing the authority and authenticity of the voice of the colonized. Life histories have come to be considered more authentic than simple interviews; letting African voices speak for themselves has not only become a methodology, it has become a minor publishing enterprise. But concerns about validity, authenticity, and letting Africans speak for themselves are concerns about how scholars may best represent African experiences, concerns that emerged from the very academic processes by which colonial history has been what Gyan Prakesh calls "third worlded"—made into an object of study in the first world and given new and powerful meanings by subordinated groups there. But in many cases, establishing the authenticity of the voice—or cacophony of voices—has left it disembodied and decontextualized. Colonial subjects have been enframed as they have been represented. Techniques of authenticating, as Timothy Mitchell has shown, position the observer: "The world is set up before the observing subjects as though it were a picture of something."

The study of colonial vampires may reverse this trend. These vampires are described in a wide variety of oral accounts, and, as descriptions of things that never happened, should begin to subvert some of our ideas about what constitutes authenticity. The study of colonial vampires is authentic not because of any particular legitimacy of the voices I quote, but because it involves writing about the colonial world with the images and idioms produced by the subjects themselves. Like postcolonial rainmaking or the hybrid beasts of modern bridewealth payments, vampires are an epistemological category with which Africans described their world. I argue that these vampires are not simply generalized metaphors of extraction and oppression but that these images are, like other orally transmitted information, told at specific times to specific people for specific reasons. They describe not only the extraction of blood, but how it occurs, who performs it, and under what conditions and inducements. I argue that it is possible to read—or more precisely, to hear—specific vampire accusations as a debate among working men about the nature of work: not its material conditions or remuneration, but how the experience of skilled or semi-skilled labor and involvement with machines could change the men who were so engaged. This is not the only interpretation of vampire accusations which is possible, of course,
but it is the one that conforms most closely to the details and the
emplotment of working men's accounts. The men quoted here were
colonial policemen, firemen, health inspectors, tailors, and
railway workers who passed from unskilled apprenticeship to engine
drivers. All described these vampires in similar terms, noting the
secrecy of the work, the intensity with which it was supervised,
and the impossibility of knowing who exactly did it, so that the
the vampires known to laboring men had definite characteristics.
Interpreting vampires from working men's accounts does not tell us
more about these vampires than other sources might, but it allows
us to examine differentiation in the labor process and within the
labor force in the words and categories of laboring men.

Most of the data presented here comes primarily from
interviews with former laborers and artisans—men who were not
specialized storytellers at all—conducted in rural western Kenya
in 1986 and in and around Kampala, Uganda, in 1990. Although many
women told these stories with passion and graphic detail as well,
this article is based on oral data that was presented to me as
men's stories. Many of the returned migrants I interviewed in
rural western Kenya claimed that once home they never told their
wives these stories because "my wives were adults and could get the
stories from other sources," or "none of my wives could realize
the seriousness of these stories, but"—turning to my male research
assistant—"a man like you can realize the value and seriousness
of any story." Men who claimed to have done the work of capture
themselves said "they could not tell anyone, not even my wife"
about it, even after he told my assistant, but a man who narrowly
escaped the clutches of Nairobi firemen from a "town toilet" in
1923 told everyone about it: "Why not? I am lucky to have escaped
and therefore must talk freely about it." What kind of stories
were these, that were so contested, and so gendered, and that were
withheld or broadcast according to individual experience, not the
story?

These stories were about blood, but they were also about
occupations. If blood is taken to be universal, then its power to
terrify comes from that; if blood is taken to be a gendered bodily
fluid, then the loss of blood is far more alarming to adult men
than to adult women. But in either case, blood is the most
ambiguous of bodily fluids; according to context it can signify
life or death. Other bodily fluids, semen or breast milk, do not.
It is possible that stories about blood, and specific forms of its
removal, articulate and point out ambiguities. When the systematic
removal of blood is associated with a specific occupational group,
it suggests that the ambiguities have to do with certain kinds of
labor. Read as stories about blood, vampiric firemen represent
certain reservations about specific skills, and the alliances made
through on-the-job training, hierarchy, and an extended working
day.

