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A Romance of Slavery: Exploration, Encounters and Cartographies of Violence in

H. M. Stanley's *My Kalulu*

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Abstract

Crucial to the Victorian exploration of Africa were the books that travellers wrote on their return. The certifying publication, contributing to geographical knowledge, was integral to the claim to be an “explorer”. Yet as scholars have examined the literary culture of exploration, they have largely ignored the body of fiction written by various well-known travellers of sub-Saharan Africa. This article focuses on *My Kalulu, Prince, King and Slave* (1873), a romance by the most prominent Victorian explorer author, Henry Morton Stanley. It reads the novel as an ambivalent abolitionist *Bildungsroman* and as an imaginative cartography, which maps eastern Africa as spaces of violence requiring outside intervention. The essay also argues that explorer fiction should be regarded as a form of travel writing. *My Kalulu* is a document of cultural encounter emerging from the circumstances of expeditionary travel, which provides a striking disclosure of the Arab-African transregional caravan system. As an imaginative means of mediating the travel experience, moreover, Stanley’s fiction catered for sentiments and desires that had little place in the conventional travelogue.

Keywords: exploration; travel writing; adventure fiction; Africa; empire

Crucial to the Victorian exploration of Africa were the books that travellers wrote on their return. Without the certifying publication, contributing to scientific and geographical knowledge, the claim to be an “explorer” would have been dubious to say the least. Indeed, observations, records and writing were so integral to the culture of expeditionary travel, that the exploration of Africa has been dubbed a “literary event” (Driver 2013, 165). The Royal Geographical Society, Britain’s chief sponsor of scientific journeys, fostered these conventions through practical guides such as *Hints to Travellers*, while publishers like John Murray came to specialise in producing and marketing works of travel. Over the past several decades, scholars have increasingly attended to the literary culture of exploration, as the burgeoning field of travel writing studies attests. Influenced by postcolonialism, much of this work has analysed travel texts as manifestations of European ideology and drawn attention to their discursive participation in the construction of western ideas about other places and cultures (Pratt 1992; Brantlinger 1988; Youngs 1994). At the same time, studies have investigated the formal and general properties of travel texts, examining their complex relationships with other literary modes (Borm 2004; Smethurst 2009; Thompson 2011). Issues of style have likewise been discussed in work attending to the matters of trust and credibility that have often surrounded those who travelled to distant lands. Writing in an appropriate manner, according to authorised conventions, was vital for explorers to be validated as authoritative witnesses (Withers 2000; Keighren and Withers 2011; Livingstone 2014).

As these lines of enquiry suggest, studies of the Victorian exploration of Africa have had to take textuality seriously. As Dane Kennedy puts it, the European project of exploration was “inextricably associated with writing, publishing, and reading” (Kennedy 2014, 4). Yet even as field notes, journals and travelogues have received due consideration, another literary product of expeditions has been largely ignored. As I have argued elsewhere, it is little known that during the heyday of African travel a number of

celebrated explorers of Africa tried their hand at writing fiction (Livingstone 2017). Of these, the most prominent was Henry Morton Stanley whose romance *My Kalulu, Prince, King and Slave* (1873) will occupy this article. But he was not alone. Samuel Baker, explorer of the Nile and later Governor-General of Equatoria, published *Cast up by the Sea* in 1868 while Verney Lovett Cameron, who traversed the continent between 1873 and 1875, wrote a whole range of boys' books in the '80s and '90s bearing titles such as *The Cruise of the "Black Prince": Privateer* (1886), *Jack Hooper: His Adventures at Sea and in South Africa* (1886) and *Harry Raymond: His Adventures among Pirates, Slavers, and Cannibals* (1893). Likewise, Joseph Thomson, a geologist and east African explorer – and influence on Rider Haggard – published *Ulu: An African Romance* in 1888, while Harry H. Johnston, a seasoned traveller and the first commissioner of British Central Africa, supplemented his historical and ethnographic work with several books of fiction, including *The Man Who Did the Right Thing: A Romance of East Africa* (1921) and an imagined memoir of a Sudanese captive entitled *The History of a Slave* (1889).

The unique status of this corpus of fiction – as part of the literary record of exploration – provides warrant for the discussion here. A full investigation of explorer fiction is not my quarry, but some prefatory remarks are necessary before investigating the particular case of *My Kalulu*. Firstly, it is striking that these novels began to appear in the 1860s and culminated in the 1880s and 90s. The initial fiction was thus written during what Tim Youngs identifies as “transitionary” decades, leading from an earlier period characterised by “humanitarian” interventionism to a later phase of more expansionist imperialism (1990, 231).¹ While I am wary of the often reductive coupling of exploration and imperial extension, this fiction, alongside other adventure texts, did participate in constructing the African continent as a “space of opportunity” (Miller 2012, 27–28) and moral and political “need” (Bivona 1998, 43–45). Certainly it is conspicuous that these

novels gathered pace later in the century, with the greatest concentration occurring during the period of formal partition.

Secondly, it would be too easy to assume that these texts do not deserve serious study. Some critics might surmise that, as predominantly adventure narratives, they propagate imperial visions in too straightforward fashion to warrant detailed close reading.² Yet critical trends in travel writing studies should caution against assuming uncomplicated transparency in works by colonial travellers, even as they turned to another genre. If analyses of travel narratives have rightly critiqued the ideological embeddedness of imperial travelogues, they have also pointed to their considerable discursive complexity. James Duncan and Derek Gregory, for instance, argue that while travel narratives are “shot through with relations of power and of desire”, they can nonetheless be understood as acts of “translation” involved in the difficult task of “re-presenting other cultures and other natures” (1999, 4). Moreover, it is important to note that while explorers’ books can readily be subjected to postcolonial criticism, and while the exploration of Africa and the later events of the scramble were undoubtedly connected, recent scholarship has problematised any attempt to posit a “direct line of causation between exploration and empire”. If, as Kennedy puts it, “exploration was the avatar of empires” we must conclude that “empires were [...] directed to multiple, often contending, objectives” (2014, 9, 10). In the wake of research that has unravelled the associations between travel and imperialism, there is little reason to deny explorers’ novels the complexity that has been detected in expeditionary narratives and in the project of exploration itself.

Finally, the decision of these explorers to write fiction is evidently of importance. Criticism has routinely addressed the imbrications of travel writing and fiction and their permeable borders. Steve Clark contends that in travelogues, “the dividing line between fact and fiction, documentation and embellishment, is traditionally elusive” (1999, 2).

