A Queer Decipherment of Select Pages from the Fieldnotes of Dr. Tobias Boz, Anthrozoologist

Jafari S. Allen

A new attitude towards the object. . . . Restor[e] liberating, catalysing and *dangerous* power to the object, . . . giv[e] back the profaned object its dignity of mystery and its radiant force, that, when all's said and done, . . . mak[e] of it again what it should never have ceased to be: *the Great Intercessor*. / Once generalized, this attitude will lead us to the great mad sweep of renewal.

—Aimé Césaire, "Calling the Magician: A Few Words for a Caribbean Civilization"

La poésie martinique sera cannibale ou ne sera pas. (Cannibal poetry or nothing.)

—Suzanne Césaire (née Roussi), "Misére d'une poésie"

Ewan Atkinson's *Select Pages from the Fieldnotes of Dr. Tobias Boz, Anthrozoologist* is a portfolio of twenty-one digitally manipulated works in which Atkinson provides a beautiful and finely rendered critical archive. Through invocations of everyday and unexpected visual and textual elements, the work defies banal explanation and refuses easily apprehension. Following the theme of his long-term Neighbourhood Project, Atkinson makes playful and queer use of local and translocal referents. To borrow from Suzanne Césaire, Atkinson's visuality is fittingly "cannibal poetry."[1] Perhaps the work and form he employs here eat its own: a classical education of portrait artistry, landscapes, and drawing turned on itself through digital photography, computer manipulation of images, and playful mockery of social science and hegemonic order. Here, the artist pushes us significantly beyond the facile assumption that the only "queer" part of queer Caribbean visuality is the representation of sexual or gender nonnormative subjects, or work *by* sexual or gender nonnormative subjects. The work contributes to an emergent queer visual archive that does not depend on "positive" representation. While it does not seek to provide easily usable "evidence" of wrongdoing, this magical and "sur-rational" frisson of images and text answers Aimé Cesaire's poetic call to "magicians" of the Caribbean to militate against "manufactured . . . graded concepts."[2] In this case, one of Atkinson's aims seems set on the discipline of anthropology and thus the whole project of colonial sense making and knowledge production through which we understand concepts such as genealogy and inheritance, intimacy, longing, shame, and belonging.

I read Atkinson's fabulated field notebook of a second-generation anthropologist as more than an(other) critique of anthropological fieldwork. Dr. Tobias Boz is overcome with reflections on and confrontations with his and his father's fieldwork desire. Engaging this work challenges the trade of the ethnographer, who must listen carefully but also look, then attempt to sketch, draw, assemble, compose, and poetically build narrative. Further to the project of destabilizing the authority of social science in order to see other forms of knowledge production and authority more clearly, his work brings social science categorizations, queer (interspecies) sex, and Caribbean localization into a common frame—the creativity and play of which can be generative toward rethinking archives and methods as well as theory and craft. As an anthropologist and a writer, I am not only implicated in Atkinson's critique of the ways anthropologists work. More pointedly, I am also preoccupied with the question, How do we best *see* and *say*? One of the central metatheoretical impulses in my own work is to explicitly follow Sylvia Wynter, who averred that "*ethnopoetics* can only have validity, if it is explored in the context of *sociopoetics* where the *socio* firmly places the *ethnos* in its concrete historical particularity."[3] This is an ethnographic register that aspires to frame the materiality of the social for critique and transformation, while at the same time represent the poesis of everyday political-economic struggles and "personal" joys, as specific instantiations of world making.

Following Wynter's critical provocation in "Re-thinking 'Aesthetics': Notes towards a Deciphering Practice," here I offer a "speculative decipherment" of Ewan's Atkinson's *Select Pages* and of "Caribbean queer visualities" more broadly. Wynter calls us to "identify not what texts and their signifying practices can be interpreted to mean but what they can be deciphered *to do*," as well as the "'illocutionary force' and procedures" with which they do it.[4] Regardless of whether a viewer more sophisticated than I am could unlock Atkinson's precise intentions or deconstruct each symbol, signification, and aesthetic choice, I do not seek to

