

What I read for Roger Casement:

*Roger Casement: Imperialist, Rebel, Revolutionary*, Seamus O'Siochain, Lilliput, 2007. O'Siochain is a leading, likely *the* leading, Casement scholar around. This book was my go-to text when working out the details of Casement's life.

*Roger Casement, The Black Diaries, with a study of his background, sexuality, and Irish political life*, Jeffrey Dudgeon, Belfast Press, 2004.

This essential book introduced me to some of the people in Casement's circle, Millar Gordon and Frank Biggers, among others. Dudgeon solidly places Casement within a gay cultural reality and provided a lot of necessary orientation and detail.

*King Leopold's Ghost*, Adam Hochschild, Mariner Books, 1998.

This is just a good book and I read it as such when it first came out, when I had no stake beyond casual interest in the Congo or Casement or any of that. But of course, the details stuck in my head and the work was consulted as I hammered out the Congo chapters of *Valiant Gentlemen*.

*Roger Casement in Irish and World History*, Royal Irish Academy, 2005.

This is a collection of essays, and features the work of most of the prominent people who write on Casement: Seamus O'Siachain, Lucy McDiarmid, and others. This was very enlightening about how Casement embraced his complicated Irish nationalism throughout his life.

*The Black Diaries of Roger Casement*, Peter Singleton Gates and Girodias, Grove Press, 1959.

In addition to having been published by my favorite press, this book has transcripts from the diaries and some thoughtful commentary, as well as succinct historical orientation. This was very helpful in navigating Casement's journals.

*Roger Casement*, Brian Inglis, Penguin Books, 1973.

I first discovered Herbert Ward in this book. In addition, it's a highly readable biography.

*African Drums*, Fred Puleston, Farrar and Rhinehart, 1930.

This is a fabulous, weird, and disturbing book, that is dedicated to both to Stanley and to Casement, "my old friend in Africa." In a hale, hearty, and enthusiastically colonial tone, Puleston hits on a number of topics. Chapters include, "Some Excuse for The Harem" as well as "The Lowdown on Cannibalism." I found Puleston most helpful when it came to trade, as he listed the practices—the going rate for a good tusk and the goods involved. I read the whole thing in an afternoon, and exited the book with a good sense of the variety of horrors being experienced in that time in the Congo.

*Heart of Darkness*, Joseph Conrad, Norton Critical Edition, 2006.

More horror! I have read this book annually for more years than I care to remember, but most helpful in this issue is the stuff in the back: Conrad's letters, Casement's *Congo Report*, and various articles on Nineteenth Century attitudes to race.

*Gay New York: Gender, Urban Culture and the Making of the Gay Male World 1890-1940*, George Chauncey, Basic Books, 1994.

I wanted to know what gay culture in New York looked like in the 1890s and this book spelled it out for me. *Gay New York* is fascinating.

*Stanley: The Impossible Life of Africa's Greatest Explorer*, Tim Jeal, Yale University Press, 2007.

Jeal's account of Stanley's life was essential to my reading, particularly the chapters on the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition and the fate of the Rear Guard at Yambuya. Also, Jeal has a great writing style.

*Travels in West Africa*, Mary Kingsley, MacMillan Co, 1897.

I'd already written on Mary Kingsley, a short story in *Tales of the New World*, so the details of her life were familiar to me. *Travels* is a doorstopper filled with detail and anecdote and all of it contemporaneous with Casement's time in the Congo. And the two were friends, Kingsley and Casement, which was fun to write about.

*Irish Nationality*, Alice Stopford Green, The Home University Library, 1911.

Alice Green was another of Casement's tough lady friends, and as she seems to be responsible for getting him involved in Irish politics, I thought I should see what she was about. Her tone is remarkable. Each line of this book seems to be expressed at louder-than-normal volume. She was, by all accounts, an intense personality.

*The Forest People: A Study of the Pygmies of the Congo*, Colin Turnbull, Clarion Books, 1962.

Weirdly, this is the first book of the whole lot that I encountered, loaned to me by my anthropologist father when I was eight-years-old and in need of something to read. The book begins, "In the northeast corner of the Belgian Congo, almost exactly in the middle of Africa, ... lies the Ituri Forest, a vast expanse of dense and inhospitable-looking darkness." Imagination is, apparently, long-lived.

*The Irish Countryman*, Conrad Arensberg, American Museum Science Books, 1937.

