NARRATIVES OF ELMINA CASTLE

A THESIS SUBMITTED TO THE GRADUATE DIVISION OF THE UNIVERSITY OF HAWAI‘I IN PARTIAL FUFILLMENT OF THE REQUIREMENTS FOR THE DEGREE OF

MASTER OF ARTS

IN

ENGLISH

DECEMBER 2006

By
Crystal A. Gillham

THESIS COMMITTEE:

Robert Sullivan, Chairperson
Caroline Sinavaiana
William Craig Howes
We certify that we have read this thesis and that, in our opinion, it is satisfactory in scope and quality as a thesis for the degree of Master of Arts in English.

THESIS COMMITTEE

Chairperson

[Signatures]
Dedication

The Narratives are dedicated to my son David

and my Loving Family in Ghana.
Acknowledgements

Many thanks to my Thesis Committee Chairperson, Robert Sullivan, for being such an outstanding advisor, and director of my thesis. Your skill, patience, and encouragement are appreciated. I would like to thank Dr. Craig Howes for his advice and expertise to the writing process. I also extend my sincere appreciation to Dr. C. Sinavaiana in accepting to be on my committee with only a short notice, and her valuable insight, and contribution to the success of my thesis.
Abstract

This is a long narrative poem based on the history of Elmina Castle, Ghana. The Elmina Castle was built as a trade post by the Portuguese in 1482 to protect the gold-rich land they discovered earlier in 1471. The land on which the Castle was built was acquired from the Fante tribe of present day Ghana. Peaceful trade relations later developed into the selling of human captives from the 16th to the 19th Centuries to work the huge sugar and cotton plantations in the New World.

The Narratives begin with an invocation to Mother Africa. The Narratives go on to discuss the sufferings of the captives and the long voyage in barbaric and inhumane conditions. The suffering is clearly illustrated in the dirges that are intermittently dispersed throughout the narratives. There is also a sequence of African wives' (of European governors) tales.

The last feature of the narratives is an invocation to the European nations discussed in the narratives, the Portuguese, Dutch, and the British, to make reparations to the people of Africa.
Foreword

"It was along the Gold Coast that the forts had been concentrated most densely and it was not fortuitous that this was the first native African territory to become an independent state on a modern pattern; the only generations of literate Africans that had learnt to hold their own in the whiteman's world. In all history, there is nothing comparable with the effects produced by the forts of West Africa, nowhere else have small and transitory communities of traders so changed the life of the alien peoples who surrounded them and indirectly of a vast region beyond."

(Lawrence 29).
# Table of Contents

Acknowledgements ............................................................................................................ iii
Foreword ............................................................................................................................ iv
Libations ................................................................................................................................ 1
Prologue ................................................................................................................................ 4
Narratives of Elmina Castle Part I ................................................................................................. 7
    Dirge at the Gate .................................................................................................................. 16
Narratives of Elmina Castle Part II ............................................................................................... 17
    Dirge at the Female Holding Room ................................................................................. 25
Narratives of Elmina Castle Part III .............................................................................................. 26
    Dirge at the Female Bath Area ..................................................................................... 30
The Tale of the Portuguese Governor’s Wife .................................................................................. 31
The Tale of the Dutch Governor’s Wife ....................................................................................... 36
The Tale of the British Governor’s Wife ....................................................................................... 41
Narratives of Elmina Castle Part IV ............................................................................................... 46
    Dirge at the Male Holding Room ............................................................................... 49
Narratives of Elmina Castle Part V ............................................................................................... 51-53, 55
    Dirge at the Chapel Door ................................................................................................ 54
    Dirge at the Classroom Door ..................................................................................... 56
Narratives of Elmina Castle Part VI ............................................................................................... 57
    Dirge at the Point of No Return ............................................................................... 61
Narratives of Elmina Castle Part VII ............................................................................................... 62
    The Cry of Elmina Castle ............................................................................................. 64
Bibliography ............................................................................................................................. 67
Libations
Gye Nyame

Gye Nyame is the creator of Fanteland, the ocean, trees,
the deer and the antelope, the people of Elmina, the people
of Africa. I, Kyiame Abrentin of Elmina, your servant on Earth,
stand in your presence to speak for the Chief of Elmina to the Great
Nyame of the sky. People from different nations of the world
have gathered in the courtyard of the Castle to confess that Africa
was scarred by the human trade. Mother Africa still inconsolably weeps
from searing pains and groans of the past. Today, we have returned to
pacify your heart and to console your spirit.
The heart of Africa is the judge.
She condemns the souls of traders for crimes against Mother Africa.
The peacemakers from the East have arrived.
The avengers of peace from the West have arrived.
From the North have come the bringers of peace.
From the South have come the executors of peace.
Let the flames of purification rise to Nyame in the sky.
(He pours a little drink from his calabash on the ground
to calm the spirits. This drink is fermented from the palms
of the land.) “Here is your drink, here is your drink” (softly).

We hear your voice in the thunder and tremble.

Your sword flashes through the sky to warn us
of the assailants who deviate from the ways of Nyame.

We surrender all past avarice, insincerity, and coarse
treatment of the people of Africa.

The land of Africa must be healed. I call upon all the souls who rest
in this Castle to awake, and the ocean to release the captives’ souls,
this is a requiem for those who never arrived at the new destination.

Come and join the living to purify, and pacify the spirits of the land.

The spirits of the north, south, east, and west of Africa, intervene!

Our black and white Adinkra cloth is the symbol of our mourning;
our tears that fill the parched land, thirsty for remedy and nourishment,
are bonds between the sky and the earth.

(The kyiame looked around and nodded first to the chief,
and to the audience.)
He said, "this water is for you, this water is for you," as he lowered his calabash of water and poured it to the ground to appease the gods. "Drink from this calabash because it is a mold of the world that conforms us." He poured the water on the ground gently and said:

"Here is your water."

"Here is your water."

The talking drums resounded as the tears of the sun absolved our peace offering.
Prologue

So it was that in the fifteenth century, European sailors followed the moon and the stars to discover the West coast of Africa. Adventure and courage made Discovery possible. The explorations were masterminded by the Royal House of Portugal, under Prince Henry the Navigator. Portuguese astronomers and cartographers charted the seas beyond the Canaries to Cape Bojador. By 1471, Martin Fernandes and Alvaro Esteves discovered the rich gold lands of the valley of the Ankobra and Volta Rivers. In his delight, King Afonso V named the region El Mina, The Mine, near present day Shama, where the Portuguese bartered for gold. Ten years later, King John II sent Diego d’Azambuja with 600 men, including engineers, masons, carpenters, surveyors, and soldiers, to build a fortress at the twin-village of Edina.