While published accounts of these stories were not uncommon,
most of the data presented in this article are personal narratives.
In many ways, these stories fit the format of urban legends—most
people believed that it was a well-established fact that firemen
captured people for their blood—but the use of folkloric categories does not adequately describe the extent to which these stories were debated and contested by their narrators. Many of my informants insisted that these stories were false because they never met anyone who knew a victim. A few others explained that these stories arose when Africans were unwilling to participate in colonial medical experiments. According to one man "when the Europeans were here we had a lot of diseases...they were doing research...and it was not easy to convince somebody that they were going to do research on them so what they did was to kidnap those people..." One man also said he was convinced that these stories came from hospitals because nowadays people are required to donate blood for their sick relatives... As late as 1972, a Tanzanian newspaper ran a half-page article explaining that firemen did not kill people. One month later, "Nearly Victim" wrote to the editor refuting the article: "where did hospitals get their supply of blood in those grim days, before Independence? People used to disappear mysteriously in those days...or didn't you know that the blood was used to treat the white man only?" But some people were aware of the ambiguity of these stories: "It seems these stories were true, first of all considering that they existed as stories and those who lost their relatives...can prove it. However, those people whose relatives were not taken can say these stories were false."

Vehicles and Vampires

Stories about bloodsucking firemen, known in East Africa by variants of the Kiswahili term wazimamoto, the men who extinguish the fire (or heat, or light, as in brightness but not as in lamp) and in Central Africa as banyama, the men of the meat, or animals, as in game rangers or possibly hunters, cover a wide geographic range, from the East African coast to eastern Zaire to at least as far south as the Limpopo. Many of these narratives contain generic fire brigade vehicles; more often than not, captured people were put into a vehicle and taken away, sometimes to be kept in a pit in the local fire station, "the property of the government." Although there is an obvious association to be made of the red of fire engines and the red of blood—in the unimaginative words of one man, firemen's "equipment is always red and so is blood, therefore any African in the olden days could easily conclude that they were involved in blood-sucking"—it should be noted that this was an association most of my informants generally did not make. In the late 1950s and '60s Europeans had their own set of rumors about the dangers of driving red cars but my informants were more concerned with describing "cars which bore a cross" or "a grey land rover with a shiny metal back," than they were with pointing out the dangers of the color red. Indeed, the vehicles they described had no lights and often no windows.

Vehicles in wazimamomo stories were not only dangerous, they were found in the most unlikely places and relationships. A sixty year old man in Kampala claimed that in the days when "the only departments with cars were the police and fire brigade" the yellow
fever department captured people "but since they had no motor vehicles of their own, they had to use the fire brigade department's motor cars," which was how this rumor began. In rural Tanganyika during World War II a blood drive to supply plasma to troops overseas failed because a fire engine was always stationed by the small airstrip and Africans assumed the blood was to be drunk by Europeans. Years later, the blood of unconscious Africans was collected in buckets and then rushed to Dar es Salaam in fire engines. In Dar es Salaam in 1947, according to a former superintendent of police, a blood transfusion service was established but had no transport of its own, and so fire engines carried blood donors to the hospital, giving rise to the rumor "that the vehicles, usually with a European volunteer in charge, were collecting African males for their blood and that it was a plot by Europeans to render them impotent." Officials' folklore about the fear of fire engines had it that during Christmas, 1959, police in Mbale, Uganda, patrolled the African townships in the local fire engine, to keep even the criminals inside their homes. Trucks and cars were out of bounds as well. Early in 1939 when the Governor of Northern Rhodesia visited the liberal settler Gore-Browne in his unlikely estate in Northern Province, his car was followed by a vanette. This caused great suspicion; it was said that Gore-Browne and the new governor "were concocting plans for kidnapping on a large scale." In Lamu, Kenya, in the mid-1940s, Medical Department trucks patrolled the streets "and, should it come upon a straggler draws from his veins all his blood with a rubber pump, leaving his body in the gutter..." A dozen years later in Western Kenya, "motor vehicles painted red" drained the blood from lone pedestrians captured along the Kisumu to Busia highway; the blood was then taken to blood banks in hospitals. In Eastern Zambia in 1948 children were lured to trucks on the road at nighttime, made helpless and invisible with the banyama's wands, and taken to towns across the border in Malawi where they were fattened on special foods while the European employers of banyama drank their blood; they returned home "very emaciated." The domestic relations of Europeans, when enclosed in vehicles, were extremely suspicious. In rural Tanganyika in the late 1950s a white geologist was attacked; he aroused local suspicions because there were curtains on the windows of his truck. In 1959 in what was then Salisbury, Rhodesia, a "courting couple" in a parked car in an isolated spot were attacked because of "an almost firm belief" that Africans were being captured and drugged and loaded onto a Sabena aircraft on which their bodies were "cut up and canned during the flight" to the Belgian Congo. Automobiles could be made to perform dreadful tasks. In western Kenya in 1968 travellers feared accepting rides because the wazimamoto had cars with specially designed backseats that could automatically drain the blood of whoever sat there.

