TWO

How to Make a Map

SMALL SHAREHOLDERS AND GLOBAL RADICALS IN REVOLUTIONARY MEXICO

IN THE AGE OF THE NEW IMPERIALISM, the world was turned inside out. The dark slumbering core of the earth was flooded with light, wrenched by fiery blasts, then hacked and dragged, bit by craggy bit, to the surface. From the forced mouths of mine shafts, its innards were scavenged. Silver, copper, and zinc were dredged out of Mexico; gold was wrested from the Yukon lands of the Klondike; and diamonds were plucked from the bowels of South Africa. From deposits of unburied iron, a new exoskeleton of rail fused together across the horizon. Railways screamed over continents with the velocity of finance, tearing new pathways of commerce and trade, and bruising the land around it. Coals disgorged from the mines of West Virginia, Colorado, and Manchuria were made radiant with fire and fed, inexhaustibly, to furnaces. Skies blackened with the spew of smokestacks. Ash drifted onto windowsills. Ash was coughed up from throats. Where forests had been felled and burned to make charcoal, this era reached deep beneath tombs, down past the ancient muck and humus to grab the earth's vital forces. Oil that had coursed through subterranean veins was transfused into the lifeblood of modern industry. Rubber ran like devil's milk from Congolese vines into waiting Belgian ships, becoming tires, wire insulation, and machine belts, the sinews of industrial production. From the ground, grains were coaxed to even heights over gridded fields, sheathed into uniform bushels, then loaded into gaping containers. Over rails, roads, ship lines, and pounded copper wires, goods were moved, tracked, and transubstantiated into value. This new geometry of motion was animated by global capital, but it was built and shaped by disciplined muscle. Hands, arms, backs, and thighs were lowered and bent, again and again, becoming pulsing metronomes of economic time. From the dark center of the earth at the turn of the century, capital

came dripping with dirt and blood from every pore. How, some wondered, could it be otherwise? The world had been turned inside out. Could it also be turned upside down?[1]

SURELY INTERNATIONALISM

Across the windswept expanse of the Sonoran Desert, where the Colorado River snakes through the Mexicali Valley and slips down jagged rocks before it spills into the Sea of Cortez, there, where the US border looms like a mirage, an Okinawan immigrant named Shinsei "Paul" Kōchi found internationalism. Shipwrecked and shoeless, Kōchi walked for miles in a daze. He stepped gingerly on thorny scrub and walked reverently around the discarded canteens and dried bones of those who had come before. It was to them, the "numerous and nameless," that Kōchi dedicated his reflections in *Imin no Aiwa* (*An Immigrant's Sorrowful Tale*). Following the river north, Kōchi searched for food, warmth, and shelter with a small band of survivors from China, Mexico, and Japan in December 1917. Worldwide, millions had fled their countries, compelled by starvation, debt, dispossession, political repression, and the ravages of the First World War. Immigrants who were not allowed to enter countries "with dignity through the front door" routinely risked their lives "breaking in through the back gate." Those who perished were often "buried in the sea" while others "left their bones to dry on the empty desert." As Kōchi observed, the "tragedy" of these journeys came not from heedless risk nor naïve adventurism but "a contradiction born precisely out of modern capitalist society."[2]

For many like Paul Kōchi, the world of 1917 was at once tragic and aflame with possibility.[3] At twenty-eight, he and his "comrade" Seitoku Miyasato had set sail for Mexico, escaping arrest and political persecution at home. The two friends hailed from Nakijin Village in Okinawa, the largest island in a South Sea chain annexed by Japan only decades prior. Despised by mainland Japanese, Okinawans struggled against accusations of being "backwards" southerners in need of centralized political rule, strengthened work ethic, linguistic assimilation, and the abandonment of their "savage" cultural traditions.[4] Kōchi and Miyasato were active in an underground reading group of village teachers opposed to Japanese despotism. Authorities blacklisted members upon discovering their copies of *Daisan Teikoku,* a journal critical of the government. Fearing repression, the pair planned to escape Okinawa,

leaving their young families behind. Convinced they would return after a brief sojourn, they boarded a steamer at the port in Naha. Once aboard, Kōchi noted the "inexpressible feeling" that welled up in his fellow passengers as they looked upon the possible "last sight of their homeland" and of their loved ones. As the "unfeeling" ship set sail, Kōchi and Miyasato watched their young wives and children disappear, "looking permanently abandoned," as the harbor receded.[5] The men stood together on the deck, "arm still linked to arm," until their "mountain home sank beneath the horizon."[6]

Internationalism, for Kōchi, began with a sense of identification. In Hawai'i, where the ship refueled, he felt profound kinship with the Indigenous Kanaka Maoli dockworkers loading and unloading cargo. He observed the first-class passengers' delight as they threw coins at young Hawaiians, compelling them to dive into the waves chasing the sinking pocket change. He recognized that Hawai'i, "in its climate, customs, products, as well as its recent history," was like Okinawa: a remote chain of mountainous islands inhabited by people whose language, culture, and sovereignty were all threatened from the mainland. Hawai'i, like Okinawa, was also dominated by sugarcane cultivation, a commonality that would have been apparent to the nearly ten thousand Okinawans who labored in the Hawai'ian sugarcane plantations at the time. Kōchi listened and felt profoundly moved by the musical resonance between the two cultures: "That heart-tugging farewell *Aloha Oe* was, in fact, the farewell song to the fleeing king of Hawaii. (Our famous *Sanyamā* was just such a song for the king of Okinawa.)" Such connections only deepened throughout his journey.[7]

