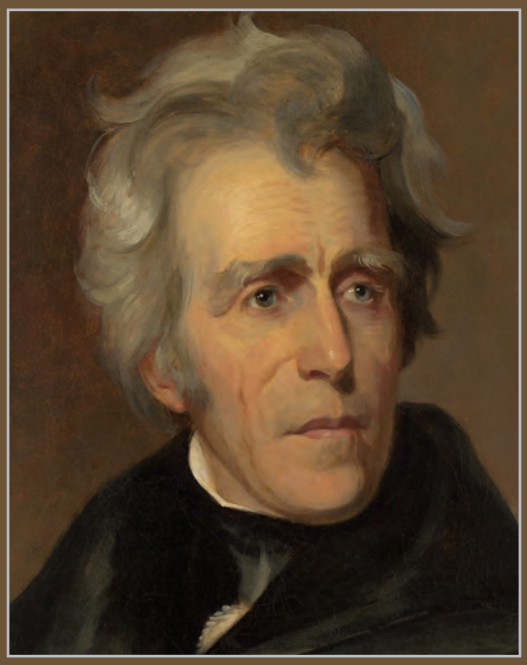
CARROLL C. ARNOLD DISTINGUISHED LECTURE 2017

Tubman & Jackson on the Twenty Dollar Bill

OR

GHOSTS, GOSSIP, MEDIUMS, AND DEBTS



CATHERINE R. SQUIRES
UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA, TWIN CITIES

ON OCTOBER 8, 1994, the Administrative Committee of the National Communication Association established the Carroll C. Arnold Distinguished Lecture. The Arnold Lecture is given in plenary session each year at the annual convention of the Association and features the most accomplished researchers in the field. The topic of the lecture changes annually so as to capture the wide range of research being conducted in the field and to demonstrate the relevance of that work to society at large.

The purpose of the Arnold Lecture is to inspire not by words but by intellectual deeds. Its goal is to make the members of the Association better informed by having one of its best professionals think aloud in their presence. Over the years, the Arnold Lecture will serve as a scholarly stimulus for new ideas and new ways of approaching those ideas. The inaugural Lecture was given on November 17, 1995.

The Arnold Lecturer is chosen each year by the First Vice President. When choosing the Arnold Lecturer, the First Vice President is charged to select a long-standing member of NCA, a scholar of undisputed merit who has already been recognized as such, a person whose recent research is as vital and suggestive as his or her earlier work, and a researcher whose work meets or exceeds the scholarly standards of the academy generally.

The Lecture has been named for Carroll C. Arnold, the late Professor Emeritus of Pennsylvania State University. Trained under Professor A. Craig Baird at the University of Iowa, Arnold was the coauthor (with John Wilson) of Public Speaking as a Liberal Art, author of Criticism of Oral Rhetoric (among other works), and co-editor of The Handbook of Rhetorical and Communication Theory. Although primarily trained as a humanist, Arnold was nonetheless one of the most active participants in the New Orleans Conference of 1968 which helped put social scientific research in communication on solid footing. Thereafter, Arnold edited Communication Monographs because he was fascinated by empirical questions. As one of the three founders of the journal Philosophy and Rhetoric, Arnold also helped move the field toward increased dialogue with the humanities in general. For these reasons and more, Arnold was dubbed "The Teacher of the Field" when he retired from Penn State in 1977. Dr. Arnold died in January of 1997.

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NATIONAL COMMUNICATION ASSOCIATION
103rd Annual Convention | Dallas, Texas

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CATHERINE R. SQUIRES

CATHERINE R. SQUIRES IS PROFESSOR OF COMMUNICATION STUDIES at the University of Minnesota. Dr. Squires' research contributes to conversations about race and society through interdisciplinary investigations that interrogate media representations of race and other intersecting social identities. Her work employs multiple methods and draws insights from critical race theory, feminist and cultural studies, public sphere theory, and media studies to explore how producers and audiences use historical and cultural resources to create and debate the meaning of social identities in public life. Professor Squires' work contributes practical rubrics for assessing identity discourses media make readily available to audiences, highlighting how people of color and their allies produce alternative media resources and frames to foster counter-discourses of identity and politics, providing a range of opinions and policy prescriptions that are often ignored or minimized by dominant media.

Dr. Squires earned her Ph.D. in Communication Studies from Northwestern University, and was previously Associate Professor in the Center for African American & African Studies and Communication Studies at the University of Michigan. She has authored multiple books, including *Dispatches from the Color Line* (2007), *African Americans & the Media* (2009), and *The Post-racial Mystique* (2014), and most recently edited the volume *Dangerous Discourses: Feminism, Gun Violence & Civic Life* (2016). Her articles have appeared in journals such as *American Quarterly, Critical Studies in Media Communication, The Black Scholar,* and *Communication Theory*. In addition to her work in critical media and race studies, Dr. Squires is engaged in a long-term partnership with Gordon Parks High School in St. Paul. There, she collaborates with teachers and students to create publicly-oriented media narratives that explore the history and future development of the historic Rondo neighborhood.

Tubman & Jackson on the Twenty Dollar Bill

OR

GHOSTS, GOSSIP, MEDIUMS, AND DEBTS

Following is a transcript of the 2017 Carroll C. Arnold Distinguished Lecture as delivered.

Before I begin, I want to thank Ron Jackson for inviting me to give this lecture. It is a huge honor, to follow in the footsteps of the other scholars chosen for this role. I am reminded that none of us gets here alone. So, as I give some thanks to people in my life who support me and my intellectual journeys, please take a moment to think of someone who has been important to your development, your scholarship.

There are so many people who have supported me, I could spend my entire time here listing them. For now, I want to thank my family, especially my mom, dad, and sisters, and my twins, Will and Helena. I also have to name and thank three people who have been true "friends of my mind,"[1] even in the hardest of times: Dr. Robin Means Coleman, Dr. Daniel Charles Brouwer, and, my partner in everything, Bryan David Mosher.

IN 2016, THE UNITED STATES TREASURY ANNOUNCED THAT HARRIET TUBMAN would be featured on the new twenty-dollar bill as part of a redesign for 2020. President Andrew Jackson's portrait would be moved to the reverse side of the bill, placed in a smaller frame.[2]

The announcement elicited a flurry of excitement as well as denouncements. These included remarks by then Republican presidential candidate Donald Trump, who said in a televised interview that the decision to displace President Andrew Jackson was "pure political correctness."[3] In one of the first official spectacles of his presidency, Trump laid a wreath on Jackson's grave at the Hermitage, the plantation where the seventh President of the United States once held more than 100 enslaved Africans.

