Pushing Past the Limits of Public History: Reimagining Approaches to Representing Slavery in the Atlantic World.

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Avery Research Center for African American History and Culture, Charleston.
Mason Gross School of the Arts and Zimmerli Art Museum present

ALMA
ATLANTA LADIES MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION
A Souvenir Exhibition from the South
By the Memory, Memorials and Monuments Cohort and Kara Walker

Focus Gallery
Zimmerli Art Museum
71 Hamilton Street
New Brunswick, NJ

On view through July 2, 2017
Public Reception: Friday, April 21 from 6 to 8 p.m.

ST. CROIX DESIGN STUDIO
LANDSCAPE AS MEMORIAL | CHRISTIANSTED SLAVE MARKET

Department of Landscape Architecture Rutgers University Spring 2015
Instructors: Holly Nelson & Anita Bakshi
Memory, Monuments & Memorials (MMM) Group with Kara Walker
I've seen the videos of Dr. King, of Malcolm X, of Stokely Carmichael, of Angela Davis, of Erica Huggins, of Fred Hampton. Black and white, grainy footage of another era, these figures rendered almost as mythical superheroes. Maybe it's the rough quality of the film, perhaps the intensity of their facial expressions, or maybe it's the circulation of the same clips, poses, and images, but I am lulled into thinking of these figures as residing in a remote past. A time before. A time before a certain version of America came into being, the one that I was born into.

I did of course hear stories from my father, about his immigration to the USA sometime after 1965 (specific dates are rarely mentioned), about his arrival in Lawrence, Kansas, one of the few Indians in town, about his lonely days living at the YMCA, warming cans on a hotplate in his room. I heard also his fantastic story of going to the Kansas State Fair, sometime in the 1970s, spreading a bedsheet on the ground, sitting there in his turban and allowing people to throw money down to him, thinking that he was some kind of exotic circus act. He needed the money, and this worked. It was easier than his summer job, picking peaches in Yuba City California. Eventually he had to remove his turban and cut his hair in order to find a job, but he never told me any stories about deeply enforced segregation or violence, although there is a lot that he does not say.

I do remember the story he told me about travelling to the South with some college friends, driving into a town, and stopping at a restaurant for dinner. They seated themselves, and the waitress refused to serve the black friend they were with, until she realized that he was a real African, from overseas, and then they were served. Despite hearing these stories while growing up in Chicago, I think of this past as so far, so distant, so remote.
In Atlanta in 2017, Willie Huff speaks about his life on Auburn Avenue, the street we stand on, the street he grew up on. He stands there with his daughter, Daonne, and poses for a photograph. We see the parking lot where his old home used to be, we see his cousin’s house, next to another relative’s house. We stand in front as he recounts stories connected to the house, connected to the cousin, but then also ranging farther away...to his time as a treasurer for the Black Panther Party in Atlanta, the Free Breakfast program they ran, going to graduate school and joining the ROTC partly to avoid the draft, to avoid Vietnam.

He speaks of his life as centered in these streets, around Auburn, and then also down Decatur Street, where he enrolled in Georgia State University in 1968, just one year after it was desegregated. Before this time everything was separate and second hand, “even though we was paying taxes like everybody else.” He speaks of the main SCLC office down the street from his old home, he speaks of Ebenezer Baptist Church, where “Daddy King,” MLK’s father, was preaching, where later “King started doing his business in 63, 64, 65.” He speaks of Grady Homes, the public housing project his family later lived in, demolished in 2005. A report written for the Atlanta Housing Authority in 2011 recognizes the loss of community, but it was all for the best to remove it. “Residents who lived at Grady for some time indicated that they enjoyed the sense of community and the convenience, i.e. living within walking distance to the hospital, stores, work...However, by 2004 Grady had become a very dangerous environment in which to live. The environment was usually very noisy and there were regular shootouts among drug dealers.” They were replaced by Ashley Auburn Pointe Apartments, a mixed income development in 2011.
Willie is a “Grady baby,” born in Grady Hospital, right down the street, which was the only hospital serving black people in Atlanta. There was a lead factory across the street from Grady Homes, now the luxury Pencil Factory Flats are located there. A visit to their website shows a mix of young Atlantans hanging out around the new pool, in the gym, luxuriating on Roche Bobois sofas in well-appointed apartments. We stand in front of the flats and Willie tells us how that whole side of the street was used for manufacturing. He would see people walking out after a day’s work, dirty and covered in lead and dust.
The neighborhood changed after Vietnam when “everyone came back addicted to heroin or something.” A crime wave came along as the drug problem grew and vets became addicted. “You’d find them in closets with spikes in their arms.” But he also speaks of the vibrant business district located in the neighborhood before this time, located just north of Ebenezer Baptist. There were many Jews, who had emigrated from Lebanon, running grocery stores and convenient stores, like the Shaid Supermarket. There were many black-owned businesses as well, further down Auburn – banks, insurance agencies, beauty supply stores, nightclubs and funeral homes. Club Royal Peacock. Barbara’s Beauty Supply. Many of these were shut down after desegregation, as chain stores filled in.