Likewise, writes Clare Pettitt, the “sometimes uncomfortable proximity of fact and fiction” makes travel writing “a curiously porous form” (2014, 86). Yet while the “literary dimension of travelogues” is beyond doubt (Borm 2004, 22), some explorers clearly felt motivated to adopt more explicitly fictional forms. Since the choice of form or genre is never insignificant, we might infer that explorers were seeking something that the travelogue did not easily cater for. The fact that they favoured adventure books is perhaps unsurprising, given that critics have observed the genre’s strong literary connections to books of exploration. In his classic work, *Rule of Darkness*, Patrick Brantlinger contended that explorers’ texts were themselves “nonfictional quest romances” (1988, 180); while this is ultimately an unsatisfactory characterisation of publications that were often hybrid in genre, it remains an insightful observation. And if expeditionary narratives could bear the hallmarks of adventure, it is equally the case that adventure novels often drew on the features of the travelogue. Adventure romances and the literature of exploration coexisted in a productive, symbiotic relationship; they were, as Brian H. Murray argues, “distinct but interrelated products of an emergent late-Victorian popular culture” (2011, 31).

If explorers gravitated to a kindred literary mode, part of the appeal was surely the different audience the adventure genre could offer. By tapping into the growing appeal of the romance, which would flourish under the “romance revival” of the 1880s, they found a form that could reach a popular and younger readership.³ Such books provided an effective means of communicating geographical and imperial knowledge at a time when interests in African exploration, and soon afterward colonial arrangements in Africa, were developing apace. Yet, as we shall see in Stanley’s case, fiction can also perform cultural work, express anxieties, and voice desires that are less likely to be traced in the travelogue. This is important to bear in mind, given that recent work on the “quotidian” experience of African travel has drawn attention less to the power than to

the powerlessness of travellers (Kennedy 2014, 11). Explorers were not as assured as their travel books often made them appear;⁴ journeying could prove alienating, as Europeans found themselves confronted with ways of being that challenged their cultural norms. While explorers have often been represented as crusading heroes, the reality is that for most of the nineteenth century the balance of power was seldom in their favour; they were normally vastly outnumbered, reliant on local goodwill and the assistance of indigenous intermediaries (Driver and Jones 2009, 11). In contrast to the mythology surrounding them, argues Kennedy, the agency of explorers tended to be “limited and insecure” and their experience “more varied, complex, and subversive” than has often been acknowledged (2013, 230). Something of the destabilising experience of travel might, I suggest, be traced in their literary efforts. If, as Brian Musgrove argues, travelogues can reveal moments of “unsettlement” and “uncertainty” (1999, 39, 44), the fictional outputs that explorers wrote as alternatives to their expeditionary narratives are just as open to such readings.

Entering violent territory: Stanley’s “Afric feast”

Henry Morton Stanley is one of the best-known names in the roster of Victorian explorers. When the young Welsh-American reporter tracked down the supposedly lost Livingstone in Ujiji in 1871, his name was launched into the global limelight where it stayed for the rest of his career. The cultural memory of his notorious greeting, “Dr Livingstone I Presume?”, bears some responsibility for the greater familiarity he has today than most of his contemporaries. In James Newman’s judgement, it is also the case that “In terms of exploration and discovery as defined in nineteenth-century Europe, he clearly stands at the top”. Although this may be disputable, in mapping the course of the Congo, establishing its interconnection with the Lualaba, and in determining the source of the Nile, Stanley did settle some of the period’s most hotly debated questions of

African geography (Newman 2004, 335, 469). Yet Stanley's fame and remembrance are probably more to do with his controversies than his discoveries. Throughout his lifetime, as Driver observes, he was the focal point of disputes about "sensational exploration" and the militarisation of expeditionary travel (2001, 10, 123). His sceptical and scathing reception by the British geographical establishment in the early 1870s had much to do with his identity as an American, his employment as a journalist, and class-inflected disdain for his illegitimate origins. At the same time, his methods and mode of reporting did prove genuinely troubling, since they were at variance with those expected of genteel scientific travellers (Driver 2001, 129–130, 143). If such criticisms were widespread, however, particularly among philanthropic societies, they did not prevent Stanley from cultivating a "craze" of celebrity, fed by his publications and skilful negotiation of the media (Berenson 2010, 156). While Stanley proved contentious to his contemporaries, the situation has changed little over time. No doubt this is due in part to the lasting impact he had on the continent to which he devoted his career. More than most explorers, Stanley was an active agent of change in a range of African territories (Newman 2004, 335); having established stations in the Congo for King Leopold and having helped to secure European access to Buganda, his actions had major repercussions. As an advocate of European intervention who was directly embroiled in imperial affairs, Stanley is remembered for his contribution to the scramble for Africa and to "the cultural style of the new imperialism" (Driver 2001, 125).

Stanley's importance in the Victorian encounter with Africa has attracted considerable commentary in the decades since decolonisation. Lately, the purview of this scholarship has extended, as attention has been directed towards Stanley's significance as a bestselling author. While studies of exploration have developed strong interests in textuality, the prolific Stanley presents better opportunities for literary analysis than most. This is not simply because of the quantity that he wrote, but because of the way in which

he wrote it. Stanley's books represented a new style of exploration literature. Rather than adopting the expected tone of a scientific traveller he capitalised on adventurous potential, writing fast-paced narratives that revolved around himself as protagonist. In one of the first close-readings of *How I Found Livingstone* (1872), Youngs argues that among its clearest features was "the inscription of the author as subject in the very title of the book"; the text should be read not simply as a record of events but as "an assertion of identity". In Stanley's books, moreover, "capitalistic journalism" met African exploration (Youngs 1990, 231, 239). Indeed, his style is best understood through his employment as a newspaperman. Clare Pettitt reminds us that his success in finding Livingstone was one of the greatest newspaper "stunts" of the 1870s. The quest itself owed much to the new popular journalism being pioneered in the United States by the *New York Herald*, which laid emphasis on the "the human interest story" and the successful "scoop" (Pettitt 2007, 49, 79, 95). As Matthew Rubery suggests, Stanley was one of a new breed of foreign correspondents pursuing the "exclusive interview" (2009, 142, 147). The sensational style that he had learnt as an American journalist made him the subject of suspicion in Britain, but it also lay at the heart of his ability to achieve a literary success far surpassing most other explorers (Berenson 2010, 28). His frequent newspaper despatches, which capitalised on the mass circulation of the daily press, and his carefully timed publications, were fundamental in attracting a "thrill-seeking public" (Kennedy 2013, 247–248). Stanley's story then is intimately connected to print culture and to his negotiation of the literary market. As Murray persuasively demonstrates in the first single-author study of Stanley, he must be understood "as a popular author in his own right" whose texts require critical readings (2011, 11).⁵

Although Stanley's writings have received renewed investigation, discussion of *My Kalulu* has been scant. This is possibly because most research on Stanley has been carried out by historians, little inclined to handle fiction, or by scholars with

expeditionary literature as their primary interest. *My Kalulu* also had a much smaller public impact than the books Stanley is best known for. It is of less cultural significance than *How I Found Livingstone* or *In Darkest Africa* (1890), the latter of which appeared in a dozen languages concurrently and sold 150,000 copies in a matter of weeks (Berenson 2010, 150–151). Scholars might also be deterred by exclusionary notions of literary value; a boys' book, written with less panache than his travel texts, it would be easy to dismiss *My Kalulu* on grounds of stylistic merit. But as Stanley's sole novel, and as part of the phenomenon of explorer fiction, it warrants more detailed analysis than it has received.