When I began this project, I imagined that it would begin with research on news media coverage of the Treasury's decision to engrave Harriet Tubman on the twenty-dollar bill. I was, and remain, interested in how having both Jackson and Tubman circulating together through the hands of the public might stir up difficult knowledge, particularly the difficult knowledge[4] of the violent processes of slavery and white settler imperialism.

Pairing Harriet Tubman with Jackson, imagining how your fingers would slip over their faces when pulling a bill out of your wallet, touching ex-slave and slave-holder, intrigued me. Adding Harriet Tubman to the bills emitted from every ATM in the country could unleash spectral encounters and energies.

Columnist Damon Young imagined one such encounter, creating a scene of a white man experiencing horror:

> A man will enter some type of establishment. A bar maybe. A bank perhaps...a bookstore.... He will buy something. A latte. A bagel. A garden hose...
>
> And then it will happen. He will be handed a 20. And this will be the first 20 he's held with Harriet Tubman's face on it. He knew this was going to happen...but he just didn't realize it would be so soon. So sudden. So *present*. And when that 20 touches his hand for the first time, he recoils in horror...a surreal horror, because, although that 20 dollar bill has her... face on it, it's still $20. And $20 is still $20. So he grudgingly and painfully puts it in his wallet... And, as he walks out—day ruined—he angrily gulps his latte. But he forgets the latte is hot and burns his throat. And he leaves the store yelping "Damn you, Harriet! Damn you to the Hell you came from!"[5]

Young's speculative fiction envisions a future in which white patriarchs are trolled at every ATM. This humorous future scenario, though, is not the only possible outcome of a Harriet Tubman twenty-dollar bill going into circulation. What other reactions, effects, questions, or ghost stories might circulate with the redesigned currency? How might *we* be called to account?

When I began asking these questions, journeying through the archives, they led me to ghosts I never imagined had a relationship to me.

> **"The art is not one of forgetting but letting go.**
> **And when everything else is gone, you can be rich in loss."**
> **—*Rebecca Solnit,* A Field Guide to Getting Lost**

As scholars, we pose hypotheses and follow methods suggested by literature reviews that funnel us toward a certain path. But we have to allow for the possibility that we will arrive at a different place. When you arrive at that unexpected destination, you may find yourself with difficult knowledge that prompts a feeling of responsibility, a feeling of kinship to stories previously untold.

Today, I share some stories from my unexpected journey.

"HISTORY IN YOUR POCKET."

My journey started by asking a basic question: Why do we even have pictures of historical figures on our money? Histories of currency design revealed this practice began in the mid-19th century.

"History in your pocket." That's how Secretary of the Treasury, Salmon P. Chase,[6] put it when he reviewed the designs for the first uniform national paper currency issued in U.S. history. Treasury Clerk S. M. Clark wrote to Chase on March 28, 1863, imagining the type of education and interactions the new money would engender on paydays:

> The laboring man who should receive, every Saturday night, a copy of the "Surrender of Burgoyne" for his weekly wages, would soon inquire who General Burgoyne was, and to whom he surrendered...and he would learn the facts from a fellow laborer or from his employer... and in time many would be taught leading incidents in our country's history...imbuing them with a National feeling.[7]

Every time they received their pay, or bought bread for their families, laboring men would exchange a valuable piece of history, a different lesson on each bill, and experience a national feeling.

Jackson's picture was put on the twenty in 1928, the 100th anniversary of his presidency. He displaced Grover Cleveland.[8] Jackson's portrait on the twenty-dollar note looks today much as it did in 1928.[9]

While contemporary money has hologram strips to thwart counterfeiters, the process of choosing and designing the images remains remarkably similar, and the idea of "a history lesson in your pocket" remains salient, as evidenced by the furor over Tubman.

Foes of putting Harriet Tubman on the twenty-dollar bill argue that the laboring man doesn't need to see diverse faces on his money; it would disrupt our sense of history to include this woman of color.

But, fun fact: Harriet Tubman would not be the first woman of color on a U.S. twenty-dollar bill. That honor was bestowed on Pocahontas in the 1860s.

It was Pocahontas who was chosen by the Treasury to make her debut on the backside of the twenty-dollar note. The engraving was based on a large painting that still hangs in the Capitol Rotunda, "The Baptism of Pocahontas." In the painting, Pocahontas is surrounded by English colonists—men, women, and soldiers.

Pocahontas' father, Chief Powhatan of the Algonkian nation, and three men of their people, are in the church, but they are in shadow, to the side, standing behind the famed Englishman John Rolfe. Two of the Algonkian men sit on the ground, their red robes and bare chests contrasting with the full dress of the Englishmen.[10]

What did the 19th century "laboring man," learn from this scene, engraved on the money paid in exchange for his labor? Did he gain some of that "national feeling," as the Treasury wanted? Which kind of "national feeling" did he experience? Did he agree with Andrew Jackson's assessment from his 1836 farewell address, that Powhatan and the Algonkians, like the Cherokee and the other tribes forced to walk the Trail of Tears, were merely "the remnants of that ill-fated race?"[11]

One day, as I was I going through my notes about the Trail of Tears, I got a call from my mother. She asked how things were going with the project. I started to explain that I had just learned something new about the Trail of Tears:

While President Jackson is infamous for the Trail of Tears, it was his successor, Martin Van Buren, who actually carried out the expulsion of the Cherokee, Choctaw, and Chickasaw. Van Buren validated Jackson's defiance of the Supreme Court, ordering soldiers to march so many indigenous people to their deaths.

My mother stopped me, and asked, "Did I ever tell you that the deed to my mother's family's farm has President Martin Van Buren's signature on it? It's hanging up on the dining room wall in the house. I bet it's still there."

I was unsettled to learn that my family had a link to Andrew Jackson's successor.

I felt a chill up my spine.

Before I go on, let's talk about history, haunting, and ghosts.

Avery F. Gordon describes haunting as "an animated state in which a repressed or unresolved social violence is making itself known, sometimes very directly, sometimes more obliquely..." When ghosts appear in a haunting, "home becomes unfamiliar...[Y]our bearings on the world lose direction, when the over-and-done with comes alive..."[12]

> **"And sometimes a strange creature appears, not exactly a ghost but part of the space from which the ghost emerges, and again people fail to see it, sensing only this wind, how comforting it is, or how bitter. There was something else I wanted to tell you."**
> ***—from "After the Fall of the House of Usher," Lawrence Raab, Mistaking Each Other for Ghosts***

"[Ghosts notify us] that what's been suppressed or hidden is very much alive and present, messing or interfering precisely with those always incomplete forms of containment and repression ceaselessly directed toward us." In order to end the cycle of repression and traumatization, "the ghost [must] be treated respectfully...and not...disappeared again in the act of dealing with the haunting."[13]

Under what conditions might the ghosts of slavery and indigenous dispossession speak to us so that we are able to witness, rather than deny or repress, their memories? As ghosts appear in our peripheral vision, what must be done to learn from them? What must we let go of in order to receive difficult knowledge that ghosts bring out of the margins?