We stop and pause in front of the fence. He speaks of how lucky he was to have lived, while at Grady Homes, at the edge of the housing project, right on Decatur Street, 322 Decatur. Here at the edge “you could dream” sitting on the steps and looking out at the street. “All my dreams…sitting on this porch.” From here you could see the life of the city, you could see white people driving past on Decatur. He saw nice cars, Mercedes, and decided he wanted one. In 1977 he bought his first Mercedes, powder blue, diesel. Daonne remembers later seeing another Mercedes, gold and silver.
This is not far back in time, and Willie even looks so young, unlined face, navy blue track suit and Kangol hat. Yet it’s hard to recognize the nearness of his experiences, and many tend to view this as a remote past, one that has been overcome. “Just get over it,” some say, at sites where such histories and memories are represented. “I didn’t live then, so it’s not my problem,” and “Why bring all that up again, it’s too painful...black citizens should get over it,” are a few reactions to sites that represent the history of slavery or the struggle for civil rights. “We refuse to sit upon your stool of everlasting repentance,” they said in Savannah in 2002. “An anti-white exercise in shame and blame,” and “a threat to...faith in Southern heritage, American tradition, culture and glory,” they said in Wallace Louisiana in 2014.

“They should just move on.” Willie has. He moved to Alabama where “US Steel ran the state,” where they recruited him to be a manager at BellSouth, even though it was a difficult place for black people to be at the time. Birmingham was, “where all that nonsense was going on.” Today US Steel still owns large tracts of land in Alabama, about 150,000 acres as of 2011. Today Willie is a big supporter of America, “of what it currently has become.” Only here, he says, can it happen. “I was born in the slums, and all my kids have advanced degrees.” He has moved on, but can we?
Is forgetting really possible? In his essay on the Use and Abuse of History, Nietzsche writes:

“For when [the] past is analyzed critically, then we grasp with a knife at its roots and go cruelly beyond all reverence. It is always a dangerous process, that is, a dangerous process for life itself. And people or ages serving life in this way, by judging and destroying a past, are always dangerous and in danger. For since we are now the products of earlier generations, we are also the products of their aberrations, passions, mistakes, and even crimes. It is impossible to loose oneself from this chain entirely. When we condemn that confusion and consider ourselves released from it, then we have not overcome the fact that we are derived from it.”
He points to the impossibility of forgetting, of disconnecting from an unwanted historical context, where even the forgotten is intricately interwoven, collectively, with our cultural selves. For Lyotard, certain "excitations" are so troubling that they cannot be processed or dealt with. They do not even enter or affect consciousness; they are not introduced and remain "unpresented" as a "silence which does not make itself heard as silence." He refers to a "reserve" that retains this memory "without consciousness having been informed about it." It "lies in the reserve in the interior hidden away..." Thus, what has been 'forgotten' is always held in reserve - whether we would have it or not. Ricoeur argues that "the most troubling experiences of forgetting...display their most malevolent effects only on the scale of collective memories."

I suffer, we all suffer, because of this neglect, this ambient obscurance, this obsfuscation. It affects us all, and it is impossible to loosen this chain. And here our great country, against our will, rewrites the narrative.

“The resource of narrative then becomes the trap, when higher powers take over the emplotment and impose a canonical narrative by means of intimidation or seduction, fear or flattery. A devious form of forgetting is at work here, resulting from the stripping of social actors of their original powers to recount their actions for themselves.”
Blame, guilt, shame is pushed on to the South. An other place, different from here. We revel in the great myth of American blamelessness, as expressed at our monuments at Ground Zero and at the Vietnam Veterans Memorial. These are sites of great tragedies, of enormous scale and consequence, but they are also sites of a performance, whereby we “legitimate American blamelessness,” where the deaths of innocent victims are marshaled to “legitimate national security narratives of revenge and retribution...” 1 The deaths of these innocents are still being used today to justify exclusionary policies that seek to limit immigration, and even travel. Even the much-lauded Vietnam Veterans Memorial has been criticized as a site of highly selective memory and forgetting. As a veteran of the war stated, “Our healing here is therapeutic, but not historic...The memorial says exactly what we wanted to say about Vietnam... absolutely nothing.” 2 Neither of these sites takes a critical stance on what happened or why. We point, as always, to the innocent victims who died. We are blameless; the guilty parties are elsewhere.
We forget the retreat after the 1870s, the allowance of the institution of Jim Crow laws, Plessy vs. Ferguson, “...the long and violent hangover after the Civil War when the South, left to its own devices as the North looked away, dismantled the freedoms granted former slaves after the war.” This forgetting is required so that we can maintain the right to impart blame to an other place. In this forgetting we all become trapped in the narrative, not realizing that it is not possible to tell the story of ‘here’ without also telling the story of ‘there.’ It is not possible to tell the story of the North without also telling the story of the South. It is not possible to tell the story of my father in Chicago without telling the story of Kansas. These histories echo across landscapes, connecting places like Alabama and St. Louis, Mississippi and New York. Fragmenting and compartmentalizing these into neat narratives does not work. Whether addressed or not, they echo throughout the American landscape, taking measure of our progress, of our past. It does no good to try to impart this past to an other place, a foreign way of life, from a ‘now’ to a ‘then.’ All the things and people that make our America possible carry these echoes with them, through the economic drivers, through the “sacrificial landscapes” from which we extract resources: mineral, cultural, human.
Distancing in time is mirrored by a distancing of place. Today another kind of geographical forgetting occurs, as other uncomfortable realities are ignored, tucked away, far out of sight. Today we forget Louisiana, bayous destroyed by oil, the leaks from great underground salt domes, that we don’t even know exist, giant hidden caverns the size of huge monuments to geological processes, but also to industry, progress, economic development. The Napoleonville Dome, three miles wide and one mile deep, lies below the earth under a layer of oil and natural gas. Here 53 caverns are owned by petrochemical companies, who rent out space, caverns, where chemicals and brine are stored. One was punctured as Texas Brine was drilling deep inside it in 2012.