As the ship briefly docked in Southern California's San Pedro harbor, Kōchi, Miyasato, and all the other Asian passengers found themselves trapped aboard. The 1917 Immigration Act and similar diplomatic agreements prevented immigrants from the so-called "barred Asiatic zone" from entering the country. Kōchi railed against these laws and against the nativism fomented during the First World War that kept Asians from ever setting "one foot down" on US soil.[8] A flurry of indignation overtook the passengers. One Japanese man jumped overboard, desperate to reach shore. Passengers looked on in horror as the man drowned in the cold waters of the Pacific. Despondent in his confinement onboard, Kōchi stared at Catalina Island off the California coast. Slowly he began to reappraise his situation. He considered the long, violent history of US settlement and Indigenous dispossession that drove Native people like the Tongva "into the mountain recesses" to starve. He realized that if the same exclusionary nativism that was applied to

him had also been "radically applied" to the United States, no settler would be allowed to set foot in the country. Kōchi condemned US immigration laws and observed that the national boundaries they maintained were themselves illegitimate. Considering the intertwined histories of racist immigration laws and rapacious settler colonialism, Kōchi imagined internationalist bonds forged through shared rage: a web of refusal seething within and against national borders.[9]

With five hundred immigrants from Japan, India, and China still aboard, barred from entering the United States, the steamship *Anyōmaru* chugged south, destined for Brazil. While many in the upper decks sailed leisurely toward exotic lands and thrilling business ventures, most passengers had been coerced onboard by the churning transformations of the global economy. Since the late nineteenth century, countries newly pulled into the frenzy of modern finance saw intensified investment in extractive industries and commercialized agriculture. The subsequent evisceration of communal land holdings and subsistence farming practices had uprooted millions of peasants, including those en route from the "barred Asiatic zone." Many of the *Anyōmaru*'s passengers were bound for contract work in the Caribbean and throughout Latin America, often following labor recruiters' promised jobs. Japanese and Okinawan immigrants sought to join compatriots in Brazilian mining communities. Along with Chinese counterparts, they also sought contracts in places like Peru and throughout the Caribbean. The swirling chaos of colonialism and war also produced its own global circuits, dragging colonial soldiers, particularly from India, onto foreign battlefields. As their labors were conscripted into war economies, their ranks expanded in what Priyamvada Gopal describes as a "world-wide belt of insurgencies."[10] Radical Japanese students who called themselves "comrades of the four seas" invited Kōchi and Miyasato to join them in Cuba. The two friends had other plans. A ship's porter had hinted about the possibility of sneaking into the United States through Mexico. This is what the pair resolved to do once the ship docked in Oaxaca.[11]

From the moment their "feet touched down" in Mexico, Kōchi and Miyasato were immediately conscious of being "immigrants owning nothing but our bodies." They were detained and quarantined in harrowing conditions along with other immigrants.[12] The men looked on in horror as a prisoner from India was stripped and then doused with sulfur, his money belt stolen in the process. As they shared with him their meager funds, the man thanked them for being "Buddhas in Hell." A few days later, several dozen

Asian immigrants, including some of their fellow Okinawan villagers, joined their cell. The area was "well-known for its searing winds," which blew through the barred windows day and night, creating "sandstorms" inside the jail.[13] Covered in the same dust, Kōchi understood his fellow prisoners as "convicts banished to Siberia in Tsarist Russia," a timely comparison given that Russian people had recently overthrown that Tsarist regime during the Bolshevik Revolution. The experience was not lost on the men. Given their travels, confinements, and commitments, Kōchi declared retrospectively that he and Miyasato were already "internationalists."[14]

Released from prison and into the heat of the Revolution, Kōchi and Miyasato (along with their Spanish-speaking countrymen) raced toward the US border. The men traversed a convulsive landscape, dancing to guitars in Mazatlán and narrowly escaping bandits as their train hugged the western coast through Culiacán. They launched a small boat out of Guaymas. For a week, they sailed north up the inlet of the Gulf of California. In a disaster, the boat caught fire, forcing all passengers to jump overboard. When they reassembled on shore, they discovered that only thirteen of the original passengers remained. Shipwrecked in the Sonoran Desert on December 2, 1917, the small group had next to no supplies. They collected "snow waters" from the Colorado River in rusty tin cans. They ripped strips of cloth and tore out their trouser pockets in vain attempts to protect their feet from sagebrush, cacti, and the cold. A crumbling biscuit was shared among the men. Tearing down the shore, Kōchi called out for his friend. His cries of "Miyasato! Miyasato!" were swallowed by the sea. The group was forced to press on.