Many of those who argue Andrew Jackson should remain on the twenty-dollar bill do not want to let go of their current understanding of Jackson as a hero of populist democracy. They did not want Harriet Tubman's image to resurrect violent memories of enslavement and imperial expansion.

Many of us are drawn to histories because histories assure us that our people have "successfully moved through time."[14] The danger, though, is the tendency to enforce amnesia around traumatic, unbearable parts of the story. Those stories may haunt and unsettle us.[15]

Until recently, dominant historians have erased the traumatic and violent subjugation of indigenous people and people of color. When they first began to engage in "multicultural inclusion," they only incorporated people of color "within the memorial boundaries" drawn by the dominant group.[16]

So, it is not surprising that Virginia Senator Jim Webb, a Democrat, believed that the "liberal press" was wrongly reframing Jackson as a president "'known primarily for a brutal genocidal campaign against native Americans.'" This reframing, Webb insisted, meant that "Any white person whose ancestral relations trace to the American South now risks being characterized as having roots based on bigotry and undeserved privilege."[17]

(As an aside, I am sympathetic to Webb's concern that "The South" bears so much of the publicized blame for white supremacy. All too often, the map of culpability for slavery and racism includes only Southern states, reinforcing the notion that the North was innocent of what so many speakers have termed "America's original sin." I will return to this skewed map of racism and sin later, but for now I will note that this sympathy cannot blind us to the fact

that Webb's attempt to rehabilitate Andrew Jackson was facilitated by an act of grave robbing. As I will explain, Webb took an indigenous boy's corpse from the grave to maintain his preferred sense of continuity in the service of a white patriarch.)[18]

To answer the charge of genocide, Webb asserts that Jackson's campaign to remove all "Indian tribes east of the Mississippi" was justified because such removals were "supported by a string of presidents." While Webb agrees the Trail of Tears was a "disaster," he asks, "was its motivation genocidal?"

To answer his own question, Webb insists that "It would be difficult to call [Jackson] genocidal when, years before, after one bloody fight, he brought an orphaned Native American baby from the battlefield to his home in Tennessee and raised him as his son."

Jim Webb's "inclusion" of that orphaned baby does not honor him as kin in some way. The editorial was crafted to maintain Jackson's legitimacy as a common revered ancestor, *not* to reckon with this violent history, a history that is minimized into a mere continuation of the work of a prior "string of presidents."

At this point, I had to ask: Who was this "Native American baby" that was "saved" by Jackson? His name, or at least the name given to him by Jackson, was Lyncoya. Why didn't Webb provide readers with his name?

Perhaps Webb was *afraid* to include Lyncoya's name in his defense of Jackson. After all, saying the names of ghosts is a tried and true means of conjuring them.

Lyncoya was found under his dead mother's body. No one knows what name his mother gave him before the U.S. soldiers killed her.[19]

Lyncoya's mother was killed when U.S. soldiers, under Jackson's command, massacred a Creek village. The soldiers slaughtered hundreds of men and women, elders and children.

Lyncoya was sent to the Hermitage to be a "companion" to General Jackson's nephew, Andrew Jr.

Lyncoya ran away from the Hermitage three times.[20]

There is no picture of Lyncoya amongst the many portraits of the Jackson family, adopted, blood-kin, or otherwise. No one recorded his likeness. No one knows what he looked like.

Lyncoya died of tuberculosis before he turned 20.

The Jackson family buried Lyncoya in an unmarked grave. No one knows where his remains lie on the estate, or if they are really on the grounds of the Hermitage.

Is that how *you* treat *your* kin? How you "*include*" someone, how you remember them as part of your history?

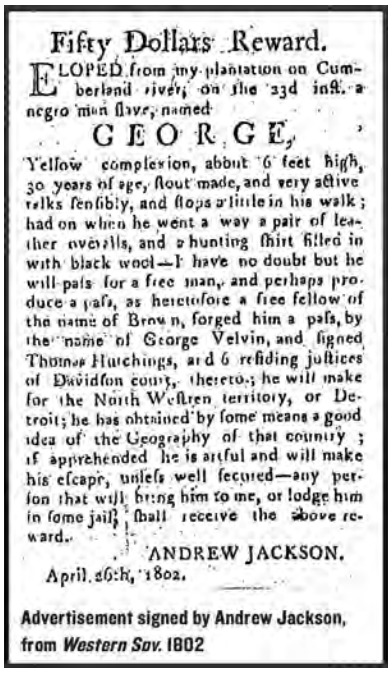
Wanda Pillow reminds us that remembrance is a "strategic practice," and some strategies of inclusion do not require publics to take responsibility as witnesses to traumatic events, but rather to incorporate people of color or indigenous people into symbols "of national unity and identity" that give "evidence of the multicultural beginnings of the USA" without starting conversations "about the complex economies of slavery, colonialism, and race in the USA."[21]

So, too, with Webb's insertion of a "Native American boy" into the narrative of the Trail of Tears. In Webb's story, Jackson becomes an enlightened early practitioner of interracial adoption, somehow immune to charges of racism and genocide.

Thus, we must be wary of inclusion.[22] I ask: what *kind* of remembrance would be inspired by putting Harriet Tubman on the twenty-dollar bill? How might our sense of place be altered, our understanding of how we traveled here on this map be unsettled by her presence? Some argue that her inclusion could bring endarkened knowledge out from the shadows of history.[23] It certainly did for me, just not in the ways I expected.[24]

I went to find maps of the United States from the years Harriet Tubman's and Andrew Jackson's lifelines overlapped. In 1835, when Harriet Tubman was nearly killed in Maryland by an overseer who threw a weight that cracked her skull, 25 states were in the Union. Jackson was nearing the end of his presidency and Texas was not yet part of the United States. During and after his two terms, the United States was engaged in a frenzy of imperial expansion. The map of the North American continent was in flux, due in part to Jackson's influence in government and his wars on indigenous peoples.