“When the drill pierced the side of one cavern inside the dome, a catastrophe slowly unfolded. Weakened, one wall of the cavern crumpled under the pressure of the surrounding shale. Water was sucked down, drawing trees and brush with it. Oil from around the dome oozed up. The earth shook. In places its surface tilted and sank.”

This underground geology, and the disasters of enterprise incurred there, are easy to forget, until they bubble up and beg attention. It still bubbles today, as the sinkhole created by the accidental piercing is now 35 acres in size, and still growing, still burping up barrels of oil to the surface.

Data received to date from Davy Jones/Blackbeard West & East confirm McMoRan’s original geologic modeling, which correlates the objective sections on the Shelf below the salt weld in the Miocene and older age sections to those productive sections seen in deepwater discoveries by other industry participants.
We ignore and forget coal country and fracking landscapes in Western Pennsylvania, where chemicals seep into bodies of water and then into real live human bodies. We have the luxury of ignoring these sacrificial landscapes that make our lifestyles possible, bringing us plastic bags and toothpaste, plastic luggage racks for SUVs (made by JAC Products in Franklin, Georgia). They bring us the supply of endlessly cheap energy that allows for the full, unthrottled expression of the American Dream. This is cheap until it extracts a great cost, as it did in the last presidential election, when these sacrificial landscapes and underground geologies of commerce and destructive extraction bubbled over and refused to be silent.

I feel these echoes across the American landscape, across the great plane of American history, footsteps echoing across time and place, the graveyards of the past and the bodies of the present. These echo for me in places that collapse time into clear moments of continuity. As W.G. Sebald wrote in Austerlitz.
“Such ideas infallibly come to me in places which have more of the past about them than the present. For instance, if I am walking through the city and look into one of those quiet courtyards where nothing has changed for decades, I feel, almost physically, the current of time slowing down in the gravitational field of oblivion. It seems to me then as if all the moments of our life occupy the same space, as if future events already existed and were only waiting for us to find our way to them at last, just as when we have accepted an invitation we duly arrive at a certain house at a given time. And might it not be...that we also have appointments to keep in the past, in what has gone before and is for the most part extinguished, and must go there in search of places and people who have some connection with us on the far side of time, so to speak?”
These echo for me in the stories told by my father, in the stories told by Daonne’s father. They echo in Oakland Cemetery, where Margaret Mitchell, author of the great American Mythology Gone with the Wind, lies in the same soil as Maynard Jackson, Atlanta’s first African American mayor; the site of the burial of 6,900 Confederate soldiers; the site of Potters Field, where over 12,000 African Americans lie buried in now unmarked graves. I feel these echoes, these reverberations, through my feet as I stand on the heavy might of Stone Mountain, its weighty, granite mass protruding through the earth, its peak, the meager 10% of the giant igneous pluton that is visible to the eye has been scratched at, violated by the forces of history, embossed with the great heroes of the Confederacy: Robert E. Lee, Stonewall Jackson, and Jefferson Davis. Only a quick moment of its mass is visible, rising from a mighty foundation that sinks for 9 miles below the surface of the ground, that spreads and forms a bedrock upon which the outlying suburbs of metropolitan Atlanta have built their homes.
The surface of the mountain is richly textured, chisel marks remain, imprints of the quarrying of the mountain by the Venable Bros., at its peak producing up to 25,000 granite paving blocks per day. Exfoliated slabs hang precariously along the slopes, caused by “tremendous strain” in the granite, causing the splitting off of these thin, curved plates. Veins run vertically through the stone, its horizontal surfaces are pocked by vernal pools collecting lichen and mosses, the beginnings of soil and life. The Geologic Guide to Stone Mountain Park explains these features. Exfoliation joints were created on the mountain as the granite expanded, and tensional joints were formed as the granite cooled. “The landscape you have observed today reflects the mountain’s existence in its stage of mighty conflict between internal and external forces.”
Department of Landscape Architecture Rutgers University
Spring 2015
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Wind Power and Animal

