# *INTRODUCTION*

## Introducing a Quiet Period

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In the last week of February 1900, revelers in Trinidad's capital, Port of Spain, embodied the postures of General Piet Cronjé and his Boer troops surrendering to British forces in southern Africa's Orange Free State, for that season's Carnival masquerade. Standing in formation on the Savannah on Pretoria Day later that year, Trinidadians in Port of Spain joined others in the colony and across the globe in saluting British victories in southern Africa. "In the reign of Victoria / We marched on Pretoria." This *we* in the Trinidadian calypsonian Duke of Marlborough's tribute to the victory is the sort of anglophile sentiment that might explain why this era of anglophone Caribbean history sounds disconcerting to later generations, or at any rate uncomplicated in its imperial loyalty. The cultural production of this pre-1930s period earns the ignominy of retrospective dismissal when later writers claim that they are the first to be other than embarrassingly mimetic.[1] In this sense turn-of-the-century anglophone Caribbean time seems nondescript, out of joint. It is *too late*, after insurgent acts making slavery unsustainable led to the 1833 Emancipation Act, and after postabolition *hataclaps* such as the state's murder of hundreds of protesters in Morant Bay, St. Thomas, Jamaica in late 1865, and of religious celebrants near San Fernando, Trinidad in late 1884.[2] *Too soon*, before discourses that tend to be claimed for early nationalism such as Trinidad's Beacon period of the 1920s and 1930s, and the labor strikes and demonstrations that swept through the region in the late 1930s. And generally too proud of its imperial identity to be included in lineages of resistance or of the nation-to-come. But what if we do not think of this period of anglophone Caribbean life in terms of mimicry or belatedness, of anticipating or refusing

nationalism or a nation (a future that we know is down the road), but instead as sizing up alliances at a moment when every Caribbean territory, whether sovereign such as Haiti, or part of the Spanish, French, British, Dutch, or Danish empires, is keenly aware of being wedged between some European imperial project and increasingly also US imperial inclinations? Genealogies of the anglophone Caribbean should attend to this era's own sense of its ability to frame its past and its future and listen keenly to its "distinctive debate about modernity."[3]

*Strolling in the Ruins* focuses on two British Caribbean territories in the last years of the nineteenth century and the beginning of the twentieth: a "quiet period" that "remains understudied" in the British Caribbean.[4] If *quiet* runs against the grain of resistance and other concepts that we have come to value, what happens when we cannot prove resistance without a doubt; when resistance seems less interesting as a goal or disposition than other aspects of a spectacular event; or when, without other kinds of legibility, all we have is quiet?[5] In this "quiet period," what might the obscure or nondescript give us? Quiet is also violent routinization, as in the "intensity" of "many, many small cases" through which "the weight of the law is most intensely felt," when police and magistrates wield the power that most working-class people experience from the judicial system.[6] This is an intensity that suggests the *hum* of law and a building up (by wearing down) of the capacity to endure its violence; a *humdrum* that is repetitive, unrelenting, probably unremarked. Hum is also a "modality of quiet," an "undervalued lower range of quotidian audibility" that enlists us to attend to its very banality.[7]

Most of this book's *action*, such as it is, occurs on the cusp of events that could be said to mark time more productively, including a period identified with a "global imaginary of Caribbean intellectuals in the US," the beginning of the first World War in 1914, and Haiti's occupation by US Marines in 1915.[8] For Caribbean subjects in Trinidad and Jamaica confronting and shaping their discursive milieux at the convergence of multiple temporalities and geographies, what do sovereignty and freedom mean at this particular nodal point of empire? European interests across the Caribbean concede and contest US supremacy while continuing a pivot to Africa, Asia, and the Pacific intensified from the mid-nineteenth century. The United States stabilizes its interests in the region in the wake of the Spanish American War, which allows it to open the new century with considerable political, military, and economic power in Cuba, Puerto Rico, Guam, the Philippines, and Hawai'i. For the United



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States, this growth follows decades of internal colonization of First Nation and Mexican communities and land, the codification of citizenship as coterminous with whiteness, an exponential increase of public lynchings, and legal enactments of exclusion and segregation including *Plessy v. Ferguson* (1896). At this time, the United States looks ahead to the military occupation of Haiti and the Dominican Republic and the purchase of the Danish Virgin Islands in the next decade.

As I track these imperial maneuvers in the context of the massive and consequential movement of Caribbean people to the Panama Canal zone, Costa Rica, the United States, and other locations, I pay even more attention to what it means to move back and forth, and often on foot, between two colonies' rural environs and their respective capitals, Port of Spain and Kingston. In these cities "peopled mainly by single women," streets, markets, and botanical gardens are charged sites of encounters between jamettes, queens, nightwomen, and new women, and the men who are so unnerved by them that their texts are a powerful expression of the energies and anxieties of this historical moment.[9] As nonwhite and nonelite people attempt to take advantage of new opportunities for accumulation and mobility in this moment, or at least try to secure relief from oppressive regimes of labor and surveillance, and as white, near-white, and nonwhite élites strive to retain moral and economic dominance, in part by mocking others as social upstarts, someone must bear the brunt of this mockery or learn to deflect it onto others. These are processes of destabilization and reinvention that mark a particular *conjuncture*: "a period during which the different social, political, economic, and ideological contradictions that are at work in society come together to give it a specific and distinctive shape"; "the set of material conditions within which one is compelled to think and to act."[10]

Migration is the great feature of anglophone Caribbean life in the later nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, as travelers from these territories and from Haiti, the francophone Caribbean, the Indian subcontinent, China, and West Africa, entering or leaving the Caribbean, fan out across the region as well as Central, South, and North America to work—sometimes also attempting to return, with supplemented families and capital, to the territories they left. Centering British Caribbean people and their journeys in this period, Lara Putnam refers to "all the lands that migrants . . . made part of the British Caribbean world," syntactically attributing a transformative cartographic and agential power to travelers who, compelled to leave hard times in one territory,



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often find themselves fueling antiforeigner nationalism in the territories that they helped to make prosperous.[11] Noting an almost exact temporal overlap of two patterns of migration in particular—1838–1917 for Asian indentured labor into the Caribbean, and the 1850s to 1920s for Caribbean migrants to Panama—the collaborators of the digital humanities project "Panama Silver, Asian Gold: Migration, Money, and the Birth of Modern Caribbean Literature" point out that it was the accumulation of these two groups of laborers that helped to fund the education and the social mobility of the intellectuals identified with the nationalist struggles and cultural production of the 1940s and 1950s, including the Windrush generation of writers, even as the mobility and accumulation of these laborers would be repudiated as crass.[12]

Before the phalanx of social scientists and reformers peering into barracks and tenement yards and bedrooms in order to speak with authority about the intimacies of working-class Afro- and Indo-Caribbean people, a period that we associate with the 1920s–50s, Kodak-wielding tourists emboldened by US triumph in the Spanish American war, or religious leaders and newspaper editors debating the effects of unmarried parenthood train their eyes on people who are returning from cutting cane and chopping lumber and building canals and fighting others' wars elsewhere, and also on people who have not left the region at all. *Strolling in the Ruins* is as interested in discerning their response to being the object of this surveillance, as it is in their own participation in the consumption of racist media coverage of, say, events in southern Africa in 1900.

If the Caribbean offers a unique vantage point from which to reconsider itineraries that have tended to define and overshadow the early twentieth century, including modernist ones that consign the region to an aesthetic periphery, or nationalist ones which privilege particular events or dispositions, then seeing "the anglophone Caribbean [as] . . . a shadowy presence and bridge between the British metropolis and the US global superpower," presses us to reimagine both this historical moment and our relationship to it.[13] A bridge affords a vantage point from which to consider the adjacency of two imperial powers, while a "shadowy presence" suggests the immaterial, the inconsequential, or the ghostly. Neither roiled by political clamor for change like its hispanophone and Haitian neighbors, nor apparently desirous of being so, the anglophone Caribbean can barely be discerned in relation to its noisy neighbors nor in relation to its own noisier pasts and futures. So-called riotous events in Montego Bay, Jamaica in April 1902,



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and the March 23, 1903 Water Riot in Port of Spain are significant, but they feel relatively minor compared to political upheaval elsewhere, an impression intensified by the trek of political exiles from the nineteenth century and continuing into the new century, from Venezuela to Trinidad, and from Cuba and Haiti to Jamaica.[14] Depending on the commentator, this means that the British Caribbean is stable and level headed, or that it is stifled: *Strolling in the Ruins* asks what is breathing quietly, or seething, beneath nonrevolutionary "stability" and "order."

