



THE HANGING BOY

MEDIA KIT

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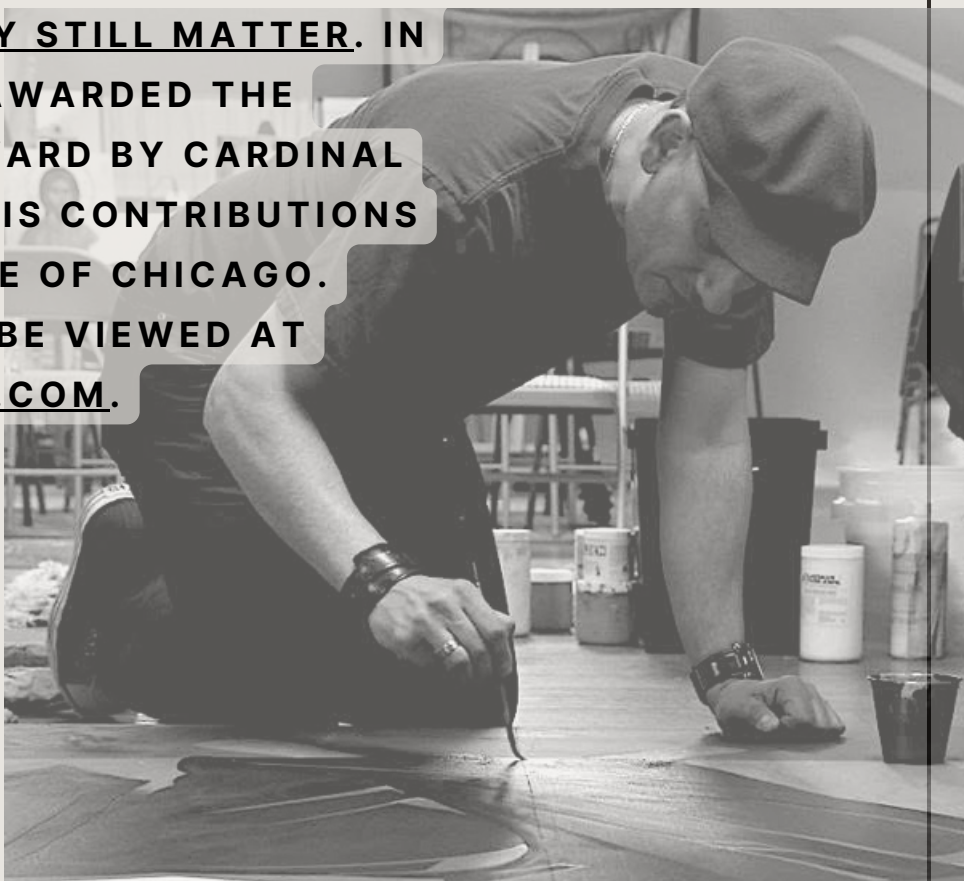
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ABOUT JOSEPH MALHAM

JOSEPH MALHAM IS A CHICAGO BASED ARTIST AND AUTHOR OF FIVE BOOKS. THE HANGING BOY IS HIS FIRST NOVEL.

FOR TWENTY YEARS HE WAS ARTIST IN RESIDENCE AT ST. GREGORY THE GREAT CHURCH IN CHICAGO AND REGULARLY CONTRIBUTED TO MAGAZINES SUCH AS LIGUORIAN, FAITH & FORM AND U.S. CATHOLIC.

MALHAM'S PREVIOUS BOOKS ARE BY FIRE INTO LIGHT: FOUR CATHOLIC MARTYRS OF THE NAZI CAMPS, JOHN FORD: POET IN THE DESERT (BEST BIOGRAPHY WINNER IN THE GREAT SOUTHWEST BOOK FESTIVAL), DRAWING CLOSER TO CHRIST: A SELF-GUIDED ICON RETREAT AND HOLY CELLULOID! THE VATICAN LIST OF GREAT FILMS AND WHY THEY STILL MATTER. IN 2017 MALHAM WAS AWARDED THE BISHOP QUARTER AWARD BY CARDINAL BLASE CUPICH FOR HIS CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE ARCHDIOCESE OF CHICAGO. MALHAM'S ART CAN BE VIEWED AT WWW.TRINITYICONS.COM.