The Gristmill

The Gristmill was a planter's joy and pride. It was used both as a mill to grind corn into flour for the planters' families and as a way to make a profit by selling flour to the plantations. The mill was powered by water from a dam that was built on one of the island's streams. The water flowed through a channel and was used to turn the millstones. The millstones were made of granite and were very heavy, which made them effective at grinding the wheat into flour. The mill was also equipped with a waterwheel, which was used to turn the millstones when there was no water available.

The Greathouse

The Greathouse was the largest and most important building on the plantation. It was the home of the planter and his family. The Greathouse was a two-story structure with a large veranda that wrapped around the entire building. The Greathouse was made of brick and had a steeply pitched roof. The walls were made of wood and were covered with plaster. The Greathouse had a large central room, which was used for social gatherings. The Greathouse was also equipped with a kitchen, a servants' quarters, and a stable. The bedrooms were located on the second floor, and each had its own fireplace.

Distilling Rum

Rum was one of the most important crops grown on the plantation. It was made by fermenting molasses, which was a byproduct of sugar refining. The molasses was boiled to remove the water, and then it was fermented with yeast. The fermentation process produced alcohol, which was then distilled to increase the strength of the alcohol. The distilling process was very dangerous, and many workers were injured or killed. The rum was then aged in oak barrels, which gave it a rich flavor. The rum was used for drinking and was also used as a currency on the plantation.

To great expense to fit the house

The Greathouse was a large and impressive building. It was made of wood and had a steeply pitched roof. The Greathouse was equipped with a kitchen, a servants' quarters, and a stable. The bedrooms were located on the second floor, and each had its own fireplace. The Greathouse was also equipped with a large central room, which was used for social gatherings. The Greathouse was a symbol of the wealth and power of the planter. It was a place where the planter and his family could entertain their guests and show off their wealth.

The most important workhorses on the plantation were the mules. The mules were used to pull plows and carry heavy loads. The mules were also used to pull the millstones at the mill. The mules were very strong and were able to pull a lot of weight. The mules were also very intelligent and were able to understand simple commands.

The mules were fed a diet of corn and hay. The mules were also given a small amount of molasses each day, which was a treat for them. The mules were very important to the plantation, and the planter made sure that they were well taken care of.

The mules were also important as a symbol of the plantation. The mules were a symbol of the work and effort that went into running the plantation. The mules were a sign of the planter's wealth and power. The mules were also important as a way to show off the plantation. The mules were often paraded around the plantation, and they were a source of pride for the planter.
The only way to preserve culture is to **LIVE** it.

Building relationships on this land between people and local organizations leads to successful projects, but the land remains the source of the people's strength.

"When we lose your culture, you lose your identity. You need to be from and sensitive." - Sonny Daw,

"Because of slavery and history we have turned our backs to the multicultural use of the land..." - Sonny Daw,

"There are no important days in your life. Your birthday and the anniversary of your marriage..." - Sonny Daw,
DESIGN EXERCISES
EXERCISE 1
WALKING WITH THE PAST IN ST. CROIX

While in St. Croix, we visited some of the sites described in the historical novel *August Freedom*, by Liz Carson Rosas. We were given a tour of Christiansted and Frederiksted by local Storyteller Miss V Celeste, who told us various stories about the people, places, and histories of Christiansted and its relation to the rest of St. Croix and world history.

During both our reading of *August Freedom* and our tour with Miss V, we took photographs, collected notes, and created sketches to remember the places and how we felt and interpreted each of them.

In this first exercise, after returning to the studio, we worked in groups or individually to compile our photographs, notes, and sketches into a drawing or map that interpreted our trip. In our composite drawings, we considered elements of our experience such as change, sensory experiences, historical information, sense of place, and journey through time. The images created reflected each of our ideas of how historical and spatial information could be interpreted using concepts such as mixing, weaving, layering, repairing, or joining.

Sarah Korapati: Comparison of the erosion of culture then vs. now.

Chelsea Beisswanger: The lasting imprint of African culture and slave history

Mark Lacey: The weaving of stories into the life of St. Croix
While in St. Croix, we watched a presentation about archeological findings from a community dig organized by the NPS. This dig transformed a routine removal of tree roots into an opportunity to get to the “root” of St. Croix’s history. A mahogany tree stump on Hospital Street, adjacent to the Customs House, had to be removed, and since it was in the boundary of the original Danish West India and Guinea Company yard that was central to the sale of enslaved Africans from 1749 to 1803, NPS archeologists performed controlled excavations.