*Countryman* is another of my father's books, nicely anthropological in tone, necessary as I began work on the Inishmaan chapter. This is most likely what the locals were thinking.

*The Aran Islands*, John M. Synge, John W. Luce and Company, 1911.

This is a classic and details Synge's experience on Inishmaan as he struggled with his Irish and felt both inside and outside (mostly outside) of things while he attempted to embrace his Irish heritage. This is most likely what Casement was thinking.

*The Devil and Mr. Casement*, Jordan Goodman, FSG, 2009.

Casement had many devils in his life, and rubber baron Julio Cesar Arana was definitely one of them. This is a compelling read for anyone interested in the rubber industry in Peru and Brazil at the turn of the last century.

*Travellers' Wildlife Guides Peru*, David L. Pearson and Les Beletsky, Interlink Books, 2005.

I visited Iquitos and went up the Amazon in small rubber era boat in the course of researching *Valiant Gentlemen*, and I had this wildlife guide with me. What's surprising is just how many of the animals I was able to check off in a matter of days, and also the number of birds and monkeys and rodents and reptiles around that weren't represented in the guide's pages. A lot of the nature writing didn't make it into *Valiant Gentlemen*—the ten pages on pink dolphins was a bit excessive—but once back in Amherst, this book reminded me of the names of some of the things in that endless catalogue of teeming life that is the Putumayo.

*Some Poems of Roger Casement*, The Talbot Book Press, 1918

This little volume of selected poems is a treasure that I found browsing at Shakespeare and Co, while gathering details for writing the Paris sections of *Valiant Gentlemen*. Most interesting about this slim volume, besides the fact that I discovered it within seconds of entering the bookstore, is the introduction by Gertrude Parry, Casement's cousin Gee, who tells a story of a woman in Cape Town predicting Casement's early death. This incident seemed necessary to include in the book.

What I Read for Herbert Ward:

*Five Years With The Congo Cannibals*, Herbert Ward, Chatto and Windus, 1891.

I spent a lot of time with this book, which, beyond its drawings and anecdotes, introduced me to Ward's voice. When I borrowed this book—a first edition—from the Smith College Library in 2009, I was the only person to bother with it since 1932. I proceeded to renew it for the next seven years and felt somewhat saddened when I finally sent the book home, where it is no doubt slumbering in the stacks. I miss *Five Years*, and I wonder, does *Five Years* miss me?

*My Life with Stanley's Rear Guard*, Herbert Ward, C.L. Webster, 1891.

This account of Ward's time in connection with Emin Pasha Relief expedition came out shortly after the six-month embargo on his publishing any accounts of Stanley's venture had finally expired. Ward makes a lot of excuses, which he keeps aloft with some impressive puffery. One of the highlights is a lengthy explanation as to how he lost his boots, which are rumored to have been traded for a sex slave.

*The Rear Column of the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition*, James S. Jameson, John W. Lovell Company, 1890.

This book is whisky heir James Jameson's account of Stanley's Rear Guard, published posthumously, since Jameson succumbed to a fever before reaching home. Jameson's fascination with cannibalism is on display, however not the occasion when he purchased a girl to watch her eaten by a hostile tribe. The book was edited by his family before

being presented for its publication, which was an attempt to exonerate Jameson from the Rear Guard scandal.

*A Voice from The Congo*, Herbert Ward, Scribner and Sons, 1910.

This long-winded, anecdotal memoir relates all the things that Ward didn't find the need to include in earlier volumes. It is telling, however, in how sentimental Ward had become in his time in Paris, which was useful in its way.

*Mr. Poilu: Notes & Sketches with the Fighting French*, Herbert Ward, Hodder & Stoughton, 1916.

Ward wrote and did the illustrations for this book while working as a stretcher bearer in The Vosges. Alfred Harmsworth was integral in getting *Mr. Poilu* published. The idea was to draw attention to the plucky French and get America involved in the war.

*Neo-Classicism*, Hugh Honor, Pelican Books, 1968.

Herbert Ward was an artist who produced most of his work in the early part of the 20<sup>th</sup> Century, clearly outside the dates for Neo-Classicism. But there is something in the philosophy behind his work that made this book essential reading—actually rereading, since I majored in art history in college. When you look at Ward's sculptures, they recall, in philosophy and composition, nothing more than *The Dying Gaul*. Which is, well, Classicism. As Ward seemed out of touch as an artist, I thought I too should stay behind the times.