In his travels throughout northern Mexico, Kōchi continually discovered and rediscovered internationalism. His group was saved by an Indigenous Yaqui family, who fed the men, gave them shelter, and offered them homemade leather shoes. The warmth of the family reminded him of home. He encountered a French trader who smuggled him to the border under a pile of hay to avoid the eyes of Mexican guards. This kindness, he said, "was surely internationalism." When Kōchi finally reached the border, it was a group of Chinese immigrant workers who met him. Wrote Kōchi, "It seemed that for them we were all immigrants travelling the same road and they understood our situation from their hearts. This 'class consciousness' cuts across race and nationality and promotes mutual understanding which, if preserved and extended, would make the deserts bloom."[15]

Paul Kōchi's story demonstrates how the uprooted, dispossessed, and despised of the world came to know each other in shadows, in the tangled

spaces of expulsion, extraction, transportation, debt, exploitation, and destruction: the garroting circuits of modern capital. Whether crammed in tight ship quarters; knocking together over the rails; sweating and swaying in the relentless tempo of industrial agriculture; inhaling the dank air of mine shafts; hearing each other breathing, coughing, fighting, singing, snoring, and sighing through thin walls; or corralled like livestock in jails and prisons, the contradictions of modern capital were shared in its intimate spaces. Within such sites, people discovered that the circuits of revolution, like the countervailing circuits of capital, were realizable in motion, often through unplanned assemblages. Roaring at their backs were the revolutionary currents of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, currents that howled from the metropolitan hearts of empire and wailed across the peripheries of the global world system. Standing before them, in the middle of its own revolution, was Mexico. From the vantage point of these struggles, the new century did not simply portend the inevitability of urban revolts and insurgencies at the point of production but an epoch of peasant wars, rural uprisings, anti-colonial movements, and, of course, the Mexican Revolution. Mexico, as both a real country and an imagined space of revolution, would become a crucible of internationalism for the world's "rebels" like Paul Kōchi.[16]

Paul Kōchi's *Imin no Aiwa* presents internationalism as nearly an inevitable phenomenon. By narrating his path from Okinawa to the United States through Mexico, Kōchi describes how travel along the contradictory routes newly limned by capital and imperialism enabled him to acquire a radical global consciousness. In describing his encounters with Indigenous people and other immigrants along the way, he offers a sense of how such consciousness could be produced through the contradictory social spaces of ships, trains, boats, in detention, and through covert passage across Mexico toward the US border. Kōchi's story offers an important perspective into the relationship between the political economy of the period and the formation of a revolutionary consciousness. In this, Kōchi was not alone.

The transformation of the global economy certainly set the stage for the development of an internationalist consciousness. But if all that was required for internationalism were the conditions of a hard journey, the world would be full of internationalists. As significant as Kōchi's travels were, there were far more people who lived during the era of the Mexican Revolution, who even came to Mexico at the time, who did not become internationalists. This was particularly true for the fortune hunters who arrived seeking land, fame,

or wealth in the country in spite of the many radical possibilities presented by the Revolution. This was also true for many Asian immigrants like Kōchi, particularly Chinese immigrants who suffered extraordinary violence and repression at the hands of state and non-state actors. The paths of those who came, saw, but chose moderate or outright reactionary paths reveal some of the fetters inhibiting the making of internationalism. This chapter explores both these possibilities and barriers.[17]

In the era of its Revolution, Mexico represented multiple configurations of space: it was simultaneously a fixed place on the map, a place made meaningful relative to the places it bordered or was connected to through roads, rails, and ports, and it was also an imagined space upon which multiple competing fantasies were projected. The chapter considers the experiences of radicals who lived in, traveled to, or found themselves in Mexico during the during the fighting phase of the Revolution, 1910–20. The collective act of making new worlds, as they discovered, required a reckoning with the seductions of nationalism, the social relations of imperialism, and the spatial imaginaries of capital. Internationalism, in other words, had to be forged, not simply found. To do so, as this chapter shows, it had to compete with the enticements of the color line, the racist and gendered fantasies of the New Imperialism.

THE OTHER 1917

> We would gain much, and human justice would gain much, if all the peoples of our America and all the nations of old Europe understood that the cause of revolutionary Mexico and the cause of Russia are the cause of humanity, the supreme interest of all oppressed people.
>
> EMILIANO ZAPATA, 1918

In 1917, the Russian Bolshevik Revolution proposed to be the first of many revolutions to change the global order.[18] People all over the planet were swept up in the possibilities of the moment. What did it mean to be a Bolshevik? There were possibly as many paths as there were interpretations. For some, Bolshevism represented the culmination of already existing desires and activities. For others, it heralded unimagined possibilities of state power. *Völker hört die Signale* ("Peoples, hear the signals!") was the German translation of the refrain of "The Internationale." In Cuba, tobacco workers were moved by the concept of soviets and organized their workplaces accordingly. In Spain,

radicals were largely swayed by what they perceived as an expanded practice of their already existing anarchism. Their international newspapers translated the Bolshevik Revolution as a victory of anarchism and syndicalism. For socialists, communists, and anarchists throughout the United States, it appeared that a new day had dawned. The possibilities were infinite.[19]

By the Bolshevik Revolution in 1917, the Mexican people had several years of fierce and bloody struggle behind them. After the successful overthrow of Porfirio Díaz's dictatorship and a succession of elected and unelected new leaders, acts of insurgency pervaded the entire country. Peasant leaders had seized land, organized communal holdings, and demanded revolutionary national redistribution schemes. Labor organizers had orchestrated massive strikes in industries as well as in semi-proletarianized spaces of capitalist agriculture, threatening foreign investments. Choruses of the dispossessed and exploited clamored for a total redistribution of wealth. Along with middle-class reformers and radicalized officials, they sought and won recognition of many basic rights and protections, enshrining them in the new Constitution. Throughout the country, *campesinos* also attacked symbols and practices of domination, mobilized class solidarity, and practiced an incipient form of international solidarity. Furthermore, they did this at the doorstep of US empire and in the shadow of its military.[20] These transformations doubtless exacted an enormous toll on the population, with around two million lives lost to war, starvation, and the collapse of basic services. The future was uncertain for the still-evolving Mexican state. Many possible revolutionary and counterrevolutionary paths lay before it.[21]

