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Remembering Rosewood

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Remembering Rosewood
A Senior Thesis for Interdisciplinary Honors
Submitted in April 2014
Mary Krome

Preface

On January 1, 1923, Fannie Taylor of Sumner, Florida claimed that a black man entered her home and beaten her. It was about noon when Taylor told her husband, who had returned from the mills for lunch. Taylor's claim quickly spread through the town, and within hours, Sheriff Robert Elias Walker had formed a posse. By the end of the day, the Documented Report states that "virtually every able-bodied [white] man" in Sumner was part of the search for the black attacker, which stretched out from Sumner into nearby Rosewood. Rosewood supported a population of about 350 blacks, with a smaller number of whites. There were about forty buildings in the town proper. As the "posse" continued to amass whites from all over North Florida, the story also grew, implicating several Rosewood residents in order to support violence and continued excursions into town.

Sarah Carrier, a black woman who worked for Fannie Taylor, had been at the Taylor house the morning of the attack, and had reportedly seen a white man flee. Carrier's version of the event took hold in the black community, eventually resulting in the widespread belief that Fannie Taylor had been beaten by her extra-marital lover, a man who Carrier had seen stop by the house before. This white man took the train to Sumner to visit Fannie, and on the morning of the attack, fled by foot, presumably

knowing that there were no trains coming through soon enough for him to escape via railroad.

As the posse moved through Rosewood, its members pieced together the story of the attacker's flight. They discovered that Sam Carter, a black Rosewood resident, had helped the attacker escape. While the whites assumed that Carter had helped a black man, Carter told a different story that was remembered by the blacks. Sam Carter was a freemason, and a white man in distress had invoked the mason's oath to get Carter to help him. Carter drove the white attacker in his wagon out into the country. The same day, Carter showed the white posse where he and the attacker had parted ways. Unable to pick up a scent with their hound, the white posse killed Carter. There are several versions of how Carter helped the white attacker flee, including one that implicates fellow Rosewood resident Aaron Carrier. There are also three distinct versions of how Carter was killed.

Most blacks in Rosewood hid in their homes during the first day of violence. It can only be assumed that the groups of white men continued to roam through Rosewood, looking for the black attacker. After Sam Carter was killed, some whites found Aaron Carrier hiding in his sister's house. He was dragged out of bed and threatened. Around the same time of day, Sheriff Walker arrested and transported two blacks to Bronson to keep them safe from the growing white mob. There are also multiple versions of this event. Some people remember that Aaron Carrier was one of the blacks who was transported, and some remember that a different white man entirely took the blacks to safety.

Also on Monday, the first day of violence, word reached Sumner that a black convict named Jesse Hunter had escaped from the work crew of either a nearby road or a

turpentine mill in the area. With Hunter as a possible suspect, the whites were encouraged to keep searching. The following day, January 2nd, a second black was implicated along with Hunter.

The story continued to transform. On the evening of January 3rd, a group of white vigilantes took it upon themselves to talk to Rosewood resident Sylvester Carrier. Sylvester had a reputation for disliking whites, and had already offended some whites involved with the posse. Presumably, the white vigilantes had somehow linked Sylvester Carrier to Hunter's escape. There were rumors that Hunter was even hiding in Carrier's house. There was a shoot-out at the Carrier house that night, and Sylvester and his sister Sarah were both killed. Two whites were also killed. Most people in the house had been children, who escaped along with other Rosewood residents into the bordering swamps during a pre-dawn lull in the violence. Another version of the story claims that Sylvester survived the shootout and escaped to Texas. There is also debate in the black community about how many people were killed and wounded during the shootout.

By the third day, the white "posse" had swelled to 300-500 people. Blacks who lived in the work crew camps in Sumner were kept locked in their boarding houses to avoid further violence. Though there are no deaths, or even skirmishes, reported during the third and fourth days of searching, hundreds of angry whites and threatened blacks were rubbing elbows.

On January 5th, three or four houses in Rosewood were burned down, and Lexie Gordon, a black woman, was shot while running away from her burning house.

On January 6th, James Carrier (brother of Sylvester and son of Sarah) returned to Rosewood after hiding in the swamp for three days. He sought protection from one of the

white men in Rosewood, who later succumbed to the pressures of the mob and released him into their custody. James Carrier was taken to the graves of his sister and brother, interrogated, likely tortured, and then shot. His body was left stretched out across one of the graves.