My Kalulu tells the story of Selim, a Zanzibari boy of noble birth who embarks on a journey into eastern Africa in the company of his father, Sheikh Amer bin Osman, as part of an extensive Arab trading party. The expedition progresses well, until the convoy reaches the territory of the Warori, where war breaks out with local inhabitants at the town of Kwikuru. When the Watuta join the conflict in alliance with the Warori, the Arabs are routed by the superior local force. Selim and several other Zanzibari boys are taken captive by the warlord Ferodia and his henchman Tifum Byah, where they experience the vicious life of slavery from the inside. Meanwhile, Moto and Simba, two of Sheikh Amer's "faithful" slaves who have survived the conflict, determine to rescue Selim in response to his father's dying wish (Stanley 1873, 104). Gaining the support of Kalulu, the nephew of the Watuta paramount, they are soon reunited with their master's son. A period of tranquillity follows, in which Kalulu and Selim develop a mutual devotion, which culminates in a "ceremony of brotherhood" (Stanley 1873, 200). Peace is disrupted, however, when the king, Katalambula, passes away. Kalulu is the natural successor, but is opposed by Ferodia who stages a coup and seizes the premiership. Deciding to flee to the security of Zanzibar, the heroes embark on a journey punctuated by encounters with the slave trade. En route, Kalulu is separated from the party but, in the book's final coincidence, is rediscovered on sale in the Zanzibar slave market. On

being reunited, Selim and Kalulu determine to bide their time before someday returning to Ututa to reclaim the throne for the rightful ruler.

From this brief summary, it is clear that the novel is structured as a *Bildungsroman*, tracking Selim's development to maturity through his east African sojourn. Through confrontations with nature and hostile locals, Selim progresses from effeminacy towards "the goal of manhood" (Stanley 1873, 19). The construction of Africa as a space of intense trial, in which protagonists can generate or rejuvenate masculinity, is a trope that often appears in colonial adventure fiction. But Selim's progression does not just entail the acquisition of physical hardiness. Rather, he is also inducted gradually into an anti-slavery perspective, beginning as the unquestioning son of a slaver and ending as its opponent. Having experienced "the refined cruelty of the slave traders" first hand, Selim vows "never to purchase a slave" himself (Stanley 1873, 150, 408). In the novel's preface, Stanley claimed that exposing the Indian Ocean trade was one of his chief aims; through fiction, he hoped to provide a portrait of "the evils of the slave-trade in Africa – how it begins, how it is conducted, and how it sometimes ends" (viii). The novel's declared agenda then, is to inculcate an abolitionist perspective in its readers. When he wrote *My Kalulu*, Stanley had recently returned from his first African journey and published *How I Found Livingstone* – and as Newman observes, the novel's attitude to slavery bears the traces of Livingstone's influence (2004, 85). In the wake of Livingstone, a missionary as well as a traveller, "evangelical humanitarianism and African exploration" came to have a fairly close affiliation. Indeed, as Kennedy argues, Livingstone's career "cast such a long shadow over those African explorers who came after him that they felt obligated to give at least rhetorical obeisance to his views" (Kennedy 2013, 201).

Stanley's abolitionist *Bildungsroman* certainly capitalised on humanitarian interest in Africa and its inhabitants. Yet, despite its apparent agenda, the novel's attitude to slavery proves rather ambivalent on close reading. While Selim decides never to buy

slaves, he resolves to release those in his possession only after his death (Stanley 1873, 408). Moreover, there is continually an insinuation that Africans are naturally servile. While the characters Simba and Moto are presented in admiring terms – strong, capable, cunning – they are essentially devoted servants. Their master Amer “was as dear as their own hearts” and his son Selim “was their delight; his slightest wish was law” (Stanley 1873, 30). They object to the institution of slavery and recognise that “A great wrong is done by the Arabs”, but they look back on their own experience of enslavement with affection; for Simba, “there never lived finer and nobler-looking men” than “Amer and his friend Khamis” (Stanley 1873, 408, 125). Although the novel rejects slavery, the presence of the humane master and the excessive devotion of Africans make its abolitionist objectives more ambiguous than they might first appear.

The ambivalence detected here indicates that *My Kalulu* is in some respects a book of tensions. This was only Stanley’s second work about Africa, written before he had determined to focus his career on the continent and while his ideas were in formation. Indeed, Stanley’s ambiguities are clearer when the novel is read alongside his previous publication, *How I Found Livingstone*. There, he had made the case for greater Anglo-American involvement in Africa, promoting potential commercial prospects and advocating the civilising mission. This message, however, appears to be complicated by *My Kalulu*. In fact, one of the novel’s most striking features is that it altogether lacks characters of European origin. With the surprising absence of a white figure, engaging in the predictable work of civilisation, the novel does not directly valorise European or American intrusion; the predominant image is of an Africa untouched by western influence. *How I Found Livingstone* and *My Kalulu* thus initially appear to sit uneasily alongside one another. If the former looks forward to possible African futures, the latter seems to refuse to do so. In *My Kalulu*, Stanley chooses not to foreground the emerging European influences in east Africa, which in the 1860s – when the novel is set – were at

an early phase of development. He makes no mention of the expeditions by Livingstone, Burton and Speke, which had begun to explore the lakes region and eastern interior, nor the recent incursions of missionary societies.⁶ By omitting such developing contact, Stanley's fictional narrative may display a degree of nostalgia as east and central Africa began to receive new global attention, not least through his own travels.⁷ The portrait of Kalulu, for instance, "a perfect youthful Apollo", has nostalgic qualities, owing much to the noble savage tradition. And there is also periodic remorse for tribal histories "never destined to see the light" and for worlds consigned to "an obscure corner of the British Museum" (Stanley 1873, 137, 235). It is notable, however, that despite such sentimentality, the Africa outside western contact is largely cast as one of ruthless savagery where cruelties run unchecked. Following the battle of Kwikuru in which Selim's caravan is obliterated, for instance, Stanley dwells on the "mutilation" of the dead bodies of the defeated:

the knives were set to work on the bodies of their enemies, first in cutting the tips of each nose, then the lower lip, then the flesh under the chin, then the ears and the eye-brows, which, when ended, they conveyed to the pots over the fires [...] the head of each body was cut off and placed on the end of pointed poles, to be borne around the camp during the ceremonial song. (Stanley 1873, 121)

Between such customs and "the utter abomination of the inhuman traffic", Africa beyond the bounds of Anglo-Saxon influence is not an attractive place (Stanley 1873, 150).

