

# **This white woman has journeyed far: Serendipity, counter-stories, hauntings, and ekphrasis as a type of poetic inquiry**

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## **Abstract**

Serendipity—the faculty of making happy and unexpected discoveries by accident—played a major role in revealing my research path. She dabbled with my undergraduate academic studies so that, enrolled at Simon Fraser University in 1988, I undertook Black American Literature the first time it was offered by that university’s English Department. Because of this, I engaged with counter-stories that have proved to be both decolonizing and life changing. Serendipity has also taken me on far-flung journeys, perhaps most critically to Grand Turk Island, where my PhD subject, Mary Prince, and I had a transformative meeting—even though we are situated historically 200 years apart. Serendipity also placed me in front of David Alexander’s vivid painting, *Tropical Punched*, which, resonating with the bright-coloured palette of the tropics, affected me deeply and potently. I was taken down, deeply down, to my memories of Grand Turk Island, to my hauntings there, and to my PhD learnings. As a result, I wrote *Tropical Punched 2*, an ekphrasis-inspired elicitation. I propose that in some instances, ekphrasis—the description in poetry of a work of visual art—may be used as a type of poetic inquiry.

## **Ghostly encounters**

Haunting is a constituent element of social life. . . . [B]eing haunted draws us affectively, sometimes against our will and always a bit magically, into the structure of feeling of a reality we come to experience, not as cold knowledge, but as transformative recognition. Avery Gordon (as cited in Johnston, 2011, p. 132)

Ghosts of long-dead slaves press upon me as I descend the stairs from the Beachcraft 1800 double-prop plane to the tarmac of the Jas McCartney International airport on tiny Grand Turk Island, British West Indies. It is my second trip to the island, and the ghosts have waited for my return. This time, my husband Gary and I have rented a house, and we intend to stay. We intend to live here amongst the ghosts, and amongst the ruins of the salt industry from those bygone days before Emancipation when thousands of slaves toiled in salt ponds, raking up solar-evaporated salt and bagging it for the enrichment of their Bermudian slave-owners.

Our first trip to Grand Turk had been a four-day tourist adventure planned around “Museum Day” a few months earlier. I had seen an advertisement in *The Sun*, one of the territory’s newspapers, and insisted that we go. We lived and worked on Providenciales

then, another island in the Turks and Caicos archipelago. Gary was Senior Engineer for Projotech, an island-based construction firm, and I was Head of English at British West Indies Collegiate.

Museum Day was held on Saturday, so after work on Friday we had hopped a plane and made the thirty-minute flight. We stayed at a guesthouse right on the beach of Cockburn Harbour, just a few blocks from the museum.

The Saturday morning of Museum Day was particularly hot. Women passed by in flip-flops, straw hats, bright skirts and billowing blouses. Dust wafted around their feet. Dogs barked, fretting in the heat. Roosters crowed gloriously, announcing the day. The ocean surged out at the reef. Beyond it the Windward Passage, where the ocean plummets to a 7,000 foot abyss, seemed an endless expanse of blue.

The museum, a well kept, restored, historic island residence, houses glass cases full of island artifacts. There is a Lucayan paddle dating from A. D. 1000, evidence of the Lucayan culture that had flourished in the Bahamas Islands prior to the arrival of the Spanish. There are household effects—china cups, combs, brushes, buttons. And there are photographs of white people in high-necked clothing far too hot for the island climate. Several photographs are of Queen Elizabeth in a polished black convertible as shiny as onyx.

In the gift shop, there are handcrafted items for sale—bowls, scarves, beach glass earrings. And there is a shelf of books by local authors. One, originally published in 1831, is *The History of Mary Prince, A West Indian Slave, Related by Herself*. I recognized it right away, having studied it in 1988 in a Black American Literature course that I undertook at Simon Fraser University, British Columbia.