Caribbean people avidly watch the flexing of British imperial muscles at this turn-of-the-century moment. On the African continent alone they are following news about southern Africa, as we have seen, as well as the Gold Coast, where British forces contend with French and German troops for gold, cocoa, and rubber, under the rubric of bringing stability to the region and ending slave trading and human sacrifice; and news about the Ovonramwen, the Oba of Benin, forced to cede his sovereign power to the British during the so-called Punitive Expedition in 1897, as bronzes from his royal court are carted off to a future in European and North American museums. Some Caribbean people also cheer on family members and neighbors—those West Indian soldiers who, serving in the West India Regiment as part of the British army, help quell the *insurgency* of what is reported in the papers as Ashanti or Anglo-Ashanti *expeditions* and establish a British protectorate. Watching one Ashanti sovereign after another exiled to the Seychelles for objecting to the levying of tributes or to the attempt by British military figures to sit on the Golden Stool, the royal throne of the Ashanti, Caribbean people sometimes have firsthand knowledge of the fate of sovereign powers who challenged European claims to their land and commodities. King Ja Ja of the West African state of Opobo was punished for trading in palm oil on his own terms with exile to St. Vincent in the 1880s; and the French military authorities exiled King Béhanzin of Dahomey to Fort de France, Martinique, in 1894.

His title starkly setting out the available alternatives for the British Caribbean, Louis Meikle, a Jamaican-born and US-trained doctor living in Trinidad, published *Confederation of the British West Indies Versus Annexation to the United States of America: A Political Discourse on the West Indies* in 1912. Meikle directed his attention to the racial consequences of US annexation for people who were not, as he put it, "White! White!! White!!!"[15] As the United States inherits military, economic, and political dominance from Spain and other empires, in the Caribbean and elsewhere, and in the latest phase of its



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own long-standing relationship to the Caribbean, we are interested in how this involvement can be made legible when, unlike its own internal continental expansion, or unlike Europe, the United States eschews formal settlement. Performing nonmonarchical imperial governance, its directives not necessarily made by *Congress* or *the president* or *the republic*, US power asserts itself in the wake of older orders of conquest and enslavement, including on its own soil. This is demonstrated when US magnate Andrew Carnegie suggests that the United States ought to exchange the recently acquired Philippines for the British Caribbean and Bermuda.[16] It is evident in the social power of estate managers, hotels, railway stations, and ships connected to the United Fruit Company in towns with banana cultivation across Central America and the Caribbean, as well as in offshore naval squadrons performing friendly maneuvers.[17] Moreover, European imperial assertions have to be understood as shifting in reaction to the more insistent presence of the United States. How does power issuing from a monarchy measure up against power without this? We are tracking, then, "how sovereignty *feels*" in this era: how do Caribbean people and territories incite or inspire, as well as manage and endure this multifaceted imperial posturing?[18]

### *The Vocabulary of Sovereignty*

One way of making sense of the Duke of Marlborough's *we* ("In the reign of Victoria / We marched on Pretoria") is that imperial power provides the vocabulary through which people in the region imagine power or freedom. To choose the moniker "Duke," as George Jamesie Adilla does, is to identify his public persona as a calypsonian with a meaningful sign of imperial power. When I hear "Lord Kitchener" today I do not think of the British military figure, Horace Herbert Kitchener, who assumed command of the British forces in southern Africa in late 1900, after leading Egyptian and British forces in the defeat of the Khalifa and the Mahdist state encompassing Khartoum-Sudan. I think of the beloved calypsonian Aldwyn Roberts who used that sobriquet, and who dominated the Trinidad Carnival scene from the 1950s: surely a sign of nationalist or postcolonial triumph (the "right" Kitchener gained posterity in the end), but the very choice of the name attests to its considerable symbolic power. Though Horace Kitchener was identified with terrible human devastation in both military campaigns—thousands of Sudanese died, including civilians, and the treatment of Boer prisoners both in the British concentra-



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tion camps and on the battlefield earned him negative press (press which did not bemoan the nonwhite constituencies whose lives and land were being upended)—this devastation did not, for many around the world, diminish the idea of British imperial power as essentially moral.

In this period of major regal transfers in the British context (Queen Victoria's reign of sixty-four years ended with her death in 1901, and when her successor and eldest son, Edward VII, died on the throne in 1910, he was succeeded by his son George V), we will have many occasions to see how fictional characters and their creators take the power of their status as British colonial subjects as a given. The interest in royalty who are other than European or white (interest that I read as parallel or entangled, rather than necessarily oppositional or contradictory) also suggests how the *office*, the position of authority and its attendant power, fascinates. "There is no black princess in Trinidad," a newspaper in that colony declared in 1909, disputing information published in a Barbadian paper: "To say the least it is vulgar to have a horde of the great unwashed running behind her carriage shouting 'de princess' as she drives about, or to have them actually peering at her, at very close quarters, when she pays a visit. . . . She is an Algerian lady of color who carries no title whatsoever."[19] What appealed to this Trinidadian crowd about this visitor, why did the newspaper's tone appear to be one of irritation or even outrage (rather than neutrality), and was the term "black princess" the newspaper's, in the process of negating this fact, or the crowd's?

To their consternation, eighteenth- and nineteenth-century Caribbean slaveholders and colonial authorities had found themselves contending with strong notions of African sovereignty expressed in terms of royalty. In spiritual traditions such as *Kumina*, ritual specialists and queens presided over *nation* business, crossing various phases, and dimensions of the human and spirit world.[20] In Cuban *cabildos* and Trinidad *convois*, organizations of enslaved people and free people of color appointed kings and queens surreptitiously or in plain sight.[21] In Antigua in 1736, preparations by the Leeward Islands élite for an annual ball to commemorate King George II's 1727 coronation were interrupted by the uncovering of a plot by enslaved people to kill all the whites, and "they intirely to possess the island."[22] One of the leaders of the thwarted plot, Court-Tackey, had been "crowned King of the Coromantees" about two weeks earlier, with two thousand enslaved people in attendance, in an elaborate Akan ceremony understood to be a sovereign's declaration of imminent military exercises and a call to prepare for war. We could say



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that even as they attached different readings of the past and future to their present moment, the timing of their plan to coincide with the celebration of the anniversary of a British sovereign's coronation meant that they also acknowledged and exploited the importance of the way that the colonial state marked time. Gendering the assignment of regal titles in the planning of insurgencies such as the Ladder Conspiracy in 1840s Cuba, Aisha Finch notes that whether women were themselves organizers or facilitated access to strategic points of entry because of their proximity to the domestic quarters of slaveholding families, it was their perceived ties to male organizers that appeared to shape the granting of the designation "queen" or "second queen," however extensive or limited their involvement.[23]

One inspiring and troubling assertion of sovereignty was the transformation of Haitian president Henri Christophe into King Henri I, and of Haiti into a kingdom, with days of festivities to mark the June 1811 coronation of King Henri and Queen Marie-Louise. A few months later when, in Cuba, the artisan and military veteran José Antonio Aponte was tried as the leader of a conspiracy to overthrow the government and slavery in that Spanish colony, his familiarity with King Henri Christophe's coronation and with Haiti's willingness to assist its enslaved territorial neighbors; his artistic renderings of the Vatican with black priests and cardinals, and of the fifteenth-century king and kingdom of Ethiopia enjoying diplomatic popularity in Rome and throughout Europe all proved incriminating.[24] Haiti's sovereign maneuvers terrified its neighbors in the region and around the world, and attempts to rehearse the republic's emancipatory gestures on plantations across the region inspired harsh retaliation, as well as scorn for King Christophe and his court.[25]

In the early twentieth century, at least two territories offered immediate examples of formidable non-European sovereign power, when Emporer Menelik II of Ethiopia/Abyssinia led his troops in the routing of Italian forces in the Battle of Adwa in 1896, and when Japan defeated Russia in the Russo-Japanese War of 1904–5. Newspaper accounts of negotiations with Emperor Menelik as the British pursued military strategies in Khartoum and Egypt, or about the féting of Prince Fushimi in the US White House and at the St. Louis World's Fair in Missouri, may have conveyed a sense of non-Western imperial power that the US and European powers either respected or had no choice but to engage.[26] Such reports may have expanded an idea of imperial power as more than the white-dominant civilizational cast that was often its presumed register (though it will be clear that this book never concedes a displacement of British imperial power but rather tries to understand



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how Caribbean people contended complexly with its material and symbolic weight). Certainly Abyssinia's victory had powerful reverberations for global Black diasporic visions of freedom, and it fulfilled a biblical prophecy that Ethiopia would "soon stretch out her hands unto God."[27]