demystify or deconstruct the works. Wynter's deciphering turn must not be confused with rhetorically demystifying or deconstructive modes of criticism. She asks us to make systems of meaning decipherable and their purposes alterable—emphasizing the dialectical and socioculturally countering practices of the works, rather than what she describes as falling into an "ethno-aesthetic trap." In this mediation, I take inspiration from this (while not claiming total fidelity to this high bar in a short essay)—queerly engaging Wynter's (positively anthropological) proposal to "provide a language . . . able to deal with how, as humans, we can know the social reality of which we are both agents and always already socioculturally constituted subjects."[5] Since I find the mystifying and imaginative aspects of Atkinson's work exciting and generative, I hope to offer a reading that is likewise imaginative and notional—a meditation on what it is I think this portfolio is *doing*. I will begin with a description of what I see in these notebooks. Following this, I will turn to consider issues of methodology, ethics, and desire, and the surreal and the queer. I end with a suggestion for one way to decipher Caribbean queer visualities.

Notes on Fieldnotes

Following Atkinson's cheeky invitation to see differently, please allow me to turn first to what Barthes would call the *studium* of the some of the images—that is, a sort of description—while attending mostly to the punctum of the project itself, my view of what this work does and how we might appreciate Caribbean queer visualities. The artist begins here:

> Dr. Tobias Boz was born and raised in The Neighbourhood. He became well known for his anthrozoological study of Neighbourhood dogs, both stray and domesticated. Celebrated and maligned, these dogs became a life-long obsession for Dr. Boz. These pages are selected from notebooks that he kept during the study. On close inspection they divulge more than the habits of the canine population. Despite the study's questionable accuracy one can explore the complex relationship between Tobias and his subjects, contemplate the collection and representation of empirical evidence, and relive a torrid confrontation between shame and desire.[6]

The first page of the portfolio looks as if it had been ripped from a notebook. Centered prominently on the page, and carefully held in place by old school black tabs, is a color photograph of a sugarcane field. Perhaps it is mid growing season—the cane is not tall and thick but also not entirely green. The thicket of brown leaves is growing. The photograph serves as a kind of opening in at least three ways. The top of the image shows the palest of blues, then a bit of white fluff interrupted by spiky green "grass" that gives way to browning leaves and dark brown earth, forming a path on which one may choose to trod. But that is merely the two-dimensional read. The thicket will not be penetrated easily. If this is a path the photographer and artist (or "anthrozoologist") wants us to take, it is surely not a direct or easy route. Looking at the photograph, one is drawn to its dark brown center, which seems to promise more than the predictable terrible sweetness of the storied *cañaveral*. Reorienting one's gaze, a sort of portal to the non- or other-terrestrial dimension emerges. Atkinson entices us to follow into his imagined space located at once in some imaginary space that resembles but is not the artists' native Barbados or anywhere in the Caribbean region. As I have averred before, places must be reimagined, but also temporally recalibrated. There is time-travel here too. Atkinson's protagonist, Tobias Boz, is following, many years later, the fieldwork footsteps of his father. The junior Dr. Boz attempts a recalibration and renarrativization of the old researcher's (illicit) desires. This process of imagination and movement renarrativizes experience and reconstitutes space—on the actual pages of the notebook and in the mind of the viewer. Perhaps it is better to accept the invitation: step inside this portal rather than walk the cultivated path, the image and text seem to suggest. The handwriting framing this first image reads, "Abandoning any attempt to adhere to canonized methods, they failed to satis-

fy my needs, yet I may borrow some conventions . . .” The next line is crossed out, as if the author realized while writing that they need not make allowances for others’ impressions or misgivings in their own field notebook: “~~You may disagree with~~.” The fires. The stench. The fields. Cover. Alluringly vulgar. These signal the affect the anthropologist wishes to record and reproduce.

The second page is a diagram of the location of the packs—individual dogs and “dawgs” represented by Atkinson’s familiar dog-head profile icon. It is rendered in a sort of queer anthropological kin diagram, in which generations of a dozen or more dawgs beget smaller and smaller packs, and in which two are left unconnected to a pack. The groupings emerge from a burning cube in three packs, or generations. Unlike the first, this page is not ripped, and the illustration is rather neatly and precisely drawn. Still, the ink is smudged, and a relatively large figure on the left margin appears as humanoid, but it could also be just a smudge.