Lust for spices and treasures from other lands took Europeans to meet natives of far away lands. The small trading post for fresh water and fruits at Edina turned into the Silent Trade. The commerce along the Guinea
Coast yielded results. Traders exchanged gold dust, ivory, Guinea peppers, redwood, Guinea grains, and fresh fruits, for textiles, tobacco, ammunition, brass vessels, schnapps, wine, gin, mirrors, bracelets, glass beads, and fire-lock muskets.
The verdant land attracted the sailors as they befriended the Fantes. The X’s of the chiefs sealed the deed for the land to build Elmina Fortress. This fortress was built to secure the coastline, to keep competitors far away, and to protect Portuguese trade interests in Fanteland from other European nations prowling the Guinea coast. By 1486, the town of Edina was elevated to the status of a city.

It was a shock when the Dutch seized Elmina Castle in 1637 to establish their own trade interests. For over a hundred years, Dutch culture prevailed in Fanteland. The Fantes had no currency, but the Dutch imported cowry shells from the Maldives, Islands to be used as currency, which transformed the local economy. Competition increased among the Dutch, British, Danish, Swiss, French, and Brandenburgh-Prussians. The flags
of these nations flocked the skyline of Africa. The Dutch sold all their possessions to the British in 1850 and left. The Danes did the same in 1872 to cut costs. The British easily assimilated Elmina into their possessions until the transition to the colonial era.

British rule also saw the height of the human trade on which the sun never set for the next one hundred and fifty years. The Atlantic Slave trade was bitter and demeaning. In the great African Blockade, the human trade spread from the Bight of Biafra and Benin to Grand Cape Mount in the Gallinas, to the shores of Sherbro River. The coastland had become major bulking stations for slaves.

The annals of Lieutenant Forbes R.N., in command of the H.M.S. Bonetta, wrote that at the decline of the trade in 1848, as many as three thousand captives were loaded daily aboard ships headed for the New World.
Narratives of Elmina Castle

Part I

We arrived at Fanteland, graced by the beauty of the sun, laced by the Atlantic. Along the Guinea Coast, the rust-red roofs of Elmina Castle shoot out of sprawling walls tormented by the ocean. In the past, the land beyond the coastline overflowed with rivers that gave birth to gold and diamonds. The Fantes are still here. This was their home of fishing villages that dotted the clustered rugged hills of the countryside – united by a chief. Everything would stop when the talking drums boomed. It was a sign of the chief’s voice.

The land is dusty virgin red. Tropical mangroves embrace the shoreline soil. Coconut groves cover every inch of the white sands. Seagulls swoop the sea for herrings and mackerel. The village chief’s ceremonial stool is his tribe’s symbol; his Kyiame poured libations there to nature. It was their privilege to enjoy the land – a privilege to sow and reap. They were to own the land as long as they lived, until the invasion.
The people worshiped what they did not know
they believed in the land
they believed in the harmony of earth and sky
they believed in their ancestors
they believed in family
they believed in truth.
They believed in the glory of the life beyond
but they were chained to destiny – the destiny
of their home, and the destiny of Africa.

Two worlds were brought together when the wonder boats
from Europe arrived at the Guinea Coast. The Natives
accepted the newcomers. They offered friendship,
fresh fruits, and water. Partnership grew. Peace reigned.
The Silent Trade developed out of this alliance of voyagers,
merchants, and tribesmen. Curious Fantes
exchanged pots of gold – pots of diamonds, peppers, salt
for tobacco, gin, whiskey, wine, silk garments, cotton garments,
sugar, guns, and gunpowder. The villagers replaced bartering
with cowry currency. It was a trade of two worlds: of trust, apprehension, protection. The boisterous African trade routes became havens for merchant ships from all major European ports because they wanted their share of the natural wealth of Africa. News of the lucrative African seaports, rivers of gold and diamonds, set foreign hearts wishing. Small towns transformed the old huts of the Fanteland. Men discarded their kente loin cloths for shirts and gabardine pants; women paraded in wraps of colorful tropical prints. The Kente remained an adornment for royalty, festivals, and celebrations.

The kente weaver tells patterns of a story in cherry bright colors of delicate cotton threads. The weaves are handed down from grandfather to grandfather. The looms were never quiet from dawn to dusk. It is not labor to weave the kente but a joy to tell a story in dyed cotton threads. Each strip is a rainbow of colors sewn in the huge wrap the chief wears. The chief’s attendant knew all the designs of the kente by name. He knew which one
would befit the occasion. He knew which kente the queen
would wear to sit on the royal stool next to the chief
at the “Deer Festival,” or the “Harvest Festival.”
The chief received his guests wearing the kente.
His subjects never copied the patterns of his wrap.
There was honor in wearing the cherished kente,
adorned with strands of gold necklaces.
But all along the Guinea Coast, merchants set up shops that sold
wine, tobacco, sugar, sardines, flour, silk materials, cotton materials,
shoes, and kerosene lanterns. The merchants vied for support
from one village chief to another. This land was trade battle
ground. The Elmina Castle was the battle armor.

A castle is royalty, but this is the depth
of the mind. Our journey expands
when we discover where royal valor was sung
in unforgotten words. Family legacies
mirror treasured relics of past memories. It is the shape
of the future, and an anchor for the present.
A castle is a portrait of fragments woven in a crown,
but a man's castle is an anthill that crumbles when invaded.

I traveled to Elmina Castle, a six hundred year old
fortress of a prison; bodies departed for the New
World centuries ago, but their souls are still locked
away. They still float in the air within the walls constraints.
Their story is still written in the air. The written symbols
are ashes lingering all over. I can hear their cries.
They never laughed. The names of their children,
mothers, fathers, uncles, and aunts echo through
the hollow walls of the castle. Their faint voices
are loud, and their feeble hands trace the air for an outlet.
They are still searching for the familiar places, and families
they've lost in the fog of history.

This Castle once spoke Portuguese.
Then it spoke Dutch. For almost two hundred
years, it was an addition to the many lands
of the colorful British Empire.
As the maps of Europe changed in Africa,
so did the history of Elmina Castle change.