While an "Algerian lady" found herself designated "black princess" by a Trinidad crowd, Prince Ludwig Menelik presented himself to the Berlin public as the nephew of Abyssinia's Emperor Menelik in 1907, three years after appearing throughout Jamaica and in Bristol, England as Royal Prince Thomas Mackarooroo, "second heir to the throne of Ceylon."[28] A member of what Robert Hill has designated *Aethiopis vagantes*, "a group of wandering "'Ethiopians,' consisting largely of West Indians, who, along with a smattering of African Americans and continental Africans, traversed the Atlantic world promoting their special 'Ethiopian' lineage and pedigree," he was the kind of figure about whom Marcus Garvey cautioned his followers decades later: "Keep a close eye on African princes, African chiefs, princesses and all such fake personalities."[29] Prince Ludwig likely undermined both the dignity of the Abyssinian royal court and global Black discourses of uplift and respectability, and we could think of "Mackarooroo" as a caricature, its strung-together syllables an indication of the ease with which the demand for *Anywhere, Africa-or-Asia* could be satisfied by African-descended people in the Americas—what Simon Gikandi has discussed in terms of a perverse preference for a familiar primitivism.[30] Claiming kinship with Ceylon as well as Abyssinia is a nod to some specific contemporaneous inspiration that I have so far failed to notice, or perhaps to the popularity of *The Cingalee or Sunny Ceylon*, a play performed on London, Broadway, and Kingston stages throughout 1904, its all-white cast of characters of Cingalese belles and nobility, and European administrators and governesses, possibly giving Prince Ludwig resources for performances of parallel sovereignty, even as the play normalized the violence of British management of tea plantations and the annexation of the Kandy.[31]

At the same time Prince Ludwig also demonstrated that the Abyssinian king was as susceptible to imposture as any other royalty; that there were multiple and complex ways to pay tribute to the power of the Abyssinian throne at a moment when the African continent was being thoroughly reimagined on Europe's terms; that Abyssinian royalty was a powerful counterweight to, even if not necessarily always a repudiation of, European imperial power; and that Abyssinian sovereign power elicited global desires for kinship whether, as here, with a claim to be a nephew, or, within a few decades, as beloved



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and long-anticipated Messiah. Steeped as we are in discourses of Rastafari that have challenged the political and theological underpinnings of British colonial rule from at least the 1940s to the present, the incident reminds us that diasporic inclinations are sometimes refracted through empire, or at any rate under its auspices—that the diasporic and the imperial, far from being mutually exclusive spheres, are better understood relationally, as not only thwarting and displacing but also shaping or enlivening each other.

Whether disrespectful returnee, unrepentant hustler, or visionary seeking to show that unfairly taxed colonial subjects in the Caribbean were Emperor Menelik's rightful heirs, Prince Ludwig was cast as *bogus* and *fake*, and we could interpret this at least partly to a tradition of ridiculing and sometimes punishing transatlantic Black speech and attire as excessive, since the prevailing vocabulary (not to mention violent military and legal force) of imperial power being worked out globally by European states and the United States could not be other than inappropriate when utilized by those perceived as innately subordinate. In this decade before the House of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha became the House of Windsor, assumptions of authority, wealth, and access that were not embodied in and endorsed by white personhood and institutions reeked especially of impostorship. Minstrel shows performed on stages across the Caribbean and North America, and caricatures and anecdotes published in leading periodicals and broadsides all circulated and codified particular readings of the nonwhite body. *Strolling in the Ruins* looks closely at the authorities' often punitive exercise of surveillance of those presumed to be exceeding their allotted social roles, but also pays particular attention to the bystanders (offenders-in-waiting, in the logic of the state) of the same class as the presumed impostor. Whether neighbors, police informants, or oglers in court, we want to presume their ability to discern multiple levels of signification in these figures transformed by arrest or salacious newspaper reports into spectacular performers, even as they understand that the spectacle being made out of their peers is meant to elicit their own submissiveness. We want to attend to the capacity of performer and bystander to turn such occasions into "intellectual sites of inquiry," to see each performance as both test and warning.[32] We are on the lookout for performers who, whether quietly, or in the expansive gestures and itineraries of Carnival revelers or *Aethiopis vagantes*, rehearse loyalty to all kinds of sovereigns, and to their own sense of personal sovereignty, employing their bodies (or being read by others) as "canvasses of dissent" or as acquiescent.[33]



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*Postcards from the Present*

I have come to the anglophone Caribbean's "quiet" early twentieth century with inclinations located at the intersection of Caribbean, feminist, Black diasporic, and postcolonial studies; and steeped in the nationalist agendas and timelines that have designated the cultural production of figures based in the Caribbean, Europe, North America, Asia, and Africa from the 1950s through the end of the twentieth century as the ideal expression of freedom struggles, civil rights projects, and independence movements. From our contemporary moment marked by exhaustion and cynicism regarding questions of power and sovereignty, but also by buoyancy and resilience in popular, quotidian, and activist arenas, it is tempting to think that there are lineages of struggle and terror, as well as postures of endurance, that might show how people have always lived with apparent setbacks. When has this happened before, and what can we learn from it? This is what the early twentieth century stands to teach us.

Yarimar Bonilla has proposed that Caribbean people share "non-sovereign" status with one another, whether their individual territories have remained colonies, sponsored successful revolutions, experienced flag independence, or they are departments and commonwealths.[34] If this has always been true, and if this book probes one moment's clear-sightedness about and negotiation of this realization, then I take from Bonilla's need to state it, an uneven sense across the region of the long-standing truth of this condition. No doubt I am prepared to hear Bonilla's insights because of my own post-post-independence disillusionment in the anglophone Caribbean context, though this does not of course mean that everyone registers our present this way. Disillusionment implies an expectation that things would have gone another way, and it also offers a chance to understand the past differently, or to reimagine the future. Centering Caribbean women and girls, and queer Asian migrants, respectively, Donette Francis and David Eng problematize the kind of narration of emancipation, independence, and liberalism that excludes those who "had already experienced the failure of colonial and independent nation-states to deliver happy endings" or who "remain subjects in waiting."[35]

The last few years have brought constant reminders of both the region's complex non-sovereign contexts and the suturing and severing of pasts to and from the ongoing present. When the Jamaican armed forces cracked down brutally on a western Kingston community for its support of Christopher



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Dudus Coke in 2010—support expressed in divine and regal terms—they were punishing but also making more visible a figure whose business interests and patronage equaled and even transcended that of the government and the state. Extending across the United States as well as deep inside the city's neighborhoods, Coke's influence represented a parallel sovereignty, even as his extradition to the United States and subsequent incarceration rehearsed Caribbean sovereignty's limits.[36]

Reports about the treatment of Windrush-era migrants to the United Kingdom ("freely landed" travelers who became presumptive British citizens) were striking to me in the context of the continuing revelations of historians who are "following the money," as they trace the court claims of British citizens who sought part of the twenty million pounds in compensation granted to slaveholders for the loss of their human property when slavery was abolished in the British Caribbean in 1833.[37] In the 2020 summer of corporate apologies for antiblackness, the compound interest and other instruments of accumulation that continue to activate the wealth from enslavement and the postemancipation period were missing from the calculated phrasing ("the indefensible wrongdoing that occurred during this period," "it is inexcusable that one of our founders profited from slavery") that insists that the past came to an end in the past.[38] Catherine Hall, Nicholas Draper, and Keith McClelland remind us of the "invisibility" of slave-ownership in British history: "It has been elided by strategies of euphemism and evasion originally adopted by the slave-owners themselves and subsequently introduced widely in British culture."[39] In the turn-of-the-century period covered by this book, Britons (in sleights of hand that we will note for other constituencies as well), who "never shall be slaves," owned and managed slaves, magnanimously "emancipated" them, and continued to profit from the legacies of enslavement.