In figure 3, there is a return of more of the familiar imagery of Atkinson’s Neighbourhood series. This one looks like a vintage postcard that Boz has collected as “Official Neighbourhood Memorabilia” for his research archive; it reads, “Greetings from the Neighbourhood. You like us! you really like us!” and features a feminine character wearing a red 1950s-style one-piece bathing suit, with matching bathing cap and red lips. The exuberance at acceptance conveyed by this narration is matched by the playful turn the figure makes—chest out, head tilted up, coquettish smile. As in most of Atkinson’s work, the figure is the artist himself in a playful drag that sets him in different guises and incarnations in The Neighborhood. In this one, the background promises sunshine, blue skies, water, and singing birds. The orange sun behind the figure frames the head partially cut off on the upper right side, so that only one eye is shown, recalling the profile of the dawgs. The sun sends out its rays of light blue and pale blue, over a darker blue horizontal line that seems to indicate water, followed by a next layer of green. There are short, orderly vertical lines/marks from the first blue (sky) layer to the green. They evoke grass, of course, but also perhaps headstones. Or are they more routes of the dog packs? In any case, the dawg logo sits to the left of the figure, toward the corner in which another logo (is it the autograph of The Neighbourhood authority or tourist board?) shows a pair of eyeglasses with dog profiles facing each other, one in each lens. The text of Dr. Boz’s field note is likewise preoccupied with issues of who likes whom and the politics of looking: “And this distance, what if I were to remove it? Would the gains be worth my safety? . . . Yet how else am I to find answers? For now, I will continue to observe from this shelter of branch and bush: “Me Garçonniere Sauvage”! THEY KNOW I WATCH. THEY WATCH ME WATCH THEM . . .”

Atkinson nicely expresses the angst of novice contemporary ethnographers. Aware of the folly of old notions of “objectivity,” one wonders how, then indeed attempts to “remove the distance” between watched and watcher. Boz does not say why he fears for his safety. Still, one is watched by those the professional watcher pretends toward systematically watching. One wonders, *Do they like me?*, as the subjects surmise how the ways the watcher “likes us” will matter, in print, in the representations they will make from all their collecting, note taking, and time taking. The piece in figure 4 is looks like a topographical map showing the positioning of the dogs in The Neighbourhood. It is both a chart and a map, with lines extending from locations indicated by a small red dot. The Y axis is numbered 1–17, and the X, alphabetically A–N. Above the lines are individual names of dogs, from “Hot Dog” on the far left to “Astro” on the far right; lower in the front left quadrant, as if on the outskirts of town, there are four others. The lines extending up to the careful lettering form the strong suggestion of a fire.

Figure 6 reveals Pocket, the “new friend” of Dr. Boz (in fact, also an old friend of the senior Dr. Boz, as we will learn later), drawn in ebony pencil. Pocket is a pink, unruly haired dog head with a human eye and a masculine torso, crotch, and thighs. By chart in figure 5, we can deduce that Pocket is a hybrid of the pre-figured and categorized varieties enumerated in the chart. There is no direct analogue for Pocket’s pale pink color, with a bit more of the intense color around the mouth. Perhaps color 5H (just a bit darker) combined with pattern 5D (with less coarse texture). Here, Pocket is bathing in clingy white briefs. We can look back at figure 4 and see that the object of Dr. Boz’s affection is from section 10 between D and E, just beyond what looks like the smaller of a twin peak mountain range.

Consider the figure of the father in Atkinson’s notebook. We can read his encounters with Pocket and The Neighbourhood as an unspoken fieldwork scandal. What is left of that relationship—charts, notes, offstage scholarly writings, clips of anonymous

defenses of the neighborhood dogs in the scholarly literature, and the detritus of Pocket's pockets revealed later—instantiates a sort of ephemeral evidence of the relationship between Pocket and the father, and now between the author/observer/author of the notebook, Dr. Boz, and the object of his and his father's preoccupation. In the latter pieces, shame thus emerges as a theme—connecting to a by now long history of animating childhood shame in gay men's work. In the last notebook page of the first row, Boz admits that he is smitten with Pocket: "[He] makes me smile! I float with my head in the clouds," he writes. His close association with Pocket at once reveals falsehoods in the popular and academic understanding of his kind but also make the anthropologist second-guess whether the loss of ethnographic distance compromises his interpretations. Atkinson tells us that these pages are taken from an "anthrozoological" study. Are the objects of the study thus not human? With the heads of dogs (or dawgs), the close-ups in several of the individual drawings reveal human eyes, human legs, and human penises (one with further evidence of human cultural intervention—circumcision), covered in a topping of feather-like paper fur, or as Boz terms it, "vestments." When Pocket is later killed in an apparent car collision—tire tracks sub-secting his body and red watercolor denoting the bloodiness of the scene—the legs splayed in tragi-comedic posture are human, as is the eye peeking out of the dog head in horror and surprise (see fig. 18).