1917 marked the creation of Mexico's revolutionary Constitution, one of the most radical and comprehensive in modern political history for its nationalization of resources and sweeping land reforms. In cities like Orizaba, over a million copies of the Constitution were sold. Enshrined in law were provisions ensuring the nationalization of resources in defiance of US and British holdings, massive education programs, and proposals for sweeping land redistribution. Article 27, for example, declared that lands and water belonged to the nation, setting limits on the inviolability of private property. Article 123 offered dramatic protections for workers—guaranteeing their right to organize, their right to collective bargaining, as well as three months' maternity leave, an eight-hour day, a minimum wage, and equal pay for equal work, to be paid in cash, not company scrip. It obligated employers to provide clean, sanitary, and affordable housing to their workers, as tenant organizers well understood. It also restricted child labor, banned extorting

practices of company stores and debt peonage, and set new regulations on employers' ability to fire workers. These shifts were reflected in popular culture, such as in Veracruz, where children were named after state laws that regulated the clergy and sanctioned the expropriation of private property. While many of these tenets wouldn't be enforced until much later, if at all, the promises of the new Constitution signified a great cultural shift. Radical articles enshrined ideals of a new society and gave authority to movements to push for their implementation. Radicals from around the world found themselves absorbed into this revolutionary atmosphere. One of them was M. N. Roy.[22]

NATIONAL AND COLONIAL QUESTIONS

When Narendranath Bhattacharya set sail from India in August 1915, he was seeking arms for the Independence movement to overthrow British imperial rule. By the time he returned in October 1920, he had changed his name to Manabendra Nath Roy and was fueled by the belief that India's fate was linked to subjugated people around the world. For M. N. Roy, the national liberation of India was no longer an end in itself but a necessary step toward global revolution.[23]

In his travels and studies, Roy had come to understand where and how the wealth of nations was produced. His early life in India, observing famine amid plenty under British rule, had made him a militant. In the Philippines, China, Korea, Malaysia, Java, Indonesia, and Japan, his crossings with national revolutionary leaders such as Sun Yat-sen, Ho Chi Minh, and Korea's Syngman Rhee forced him to reassess imperialism's devastating reach. In the New York Public Library, Roy read Marx and developed a critical language to explain how the epic violence moving people and things around the planet could be mundanely converted into Wall Street ticker tape.[24] In Mexico between 1917 and 1920, during the Mexican Revolution, Roy was transformed. There, in the "land of my rebirth," he began to see that "the overthrow of the capitalist system" was impossible without "the breaking up of the colonial empire." In 1920, he wrote, "Without the control of the extensive markets and vast fields of exploitation in the colonies, the capitalist powers of Europe cannot maintain their existence even for a short time." What allowed the imperialist bourgeoisie to maintain social control over Western workers, he argued, was the very existence of the colonies.[25]

Roy, in some circles, is best known for anti-colonial interventions he made within the Communist Party. In 1920, Vladimir Lenin presented his "Theses on the National and Colonial Question" at the 2nd International Congress of the Comintern. Lenin proposed that Communist Parties must "render direct aid to the revolutionary movements among the dependent and underprivileged nations," which included Ireland, India, and Black people in the United States, among others. In these nations, Lenin recommended that the Party "enter into a temporary alliance" with bourgeois nationalist elements, groups he believed could best marshal support and resources. While Lenin's original thesis recognized political actors from non-Western countries, it insinuated that these actors lacked sufficient consciousness and direction for revolutionary organization.[26]

Roy saw contradictions in this formulation. If the Party sought to foment a revolutionary overthrow of the capitalist system through the seizure of power by the working class, why would it compromise its principles and organize among the bourgeoisie in the colonies? Roy argued that the colonies possessed their own working classes with consistent revolutionary aims. He believed that authority needed to be given to the "masses of workers and peasants" and not the self-elected representatives who failed to represent their interests. He described the two struggles as fundamentally different, with the "bourgeois national democrats" striving to establish "a free national state," while the majority of people were revolting against the very system "which permits such brutal exploitation." These "contradictory forces," he wrote, "cannot develop together."[27]

Roy believed that the colonies were central to the struggle against capitalism since, according to his logic, exploitation in the colonies provided the main source of wealth for industrialized nations. "The fountain head from which European capitalism draws its main strength is no longer to be found in the industrial countries of Europe," he wrote, "but in the colonial possessions and dependencies."[28] This argument drew attention to the effects of the color line in the Party's understanding of class struggle. Roy's analysis suggested the existence of a resistant consciousness among these populations, even if it often appeared unconsciously. He compelled the Party to recognize the Indian revolutionary movement as "a vital part of the world proletarian struggle against capitalism."[29]

Many delegates balked at Roy's argument. John Reed, the delegate from the US Communist Labor Party, vehemently disagreed, asserting that Black

people in the US were a small, geographically contained population, seeking social equality rather than class struggle. A delegate from the British Socialist Party argued that British workers would not support an anti-imperialist uprising in India, since they would only see it as treason. It was commonly assumed that socialist revolution would lead to the automatic liberation of the colonies. It followed that the Communist Party would focus its revolutionary efforts on organizing the industrialized proletariat of the Western world. Roy challenged this configuration. He promoted the centrality of the colonized and racially subjugated world in the class struggle, and thereby countered the ideal of the classically conceived white industrial proletariat, an image reinforced by the color line. In doing so, Roy's intervention helped to reconfigure a struggle that many communists believed they well understood, and to which they had accordingly committed their lives.[30]