On January 7th, every remaining structure in Rosewood was burned, excluding a building owned by white storekeeper John Wright. It still stands today.

This particular telling of Rosewood highlights what I find to be most problematic with the remembered story. Actual conflicts between blacks and whites decreased during the week, though the number of whites kept increasing. Even after a two-day lull in the violence, the whole of Rosewood was burned down. In this case, imagination is a poor substitute for documentation, as white cultural power has obscured much of the African American experience, resulting our nation's limited capacity to grant agency to stories that exist between memory and representation. Perhaps my reading of various sources has been too cautionary in an attempt to find the "most true" history. I've struggled to balance the traditionally "objective" reports with the few arguments that suggest the full potential of violence, fear, and pain that seems inevitable when a mob swells to hundreds of people. Let this be a lesson in analysis. Although I've encountered primary accounts of Rosewood, legacy memorials, and my own photographic and personal processes of understanding the pogrom, the gap in understanding seems too large to represent. That is, each telling of Rosewood has skewed one aspect of the story, sometimes for valid reasons. What does my telling skew?

Part One: Elegy and Memorial

Elegies are a means of mourning through song and lyric. They strive for poetic motions of time and space, while a memorial firmly plants the reader in an objectified history. Memorials represent what has passed and call for commemoration, while elegies seek to move the listener through an emotional state of remembrance. This essay, indeed, entire project, falls between elegy and memorial. Rosewood is gone and it at once calls for a representation of its suppressed history. At the same time, any attempt to combine versions of the story and move the reader through an objective history result in a simplification of the violence that happened at Rosewood. It is impossible to correctly tell the multitude of half-remembered experiences, and because fragmented versions of the story have already been used for personal gain. So this essay occupies a space between personal and pedagogic, seeking to educate its readers about Rosewood while allowing for a multiplicity of experiences.

I came to Rosewood, quite literally, by way of the road. Rosewood is about forty minutes southwest of where I grew up in North Central Florida, and I'd driven by the tiny town a handful of times before ever actually hearing of it. It seemed no different from the other towns scattered between my home and the coast. There's a church, a forest service building, a small airport for crop dusters and personal planes, a few other unremarkable, rundown buildings, and houses.

I drove to Rosewood twice over the course of my research, passing the dump, a cemetery, a speedway race track, and so on. The sides of the road eventually faded into swamp, and the road itself rose above the watery shoulders. At this point in the drive, there were few buildings left, and few places to pull off. I was nearly run off the road once, an experience true to the cautionary tales my mother told me growing up. There are

too many deadly accidents in my area, and the drive to Rosewood is one of the more dangerous ones. There are three memorials set up alongside the road to commemorate people who've died during crashes. These memorials caught my eye. They pointed directly at death, refusing to let the memory of a life pass by. They were homemade and always hand decorated. There were often photos of the deceased, plastic flowers, beads, and other trinkets. They were maintained with care, even though simply parking your car on the side of this road was dangerous.

When my brother Thomas and I drove out to Rosewood for the last time during December I stopped at these memorials to take photos. It had been cloudy all week, and I was lucky to catch the few hours of sunshine that let me use both a digital camera and black and white Holga, a plastic camera with no flash or any bells and whistles. The first memorial was accompanied by a sign on a telephone pole that read, "9 Years Gone But NOT Forgotten/Love And Miss You." I walked up to the sign to snap a photo and saw that the number 9 was only the top layer of a series of stickers, meaning that, in addition to maintaining the roadside shrine, the family members also ritually updated the sign to count each year since their—presumably—daughter had been killed.

Winter in North Florida can be grey and cold, but the sun was a brilliant orange as it fell behind leafless trees. My brother and I were driving into the sun, racing it to Rosewood. He squinted past the steering wheel as I complained about the project, how impossible it was to trust my sources, how strange it was to encounter such deep racism in our home. I was worried that nothing would come together, that the photos wouldn't turn out, that we'd hit a deer on the drive back at night. He calmly asked me questions to keep my mind working, just as invested in the project as I was. We made it to Rosewood

with the intention to turn back to photograph the second two memorials. There was a dead deer right at the city limit. Three vultures picked at its ribs. It was fresh enough for us to wince, but old enough that reddish bone shone through in many places. Thomas attempted to sneak up on the vultures, camera in hand, while I paced back and forth, worried about losing sunlight. The symbolism was not lost on me, though. However cheap the idea was, it was still fitting to find a fourth victim of the highway. Typical Florida. Typical piss-poor town.