Not unlike a number of other contemporary Caribbean artists, Atkinson must at once contend with a long history of misrepresentation of the Caribbean and ignorance of local artistic traditions, as well as an art market primed to consume readymade images of Caribbean fauna and tropical objects. One must ask, Is there a *subject* to be represented, or merely tropes and objects to be recycled from colonial, missionary, and anthropological notes and notebooks, like the ones the artist creatively reimagines in this work? Are there *citizens* in The Neighbourhood, or merely residents, maps, and representations of natives? "These [emerging contemporary Caribbean] artists display a defiance against being pinned down to a single location, and the expectations ascribed to being here or there," curator and visual artist Christopher Cozier writes. "They are . . . daring themselves to transgress boundaries and new experience."[7] The Neighbourhood setting defies easy localization of "The Caribbean." At once here and there, then and now, the indeterminate time and imagined place may in fact invoke "another place" of "timeless people," as other generations of hemispheric Caribbean artists have already offered.[8] Of course, we must take a moment to take Atkinson's play seriously—are the dawgs human in any way? Are these dawgs free and beautiful in ways others—including Dr. Boz—cannot be? Hear the echoes of Wynter again here, calling forth a new humanism. Feel the ineluctable connection to the magic and surrealism Suzanne Césaire and Aimé Césaire promoted. The erotic play between Pocket and Tobias (Pocket's "plaything," according to Tobias) now includes the latter looking under the former's furry vestments—"If I call him Boss," he says. Boss/Boz? Boz, in turn, longs to be rid of his shame and loneliness, and asks Pocket to help him create vestments of his own. Would he return to early charts in the portfolio, to choose colors and textures, or is this somehow predetermined? Is it the perversely shaped and fuzzy Apple of Sodom that gives these dawgs their surreal qualities?

A Surreal (That Is to Say, also, Queer) Archive

"True civilizations are poetic shocks: the shock of the stars, of the sun, the plant, the animal, the shock of the round globe, of the rain, of the light, of numbers, the shock of life, the shock of death," writes Aimé Césaire. "Since the sun temple, since the mask, since the Indian, since the African man, too much distance has been calculated here, has been granted here, between things and ourselves."[9] Following the serious play of going with Atkinson through the portal of his cane field thicket, does it make a difference whether the dawg or dawg vestment is human? Beyond reckoning answers, Atkinson's work assays a set of questions about "evidence" itself. The empirical evidence of Dr. Boz's notebooks is thrown into relief as the story of his obsession—and the obsession of his (fore)father(s)—is revealed in fragments. But what counts as proof eligible for an archive? For the ethnographer, the central archive is the lived experience of their respondents—apprehended through their own sense and evaluated vis-à-vis their own sensibilities (although historical and brick and mortar archives, pop culture, etcetera are increasingly deployed). The archive, as we understand it now, is "composed" as a "product of judgment" of and by regimes of power that decide what is important to "save" and remember and also what is ok to let slip into literal and figurative dustbins of (not) history.[10]

Looking, Writing, and Drawing

While the angst-filled center of ethnographic practice has been authenticity—I was there; I took good notes; I classified