In its nostalgic notes and exclusion of white characters, *My Kalulu* might reveal some hesitance over the western presence in Africa. It is only fair to acknowledge, as Newman does, that the novel defies expectations by making the chief opponents of

slavery Arabs and Africans rather than the typical white crusader (2004, 85). Yet the savagery and conflict offered in *My Kalulu* serve to diagnose eastern Africa as a site of inherent and perpetual bloodshed. As such, the novel arguably provides a legitimising context for the imperial intervention that Stanley advocated elsewhere. *My Kalulu* in fact works to disclose the need for the very forces that are conspicuously absent from its pages.

The image of a war-torn continent, argues Richard Reid, is one of the most enduring stereotypes of Africa. While it developed in the period of the Atlantic slave trade, it escalated and reached its apogee in the late nineteenth century. The typecast of African brutality became increasingly racialised and cited as evidence of intrinsic “political, cultural and even biological backwardness” (Reid 2012, xi). As a well-known proponent of the “dark continent” mythology, Stanley was an important participant in this vision of perennial conflict. Indeed, I would suggest that *My Kalulu* can be read as a textual cartography, mapping east Africa as spaces of unbridled terror.⁸ In proposing this reading I follow Richard Phillips, who argues that maps are not necessarily “visual, graphic representations” but can take other forms; what is vital is that they represent “spatial” information. Maps, moreover, need not only delineate “material space”, but can give representation to “geographies of fantasy” and “imagination”. For Phillips, the adventure story can operate as an imaginative map, sharing the ability of other cartographic forms to “naturalise constructions of geography” (Phillips 1997, 14). As the novel of an explorer, more firmly embedded in place than most adventure romances, *My Kalulu* can aptly be described as such a narrative map. It is even clear from the book’s preface that Stanley intended the book to function as a geographical sketch of the regions around Lake Tanganyika (1872, vii). *My Kalulu*, however, is no neutral map concerned solely with regional topography, but rather one that invests that geography with significance and constructs a particular vision of eastern Africa.

It is worth noting that *My Kalulu* initially promises to map the considerable Zanzibari trade network between the east African coast and Lake Tanganyika, in the region of present-day Tanzania. In the course of the nineteenth century Zanzibar developed as a “commercial intermediary”, where African materials arrived for export and European manufactured goods were imported and disseminated. As the island became a “major entrepôt”, it increasingly extended its trading routes in eastern and central Africa to dominate commerce with the hinterland; Zanzibar’s economic influence was significant enough for later historians to characterise it as a “commercial empire” (Sheriff 1987, 1–4). In *My Kalulu*, the caravan party that opens the novel sets out to follow the established trading routes, aiming to press into the relatively untapped terrain west of Lake Tanganyika. As they contemplate their path, they have two options. One of the traders, Khamis bin Abdullah, tells his companions they can take the “old road” through Ugogo to Unyanyembe and then Ujiji, and cross the lake to Rua, or they can take a route through Usagara to Uhehe and Urori, then south of the lake to Marungu and proceed to Rua from there (Stanley 1873, 53–54). In presenting these alternatives, Stanley shows familiarity with the trade paths to Tanganyika and beyond. As Abdul Sheriff argues, a route through Ugogo (in the vicinity of present-day Dodoma region in central Tanzania) was probably pioneered by Nyamwezi traders around 1800 and had become a major pathway by the 1840s. Likewise, a south-westerly route through Uhehe (in the vicinity of present-day Iringa region in south-central Tanzania) was in operation from the first decade of the nineteenth century (Sheriff 1987, 176–177).

At the outset, Stanley’s caravan itinerary sets the stage for a productive engagement with the geography of the expanding trading network. In having the party set its sights on Rua, a “great country” where “few Arabs have been”, Stanley locates *My Kalulu* in the context of the westward expansion of trade routes that was taking place at the time of writing (Stanley 1873, 6). In the late 1860s, Rua (or Uruwa, in present-day

eastern Democratic Republic of the Congo) was emerging as an important new destination on the “moving frontier” of the commercial empire, as the search for ivory took traders further into central Africa (Sheriff 1987, 183, 188). Yet, *My Kalulu* ultimately does little to live up to these early prospects. Instead of investigating the spatial network of trade routes, Stanley constructs a geography that frames movement into eastern Africa as a progressive journey into regions of ferocity. During its early passage, the caravan is relatively untroubled. Setting out from Bagamoyo, an important depot on the Mrima coast, it travels to Simbamwenni (in present-day Morogoro region), a fortified settlement where caravans regularly stopped for supplies. In his journey in search of Livingstone, Stanley had been optimistic about the commercial possibilities of the area between Morogoro town and Simbamwenni (Newman 2004, 80), and so in the novel it is notably beyond this location that violence escalates; since Stanley considered Simbamwenni to be a “nucleus of the slave-trade in East Africa”, the town operates as a gateway into the tumultuous terrain beyond (1872, 244). On taking the southern trade route from there, the caravan is soon moving through territory of heightened threat. When they reach Uhehe, they consider themselves to be entering “the land of thieves, and night-prowlers”, where the ever-present risk of “prowling Wahehe” necessitates a shoot-on-sight policy. Passing through this dangerous region “without molestation”, the risk intensifies further on entering Urori (Usangu, in present-day Mbeya region) (Stanley 1872, 80).⁹ Its residents, the Warori (now known as the Sangu), are described as a “powerful people” with “whom we must make friends or fight”. Although the locals initially do “not seem disposed to dispute their advance”, it is there that the caravan meets its demise (Stanley 1872, 54, 87).