Elmina Castle was built with cold blood,
concrete labor, and the dripping hot sweat
of people constrained in their minds.
Their iron arms were not long enough to embrace
the massive walls or hold the burning colonnades
that fastened the castle to the memory of the earth.
This was free labor provided by unsuspecting people
who had no way of escaping the threshold of guns
and merciless mercenaries who would do anything
to achieve fame in their designated cities abroad,
who thought the Natives were just silhouettes
of the human species. The Natives suffered subjugation
at home. They suffered captivity, humiliation, beatings,
and isolations. Village chiefs became ordinary people.
Their beliefs were thrashed. The center of tribal life fell apart.
Elmina Castle was meant to be the center of good European civilization in Africa, and a continuity of the existing partnership between Europe and Africa. Elmina Castle was the pivot of the African globe in motion.

Our people welcomed the new culture of the Castle. The Fantes thought the castle would protect them from their warlike neighbors to the north.

When my family and I arrived before noon, local life, around the castle was normal. The display of boats' regalia around the fishing harbor, the feverish peddlers heckling the tourists with their wares and souvenirs, the coming and going of bus loads of people, curious children, and curious people from far and near presented an intolerable air of indifference and a fake festive culture around the castle, and strikes the visitor as a loss of innocence, and guilt at the intrusion the Castle represents. From the outside, the impressive sight
of the Castle is wordless. The thick walls of the Elmina Castle are however, not the walls of Jericho.

Wails from the past penetrate the massive walls.

This castle is a white-washed shrine of my people long gone; it should command reverence.

There is no list of names, no list of where they came from, no list of the languages they spoke. Theirs was a changed world.

They were inside but outside of their own space.

Elmina Castle was built by the labor of people who were captured in their own land by people who used tools that were no better than hands.

It was built by Portuguese lust for the unknown.

Their brains never felt the heavy stones used to build this infamous home.

They didn't have to feel the torture of the stones as overworked, underfed Africans. It was hard to cope with the sun as they worked without rest in sixteen hour
days and nights. They worked through uninhabitable weather. African skins became raven feathers as their tongues panted for water in the Sahara of their minds. They were unclothed.

These captured people had experienced flourishing civilizations of the north earlier in their history from the periscope of the Niger basin. They did not know European civilization. Portuguese tools were foreign, their actions were dark. They sentenced these innocent people to three years hard labor with primitive tools, foreign men with whips watched over their backs, equipped with an unfamiliar language to build a prison for their souls.

After the ceremonial buying of tickets to enter the gates of Hades, we were led to meet our docent, a slim man whose piercing eyes harbored all the misery of the past carnage, of Africa’s youth in bondage, of eyes that shed tears silently. The docent scrutinized us, and we scrutinized the docent.
Dirge at the Gate

Majestic Elmina Castle
You are a white-washed tomb
of unwritten fantasy;
Cinderella did not live here.
Queen Sofia did not live here.
Overdue homage is being paid to you,
The air around you is fresh with salt,
ears of the captured past.
This is your drink.
This is your water.
Your peace is within.

You let down the drawbridge over your moat
and let people in, to touch the wounds
of your untold story that is not fresh
and never healed. You are a pent-up mask
of stories that we will never know, stories
the world will never understand.
You are bound by the unwavering energy
the people who come before these gates.
Narratives of Elmina Castle
Part II

After we set our sights on Elmina Castle
I decided it was a moment for us
to reflect on history as a family.

Should we accuse Bartholomew Diaz
and Vasco da Gama of inventing the Age
of Discovery? These men were geniuses
who mastered the ocean voyage of their time.

They led the Portuguese into the midst of unspoken
Natives, as an invitation to them to share in the glory
of Industry.

But Industry deceived the Natives,
blind-folded them, and chained them.
Its products were darkness that never shed
light on a continent that dwells in light.

They bought the goods with the land and their lives.
They were surrogates of unclean goods that shed blood,
brought wars, destroyed the homeland, smeared blood
on Africa’s sun.
They became the perpetrators of tribal dissensions,
and spectators of unity unfolded.

My family did not say much but took in the building
from the outside quietly as we shared fresh coconut.

It was my sister and brother-in-law’s first visit, and my
second visit. My fascination with this Castle started
when I went on a tour with my student group as a young
teacher. The Castle has since haunted me and I knew
then I had to return some day.

When the docent was ready to lead the whole
tour group to embrace and trace the steps of history,
it was late afternoon, and the moist glistening faces
of the tourists revealed the true nature of tropical heat.

Our shadows were hidden by the sun as it angled
overhead. The air from the Atlantic filled
the Castle’s courtyard, murky with heat.

But the docent’s magnetic smile pulled the diverse group
under his umbrella. Gathered at the Castle were Europeans,

Americans, Asians, Africans, native Ghanaians.
The docent introduced himself as “Tete.”

I let out a wry smile, as his name suggests we come from the same tribal area.

I also realized only one Ghana is represented at Elmina Castle, and only people from one world had gathered there to share in the passivity of captured voices muted before they matured. It occurred to me Tete’s personality did not have color. His eyes searched the audience for the meaning of this gathering. He seemed to be looking for genuine participation instead of a global judgment of history.

The docent began to unfold his story.

With a smile, he extended his welcome and told us we were his guests. This brief salutation captured our interest. In soft colonial English, the docent’s narration began with a brief history.
The Elmina Castle

Elmina (meaning Gold Mine) was built in 1482 by the Portuguese. Six hundred years ago, Don diego d’Azambuja and his Portuguese seafarers, on a mission to explore the hidden world and a new route to the spices of the East, were awed by the indigenous simplicity of the Fantes, and settled among them.

They bartered in the Silent Trade.
The Silent Trade became full scale international trade.
They bargained for land and settled among the Fantes.

Elmina Castle was a hub for Portuguese trade in sugar, alcohol, cotton clothes, tobacco, guns, and gunpowder, European goods in exchange for the alluvial gold and diamonds that endowed the rivers of Africa. Alcohol ravaged natives’ health.

The possession of guns and gunpowder led to war paths, destroyed flourishing villages, whole ethnic groups were cleansed. The new trade transferred European wars into Africa, and introduced European germs. It was too easy to change
the trade to captives. I can't imagine leaving my home in the forest
and never knowing if I will ever see it again.

Tete's voice choked, his countenance changed at the mention
of the Spanish priest Las Casas, who suggested Africans should
be used in the huge plantations of the New World. Our voices
choked in sympathy with his. I looked for signs of genuine contrition
among the tourists.