Representing Bureaucracy

What are these stories about? They are about vehicles in unexpected places, used for unintended purposes; these are stories
about borrowed transport. But was this borrowing symbolic or literal? Did it represent permeable administrative boundaries or simple lapses in colonial funding and vehicle allocations? Were the signs and symbols of bureaucratic authority being contested in a popular discourse or were official cars being appropriated by underfunded bureaucrats? While I doubt that the Ugandan yellow fever department took blood samples from fire brigade vehicles—Kampala did not have a fire engine until after 1932—everywhere but Nairobi fire fighting equipment was routinely used, by all accounts badly, by police. Dar es Salaam did not have a fire brigade until 1939; Mombasa until 1940; and Kampala until 1953. Until then untrained police forces were usually unable to contain fires in those cities: "the manipulation of the fire appliances in the event of emergency is left to the unskilled, untrained, and undrilled efforts of a few African constables..." In many towns, "we only heard about wazimamot but never saw any." But where there was a formal and well-organized fire brigade, it did not do much better. Nairobi's fire brigade had its own quarters, a fire master, and two fire engines, but in 1926 there was a commission of enquiry to investigate why it was so incompetent, and nine years later it received only forty-two fire calls. After World War II, fire stations became powerful images in some places. In 1947, a riot at the Mombasa Fire Station badly damaged a fire engine. In Dar es Salaam in 1959 "one could observe an occasional African crossing the street to get as far away from the fire station as possible and running when in front of the station." Elsewhere fire stations did not carry the same meanings. Indeed, the men and women in Kampala who named different departments in Entebbe which received the blood—the welfare department, the yellow fever department, the veterinary department—may not have been confused, they may have been stating the problem of these stories: how do you locate extraction in bureaucracy when bureaucracy seems so fluid?

Indeed, suppose our own academic questions were anticipated, or even essential, to how these stories were narrated? What if the confusion of services and terrors was in fact the emplotment? What if 'what were fire engines doing in the places they did not belong?' meant 'what sort of society puts fire engines on runways, and blood-draining vehicles on the streets at night?' The account of the blood-draining truck from Lamu, for example, puts the blame firmly on its intent, not its construction. Africans did not misrepresent ambulances—vans with tubes and pumps inside them—but they misrepresented their motives: the trucks did not cure sick people, but attacked those unlucky enough to be walking alone at night. These stories may be a colonial, African version of a complaint one hears daily in Africa: that officials have failed to keep the streets safe. These narratives make access, mobility, and safety into issues for debate and reflection. They make the concrete and the mechanical into problematics.

But it is unlikely that this is all they mean. The presentation of cars in stories, even stories about vampires, reveal popular ideas about the interaction between culture and
Automobiles generate their own folklore in industrial societies, where they literally become the vehicles for older symbols and associations, and where their material value is at least equal to their symbolic value. That vehicles could be controlled, modified, and transformed may have reflected the imagined powers of their manufacturers or the real needs of their owners. Cars can take people away; motoring and roads are, by definition, ways of erasing boundaries and reclassifying space: roads are someone’s order and someone else’s disorder. The vanette behind the Governor’s car, the fire engines on the runway, and the courting couple’s darkened car implied the contradiction of orderly relations: they were parked in confusing spaces that blurred boundaries. But the blurred boundaries may not have been those between the yellow fever department and the fire brigade, they may be those between certain kinds of employment and machines: someone’s blurred boundaries was someone else’s identity. Uniforms, drills, daily polishings of equipment—men “dressed in fire brigade uniforms in the daylight...doing this job for Europeans who were at that time their supreme commanders”—all these things made some jobs appear categorically different from the casual labor a man could take up and abandon with ease.

Concealing Men

These stories do not tell us anything about the living African men inside the vehicles. Cars without windows cannot reveal the men inside, so either they were not an important part of these stories, or they were known to be hidden, or at least undetectable. One man said he could not be sure of the race of bazimyomwoto in Kampala because they always did their work at night. Another claimed that they were chosen for their jobs with great secrecy and caution. “It was not an open job for anybody, you had to be a friend of somebody in the government, and it was top secret, so it was not easy to recruit anybody to begin there, although it was well paid.”