In having the caravan destroyed by war, Stanley highlights the precarious nature of trading parties, and their relative weakness when encountering powerful African leaders. But it is a plotline designed to epitomise east Africa’s war-torn condition, and

which ultimately curtails the early investigation of the trade network. Indeed, following the battle, Stanley continues to extend his cartography of violence. When Selim and his companions are captured by the warlord Ferodia, they are transported southwest in a slave caravan to the region Stanley calls “Ututa”, or the land occupied by the “Watuta” (Stanley 1873, 108). In using the term “Watuta”, Stanley is referring to the Ngoni who arrived at the Fipa plateau at the southern end of Lake Tanganyika in the 1840s. While the particular group known as the Tuta actually travelled further north towards Lake Victoria (Stapleton 2013, 158), Stanley uses the term with wider application to more generally encompass the Ngoni groups who had invaded Tanganyika.¹⁰ In *My Kalulu*, Ututa is a region of insecurity and in disarray. Although Selim, Abdullah, Simba and Moto find temporary respite there with Kalulu, its stability is precarious at best. When the death of the Watutua premier, Katalambula, instigates a succession dispute, the constant division around Tanganyika is clear. Ferodia lists off his previous conquests – “Who conquered the Wabena, the Wumarungu, the Wakonongo...?” – and when he deposes Kalulu from the throne, he is able to capitalise on dissension among the many “resentful” local groups (Stanley 1873, 275, 277). The southern end of Lake Tanganyika is thus inscribed as a space of volatility and ongoing tribal conflict; in Ututa and the surrounding areas, perpetual warfare is the status quo.

This image of southern Tanganyika is confirmed and intensified when Selim and his companions escape Ferodia. They resolve to reach Lake Tanganyika, about twenty days to the northwest, and then travel north to “the friendly region” and reconnect with familiar destinations on the trade route (Stanley 1873, 311, 360). To get there, however, they must travel a week further south to bypass Ferodia’s dangerous country before turning to “go up, slowly towards the lake” (Stanley 1873, 311). When they arrive at Lake Tanganyika, the necessity for caution does not diminish. Sailing northwards by canoe they pass villages “which they took good care to avoid”, and camp “in the deepest

recesses of a cane-break, or on some lonely island”. Slave parties are roaming widely, and they are soon captured again by a “nomadic tribe of Wazavila – or Wazavira” (Stanley 1873, 359–360). Although, as Tony Waters points out, the records of other European travellers do not appear to mention the “Wazavira” (2009, 85), whose threat Stanley repeatedly notes in *How I Found Livingstone*, he may be referring to the “wazagila”, a title borne by representatives of Munyigumba’s Hehe state (Iliffe 1979, 57). In *My Kalulu*, the captives’ transportation with this group functions to augment Stanley’s map of Tanganyikan violence. The journey takes them about 140 miles east of the lake, during which time the Wazavira plunder, across the Rikwa plain (in present-day Rukwa region) to the Rungwa river (a tributary of Lake Rukwa) where they manage to escape. In Stanley’s narrative cartography, structured by his protagonists’ journey, a vast portion of southern Tanganyika and the regions east are plotted as territories of fundamental disorder. Even when they reconnect with the trading route, the “Unyanyembe road”, they remain vulnerable as they travel along its “serpentine curves and long, straight stretches” (Stanley 1873, 403, 406). It is only when they reach Tabora, a major trading town in the Unyamwezi region (in present-day central-west Tanzania), that they find relative security with the resident Zanzibari traders, who ensure their safe return to the coast via the Ugogo route.

Stanley’s detailed cartography of violence maps east Africa as territories of irrational brutality, requiring remedial action from the outside world; it is a geography designed to invite intervention.¹¹ To critique Stanley’s representative practices, however, is not to deny the actuality of violence in nineteenth-century east Africa. 1790 to 1920 was a time of “military transformation”, not least because of the 16 million guns imported into the continent over the course of the century.¹² Across east Africa, warfare surged in response to commercial demands, as armies competed for control of trade between Lake Victoria and the Zambezi valley (Reid 2012, 108, 115–116). Indeed, as

John Iliffe argues, by the 1860s developments in the “long-distance trade was bringing Tanganyika to a crisis” (1979, 52). The ivory frontier was advancing west as supplies from the Tanzanian interior declined, which bred new political conflicts and destabilised the “community of interest between inland peoples and coastal traders” (Iliffe 1979, 52). As tusks from these new fields had to be carried across vast areas that were now losing their share in the ivory trade, coastal merchants were becoming reliant on several “slender lifelines” for transportation to Zanzibar (Sheriff 1987, 192). The increasing coastal demand for slaves, moreover – primarily for the domestic market rather than for export – contributed to an escalation of violence in the interlacustrine region (Iliffe 1979, 49–50). Migrating groups who had recently arrived in Tanzania, having been displaced by the *Mfecane*, also became important agents of change. The Ngoni (Stanley’s “Watuta”) had been “Schooled in the ‘total war’” of the Zulu, and brought military strategies and structures that would be imitated by others (Reid 2012, 122, 118). Their organisation and regimental formations made them highly effective, and led to considerable reorganisation in the Southern Highlands (Iliffe 1979, 54, 56; Waters 2009, 64).

Since nineteenth-century Tanzania was caught up in violent upheaval, the image that Stanley and other explorers presented was no unmitigated fabrication. The point, however, lies in the reduction of a complex situation to a simple diagnostic. While Stanley shows awareness that he is dealing with a period of change, his account of conflict primarily insinuates that it is basic to African character and culture. His story of incessant intertribal wars and altercations with external intruders does little to engage the meanings of the violence it narrates. Stanley’s reductive hermeneutic of conflict is apparent, for instance, in the dramatic battle of Kwikuru, a scene that he apparently derived from a collision between Arab traders and the Nyamwezi chief, Mirambo (1873, 8). Mirambo was one of nineteenth-century east Africa’s greatest leaders, who developed a significant state and established diplomatic connections with other African polities. To

the extent that the encounter at Kwikuru is designed as a fictionalisation of his activities, it reduces his military campaigns, by which he gained control of large portions of major caravan routes, to blood feuds fuelled by “enmity” between Africans and “the children of the Arabs” (Stanley 1873, 90).¹³ Stanley had insight into east Africa as an eyewitness observer, but as with many European travellers his understanding of its contexts was limited. Ultimately, the violent narrative of *My Kalulu* tells a story about the Tanzanian interior that obscures perhaps as much as it reveals. It is notable, for instance, that *My Kalulu* largely ignores the European contribution to African violence. Stanley may call attention to the reach of the slave and ivory trade, but he overlooks those export markets whose demands contributed to domestic slavery and violent competition for resources (see Reid 2012, 111). And of course, it is important to recognise that other stories can be told besides narratives of violence. As Waters observes, although Tanzania’s social transformation was characterised by conflict, “the vast majority of people were not the perpetrators of violence” but were rather involved in agricultural production (2009, 59).