There are several compatible versions of how this Rosewood came to be. Wikipedia actually offers a fine rendering of the Rosewood massacre or pogrom, starting with a white woman's claim that a black man beat her and following with a week of violence as whites attacked and burned the black community. The article contains many, many details, including names of people involved, how different people were rescued, who was killed and where, and more. Rosewood as an event has lived through several different incarnations, both fictional and historically accurate. A Grand Jury convened in February 1923 and found insufficient evidence to prosecute any of the whites involved in the killings or destruction of property. Seventy years later, a lawsuit seeking recompense was filed on behalf of survivors and their descendants. As part of the legal proceedings, Rosewood became a thoroughly researched event. There is an easily accessible 100-page online report that was submitted to the Florida Board of Regents in 1993. This document details the massacre, citing specific moments where eyewitness accounts differ and a single version of the event does not exist. In 1996, Michael D'Orso published a book documenting Rosewood and the nearly 80 years of its aftermath. A movie directed by John Singleton was released the following year. Starting in January

1923, newspapers covered the massacre and published a few photographs showing buildings on fire and smoke rising from debris. The media once again picked up the story in the 90s when the court case was filed. Local historians, family members of survivors, and PhD students have painstakingly researched property deeds, marriage certificates, and anything else they could use to prove that Rosewood did indeed exist during the 20s and was indeed burned down during a week of racially motivated violence.

I grew up about forty minutes north of Rosewood and never heard of it.

The only on-site documentation of what happened is a state historical marker by the side of the road. It is also one of the most vandalized historical markers in Florida.

When I conceived of this project, I assumed that I would be doing standard documentary work. Interviews, photos, researching Rosewood just enough to figure out the kinds of questions I needed to ask. After all, there were many people who had done this work before me, creating a circle of common knowledge that I could draw from. After an initial investigation of Rosewood, I couldn't stop researching, though it was rare to encounter primary sources. I was struck by the many layers of conflicting information and how hard it was just to make sense of the destruction in terms of a historic event, never mind its serious social implications. It was a history hidden, with primary sources proving next to impossible to dig up. Even gathering Florida county maps from the 1920s required jumping through bureaucratic hoops.

The best summaries of Rosewood are a paragraph long, a week's worth of violence condensed into about seven sentences that leave the reader to assume the full extent of destruction. There are great articles detailing the massacre, including pieces by Thomas Dye and Edward González-Tennant. These pieces, however, are not accessible to

the casual reader. “The Documented Event of the Incident Which Occurred At Rosewood Florida in 1923,” the 100-page report from the court case, is the best consolidation of eyewitness accounts, on-site documentation, and memories formerly suppressed within the black community. Still, even after combing through that document several times, I found myself walking away with only a general outline of events. It was nearly impossible to keep the numerous characters and actions in order, partly because of the document’s form. 100 pages of written paragraphs ripped off the Internet was a monster of information that got tangled in itself.

About halfway through my research, I went home to Florida. There, I interviewed Lizzie Jenkins, whose aunt had been a schoolteacher in Rosewood. Jenkins has spent many years researching Rosewood in honor of her aunt, Mahulda Gussie Brown Carrier. Carrier had escaped from Rosewood, but not before being gang raped. Before our interview, I had never encountered a source that even dared to mention that black women had been raped, unless you counted the very fictionalized movie *Rosewood*, which showed a white storeowner having promiscuous sex with his black clerk. Unfortunately, the white storeowner was a representation of real-life merchant John M. Wright, a man known for his fair treatment of blacks and upstanding acts of courage during the massacre. This was one of the many important details that the movie *Rosewood* skewed, and yet stories like Brown’s were still hidden.

To further complicate matters, I started finding sources criticizing the court case of 1993. I read allegations that the head lawyer profited immensely from a deal he struck with the key testifier, and that the distribution of settlement money was corrupted. Furthermore, some family members of survivors were purposefully excluded from the

legal proceedings in order to centralize profits for a few people. Though these were just allegations, Lizzie Jenkins confirmed that the judicial process was not without significant tension and power struggles. She also spoke to how moviemakers appropriated her research and family history without proper recognition or citation, and the articles I read suggested that the lawyers and movie producers worked together to capitalize on the story of Rosewood. Because of these allegations, I suddenly couldn't trust specific interviews I'd read. I started to doubt the validity of many of my sources.