As I searched Andrew Jackson's papers, I found records of the advertisements he placed in Ohio newspapers for the services of slavecatchers. One such advertisement, placed in a Cincinnati paper,[25] sought capture of a slave named George. I wondered if George found safe haven further north, if he may have passed through Carthagena, a town that I had heard of as a child. Growing up, I had only heard about Carthagena from my Dad, who would sometimes mention that there was a black settlement there, not far from the Catholic seminary where he stayed when he first started visiting Mom in Ohio. Dad's brief snippets about Carthagena sounded like myths.



Fifty Dollars Reward.

ELOPED from my plantation on Cumberland river, on the 23d inst. a negro man slave, named

GEORGE,

Yellow complexion, about 6 feet high, 30 years of age, stout made, and very active talks sensibly, and flops a little in his walk; had on when he went away a pair of leather overalls, and a hunting shirt filled in with black wool—I have no doubt but he will pass for a free man, and perhaps produce a pass, as heretofore a free fellow of the name of Brown, forged him a pass, by the name of George Velvin, and signed Thomas Hutchings, and 6 reſiding justices of Davidson county, thereto; he will make for the North Weſtren territory, or Detroit; he has obtained by some means a good idea of the Geography of that country; if apprehended he is artful and will make his escape, unleſs well secured—any perſon that will bring him to me, or lodge him in some jail, ſhall receive the above reward.

ANDREW JACKSON.

April 26th, 1802.

Advertisement signed by Andrew Jackson, from *Western Sov.* 1802

The only "real" story I knew of the African-American presence in Northwest Ohio went like this:

My father grew up in Cape Girardeau, Missouri, a town now most famous for being the birthplace of Rush Limbaugh.

My father's journey north went through St. Louis, then to a stint in the U.S. Army, then to Chicago for college and work.

My mother left Mercer County, Ohio, on a scholarship to Northwestern University. It was in Chicago that they met.

Thus, the story I knew of interracial contact in Mercer County Ohio began with my parents' courtship. The story I learned confirmed the dominant narrative of Black presence in the Upper Midwest: Black people migrated to *urban* areas from the South, in the *20th* Century.

I had no map or proof of Black presence in rural Northwest Ohio that pre-dated my parents' story. Just the rumor of Carthagena. When I read about Jackson's slaves escaping into Ohio, it was hard to see them in my mind's eye in Northwest Ohio.

I decided to call my mom. I asked her:

"Did you ever learn anything about Carthagena when you were in school in Mercer County?"

"No. I just heard there was a Black cemetery that had to be partly moved when they expanded Highway 127." [26]

Mercer County, Ohio, is part of what was once known as The Northwest Territories. Those territories had once been the home of indigenous peoples of the Seneca, Ottawa, Shawnee, and Miami nations, amongst others.

Many indigenous peoples left Ohio after the Treaty of Greenville. But some stayed, including brothers Wesley and Joel Goings, who were members of the Cusabo Nation. They were among the first to buy large tracts of land in Northwest Ohio. The Goings brothers are credited by historians with planning the Village of Rumley in 1837, [27] a village where there were many African Americans who had journeyed from the East and Southeast, as fugitives or free people.

Soon, there were three African-American churches in the Rumley area, multiple businesses, and many homes occupied by families of various heritages, people who we would today call "multiracial" or, were we in New Orleans or the Caribbean, "Creole." [28] [29]

29

As Rumley grew and flourished, Quakers built the Emlen Institute, for "such colored boys, of African and Indian descent, whose parents would give them up to the Institute."[30] There, these "colored boys" were educated, despite Ohio's Black Laws that prohibited the use of public funds to build schools for Black children.

In 1840, a free Black man named Charles Moore planned a village near the Emlen Institute. Moore laid out streets, plots for farms, and blocks where shops, churches, and taverns would sit. He envisioned his people working with and amongst the Quakers, Pawnee, Cusabo, Irish, and Germans.

He called the village "Carthagena."[31]

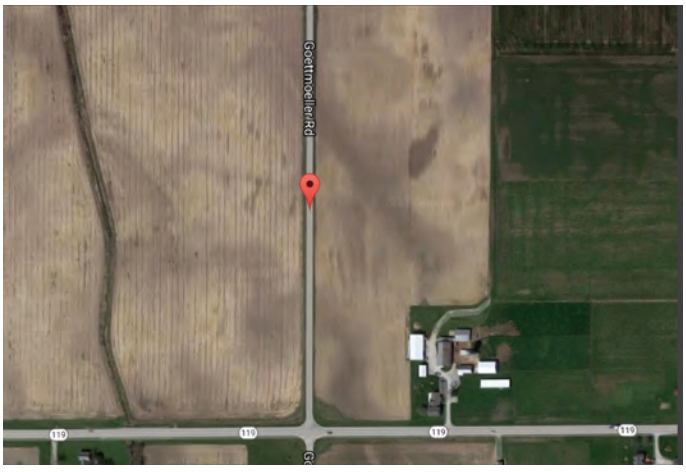
It was in this area of Northwest Ohio that John Randolph, a Virginia slaveholder, saw a future for his soon-to-be freed slaves. After Randolph's death, his executors provided funds for Randolph's emancipated slaves—today known as the Randolph Free People—to buy land and settle in and around Mercer County.[32] They imagined that the former slaves would be welcomed in this mixed-race community, that they would become Carthagenians.

It was to this area that *my* German ancestors, the Goettemoellers, traveled in 1836, leaving Germany for Ohio.

On the wall of the Goettemoellers' homestead still hangs, in a frame, the deed to that land, a deed signed by the hand of the eighth President of the United States, Martin Van Buren. The road that borders one side of the Goettemoeller Farm is named Goettemoeller Road.

But the Emlen Institute, and the homes owned by Black and indigenous Carthagenians and settlers of Rumley, are no longer on the map. Their names grace no road signs.

It's six miles, as the crow flies, from my great-great grandfather's farm to the Village of Carthagena.

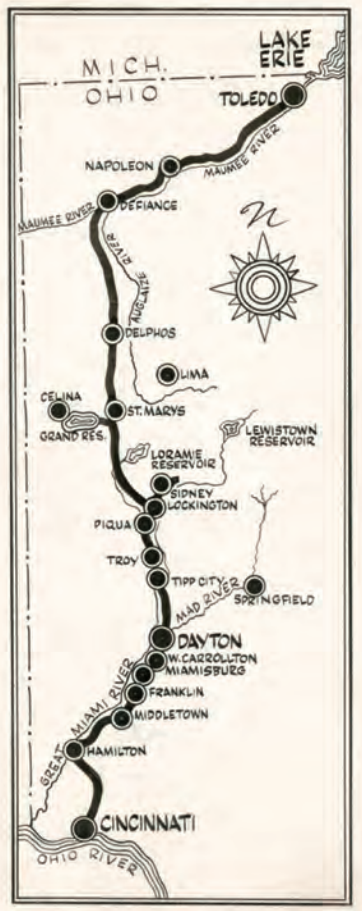


The residents of Carthagena and nearby towns all used the same mill to grind their grains, bought dry goods at the same stores, walked the same roads, and rode their horses on the same paths to meet boats at the nearest Miami-Erie Canal stops.[33]

At one of those canal stops, a group of white German settlers massed in 1846 to block passage of the Randolph Free People to Carthagena.