*The War Poets: An Anthology, 1914-1918*, The Great Writers Library, 1988.

Nothing brings the First World War to life quite like a shot of Sassoon or Brooke. I picked up this volume in a used bookstore in Bristol, and there are several odd things about it, for example, it doesn't seem to have an editor. And the book itself is a handsome object, one that might have been purchased as a Christmas gift for someone who, in 1988, might have been around for the Great War, although not for much more.

*Lord Northcliffe, A Memoir*, Max Pemberton, George H. Doran Company.

I couldn't find the publication date for this book. The photograph of Alfred Harmsworth, Viscount Northcliffe, on the frontispiece of the book is dated 1918 and there's a Michigan State Library bookplate that states that the volume was "damaged in state office building fire, February, 1951." The book is a survivor. The borrowers card reveals that *Northcliffe* was checked out once and that was in 1958. But the pertinent dates for me were the years where Alfred Harmsworth built his press empire that became what we know as the Daily Mail, and his boyhood years and early adulthood, where his friendship with Herbert Ward was forged, a friendship that lasted. The strange serendipity here is that Esmond Harmsworth, grand-nephew of Lord Northcliffe, is a good friend, and also my agent, and I had already committed to writing about Ward—was deep into it—before I discovered the Harmsworth connection.

*The Guns of August*, Barbara Tuchman, Random House, 1962.

Obviously a classic, and a great summer read, for anyone who has managed to escape it thus far.

What I read for Sarita Sanford Ward:

*A Valiant Gentleman*, Sarita Ward, Chapman & Hall, 1928.

This is Sarita's loving biography of her husband, who wrote a lot about himself, but apparently not enough for his wife. Sarita tells about the family, of their time in England and France, and the fates of all its members during the First World War. As Sarita says in her introduction, "Instead of a finished portrait, I have barely made an outline drawing of a full, splendid and rounded life." What she does do well is present a perspective, that of a wife and mother, which, when balanced against what Ward had to say about himself in his own books, was certainly provocative to this fiction writer.

*An Erratic Journey*, Reverend Herbert Ward, Odyssey Books, 1988.

This is a book by Herbie Ward, the fourth of the five Ward children. Herbie was a pilot in WWI, and only seventeen years old when he started flying missions. He was shot down in Germany, managed to survive, and then somewhat improbably escaped and walked back to France. *Journey* has a lot of interesting details, for example, that the Ward children did indeed refer to their grandfather's London house as the White Sepulcher and Sanford actually was responsible for buying Herbie a genuine canoe, which was imported from Canada. Also, Herbie's wife Joyce did, in fact, end up having an affair with her analyst, although that happens beyond the timeframe of my book. If you happen to be a junkie for Ward family lore, this book is a must read. Which is why it's out of print.

*A Victorian Household*, Shirley Nicholson, Barrie and Jenkins, 1988.

This book is based on the diaries of Marion Sambourne, who was married to Linley Sambourne, who was an illustrator for Punch. This sort of book is very helpful when filling out the days of your characters and was actually loaned to me by my friend the novelist Valerie Martin, who consulted it when writing *Mary Reilly*.

*How to Be A Victorian: A Dawn to Dusk Guide to Victorian Life*, Ruth Goodman, Liveright, 2013.

Why do we care so much about the Victorians? Of course, I can blame my interest on this book I was writing, but I lost myself in *How to Be*. I think it's some sort of revenant thing from my Australian childhood, where England was "home" even if you'd never been there. And had no reason to go, because there wasn't a drop of English blood in your veins. The Australian version of "home" was, in my mind, anachronistically Victorian, and we school children heartily believed that our origin story involved this pseudo-Dickensian Wonderland. *How to Be* takes apart the pseudo-Dickensian swill and organizes it into a recognizable society. Victorian England really happened. It's not like Narnia.

Of course, many of the books were helpful to more than one character. And I did not eschew the Internet as I chased things down. Ancestry.com was helpful in figuring out the Ward family, and once I found an image of a food cart with a sign, "Hamburgers,

There Fine,” which stuck with me. My Googling *Turkish baths gay men* pulled up a whole trove of interesting stuff. Research takes many forms. But I always begin with books and I was very lucky that this novel tasked me with so much good reading.