If vehicles without windows or lights concealed their occupants, they also hid the work of fighting fires, and the labor process of capturing people: “I only heard that wazimamoto sucked blood from people but I never heard how they got those people.” “The act was confidential.” The relationship of vehicles—and their specific sounds—to work obscured the work. In Nairobi in the 1940s “Their actual job was not known to us. All we were told was that they were supposed to put out burning fires. Whenever there was a burning fire we would hear bell noises and we were told that the wazimamoto were on their way to put it out.” In general, the wazimamoto “ambushed people and threw them in a waiting vehicle” and “the victims used to call out for help when they were being taken in the vehicle,” but even men and women who narrowly escaped capture did not know much more. In western Kenya late one night in 1959 a woman “found a group of men hiding behind a vehicle that had no lights of any sort.” She ran and hid but they looked for her until “the first cock crowed and one of them
said 'oh oh oh the time is over.' In rural Buganda that same year—across eastern Africa, 1959 was a year of widespread blood accusations—a man was awakened by villagers "saying that the place had been invaded by bazimyomwoto." He hid behind a large tree and "narrowly evaded capture." In the full moon's light he could see their car and their clothes—"black trousers and white coats"—but could not describe what they did: "afterwards I heard that several people had lost their blood."  

Even men who claimed to have done this work, either as firemen or policemen, described a labor process that had more to do with hierarchies and automobiles than with co-workers. One such man said that capturing Africans was essential to discipline, rank, and on-the-job seniority, but he described the organization of work as a relationship to white man and a waiting vehicle.

When one joined the police force [in Kampala] in those olden days he would undergo the initial training of bloodsucking... When he qualified there, he was then absorbed into the police force as a constable. This particular training was designed to give the would-be policeman overwhelming guts and courage to execute his duties effectively.... During the day we were police recruits. Immediately after sunset we started the job of manhunting...we would leave the station in a group of four and one white man who was in charge. Once in town we would leave the vehicle and walk around in pairs. When we saw a person, we would lie down and ambush him. We would then take the captured person back to the waiting vehicle.... We used to hide vehicles by parking them behind buildings or parking a reasonable distance from our manhunt...the precautions we took were to switch off the engine and the lights.  

Here, knowledge of the vehicle is described in much greater detail than is knowledge of the white man. Moreover, the extension of the working day is taken for granted in this account. What does it mean when people describe technology, equipment, and modified vehicles in ways that obscure descriptions of work and the time the work takes? The absence of light and useful windows, the 'shiny metal back' made these vehicles closed, protected, and opaque. Their insides were not known. Men who could describe the insides of pits could not describe the insides of trucks. Dangerous vehicles and the modifications specific to them made the men who performed the work of capture safe, secluded, and anonymous; even they could not describe what they did. But veiling labor with different mechanisms—curtains, no lights, shiny metal backs—kept it secret and indicated that something the public should not see was going on inside. Veiling labor focused attention on it, and on the need to maintain secrecy, and made it the object of scrutiny and speculation. Making certain jobs hidden located them in the realm of the imagination; while certain kinds of workers might complain about a lack of public awareness of their jobs, that lack
of awareness gave the public enormous control: their description of what went on in the hidden vehicle went unchallenged by the men in the cars. Where Africans could describe the inside of vehicles, it was as a site of fiendish production--the Sabena aircraft on which Africans recently turned into pigs were canned. To counter the fears of what was inside a curtained van a Tanganyikan District Officer (and mystery writer) gave villagers a tour of the inside of a white geologist's van; he thought that if they saw what the curtains actually hid--a bed, a table and chairs, and a photograph of a fiancee--he could guarantee his the young man's safety.

Technology and Narrative
The veiling of labor was frequently done with metal and electrical equipment. In Kampala it was commonplace to explain that the term bazimyomwoto referred to the use of automotive equipment, not to firefighting. "These people did their job at night, so when they approached somebody they would switch off the lights and in Kiswahili to switch off is kuzima and the light is moto." This translation of Kiswahili into Luganda is wrong; kuzima taa means 'to put out the light;' kuzima moto means 'to put out the fire.' But it is a mistranslation that reflects the importance of automobile equipment in Ugandan vampire stories.

And what is that importance? It seems to be a knowledge of the mechanics of engine sounds and electrical systems. Such technical knowledge is not only specialized and privileged, it conceals a labor process. But such a labor process, that "hidden abode of production," discernible only when one leaves the noise of the factory, may have been kept secret by laborers themselves. Work routines learned on the job may have produced an unexpected camaraderie. A man who was a railway fireman in Nairobi from 1936 to 1958 described a fantastic subterranean system of technical sophistication.

Pipes were installed all over the town. People never used to know the exact place where the pipes were, but us, we used to know. Whites were very clever. They used to cover the pipes and taps with some form of iron sheets. When a fire was burning anywhere we would go locate the tap and fix our hoses up...Running water was there throughout the year, therefore we never experienced any shortage of water at anytime of the year.