And here is my inescapable inheritance [34]:

Given the map, given the times, and given the size of the community, I can see no way that my German relatives didn't know about or participate in the plans to reject and expel people of color from the county, plans that were laid out in resolutions passed in 1846:



1. **RESOLVED:** That we will not live among Negroes, as we have settled here first, we have fully determined that we will resist the settlements of Negroes and mulattos in this county to the full extent of our means, the bayonet not excepted.

2. **RESOLVED:** That the Negroes of this county be and are hereby respectfully requested to leave the county on or before the first day of March 1847, and in the case of their neglect or refusal to comply with this request, we pledge ourselves to remove them, peaceably if we can, forcibly if we must.

3. **RESOLVED:** That we who are assembled pledge ourselves not to employ or trade with any Negro or Mulatto person in any manner whatever or permit them to have any grindings done at our mills after the first day of March next.[35]

"As we have settled here first." *That is a lie.* A lie that banished the indigenous and Black residents of Mercer County from textbooks and official histories.[36]

I'd like to imagine that my German ancestors were enlightened members of the community, pushing against the tide of public opinion that called for the expulsion of the Black, indigenous, and Creole Carthagenians. But I have no evidence that they raised any objection, public or private. What is certain is this: 100 years before my mother was born in Mercer County, that community set in motion a future where my father, my sisters, and I would be seen as perpetual outsiders in that part of Ohio.

Having my own family history unsettled was an unexpected function of investigating the controversy over the twenty-dollar bill. While I will never be able to say definitively what happened, or name all those who were present at the expulsion of the Carthagenians, I can act as witness to the trauma and violence that occurred in that moment.

I can imagine the horror in the eyes of the Carthegenians, and the Randolph Free People.

And I can find kinship in some way not only to my genetic ancestors, but also to those who could have been, should have been, their neighbors.

And I can respond to the feeling ghosts elicit in us, knowing that something must be done.

"...TO ACHIEVE A HISTORY THAT CAN BE DOUBT ITSELF."

My something, so far, has been two-fold. One, inspired by the creative frictions[37] elicited by the history of the twenty-dollar bill, I turned to speculative historical fiction to bear witness to my kin in some way. I have written two short stories that imagine what happened in the summer of 1846.

In the interests of time, I will not read those stories today.[38]

Two, I decided that I would not go back to my original project of analyzing the media coverage, go back to my original path, to complete this lecture. Instead, I have tried to demonstrate the process of my reckoning, to describe through this speech how and why I resolved to listen to ghosts, and to understand my own presence in Mercer County Ohio as a ghostly one.

By the time my mother was born, gone from the map were the roads and houses that had been painstakingly planned by Charles Moore; gone was the Emlen Institute, replaced by a German Catholic Seminary. My mother did not attend school with the descendants of the Randolph Free People or the Goings Brothers.

She grew up not in a Creole Northwest Ohio, but in a White Northwest Ohio, with the descendants of people who had decided to wipe people of color off their chosen map.

Rinaldo Walcott asks us to explore the history of the Americas as a means to "make sense of victimization in relation to the turbulence, complicity, pleasure, and pain of the 'new' invented selves [that are] only possible in the Americas."[39] He argues that this can be fostered by developing a "creolized pedagogy [that can] ...contextualize and discuss the tensions and ambivalences of what Edouard Glissant calls a 'poetics of relation.'"[40] Glissant wrote that our remembrances of colonialism, slavery, and genocidal war against indigenous peoples, have not begun to calculate their consequences: the passive adaptations, irrevocable rejections, naive beliefs, parallel lives, and the many forms of confrontation and consent...the many stubborn outbursts of invention, born of impacts and breaking... which compose the fluid, turbulent, stubborn, and possibly organized matter of our common destiny.[41]

To calculate these consequences, Walcott suggests Creolization. Walcott instructs us that, as a way of knowing, "Creolization requires that we think about how the various fragments of European, African, Aboriginal, and Asian detentions (at a minimum) constitute a new perspective... [on life] in the Americas."[42]

As we collect the scraps and fragments of the past that we can find, we engage in a process of reparation from a Creolized perspective. This perspective looks squarely at the violence of colonization, imperialism, and racism, and understands them as violent breaks, breaks that are part of "the turbulent production or invention of" new selves (146), breaks that re-mapped continents.

One such break occurred in that moment in 1846, a moment where a white majority rejected people of color and thus denied the development of a Creole orientation to life, identity, and community building in Northwest Ohio.

This is why I never met a child who looked like me in Mercer County. I never saw a child who resembled Lyncoya Jackson playing in the fields, or chasing kittens in my Great Uncle Lou Goettomoeller's barnyard, on the farm founded by my great-great grandfather in the 19th century.

This made me a ghost of Carthagena before I was even born.

I haunted a place that should have felt like my ancestral home.

When confronted with difficult knowledge, we need to ask: What future did our ancestors lose by adhering to the racist, xenophobic, sexist practices they used to make a map of the world? How can we, today, address this difficult knowledge creatively, to fill in the blanks and generate new relations to our stories, and thus to each other? When we use our creativity to imagine what was not recorded or cared for, not plotted on any map, when we "write back to officially sanctioned histories," we are calling on each other to "(re)negotiate complex layers of identification and commonality."[43]

The ghosts conjured by my research into the twenty-dollar bill called on me to renegotiate and resituate my Ohio German family's history. To confront how they benefitted from colonial aggression, and were amidst and then acquiesced in some way to the erasure of Creole people.[44]

I accept Walcott's invitation to "consider what it might mean to resign rage, shame, and defeat into mobilizing moments for the production of a new humanity. In this sense, history becomes a process of learning fraught with the risks of arriving at an elsewhere that cannot be known in advance."[45] This means not repressing memories of violence; it means taking a leap of faith, answering a call, as Sylvia Wynter put it, to create "new forms of human life in the Americas."[46] To do this, we acknowledge the pain and the pleasures, the violence and the stubborn bursts of creativity. We acknowledge that history has intervened in the invention of who we are today.