Prince was born in Bermuda in 1788 and had lived in three different British overseas territories—Bermuda, Grand Turk Island, and Antigua—under five successive Bermudian slave-owners. She had also lived in England and, in a remarkably brave self-emancipatory act when living in London with her fifth slave-owner, she had seized the opportunity to walk into the streets a free woman at last. She sought out the London Anti-Slavery Society and began working with other abolitionists. Her narrative, her *History*, was compiled with the aid of an abolitionist writing and editing team in 1828-1829.

I reached out and slid a copy of Prince's *History* off the museum's shelf and purchased it. Ghosts shuffled toward me then, like shadows moving along a wall and brief tingling touches on my skin.

Unknown to me, layers of preparation had brought me to this place. It was as if my finger had been pricked with a spindle and I had been sleeping for, how long? Nineteen years. The ghosts of Grand Turk Island began to awaken me. Not long afterwards, I realized I wanted to live near the ruins they haunted.

In retrospect, I realize I had an encounter with what Deborah Britzman (1998) calls, “difficult knowledge” (p. 20). Prince’s *History* had been merely a story until I came to know it in the embodied sense of being near the ruins of her enslavement. I was, “touched by the past,” in Roger I. Simon’s (2005) terminology. I believe that I was positioned for true learning, that “welcome given to the memories of others as a teaching—not simply in the didactic sense of an imparting of new information—but more fundamentally as that which brings me more than I can contain” (p. 10).

### **Robert Dunham (1939 – 1989) and counter-stories**

One of the greatest gifts bestowed on me was to have Robert Dunham as an English Literature professor when I completed my undergraduate degree at Simon Fraser University (SFU) in the late 1980s. He had come to SFU from Berkeley, California, in 1966 when SFU was a fledgling institution. Robert’s specialty was The Romantics, though he also taught Shakespeare. In the last years of his life he sought and received permission to teach one class of Black American Literature, which ran in the spring semester, 1988. I was in that class, and in the summer semester following it I enrolled in a directed studies class on Black American Women’s Literature with Robert as supervisor.

Robert’s instruction was a gigantic step in the decolonization of my mind. I now refer to myself as a “creolized” individual in the sense of Édouard Glissant’s *Poetics of Relations* (1990), which Lorna Burns (2009), writing on Glissant, explains as an identity, “conceived of as a synthesis of cultural features, never finally realized in some static and essentialised form but always as a becoming” (p. 101). However, in the 1980s I (as did most of the of the individuals who peopled my world) saw myself as a white woman with roots in the wealthy municipality of West Vancouver, and bloodlines to crusty old Canadian families stamped with British Empire Loyalist monarchist zeal.

Recent genealogical inquiry into my family history, however, has modified this assumption. I now know that prior to the American Revolution, my ancestors included Aboriginal women—Ojibwa peltry brokers working in the fur trade—and fishers in Newfoundland whose grandchildren were later to purchase Mockbeggar, a fishing plantation situated in Bonavista. An as-yet-unverified family story tells of a possibly black ancestor who, a French naval captain on the run from the fallout of the French Revolution, wound up in Bonavista and married into a family already established there.

I believe that Robert knew exactly what he was doing when he offered those courses on Black American Literature. However, he would not have used current terminology to explain his methods. He was offering my classmates and me resistance literature, what might now be coined counter-stories. Memorable titles are Zora Neale Hurston’s *Dust Tracks on the Road* and *Their Eyes Were Watching God*, Paule Marshall’s *Praisesong for the Widow*, Toni Morrison’s *The Bluest Eye*, *Sula*, and *Song of Solomon*, and Alice Walker’s *The Colour Purple*, *Meridian*, and *In Search of Our Mother’s Gardens*. Mary Prince’s *History* was included as an example of a slave narrative.

These stories live in my heart, and to this day I feel an intense, sometimes overwhelming, emotion when I hear lines from them read aloud. Though I was always open to the *Other* as a child, sometimes to the chagrin of my family, these books were my opening to a beautiful and ever-widening garden beyond the society with which I was most familiar.