and made charts; I made people into objects of study—John Jackson holds that "an attempt to remember the significance of laughter, love, and the everydayness of affect is an important methodological, epistemological, and political intervention, a differently animated ghost in the ethnographic machine."[11] And Atkinson's author/observer is certainly haunted by a sort of ethnographic machine as well. To what uses does the visual artist put the method or medium of the ethnographic notebook? For Michael Taussig, the notebook is a type of modernist literature that crosses over into the science of social investigation and serves as a means of "witness," but ethnographic observation is "seeing that doubts itself" because the reality of what we experience can diminish with the act of sense making in formal notes and especially in published prose. Taussig holds that the surreal provides a "threshold situation" in which, in Walter Benjamin's words, "'sound and image, image and sound, interpenetrated with automatic precision and such felicity that no chink was left for the penny-in-the-slot called "meaning."'"[12] Still, to eschew meaning altogether strikes this reader as positively anti-ethnographic. It seems to suggest that the quest for meanings (even multiple, and of course situated) is unworthy of our attention. This is not the surreal Atkinson pursues. It is certainly not the surreal the Caribbean has nurtured in various forms, such as "marvelous realism" (or Afro-surrealism), and through figures such as Martiniquais Suzanne Césaire, Aimé Césaire, and René Ménil; Haitian Jacques Stephen Alexis; and Cuban Wilfredo Lam. This generation of writers and artists sought to represent the (im)possible worlds under which their people lived and worlds they might imagine—not in order to provide one static meaning but rather to generate what I would like to propose as *interrogative meanings*. In Atkinson's work, surreal depictions are written, painted, and drawn over colonial tropes, texts, and representations. The artists artfully blurs the lines between the real and unreal—and times past, present, and future—thus discursively disturbing colonial order and assumptions and the hierarchies of its academies. As a queer visual archive, his art can serve as one reservoir of such ongoing questioning and probing toward new worlds.

The lines in this portfolio are purposefully blurred and unstable, providing a number of openings through which viewers can read the visual and textual narratives that Atkinson creates. In so doing, he disturbs the convention of reading. Meanings seem up for grabs, or at least seem meant mostly to provoke still more questions or complex assemblages of meaning. By figure 9, Tobias Boz has "gone native." In the image, five sets of masculine legs cross and mingle under a single dawg vestment, and the crossed-out notes in the subsequent figure expresses his joy: "I am alive now! Living! Living amongst the fields and trees! No longer inside where there was only desire." The pack apparently greeted and examined Boz thoroughly before initiating him. Again, here he refers to his own "ugliness" that the vestment would efface. As the viewer attempts to read the crossed-out handwriting—blocked by a close-up photograph of a disheveled *guayabera*-wearing human torso embracing a white dawg vestment—one is left with a staccato scene of sexual climax: "shivering . . . movement . . . . held . . . . all there . . . . shamelessly watching . . . ." Tobias ends with an admission: " I want this wildness inside me always, to penetrate my every pore." It is, therefore, not only an outer transformation—effacing ugliness with new vestments and, in a way, "coming out" into a community of dawgs. More deeply, Boz reports that the "corruption" he feels from this experience with Pocket is now "lodging" within his body "for ever and ever." At the end of the notebook page, the Malinowski-in-training explicitly spells out his now resolved fieldwork angst-as-desire: "If I am to know them I am going to have to fuck them all." The next page shows a more rapacious looking dawg, clad in shorts under a gold vestment and oddly reaching out with a human arm to grab the ass of a bent-over pink dawg. The two stand above a sort of rainbow.

The discipline of anthropology is clearly implicated in colonial order assumptions and scholarly hierarchies. Although since the 1980s anthropology has mostly disavowed its pretension to "objectivity" and positivism, these haunting remain. Moreover, much of the work of anthropology of the Caribbean, and larger social science projects of redress and revindication, has insisted on "data" and strict adherence to received standards of "rigor," to combat racist or otherwise jaundiced representations of "the other." Instead of questioning the terms of this order, and their prescribed "slot," early social scientists of the Caribbean took up the charge to explain precisely how Caribbean societies did or did not fit those expectations that Michel-Rolph Trouillot later incisively named "North Atlantic universals." We know, of course, that North Atlantic universals "are not merely descriptive or referential." Trouillot explains that "they do not describe the world; they offer visions of the world." While "evocative of multiple layers" and "tied to [a] localized history," they nevertheless "deny their localization . . . from which they spring." A proliferation of universals prescribe, in Trouillot's language and Édouard Glissant's description of the "project" of the West, everything good and just, but they also proscribe, of course, other ways, "disguise[ing] and miscontru[ing]

the many Others that [they] creat[e]."[13] For example, instead of critically challenging the assumptions, too often scholars capitulated to "North Atlantic universals." They composed, for example a dreaded *mother who fathers*, and, narrated masculine failure for men who cannot become proper capital-holding patriarchs because everyone, including and especially black women, block their access to true masculine mastery, leaving behind men who are "feminized," that is, already penetrated by capital.