Lyncoya Jackson's ghost called to me when I learned his name. I was unsettled by his story, and enraged by Senator Webb's appropriation of his unnamed body, stolen from an unmarked grave.[47]

Lyncoya's life at the Hermitage felt like a ghostly echo of my own sense of being a present absence in Ohio. He made me reconsider my childhood visits to Mercer County Ohio with this question: "What did I unsettle in those folks who stared at me in church?"

When I was a child and visited Mercer County, I hated Sundays. Not because of church, necessarily, but because of the staring when we walked up the aisle for Communion. I felt vulnerable to the stares of white people not related to us, or distantly related to us but not wanting to admit it. Some folks would do a double-take, others would pretend to not be looking. In some cases, people stared as long as they could, daring me and my sisters to challenge their gaze.

These were some descendants of those German settlers who declared in 1847 that they were "determined to not live amongst Negroes."

Yet there I was, running around the Goettemoeller Farm, chasing kittens, and taking Communion on Sunday at St. John's.

Now when I remember childhood visits to Mercer County, I am haunted by and feel kinship with the Carthagenians whose homes and identities were erased. And I think of Lyncoya Jackson.

I imagine Lyncoya plotting his third and final runaway attempt. I imagine he was tired of gentlemen and lady visitors to the Hermitage whispering about him behind their gloved hands and lace fans.

I imagine he was tired of feeling like an alien in the land of his own people, tired of not knowing his own language, tired of being an oddity in what was supposed to be his home. I imagine he felt like I did on Sundays, but for him those feelings were present every day of the week.

Toni Morrison put it best: Racism exists to distract you.[48] And I was distracted as a child, feeling shunned and unwelcome in Mercer County. I know not all the people that stared were racist, but some of them were. Either way, the way I unsettled them was distracting to me. But now I know, every time I crossed that county line, I became a ghost.

I haunted the people who believed Mercer County was meant to be all-white space.[49]

But I am kin in some way to those buried in the African-American cemetery, just as I am kin to those buried in the German Catholic grounds of St. John the Baptist.[50]

BETWEEN HOPE AND DESPAIR

It is serendipitous and strange that being haunted by the ghost of Lyncoya Jackson led me down paths to glimpse a link between my German American family and Andrew Jackson's vice president, Martin Van Buren, to let go of the stories I knew in order to learn and embrace those other stories that had been hidden for over a century.

Senator Jim Webb did not listen to ghosts when faced with the haunting, difficult knowledge of Andrew Jackson's crimes. Webb worried that publicly debating the merits of Jackson's military and political career would bring shame onto the heads of white people. But that need not be the result of reckoning with difficult history. Instead of defending strict boundaries of history and belonging, we can prepare ourselves to listen to ghosts, to be unsettled and get lost so we can find other ways of being.

And, so, I end by inviting you to visit with me and all the other ghosts of Carthagena.
We will greet you and your spirit kin.
We will lay wreaths on *every* grave.
We will light every candle.
We will place incense on every altar.
We will stand in resolve, in the gap between the known and the unknown.
There, we stand "between hope and despair."[51]
There, we resolve to bear witness to that which was neither our word nor our deed,[52]
but is our inheritance, our legacy.

Don't worry if you get lost trying to get there.
Just follow the ghosts.

NOTES AND ENDNOTES

[1] I borrow this phrase from author **Toni Morrison**, who used it to describe a key relationship in her novel *Beloved*.

[2] As you may have heard, the plan has been put on hold by the new Secretary of the Treasury, Steve Mnuchin, who told the press, "right now we've got a lot more important issues to focus on." See reporting in Applebaum, Binyamin. "Stepping back from plan for a Tubman $20 bill." *New York Times*, September 1, 2017, A16.

[3] See his statement recorded on CNN at http://www.cnn.com/videos/politics/2016/04/21/donald-trump-harriet-tubman-20-bill-sot-legal-view.cnn

[4] "As a heuristic concept, difficult knowledge embodies dimensions of understanding, emotions, feelings, and memories that we do not want to face or are afraid to deal with. Substantially, difficult knowledge can involve material forms such as texts, images, films, and photos. Procedurally, it can represent affective and emotionally infused pedagogical activities and strategies in the classroom (discussion, debates, reflections, writings, and presentations). In both substantive and procedural senses, the aim of engaging students in difficult knowledge is to delve into uncomfortable and difficult ideas or experiences that involve emotions, anxieties, and excitements, worries and assurances, guilt and pride, vulnerabilities and strengths, secrets and sacred, unsaid and un-thought, risky and hidden associations." **Sarfaroz Niyozov** & **Sardar Anwaruddin**, "Returning to our pasts, engaging difficult knowledge, and transforming social justice." *Curriculum Inquiry*, 44:3 (2014), 284.

[5] **Young, Damon**. "HARRIET TUBMAN ON THE $20 IS, OFFICIALLY, THE BLACKEST THING THAT WILL EVER HAPPEN." Very Smart Brothas.com, April 20, 2016.

[6] Interestingly, Chase served as Governor of Ohio from 1856-1860, and became Chief Justice of the Supreme Court in 1864, appointed by President Lincoln.

[7] Letter quoted in **Eric Helleiner**, "National Currencies and National Identities." *American Behavioral Scientist* 41:10 (1998), 11409-1436. (n.p.) Accessed on June 2, 2017 at http://abs.sagepub.com.ezp3.lib.umn.edu/

[8] Cleveland was moved to the hardly circulating $1000 note, displacing Alexander Hamilton, who was moved to the $10 bill. Jackson, who was known for his disdain for paper money and central banking, was first put on the $10 before his "upgrade." See timeline at: https://www.smithsonianmag.com/smart-news/andrew-jackson-used-be-10-bill-180955633/

[9] As noted by his biographers and evidenced in the collections of museums and hobbyists, Jackson put his image everywhere: on buttons, tankards, and other souvenirs. He was an early believer in campaign "swag" one might say. An early exploiter of engraving and other means of image reproduction, he used these new image technologies to capitalize on his fame from the Battle of New Orleans in the War of 1812, "Andrew Jackson was the champion of image peddling. No American since George Washington had been portrayed as often... tea sets, pitchers, and engravings kept the memory of the hero's deeds alive." **Valentijn Byvanck**, "The Jackson Figurehead," *Winterhur Portfolio* 35:4 (Winter 2000), 253-267, 263.