Based on the idea of archeology and digging to reveal history, each of us were given a 6”x9”x12” block of rigid model foam, and were tasked with creating a model. Inspired by photographs, textures, stories, and senses experienced in St. Croix, the model was meant to have layers or meaning that revealed historical and experiential context.

Sarah Korapati: Telling history underneath the Tamarind Tree

Chelsea Beisswanger: Using coral as a representation of the living vs. the non living, illustrating how history layers and builds up over time.

Austin Scott: The imprint of Fort Christiansvaren on the history of St. Croix
**EXERCISE 3**

**PERSONAL REMEMBRANCES**

This design exercise challenged students to design a site as a personal remembrance. Using collages with photos or drawings, we designed spaces that acted as a memorial to someone important to us, honored a personal group of affiliation, or commemorated an important personal moment/achievement.

This exercise gave us a chance to think about how a space could be used by others so that they could understand our own personal stories. We considered how visitors to our site would be engaged in our story. Is it a place, an object, or a path with various happenings? Do edges and centers play a role in the design? How does time and speed impact the user’s experience?

(Above) Teddy Aretakis: Using patterns and symbols along a crooked path to symbolize personal journey and cultural heritage

(Right) Joshua Rodrigues: A park to honor Puerto Rican heritage

(Above) Andrew Schlesinger: Monument of the eye looking into self-reflection

(Left) Michelle Lim: An object of self-identity and body image
Our project looks at the movement and combination of architecture from Europe and West Africa. Through our study we realized that a tendency for use of “scraps” is essential to African craftsmanship. This tradition was extended to Crucian architectural and musical objects and forms. Certain objects, like Danish bricks, can be claimed both by Denmark and Timbuktu. Architectural styles, once more distinct, combined upon arrival in the Caribbean. In terms of music, scrap musicians made European-inspired instruments out of whatever scrap was available and used them to produce sophisticated African based polyrhythms. Both musical and architectural form continue to evolve in St. Croix and are fundamental to Crucian culture.
Cultivators of land, medicinal caretakers, bearers of children: a few of the ways women were seen on St. Croix during the Transatlantic Slave Trade and today continues to be socially scripted as a feminine necessity. But who were these women of the past? They were not all women solely dedicated to housework and yet the island depicts so little of them. In this piece you will see the various women found on St. Croix: Danish, Nigerian, Guyanese, Taino, and those considered the unknown. The Danish and African women are depicted clearly as opposed to the Taino (Arawak) women because of the amount of information known of them. The Danish women who were of higher standard treated the African and Taino women as poorly as a white man did. These women were oppressed in their sexuality, in their voices, and in their decision making. Their children were often not of their own choice and any chance at continuing their generations were limited. Overall, on St. Croix, little of the Taino women was remembered, women rarely resisted or acted out in fear of punishment or death, and ultimately women struggled with power.
I was born in Silverspring, Maryland. I was raised until kindergarten in Greenbelt, Maryland. I grew up in Rockville, Maryland. But for the majority of my life I did not feel I was American. My father was Southern Indian while my mother is Filipino and that was what I identified as until I visited these countries. When I visited the Philippines, I knew I was not Filipino evident from my facial structure and skin color. When I visited India, I knew I was not Indian when my skin was far lighter than the other South Indians. When I was in school, my peers would ask me “what are you” or “where are you from” and expect me to answer something other than “I’m from Maryland” or “I am American”. Questions such as those were natural for me because otherness diverging from white seemed natural.

In 2011 I started my college career in Landscape Architecture at Rutgers University fresh from high school. As I grew, I slowly became more consciously aware of the strings of society which often go unspoken and taken for granted. My first awareness came from feminism and recognizing my own gender. Slowly the strings of privilege became more and more apparent and I came to question my actions and questions. The new found self-awareness caught on by the storm of controversial debates in the media over human rights caused me to think critically about society. It is easy to imagine yourself as a minuscule isolated moment in time separated by the twists and turns of society, but once you become aware of your own place in the universe of things you begin to realize how you act as a string in the network of justice and injustices. I’ve found that how society has come to this point in time is extremely important in understanding why police brutality is so prevalent in the United States and why women can’t have full ownership of their own bodies.

Upon hearing about the St. Croix studio with the concentration on slavery, I was delighted. The topic of slavery has always been skimmed over in textbooks. It has always been watered down and downplayed in history. In the United States we can celebrate/appropriate holidays such as St. Patricks Day and Cinco de Mayo which doesn’t have anything to do with American culture but we can’t take a day off to remember the date that all slaves were freed. With the recent attention to police brutality, it is clear that the battle is not over. It is crucial at this time, while there is still interest in human rights, to remember the struggles and memory of the slaves.
Are the slaves solely defined by their occupation? Are the slaves solely defined by their origin? Are they solely defined by their relations?