While arousing much consternation, Roy's comments were also met with a great deal of excitement. The twenty-five delegates from Asia, such as Lao Hsiu-Chao of the Chinese Socialist Workers Party, who were fighting for recognition in both their home countries and also in the Comintern, rejoiced at Roy's comments offering recognition and support to communist revolution in the East.[31] Roddy Connolly, son of the famed Irish internationalist revolutionary James Connolly and representing the Communist Party of Ireland, "enthusiastically endorsed" the recognition of the Irish anti-colonial struggle. The theses also gave America's Black Bolsheviks new authority. After being serially ignored in national leadership circles, "Black radicals found a podium and an audience in the new headquarters of international Communism." With this opening, other Black radicals, like poet Claude McKay and delegate Otto Huiswoud, would come to insist that the party foreground questions of racism and white supremacy in its analysis of labor, capital, and liberation.[32]

M. N. Roy's 1920 intervention is no musty detail dredged from the annals of Left history. Radicals nearly a century later continue to grapple with the implications of his arguments. They challenge many widely held beliefs, such as the idea that struggles for racial equality are discrete or separable from class struggle, that colonial struggles are incompatible with Marxist analyses, or that racism is a minor factor in producing spaces of capital accumulation. In Roy's writing we see an early iteration of the idea that the problem of the color line lies at the heart of the global class struggle. It was not in India or Russia where Roy came to this position, but in revolutionary Mexico.[33]

M. N. Roy entered Mexico in the fiery year of 1917 and was "sucked up" into "an atmosphere surcharged with great expectations." For Roy, along with all other "left-wing socialists" he was around in Mexico, it was a defiant moment of possibility. In Mexico, Roy experienced a "rise of the revolutionary temperature."[34] There, he was faced with the dilemma of squaring his newfound admiration for communism with his own nationalism. The Mexican Revolution gave him an opportunity to think anew about his political position. Not long after he arrived in the country, Roy was asked to pen some articles about the Indian struggle against British imperialism. The editor of the Mexican popular paper *El Pueblo* believed that such a story would find sympathetic ears in Mexico. Since Mexico had overthrown its own colonial rule but was still seeking actual independence, the editor reasoned that Mexican audiences would "benefit [from] a knowledge of your country and the struggle of its people for freedom." The assignment gave Roy pause. As he reflected in his memoir: "The spectacle of poverty of the Mexican people was no less grim than that of the Indian. To tell the Mexican all about the poverty of the Indian and its cause, British exploitation, etc., would be like carrying coal to Newcastle."[35]

Realizing that a standard anti-British tract might not compel a Mexican audience, Roy thought about how he could make Indian history legible and relevant. He turned to Marxism to make his case:

> In the articles I outlined the picture of India past and present, as a picture of class struggle. The poverty of the Indian masses was the result of economic exploitation by British imperialism and native feudalism. The liberation of the Indian masses, therefore, required not only the overthrow of British imperialism, but subversion of the feudal patriarchal order which constituted the social foundation of the foreign political rule. The corollary was that India needed a social revolution, not mere national independence.[36]

Roy was still sympathetic to the events that had brought him to a position of Indian nationalism, and he remained dedicated to opposing the racism, starvation, poverty, dispossession, and indignity that he had experienced in India. In Mexico, he was forced to broaden his analysis of power to account for the similarity of conditions he had experienced there. In the additional context of the Bolshevik Revolution, Roy began to wrestle with the role capitalism played in producing these conditions at a global scale. These early

articles inaugurated Roy's "sudden jump from die-hard nationalism to communism." Triangulating the contexts of Russia, Mexico, and India, Roy began to think about the intersecting forces of racism, capitalism, and imperialism, as well as the logics that held them together. In this regard, he began to pay more attention to the country he was in and to the revolution amid which he was living.[37]

SPACES OF THE REVOLUTION

In Mexico, M. N. Roy began to perceive the enormous diversity of forms that the struggles of the Revolution had already taken. Just as the French Revolution was composed of different tactics, revolts, and targets from village to village, Mexico also possessed a great variety of regional interpretations, goals, and means. The revolution was, as some have suggested, "a constellation of local revolutions" that prefigured the foundation of the new state.[38] Since Mexico was not a hermetically sealed or culturally insulated territory but a product of global forces, within each region global relations were differently inflected. For Roy, these forces slowly came into view. Popular depictions of the Revolution often focused on the southern state of Morelos, where armed villagers led by Emiliano Zapata occupied sugar plantations and rose up against their large-scale landowners. In protesting the loss of their common land and water rights alongside their dispossession and exploitation, the villagers gave sugar company owners and administrators little alternative but to fulfill their revolutionary demands. Given these transformations, Zapata was able to understand how the modernization and dispossession of people in Morelos were linked to the investment of foreign capital. In his 1917 "Manifesto of the People," he declared his intention to "emancipate the country from the economic domination of the foreigner."[39]