Current-day Rosewood was also a site of contention, I learned. Florida is a small world, and the towns that I grew up in, Archer and Gainesville, are even smaller. While I was struggling to process the apparent manipulation of Rosewood's story for profit, I heard through the grapevine that a black professor who had moved to Florida to teach at the University had purchased land in Rosewood and was letting local blacks conduct archeological digs. Some of the most informed experts on Rosewood are archeologists, but this professor was not and had caused an uproar in the academic community by letting untrained people dig with no guidance. He viewed it as allowing people to claim their history, and others viewed it as destroying what little physical evidence there was of Rosewood. Of course, these new allegations couldn't end there. I continued to hear rumors about who was doing what with Rosewood, both the place and the story, making it clear to me that any embodiment of Rosewood was highly politicized. I felt like I couldn't trust any history of Rosewood, since so many people stood to benefit from proving that their story was the right one. Even Lizzie Jenkins, a local community leader in Archer who is much respected, was, at times, difficult to deal with. While Jenkins loves to share the story of Rosewood, her own documentation is difficult to read, and is

more like a scrapbook of land deeds, news articles, and personal writing than an analytic argument about or presentation of Rosewood. She's also 70 years old and has made researching Rosewood her second life's work. Jenkins' own lived experiences richly influence her work, providing an excellent example of how documentary work can be harnessed to portray a cultural moment and also breathe life into a once dead history. Another facet of this, though, is that her work is hard to find. I was granted special permission to borrow her book from reference section of the Archer Library because I could not find a second copy.

I have worked on several documentary projects, none of which were as unwieldy as this one. During my time in Florida, I got the sense that something just wasn't right. There is not one key issue in unlocking Rosewood's history, though. To be associated with Rosewood was dangerous, and the black community buried the story of Rosewood for 70 years, going as far as to "take a vow of silence," as Lizzie Jenkins wrote. Whites also purposely excluded this history from public memory. In fact, my winter vacation in Florida was spent visiting sites of local history and noticing the selective stories that were displayed. In Archer's mixed race graveyard, which is as old as the town itself, there is a monument from the 1970s dedicated to the fallen Confederate soldiers of the Civil War. At the historic Dudley Farm State Park, the phrase "tenant farmers" is never once used, despite the fact that the Dudleys did indeed host tenant farmers. After encountering these selective and racist histories, Rosewood started to blend in. It became easier to understand how its history was hidden through cultural expectations. Talking about my research lead to feeling strong tension, like I was brushing up against an invisible wall. I

only spoke to family friends or interview subjects, but I could still feel resistance and denial hanging in the air.

It was disturbing but fascinating for me to encounter this level of structural and symbolic racism. I was also approaching Rosewood from a theoretical angle, trying to think of the massacre and subsequent history in terms of public memory and African American mourning rituals. I wondered how the utter destruction of Rosewood became indicative of the African American experience, the final irony being that Rosewood is not included in our history books. In sharp contrast to the images of Emmet Till's body, or the busing crisis in Boston during the 1970s, or any other image of black America during strife, the photographs of Rosewood burning are dull and meaningless on their own. They are not part of our collective memory, although they exist.

Inspired by Karla FC Holloway's book *African American Mourning Stories*, I started visiting the local graveyards. These were places where black culture was allowed to exist in the decorations of the graves and the placement of seashells around the mounds. Graveyards became my access points to history, especially since many graves were from the 1920s or even before. For whatever unspoken reason, places like Rosewood and Dudley Farm were controlled by white memory and history, but graveyards allowed black history and culture to visibly surface in a way that reflected back to the turn of the 19th century. The graveyard of my hometown, Archer, is unique in that it was always mixed race. There have been recent excavations of the nearby slave graveyard, an important step in allowing that history to resurface. Southerners, it seems, can't argue with death, though they can deny the deadly history of a place like Rosewood.

Despite the contextualizing experience of visiting graveyards in Archer and Bronson, I still had little physical evidence of Rosewood's own history. My drives out to Rosewood helped me create my own layer of documentation, going straight to the source to see what types of physical memorials exist. I found two types of historic signage along Hwy 24 from Archer to Rosewood. The first is a relatively recent addition. There are small, government-issue road signs marking where the Sea Line Railroad stopped during its commute from Cedar Key to Florida's interior. These signs appear in almost every town between Archer and Rosewood, hinting at what the economy was like during the early 1900s, when pencil and turpentine mills were common. The second consistent marker is the homemade roadside memorials showing where people have died in car accidents. Though these memorials commemorate both blacks and whites, they provide important insight into the current local culture of death and representation.