The right to claim a range of sexual and gender identities in the region, sometimes terrifying and heartening on the same day in its consequences, is often met with popularly endorsed appeals to colonial law to enforce heterosexuality and gender conformity. The so-called cross-dressing law, Section 153 (1) (xlvii) of the Summary Jurisdiction (Offences) Act of 1893, deeming it illegal for anyone "being a man, in any public way or public place, for any improper purpose, [to] appear in female attire; or being a woman, in any public way or public place, for any improper purpose, [to] appear in male attire," and which allowed Guyanese authorities to charge a group of gender-nonconforming persons with being wrongly attired in female



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clothing in 2009, was struck down on November 13, 2018.[40] Appeals to colonial law in postcolonial time, enforced by the keen, quotidian scrutiny of armed forces who suss out purported mannish women and effeminate men, came to seem eerily familiar to me as I watched Caribbean people in early twentieth-century newspapers, novels, and poetry whose sartorial choices, movements, and congress with intimate partners of another race, or with nighttime visitors in their bedrooms on their employers' property, rendered them out of place and subject to both the weight of the law, enforced by police, and the disapproving scrutiny of their neighbors. Thus the nonheterosexual and gender-nonconforming expressions that are currently the default assumption of what constitutes sexual transgressions, and that incur ongoing and violent scrutiny by the state and its citizens, are continuous and entangled with the violations that were assumed to deserve such scrutiny in the past.[41]

My twenty-first-century present is also marked by cynicism and despair about two 1960s projects charged (perhaps burdened) with expectations of political and social freedom: the political independence of some anglophone Caribbean territories in the wake of decolonization across Africa and Asia, on the one hand, and the US Civil Rights Act of 1964, on the other; but also the radical projects (including Black Power movements in the Caribbean and the United States, and the Cuban and Grenadian revolutions) that promised to counter the liberal constraints of those formal, legislated agendas. This disillusionment has been analyzed in the contexts of interrogating Caribbean governments' ramped-up scrutiny and punishment of citizens' sexual behavior to compensate for their economic and political paralysis, and reassessing who had been included in promises of freedom at the time of anglophone Caribbean independence;[42] and in reconsidering the assumption that African American leaders' involvement in the highest echelons of the wielding of US state violence by the early twenty-first century was a good and inevitable outcome of the civil rights movement.[43] Two commentators reflect on our present in terms of outlasting ruination: of "living *on* in the wake of past political time, amid the ruins, specifically, of postsocialist and postcolonial futures past," in the case of the Caribbean; and as a time, in the US context, that is "simultaneously postfree and not yet free," requiring a modality that "eschews the heroism of black pasts and the promise of liberated black futures in order to register and revere rapturous joy in the broken-down present."[44] What does this sense of having outlived the future allow us to see more clearly about the past, or about what we have taken for granted regarding its proper narration?



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Focused on forms of self-fashioning that allow Caribbean subjects at the turn of the twentieth century to feel that they can live to see another day, we have to keep in mind how our sense of time in the contemporary moment frames what sounds aesthetically or ideologically feasible in these historical texts. These texts are bound to disappoint, though hopefully productively.[45] The stilted prose, forged letters, and misrecognized kin of some of the novels examined here feel melodramatic for an era that has come to be defined in terms of the emergence of modernist agnosticism and ironic detachment. The setting for some of the texts is the country estate that is the near-rural second home of cocoa planters, or that is the actual site of working sugar mills and cattle pens—striking, on the cusp of an era in which novelists join anthropologists and social workers in scrutinizing the intimate lives of young single women moving from a rural landscape to the yard/*yaad* of the city. It is also striking from a future in which the politically transformative act is to burn down the estate's great house or otherwise harm its owner or occupants, or at least to stroll through the ruins contemplating its demise.[46]

Drawing on Sylvia Wynter's foundational opposition between *plot* (as land and as literary form) and market-driven *plantation*, Curdella Forbes points out that undermining those who own and monitor land has now come to define a Caribbean ethos of what she calls "sly disobedience."[47] Squatting on Crown lands becomes part of an enduring struggle (between the perceived heirs of plantation owners, and others who either own much smaller units of land or who do not own land at all) over the public right to share space "at the nexus between Backra's plantation and family land, praedial larceny and reclamation, enemy territory to be 'captured' and territory that is mine—in other words, between Backra's plantation and plot-as-family-land/community-space."[48] This plantation-plot confrontation, at least in its *narration*, posits the great house–residing owners as aligned with local and external capitalist interests, as probably but not necessarily white and near-white, and as hostile to the interests of an Afro- and Indo-descended class identified with rural and urban nonelites. But what happens when nonwhite people lay claim to *plantation* instead of *plot* in this dyad? Perhaps it is only a coincidence that estate ownership is solidly white in Jamaican novels discussed here, and by contrast eastern Caribbean protagonists (who want to take their place in the great house as owners, and as part of the trajectory of proving their moral right to befriend, share power with, and inherit—or recover—the wealth of local



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and visiting white élites, and to do so utilizing the vindicating discourses of a global African-descended Talented Tenth) affirm their African descent no matter how physically white-appearing they may be.[49] Somehow the allure of the plantation-as-pastoral (bucolic, restorative, ameliorating) appears to transcend legacies of violence, and in such narratives we must attend to how strategies of "euphemism and evasion" noted by Hall, Draper, and McClellan are utilized not only in British "national" life, but on behalf of a range of social subjects within the Caribbean as well.

As batons are passed from one imperial robber baron to the other across the globe, we are mapping the narrative contortions of plotting African-descended owners who inherit patriarchal authority successfully from white Caribbean estate owners, and we are keeping an eye on the fictional characters whose aspirations fail to garner them a share in this reimagining. This is partly a question of the right to own land, or at least to tread freely on it, in this moment of massive uprooting and displacement and newly levied "poll" and "hut" taxes across the African continent, when US African Americans are violently dangled above the earth to reinforce their dispossession, and when visiting whites assured of a Caribbean that is populated by safely subordinated nonwhites and free of yellow fever, stroll around the region *armed* with cameras.[50]

Both the right to claim and share space and the right to suture the present to particular pasts and futures are shaped by long-standing perceptions of the Caribbean's inauspicious relationship to time and modernity, and by Caribbean peoples' recalibration of such perceptions. Whether "alternative," "divergent," or a "time-lag" according to some theorizations of modernities experienced simultaneously and differently, the Caribbean has long been positioned as not-quite-modern even as the region enabled the capital accumulation that was key to the "West's" modernity.[51] The same history of enslavement casts Caribbean people and their geographical location as eternally abject, never properly modern, even when (or perhaps *because*), as in the case of Haiti, this history includes the radical overthrow of both slavery and colonial rule. British Caribbean people struggle to reconcile multiple temporalities while recognizing that the history of being enslaved, as well as of having had slaves, taints the region in a way that it never seems to taint the British *at home*. Casting this period as an *interregnum* in an *English* context, a sort of undistinguished Edwardian pause before the explosion of the First World War, understates the momentous imperial accumulation so critical for familial and national inheritance.[52] How is Englishness, but also imperial



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power more generally, able to narrate itself as merely or even primarily "national," in this moment of tremendous, violent, and enriching involvement across the globe, and when and how do Caribbean and other imperial subjects make note of this?

Attending to the entanglement of affiliations, newly emergent and longstanding, in this moment, we see Caribbean people observing (but also *embodying*, as in the Carnival lyrics and postures to celebrate developments in Pretoria) European imperial powers' consolidation of the turn to direct rule in Africa and Asia over the course of the nineteenth century, as if moving on to greener pastures, while the United States moves in to the Caribbean to consolidate economic interests. Keeping British "strategies of euphemism and evasion" in mind we want to pay attention to the capacity of old money to narrate itself as ruined, as finished, or to claim wonderment when transported to new arenas of exploitation. Part of this historical period's experience of modernity is the discernment of plantation slavery and other older orders of exploitation (even if cast as belated) in the jingoism of the present of a new century: connecting estate time, for example, to the imperial warfront in southern Africa because British accumulation there is continuous with centuries of accumulation in the Americas. "Remembering the wrong things at a wrong moment" is Lisa Yoneyama's prescription for a productive "unsettling" and "unlearning," in her discussion of the "cold war ruins" of power in Asia and the Pacific—a mid-twentieth-century context for the United States' inheritance of power from Europe.[53] We want to see how the perception of an imperial turning away from or toward the Caribbean leaves unresolved questions—about estate accumulation, for example—in its wake.