EXTENDED BIOGRAPHY

JOSEPH MALHAM IS AN ICONOGRAPHER, TEACHER, AND AUTHOR OF FIVE BOOKS CURRENTLY LIVING IN CHICAGO. A GRADUATE OF LOYOLA UNIVERSITY, MALHAM STUDIED ART HISTORY IN ROME AND FOR TWENTY YEARS WAS ARTIST IN RESIDENCE AT ST. GREGORY THE GREAT CHURCH IN CHICAGO.

AS ARTIST IN RESIDENCE, MALHAM TAUGHT ICON-PAINTING WORKSHOPS, GAVE LECTURES ON THE HISTORY OF SACRED ART, AND FACILITATED RETREATS CENTERED ON THE SPIRITUALITY OF ICONS. MALHAM HAS GIVEN TALKS AT THE ART INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO, NOTRE DAME UNIVERSITY, DEPAUL UNIVERSITY, HOLY NAME CATHEDRAL (CHICAGO), LOYOLA UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO, CATHOLIC THEOLOGICAL UNION (CHICAGO), QUINCY HISTORICAL SOCIETY (QUINCY, IL) AND THE GILCREASE MUSEUM OF WESTERN ART (TULSA, OK). HE HAS WRITTEN FOR THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE AND WAS A REGULAR CONTRIBUTOR TO LIGUORIAN MAGAZINE, FAITH & FORM MAGAZINE, AND U.S. CATHOLIC.

UP TO THE TIME OF THE PANDEMIC, MALHAM WAS AN ADJUNCT PROFESSOR AT NORTH PARK EVANGELICAL SEMINARY WHERE HE CONDUCTED ICON WORKSHOPS, LECTURES AND DIRECTED READINGS WITH DIVINITY STUDENTS SEEKING TO INTEGRATE SACRED ART INTO THEIR MINISTRY. MOST RECENTLY, HE HAS PARTNERED WITH GARRETT SEMINARY AT NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY WHERE HE HELD AN EXHIBITION OF HIS SACRED ART CREATED DURING THE PANDEMIC ON FOUND AND REPURPOSED MATERIALS.

EXTENDED BIOGRAPHY, CONT.

IN THE PAST SEVERAL YEARS, MALHAM HAS MOVED FROM TRADITIONAL BYZANTINE ICONOGRAPHY TO A MORE CONTEMPORARY STYLE WHICH HE CALLS THE "NEW ICONS", CELEBRATING 20TH CENTURY CATHOLIC WOMEN AND MEN WHO WITNESSED TO CHRIST IN THE MOST BLOODY AND FAITHLESS CENTURY IN HISTORY. THE SERIES HAS BEEN A TRAVELING EXHIBITION FOR THE PAST SEVERAL YEARS. RECENTLY, WOMEN AND MEN OF ALL FAITHS HAVE BEEN INCLUDED TO REPRESENT A CELEBRATION OF INTERFAITH HEROES OF JUSTICE AND PEACE.

IN 2017, MALHAM WAS AWARDED THE BISHOP QUARTER AWARD BY CARDINAL BLASE CUPICH FOR HIS SERVICES TO THE ARCHDIOCESE OF CHICAGO.

MALHAM'S BOOKS INCLUDE BY FIRE INTO LIGHT: FOUR CATHOLIC MARTYRS OF THE NAZI CAMPS (PEETERS: 2002), JOHN FORD: POET IN THE DESERT (LSP: 2014), WINNER OF BEST BIOGRAPHY IN THE GREAT SOUTHWEST BOOK FESTIVAL, DRAWING CLOSER TO CHRIST: A SELF-GUIDED ICON RETREAT (AVE MARIA PRESS: 2017), AND HOLY CELLULOID! THE VATICAN LIST OF GREAT FILMS AND WHY THEY STILL MATTER (BEAR MANOR MEDIA: 2026). THE HANGING BOY IS MALHAM'S FIRST NOVEL.

Headshots



Photographed by Nicolas Ricco



Self-portraits ft. Algren

ARTIST & AUTHOR

The Hanging Boy Cover Art



PAINTED BY JOSEPH MALHAM

TITLE: THE HANGING BOY

SUBTITLE: BEING THE PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF BRIG. GEN. SAMUEL
EVERDINE AND HIS INTIMATE ACQUAINTANCE WITH BOTH THE MARTYRED
PRESIDENT LINCOLN AND HIS MURDERERS.