### **Touchstone stories**

Theresa Strong-Wilson (2008) identifies the early books of our childhood as touchstone stories, those stories that live deeply within us and inform our perspectives of the world. For me these books were J. R. R. Tolkien's *The Hobbit* and by age 12, *The Lord of the Rings*, C. S. Lewis's *The Chronicles of Narnia*, Frances Hodgson Burnett's *The Secret Garden*, and L. M. Montgomery's *Anne of Green Gables*. I also read the complete Nancy Drew series, Hardy Boys series, and Trixie Belden series (all three of which are, interestingly, ghost written by various authors), and other books numbering in the hundreds.<sup>1</sup>

Of them all, however, Tolkien's *The Hobbit* is my foundation text. It is my primary touchstone text out of the hundreds that I read as a child. I find it interesting to reflect on this now, especially in light of its subtitle, *The Unexpected Journey*. Bilbo Baggins, that intrepid hobbit, leaves the Shire and all of his comforts for a hard, long, and dangerous road that forever changes him, so much so that when he returns he does not fit his old environs, nor the skin of his previous self, and, eventually, he returns to live out his days with the elves he encountered on his journey.

In my case, although I also related to more realistic characters such as Anne Shirley and Mary Lennox, the protagonists of *Anne of Green Gables* and *The Secret Garden* respectively—both orphans who migrated to new places to find acceptance, love, and belonging—it was the fantastical quest of Bilbo Baggins that critically informed my childhood imagination. I remember my grade five teacher reading *The Hobbit* aloud in class. This memory is one of only a handful of glittering remembrances from what I otherwise recollect as the drudgery of my school days prior to university studies.

Strong-Wilson (2008) purports that in preparation for the work of teaching children, pre-service teachers might analyze their own childhood touchstone stories, which largely paint a colonial meta-narrative, and that they might then be offered counter-stories—such as the narratives offered to me by Robert Dunham—as a prescriptive to initiate a process of their decolonization. These stories rub against each other, producing a, “chafing, such that the teacher[s] touchstone[s] cannot remain as [they were], inviolate” (p. 2). They create disequilibrium and an opening for change. The hope in this method is that when planning a course of instruction for their own future young charges, these pre-service teachers will not only keep in mind the problems of their own colonization through curriculum and text, but will work to remediate this effect for their students.

I offer myself as a product of a similar process, but advanced by twenty-three years. Graduating from Simon Fraser University in spring 1989, I began a post degree professional program at the University of Victoria in fall 1989, had my teaching credential ten months later, and began a straight run of eighteen years of teaching high

school English starting in September 1990. I taught in both public and private international schools. My last position was in the Turks and Caicos Islands where I taught the youth of that territory, many of whom are the descendants of slaves.

In every position, I brought forward the counter-stories of those wonderful authors read under Robert Dunham's tutelage. In my first year working as an English teacher, I was assigned junior high classes. For these I brought forward poems or excerpts of books by these authors, and I made sure that the school librarian acquisitioned important core texts so that interested students would have access to further reading. I changed schools in my second year of teaching and was then in charge of grade 12 English, plus Advanced Placement Composition and English Literature. Hurston's *Their Eyes Were Watching God* and Morrison's *Sula* were ordered as class sets.

And it went on from there, year after year, school after school, school library after school library—until Museum Day on Grand Turk Island when I selected Prince's slave narrative, her *History*, from the museum's gift shop book shelf and purchased it—and the ghosts began to awaken me from my nineteen years of slumber. In retrospect, I realize that a new, *embodied* dimension of engagement with the counter-stories received from Robert Dunham, specifically with Prince's *History*—a text that is foundational to neo-slave narratives, such as those aforementioned counter-stories I engaged with under the tutelage of Robert Dunham—had been initiated.

### **The lane of the dead**

I wanted to live near the ruins haunted by the ghosts of the enslaved—the physical ruins from those bygone days when they worked in the harshest of conditions in the salt ponds of their slave-owners. Therefore, I didn't renew my contract with British West Indies Collegiate, Gary got a transfer to Grand Turk Island where he supervised new construction at the Grand Turk Cruise Ship Terminal, and we rented a house right on the beach.