In this portfolio, Ewan Atkinson takes up the work of exposing North Atlantic universals and various ways the codes of a particular place can be imposed then taken on in others as universal common sense. Now inscribed in Tobias Boz's "anthrozoological" research project, Pocket begins sending dawgs to Boz to be photographed and measured for the study. By figures 13 through 16, the notebook shows more up-close detail and data than in previous note pages. Is that not always the way? It takes time to develop "fieldwork rapport," after all. Still obsessed, Boz longs to be one of them. Knowing that he is an outsider, he allows: "Already they laugh at me." Finally, after Pocket's tragic vehicular murder—depicted in figure 18 but foreshadowed in an excerpt from the elder Dr. Boz's notes in figure 17—figure 19 reveals that the elder Dr. Boz's love/obsession for Pocket was not unrequited. In the corpse's pocket (revealing, perhaps, the provenance of this anonymizing pseudonym) is a photograph of Dr. Boz, the father, wearing a safari suit and boots and standing in a field of young sugarcane. The snapshot is head-and-shoulder-less. One might say the subject is standing imperiously, gesturing with his hands on the hips of his khaki jacket, weight shifted to his right, since this pose is already prescripted, or rather figured in advance of this pictorial narration: master, surveying. This could have been a fitting end to the notebook, neatly returning the viewer to the cane field where they began this journey. Atkinson chooses, however, to end with two more journal entries, featuring Pickthank and written in code illegible without use of the *tabula recta* in figure 9.

Has the research proffered a new, more willing and less docile dawg for Boz—one who is literally a pickthank, or syncophant? Might Atkinson have named him Caliban?

Queer (and) Caribbean

"The vital thing is to re-establish a personal, fresh, compelling, magical contact with things," claims Aimé Césaire. "The revolution will be social and poetic or will not be."[14] Scholars of the anglophone Caribbean have long been concerned with gender—qua "the family"—as a problematic element in the project of constituting a modern and developed nation. The emergence of the study of black masculinity in the Caribbean in the 1990s was borne from an understanding of a black male crisis and "black masculinity marginalization." The severity of the crisis, in the Caribbean and elsewhere, was obviated by statistics of low educational achievement and high incidence of sexual and domestic violence, and incarceration. It became fashionable in the 1980s and 1990s to uncritically accept various iterations of essentialist thought that find black men fundamentally disabled perpetrators of violence. Typically, these studies focus on black males as vectors of one or another pathology, including violence and HIV/AIDS most prominently, while others foreground "decency" and illuminate various forms of (alternative) respectability. Linden Lewis later refuted a number of the bases of this work, thereby pushing the study of black masculinities in the Caribbean significantly forward. Lewis asserted that Errol Miller and others had made the error of generalizing black masculine marginality "as a general process of struggle rather than a specific struggle" (of would-be black hetero-patriarchs against actual white patriarchs).[15] Still, some good Trouillot students echo his critical insight vis-à-vis the hidden localization of North Atlantic universals while remaining steadfast to something called cultural tradition, with respect to same-sex attraction and gender multiplicity.

Queer (studies) on its own (that is, outside of the reworking it continues to undergo in the hands of critical race, decolonial, indigenous, and disability theorists in the arts and activism as well as in academe) may never do what some defenders claim it was meant to do: include a more capacious co-articulation of a number of embodied and embodying categories of normativity, like nationality, gender, region, class, and ability, as well as sexuality. Still, despite often important critiques of its provenance and the ways it can be used as no more than an inaccurate or sloppy shorthand, queer thinking and queer seeing (still) uniquely facilitates pushing past normative assumptions of "sexuality." While emerging from a very particular place and time, the use of *queer* in scholarly work does not only describe a sense of the nonnormative status of men and women who identify with or are identified as homosexual or those whose gender self-identification is not resonant with the sex as-

signed to them at birth. Atkinson makes the category interrogative, and he troubles our vision with images and variations on his themes over time. Are we watching a serialized cartoon? Grappling with an erudite critique of anthropology? Viewing another comment on miscegenation, colonialism, tourism, or sexual freedom? Yes, and no—all of the above and none of it.