Fusing fact and fiction: “this strange historical romance”

This dissection of *My Kalulu*’s representation of Africa might come as little surprise, given previous critical commentary on Stanley’s other writings. Yet although the novel creates a context that legitimises intervention, provoking imperial fantasies, to focus only on this would be to circumscribe our reading. Indeed, despite its ideological investment, this is a novel born out of intercultural interaction. Having been directly inspired by Stanley’s first African journey, *My Kalulu* is more intimately connected to the experience of cultural encounter than most contemporary adventure stories. Lately, scholarship has begun to investigate the indigenous contributions to the project of exploration. Without guides, interpreters and porters, exploration would simply not have been possible; it was reliant on indigenous cooperation and local knowledge to the extent that it has been described

as a “joint project of work” (Driver and Jones 2009, 11). Traditional narratives of east African exploration, which dwelled on heroic individuals, are now being supplemented by recovered histories, which extend the turn towards “African initiative” pioneered in the 1960s. Stephen Rockel, for instance, argues for a decentred approach that takes account of the “traveling cultures [...] of the vast interior” which pre-dated the presence of European travellers. The celebrated Victorian explorers were highly reliant on the “transregional” caravan system, which had long enabled travel and trade (Rockel 2014, 172).

Although this context facilitated European exploration, many histories continue to pay it little attention. It is remarkable then that Stanley featured the Arab-African caravan system to such an extent in *My Kalulu*. While I have argued that Stanley’s early sketch of the inter-regional trading network is supplanted by his cartography of violence, the novel remains a striking disclosure of the infrastructure and practices of east African travel.¹⁴ At the beginning of *My Kalulu*, Stanley foregrounds the preparations of Sheikh Amer’s trading expedition. The Zanzibari merchants plan the scope of their venture, contemplating the porters required, before purchasing goods, guns, and the luxuries each “chief of the caravan deems it necessary to take. ‘Nothing in excess, but enough of every necessary thing,’ is the golden rule adopted by all people about penetrating Central Africa” (Stanley 1873, 23). In describing the outfitting of the caravan, Stanley directs attention to logistical issues of supplies, transportation and labour that were crucial to long-distance travel.¹⁵ He aims, moreover, to convey the scale of major safaris engaged in commercial transit. Taking “a long time to prepare” for the interior, the traders equip themselves with “the vast amount of stores requisite for the consumption of a large and imposing caravan for about three years”. Such an expedition, consisting of multiple convoys journeying between trading depots, is comparable to “the migration of an entire settlement” (Stanley 1873, 23, 33).

As the party begins its passage, Stanley offers insight into the organisation of caravan portage, foregrounding what Rockel calls its “methodical order” and “daily rhythms” (2006, 111). Each morning, the retinue is summoned at “early dawn”, and “Before an hour had elapsed, the tents had been struck and folded, and each carrier [...] stepped out briskly for the march”. In the evening when they make camp, the porters cut down “branches to form a stockade, a duty not to be omitted by well-conducted caravans in Africa” (Stanley 1873, 68, 30). As well as the laborious work of the march, Stanley conveys something of the activities and “vigorous social life” of the encampment (Rockel 2006, 98). Although he idealises the “friendships, associations” and “merriness” around the campfire, Stanley attempts to capture the caravan’s collective social experience (Stanley 1873, 33–34).

The novel also pays attention to the system of command. “[F]undis, or overseers” supervise “the conduct of the caravan” while “kirangozis” direct the route taken (Stanley 1873, 30, 68). The kirangozi, the Kiswahili term for guide or leader, was a key functionary of the caravan, usually elected by his peers by virtue of his experience (Rockel 2006, 73, 303). In showing the kirangozis’ expertise in the “languages of Eastern Central Africa” and their role in negotiating passage, Stanley emphasises the specialised skills and responsibilities of caravan personnel (1873, 89–93, 80). Moto, moreover, is clearly a skilled professional carrier, having guided previous caravans and “travelled the road five times from Ujiji to Zanzibar” (Stanley 1873, 310). Responsible for superintending the other overseers, Simba and Moto are fictionalisations of the “wanyampara”, the headmen who were the most important officials of caravan parties after the merchants themselves.¹⁶ As experienced managers, these two characters can also be read as the sorts of individuals who proved indispensable to European expeditions. Such expert guides possessed local knowledge and acted as “cultural brokers” between explorers and encountered communities (Driver and Jones 2009, 18; Kennedy 2013,

163). Simba and Moto certainly bear traits that Kennedy identifies in the “intermediaries” who specialised in assisting European caravans. Many such individuals were “deracinated figures, wrenched from their families, friends, communities, and localities by traumatic events such as war, slave raids, colonial conquest” (Kennedy 2013, 164). Moto, we learn, is a member of the Warori (or Sangu) who was “brought to Zanzibar when a child by a slave-trader”, while Simba, originally from Urundi (present-day Burundi), was displaced by war “when a boy” and purchased by Amer bin Osman (Stanley 1873, 31–32). They are the sorts of “marginal” figures, compelled by events to operate “at the intersection of cultures”, who explorers tended to employ (Kennedy 2013, 166, 164). In inventing Simba and Moto, Stanley actually drew on those who had staffed his own caravan. As he reveals in his preface, Simba is based on “Asmani, my guide”, with the exception of being given “a better character”, while Moto “represents his friend and constant companion” – presumably a reference to Mabruki, another of Stanley’s porters (Stanley 1873, viii; Stanley 1872, 344).

This is not to suggest that *My Kalulu* is a mimetic account of the caravan system. Simba and Moto appear in the vein of the devoted followers whom Victorian explorers paraded to home audiences. Likewise, the two chief protagonists, Selim and Kalulu, bear the mark of Stanley’s idealisation. Named after members of his retinue from the Livingstone expedition, the former a young Arabic-speaking Christian from Jerusalem and the latter a freed slave-boy who accompanied Stanley to Britain in the 1870s, the fictional personas depart considerably from their real-life counterparts. The boys are apparently composite characters, with Stanley drawing their “features” from stories about other impressive individuals (Stanley 1873, viii), but inevitably they appear as romanticised rewritings of two of his closest attendants. The novel thus fuels the motif of the “faithful” companion, extending a mythos that revisionist research has sought to

debunk by replacing idealised helpers with real subjects who made substantive contributions.

There are, of course, other noteworthy distortions of east African travel in *My Kalulu*. The trading party doesn't survive long enough for Stanley to explore the commercial dynamics of caravan halts or east African markets, and the participation of women in the caravan system as "traders, porters, and partners of men" is rendered largely invisible (Rockel 2006, 119). Perhaps less readily detectable is the problematic representation of the wider composition of caravan personnel. The merchant's "strong party" is made up of their collective slaves, with Amer himself contributing two hundred (Stanley 1873, 10). Slaves from Zanzibar known as the "Waungwana" – to be distinguished from plantation and domestic slaves – did operate as itinerant porters, achieving considerable autonomy and the opportunity to accumulate capital and prestige.¹⁷ But the "slaves" that make up Stanley's caravan are not depicted with such specificity; by failing to differentiate between the Waungwana and other slaves, both captive and domestic, *My Kalulu's* representation of the caravan perpetuates the reductive connection of "porterage and slavery" that was often assumed by nineteenth-century commentators (Rockel 2009, 89–90; 2006, 14–15). Moreover, although the Waungwana were undoubtedly important carriers, they were in the minority among east African porters, with most trading parties consisting of a wider mix of paid personnel, such as Nyamwezi carriers (Rockel 2006, 17, 21).