Behind the house was a derelict salt pond, one of many left from the days of enslavement that now serve as ready-made bird sanctuaries. Beachside was Cockburn Harbour and, I suspect, one of three beaches used in the past for loading salt onto ships—schooners, brigantines, sloops—for shipment to the northern colonies where it was used to preserve food before the days of refrigeration.

It was impossible to lie tourist-like and carefree on the chalky-white sand beaches of Grand Turk knowing that slaves, probably malnourished, locked up at night, burnt by the sun, and with blisters covering their feet and legs from standing in brine all day, once walked on the sand upon which my own body lay. Equally impossible was swimming in warm turquoise water, bright yellow fish all around, when everyday reality shifted and, looking back to land through haze, I saw the enslaved toiling along the shoreline, bent under heavy sacks of salt that they carried on their backs.

Thus began a very productive few months on Grand Turk Island. I emerged from an academic hibernation of fourteen years to conduct research in the museum's scant

archives, and to interview elders. Within days, details previously unknown to the academic world about Prince's enslavement were revealed. With the assistance of elders, I identified Mr. D—, her Grand Turk Island slave-owner. He had been deceased when her *History* was published, but his identity had been concealed to spare his living relatives the agony of public scrutiny. Robert Darrell and his son Richard—known as Dickey in the *History*—had owned property on nearby Salt Cay as well as on Grand Turk Island. I found two archival photographs of their residence on Grand Turk which, torn down in the 1950s, had been right across from the salt yard.

Most significantly, however, local lore informed me that a derelict building on the island was *the shed* (see Figure 1) in which Darrell had locked Prince up at night:

We slept in a long shed, divided into narrow slips, like the stalls used for cattle. Boards fixed upon stakes driven into the ground without mat or covering, were our only beds. On Sundays, after we had washed the salt bags, and done other work required of us, we went into the bush and cut the long soft grass, of which we make trusses for our legs and feet to rest upon, for they were so full of the salt boils that we could get no rest lying upon the bare boards (Mary Prince, 1831, p. 72).



Figure 1. The shed on Grand Turk Island, which is thought to be the shed Mary Prince was locked up in at night by Robert Darrell. Photograph by Margot Maddison-MacFadyen.

Standing in the heat of the day, curling my hands around the iron bars covering the windows and feeling their density, smelling the tang of salt in the air, and hearing nearby voices calling from the beach not a city block away—where had she not been locked up, she might have escaped by boat to Haiti—I responded to Prince's summons, and it marked the beginning of my commitment to her, though over 200 years separate us. At that moment, I hatched a plan to further investigate and authenticate her story and to get it out to a wider audience, especially to children and youth and their teachers.

A few months later, in May 2008, *The Spirit of Bermuda*, a 112-foot Bermuda sloop sailed into Cockburn Harbour, Grand Turk Island, for the Windward Passage Symposium. Several enslavement and maritime Atlantic scholars were aboard—Kimberly Monk, Clarence Maxwell, and Michael Jarvis to name a few—and they gave lectures topside when the ship was at dock. I took these scholars on an excursion to the aforementioned ruins that are related to Prince. Walking up a section of Middle Street—what I call the *Lane of the Dead*—I pointed out what had been the Darrell property, the adjacent Wood property, and situated across the lane and diagonally to both, the long shed. That day Kimberly Monk suggested that I undertake a PhD based on my findings.

Hurricanes Hana and Ike swept through Grand Turk Island in September, 2008. Our rented house was destroyed, its roof ripped off by Ike. The long shed? It survived, though one end collapsed. Gary and I returned to Canada, and I, accepted into the Interdisciplinary PhD program at the Memorial University of Newfoundland in 2010, began my studies of Prince in an academic context. In 2011, I made my first research trip to Antigua. Since 2008, I have published six articles about my findings on both Grand Turk Island and Antigua.

### **Ekphrasis as elicitation**

The experiences I have had that surround my relationship with Prince, that entangle me with her—living near the ruins of enslavement on Grand Turk Island, feeling the weight of the iron bars covering the windows of the long shed, hours spent in archives sifting through microfilm, through archival photographs, more hours engaged in PhD coursework at Memorial, in writing articles for publications, and the hauntings, the many hauntings—they have become a part of me. They have become primary experiences shaping who I am and what motivates me.