So, is queer Caribbean visuality therefore a method? Or is it an idea that carries on the important work begun by Caribbean feminists, that of creating counternarratives of antiromance to contest North Atlantic universals and to oppose discursively violent just-so stories of smooth and unproblematic heterosexual coupling and reproduction and smooth simplistic narratives of transition (from precolonial to colonial, to nationalist movement to nation-state) as if this is "natural" fait accompli? The synthetic force of feminisms and queer theory provides a more precise understanding of the mutually constituting and interpenetrating social fields of race/color, sexuality, and class on which masculinity is made, unmade, and perhaps also undermined, but the fanciful imagination of the artist has given us new grammars and queer new horizons of possibility to imagine. Atkinson, without referring directly to any of this academic work, and in concert with Wynter's warning against counternarratives that merely counter, turns our ambit posthuman and postsocial science. Analyzing, as if charged by Trouillot, "the relation between the geography of management and the geography of imagination," Atkinson's visual critique further pushes social science interventions through engagement with an imaginative realm in which *men are dogs*, literally.[16]

Endnotes

1 Suzanne Césaire, “Misére d’une poésie: John Antoine-Nau,” *Tropiques*, no. 4 (January 1942): 50.

2 Aimé Césaire, “Calling the Magician: A Few Words for a Caribbean Civilization” (1944), in Michael Richardson, ed., *Refusal of the Shadow: Surrealism and the Caribbean*, trans. Krzysztof Fijałkowski and Michael Richardson (London: Verso, 1996), 119. The quote used as an epigraph is on 122.

3 Sylvia Wynter, “Ethno or Socio Poetics,” *Alcheringa: Ethnopoetics* 2, no. 2 (1976): 78.

4 Sylvia Wynter, “Re-thinking ‘Aesthetics’: Notes towards a Deciphering Practice,” in M. Cham, ed., *Ex-Iles: Essays on Caribbean Cinema* (Trenton, NJ: Africa World, 1992), 266, 267.

5 Ibid., 265, 268.

6 Ewan Atkinson, introduction to *Select Pages from the Fieldnotes of Dr. Tobias Boz, Anthropologist*, n.d.; multimedia on paper. See www.theneighbourhoodproject.com/the-fieldnotes-of-dr-tobias-boz.

7 Christopher Cozier, “Notes on Wrestling with the Image,” in Christopher Cozier and Tatiana Flores, eds., *Wrestling with the Image: Caribbean Interventions*, exhibition catalogue (Washington DC: World Bank, 2011), 11, 15.

8 For instance, Paule Marshall’s 1969 *The Chosen Place, the Timeless People*.

9 Aimé Césaire, “Calling the Magician,” 119–20.

10 See Achille Mbembe, “The Power of the Archive and Its Limits,” trans. Judith Inggs, in Carolyn Hamilton et al., eds., *Refiguring the Archive* (Dordrecht: Kluwer Academic, 2002), 19–27.

11 John Jackson

12 Michael Taussig, *I Swear I Saw This: Drawings in Fieldwork Notebooks, Namely, My Own* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 2011), xi, 2, 7. Taussig quotes Walter Benjamin, “Surrealism: The Last Snapshot of the European Intelligentsia,” in *Refelctions*, ed. Peter Demetz (New York: Schocken, 1978), 178–79.

13 Michel-Rolph Trouillot, “The Otherwise Modern: Caribbean Lessons from the Savage Slot,” in Bruce M. Knauft, ed., *Critically Modern: Alternatives, Alterities, Anthropologies* (Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 2002), 221. “The West is not in the West. It is a project, not a place.” Édouard Glissant, *Caribbean Discourse: Selected Essays*, trans. J. Michael Dash (Charlottesville: University Press of Virginia, 1999), 2n1.

14 Aimé Césaire, “Calling the Magician,” 121.

15 Linden Lewis, “Nationalism and Caribbean Masculinity,” in Tamar mayer, ed., *Gender Ironies of Nationalism: Sexing and Nation* (London: Routledge, 2002), 262.

16 Trouillot, “The Otherwise Modern,” 234.