This account praises informal knowledge, which could only be learned on the job, or from co-workers' conversations and anecdotes, especially in places where recruits were hired off the street and did not graduate from training programs. Nairobi in the mid-1930s had two fire engines and 508 hydrants, and virtually no funds for hydrant or water distribution system repair. In this account the informal expertise of firefighting--passed from white man to black man--was knowing where the pipes were hidden, not putting out fires. But in Kampala
They kept victims in big pits. Those pits were made in such a way that no one would notice them. Whites are very bad people. They are so cunning and clever.... The job of police recruits was to get victims and nothing else. Occasionally we went down the pits and if we were lucky saw bloodsucking in progress but nothing more.... Those pits were really hidden and even those working within the police station could not notice them.  

My point is not that the knowledge of technology was more important than the work itself, but that the knowledge that was otherwise secret bonded a few select Africans to specialized procedures. In 1958 in Eastern Zambia prison warders overheard rumors that local the station of the Society of Missionaries for Africa, called the White Fathers, were about to kidnap Africans and had already marked their victims with "the Sign of the Cross which was not visible to the intended victim or to his fellows but only to the Europeans and their African henchmen." The invisible signs, the secrets of the pipes and the pits, reveal another dimension to workers' own and popular perceptions of the advantages--technological and social--of skilled labor.

Occupational folklorists have described how technical expertise is parodied by those so skilled--the pilots who board a plane with a white cane and dark glasses--as a challenge to managerial authority. Bolivian tin miners performed ceremonies that denied the importance of skill, "to make the tools help us in our work." African historians who have been able to compare oral and written accounts of the same skilled labor have shown how specialized, skilled labor portrays itself and is portrayed in words of privilege and superiority. Mine managers' views of Basotho shaft-sinkers in South Africa, for example, encouraged their sense of superiority but also praises their camaraderie; Basotho shaft sinkers spoke of their favored status in the mine compounds and of the high wages their specialization offered.

Workers' narratives may reveal the tensions and conflicts within the workplace that managerial accounts omit. Workers' oral narratives about technology, however imprecise and inaccurate they are, might be a way to foreground the ambiguities and conflicts about the work itself. The man who boasted of the knowledge of hidden pipes he shared with "clever whites" was proud of his on-the-job training. He insisted that in his twenty-two years as a railway fireman he never saw anyone captured, although he admitted that "on seeing us people used to run in all directions." But other men saw certain kinds of skills as inviting danger. A Ugandan man of about the same age said that bazimyomwoto "operated in villages during the night. A bell would be tied up to an electricity pole and when it was rung, immediately a vehicle would drive by to pick victims. Once a man was captured near my home. He was one of the Uganda Electricity Board workers." African concerns about mechanization, about the technological nature of skilled jobs may have been expressed in vampire stories. These
concerns do not seem to have been about the societal impact of mechanization, but were about a gendered boundary between men and machines that could refashion potency and performance. People in Dar es Salaam, for example, feared that the men who went to give blood in fire engines would become impotent, or that firemen had injections that could make men "lazy and unable to do anything." Blood accusations were most public in the mines of colonial Katanga after mechanized shovels were timed and tested against a team of pick and shovel men.

Vampire stories were most private when occupations were neither challenged nor explained. The return home levelled the distinctiveness of the most extraordinary careers: "All policemen in those olden days were the agents of wazimamoto." But "when someone was a policeman he remains so even after leaving his job. Policemen are always careful what they leave out. Retired policemen cannot tell you what they were doing during their working time." The same man who described how best to park a car when capturing unwary Africans said he could not tell anyone about it. "How could I do that after swearing to keep secrets? The works of policemen were very hard and involved so many awful things some of which cannot be revealed to anyone. Because of the nature of my work I could not tell anyone even my wife...even my brothers I could not tell." Storytelling both presents personal identity and allows it to be negotiated and redefined by the audience; withholding stories may permit personal and professional identity to be rigidly maintained. These stories were not explanations; they were accusations: they did not explain misfortune, but imputed work, identity, and loyalty.