How are Africa, the United States, and the Caribbean newly configured in relation to each other, in relation to these imperial arrangements? Placing contemporaneous novels from different global spaces in dialogue with each other, as in chapter 4, illustrates how fictional characters in the Caribbean, West Africa, and North America conceptualize time in relation to questions of inheritance, "traditions," and empire, but also suggests what can be made explicit and what is left unsaid.[54] The US-based novel, explicit in its critique of slavery's entanglement with imperialism, represents continental Africans as biding time for a US-based messiah. The West African novel discusses polygamy (a taboo subject for the US and Caribbean novels) as a viable cultural institution that is comparable rather than inferior to European contexts of intimacy and kinship, bearing out Rhonda Cobham-Sander's characterization of a "face-off" between two entities (Africa and Europe) with "established



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institutions through which to articulate the significance of commonly held beliefs and widely dispersed practices."[55] Somewhat similarly to the use of West African polygamy to assess and critique European morality, late nineteenth-century Indian nationalists conceded Europe's superiority in technological, scientific, and economic realms, seeking to transform "traditional culture" where applicable, but reserving *ghar*, an inner realm that was inaccessible and spiritually superior to the worldly, European-dominated domain of *b¯ahir*: a way to make peace with the colonizing power while preserving an untouchable, inner sanctum, even as it idealized a sphere of confining protection for élite women.[56] That is to say, middle-class Indian intellectuals, as with their West African counterparts, experience European colonialism, in its direct official and settler dimensions, as relatively recent, with a "traditional-modern" axis, however "invented," grounded in a mutual understanding of lifeworlds that precede the colonizing power. Their debates with colonial officials about marriage and other issues entail at least a rhetorical acknowledgment of multiple customary systems, whether or not these are honored in practice. But this is not the case for the Caribbean, subject to direct colonial settlement, anchored in racial enslavement and then indentureship from the late fifteenth century.

"Our uprootedness is the original model of the total twentieth century disruption of man," notes Sylvia Wynter in 1968 about the Caribbean. "[Ours was] the first labor force that emergent capitalism had totally at its disposal. . . . We anticipated, by centuries, that exile, which in our century is now common to all."[57] But this displacement is recognizable as modern only when (non-Caribbean) others experience it later in time, or when these others are socially legible *as modern* when they experience it. Indispensable to metropolitan prosperity at the cost of its own underdevelopment ("Not an inch of this world devoid of my fingerprints . . . and my filth in the glitter of gems"), the region's perceived lack of modernity has sometimes been deliberately highlighted in order to attract tourists imagined as modern. And researchers searching for pristine, premodern cultures have also been disappointed when the Caribbean seemed insufficiently noncoeval.[58]

Invoking a time before European conquest (in the course of asserting that the colonized were not just passive victims, for example) can be interpreted as denying the reality of "a single, shared world, a world brought into being by European conquest," and the extent to which "colonial power transformed the ground on which accommodation or resistance was possible in the first place."[59] I read Lisa Lowe's call for "an actively acknowledged loss within



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the present" not as synonymous with longing for a return to a world before conquest, but rather as an active engagement with "what could have been" that reminds us that our conceptions of freedom in the present and for the future utilize the same modes of liberal-humanist registers of affirmation and forgetting that undergirded conquest, enslavement, and indentureship.[60] Moreover, a "transformed ground" brings to mind Melanie Newton's caution that concession of the violent efficiency of the erasure of the indigenous presence in the Caribbean at the moment of conquest (Europeans' "scourging of the human landscape"—"*as if the Antilles were empty lands*") further instantiates, rather than simply describes, the absence of a retrievable past that preceded the plantation economy; a past that is thus unavailable even for ongoing and dynamic reflection.[61]

This historical period is still often referred to by the names of either of two successive British monarchs, whose lives and reigns are thus held to have the meaning that merits this comprehensive designation, or the power to conscript colonial subjects (and then all of us, in the aftermath, who use such designations) into conceding such significance, with statues and parades and Empire Days across the globe celebrating Victoria and Edward (rather than, say, Henri, Shaka, Ovonramwen, Yaa Asantewaa, Prempeh, Cixu, Puyi).[62] With fireworks and other events marking Empire Day, colonial authorities seek to impose official time and a collective memory, and this is in keeping with the celebration of British royal successions and coronations, but also with more mundane events and commemorations linked to plantation schedules, or to marital unions and the wealth passed on to the children of such unions. But other kinds of events ("outside" children, devotees' timekeeping propitiation of various *lwas*, the quiet observance of the anniversary of a successful runaway attempt, for the one committing *marronage*/escape and for those left behind) are a reminder of the "invisible rhythms and punctuations concealed beneath the surface of each visible time."[63]

No doubt, the sovereigns I have just referred to parenthetically are celebrated periodically and ritually in Trinidad, Jamaica, and elsewhere in the first decade of the twentieth century, in rituals known, unknown, forbidden, or permitted by the authorities, alongside ("beneath the surface of") other rituals observed or reluctantly conceded over time: saints days and missionary Sundays, tazia processions to the banks of a river or the sea, the colors and abstentions required by orisha and *lwa*. Standing or moving together as one, participants mark an anniversary or salute some personage, but we cannot register their exuberance, hostility, or ambivalence with certainty, any more



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than we can assume what memories are summoned up or what ideas are being fashioned. The notion of a community's single ritual bonding feels useful in its ability to capture a sense of sharing a deep affiliation based on religious, imperial, diasporic, or other contexts. In this way we imagine people being conscious, wherever they are in the world, of rooting for the same side, whether in Adwa in 1896, or Pretoria in 1900. This is to invoke the vivid and also heavily critiqued image of the "meanwhileness" of "imagined communities."[64] We might imagine Venezuelans exiled in Trinidad at the turn of the century—consuming the same media as others in Trinidad but *reading into* particular news items and imagining that they share coded interpretations with others across the region—as an example of beating time differently in the same space or similarly across different geographical spaces. Thinking of the way that each one of several constituencies in a single nation "*originates* its present in the past differently," offers a useful way of visualizing people who share a national or other space without sharing a sense of marking time together.[65]

Orlando Patterson's definition of "natal alienation" rests on this inability to integrate the experiences of the past *freely* with one's ongoing present and future. It is not that people do not manage to achieve this integration, but that even their success in doing so, secretly and under duress, is liable to be reprimanded harshly when discovered and is not recognized as significant or legitimate by the status quo: no *mus-and-bound-ness* compels law or custom to affirm or recognize such attempts.[66] This is why we must pay such keen attention to people being "dressed down" ("bused," "traced") rhetorically in public, in the presence of laughing bystanders. The prohibition on what can be uttered, worn, or otherwise performed becomes attached to the memories that such people feel free to pass on to their descendants. While some have the freedom to talk about an event, or to invoke a time in the past and integrate it into the ongoing present, others are enjoined to be silent.[67]

This severing of the past had been important for a sugar economy that required people with different traditions to work side by side "producing capitalism's first real commodities," under duress and "without kinfolk. That was also modernizing, because the minimal cells of tradition-perpetuation are familial," and we have already referred to this capacity. "Because the basis for operating in terms of known status categories was under constant pressure from migration and external coercion," Caribbean people became adept at "socializing without recourse to previously learned forms . . . [practicing] an acquired matter-of-factness about cultural differences in social style or manners."[68] But what have been the consequences of this adroitness in the



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absence of "kinfolk" and "tradition-perpetuation" for notions of *kinship itself*, when, as Hortense Spillers notes, "'kinship' loses meaning, since it can be invaded at any given and arbitrary moment by the property relations?"[69] How does this vulnerability to "invasion" shape the understanding of how one is anchored to the past, as one turns to the future? When an inherited heterogeneity signals impurity—a bastard modernity, in effect, that might very well add value to the laborer *in the zone of labor*, but that also signals the laborer's devalued social status—who is made to bear the weight of this presumed stigma?

### *Reproducing Bad Time*

Tracking the Black woman's actual and perceived embodiment of this stigma is one of this book's preoccupations. How time in her company or kinship with her must be sloughed off in order to thrive is a phenomenon and conundrum that wends its way through the meditation on inheritance in chapter 4, and in the way that, in chapter 3, she enlivens the intellectual and sexual lives of socially mobile men, even as law and custom render her deeply entangled in their political and social downfall. These early twentieth-century scenarios have their precedent in immediate and distant pasts. Enslaved and free Black women in the United States used baptisms, legal briefs, manumission attempts, and other strategies to "shield" their children from "exposure," understanding that they could not leave to chance their children's eligibility for future freedom; and as "tithable labor" they attracted a tax that had to be paid by their owners, marital partners, or themselves, depending on their status.[70] In Trinidad "bastardy" ordinances forcing powerful men to acknowledge the paternity of single women's children (a magnanimous concession, as they saw it, that was now being turned into a legal obligation) required these mothers to prove that they were not "immoral"; and in Cuba "*sin otro apellido*" or "*sin segundo apellido*" ("without any other surname" or "without second surname") identified persons of color with a single surname, the mother's name, as socially "illegitimate."[71]