Thomas and I stopped at the second memorial after dark. We drove up alongside the wooden cross and trained the car's headlights on it. I got a few worthwhile photos. It was a short but very thick golden orange cross, made from tree limbs and stained with a varnish. There were flowers and a teddy bear, and a few shallow carvings on the cross. It looked brand new, hardly weathered. After carefully maneuvering the car back into the narrow road, we went on the third memorial. This one, unlike the first two, commemorated someone older. A fireman's hat hung on one side of the cross and an angel dangling below it. The cross was green and white, carefully painted with slender letters. Each item on all of the memorials alluded to a secret history, some aspect of the victim's personality that Tom and I could only guess at. Had Peter been a firefighter? Was he a hunter who had killed a boar similar to the one painted on his cross? In any

case, these memorials were the most personal representation of death I'd seen. They were ritualistic, for example in the way one family counted the years since their daughter's death, but they were full of colors and symbols unique to each of the victims. They stood in front of fields or woods, unlikely places to gather and mourn. I couldn't help but think of how Rosewood's refugees escaped along the same straightaway and disappeared into various communities. The blacks killed at Rosewood were likely buried, but where? With what memorial? The current memorials hinted at a larger cultural legacy and understanding of death. Who didn't make it onto the train? Who else was resting in these woods? Perhaps the idea of haunting is helpful here. If we didn't believe in ghosts, the faint traces of a memory lost, where would Rosewood be?

It was impossible to tell the race of those killed on the highway unless there were photos at their memorial, and only one out of the three memorials had photos. The memorials all had a different style, from which you could guess how old the victim was, their gender, their role in the family, or even their career. These personal monuments were refusing to let go of a history of death, a sharp juxtaposition to every other sign I'd seen on the drive from Archer to Rosewood. Sure, there were signs of stagnation and poverty, a death of its own, and the churches' lettering hinted at futility of life without a death to offset the apparent suffering of the lived. Were the highway deaths remembered in particular because they were no one person's fault? Mahulda Carrier was gang raped before she was rescued by means of the same highway, and the deaths she suffered still have no physical representation.

Our understanding of death is severely limited if we only narrate "accidents." My own personal narration of the deaths along Hwy 24 has to do with drunk driving, young

teenagers, and bad decisions. I wonder if the stories my mom told me are akin to cautionary fairytales; that the dangers of growing up in Archer are best represented by nameless teenagers who drove fast, did too many drugs, and made bad choices that resulted in death. If so, then my mom's explanation of these memorials granted me agency. If I drove the speed limit, was in by dark, and never drank, then my own death would be averted. In a sense, my mom was telling me that the memorials did not represent accidents; that instead the deaths came from recklessness and poor self-care.

I'll never know exactly why or how the three memorialized people died, and I don't mean to analyze their individual stories. In my case, their memorials represent narratives that my family constructed. They obviously mean something entirely different to their families and other passerby's. Still, the memorials exist because of the nature of the deaths. You can't deny car crashes, though you can represent partial truths in order to pay homage to the dead. For instance, I doubt there are memorials stating who was wearing their seatbelt and who was checking their phone while driving. Those details fall away in memorial. People have been fighting about how we choose to remember Rosewood, and if we even remember it all. Acknowledging racial violence brings an implicit guilt and confronts current racism, while even the language surrounding car accidents imply no fault.

In Newberry, FL, there is a park with a giant oak tree. This tree was used to hang five blacks in 1916. A sixth victim was shot nearby. The area is now infamously known as "Lynch Hammock," and reportedly thousands of whites rode through to see the hanging black bodies. Eleven years ago there was a ceremony under the same tree to honor of those who had been lynched. The memorial ceremony attempted to reclaim the

tree as a means of symbolizing black history. Rosewood does not have a tree, though there is a historical marker off the side of the road. People such as Lizzie Jenkins are working to make Rosewood's history real again, to give it some sort of tangible representation. Jenkins wants a museum, and has worked for years giving people tours of Rosewood and telling Rosewood's story as a way to conceive of peace. Edward González-Tennant turned to the Internet to reclaim Rosewood's history, creating two virtual representations of Rosewood that allow anyone with a computer access to a version of history. González-Tennant's website hosts a virtual reconstruction of Rosewood prior to the massacre, and the online virtual world Second Life hosts a museum dedicated to Rosewood.