Tools of Empire

When studying narratives about vampiric firemen in Africa, it is important that we identify what was weird and unnatural in these stories to their tellers, and not become overly concerned with what seems that weird and unnatural to ourselves. It is easy for western scholars to get bogged down in the issue of blood-drinking Europeans, but that is in fact the most natural part of the story, demonstrated over and over by community and common sense: "Of course the stories were true.... People used to warn each other not to walk at night." But what was unnatural and weird to the people who told these stories may well have been those things that were rare and unnatural in their daily lives--cars and electricity. But these stories are not simple condemnations of technological change and motor transport; medical technology and cars and electrical equipment were, in narrative and in daily life, mediated through a very African medium--working men. Specialized equipment was used by small specialized occupational groups, and for these men, technology had an intense meaning: they talked about it in interviews more than they talked about work. For the most part, technical knowledge was apportioned so sparingly and so slowly that made it defy natural laws, so that railway firemen could claim that they had water even in the dry season. In reality, the allocation of specialized tools and tasks to a few
skilled laborers kept most people in ignorance how automobiles or electricity poles actually worked; on a symbolic level, this kept technology from becoming naturalized in any way.

The very peculiarity of cars, lights, and mirrors made the men who could use them a little peculiar as well. The new tools not only bonded men to machines in odd ways—whatever went on inside the curtained truck—but bound men to mechanization. Marxist theorists of the labor aristocracy have described how the work rhythms required by the technological demands of new industries identified skilled workers with management in nineteenth century England; although the same processes did not take place in non-industrialized Africa, it is likely that their specialized tools and techniques placed skilled labor under their employers' control in ways that unskilled labor had never been managed. These men might know where "the clever whites" hid their pipes, or pits, or signs, or have had the on-the-job training "to execute his duties effectively," but they were, in the process, never insulated from their employers' supervision and command.

Tools and technology have recently been studied as one of the ways Europeans dominated the colonized world; they were supposed to overpower Africans or to mystify them. But the contradictory meanings of tools in these stories is too complex, and too layered, to be explained in any single way. The tools in these stories have been assimilated; to some extent, they were already familiar objects, whatever their origin. What made them fearsome was how and why they were used—both in narrative and as narrative. On the Northern Rhodesian Copperbelt there was mupila, "white balls of drugs" thrown into the path of a lone traveller to whom the banyama then spoke. "If he answered all his power left him, his clothes fell off, and he no longer had a memory or a will." In southeastern Zaire in the 1940s rubber tubes and flashlights had the same effect. In Dar es Salaam thirty years later "They use many things to catch people. Sometimes they use a mirror...your mind changes and you just follow to any place they go." Tools themselves, properly used, could disempower ordinary Africans. Those who were skilled enough to use them lost something too, not direction, but their identity: they became invisible.

In these narratives, technology reveals unnatural acts—not blood-sucking, which is weird only to us, or even odd behavior in the backseats of parked cars, but the regimented labor process required by technology: on the job training, rank, time discipline, and intense supervision, even after hours. The cars and lights and mirrors in these stories were not the only western, specialized tools introduced into colonial Africa, but they were the only equipment that regularly featured in vampire stories over a wide geographic and cultural area. These technologies aroused accusations about the forcible removal of blood not because they were foreign or even because they were associated with a dominant power; these technologies featured in these stories because they aroused the greatest anxieties. But they did not arouse anxieties because they were imperfectly understood or imperfectly assimilated or because automobile lights could never become a
'natural' African symbol; these were the technologies that exposed other kinds of relationships. The presence of bells or cars without lights in so many personal narratives about vampires revealed the extent to which these new tools and technologies meant something terrifying to individual Africans. They were not terrifying in and of themselves, but because of how they were used and by whom. In Edwardian England the stirrups became an important symbol of the abuses of gynecology and vivisection; at the same time stirrups figured in the era's pornography. This is not because there was anything incomprehensible about the stirrup, but because stirrups could be used to represent domination, not mobility or sportsmanship, in a variety of contexts. In Eastern Africa, the relationships revealed by the new technologies of cars and bells and lights were those of hard control: intrusive to the point of extracting blood, intensive to the point of supervising skilled labor on the job or after hours. Men and women in Uganda who translated bazimyomwoto as 'the men who turn off the light' had a powerful, mechanical term to describe the work that extracted blood, the skilled Africans who carried it out, and the whites who supervised them. Naming the vampires after what they did to a car pronounced their work unnatural; it made it clear that these tasks were performed at night, well beyond the standards and the norms of the working day. Thus the term captured the distinctions between the skilled workers, the European overseers, and the population their job it was to abduct.