So it should not be surprising that when standing in front of David Alexander's<sup>2</sup> vibrant painting, *Tropical Punched* (see Figure 2), which resonates reds, oranges, and yellows of the tropics, I should suddenly be back in that deep space within me where Prince, and everything that I associate with her, resides.

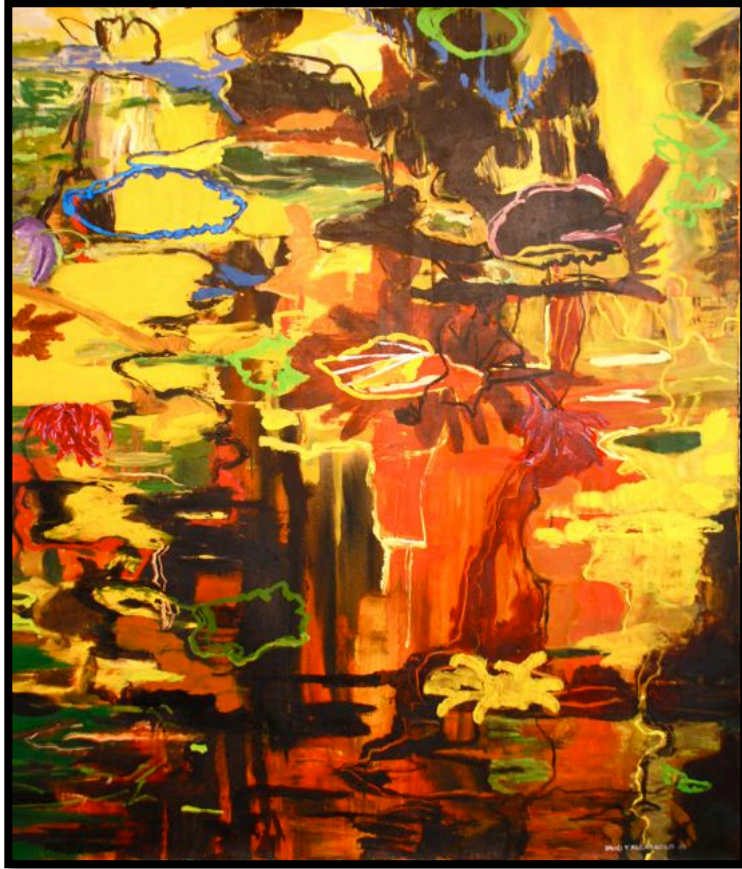


Figure 2. *Tropical Punched* by David Alexander (2007). It was part of a larger exhibit by Alexander that was on view at the Confederation Centre of the Arts, PEI, in fall 2012. Image courtesy of David Alexander.

I saw the blood of the slaves oozing through the water, and the darkness behind was a sunken slave ship held fast by the sucking reef. I was back in warm, sunlit Turks and Caicos Islands water, bright yellow fish all around. Bones of the dead strewed the seabed. Their eye sockets gaped. Rib cages that had once held their hearts, were the homes of fish.

Susan said, *Write! Write what you see. What you feel.* And so I did. My writers' group TWiG (The Writers in Group) had orchestrated this event of ekphrasis for Cultural Days with the assistance of the Art Educator at The Confederation Centre of the Arts in Charlottetown, PEI. Susan Buchanan, an accomplished writer and a member of TWiG, had been selected as workshop facilitator.

So I wrote a poem that, after a good scrub and polish, I titled *Tropical Punched 2*:

*Tropical Punched 2*

Midnight:  
chalky-beached Grand Turk Island,



British West Indies.

Silk ribbons of reflected moonlight  
slip across inky water.

Sunbursts of lemon-yellow  
& blood-orange anemones  
explode on coral heads

below.

And synchronous spawning,  
luminescent sperm & egg  
awash in radiance—  
pillar, brain, staghorn, fan  
lit like neon signs.