[10] Sometime after this scene, Pocahontas went to England in the hopes of brokering peaceful relations between the English settlers and her nation. But she became ill and died there, buried far from her kin. See **Dawn Peterson**, *Indians in the Family: Adoption and the Politics of Antebellum Expansion*, Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 2017. Peterson traces the varying attitudes of Anglo settlers toward "adoption" and other family incorporations of indigenous youth from Pocahontas' family through the era of boarding schools.

[11] Fun fact: Jackson and his entourage once took a riverboat cruise from Nashville to New Orleans on a boat named "The Pocahontas." I found this entry on page 597 of the *Calendar* index of *The Papers of Andrew Jackson, 1825-1828*, vol. 6, edited by **Harold D. Moser** & **J. Clint Clifft**. Knoxville: University of Tennessee Press.

[12] **Avery Gordon**, "Some thoughts on haunting and futurity." *Borderlands* 10:2 (2011), 1-21, 2.

[13] **Gordon**, 3.

[14] **Roger Simon**, "The paradoxical practice of zakhor: Memories of 'What has never been my fault of my deed.'" In eds. **Simon, Roger**, **Sharon Rosenberg**, & **Claudia Eppert**, *Between Hope and Despair: "Pedagogy and the Remembrance of Historical Trauma.* 9-26. New York: Rowman & Littlefield (2000), 20.

[15] I would argue that is very difficult to incorporate the story of Harriet Tubman—an insurrectionist freedom fighter, a woman who supported armed rebellion, a woman who fought until her death for dignity for Black people-- in a way that doesn't shake foundational myths, or question one's own identifications with dominant memorial boundaries drawn to honor slave-holding presidents. See also commentaries by a host of Black feminist theorists and historians on this matter in the special issue of Meridiens devoted to Tubman's legacy, such as **May, Vivian M**. (2014) Under-theorized and under-taught: Re-examining Harriet Tubman's Place in Women's Studies. Meridians 12(2): 28-49.

[16] "Hence the memorial importance of making evident specific … cultural characteristics that may be 'read' as shared elements between the other and oneself, calling one to an imaginative affinity." Simon, 12.

[17] **Jim Webb**, "We can celebrate Harriet Tubman without disparaging Andrew Jackson. *The Washington Post*, April 24, 2016.

[18] The pathway Webb draws from specific denunciations of Jackson's policies to assumed condemnation of any and all white Southerners is important to linger on for a moment. He imagines that exposing Jackson's crimes—that is, confronting the difficult knowledge of slavery and colonial wars of aggression—will defile both Jackson and those white people who share geographic, if not genetic, roots with him. Webb imagines people who feel kinship in some way to Jackson will face public shaming. That they will feel unable to engage with history, to proudly identify with "the South" unless Jackson's slaveholding and acts against indigenous people are sublimated.

Why does Webb imagine this outcome awaits his Southern kin, should they reconsider Jackson's place on U.S. currency, a reconsideration based on his significant use of legal and extralegal violence against indigenous peoples and people of African descent? What is the link between those who hail from a place—in this case "the South"—and their sense of pride in its history? What is their link to the crimes that may have been committed by their predecessors, crimes that shaped and produced the landscape in which they live today? What does the knowledge of Jackson's culpability unsettle in his soul that Webb want to suppress discussion of the violence committed by the seventh President of the United States?

[19] These details about Lyncoya's story are compiled from the Hermitage's official website, biographies of Jackson, and Jackson's letters and papers.

[20] Multiple authors mention Lyncoya's many runaway attempts, including **Robert V. Remini**, *Andrew Jackson: The Course of American Empire*, 1767–1821, Johns Hopkins University Press, 1998, and **Bertram Wyatt-Brown**'s *The Shaping of Southern Culture: Honor, Grace & War, 1760s-1880s*, University of North Carolina Press, 2001. The engraving in the slideshow was created long after the battle. It was used to illustrate a biography of Jackson, and has since been replicated many times.

[21] **Wanda S. Pillow**, (2012). Sacajawea: Witnessing, remembrance, and ignorance. *Power and Education* 4:1 (2012) 49-50.

[22] All too often, figures like Lyncoya, or Harriet Tubman, are inserted into public histories to affirm the dominant narrative of inevitable triumph of white settlers on the continent: Manifest Destiny. **Pillow** gives a sobering example of how this operated with the anniversary of the Lewis and Clark expedition, where the "Indian Guide" Sacajawea and Clark's slave, York, were made more prominent figures in the retelling.

"What becomes thematically clear in past and current retellings of the [Lewis & Clark] expedition is not so much a reclaiming of Sacajawea, but a reclaiming of Lewis & Clark as modern and progressive men through Sacajawea... The expedition is reasserted as clearly "our" history, and the presence of one Indian woman and one black man...despite their status as indentured servant and slave, is used to validate a multicultural retelling of a colonizing event" **Pillow**, 50. Many African-American writers have argued in the press that putting Harriet Tubman on U.S. currency would dishonor her legacy of fighting racist capitalism. See, for example, **Thrasher, Steven W**. (2015, May 15). "To put Harriet Tubman on the $20 bill would be an insult to her legacy; I don't want to see the abolitionist commodified with a price, as she once was as a slave." The Guardian.com and **Jones, Feminista**. (2015, July). "Why Harriet Tubman on the $20 Might Not Be the Best Idea." Ebony.com.

23 **Cynthia Dillard** developed the term "endarkened knowledge." See "The Substance of Things Hoped For, The Evidence of Things Not Seen: Examining an endarkened feminist epistemology in educational research and leadership." *International Journal of Qualitative Studies in Education* 13: 6 (2000) 661-681.

24 Map from Library of Congress. "Political chart of the United States: shewing the progress of reform, or sober second thoughts of the people." Map produced in New York by Narine & Co, 1840. https://www.loc.gov/item/2012586607/

25 Advertisement from the *Western Spy*. Accessed from **Greg Hand**, "Ohio was not home-free for runaway slaves." *Cincinnati Magazine*, February 18, 2016. http://www.cincinnatimagazine.com/citywiseblog/cincinnati-curiosities-runaway-slaves/

26 Map and signature page from Central Michigan University. Accessible at https://www.cmich.edu/library/clarke/ResearchResources/Native_American_Material/Treaty_Rights/Text_of_Michigan_Related_Treaties/Pages/Fort-Greenville,-Ohio,-1795.aspx

27 **Jill E. Rowe**, "Mixing it up: Early African American Settlements in Northwestern Ohio." *Journal of Black Studies* 39:6 (2009), 930.