Even as the neutralizing of tradition can be freeing (or can be instrumentalized as such) some social subjects appear to render time and space especially fraught, even unbearable, and we will be interested in how, as Grace Kyungwon Hong frames it, "the inheritance of *disinheritance*," the passing on and passing down of "the status of *nothingness itself*, social death" is a characteristic and an inclination perceived to course through the body and personhood of



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female-identified descendants of enslaved people and those who are adjacent to them.[72] I read newspapers, novels, and other texts in part to see how "the time of inheritance" is negotiated—in the quest for a parental legacy that is socially legible and luminous, or that, since it cannot be named, is erased in the claim to have birthed oneself.[73] In the generic distribution of sympathy or time—a poem's allocation of allusions and echoes within and across its lines, syllables, and stresses, or a novel's staging of "different characters who jostle for limited space within the same fictive universe," I read male narrators and personae struggling to save face, as in chapter 4 where even the *wealthy* nonwhite female partner is unable to take the hero comfortably into a viable future, since she brings a claim to inherit on her own behalf or a threatening energy, sexuality, and intellect that has to be contained.[74]

Given Garvey's injunction to "keep a close eye on African princes, African chiefs, *princesses*" what scope do women ("real" princesses or otherwise) have to be globally or locally mobile, or to make their bodies "canvases of dissent," given the social expectations attached to particular gendered and sexed bodies? Women's bodies and clothing are key markers of "culture," or its absence, as when in the late 1880s a visitor to Trinidad had proposed that African-descended women "twist[ed] their unhappy wool into knots and ropes in the vain hope of being mistaken for the purer race" of women he identified as Indian indentured immigrants.[75] Read as attractive, demure, and exotic (at least to *visitors*), the latter's presumably "happy" hair, their saris, and their bejeweled bodies signify *Indian* authenticity, and thus a transient status in relation to the geographical and cultural space of the Caribbean. But their jewelry is more usefully read, as Joy Mahabir has pointed out, as "a way of storing wages" on their bodies, of making visible their earnings as cane cutters and other workers in the Caribbean, making plain and "unenigmatic" both the labor that earned them these wages and the labor by silversmiths in their community of smelting their wages into jewelry, but also indulging in the pleasure of adorning the body.[76] Standing side by side with other workers in the Caribbean's transnational and multiethnic plantation economy, "socializing without recourse to previously learned forms . . . [practicing] an acquired matter-of-factness about cultural differences in social style or manners," these workers defy the observation that "the African and the Asiatic will not mix."[77]

It is precisely a repeated failure to meet the expectations of onlookers—whether members of their own class, middle-class nationalist leaders (local or diasporic), or well-meaning and hostile élites—that makes women the



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source of anxiety. Statements such as “the African and Asiatic will not mix” are uttered as a caveat to the observation that women with “unhappy wool” desire to be “mistaken” for “purer” women of another ethnic group. *But they will not mix*. Uttered as a *description*, it is actually prescriptive—a prediction and a command. For such unauthorized identification and substitution cannot work in an economic system guaranteeing the prosperity of property holders, and for which the importation of one group of laborers in the postemancipation period in the 1830s and after, had been designed to thwart the ability of another group to offer its labor strategically in those seasons when the plantation needed it most urgently, so that higher wages could supplement sovereign attempts to make life elsewhere, away from the plantation. Read as *lazy* for not making the prosperity of sugar, cocoa (or later on banana) industries their priority, African-descended workers are compared unfavorably to imported, indentured workers whose presence keeps wages depressed, and who are thus read as hardworking, possessed of a superior ancestral civilization, and disappointingly transient in relation to the stable economic future that their industry guarantees for élites.

Both groups are read and misread *culturally* and *morally* in relation to these economic considerations. African-descended people are unmoored from an African continent presumed to generate anything but civilizational *purity*, and are read as doggedly connected to the Americas, even when (as with West African indentured laborers) they are born elsewhere. On the other hand indentured laborers from the Indian subcontinent are read as exotic and transient, even though by the early twentieth century it is possible that they are born in the Caribbean or that they have lived there for generations; their *docility* is as harshly guaranteed by surveillance and punishment as the *insubordination* of African-descended people is penalized; their patriarchal family arrangements are a rebuke to licentious homes in which (Afro-Caribbean) women appear to be head of their households, *except* when Indo-Caribbean women are violently and sometimes fatally punished by male partners for moving themselves and their portable, jeweled banks to another household; and their industry and thrift is praised in relation to the supposedly wild spending of other groups on clothing and celebration, except when it is condemned for paralyzing the economy.

Women hoping to be “mistaken for” (or drawn into closer proximity to, or desired by?) other women risk jeopardizing ethnic, religious, sexual, gendered, and other boundaries that keep different groups of laborers adjacent to but not organizing for better conditions with one another, or that justify paying



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higher wages to men who share their households. Desired as both "steady . . . cheap, submissive" labor and as unwaged nurturers of "men, children, the aged and the ill," working-class women are confounding for middle- and upper-class women reformers who may be spared from the vulnerability of public, manual labor, but are similarly enmeshed in nurturing roles that might reward them with symbolic honor but are no less demeaning or contradictory.[78] Even as women in the region meet or defy the expectations of visiting spectators, they are the subject of sometimes heated debate by male leaders of their ethnic communities who, like Garvey writing from Jamaica ("Our women are prostituted") or Mahatmas Gandhi writing from India ("women [who] are not necessarily wives"), use the idea of women's sexual degeneracy to argue for the compromised state of the diasporic group as a whole.[79] This is a deep disquiet about a woman's erotic and economic autonomy, and the implications of her desires, appetites, and inclinations: which male-headed household she is attached to; her maternal or nonmaternal decisions; whether she can live in a household of her own choosing and how this is linked to issues of wage parity with her male counterparts in the labor force; who exercises control about how her wages are spent; and whether she stays or returns to a place of "origin" (back to a rural location from her new home in the city, or back to another territory) or moves back and forth.[80]

A useful formulation of women's temporal relationship to modernity posits them as "inert, backward-looking and natural," as the "symbolic bearers of the nation" or some other constituency "denied any direct relation" to "agency," in contradistinction to their "forward-thrusting, potent and historic" male counterparts who bring into being registers of time and action that are discontinuous, progressive, and radicalizing.[81] This is a gendered experience of time, "progress," and attachment to a collectivity that could just as easily be uttered by at least two constituencies: by colonial and imperial authorities charging women with the responsibility of teaching children the perceived cultural origins and civilizational legacy of the group, and positing all colonial and imperial subordinates as children who require protection; and by anticolonial male nationalists, feeling feminized and infantilized by such imperial conceptions and making similar appeals to a degraded present and to promising pasts and futures, if only the women and the nonelites they understand themselves to be leading would assume their allocated positions. But far from "inert," it is precisely women's *movement*, whether from one household, workplace, merchant, or customer to another, or across geographical and other borders, that produces anxiety for onlookers, whether



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such onlookers are neighbors, lovers, newspaper editors, spiritual leaders, or colonial officials. Their purchasing power or their perceived yearnings shape the advertising and display of goods or stimulate the economy, even as they are viewed as provoking inappropriate desires. Though arguably all working-class people offend the status quo for some reason or another, and though condemnation for violation of gendered norms of womanhood sometimes applies to all women regardless of class and race and some men as well, it is nonwhite, working-class performances of womanhood in particular that are held to be too assertive, too public, too commercial, or otherwise unappealing as to undermine masculine authority or cast their community as insufficiently moral or modern. But they offend precisely because their modernity surpasses notions of propriety.[82]

In a 1911 poem, the female persona, a working-class Black woman, warns a Black constable whom she accuses of "palming her up" in the streets that he will feel the "pinch of time" because "you don't wait fe you glass."[83] Subjecting him to a proper "busing" in the public domain (though the Jamaican Creole *tracing* seems as apt here as the eastern Caribbean term for capturing the dramatic and public rehearsal of an opponent's genealogical history in order to shame, a strategy of self-recovery that involves the other's undoing), she dresses him down literally as she makes clear that his ill-fitting police uniform bespeaks his unsuitedness for what was generally recognized to be a socially mobile occupation for Black men. As she and her silent interlocutor know very well, the prevailing vagrancy laws render it completely legal, whatever his or her intentions may have been, for him to arrest "every common prostitute who shall be found wandering in any public place and behaving in a riotous or indecent manner, or annoying passers by soliciting them."[84] Even if what constitutes the "annoyance" is that she refuses to accept his prior "palming up," he can assault her and then lock her up for soliciting. If the poem can be read as capturing her vulnerability, it also renders *him* a victim of her verbal abuse, and as part of the social apparatus of neighbors and onlookers who conspire with the colonial authorities to thwart Black men's attempt to turn the new imperial century into new opportunities for mobility and political participation. Following Sarah Nicolazzo's lead we want to see how vagrancy laws seek to "contain socially, economically, and sexually disruptive bodies," and thus how the conjoining of sexuality and the law brings into focus a Black woman and a Black man who are both subject to vagrancy laws, but also its strolling enforcers.[85] The terrible intimacy of this moment is that on the streets, in the bedroom, everywhere, such laws,



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sometimes newly amended in this historical moment, circumscribe the movements and aspirations of the descendants of enslaved people as well as currently and formerly indentured people.[86] For if *she* can be arrested as a "riotous" wanderer, we will see how the men of this class are subject to arrest by other clauses of the vagrancy laws.