Why capture Africans?
The Natives of the New World were dying
of foreign ailments brought to their environment by Europeans.
As we listened, we began to share our narrator's empathy.
I genuinely searched for contrition among the white
and black faces represented at this requiem for people
who never bid farewell. Eyes were on fire, and sobs drained
from wells of emotions. I handed a tissue to my sister.
As in a trance, the colossal walls of the Castle seemed
to enclose us in a gated community.

The docent's motion to follow him was a welcome move
which woke us all from our stupor. We vanished into the mystery
that the Castle had to offer. I wasn’t sure what frightened me, but I became extremely conscious of the gigantic thick walls that seemed to block the mid-afternoon brightness of the sun. Black clouds draped the sky above the Castle walls. I became apprehensive of the different kinds of shadows around me; their aggressive scent floated in a mirage of hot air as they maneuvered in turn. These shadows triggered colors of captors. Images of stocky-round bearded captors holding merciless whips, captors in khaki pantaloons with fierce faces that never winked, tobacco smoking captors who became demi-gods on the African soil, captors who reclined in lazy chairs but were in possession of others’ destiny, all passing in a kaleidoscope in my mind as we were about to leave the courtyard for the interior journey of the castle.

With our docent at the lead, we entered a room. He waited at the door until everyone entered and locked it with a wooden latch. We could feel the constraints of this fifteen by thirteen by eight feet high room.
The twenty-five people in my group scrabbled for space.

Our arms were held tightly to our bodies. We filled every corner and every inch of the rectangle. The docent’s head was the only part of his frame visible among the crowd.

The impure walls stared blankly in oblivious to the tourists.

Our presence felt like trampling on a sacred place.

The wooden floor was lavished with centuries of dirt, stained with the blood of Mother Africa. This was where three hundred female captives were held as they awaited their fate in the New World.

This was the female holding room.

This room was their yard

This was their bedroom

This was their living room

This was their dining room

This was their home for several days, and months at a time.
This room has no windows.
The bare walls stare with devilish eyes.
Its grayish walls speak of doomsday messages.
The wooden latch squeaks with groans of hell.
It is dark and void of nature's fresh air and light.
The stale air nauseates the stomach and causes
it to rebel against the forces of nature.
Filtered light through the narrow and wooden
doors latches meant day and night also shut
them from the outside world.
Dirge at the Female Holding Room

Where is the light of my soul?
It is shut in this one room,
where four hundred times four hundred voices
are muted. Made dark to the light
Glued to the cold walls
The wooden floor is solace
to grieving hearts.

I searched the stained wooden floor
and recognized the blood
from my skin, muffling the blood
of four hundred times four hundred others
staining the floor that is my bed.
Narratives of Elmina Castle
Part III

The breeze of the sea water from the Atlantic Ocean sailed our way, and welcomed us, as we were let out of the female dungeon into the women’s bath area in the main courtyard of the castle. Tete continued his narratives about the tour of the castle.

The women’s bath area is a four by five feet by three feet concrete tub built in the privacy of the open sky. This was where ablutions took place once every three months for skins thirsty for water nourishment, for skins discolored, for skins that couldn’t breathe anymore. In chains, they waddled briefly in the tub, for what seemed like an eternity to the bath wardens. In tears they scrubbed each others’ sour backs laden with dirt and its residual smell. Sunlight also bathed them. Rain bathed them, and the wind bathed them until their skins felt soothed. The mercy eyes of the governors bathed them from the Castle’s balcony. This was where freedom was bought for the captured women. The depth of beauty is the bathtub’s magnet.
It was the auction area for beauty and illegal romance,
where being selected meant forced marriage, instant marriage,
no dowry — African womanhood, taboos, customs violated.
It meant separation from the crowd, and moving into the quarters
reserved for the new breed of children. The selected had
no words in this partnership.

The bath area got the women out of chains and ropes,
out of the congested dungeons, to the elevated rank of the master’s
mistress, never to make the trip to the New World. It was where
beauty was licensed as marriage at the master’s voice.
It was the second, the third, the fourth, perhaps the fifth time
he had chosen a wife. His real wife is Portuguese.

The Portuguese Governor
The Dutch Governor
The English Governor
These governors were the faces that at various
stages of duty stood watch at the balcony,
overlooking the open bathtub, and at the point of
their fingers chose women who they thought
attracted their distorted desires.
Once again our docent choked with tears.

I was becoming good at detecting emotions and reactions from the tourists. I mean, I wanted to see genuine reaction from the tourists, not just lip service to the historical facts. I saw tears of the sun written over every face, tears that soaked the countenance of every member of my group.

I rated every reaction a ten, including my own.

Genuine warm tears flowed down my cheeks wetting a page of the little notebook that I scribbled all the information in.

The selected women were the ones to grace the governor's bed at night as long as they were desired. They also joined the ranks of other concubines, never to see the dungeon's base wooden floors again. They would live in the special abode reserved for such exonerated women, paid for by their natural endowments.
The others, the chained daughters of Africa,
however, remained at the mercy of these
castle guards, mutilators of daughters of Africa,
shamed them of their heritage,
bruised their mahogany skin,
flogged them senselessly when the eyes
of the officials turned away. These were strong
grandmothers, healthy mothers, young adults, brave
women, who were in their prime to nurture their families,
the new generation of Africa, women who nurtured the land.
The desperate, the hopeless, the feeble ones were discarded
commodities, bound, gagged, and dumped into the ocean.
Dirge at the Female Bath Area

Cry the beloved woman.
Your smooth skin is wood now.
Your face has no hope.
No one knocked at your home
to pay the dowry at dawn.
Your bridal gown is sorrow.
Your veil is a crown of shame.

Your tears fill the Atlantic Ocean.
In the night the mermaid heard your song,
as you were soothed by caresses
of Mulatto children, fair skinned, doted on,
but not true blood of Africa. You wondered
about their anguish, their spirits.
This is a generation whose groans will forever
suckle the spirit of Africa.
The Tale of the Portuguese Governor's Wife

It was after the celebration of the great harvest Festival of the Fantes, in which libations and honors were offered for the great ones lost.

I, Abena, the chambermaid of the princess Nana Ewura, the only daughter of the queen of Koromantin, and her entourage, were returning from the Great Deer Hunting Festival at Anomabu. The moon did not abate. Daybreak was approaching.

The princess was in Kente, woven in dyed cotton thread; butterfly colors of red, indigo, violet, orange, and black.