Such omissions, inflections, and the discursive contexts in which the novel operated, should be kept in mind. In showing the trade network's penetration into the interior, Stanley evidently sought to display the need for Europe and America to take measures against it. And yet *My Kalulu* is also testament to the system of transit labour that European explorers encountered and adopted. Stanley followed the pre-established patterns like many others, although he is well known for exceeding traditional standards

of discipline and violence. Nevertheless, the surprising regard that he shows for a highly organised Arab-African travel culture reminds us that this novel and the fiction of other explorers should be read as documents of cultural encounter.¹⁸ They must, as I argue elsewhere, be understood as forms of travel writing, emerging from the material circumstances of the field (Livingstone 2017). African exploration generated wide varieties of travel record, including notebooks, journals, and correspondence alongside the formal expeditionary narrative. The explorers' novels are, I suggest, another travel medium, an imaginative means of reflecting on and mediating the travel experience, which is only beginning to receive the attention it deserves.

When *How I Found Livingstone* was published, the book was criticised in some quarters for its expressly self-centred focus. As Stanley himself declared, “*Ego* is first and foremost in this book” (1872, 69). It is possible that the earlier critical opprobrium was in his mind when he wrote *My Kalulu* and excluded the European hero from his cast of non-western characters. Yet, when read as a travel text, it is clear that the novel’s focalisation is not as far removed from the self as it might initially appear. The protagonist, Selim, may be Zanzibari but he nevertheless provides a way for Stanley to address his own African experience. In this regard, it is notable that Selim is a remarkably white Arab. “[B]ehold, my boy”, says Amer in an early scene: “Is he not as white as any Nazarene?” (Stanley 1873, 9). In the absence of a character qualifying as white according to nineteenth-century racial theory, Selim’s distinctively European pigmentation enables Stanley to import whiteness into the novel nonetheless. As he journeys into the interior, Selim’s light skin elicits fascination from the Africans he meets. The Warori gaze “at the strange sight of some of the whiter faces among the Arabs” and scrutinise their “paleness of complexion” (Stanley 1873, 87). When the Watuta lay eyes on the “clean colour of their bodies” they wonder “what strange beings these were who were all over white”, their colour seeming “more pallid and strange in a land where white people had never

been seen” (Stanley 1873, 107, 111). By turning white skin into a spectacle, Stanley was drawing on a familiar plot from the annals of exploration in which the traveller not only gazes but finds himself gazed upon; this “reciprocal vision”, as Mary Louise Pratt calls it, appears in many African travel accounts from Mungo Park onwards (1992, 81).¹⁹ Such narratives are of course bound up with explorers’ self-representation as unique presences, who made first contact in the regions through which they travelled. But reports of indigenous reaction tend also to expose unsettlement at the experience of being scrutinised and perceived as profoundly strange; although often treated humorously in expeditionary accounts, these scenes bear traces of discomfort. It is such unease that manifests itself in *My Kalulu*’s version of the plot, which is displaced onto Selim’s body. On display for skin “white as the yolk of an egg!” (Stanley 1873, 194), Selim allows Stanley to voice the explorer’s predicament of being as much a spectacle as a spectator. In a novel bereft of Europeans, the anxiety of whiteness is projected through an exceptionally light-skinned Arab protagonist.

With such dynamics, *My Kalulu* clearly invites itself to be read as a travel text. Yet turning to fiction also opens space for sentiments that had little place in the conventional travelogue. The limited criticism that exists on *My Kalulu* reads it as “an exotic homosexual romance” (Aldrich 2003, 36), a “love story between two African males” (Zabus 2013, 62). Robert Aldrich contends that the book’s “lyrical passages about African warriors [...] create a homosocial and homoerotic ambiance”; the descriptions of Selim and Kalulu “linger on their physical beauty”, while the depth of their bonds exceeds “the usual bounds of friendship” (2003, 40, 39, 41). Chantal Zabus repeats this reading, arguing that Stanley’s “eroticized” descriptions of Kalulu, which invoke “Greek Antiquity”, draw on the Victorian lexicon of incipient homosexual identity. By likening Selim and Kalulu’s friendship to “David and Jonathan, Achilles and Patroclus”, argues Zabus, Stanley “instilled his novel with a latent homoeroticism” (2013, 64–66). Although

Stanley's sexual preferences remain the subject of debate, the sentimentality of *My Kalulu*'s male characters and the novel's bodily fascination would be hard to deny.²⁰ Aldrich and Zabus, however, are heavily reliant on contested psychobiographical discussions of Stanley's "repressed" and "sado-masochistic" urges (Aldrich 2003, 46; Zabus 2013, 69–70).²¹ And Zabus does overextend her argument, finding sexual references which are rather unconvincing; had Stanley suspected that in writing the words "his latent manliness aroused", he would be charged with "dwelling on Selim's erection", he would surely not have published the line (Zabus 2013, 64). Nonetheless, *My Kalulu* does contain discourses of desire that are much less perceptible in his other publications. It is hard to go beyond speculation when considering the sexual practices of Victorian explorers, but we can be sure that they showed delicacy in their expeditionary narratives. Between self-censorship and the editorial filters of the publishing industry, troublesome sexual material seldom appeared in print. The novel, then, perhaps presented a medium where circumspection was less necessary, where sentiments that would have been problematic in the travelogue could appear more freely. *My Kalulu*, I would suggest, enabled Stanley to express desires while simultaneously retaining distance. In the late nineteenth century, as Aldrich observes, it was commonly held that "sexual deviance" was "endemic" in the non-European world (2003, 5). The novel's Islamic and African context, with European characters safely absent, thus licensed its sensuous display. By placing intimate expressions in the mouths of non-western characters, *My Kalulu* allowed Stanley to voice desires indirectly, at a greater remove than could be achieved in the first-person travelogue, in which the explorer author was both narrator and protagonist.