We also want to pay close attention to how she gets figured as an agent of the up-and-coming Black man's demise. Casting him as a victim of her sharp tongue, the poem conveys a strong sense of her rhetorical agency and autonomy, and this threatens to overshadow her vulnerability. In drawing attention to what occludes her ability to move, or to how the two of them are differently subject to the oppressive weight of the colonial machine, we want to attend to the complexity of being accused by another person of one's own social group of not waiting "fe you glass." Invoking an hourglass (and *his*, at that: *your glass*, as if there is a special time marked out for him that he has overstepped) she suggests that he has not marked time with propriety, that he is exceeding the proper, measured time for change in the social order. We are meant to hear *class* here, discernible as a sonic echo of "glass." Making her rebuke in the register of time, she can be read as supporting the status quo's efforts to stymie him. She invokes "waiting," with its genealogy of nineteenth-century colonial appeals to Queen Victoria that bypass local legislatures perceived as corrupt, and of royal responses encouraging good colonial subjects to wait patiently. Unlike the unfeeling official who can see no time for the colonial subject's relief or political participation, it is the regent and the liberal who endorse waiting, who believe in (or are prepared to go on record as having such faith in) the capacity of colonial subjects to acquire the ability to rule themselves *eventually*.[87]

There are different registers of waiting: being persuaded to be recruited for a struggle next door; figuring out how the same time is marked differently by different social actors; reading a pause as life. Waiting is a way of marking time that need not imply being subject to paternalism. To slow down is to learn to discern what is hesitant, measured, almost imperceptible, marginal, opaque—a cautionary note against our investment in transparency, and particular visions of heroism and resistance. Waiting is also the revolutionary pause, when it looks like one is waiting only because others are acting—when (as with Venezuelans waiting it out in Trinidad, or Cubans and Haitians in Jamaica) getting news, buying arms, and publishing newspapers in a *British* space is obviously an interregnum. But "you don't wait fe you glass" is also the poem's persona saying to a member of her class, if I have to wait, why



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shouldn't you? Why is it that the two of us must mark time differently? How will *your* not waiting—the asking price of future local leaders of their future followers—help *me*? We are trying to see how both "midnight woman" and "bobby" are thwarted by a colonial system that wants to keep most nonwhites subordinate, and to discern the specifically gendered ways in which this is worked out—for instance, how she is read as betraying Black (male) hopes and dreams as a "compromised subject," and as bestowing a "hereditary weight of betrayal."[88] Thus she is read as conservative, as waiting for class/glass and holding back the visionary who, confounding decreed boundaries of space, time, and desire, says: look, my people, a child of Mulgrave, St. Elizabeth can be a prince of Abyssinia. We want to read her as a gendered social subject who is unfairly targeted as the agent of—but who is also sometimes deeply invested in—his public shaming.

### *Living with Ruin*

*Strolling in the Ruins* names both theme and disposition, as I indulge in an inclination to meander, to pursue the open-ended or provisional path, or to reconsider moments claimed as triumphant or unseemly in the later genealogies of the nation. I linger in some places but not others. I suture events together anachronistically, on the one hand; but I also hold to what may feel like a rigid temporal boundary (roughly between 1895 and 1914) on the other, because I want to slow down and spend time in a moment whose unfamiliarity promises insight. I am drawn to the narratives of strollers of this historical period, even as my use of them risks a focus on persons with more social power relative to others. Strolling has been claimed for a cultivated practice of informed and disinterested nonchalance, but leisurely strolling is a luxury in a heavily surveilled colonial state: as we will see in chapter 2, the would-be Caribbean *flâneur*/*flâneuse* is likely to be charged as a vagrant.

Ruins may establish that there has been some break from the past, and that something valuable should be preserved from that past, or it could be that it is the presumed break between past and present that makes the ruins significant.[89] The very designation of ruination can be linked to selective memory, retrospection, introspection, privilege, for who decides that an experience is ruinous, and how do ruins, as a consequence or remnant of disaster, conceal or idealize the regularity of some communities' experience of disaster? It is sobering to consider Michel-Rolph Trouillot's sardonic invocation back in 1990 of "quite ordinary accidents, quite ordinary tortures, quite ordinary



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diseases," in the wake of earthquakes in Haiti in 2010 and 2021, recent disastrous hurricanes including Ida and Maria, and volcanic eruptions in Montserrat (1995) and St. Vincent (2020–21).[90] As I have noted, it is my sense of a ruinous neoliberal present that partly drives my interest in the past I am considering here but knowing that not everyone experiences the present as ruinous in the same way, or at all, reminds me that the past is also not uniformly apprehended in this way. When a strolling poetic persona indicts Elizabethan-era, slave-trading poets for violent legacies of enslavement, the United States is absent from the accounting of that estate's ruins, save for a Faulknerian allusion to shared histories with the US South.[91] Here it is worth noting that the estate's reversion to *ruinate* (which gives this poem's persona a bitter, if complex, pleasure at this sign of the demise of imperial and colonial rule) also signals nature's reclamation of cultivated land with wild overgrowth.

As an undergraduate I strolled through a campus that was complexly palimpsestic: a ruined aqueduct identified the University of the West Indies' Mona campus as a former sugar estate; a beautiful chapel, transplanted from another estate, remains a choice location for weddings; I sat my first-year final examinations in buildings that had served as barracks for Holocaust refugees; a plaque marks the location of housing for indentured laborers from India. I do not recall feelings of consternation about daily reminders of these pasts. Visiting Havana, I have been struck by the way in which that city's iconic ruins, replete with laundry-laden clotheslines, interrogate the presumed *pastness* (of both ruins and ruin), a reading that I recognize as the tourist's capacity to idealize insecure housing.[92] At the same time, the inability or refusal to demolish and rebuild offers a register for thinking about a colonial past that is repudiated in an ongoing and dynamic way; and that in being blithely ignored (as in my campus experience) instead of mourned or otherwise carefully commemorated, is perversely claimed as at least the postcolonial right to trudge in one's own ruins.

*Ruined/ruint* also names the perception of a woman as fallen—sexually compromised and publicly known to be thus, and a figure who is most often filtered in what follows through the texts of a male intellectual class (of journalists, poets, novelists, policemen) who are invested in working through this perception—in order to scoff at élite investment in sentimentalizing female virtue, for instance. I am interested in commentators' use of the Black woman's ruin to gauge the moral condition of a constituency, or to insulate themselves against their own susceptibility to ruin. In such commentaries she is not always visible as ruined, as having anything of value that could be



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ruined, or she is considered so shameless as to exceed the capacity to perceive ruin and its consequences. But in mobilizing discourses of shame, abjection, respectability, or defiance, I am both pronouncing something ruined and making an assumption about what has been broken, in a way that affirms both her contemporaneous critics, and reformist feminist narratives in my present, and that risks leaving little room for imagining her complex analysis and negotiation of her own situation. Here I have in mind Andil Gosine's "wrecking work," where "wrecking," as an analog to "ruin," alludes both to what was destroyed in the process of enslavement, indentureship, and colonialism, and to what must be refused (what might need to be wrecked) when a vindicating respectability has meant investing in structures that prop up patriarchal and other hierarchies.[93]

In the chapters that follow, the newspapers that I have drawn from most heavily are those that have been most readily available to me, an availability that is itself made possible by the longevity and social power of particular periodicals or the institutions that publish them.[94] The leads I have pursued (or that, in being accessible to me could be said to have pursued me) have been shaped by this availability, especially with the digital access that I began to have to one of these newspapers in the last few years. In addition, while I track down a particular lead, there are many things going on in an issue, on a page, or within a column that I ignore, and that would have come to life when the paper was read (individually, or aloud to a group of listeners), pasted on walls, or used as wrapping paper.[95] Because I have my eyes trained on the prospects, in a new century, of social subjects I am identifying as descendants of slavery, in two British Caribbean colonies, people in proximity to them both come into view and risk acquiring significance only insofar as they appear to make others legible. I move between Trinidad and Jamaica as a more or less *natural* outcome of years of doing archival work on these two territories, and with the realization that there is nothing innately natural about studying them together. They are not any more similar than any other two territories would have been, and certainly not interchangeable, and those moments in which I *compare* them are few and far between, with the result that I spend far less time than perhaps I ought to have done in saying how different they are from each other. For instance, Jamaica's dance with the British imperial and colonial project has been much longer (since the seventeenth



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century) and with a long period of contentious assembly rule before the institution of direct, Crown colony governance in the wake of Morant Bay in 1865; whereas in Trinidad, British rule began much later (the early nineteenth century), was never other than Crown colony governance, and found itself in an Anglo-Saxon, Protestant battle with a long-entrenched and powerful bloc of hispanophone and francophone Catholic constituencies. Both territories negotiated independence from British rule in the early 1960s, but the king of England remains the head of state in Jamaica.