Her regalia was complemented with gold ornaments.

She rested in a palanquin, surrounded by capos pillows.

Her palanquin was carried by strong bodyguards.

Female attendants fanned her with peacock feathers.

Others chanted and danced to the beats of talking drums.

The air was fresh with dew, cricket chirping filled the air, birds swooped, flapped their wings at the intrusion.
The occasional sound of roosters in the distance reminded us that villages were tucked away in the rolling savannah.

When I looked up at the princess’s moon-like face, it told a story of a celebrated lineage, beauty, tenderness, and care for her people.

She is the land, the river, the mountain, the valley;
she is the reflection of the day, and the mirror of the night.

The moon will not reflect the sun without the presence of such pure breeding. The seasons adore her. The rain blesses the land:
the wind and the sun sustains her.

Ambushed!

Ambushed!

The foraging traitors from the north ambushed us.

They trapped and constrained us. They burned the bush to obscure our path. The princess of Koromanti, in chains, in anklets, in tears, became the equal of her subjects.

With her neck held in forked wood, she endured the three days’ trip to the nearest market, on naked feet, void of her palanquin, void of her rich regalia, and void of royalty,
exchanged for liquor, tobacco, sugar, clothing, shoes, guns, and gunpowder, at the European commodity markets.

This was the first part of the journey. The ruthless whip toting European agents closed their eyes to our wounds.

Guns ruled the day. Villages were set against villages. The tyrants lured the villagers with the foreign merchants’ ammunition into markets that degraded them as seconds of the earth.

The savage selection process made the princess fall to illness, loneliness, and fragmentation. Her limp body gave way to the ground. The horror on my face was not sufficient to comfort her. In ropes, we cried daily, unclothed, we shivered daily, unfed daily, bathed in the open daily. Who determined our price? How much was the princess worth? What was my price? Nothing, just whips and lashes. We were marched to the nearest boats en route to the ruthless merchant’s gate. With lives blown out, and deliverance remote, the princess and I chanted a litany of our forefathers’ gods to come down from their sky abode and help us.
Loaded in boats that rocked unceasingly,
the three days trip to the nearest market was horrifying.
It negated all that was in us, negated our culture, negated who we were as people. The sun hid its bright rays. We traversed waves of sorrow, hunger, thirst, and fear for three days and three nights. The weak succumbed like leaves into the darkest sea. Under whips and lashes our degenerated spirits arrived at the castle's gate. We were herded in as goats entering a lion's den, packed into a crowded room of crying women, who had no words to say to each other. We had become captives, sold to strangers, exchanged for the price of sugar, tobacco, alcohol, guns, and gunpowder.

When we saw the light again, it was after four weeks of total isolation, worse than the moon's eclipse. The princess asked if her stool, her throne still existed, and if I was still her servant maid, to which I replied, "Your honor, your throne is gone, your servant maid still exists, but you are now a wounded princess, your head is bare like that of your servant maid."
Was it fate or providence that selected the princess, at that summer day's bath? The princess and I were in a group, looking at the naked sky. Our imaginations covered us. The prowling governor and his henchmen were looking for female prey from the balcony. The bath area was the place for wife selection.

Who said these women did not understand matrimonial purity, or marital virtue? The princess was betrothed to the prince of Apam. Who would pay the bridal price of goats, sheep, strings of precious beads, strands of gold chains? Her bridal price would include several acres of land, servants in waiting, and the sun would never set on her land.

As a honey-bee is attracted by the color of a non-flirtatious flower, so the governor's eyes catch the freshwater mermaid outside his abode.

His game plan was loaded with fantasy, availability, authority, and control. Regality uncovered in water, beauty uncovered. Her un tarnished skin was a ruby bathing in the sunlight. Unaware of the approaching destiny of her life, she was led in chains with her faithful servant out of the water to be the mother of the mulatto children.
The Tale of the Dutch Governor's Wife

In the year 1760, a new governor came from Holland to administer the Castle abandoned by the Portuguese in a jealous fit. The middle-aged governor was too zealous to be a good administrator. Alfonzo Diaz, his personal attendant, was equally zealous.

The governor was eager to learn about the customs of Africa. Ewura Efua was one of the new captives. She was amply endowed with straggling wavy hair, and a smile to kill. Being a trader, she had learned Portuguese. In the annals of Alfonzo, the story of Efua unfolds.

Efua and a group of young traders in European goods embarked on a seven-day trip to the nearest market. They planned to buy silk materials, thread, needles, talcum, perfumes, sugar, flour, soaps, asopatres, wine, spirits, matches, sardines. These were the manifests of the lucrative European trade. She bid farewell to her hunter husband Kwame and her daughter Esi. They counted the stars in the night, and counted the sand during the day. They rested
in dim fishing villages where the fishmonger's wife shared
with them meals of fish and steamed corn dough. Often,
on their return trip, they would bring back gifts of soaps,
perfumed talc, wine, and gunpowder to their hosts.

On the sixth day, Efua and her group rested in a village not far
from the present day city of Saltpond. The raiders came at dawn
and captured all of them – they had become victims of a human trade.
Ever vivacious, Efua could not be contained. She started agonizing rants
in the few Portuguese words she knew during the two day march to the castle
gates in chains. After two months of isolation in agony, Efua was one
of the many captured women at the bath. Her copper skin shone like eyes
of raven. She was forlorn, with swollen eyes, and tantrums of scarlet rage.

She struggled for a space in the bathtub under
heaven's umbrella. She told a friend about her daughter
and husband's plight. Just before the bath was over, the governor's
attendant approached, unfastened her chain, and beckoned her
to come out of the water. He recognized her as the woman
who spoke Portuguese. So it was that another wife was chosen.
She was wife number six branded in the wives' quarters.
Efua also realized the door to her family had been unceremoniously closed.

Efua was a cunning wife, a favorite wife, a wife that was doted on.