Part II

My research led to my own memorialization of Rosewood and contribution to preserving its history. Using the mapping program GIS, I created a visual representation of the massacre. I primarily drew from the "Documented Report," using its conglomeration of sources as a basis for all of my data. There are a few data points that come from Lizzie Jenkins' scholarship as well.

The actual massacre at Rosewood is very hard to understand from a close perspective. There is an astounding amount of information about the massacre, and it becomes easy to get lost while reading the Documented History. I am not personally concerned with who did what, but I am fascinated by the various inconsistencies that exist in the Documented History. There is more than enough evidence to understand *what* happened at Rosewood, but not enough categories of information to enable understanding

of *how* it happened. Rosewood can be understood in terms of the number of people involved with each event. Indeed, this is the only way I've been able to remain shocked at the violence throughout the research process. There are only 8 reported deaths, and yet there are estimations of at least 300 whites storming Rosewood. This area of potential violence is accounted for on the map, explaining how narratives like Mahulda Brown's rape and subsequent escape may exist. A map may actually be the best way to conceive of Rosewood, since it can visually categorize and overlay information in such a way as to account for the unknown.

Understanding sites like Rosewood and the events that took place there is key to understanding the United States at the turn of the 19th century. They are sites of intersectional violence, and as such represent shifts in racial violence from intersubjective (person to person) to structural and symbolic (González-Tennant, "Intersectional Violence," 79). The Rosewood massacre began as an act of everyday violence that could have led to a lynching, but grew to be much larger. At first glance, Rosewood fits the trends of racial violence from the same era: whites felt sexually, economically, and even personally threatened by the presence of Rosewood. A deeper inspection, however, shows that Rosewood is drastically different from typical violence, prompting González-Tennant to call the event a pogrom rather than a massacre. The utter destruction of Rosewood and the relatively few displays of symbolic violence on black bodies sets this week of violence apart. González-Tennant has argued that the spatial organization of Rosewood posed a threat to nearby whites, and the types of violence recorded at Rosewood support this claim. González-Tennant writes, "As intersubjective violence decreased, locations were forced to physically embody the trauma of a dramatically

changing social system.” (83) Hence, Rosewood was burned, even though the inciting act of violence, the beating of Fannie Taylor, is consistently remembered as one person acting against another person, an example of intersubjective violence.

The current state of Rosewood is equally important in this analysis. Events such as the burning of Rosewood sent a message to black communities across the nation, telling them that to survive successfully without dependence on whites was an act of rebellion that would not be tolerated. That there are few representations of Rosewood’s history today reflects the continued symbolic violence of the event. The role of symbolic violence could explain how perhaps only 8 people were killed during the entire week. Violence done directly to an individual black body was not as pervasive as the violence of burning people’s homes, suggesting that the white mob felt more powerful attacking Rosewood as a symbolic whole. While there very well may have been more deaths, Rosewood was not about killing individual people. It was about a white community reclaiming a black space. Some people postulate that Rosewood natives were later forced out of their land deeds, and other have stated that no blacks dared to return. In any case, Rosewood was never rebuilt as black community, and its refugees never returned. Until the 90s, there was never an effort to preserve or tell this history. The history that resulted from the court case and media attention is still filtered through a landscape of white power. By making a map, I attempted to tie racial power and correlating historic events to a physical geography. This is, to quote Edward González-Tennant, “a visualization of a vanished landscape.” (99)

In his research, González-Tennant uses new media to recreate black spaces. My map, by contrast, uses new media to document movement *through* a black space. The

map really should be read as a diffusion of power and inequality onto a landscape as symbolically depicted by the movements of blacks and whites. Who was able to drive or take the train to Rosewood? Who had enough social capital to make the trek without fear? Mingo Williams was killed miles away from Rosewood, but being a black man on the roads was enough to incite violence. Blacks who lived and worked in Sumner were kept physically locked in their quarters to avoid further confrontations, another example of white power controlling the very movements of blacks. Tying movements to the landscape of Central Florida reflects these power inequalities, just as noticing the current outcroppings of culture as manifested in signs and memorials strengthens these connections of time and space. New media provides a non-hierarchical experience of time and space, and while my map does not fully allow for this, virtual representations of history often can and do. To paraphrase González-Tennant, black heritage was willfully erased from the physical landscape of Central Florida, and it is only through years of hard work that people like Lizzie Jenkins have been able to combat this. The nation's collective memory does not include Rosewood, to the point where people have literally uprooted and thrown away the one historical marker allowed to the site.