FORMAT: PAPERBACK

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GENRE: HISTORICAL
FICTION

The Hanging Boy

Quick Stats

BOOK SYNOPSIS

It is 1864 Washington and the Civil War is entering the last years of the bloody national conflict. For young Samuel Everdine, an orphaned boy adopted by an elderly couple and newly arrived in the capital city, a journey of guilt and innocence, of sins of omission and commission, has just begun. Taken under wing by his neighbor Mrs. Mary Surratt who becomes like a mother to him, Samuel also becomes playmate and best friend to young Tad Lincoln at the White House. Tad's indulgent and loving father, Abraham Lincoln, becomes like a second father to the boy.

Drawn into the dark secrets and mysterious visitors in the Surratt House, Samuel becomes an unwitting conduit between the boarding house and the White House and as an old man writing his memoirs wonders if he helped the woman he loved like a mother plot against the man he loved like a father. Part coming of age story, part dark mystery, and part historical fiction, *The Hanging Boy* is a novel that lays bare the heart of a boy who recalls the love he had for the man who became the heart of the nation.

FROM THE BOOK

Excerpt 1

“You must be Samuel!” I heard the voice call down to me from the front porch of the white boarding house next to our new home. “I am your new neighbor, Mrs. Surratt.”

“Yes, ma’am,” I responded looking up from across H Street at the woman in black, one hand shielding her face against the bright sun of that unusually warm November day.

“Well, angel, I have boys of my own and know they love nothing more than fresh bread and strawberry preserves.”

Even though she was clad in the black of widowhood, Mrs. Surratt appeared to radiate light from every crease, wrinkle and fold of her dress. The only article of her clothing that registered as pure black was the knitted shawl draped over her shoulders. I still could not see her face as it was darkly shaded by her hand.

“Can I come in now?” I asked as I aimlessly stabbed with a stick at leaves, bits of paper and clumps of dirt that littered the gutter.

“Of course, you can,” Mrs. Surratt replied, “I will have it no other way, so stop waging war upon that dreadful litter and come inside!” With one hand she gestured several times to me while the other remained firmly planted over her forehead. I still could not see her face.

I put down the stick and was just about to cross over H Street when a greengrocer wagon clip-clopped by. My sight of Mrs. Surratt was temporarily obscured but, as the horse and wagon passed, I saw she was still standing on the porch.

As stated before, our building on H Street was a well-built red brick edifice of four stories topped with a graceful Italianate cornice. Mrs. Surratt’s boarding house conjoined ours so snugly that one could hardly slide a piece of foolscap between them. Although her boarding house was shorter than our building it was also four stories, the fourth containing a small garret with two windows defiantly jutting out of the pitched roof like carved figureheads on the prow of a brigantine.

Our elegantly framed entranceways stood cheek-to-jowl on the second story, identical white porches and stairs leading down to the sidewalk in opposite directions. The first day we saw the building with the two side by side stairs I remember thinking how they resembled a wooden version of Pop’s drooping white mustache. It was the Surratt side of Pop’s drooping mustache that I ascended towards the welcoming arms of my new neighbor. Mrs. Surratt gently placed one hand on my shoulder and with the other opened the front door and led me in. Despite, or because of, the warmth of the morning, I recall how hot her hand felt through the rough texture of my linen shirt and assumed she had just taken the bread from the oven.

FROM THE BOOK, CONT

Excerpt 2

The room looked more like that of a country magistrate rather than that of the Chief Executive prosecuting a calamitous war. A ratty oil cloth, stained with tobacco juice, covered the floor, upon which sat rickety old furniture that looked like it was held over from before the Mexican War. I later discovered that it was.

Above the carved fireplace hung a colored print of Andrew Jackson, who glowered pugnaciously at the three remaining walls which were papered with maps, large and small, charting engagements in all departments of the army. A heavy table in the center of the room groaned under the weight of more maps, heavy leather volumes, inkstands and innumerable telegraphs and dispatches.

Near the tall and dirty window was a stuffed chair in which reclined a figure whose legs appeared to stretch half the length of the room. The tree-like limbs terminated in a fine pair of black Dr. Kahler boots topped with a band of maroon leather. The feet were so large they looked like two navy cutters covered in black leather.