Her days in the wifely chambers were two days minimal and six days at most in a week. Her aura created frenzy among the other wives when she returned with new items – a bottle of perfume, jewelry that she wore elegantly, a silver trinket, sapphire earrings that dangled in her ears, or a colorful scarf wrapped around her head, after every visit to the governor’s chambers. On one occasion, she returned with a hat adorned with fine feathers and flowers. She was the Dutch queen for a few days as she strolled the compound before every sunset. The other wives would turn their heads at her approach. She ignored the names directed at her. Instead, she devised a plan to be more noticeable. Efua’s song moved the waves, made the trees bow, lured the governor to the balcony more often. At the sight of the governor, I would spring into action to block His Excellency’s view and engage him in some insolent talk. Always, the service with the governor made it possible to get more acquainted with her. Such was the intensity of my passion for the Lady Dark Continent that nothing was going to prevent me from seeing her.
Afraid of losing my head, I kept my passion under wraps. I often slipped a gold coin into her purse when it was her turn to visit the master’s chambers. I would sentry the secret passage that led from the wives’ quarters to the governor’s dwelling place. Just a glimpse of her shadow pacified everything within me. Her popularity increased as her ways became Dutch. She even picked up Dutch words, and was often invited to be a guest at the governor’s mansion. But the blank look on her face was hard to decipher. Her haunting songs invoked the spirits of the land while her uncontrollable sobs repelled ours. I tried to understand her mood swings by paying attention to her needs alone. Until one day, in the presence of the governor and his friends, he saw me stare as she approached. Ewura Efua’s confused look decided my fate.

In Holland, two years later, I looked at the picture of my son and it was a replica of Efua’s Mulatto son, born soon after I returned. I often dreamed about those mulatto children, running around the Castle’s back quarters, away from prying eyes. Only the wives were accountable for the children. Should they have our surnames?
Efua was often seen cuddling and musing over her infant son.

Her eyes flourished in the eternity of the Castle. Maybe her songs were a journey into the spirit of the land that broke the bond of her family. She was taking steps toward a lost life in her new creation, fragile but redeemable by faith. The thought of the many lives around her had always daunted her. But I refused to see the ocean separate me from the children left behind.

Efua was a mother, but never a wife.
The Tale of the British Governor’s Wife

My grandmother had many stories of how unpredictable life under the various European powers under our roofs were.
She told of fishing villages whose silhouettes still flicker by the last sun’s rays over the coconut fronds. Our villages grew in the image of Manchester, Newcastle, and Liverpool.
Mercantile shops lined every seedy street. Every manufacturing factory was represented in every commercial entity in the blossoming towns. Tailor shops opened near textile stores. Wives started cottage industries making dresses in their homes, where young women labored with needle and thread in shops lit by kerosene lamps.

The Castle School was in full bloom for the privileged Mulatto children. I, Mary Mercy, then sixteen years old, was one of the children who went to the Castle School. I spoke Fante, my mother’s language, but I also spoke English. Nana Abena, my mother, hailed from Winneba, about one hundred miles south of the Castle grounds, though she wasn’t sure of her real hometown. I grew up
in the wives' quarters of the Castle. My mother had no recollection of who my father was, but my complexion suggests one of the Europeans around was my father.

Without warning, my mother and I were expelled from the Castle when a new governor was appointed to administer the affairs of the Castle. Baffled, our lives began to reflect the world outside the Castle. No gold coins or rations of food were handed to us anymore. We couldn't afford to buy tea, biscuits, marmalade, butter, or sugar. The town had blossomed into a fine city. There were taverns and bars everywhere. The Africans mastered the European trading ways – they were the seconds in command in all the shops run by the remaining Portuguese, Dutch, Danish, and Swiss traders. Africans who acquired some English worked for meager pay in the giant operations set up by the British.

Almost seventeen years old, I started to dance in one of the several taverns of Elmina that supported the seamen who frolicked in its busy port. The boats that brought merchandise also brought weird seafarers, drunkards, prospectors, traders, educators, missionaries to convert
the heathens, and adventurers. I knew how to sing English songs, but was never a performer. It was not unusual for a young girl to become a tavern dancer when the family's fortune soured.

It was late in December, when one of the European regulars to the bar I danced in took me back to the Castle for a visit. He was a clerk to the governor.

By sheer luck, we ran into the governor, a well suited, genteel, middle aged, aristocrat with an overflowing mustache over his puffed lips. He wore no expression on his countenance. His firm grip nearly threw me backwards when we were introduced. He mumbled some words from which I concluded his name was Alquist, John Alquist.

On the third day after that doomsday meeting, a messenger came looking for me at the tavern. "Miss Mary Mercy, this letter is for you," on which occasion I raised my eyes. "The governor requested your immediate attention."

I frowned, but did as requested. I was separated from the messenger at the Castle gates, and a porter led me through the secret passage
that was once my mother’s footpath. My mother’s scent seemed
to fill the passage and it was as if my handprints touched hers.
I imagined her spirit dancing in apprehension of an omen. My heart sank
as I traced the walls of the passage with my hands. When I opened
my eyes in the darkness, the thick voice that spoke behind
the wooden curtains in the tobacco filled room was that of the governor.

On my knees, I covered my face and answered his repulsive
questions. “What is your name my child?” “Mary Mercy.”
There was a long silence, after which a dim candle light
broke the darkness. Holding drink, he beckoned me to the room
adjacent to his bedroom. That room became my living space.
I could not trace my way out of the maze. The many Guards’ posts
would quake if I ventured out. The governor’s image disappeared
during the day. He avoided me like a plague in the sunshine,
but was tender under alcohol in the night. This predecessor
to colonial dictators was a man caught in his own folly.
He parried the hallways so many times in the night.
Sometimes, he would stand for a long time on the balcony,
staring down at the bath area where new women captives awaited their lodgings at the Castle. He would contort his face as if repulsed by the scene below. His yells would fill the Castle halls when provoked by his subordinates.

At such display I locked my doors and closely watched them. My mother’s face would overcome me in a shroud and I would feel her dripping tears all over me. Her hands were sickles that protected me. To my mother, I was a special breed of a flower ready to blossom. My fragrance was to be spread all over Fanteland. Now I was a de-fragrant flower locked in his abyss – a mistress!
Narratives of Elmina Castle
Part IV

Tete had now become distressed and traumatized by the experience of narrating the bath scene. He confessed to the audience that he was always perplexed when he narrated the women's experiences at the bath post. He politely apologized to the tourists for his emotional attachment to his job.

All of us responded with glum faces. With numb and laden feet, we walked as if there was no ground to support us, and followed him to the next exhibit.

The sun was steaming hot fumes as we crossed the courtyard to enter the male holding room. We were panting for a drink of water. We felt sticky from the equatorial heat. The dark cumulus clouds above told us rain was approaching.