But how are we to make sense of these particular arrangements of metal and electric lights and blood? Which was most horrible, the draining of blood or the use and abuse of familiar tools and trucks? Certainly the way that vehicles without lights, rubber pumps, or bells became compelling images in these stories made statements about the nature of modernity and progress, but these images were always activated by employed Africans. In Kampala the bazimyomwoto "employed agents who lived among the people and had cars." But was it the owners, the drivers, or the cars that took the blood? Such a question may make distinctions that these narratives studiously avoided. While my informants were crystal clear that the bazimyomwoto were humans, most described the technological aspects of human agency. They did not make a clear cut boundary between man and machine and if we attempt to impose such a line, we may lose sight of their questions and anxieties: if someone works with specific tools in a specific mechanized space, or even when he is taken to donate blood in a fire engine, how can he retain his masculinity, his humanity? What kind of being lives in a truck with curtained windows, and what kind of beings reproduce in the backseat of parked cars?

Conclusions

Why vampires? Why did African men represent the conflicts and problematics of the new economic order in stories about public employees who suck blood? The simplest answer is perhaps best: no other idea could carry the weight of the complications of work, identities, and machines. First, it is a metaphor of colonial
origin; despite official attempts to link it to 'traditional' practices, banyama or bazimyomwoto emerged in the late teens and early 1920s. Secondly, witchcraft accusations—which do not have the same meaning in the areas under discussion—blame misfortune on individuals, they seek to redress, or at least explain, wrongs. Vampire accusations do not have the same kind of specificity. Although individuals are named and blamed and sometimes even attacked, they were identified as agents, as part of a chain of command: they were not identified in order to get them to reverse their actions, they were identified in order to assess responsibility. Vampires were new symbols for new times. And this made them uniquely well-suited to represent the conflicts and ambiguities of labor, because vampiric firemen were not an established fact: many people doubted their existence, and insisted that the rumors began when Africans misconstrued European actions. The debate was not merely about whether or not colonial vampires existed, but about the nature and the attributes of certain kinds of labor. The disputable character of wazimamamoto was precisely its importance; such disagreements continually posed the questions, did an identifiably separate group of skilled laborers exist and, if they did, what was their impact on the wider society?
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19. Vansina, 1985, pp. 12-13; White, *Comforts*, pp. 21-28. In this way, the study of witchcraft or men who turned into lions became primarily the domain of anthropologists, not historians.


21. Johannes Fabian, *Time and the Other: How Anthropology Makes its Object* (New York, 1983), and the articles in James Clifford and George E. Marcus, eds., *Writing Culture: The Poetics and Politics of Ethnography* (Berkeley, 1986). In African history, the disaffection with the ethnographic object was as much a product of the researches of nationalist historiography as it was of debates in anthropology, see Steven Feierman, *Peasant Intellectuals: Anthropology and History in Tanzania* (Madison, 1990), pp. 13-17.


27. see for example the freewheeling discussion of Dracula in Franco Moretti, *Signs Taken for Wonders: Essays in the Sociology of Literary Forms* (New York, 1983), pp. 90-104, and Taussig's account of the Nakaq, the fat-extracting phantasm of the southern highlands of Peru, 1987, p. 238.


31. Anyango Mahondo, Sigoma Village, Alego, Siaya, Kenya, 15 August 1986. Throughout the interview Mahondo insisted that my assistant, Odhiambo Opiyo, not tell me about his days as a policeman, despite the fact that I was sitting between them and Opiyo and I were conferring in English during the interview.

32. Zebede Oyoyo.


34. In Kenya in 1939 there were a spate of rumors about blankets saturated with a medicine that would make men impotent: this was a semen story, to be sure, and it involved Europeans, technology, and commodities, but it did not involve labor. Nairobi District Annual Report, 1939, p. 3, Kenya National Archives (KNA)/CP4/4/1.


37. S. Lolila, "Firemen are not 'chinja-chinja'," The Standard (Dar es Salaam), 10 January 1972, p. III. Chinja-chinja is the intensive form of the word for 'slaughterer' and is sometimes used interchangeably with the local term for vampire in East Africa.


41. Anyango Mahondo.

42. Anyango Mahondo.

44. Abdullah Sonsomola, Kisenyi, Kampala, Uganda, 28 August 1990.


46. Samuel Mubiru, Lubya, Uganda, 28 August 1990. But according to E. E. Hutchins, District Officer in Morogoro with many years experience in Tanganyika, "The old story that certain Europeans wandered about the country seeking human blood for the purpose of making medicine was revived, I believe, some years ago in the Kiloga District, where officers of the Veterinary Department collected blood in testtubes from numbers of natives for the purpose of finding out whether yellow fever had ever been endemic in the Territory." Morogoro District, v. 1, part A, sheets 25-26, August 1931, Tanzanian National Archives (TNA) Film No. MF 15.


50. Thomas Fox-Pitt, DC Mpika to Provincial Commissioner, Northern Province, Kasama, 6 March 1939, National Archives of Zambia (NAZ)/SEC2/429, Native Affairs: Banyama.