**OCCUPATION**
- cane cutter
- cotton picker
- pharmacist
- tailor
- wet nurse
- house maid
- artisan
- fisherman

**ORIGIN**
- Senegambia
- Sierra Leone
- Gold Coast

**OTHER**
Are they solely defined by their relations?

Images show historical photographs of slaves in different occupations and from various origins.
Regardless of how we try to define the slaves, one commonality we all share is the unfamiliarity of the time.

They are strangers to us.
POCKET MEMORIALS
TO THE MEMORY OF THE SLAVES

“The only way to preserve culture is to live it.”

- Sonia Dowe
To generalize slavery on St. Croix into African sugar cane cutters would be erasure of the richness of the people who were slaves. Although slavery is a dark topic for many people, the memory of the people should not be forgotten and the lives they lead. Because of the rich identities of the approximately 500,000 slaves who passed through St. Croix, it would be unfair to consolidate the memory of the slaves onto only the Slave Market site where they ultimately lost their identities. It would be a slap to their memory. Therefore, while the slave market site should be a place of respect, remembrance, and a reminder to never let something insidious as slavery happen again, there are various aspects of the Africans, Taíno, and Arawak culture which should be celebrated. The cultures of the exploited people are deeply rooted in Crucian culture and the memory of how it came to that point should be preserved.

Marked on the map of Christiansted are several sites where there are ruins. These sites are areas with potential to hold pocket memorials in memory of the slaves. The design ideas listed to the right are various ideas suggested to not only provide an educational experience in the landscape but also better the infrastructure of St. Croix. These pocket memorials can be ephemeral and last as much as a few hours while some may last several years. The ultimate hope for having various pocket memorials is to engage everyone visiting or living in St. Croix with its rich cultural history. That visitors can understand the history of St. Croix and residents of St. Croix may engage with their history in a casual way.

Because the landscape is constantly changing, it is always a work in progress. Over time these memorials will become outdated and they will need to be updated. Memory will always erode and morph into a new form. The importance of keeping memory alive is through active participation.

Memorial to the domestic slave is located at one of the larger more prominent bridges over the various guts in St. Croix. The memory of the domestic slave is extremely rich varying from cooking to cleaning to taking care of children as wet nurses. The guts were used to clean clothes and rags and so turning the hardscape concrete in the gut system into a rain garden system would beautiful the city and make the storm water management of St. Croix easier to handle by allowing better infiltration of the water.

Memorial to the Freed is located in the vegetation dividing the fort and Galloway Bay. Walking through this area, I was overcome by the thick vegetation and shade of the area coupled with the stark contrast of the ocean. This area could be a place isolated from the hum of the city of St. Croix and be made into a trail which reminds visitors of their humanness. Furthermore the area can be a testament to the freed that while it reminds those of their humanity it also frees the individual of the eyes of other. It can be reminiscent of Maroon Ridge or a space entirely of its own as a place where people ran away from the shackles of their slavery.

One aspect of slavery which is almost always forgotten are the children which were forced into labor at young ages. Often times, children born into slavery were forced to mature faster and work harder robbing them of their childhood. More often than not, children would not have nuclear families but instead a large network of relatives and relationships amongst the slave communities. Therefore, a memorial to the children should be a playground providing a safe haven for children. The marker on the map is an isolated ruin which could be turned into a treehouse.

One of the most amazing aspects of Crucian history unique to St. Croix is the way the slaves gained their freedom: through peace. That is not to say that the war was won because slavery morphed and changed into different meanings such as low wages and long hours. It incited further rebellions to occur through William Davis, The 3 Queens, and David Hamilton Jackson. The location of the memorial to the rebellion is located in the St. Croix Auis ruin. All the rebellions occurred through the network of community and news and so it would be natural to place a memorial such as to the rebellion in this ruin.
This memorial is dedicated to the Africans who were enslaved and brought to St. Croix over a long journey over the Atlantic ocean. This memorial focuses on the narrative of the African experience and the both the achievements and struggles faced by the slaves. The experience of the historic slave market is strictly an African experience. Not all slaves on St. Croix made the horrid journey over the Atlantic, and so this memorial will focus solely on remembrance and respect for the African slaves. This memorial is a series of rooms forming a narrative utilizing the body as a piece of storytelling to convey the story of the slaves. The first room is the in media res room where the story begins in the middle focusing on the slave market. The following rooms indicate the erosion of memory before finally returning to the beginning where the journey ends.

But does the story ever truly end?
The memorial is a series of rooms which guide the visitor through the journey of the enslaved African descendants of St. Croix. The first room is an outdoor room before entering the underground space. This room is called in *Media Res* because our story of our own journey learning about the journey begins in the middle. The second room is the *African Roots* room where maps of the African countries are presented on eroding corten steel as a testament to the African diaspora. The second room is the *Journey to St. Croix* reflection room to symbolize the journey on the trans-Atlantic slave trade. The last area is a series of rooms depicting the various fates of the African slaves called the *Destination Gardens*. Despite its innocent sounding name, it holds an extremely heavy meaning. Finally, the visitor returns to the start, the slave market where a green roof is planted as respect to the lost identities of the slaves.