28 Joel Goings married an Irish woman, Elizabeth Cole, who had immigrated to work in America. Together they had nine children, some of whom married other indigenous and white people living in the area, some of whom married members of the Williams family, free Black people who had settled there. See details of the Goings and other multiracial families in 1800s Northwest Ohio in **Jill Rowe**'s book, *Invisible in Plain Sight: Self-determination Struggles of Free Blacks in the Old Northwest.* New York: Peter Lang, 2017.

29 Image from the Shelby County Historical Society.

30 **C. A. Powell**, B**. T. Kavanaugh** and **David Christy**, "Transplanting Free Negroes to Ohio from 1815 to 1858," *The Journal of Negro History*, 1:3 (June 1916), 302-317, 308.

31 The name honors the North African civilization of Carthage. The Carthagenians also migrated to Spain and established cities there. They were known by the Europeans as the 'Moors.' The Moors were expelled (along with the Jews) by the Spanish in 1492.

32 **Rowe**, *Invisible in Plain Sight*, especially Ch.17.

33 Map from the collection at Wright State University's Dayton Daily News Archive. Available at: https://www.libraries.wright.edu/special/ddn_archive/2013/03/04/miami-erie-canal/ddn_canals_miami-erie_01/

34 I borrow the phrase "inescapable inheritance" from **Pillow**.

35 The proclamation is quoted in full on page *77* of **Rowe**'s Invisible in Plain Sight.

36 These resolutions, it has been said, were incited by fast-spreading news that John Randolph had purchased land in Carthagena to re-settle the slaves he freed in his last will and testament. Cincinnati papers railed against plantation owners exporting their ex-slaves to Ohio:

And now the poor creatures are among us!—Why should this be? We have nothing to do with Slavery, and it is neither our interest, nor our duty, to add to the ignorance of our State, in any way Cincinnati Gazette, July 2, 1846. Excerpt available at http://www.shelbycountyhistory.org/schs/blackhistory/randolphsohio.htm. News coverage of the migration is also mentioned in **Rowe**, *Invisible in Plain Sight*.

37 I take this term from **Hazel Carby**'s work "Becoming modern racialized subjects: Detours through our past to produce ourselves anew." *Cultural Studies* 23 (4) (July 2009), 624-257.

38 I didn't put the stories into the spoken version of the talk, but here is an excerpt from one:

MIAMI-ERIE CANAL, JULY 1846

Zora was lulled to a half sleep by the sloshing of the canal waters. She leaned into her grandmother's side, not minding the rough cotton of her dress against her cheek, because grandmother's body was warm. The wind had picked up, pushing through the thin quilt Papa had put around her shoulders. It was cold for the summer, here on the water.

She was thirsty. They were all thirsty. The canteens were dry and no one wanted to risk dipping a tin cup over the side of the barge, nasty as the brown water looked below them. It didn't stink, though, like it had closer to the last town, where the blond-haired boy had peed into the water just as they passed by, his gap-toothed grin aimed at her right when she hoped he wasn't looking. The men on the docks there said they couldn't land for water, though they tried, so the Randolph Free People moved on to their final destination, still thirsty, but determined.

She yawned. Papa said maybe one more hour, then they'd be there. That had been a while ago. But when they landed, they would get fresh water and get walking again. Then they would finally see their new home. Papa said there was only one path through the woods to their land, but there was a school nearby, and they were raising a new church steeple, too.

"Just around this bend, sweet girl," grandmother squeezed her gently as she spoke. "The river man says just around this bend and we'll be there, Zora!" In the twilight, grandmother's eyes shone. She had never traveled this far in her life, having grown up on the Randolph plantation. Now they were all free.

Just around the bend, Zora heard the crackling of torches. She smelled greasy smoke, and saw flames. None of the other stops on the Miami-Erie Canal had been like this one, even at night. Out of the shadows angry voices started to emerge, then figures of men. They were holding guns, knives, pitchforks.

One of the river men tried to throw the line to the docks, but a boot kicked it into the water. Then Zora heard a rough, high voice shout out: "You Negroes cannot land here! Go back to Virginia!"

A cheer rose from the crowd on the docks and Grandmother clutched at Zora, pulling her closer. "Keep your head down child. Stay quiet." Zora looked at her father, and saw his jaw clench.

Then the rough, high voice began talking again, his words piercing through the cold spring air:

"We will not live among Negroes, as we have settled here first! We have fully determined that we will resist the settlements of Negroes and mulattos in this county to the full extent of our means, the bayonet not excepted!"

Zora felt hot tears splashing on her cheeks. Grandmother was crying.

39 **Rinaldo Walcott**, "Pedagogy and Trauma: The Middle Passage, Slavery, and the Problem of Creolization." In eds. Simon, Rosenberg, & Eppert, *Between Hope and Despair*, 135-152, 137.

40 **Walcott**, "Pedagogy and Trauma," 138.

41 Glissant quotation from **Walcott**, 138.

42 **Walcott**, 145. Note, he warns that his work is not meant to romanticize the figure of the Creole as some uniquely capable change agent; rather, Creolization as a process asks us to face up to "our susceptibility to change both coercive and otherwise…[and] to achieve a history that can doubt itself," 150.

43 **Walcott**, 141

44 **Walcott**, 146.

45 **Ibid**, 147

46 Quoted in **Walcott**, 148.

47 One thing I plan to explore in future work is to speculatively re-situate Lyncoya not as a cover for Jackson's genocidal violence against the Creek and other tribes, but as one survivor of imperial trauma. Stay tuned.

48 **Morrison**'s famous phrase originated when she gave a speech at Portland State University's Black Studies Center in 1975: "'The function, the very serious function of racism is distraction. It keeps you from doing your work. It keeps you explaining, over and over again, your reason for being. Somebody says you have no language and you spend twenty years proving that you do. Somebody says your head isn't shaped properly so you have scientists working on the fact that it is. Somebody says you have no art, so you dredge that up. Somebody says you have no kingdoms, so you dredge that up. None of this is necessary. There will always be one more thing."

49 The geography of my great-great grandparents and great uncles' lives were not visibly marked by interracial contact or conflict; they were certainly in a bubble of whites-only land, a bubble created by the rural geography, the distance from the cities of the rust belt that attracted Black laborers in the Great Migration. Certainly, I knew that the geography, the community, was all white, all German. But I never imagined my German American family interacting with racial Others until the start of my parents' relationship.

50 My aunt sent me this clipping (from a Mercer County newspaper) after my mother told her about my project. Note that the marker doesn't say anything about the expulsion. But it's a start.

51 I love this phrase, taken from the title of **Simon** et al's edited collection, cited earlier.

52 This phrase comes from Levinas, which I found in **Roger Simon**'s essays on traumatic histories. Simon's ghost was particularly kind to me in this endeavor.