55. National Archives, Zimbabwe: K. D. Leaver, "The 'Transformation of Men to Meat' Story," NADform Information Sheet No. 20, Native Affairs Department, Salisbury, November 1960, p. 2; Brelsford, 1967, pp. 54-55. Similar stories about pigs were commonplace in the southern Belgian Congo in the 1940s, see Ceyssens, pp. 586-87.
56. author's fieldnotes, 18 August 1986.


58. Nichodamus Okumu Ogutu.


62. In 1959 in Kampala a man was sentenced to three years in prison for attempting to sell another man to the fire station, but the fear of the fire station and the fire brigade in and of itself never entered the oral record in Uganda. See "Three Years for Attempt to Sell Man," Uganda Argus 16 February 1959, p. 5; "Firemen Do Not Buy People," Tanganyika Standard 16 February 1959, p. 3.


69. In 1935 nine and a half hours of a Nairobi fireman's day were devoted to "station duties" and maintaining equipment, and the nightly lookout had to report "every fifteen minutes... This is salutary from a disciplinary point of view, as well as keeping the guard awake." J. B. Powell, Superintendent, Nairobi Municipal Fire Brigade AE, 1935, Nairobi Municipal Council Minutes, January-June 1936, KNA/PC/NBI2/50.

70. Daniel Sekirrata, Katwe, Uganda, 22 August 1990.

71. Dead bodies transported in vehicles were another matter, however. Corpses were purchased from hospitals and driven to Zaire. Several men "transported dead bodies in the backseat of his car. These bodies were always smartly dressed." A few others sold corpses "to Senegalese who used them to safely transport their gold in. These dead bodies were cut through the skin, opened inside, and then gold could be dumped there. If the authorities tried to arrest them, these people could claim they were taking sick relatives for treatment." Ahmed Kiziri, Katwe, Uganda, 20 August 1990; Musoke Kopliumu, Katwe, Uganda, 22 August 1990; Daniel Sekirrata, Katwe, Uganda, 22 August 1990; Gregory Sseruwagi, Lubya, Uganda, 28 August 1990.


76. Peter Hayombe.


82. Anyango Mahondo.


85. Washington DC firefighters routinely complained that the public's ignorance of firefighting increased the likelihood of fires while maintaining that the techniques and challenges of their work made it too esoteric to make public, see Robert McCarl, The District of Columbia Fire Fighters' Project: A Case Study in Occupational Folklife (Washington, 1985), pp. 131-36.


92. Anyango Mahondo.


97. Alec Okaro.


103. Anyango Mahondo.

105. In the classic sense, misfortune is something that requires an explanation, such as why a granery in Azande country collapsed on specific people, see E. E. Evans-Pritchard, Witchcraft, Oracles and Magic among the Azande, abridged by Eva Gillies, (Oxford, 1976), pp. 22-23. Vampire accusations do not explain disappearances or deaths; indeed, the fact that someone had disappeared was offered as 'proof' that the firemen did kidnap people, see p. 8 of this essay.


111. Ceyssens, 1975, p. 491.

112. quoted in Swantz, p. 336.


115. Moretti, 1983, makes a similar point about horror literature, particularly Frankenstein and Dracula: both represent the extremes of a society, he argues; "The literature of terror is born precisely out of the terror of a split society, and out of the desire to heal it" p. 83.


117. Samuel Mubiru.

118. Embalasassa, the mythical "poisonous reptiles which politicians never wanted to talk about publicly" was said to be sent by Obote during his first regime to kill Baganda; it could also breed in machines. "Somewhere...near Kaziba market [on the
Tanzanian border] there was something made out of an old army tank which the villagers broke into only to discover embalasassa eggs inside." Jonah Waswa Kigozi, Katwe, Uganda, 16 August 1990; Aloziuos Matovu, Uganda, Kasubi, 17 August 1990; see also W. B. Banage, W. N. Byarugaba, and J. D. Goodman, "The Embalasaasa (Riopa Fernandi): A Story of Real and Mythical Zoology," Uganda Journal 36 (1972), pp. 67-72.

119. Timotheo Omondo; E. E. Hutchins, DO Morogoro, v. 1, par A, sheets 25-26, August 1931, Tanzanian National Archives, Film MF 15; D. Willis, PC Kasama, Report on Banyama, 24 March 1931, NAZ/ZA1/9/62/6/1; Geoffrey Howe, PCNP, Kasama, Confidential Memo to All DCs, Northern Province, 24 April 1944, NAZ/SEC2/429, Native Affairs: Banyama.