Roy first came to Mexico with a letter of introduction directed to General Salvador Alvarado, socialist governor of the state of Yucatán. While Roy did not ultimately make that meeting, he had been inspired to visit the southern Mexican peninsula for its unique convergences of radical traditions. This region had a deep insurgent history. For a short time, Mayo Indians had set up an autonomous state in the southern part of Yucatán that had remained independent until 1902. General Alvarado had been swept into power by a revolt of the Mayo Indians, who installed a slate of self-professed socialists to their governing body. In 1912, the Casa del Obrero Mundial, the House of the

World Worker, an anarcho-syndicalist-inspired trade union that organized the country's emergent industrial working class, was founded in the region. The ideologies of the Casa had been inspired by Ricardo Flores Magón's organization the Partido Liberal Mexicano (PLM), which had articulated many of the key ideals of the Mexican Revolution, and the Industrial Workers of the World (IWW), a US-based anarcho-syndicalist organization whose interests overlapped greatly with the mission of the PLM in Mexico. Members were also influenced by the Russian anarchist Piotr Kropotkin and the Spanish anarchist Francisco Ferrer Guardia. The Casa itself was home to a number of radicals from throughout the country and beyond, including revolutionary artist José Clemente Orozco; his teacher, Dr. Atl, who had been inspired by his travels in European radical circles; and the Black radical from Dallas, Texas, Lovett Fort-Whiteman. Fort-Whiteman spent several years in the Yucatán peninsula. From the early years of the revolution until 1917, he witnessed leaders of the Revolution reform sex work, establish schools, fight the Catholic Church, and publicly punish landowners for crimes committed against their workers. He was inspired by these massive cultural shifts and the radical change they portended. After his time in Mexico, Fort-Whiteman would become one of the very first African Americans to sojourn to Moscow, pursuing a vision of global freedom through the Soviet project.[40]

In Mexico City, Roy would encounter other foreign radicals similarly opposed to US capitalist imperialism. Carleton Beals, Linn Gale, and Charles Phillips were some of the hundreds of American pacifist, anarchist, and socialist "slackers" who had escaped the draft and found it "more pleasant and profitable to be in Mexico than Leavenworth [Penitentiary]," according to Samuel Gompers.[41] There, they participated in Mexican politics, produced radical publications such as *Gale's Magazine,* and tried to advance a revolutionary socialist movement. Mexico offered them the unique opportunity to experience the brutality of US imperialism, an experience they were largely spared in the United States. Many were radicalized by the experience. For others, Mexico offered a "way station" of sorts where they could experiment with political ideas but where they ultimately felt little accountability. Nonetheless, many Mexican political organizations and presses were heartened by their presence and excited that people from the United States would take a stand against US imperialism in defense of Mexico. As a result of their agitation efforts and writings, more people in the United States became aware of the Revolution.[42]

The possibilities available in Mexico did not guarantee radical outcomes. As Roy would describe in his debate with Lenin, the sway of capitalist forces

would not necessarily lend themselves to revolutionary ends. In fact, there was a good chance that aspiring bourgeois figures would reinforce the rule of capital through the color line—even those who had been victimized by it. For this reason, Roy did not believe that a transition through capitalism would produce a revolution of the color line. He implored his comrades from Western countries to "cease to fall victims to the imperialist cry that the masses of the East are backward races and must go through the hell fires of capitalistic exploitation to escape." Recognizing both the Indian and the Mexican struggles as part of the class struggle was essential for a global redefinition of revolution. Similarly, Roy understood the necessity of convincing those from colonized countries or under imperial rule that they were fighting more than a national struggle against racism. They had to overthrow capitalism as well. If not, the same conditions were guaranteed to persist.

Like Paris, Moscow, and Harlem, Mexico City was a place where desires could be imputed and the shape of new world could be imagined. Radicals like Roy encountered both the possibilities and limits of theory. In Mexico City, Roy gained his "first experience in practical politics" organizing with the Socialist Party and then heading "the first Communist Party outside of Russia." Inspired by the new Soviet project, Roy was involved with plans to form a Socialist Latin American Union, which would be a "powerful international instrument of mutual co-operation and common resistance to the overlordship of the northern colossus." In December 1918, several hundred delegates from across Mexico, as well as Central and Southern America, met to form a Latin America League. Banners at the conference proclaimed, "Down with Yankee Imperialism," "Petroleum Belongs to the Mexican People," "Long Live the Revolutionary Alliance of Latin American Republics," and "Long Live the Soviet Republic of Mexico." It was argued that because socialism was international, the Socialist Party could not be limited by the confines of a single country. Accordingly, at that conference, M. N. Roy was elected General Secretary of El Partido Socialista Regional Mexico.[43]

Subsequently, Roy was involved in the formation of the Mexican Communist Party. As he asked in his memoirs, "Until the middle of 1919, no Communist Party had been formed anywhere. Why should not Mexico, true to her revolutionary tradition, take the lead?"[44] In that same year, Roy helped form and headed the Latin American Bureau of the Communist International. In the conference establishing that party, a major highlight was the outline of a Communist Party platform, designed to back "up the anti-imperialist struggle of the oppressed and subjected people."[45] The platform

became the supplements to the "Theses on the National and Colonial Question" that Roy would represent in Moscow a year later.