The story begins in the middle
African Roots

This room represents the efforts which the NPS and people of St. Croix took to unearth the hidden history of St. Croix and finally pay respects to the ancestry of St. Croix. The removal of a mahogany tree during the excavation revealed the foundation of the slave market, and so this room both represents the respect to the African roots through a mixture of today and many years ago.

Destination Gardens

The destination gardens represent the final place of movement for the enslaved Africans. The destination gardens include the provision grounds (domestic slaves), cotton court, cane plantings, and finally the freed garden speaking to the freed slaves and the maroons who freed themselves. Despite the seeming end to slavery, the final room truly is the slave market site which opens the question, is slavery really over?

Journey to St. Croix

The journey to St. Croix room is an underground room depicting the journey the slaves took going to St. Croix. This room includes a reflecting pool with a hole above it to reflect the sky. When the water is in motion, the reflects onto the reflective walls creating a moment submerged in water. A moment of suffocation. The walls depict pictures of the slaves painted over meant to erode over time to reveal the history of St. Croix.
My ancestors came from a place I can only piece together through impersonal texts and photographs. When I say place, I’m not talking about a geo-specific place, but an entirely subjective lived out experience, denoted and lost within the anthropocenic timeline. My roots are connected to a place in time carved out for my ancestral family in Turkey, just as my time today is carved into New Brunswick. If I were to travel to the Middle East to trace my heritage, I may get the geographic coordinates down correctly, and be served an authentic meal but it would not serve to reflect my ancestor’s authentic lived out experience. The Armenian Genocide may have broken off some branches from my family tree but my people are still thriving. It keeps me grounded knowing that I am privileged to be alive, despite being a couple of seas away from the heart of my people. I can only loosely identify with those who have had their families tossed around the globe due to diaspora.

Growing up and moving from town to town in Central Jersey is not what one would call culturally shocking, but I was able to get a glimpse into the cultural, social, political, and economic diversity that is bountiful here. Awareness and acceptance of diversity was something embraced and celebrated by the community, and instilled in us throughout grade school. Of course, that is not to say that it was free from racism, sexism, classism, or any type of “-ism” for that matter.

Learning about the African Diaspora and the culture of the Crucian people during the Saint Croix studio taught me a lot about the cultural implications of place, and its relation to memory. It is important that architects, landscape architects, and planners have designs that are empowered by the history and of the livelihood of the people who live there. There is a lot of power in what a space can translate to, and the Saint Croix studio has taught our classmates how to walk across that bridge as designers. My wish is for the future memorial in Christiansted is for it to be honest and transparent about the actions taken place on the soil in the past, no matter how dark, shameful, and damaged it is.
FOOTPRINTS
RE-ENVISIONING THE GUINEA COMPANY WAREHOUSE

Downtown Christiansted is a living testament of its history to those who live and visit Saint Croix. The original West India and Guinea Company warehouse was built for the company by African slaves and artisans in 1749. Pre-1804, the warehouse once stood consolidated beyond Hospital Street which now cuts through the warehouse, extending towards the old custom's house. The warehouse was the first stop for Africans to be unloaded and auctioned to be sold into slavery.

Fast forward to present day Christiansted, where people are driving over obscured history of immeasurable significance day in and day out. The memorial proposes a design that is taken effect over two phases. The main concept is to erect the historic (1780-1804) blueprint of the warehouse; creating a boundary that begins to tell the story of the history of Danish Christiansted, creolization, and the Transatlantic Slave Trade largely fueled by the sugar industry.

Phase I: A Year of Renewed Collective Memory of the Transatlantic Slave Trade, Featuring Hospital Street

The first initiative introduces the historic footprints to the site, including Hospital Street, using Cor-ten steel, a weathered iron material to frame the design. Two sets of Cor-ten planks surround the perimeter of the design, with sugar cane growing in-between. The sugar cane is a key symbol of the Transatlantic Slave Trade, with it being a strong incentive for money, power, and control of the Danish Colony in Saint Croix, and the greater Caribbean region. On the other hand it represents oppression, exploitation, and revolution for the enslaved Africans. Within the space, the historic footprints are stamped with Cor-ten steel, raised about an inch high within the grass and Hospital Street where cars are constantly driving over it.
Community Garden: Food Profiles

- *wild taro root* (Colocasia esculenta), origin: North America
- *cassava* (Manihot esculenta), origin: South America
- *black-eyed peas* (Vigna Unguiculata), origin: West Africa
- *okra* (Abelmoschus esculentus), origin: West Africa
- *callaloo* (Amaranthus tricolor), origin: Central America
- *sugar cane* (Saccharum officinarum), origin: South Asia
FOOTPRINTS
RE-ENVISIONING THE GUINEA COMPANY WAREHOUSE