Their feet implanted in  
an ancient wreck—  
a tall ship  
hurricaned & sunk  
200 years past.

Its three pine masts  
once sky-lit towers  
cut from robust  
Acadian forest  
homes of black bear,  
lynx & fox

now nurse trees for  
an underwater  
West Indies world—

massive coraline fingers  
knuckled with brilliant outcrops

adorned with fire-red rings  
that radiate from a storm-besieged hull

broken & clutched  
by the living reef  
to its aquamarine heart.

Bones, skulls  
that once roiled within,

that once rolled with each  
pounding wave—  
solidified.

Gape-mouth sharks,  
their eyes lusterless coins,

g l i d e

slow-moving torpedoes

past long leg bones,

over bits of chipped vertebrae.

Darting sapphire fish  
hide in eye-sockets  
burrow under broken jaws.

Translucent pencil fish  
slide through rib cages  
slither around finger bones.

Portugese Man of War  
suspended from bulbous air sacks  
trail perilous mile-long tendrils,  
collect prey,  
travel the Atlantic  
from Iberia to Africa  
to the Antilles:

The Triangular Trade

& a death ship  
come to a stormy,  
magnificent end—

transformed  
in West Indies water.



A second time  
on chalky-beached  
Grand Turk Island  
by acrylic & brush

on canvas—

Tropical Punched:  
new life burgeons extravagant  
from old.

In an interview with Anita Lahey (2011), David Franklin, deputy director and chief curator of the National Gallery of Canada, purports that ekphrastic works are,

very old in the history of writing. For the Greeks, the term originally had an expanded meaning as any heightened form of memorable descriptive writing meant to stir the imagination, as in the account of terrible battles. The narrower sense, indicating the description in poetry or prose of a work of art—fictive or real—is the one that has survived (Lahey, *Arc Poetry Annual 2011*, p. 19).

In my case, *Tropical Punched 2* was also a work of self-reflection where meaning was amplified not only to embrace my memories of Prince and the ruins, but also of the counter-stories prescribed by Robert Dunham, and of my PhD learnings, especially Enslavement and Resistance Studies and Post-Colonial Caribbean Literature.

In these places I had read of slave ships, their captains, and their cargos. Especially reminiscent is Derek Walcott's (1990) *Omeros*, whose character the “foam-haired” (p. 9) Philoctete suffers from an unhealed sore on his shin that appears “like a radiant anemone” (p. 9) that had come from a “scraping, rusted anchor” (p. 10)—the untethered anchor of a sunken slave ship. Later, Philoctete's friend Achilles, a “walking fish” (p. 142) in his 300-year-long sojourn along the bottom of the ocean floor, sees, “huge cemeteries/of bone and the huge crossbows of the rusted anchors/and groves of corals as massive as trees” (p. 142).

David Alexander was not pushing paint around canvas on Grand Turk Island, nor anywhere in the Caribbean, when he painted *Tropical Punched*. In email correspondence, he explains,

That painting was a result of going to a tropical place (Hawaii for the first time) and not expecting to do anything about it visually. I was god-smacked by the colour and responded to it in that work as well as others since in an ongoing series I call *Wet*. I think I had a similar experience as Gauguin had when he got to the tropics for the first time (D. T. Alexander, personal communication, November 14, 2012).

*God-smacked* describes the experience well. *Transmogrified*—forever altered—possibly better. In the same email, Alexander further explains,

I recognize it made me change my palette. It always interests

me when someone is influenced when not expecting to be. . . .  
[W]hen I'm not expecting to respond to a place but may be open  
and ready to make changes that place hits like an ungloved punch.

Visiting a new place elicited transformation in both David and me. David was changed by Hawaii. I was changed by Grand Turk Island. Later, when I engaged with his painting, rendered in the new palette of which he speaks, I was able to bring forward my experiences and to express them in a poetic form. It was a time of heightened cognition and creativity that I find often occurs when meditating on the skillful art of others.