Conclusion

For the *Westminster Review*, *My Kalulu* was one of “those stories of terrible adventures”. It did not take much to form this assessment: “We have not read Kalulu’s adventures, for the pictures are quite enough to satisfy us” (*Westminster Review* 1874, 303, 304). Other reviews joined in summarily dismissing Stanley’s literary effort. *The Athenaeum* gave the book only two sentences: “We cannot congratulate Mr. Stanley on his Christmas book. We suspect that boys will not care for it” (1873, 770). *The Academy* granted more space, but only to engage in extended irony. If readers were troubled by the “proportion of fact and fiction” in *How I found Livingstone*, they were recommended to read *My Kalulu*, “at some personal sacrifice” in order to “see what Mr. Stanley’s imagination can really do” (*Academy* 1874, 114). When he published *My Kalulu*, Stanley did not intend this first work of fiction to be his last. He promised “those interested in Kalulu” that if the novel should “turn out as I hope”, a sequel would “attempt to take him back to his own country”. If, on the other hand, he “failed in this venture, then Kalulu must stop at Zanzibar” (Stanley 1873, ix). By finishing his novel with Kalulu still removed from the throne, Stanley paves the way for a subsequent instalment. The novel offers one half of a displaced king narrative, a familiar plot from African colonial fiction. *King Solomon’s Mines* (1885), for instance, similarly deals with a usurped ruler and disordered land. In Haggard’s novel, however, the European heroes reinstate the legitimate monarch, restoring the afflicted nation to political health. Had Stanley proceeded with a second romance, he may well have completed Kalulu’s saga with some version of this plot.

With its poor sales figures and a mixed reception, however, Stanley never did revisit his romance. Although some reviewers praised the book for its basis in first-hand experience, the sneering comments above remind us that it was received in the context of the furore over his expedition to “find” Livingstone. If some welcomed a romance grounded in the events of exploration, others retained the sceptical tone that greeted Stanley on his arrival in Britain. Just as the geographical establishment had been

concerned that a sensational journalist was encroaching on the serious work of exploration, some members of the literary establishment felt that Stanley was transgressing boundaries. The term “journalist”, argues Rubery, developed the “negative connotation of mass appeal and sensationalism” in the late nineteenth century; as “literary authors” sought to differentiate their own profession, they were among the first to “use the term condescendingly” (2009, 157). This attitude to Stanley’s profession is perhaps detectable in the *Academy*’s critical review; while commending his “powers of graphic description as a special correspondent”, the author remarked that it was a “pity he should venture on any other department of the literary profession” (*Academy* 1874, 115).

Having never achieved popularity, *My Kalulu* is now all but forgotten. It is, moreover, part of a literary phenomenon that has also been largely forgotten. *My Kalulu* belongs to a body of novels written by the explorers of Africa during the prelude to partition and the following decades of high imperialism. These authors, known for their expeditionary narratives, used fiction for politico-cultural ends and as an alternative form through which to mediate the experience of travel. Stanley’s romance, I have argued, operates as an ambivalent *Bildungsroman*, which follows its protagonist’s maturation in abolitionist sentiment while also revealing an equivocal attitude to slavery. At the same time, the novel engages in imaginative cartography, mapping eastern Africa as extensive spaces of violence in need of western attention. To read the book as a travel text, however, also entails attention to its status as a document of cultural encounter, shaped by the material circumstances of African exploration. Despite its distortions, *My Kalulu*’s focus on Arab-African caravan culture is quite remarkable in the canon of Victorian adventures. Of course, in reading a romance as a travel text we must also ask what it offers that other mediums may not. Explorers might turn to fiction for a number of

reasons, but in Stanley's case at least it catered for experiences and sentiments for which the travelogue, with its greater demands of discretion, provided little place.

Notes

¹ For discussion of the role of "humanitarian narratives" in both sustaining and critiquing the imperial project, see Ballantyne (2011).

² John Miller argues that dismissing adventure fiction as simply superficial overlooks its "complex negotiation of space, identity, literary form and colonial power" (2012, 30).

³ On the late-Victorian romance revival, see Vaninskaya (2008). The fiction of exploration certainly benefited from the rising popularity of the adventure romance. Yet many contemporary readers also received the explorers' fictional works as credible reports of the regions they described. As such, they occupied an usual position as both romance narrative and reliable witness. I discuss the relationship between explorer fiction and the adventure genre in "Travels in Fiction: Baker, Stanley, Cameron and the Adventure of African Exploration". See Livingstone (2017).

⁴ This point emerges in Johannes Fabian's work on central African exploration. European travellers were rarely "clear-minded" in encountering local hosts, but rather tended to be "out of their minds' with extreme fatigue, fear, delusions of grandeur" (Fabian 2000, 3).

⁵ For analysis of Stanley's *Through the Dark Continent* and *How I Found Livingstone*, see also Murray (2013a, 2013b).

⁶ The development of east African Christian missions is examined in Sundkler and Steed (2000, 510–561).

⁷ Renato Rosaldo identifies "imperialist nostalgia" as a longing "for the very forms of life they intentionally altered or destroyed" (1989, 107–108).

⁸ A preliminary discussion of Stanley's literary mapping appears in Livingstone (2017).

⁹ Since Rori was a term used in the nineteenth century for the Sangu people (Schapera 1963, 298), "Urori" was used as the name for present-day Usangu region.

¹⁰ On the Ngoni arrival around Lake Tanganyika, see Iliffe (1979, 54–56).

¹¹ The overall impression of disorder is compounded by the novel's frequent animal encounters. In Selim's struggle with a "monster" lion, the "tyrant of the wilderness" does not just signify hostile animality but functions as emblematic of Africa's intrinsic violence (Stanley 1873, 163–164). For discussion of zoocritical and postcolonial ecocritical approaches to colonial literature, and the "ecocidal enthusiasm" of adventure fiction see Huggan and Tiffen (2009), and Miller (2012, 37).

¹² For a history of the impact of firearms in central Africa, see Macola (2016).

¹³ For discussion of Mirambo, see Rockel (2012, 223–226).

¹⁴ The following argument extends my preliminary discussion of Stanley's engagement with east African caravan culture in Livingstone (2017).

¹⁵ The logistics of European expeditions are discussed in Kennedy (2013, 129–158).

¹⁶ For examination of the wanyampara, see Rockel (2006, 72–73).

¹⁷ See Rockel (2009) on the Waungwana involvement in east African portage.

¹⁸ For discussions of "intercultural" dynamics in Victorian field notes, see Wisnicki (2010 and 2013).

¹⁹ For Pratt, "reciprocal vision" is an instance of "anti-conquest", or those "strategies of representation whereby European bourgeois subjects seek to secure their innocence in the same moment as they assert European hegemony" (1992, 7).

²⁰ Tim Jeal's biography of Stanley rejects claims that he had "homosexual preferences" (2007, 6).

²¹ Both Aldrich and Zabus draw insights from Frank McLynn's two-volume (1989, 1991) psychoanalytic biography of Stanley.

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