I had seen countless lithographs and etchings of President Lincoln, hanging in parlors and emblazoned on the front pages of newspapers, but they hardly resembled the snoring giant unceremoniously stretched out in the chair before us. The somber figure I recalled staring down from gilt frames showed a demigod of the Republic in a black frock coat, holding a piece of parchment or contemplating a bust of Washington. There, he looked like a Roman emperor or senator enveloped in solitary gloom and glory. The man I beheld here looked like a farmer in a dry goods store who, wearied from shelling peanuts and sharing village gossip, had drifted to sleep.

Most astonishing, he was in his shirtsleeves and his long arms dangled to the floor, the massive left paw clutching a sheaf of papers. His bearded chin rested on his chest, his darkly shadowed eyes closed under thick black eyebrows and his thin wire spectacles resting atop his thick mop of disobedient black hair streaked here and there with silver. Like a young panther, Tad silently crept up to the recumbent figure and slowly extended his hand towards him. Suddenly, the recliner, who had been “playing possum” the entire time, grabbed Tad in a bear hug and began loudly growling.

“Caught you, you rascal!” he shouted as he began to tickle Tad on his ribs and under his arm. As I watched this amazing scene, Tad began to squeal with equal measures of laughter and pain as he fought futilely to disentangle himself from his father’s iron grip.

A FEW NOTES ABOUT NOTEWORTHINESS FROM MR. MALHAM

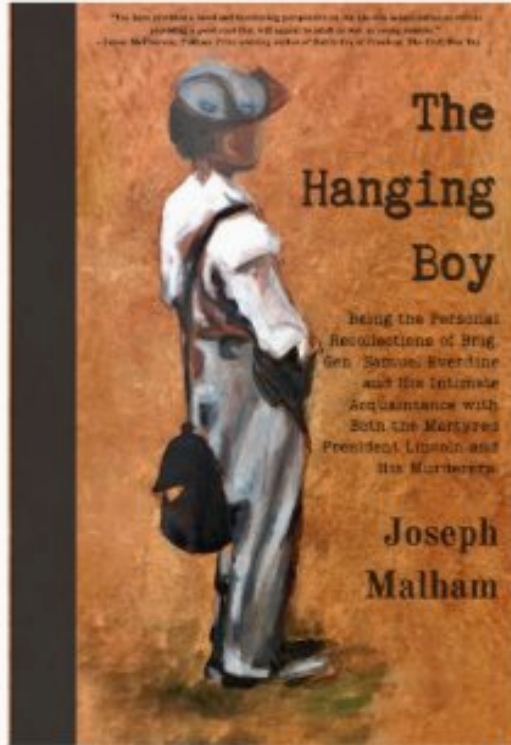
ALL HISTORY CARRIES WITH IT A RELEVANCE THAT PIERCES THE VEIL OF TIME AND INSINUATES ITSELF IN THE PRESENT. WHETHER IT IS THE MAXIM ATTRIBUTED TO GEORGE SANTAYANA "THOSE WHO DO NOT REMEMBER THE PAST ARE CONDEMNED TO REPEAT IT", MARCEL PROUST'S "IN SEARCH OF LOST TIME" OR SIMPLY SALVADOR DALI'S "PERSISTENCE OF MEMORY", THE ONLY WAY THE PAST CAN LIVE IS IN THE PRESENT.

WHILE THE HANGING BOY HANGS, AS IT WERE, ON THE HISTORICAL EVENT OF LINCOLN'S ASSASSINATION, THE THEMES AND SUBTEXTS OF THE BOOK, RANGING FROM LOVE AND COMPASSION TO DECEIT, VENGEANCE AND MURDER ARE ENDURING PARTS OF OUR OWN TIME AND INDEED OUR OWN EXISTENCE. AND WHILE THE SETTING IS THE CIVIL WAR, IT DOESN'T APPEAR THAT THE SAME TYPE OF DIVISION AND HATRED LEADING TO WAR AND BLOODSHED IS GOING ANYWHERE EITHER.

WHAT THE HANGING BOY DOES, HOWEVER, IS RECAST THOSE FEELINGS, BOTH EXALTED AND BASE, THROUGH THE EYES OF A CHILD WHO DOESN'T KNOW WHAT HE DID OR WHAT THE PEOPLE AROUND HIM WERE DOING. IT IS ONLY AS AN OLD MAN THAT HE CAN SEE CLEARLY WITH HIS FADING EYESIGHT THE DEPTHS TO WHICH BOTH LOVE AND HATE RAN IN HIS LIFE. MORE IMPORTANTLY, WHAT HE DID TO EMBRACE THE LOVE AND POSSIBLY AID AND ABET THE HATE.