In an ideal world, my map of Rosewood would be linked to similar bubbles of violence, depicting how whites leveraged their power against blacks across Florida. Rosewood as a case study provides an intimate and important look at local movements of power and how physical geography structured these symbolic groupings. On a higher level, the diffusion of power and violence across Rosewood's landscape is indicative of what both Florida and the United States experienced during the 1920s. A completed map linking various acts of racial violence across Florida would exemplify how white power

and privilege succeeded in removing black culture from the national memory. As it became harder to control blacks via everyday violence, control became enacted on symbolic levels often represented in the landscape. Rosewood was not allowed to exist, therefore the landscape of Rosewood became a layer of symbolic violence, following but not fulfilling the trend of institutionalizing violence and racial control. In my mind, because there is hardly any physical representation of the violence at Rosewood, the current manmade landscape obscures the site's history. This absence of representation is symbolically violent and points the informed viewer towards a confusing and purposefully inaccessible history.

The map I created functions on two levels. First, it organized and processes the massive amount of specific information regarding Rosewood during January 1st of 1923 through the 7th. The narratives are shown by clicking on the different points and lines. Second, the map provides a visual metaphor of violence. In its current and beginning draft, it becomes a way of reading patterns of movement and violence. It was my hope that the map would show the sheer scale of Rosewood; as it stands, it is not explicitly clear how many whites converged on the town and how many blacks fled.

Appendix 1: A Guide to Reading the Map

The interactive map is a way of storing and viewing information in a way separate from written work. It allows the viewer to literally zoom in and out, therefore conceiving of the event as a complete whole. It provides the basis for understanding patterns of information that we can then analyze. Making the map was a step in my thinking necessary to writing the narrative; I was blocked from writing before I had figured out a new platform for presenting this information. The map does not need to be read page by page, or from left to right. Indeed, this is a map that should be read in terms of its layers of information, reflecting my own process of “digging” through research. Perhaps this understanding of scholarly work as an unearthing with many different layers of coded information is why archeologists such as Edward González-Tennant have done the best work understanding and theorizing Rosewood.

Events on the map are shown by dots, and movements are shown by lines. All events are colored coded to represent the races involved so that green dots are white-only events, brown dots are black-only events, and purple dots are events that involve both races. Lines vary in thickness to account for different numbers of people, and are currently color-coded by day.

Appendix A: Photos

I took the majority of these photos with a digital camera, but switched to film to capture the roadside memorials. The photos of the memorials in this report are taken on a digital camera by my brother, Thomas Krome, unless otherwise noted.



Display of findings from an archeological dig at Dudley Farm Historic State Park. The display of these items indicate a white history of the farm.



More historical artifacts from Dudley Farm State Historic Park. Perhaps a Rosewood museum will one day have similar displays of local culture.



Selection of educational timeline at Dudley Farm Historic State Park.



Second selection of timeline.



Third selection of timeline.



The one building left standing after Rosewood was burned. Taking this photo made me feel like a vulture, since many people have taken similar photos. I, however, got a little scared and obscured my subject, the house.



Detail of Western Rosewood town sign. Shooting signs is common in the area and seems to have no particular significance in the case of Rosewood.



Second detail of Western Rosewood town sign.