On leaving Mexico for Moscow, Roy reflected:

> I left the land of my rebirth an intellectually free man, though with a new faith. But the philosophical solvent of the faith was inherent in itself. I no longer believed in political freedom without the content of economic liberation and social justice. . . . But I had also learned to attach greater importance to an intelligent understanding of the idea of revolution. The propagation of that idea was more important than arms. With the new conviction, I started on my way back to India, round the world.[46]

M. N. Roy produced a unique synthesis between the color line and the class struggle. Because he saw capitalism as intrinsic to the project of imperialism and colonialism, he did not merely affix Marxist rhetoric to a project of national emancipation. By understanding the global class struggle as it actually unfolded rather than as it was prophesized, he defied the conviction that colonial struggles were discrete and secondary to the main objective of revolutionary communism. Roy's experience with the Mexican Revolution helped him comprehend the ways in which fates were linked and objectives were shared in the struggle against racism and capitalism. His experience in Mexico expanded his conception of a worldwide struggle for freedom. Global revolution could only come through such an understanding.

FREE SOIL OR WAY STATION

In the bloody year of 1919, marred by white mob race riots, famed Black boxer Jack Johnson became a cultural fixture in Mexico. As one of the most renowned celebrities of his day, he helped to popularize the jazz clubs, bars, and cabarets over the border, like the Newport Bar and the Main Event. Even the *New York Times* deemed Tijuana "Jack Johnson's Social Headquarters."[47] Johnson also gained fame for his boxing matches in Mexico, some of which were said to be funded by Pancho Villa. Other bouts were fought before huge crowds in bullfighting rings. Still others were fought in northern towns adjacent to the US–Mexico border. The proximity was not accidental. Johnson was invested in spreading the message that Mexico offered Black people freedom and prosperity. The US government believed that Johnson was "using Mexico as a beachhead of subversion." Indeed, Johnson wielded his celebrity

in Mexico to encourage Black migration. As part of this project, he started a land company to facilitate settlement. Many heeded Johnson's call. A group of American Garveyites teamed up with investors to build a "Little Liberia" in Baja California. At twenty dollars an acre, they advertised that Black people who "want to be really free" could be "'sovereigns of [their] own labor.'"[48]

But as other Black people capable of moving across US borders often found, the promises of anti-racism could never hold in lands dominated by the capitalist system. Whereas some people would find their position elevated in Mexico, Mexicans of African descent were found among the poorest sectors of the population. Mexico's legacy in the slave trade was obscured by an emergent discourse of "*mestizaje*" which imagined the country as a righteous mix of Spanish colonial and Indigenous ancestry. Within this fiction, the actual differential and segregated treatment of the Indigenous and African-descended people was obscured in official narratives. Tribes like the Yaqui endured routine dispossession, disgrace, and dismemberment while the country professed a singular "mixed" national identity.[49]

To some degree, revolutionary Mexico did offer Black people from the United States respite from the brutal violence and exclusion in their own country. The Mexican press heavily promoted this image. A newspaper editor in Mexico City was kidnapped by the Klan because his writings about Black experiences over the border circulated so widely among sympathetic audiences. After the decoding of the Zimmermann Telegram, rumors circulated during World War I that the German military was recruiting Black people in Mississippi, Alabama, Missouri, South Carolina, and Texas, encouraging them to defect and to turn against the United States. According to rumors, the German government would send Black people to Mexico to train with German soldiers in a broader struggle against US racism. Government agents in Dallas had intercepted a message from Mexican recruiters promising Black people there the possibility of living "in peace and luxury" if they came to Mexico since "the white people are the cause of the Negroes being held down."[50]

Some Black people from the United States took advantage of a different form of leverage they enjoyed in the country. Writer Langston Hughes, in his memoir, *The Big Sea,* describes the travels of his father, who also went to Mexico during the Revolution. The elder Hughes went not to join a community of oppressed people but to acquire land and obtain the privileges of property ownership denied to him in the United States. Hughes's father came to own several properties, including a large ranch and several apartment buildings in Mexico City. As a young man visiting his father in Mexico,

Hughes began to reflect on the process of the color line, thinking deeply and critically about its elaboration as he witnessed his father's cruelty toward his Mexican workers and tenants. He recognized that his father had "a great contempt for all poor people" and thought "it was their own fault that they were poor." While he did not look like white property owners, Hughes's father was "just like the other German and English and American business men with whom he associated in Mexico" in his low opinion of Mexican people. Hughes wrote, "He said they were exactly like the Negroes in the United States, perhaps worse." It was while traveling by train to visit his father in Mexico and crossing over the Mississippi River that Hughes penned one of his most famous poems, "The Negro Speaks of Rivers." He reflected on his father's desire to escape to Mexico in order to leave the degraded position available to him in the United States:

> My father hated Negroes. I think he hated himself, too, for being a Negro. He disliked all of his family because they were Negroes and remained in the United States, where none of them had a chance to be much of anything but servants. My father said he wanted me to leave the United States as soon as I finished high school, and never return—unless I wanted to be a porter or a red cap all my life.[51]

From Hughes's astounding account of his father, we gain a portrait of a man fulfilling the same sad fictions of the New Imperialism in Mexico, defining his power in relationship to the Indigenous Mexican peasants who worked on his *haciendas* and identifying with old, embittered *señoras,* vestiges of a disappearing colonial order, through which the fantasies of power of the New Imperialism were routed. It was from these encounters that Hughes came to recognize the arbitrary desires for power that defined racism against Indigenous dispossessed peasants in Mexico and against his Black mother working as a waitress in Chicago. It was this pathetic spectacle, his father's imaginary, ruling over a fiefdom in an impoverished land, that Hughes reflected on, traveling over rivers—an understanding that would make him an internationalist.