IF THERE IS ANY LEITMOTIF IN THE HANGING BOY THAT CONNECTS THE PAST WITH OUR OWN LIVES IS THAT SOMETIME, AND IN SOME PLACE AND WITH SOMEONE, WE WILL HAVE TO MAKE THE SAME CHOICES OF RIGHT AND WRONG. AND THE PERSISTENCE OF OUR MEMORIES WILL HANG ON WHETHER WE MADE THE RIGHT CHOICE.

MEDIA ASSESTS



Author Photograph: Nicolas Rico

Author

Joseph Malham

"You have provided a novel and fascinating perspective on the Lincoln assassination as well as providing a good read that will appeal to adult as well as young readers."

James McPherson, Pulitzer Prize-winning author of "Battle Cry of Freedom: The Civil War Era"

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THE HANGING BOY

BEING THE PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF BRIG. GEN. SAMUEL EVERDINE AND HIS INTIMATE ACQUAINTANCE WITH BOTH THE MARTYRED PRESIDENT LINCOLN AND HIS MURDERERS

Washington, 1864. The American Civil War is drawing to a conclusion but with a daily butcher's bill to be paid by so many. Young orphan Samuel Everdine becomes friendly with his neighbor, Mrs.

Mary Surratt and the mysterious visitors to her boardinghouse. By a twist of fortune he also becomes playmate and best friend of Tad Lincoln in the Executive Mansion. Tad's father, Abraham Lincoln, comes to see Samuel as another son. Hovering between the woman he loves like a mother and a man he comes to love like a father, Samuel becomes an unwitting conduit of intelligence and information.

Writing as an old man on the doorstep of death, Samuel wonders what part he played in the Great American Tragedy of April, 1865.

About the Author

Joseph Malham is a Chicago artist and author of five books, *By Fire Into Light: Four Catholic Martyrs of the Nazi Camps*, *John Ford: Poet in the Desert* (winner of Best Biography in the Great Southwest Book Festival), *Drawing Closer to Christ: A Self-Guided Icon Retreat* and *Holy Celluloid! The Vatican List of Great Films and Why They Still Matter*. *The Hanging Boy* is his first novel.

Purchasing Details

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Available from: Amazon, Barnes & Noble, Bookshop.org and independent booksellers globally.

MEDIA ASSETS

EARLY REVIEWS

“METICULOUSLY RESEARCHED HISTORY AND EXQUISITE PROSE...THE HANGING BOY IS ONE OF THE MOST POWERFUL CIVIL WAR NOVELS I HAVE EVER READ, OFFERING A PROFOUND MEDITATION ON WHAT IT MEANS TO LIVE A HUMAN LIFE, INESCAPABLY BURDENED BY WHAT WE HAVE DONE AND WHAT WE HAVE FAILED TO DO.”

AMY ALZNAUER

AUTHOR OF NEW YORK TIMES BEST BOOK OF 2020, THE STRANGE BIRDS OF FLANNERY O'CONNOR

“YOU HAVE PROVIDED A NOVEL AND FASCINATING PERSPECTIVE ON THE LINCOLN ASSASSINATION AS WELL AS PROVIDING A GOOD READ THAT WILL APPEAL TO ADULT AS WELL AS YOUNG READERS.”

JAMES MCPHERSON

PULITZER PRIZE WINNING AUTHOR OF BATTLE CRY OF FREEDOM: THE CIVIL WAR ERA

Sample Questions for Mr. Malham

MEDIA ASSESTS

- 
- What was the initial spark or seed that started this project, and how much did it change from your first draft?
 - What was the most interesting or surprising thing you learned while researching this book?
 - What is one message, feeling, or takeaway you hope readers carry with them after finishing the final page?
 - If you had the budget to adapt this book into a film or television series, what is one element you would refuse to let the studio change?
 - What was your inspiration to write your first novel, and do you think this will be the first of many?
 - You wrote two other books while writing this one, too. What is your writing process and how do you stay on track?
 - As a multimedia artist, from your books to your painting and your video content, how do you balance your life to have such a high output?