PHASE II: A PERMANENT REMINDER AND REINSTATEMENT OF A HISTORIC SITE

The second initiative calls for the closure of Hospital Street between King and Company Street. Instead, the memorial will extend beyond the street and the park to the left of the warehouse will get extended. The traffic circulation will be rerouted as necessary. The new memorial garden space will encompass all of the historic warehouse footprints, incorporating more planters with different types of plants from all over the world, representing the movement and exchange of people, culture, ideas, foods, etc. The National Parks Service will redirect their offices, moving out of the old warehouse and custom’s house where it will instead house a potential living museum including a community kitchen and remembrance tour walks on the grounds.
Replacing Hospital Street may come across as an initial traffic inconvenience, however the cultural imprint that the site contains within the Christiansted community is significantly more important to preserve in the long run. Acknowledgement to the island's history with regards to the Transatlantic Slave Trade and sugar economy should be made known to locals and tourists alike and this responsibility should be undertaken by the National Parks Service. Hand in hand, the Parks Service and the people can change the way the site is perceived by future generations. Minimal erasure is integral to the culture embodiment of the people.
FOOTPRINTS
RE-ENVISIONING THE GUINEA COMPANY WAREHOUSE
My childhood consisted of continual moving between urban and suburban areas. I stayed relatively close to New York City, Newark, and Paterson because of the limited amount of family members we had in the States. The town I lived in for the longest time was in Lyndhurst: a small town where the Latino and population of color was of low percentage. Lack of diversity led me to become a very observant individual in the midst of town activities. I noticed how divided my town was despite its claim of being unified. Connections were everything in Lyndhurst; knowing who to talk to and who to go to got you anything and everything here in terms of jobs, money, and acceptance. The only thing I could credit my town for was its art and music program that allowed for my sense of expression. My family coming from diverse backgrounds and hometowns was what allowed for me to be as open and distinct in many of my decisions.

St. Croix was an opportunity for me to understand how landscape architecture could represent slavery. Designing a piece of history seemed so beautiful and yet so difficult. Memorializing a time that today has slowly been forgotten was my greatest challenge. St. Croix had history at every corner and I felt so eager to absorb all this information in such a short amount of time. This was a once in a lifetime opportunity to have the truth of the Transatlantic Slave Trade revealed. Did I feel ready to design once returning from St. Croix? I was filled with more questions returning and more nervous to design for an island that could possibly not be ready for its history to be revealed.

This studio not only taught me about the history of the island but of myself as well. I saw through my own personal remembrance the difficulty of expressing my past to individuals who know nothing of me. Revealing secrets that have been enclosed and put away for some time. Knowing my secrets in comparison to those of the island, I understood the delicacy of this project and the importance of history and space.

My design focused on women and children of St. Croix. A woman, so loving, delicate, empowered by her physique to create an extension of herself and continue the cycle of life. Now imagine her power diminished, faded into existence, as quickly as her importance in this world. Women were undervalued on St. Croix especially in a time of slavery. Their voices unheard, their bodies mistreated, and control of their children or unborn child was no longer their own. Pregnancy did not guarantee immunity to their everyday punishments including rape and sexual assault. Such mistreatment harmed their ability to properly give birth, and many times resulted in miscarriages. At this point a woman was no longer psychologically stable that the destruction of her body and the thought of bringing a child into a tainted world was unacceptable. Abortion, infanticide, and neglect of her offspring thus began the series of lost souls.
ENSLAVED WOMEN
REMEMBERING OUR MOTHERS

My design focused on the birth of a child and the connection a woman has to her child. Located at Cane Garden, I've created a long canal made of rammed earth covered in medicinal plants that induce abortion. This canal one would begin at an entrance of 8ft in height and 5ft wide. Inside the canal one would experience various forms of artwork that would represent women during enslavement: who they were, what their daily tasks consisted of, their daily struggle in terms of their sexuality and abuse. Each of these art pieces would be lighted by openings in the canals that would be in the shape of slashes (on the body) and tearing (on the vagina). The further a person walked into the canal the bigger the art pieces became and the longer the gashes became before exiting the canal.

When exiting the canal one would encounter a sense of relief as if taking their first breath in life. The site of the ocean would be refreshing and a beautiful site to the visitor until he or she sees the destruction of the exit and the many mounds besides the canal.
After seeing the various forms of artwork as shown on the left, at the exit, one would see the many shards of wood going through the rammed earth in representation of the rape and sexual abuse the women on St. Croix endured. This abstraction would cause an individual to be taken back and only then realize that the many mounds next to the canal have a connection.

The canal, covered in medicinal plants that induce abortion, would be next to many mounds representing the many children and babies lost through abortion, infanticide, and malnutrition. These mounds would also covered in planting, would be of different sizes to display the different ages that a child lost his or her life.