*Adjacency* is how I think about how these two colonies claim my attention, a relationship that is not about comparison, though this is not irrelevant.[96] *Adjacency* also becomes a way of thinking about how Cuban, Haitian, American, Ethiopian, Madrassee, South African, and other identities inflect Trinidadian, Jamaican, or British colonial ones. Swapping the Philippines for Bermuda and Jamaica indicates that some equivalence is being made, as when visitors or officials use the condition of indentured laborers across the world to congratulate themselves on the treatment of indentured laborers in the Caribbean.[97] While these do not feel like the same kinds of equivalences, in each case an *Asian/Pacific* example brings an operation of domination into view: "*intimacy* as spatial proximity or adjacent connection."[98] It occurs to me, completing this book, how different permutations of *Asian* adjacency have been illuminating but also sidestepped, in my pursuit of blackness. Adjacency also marks a disappearance (or transformation) into another territory's racial orders, as when Caribbean people migrate to the United States, and are therefore unmarked as *Caribbean*, and when Caribbean whiteness disappears into global whiteness.[99]

The following chapter takes shape around Cuba's Third War of Independence from Spain, 1895–98 (counting 1868–78 and 1879–80 as two earlier wars against Spanish rule), a war that was ultimately foreclosed by the US-dominated Spanish American War, 1898–1902; and the 1899–1902 conflict (between the British-dominated Cape and Natal territories, and the Afrikaaner Republics of Orange Free State and the Transvaal) that is sometimes termed the Boer War. I use these wars to signify the material and affective impact of shifts in imperial power that open the century, whether Caribbean subjects are traveling or sitting still. The bet here is that Trinidad and southern Africa, on the one hand, and Jamaica and Cuba, on the other, throw each other into unexpected relief. "Ruination's Intimate Architecture," chapter 2, uses Kingston's 1907 earthquake to track different kinds of cataclysmic shifts,



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and Jamaican writers' attempts to assert narrative control in the face of this. Chapter 3, "Photography's 'Typical Negro,'" analyzes the visual field that Caribbean people are navigating in this era of world's fairs and kodaking tourists.

Chapter 4, "Plotting Inheritance," analyzes selected novels' plotting of marriage and accumulation, as a political class eager to share rule figures out how professional accreditation and powerful friendships (more so than the noble moralizing of their predecessors) might be retailed into wealth and institutions that accrue value and that can be passed down. This focus on novels published in the century's first decade risks *producing* an artificial historical moment but hopefully this is offset by gaining a productive sense of fictional Caribbean aspiration to estate ownership, in the contexts of a previous generation of Caribbean writing, and of contemporary West African and African American fiction.[100] If Caribbean novelists seem averse to being explicit about the era's violence, we might read their plotlines about visiting photographers' freedom to take images of Black people standing near trees, or slanderous newspaper headlines about the romance between a Black man and a white woman, as coded allusions to contemporaneous events in the United States, and the sensational headlines about them: public lynchings and dismemberment, Black appointees to political and judicial office, and dangerous Black sexuality. Similarly, white consternation about Black characters' attendance at theatrical performances in a Caribbean novel could be read in the context of (explicitly) segregated theaters in the United States and elsewhere, blackface minstrel performances across the Caribbean and internationally, the complexly evolving repertoires of choirs performing Negro spirituals, folk songs, and European classical music throughout the Caribbean and internationally, but also the cyclical staging of Carnival, Jonkannu, and Ramleela across the Caribbean, and the complex relationships of these street-enacted performance traditions to perceived African and Asian *origins*, even as they emerged from violent plantation histories in the Caribbean. Read this way, these novelists join composers, choir directors, playwrights, and theater producers in searching for the space and form to contain (accommodate, but also tamp down) violence, endurance, and transformation, while observing élite rules of propriety.

But these allusions are not evident in these texts, and if we are looking for them, it is easy to be dismissive of these characters who recite Tennyson or who are named after characters in Jane Austen's fiction. In attending to this and in holding fast to a finite time period, I want to track something we might otherwise miss: a representation of modern social subjectivity that is



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not always (or is not yet?) tied to urban space, and that explicitly connects old money to the rising middle-class Black subject who is explicit about being of African descent. But perhaps I miss that these early twentieth-century writers understand that these fictions can never be more than fantasy: that the estate must yield to the urban yard as more fictionally interesting (that it is already in ruins as far as the creative classes are concerned); that in the social rather than fictional world white and functionally white estate owners in this new century continue to exert social power from a cloistered estate that is inextricably linked to white rejuvenation; and that nonwhiteness is tied to the estate through ruin (or at least nonaccumulation), including the ruin-as-picturesque that continues to ground the postcolonial leisure and tourist economy today.

Even as this book tries to keep the era's contemporaneity in view, and even as we will sometimes find that it is narrated as new and discontinuous, we will ask, which pasts come to the fore, and why? What do we keep, as we move into another phase, and how and when do we say, *that was the past*? By literalizing or idealizing aspects of the past, or by forgetting, we miss its significance for the present—how it newly configures the present and permits a new clarity and legibility. A familiar articulation cautions us to "seize hold of a memory as it flashes up at a moment of danger," lest in not recognizing that it should claim our attention in the present—that the "[image comes] to legibility at a specific time"—it "[disappears] irretrievably."[101] What if "Ceylon" and "Abyssinnia" are placeholders for an alternative that is hazy (to those who invoke it, or to me), wedged between more clearly delineated projects or eras, but also geographical spaces? When the poet Kamau Brathwaite refers to Caribbean islands as "broken fragments of the Andean chain," he is getting at this disconnectedness.[102] As with the islands off the coast of Trinidad, or the cays, knolls, and banks that connect Jamaica to the Central American isthmus, these appear shadowy only because my eyes are trained on land masses that are colonies and nations; to those traversing them frequently by boat, they are normal and distinct.

If haziness fosters an obliviousness that consecrates national boundaries, it also offers indeterminacy, a productive uncertainty about how things will turn out, in line with Lisa Lowe's conception of the past "not as fixed or settled, not as inaugurating the temporality into which our present falls, but as a configuration of multiple contingent possibilities, all present, yet none inevitable," or Raúl Coronado's invitation to be less sure about what happens at particular historical moments, in his discussion of the space that *would*



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*become* Mexico, Texas, the United States: "The future-in-past tense draws out, unfolds, and lengthens the process of 'becoming,' so that we are attuned to the various routes of 'becoming.'"[103]

One way that this historical moment is legible to me is in the image of C. L. R. James's mother reading to her young son at home in Tunapuna, Trinidad. Born in 1901, a toddler and a teenager in the years explored in this book, what did James see, looking out through the eyes of his mother, father, aunts, and other relatives, in that home of second-generation children of Barbadian immigrants?[104] Which moments in the *past* resonated for two long-lived intellectuals, alive as the new century opened, and both dying in 1911: Anténor Firmin, the Haitian social scientist and statesman so deeply committed to Caribbean regionalism, keenly following debates from the Danish colony St. Thomas, to which he had been exiled by his political opponents, and where he died at 61; and the African American poet, novelist, and activist, Frances Ellen Watkins Harper, who died in Philadelphia in her eighty-sixth year after a long career of activism against slavery and the dismantling of Reconstruction, and for women's voting rights and temperance? Which moments "flashed up" for Harper and for Firmin in the last decade of their lives? Certainly, we want to keep the *present* of the early twentieth century fully in view.[105] Yet for James and for other toddlers and tweens of the new century, which moments would "flash up in a moment of danger," as they recalled, later on in life, the events, gestures, and silences of this new century?



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