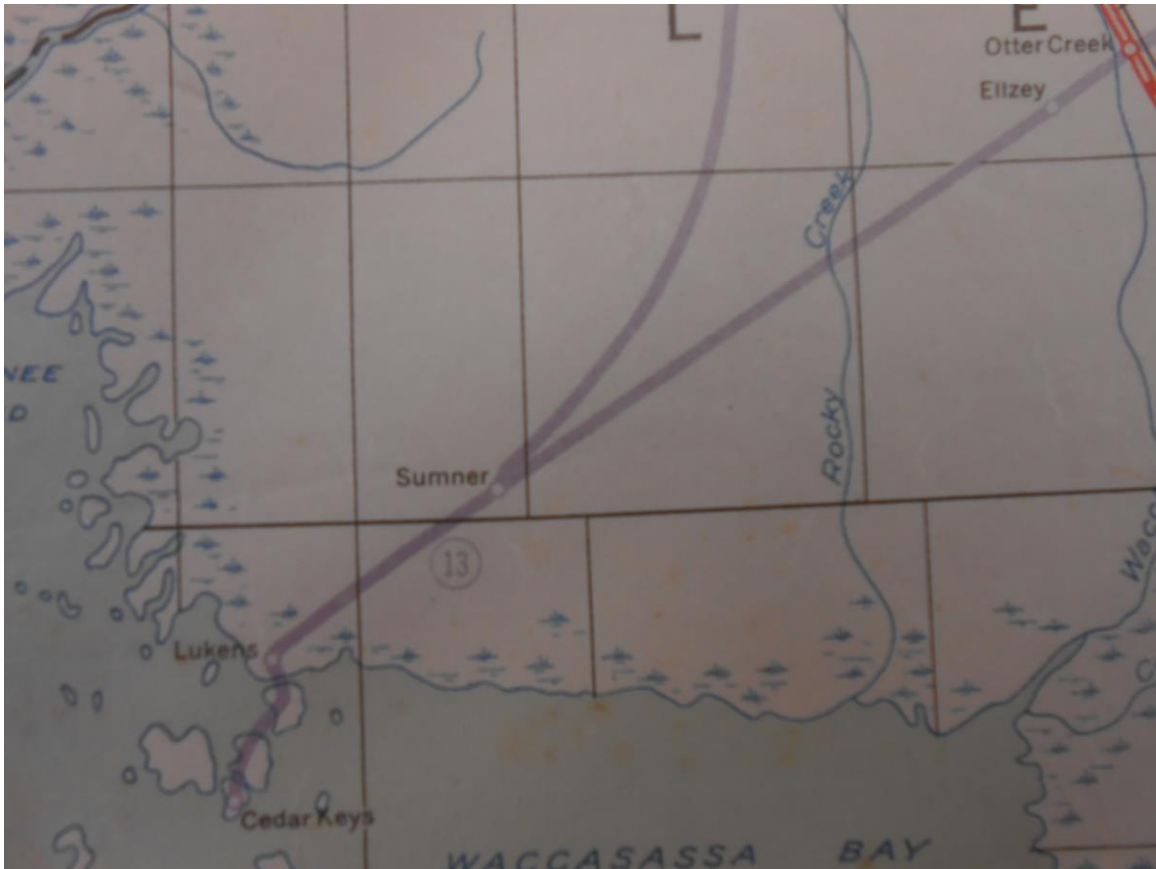
Typical signage for a church in North Central Florida.



One of the few current buildings in Rosewood.



Historic sign commemorating the role of the railroad.



Detail of a Florida Transportation Map made by the U.S. Department of Agriculture and Bureau of Public Roads in 1935. Rosewood no longer exists and is excluded from the map. By this time, the railroads were rerouted to cut through Florida farther north. The light purple lines show highways.



The first roadside memorial that my brother and I stopped at. Shown as we found it.



Hwy 24, shown above, is on a raised piece of land. This photo shows the size of the roadside shoulders before the lands becomes swamp.



Detail of first roadside memorial.



First roadside memorial after we uprighted the photographs.



Blue and white sign accompanying the first roadside memorial.



By the time we got to the second memorial, it was dark. (We'd been distracted by three vultures picking at the carcass of a deer. The deer was in Rosewood proper. This memorial was in between towns.)



Detail of second roadside memorial. We shined the car headlights on it for light. *Photo by Mary Krome.*



Detail of second roadside memorial. *Photo by Mary Krome.*



The third memorial. The dates on the cross show that Peters was the oldest out of all the deceased.



Detail of the third memorial.

Appendix B: Sources

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Jenkins, Lizzie (1998). *The Real Rosewood*.

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Rosewood directed by John Singleton, 1997.

Websites:

<http://www.virtualrosewood.com/>

<http://www.floridamemory.com>

<http://www.rosewoodflorida.com/blog/>

“Documented History of the Incident Which Occurred at Rosewood, Florida, in January 1923,” from <http://www.displaysforschools.com/rosewoodrp.html>

Oral Histories/Interviews:

From <http://virtualrosewood.com/oralhistory.html>

Annette Shakir - a direct descendant of Rosewood families.

Arnett Doctor - a direct descendant of Rosewood families.

Arnett T. Goins - a survivor born in Rosewood in 1915.

Earnest Parham - a white Sumner resident who witnessed the violence.

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