### **Ekphrasis as a type of poetic inquiry**

Laurel Richardson (2005) proposed writing as a viable method of inquiry nearly two decades ago (p. 959). Moreover, she predicted a paradigm shift with the introduction of ethnographic creative analytic practices (CAP Ethnography) and she suggested that, “in the foreseeable future, these ethnographies may indeed be the most desirable representations because they invite people in and open spaces for thinking about the social that elude us” (p. 962).

One of these “desirable representations” is poetic inquiry. As explained by Carolyn Elliot (2012) in her recent PhD dissertation, it, “seeks to reveal and communicate truths via intuitive contemplation and creative expression” (p. 1). Furthermore, Elliot suggests, it, “emphasizes subjectivity rather than objectivity” (p. 2), and is, therefore, essentially an, “extra-rational process” (p. 2).

I propose that ekphrasis, a type of poetic inquiry, also reveals and communicates truths. However, ekphrasis has an additional force within it because it gives words to visual art. Thus, it adds meaning to art, even if that meaning is not what the visual artist had originally intended. It is an artist reflecting the work of an artist, taking experience from one form and giving it life in another, and it goes to a new place. And if the ekphrastic poem is performed, it then becomes utterance, taking it yet another step.

As a method of inquiry, ekphrasis may initiate a deep reflection upon one's research subject allowing expression not only of findings, but also of feelings. Engagement with the work of a skilled artist, such as David Alexander, may, perhaps unexpectedly, affect the researcher, taking her deeply down into her subject.

An added feature is that ekphrasis may be used by a researcher as a summation of her learnings, to bring together in poetic form, using sensory images, figurative language, symbol, and sound devices, for example, the central concerns and truths of her research. And it allows her to present her findings in vibrant language, inviting a readership that otherwise might not be interested. Because ekphrasis depends on engagement with a selected piece of visual art, however, it is not viable for every research project. In my case, *Tropical Punch 2* came about as a happy, serendipitous event.

## Conclusion

The road leading to my PhD studies, and the one I have trod since, has been one, long, “unexpected journey” with several side paths, and like Bilbo Baggins of my foundational touchstone story, *The Hobbit*, I do not fit my old environs—I’ve outgrown my previous skin. This white woman with roots in West Vancouver has journeyed far.

Serendipity has played a large part in this transformation. She placed me in Robert Dunham’s Black American Literature class at Simon Fraser University back in 1988 where I received prescriptive counter-stories, and it was she who launched me on an unexpected journey to first, the Turks and Caicos Islands, and later, to Grand Turk Island itself. There, haunted by ghosts of the enslaved, I responded to Prince’s summons, and I set out on yet another path, the one leading to my PhD.

Ekphrasis as a type of poetic inquiry also came to me serendipitously as another well met aspect of my unexpected and seemingly never-ending journey of learning and decolonization. I discovered that through the process of ekphrasis—as I was engaged with David Alexander’s painting—I was able to express central ideas of my PhD learnings in a poetically nuanced way that I believe may be interesting to others.

Serendipity has had a huge impact not only upon my research path, but also my life. Knowing this, I wait for her in anticipation. She is like the dependable Sun that reappears every morning, heating the soil, and bringing buried seeds forth as plants. *Or* she is like a haunting, beckoning from the past, and transformational—if we heed the summons. *Or* she is like a unicorn, just out of sight. If looked for, she defies discovery. In whatever way she appears, serendipity is magical—and possibly life changing.

## Footnotes

1. *The Chronicles of Narnia*, by C. S. Lewis, comprise seven books published between 1951 and 1956. See the References section for publishing details regarding these wonderful books. The Nancy Drew and Hardy Boys series were the brainchild of Edward Stratemeyer. Ghost writers worked under the pseudonyms Carolyn Keene for the Nancy Drew series, and Franklin W. Dixon for the Hardy Boys series. The first six volumes of the Trixie Belden series were written by Julie Campbell Tatham, with subsequent volumes ghost written under the pseudonym Kathryn Kenny.

2. A well-known Canadian artist, David Alexander’s website can be accessed at: <http://davidtalexander.com>.



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