But Tete didn't fade. His huge smile remained. The effect of the female room made us reluctant to enter the next phase of our tour.
The doors were immediately closed as soon as the last person
entered the room. The dreaded male holding area was quite
a spectacle. The conditions in the male holding area
were worse than in the female holding room.
The room was about six feet wide, eight feet long, and
about seven feet high. The latched doors were much sturdier.
Like the female room, the walls were grey, with no emotion,
no mood, and no energy. It had only one door. This was the home
for virile Africa’s youth for at least three months at a time.
Since there was more demand for male captives
in the human trade abroad, they were the valuable
commodities. For this reason, several hundred captives
were cramped into a narrow room of delirium and suffocation.
As the men awaited their fate in the New World, they
were derelict, rebellious, abused, ashamed of being captured
by the foreigners. Revolts and rebellions were magnified
against their masters. These were Africa’s male souls imbibed
with alcohol, stripped of their manliness, bound, flogged, and isolated
when they defended themselves and demanded respect. The holding room is an island of the mind, devoid of contact with Mother Africa. They carried heavy cannon balls as punishment and were made to stand several hours at a time in the barren tropics of the Castle, chained by the ankles twenty-four hours a day. These men were robbed of their gold and diamonds. The captors turned Africa into a path of blood, greed, and betrayal. They created confusion where once dwelt peace. They set village against village. Weak chiefs became victims of the war. They set Africa against Africa. They bought African traitors with alcohol, guns, and gunpowder. Flourishing villages were reduced only to ash lands, never to be inhabited by mortals.
Dirge at the Male Holding Room

The sons of Africa, led in chains,
drained of rejuvenating blood.
Captors guilty of scarring the land,
who maimed and stained the land,
now a wasteland, of perpetual fire,
devoid of children, desolate, and chained
to the past. Listen, you can still hear the
haunting echo of all the voices they
chained in timeless agony.

You robbed,
you tamed,
their manhood.

Their farewell sign still hangs in the air.
The rings of fire you created

destroyed the deer, elephants, and lions,

the nightingale's song was muted in the morning,

and the night was still with no owls' wailing.

The bees did not make honey.

The anthills became moles.

The rivers of Africa weep.

The savannah became a wasteland

of Hamathan leaves.
By now Tete could tell our emotions were completely worn out as his own emotions intensified with the constant paradox of interesting anecdotes of Portuguese bourggeois life as we were led to the master quarters where the colonial governor lived.

History, as Tete said, has a way of justifying itself. The Portuguese governor, like all the other governors after him, lived in the topnotch section that befitted his status. This section is connected to the rest of the Castle by a secret flight of stairways that is hidden from the ordinary inhabitants. It was also the third level of the Castle. The luxury separate quarters for the governors had two living rooms, two bedrooms, two balconies each which overlooked the ocean, and one hidden escape exit, in case of attempts by other European nations to take over the castle, or threats from the tribal people to take over the land.
Again, it was time to review the reactions from
the perspective of the audience who never seemed distracted
from Tete’s narrations. They were taking notes just like me.
My review suggests that this room elicited no sympathy but rather
an awful look of disgust. It was difficult to decipher the smiles
when I dared look at the faces of the audience.
I glanced at the faces of my sister and brother-in-law
and detected disapproval in them. I even guessed Tete
was not at ease with the sudden change and couldn’t wait
to move on with the tour.

Tete led the way once more downwards to the second level
of the Castle. We came face to face with one of the Castle’s
important functions, this was the birthplace of Christianity
and European style education in Ghana. It baffles the mind
that the Catholic church of Ghana, and Africa, originated
from this room.

The governors, like the rest of the small congregation of Portuguese
traders, knelt and recited the Litany of the Saints. They prayed
for the forgiveness of sins, sang praises, and listened to the most
inspiring sermons. They were honest men with pure hearts who worshipped with closed minds. Here burned candles and incense to ward off evil spirits. I wondered if the solemn songs ever reached the ears of the captives. Were they touched by their piety, or moved even if they didn’t understand the words? What prayers did these bastards say and for whom? The congregation’s prayers went up as the captives perished below on the gallows. The masters closed their hearts to God’s other creation, the captives. Somehow, human beings have a way of obliterating, and justifying their sins before being judged by their Maker.

Here is a half-erased inscription on the chapel wall:

Psalm 132:14
Zion is deas
Here synwoo
Npi aestseinus
Teditis
EBUWGHEY
Dirge at the Chapel door

Our prayer is that you will forgive
our iniquities as we humbly ask
that you will help us mend the past,
and heal the souls that burn in limbo.

We read our sins in the air;
we descend the steps on the devil's wings,
but our strength is manifested on the glorious
wings of the angels as we ascend heavenly.

Remember to say a prayer for the souls
that once made hells in this Castle home.
From the chapel, we moved on to the classroom
where the Castle guards were trained and assigned their duties.
It was also the place where mulatto children were taught formally
to read, write, and speak Portuguese, and also religious instruction.
The color of the skin determined who got closer to the Almighty.

One thing was certain, the ever growing mulatto population
was recognized. Even the African pseudo-wives who were mothers
of the mulatto children were considered legal wives and entitled
to the benefits of spouses. Tete confirmed that some of the children
even studied in Portugal. These children were supposed to return
to Africa and educate their people. They were to be the preachers,
the educators, the tradesmen, and the interpreters of the two cultures.
Dirge at the Classroom Door

I will say a little prayer
in this classroom where angels fly.
The Cherubim and the Seraphim did not see the color of Portuguese children.
They did not see the color of mulatto children.
They did not see the color of African children,
but under the wings of the angels all the children celebrated their own salvation.
All the adults asked for mercy for their own souls,
all the captives prayed within their own hearts as God watched and protected everyone in the castle.
Narratives of Elmina Castle
Part VI

When our tour group left the chapel and the classroom, everyone murmured surprise at learning the mothers of the mulatto children were actually legal wives of the governors who occupied the Castle at various times. This fact is written in the air of the history books of the country. We were anxious to descend to the lower levels and the Castle basement as Tete stopped and found it his responsibility to prepare us for the final stages of our tour.

We stepped into darkness. I missed precious moments recording the anguish of the group. I groped for my tiny purse flashlight. Soon, there were enough flashlights flickering everywhere. Tete warned us to brace ourselves for the next stage. We crawled on our knees through the passage that leads to the Point of No Return.

Tete paused briefly to catch his breath before talking about the tunnel’s significance. This was the secret passage that led to the shoreline of the natural harbor before
loading of the human cargo began. All the captives were given a final inspection for fitness before they were loaded on boats to board the huge ships waiting away from the shoreline because those vessels were too big to navigate the shoreline. They might get grounded in the shallow portion of the continental shelf.

The final outlet entrance at the point of no return that leads to the ocean reveals a round hole which is like the diameter of the eye of a needle. It is about six feet above sea level. Was this hole made for a camel? Tete’s inquisitive eyes searched the crowd. One by one, the docent encouraged us to poke our eyes at the past.

The sun filtered through the amalgam of waves that crashed below the hole, trying to tear it down.

As the captives would descend, still in chains into the boats that would carry them further and further from their homeland, so would the sea echo and churn with their chained voices. I reached out from the crowd and felt the circle of every life
that went through the evil gap swallowing millions of sons
and daughters of Mother Africa. At the point of no return,
choked lives were cut short. The unaccounted for were generously
received by the ocean.

The ritual humiliation continued at the point of no return.
They had to endure the degradation of ownership – the curse
of the hot metal brand – the mark of a master trader.
With legs hurting from savage clamps and hot metals,
the captives' final staging area became a brutal stage of agony.

With defeated spirits and legs that hurt from the savage
metal stamps, they hopped in chains and clasps, feeble
yet strong in will power to survive.
They were whipped, even if they hurt.
Their voice was chained.

Still in chains, the captives were made to tumble
down the passage that led them to the boats
that waited to take them to the main ship.
One by one they fell into the doom of life or death.
They said no farewells to Mother Africa.

Packed into dungeons, they smelled death as the ship traversed the vast ocean. At least the ones who survived would have seen daylight again.

Tete said rebellious captives, the freedom fighters, the unruly, hunger strikers, and the physically unfit were isolated in cells, chained throughout the journey to the unknown, starved to death, and tossed into the ocean. The ocean was also the grave for the weak, and the sick.

New births also found their way into the ocean.
Dirge at the Point of No Return

There is no price tag on life
Yet you put a price of no value on my life
Like a commodity, you branded my leg.
This was my sign, my name, my voice.
The needle’s eye has become a uterus,
a passage to a different horizon.
My world is now a broken glass.
But my head found solace in the thorns
of a dungeon floating in space,
as the ship rocked me to sleep,
woke me up
when I finally reached the land of no destination.
Narratives of Elmina Castle
Part VII

I was not ashamed to hear my own tears
at the point of no return. Throughout
the tour, I made it a point to watch for remorse
and contrition from the audience, and this time
when Tete finished his narration, there was an absolute
silence except for the deluge of whimpering from many
people in the group. We found comfort in our tissues.
I might have been crying profusely, because the next thing
I heard was my sister’s voice asking if I was alright.
Her own eyes didn’t disguise her feelings.

Tete led us from the tunnel back to the main courtyard
where we applauded in unison for his genuine delivery
and for guiding us on this emotional journey with him.
People couldn’t help but reward our narrator
with small tokens. I showed my personal appreciation
by speaking a few words of the language common to us.
He raised his eyebrows and acknowledged with a faint
smile the fact that I spoke to him in a language that connected us.
Out of the confines of the Castle, my emotions welled. The Atlantic encircled me. I feel the lost warm blood of my people within me, our blood encircling the globe where Africa's children are reborn under the sun.

In the 19th century, the cries of Abolitionists ended the trade in human cargo. These sympathizers put up a fierce fight for what was wrong with this trade so gross its sponsors became ruthless enemies of Africans because of their skin color. The methods they used set village against village; many Africans betrayed their own people for European goods. The economic viability of the trade was so strong that relatives, the stranded, disobedient youths, and loafers became victims and pawns of the trade, as their lives were exploited away. But the messages of the Abolitionists carried far and wide across the Atlantic Ocean to the shores of the New World. The sacred charge that the Abolitionist, William Wilberforce, started in England ignited the fire of hope for all of Africa.
The Cry of Elmina Castle

It is no wonder European commercial activity focused for nearly four hundred years on such a small coastal area of Ghana. Nature endowed the area with the unique gold-rich Tarkwaiian and Birrimian rocks located near the coast. The promontories of the coastal land which jut seawards provided shelters for forts. The rocky coast also provided natural harbors in the bays, and there were abundant building supplies. In a period of three hundred years, about eighty trade fortifications were built by European nations in Ghana. The fort and castle system of Ghana was

- 9% Portuguese
- 37% Dutch
- 20% English
- 14% Danish
- 7% Swedish
- 6% Brandenburgh-Prussian.

Several companies profiled in the historic annals profited hugely from the African gold and human trade for centuries.
Among these were the Dutch West Indian Company, Swedish African Company, financed by Dutchmen, and the English Royal African Company. Between 1490 – 1560 records in the archives show that 1000 Kgs of gold were exported from Mina to enrich the Portuguese crown. Portuguese gold exports in the 16th century amounted to 10% of the world’s known gold supply. The Royal African Company’s huge exports of gold was commemorated in the minting of a currency which bore the name of Guinea. Africa was depleted of over seven million captives between 1650 – 1850 from Ghana alone – indeed a colossal figure for such a small country.

Though the world is asleep to what happened in Elmina Castle, the memory is frozen in the cannons that guide the entrance. The guns seem to invite passers by to stop and unload the heavy burden they carry. The Castle hides the land. When the veil is lifted, an unpleasant sight lurches at the inner emotions – the Diaspora of the people of Africa is frozen in a strange land.

The European nations that plundered Africa’s resources, and people, must absolve themselves.
The Ankobra and the Volta rivers are inundated
with tears for the return of their gold; the elephants demand
payment for tusks lost; the trees want vengeance for lives cut short
to build homes and fancy castles in their native lands. The sons
of Africa weep for lost families. The daughters of Africa
emerge from the shadow of the sun to unveil closed wombs
scarred by indignity. Buried flags slowly bud through
the stained soil of Elmina, Ghana, and Africa.
Flags spread their full banners over freed shores,
where daughters and sons of Africa
can invest their talents to rejuvenate the land.
Give back the heart of Africa, and the healing will begin.

When symbolic reparations are made,
when concrete reparations are made,
when the African Diaspora is unfrozen,
the talking drums will resound like thunder
and Africa will dance to the beat of the universe.
Bibliography


Opoku-Agyemang, Kwadwo. *Cape Coast Castle: A Collection of Poems.* Accra:
Afram Publications Ltd., 1996.