COUNTERREVOLUTION OF THE NEW IMPERIALISM

The most famous chronicle of internationalism was arguably written by a young journalist from Oregon. John Reed's *Ten Days That Shook the World*

offered a breathless first hand account of the 1917 Bolshevik Revolution. With no pretense of objective reportage, Reed described his book as "a slice of intensified history."[52] Readers at the time, ranging from sympathetic radicals to disgusted opponents, were fascinated by the Bolsheviks' bewildering seizure of power and the construction of their new revolutionary state. Reed represented the efforts of Russian workers to take over the government and reorganize their society through soviets—or councils—with unabashed enthusiasm. He not only chronicled the Bolshevik Revolution, he later returned to the Soviet Union as a delegate to the newly formed Communist International alongside M. N. Roy. As with Roy's contributions, Reed's 1919 comments at the Comintern were also punctuated with references to Mexico. Reed was also trying to make sense of the purported possibilities of internationalism presented by the Bolshevik Revolution as well as the challenges he had encountered during his time in Revolutionary Mexico.[53]

Years before Russia's revolutionary ten days, Mexico had ten shattering days of its own. La Decena Trágica, or the Ten Tragic Days, comprised the violent military coup that overthrew the new Mexican government in 1913. It had been orchestrated by Porfirio Díaz's loyalist forces, General Victoriano Huerta, and others in coordination with US Ambassador Henry Lane Wilson. This counterrevolution ultimately unseated Francisco Madero, the elected president who had ousted Díaz in the early phases of the Revolution. For ten bloody days in February 1913, Mexico City was racked with violence. The capital was bombarded, and hundreds of civilian lives were lost in the fighting. In the end, Madero was forced to resign, and General Huerta assumed the presidency. In a move that inflamed the entire country, Huerta's forces then executed the president alongside vice president José Pino Suárez. Factions throughout Mexico rose against "El Usurpador" Huerta, including followers of Zapata in the South and forces affiliated with Venustiano Carranza, Álvaro Obregón, and Pancho Villa in the North. John Reed traveled to Mexico in the wake of these events to chronicle the new phase of the Revolution.[54]

Metropolitan Magazine dispatched Reed to report on the Mexican Revolution as it mutated into a ferocious civil war. Reed, then twenty-six, came with his own set of questions. He had cut his teeth as a journalist reporting on militant labor strikes of the period, notably the famous 1913 IWW silk workers strike in Paterson, New Jersey. Jailed with the strikers, Reed had offered an intimate portrait of the immigrant workers, capturing the humor, fervor, and collective strength that they had realized through the

strike.[55] Reed subsequently helped one thousand of the workers re-stage their strike before a large crowd at Madison Square Garden, a performance which ended with a singing of "The Internationale." A fixture in the bohemian milieus of Greenwich Village, New York, Reed was a friend to firebrands like anarchist Emma Goldman and prominent literary socialists like Max Eastman. He was also active in radical socialist politics himself. The assignment was therefore intriguing to Reed. Like many US radicals at the time, he was compelled by the multiple radical possibilities of the Mexican Revolution.[56]

Zapata's vision for revolutionary land redistribution resonated most with his own politics. Reed's first choice was to interview him. But, unable to obtain an audience, Reed was able to embed with Pancho Villa's Northern Division forces. His subsequent dispatches to *Metropolitan* represented Villa's followers with great empathy. Reed's articles gave readers a rare glimpse of the Revolution's fighters as fully formed and complex people, a respite from the crude and violent caricatures of Mexicans that were circulating in the mainstream English-language US press. While Reed did not completely escape the conceits of his day, he showed unusual care in his portraits of Mexican people, reproducing their jokes and their explanations of the revolution, and transcribing lyrics to their *corridos.* He sketched the hardened and dusty reality of battle life in camps and on trains and offered a sense of the fierce loyalty and camaraderie that assembled behind Villa. His articles also offered descriptions of people who lay beyond the frame of most war reporters: world-weary children who had experienced the chaos of regime change; *soldaderas,* the indispensable women on the front lines who prepared food, nursed soldiers, and set up camp before battle; and elderly and disabled *campesinos*.[57] As one older man reflected, "For the years of me, my father and my grandfather, the rich men have gathered the corn and held it in their clenched fists before our mouths. And only blood will make them open their hands to their brothers."[58] From Reed's articles, which eventually became his book *Insurgent Mexico* (1914), readers gained an appreciation of the unrequited rage that drove people to battle. Readers came to understand the chaos, violence, and hopes of the Northern Division: a range of Mexican perspectives seldom available to English-language audiences. Reed's more radical readers also gained a sense of an event that appeared to defy revolutionary projections.

The Mexican Revolution was difficult for many radicals in the United States to fully comprehend. For some this resulted from an inability to rec-

oncile the occurrence of the revolution with the schemas of classical Marxist theory. Instead of an era of urban revolts led by an industrialized proletariat in Western countries, the New Imperialism unleashed an epoch of peasant uprisings and rebellions from semi-proletarianized rural spaces around the world. Fierce struggles against exploitation were conjoined with existential struggles for land, subsistence, and a general security of existence. Conceptualizing the unanticipated global struggles that were arising and converging across the capitalist landscape required a new synthesis of theory, one that perhaps not all radicals were ready to acquire.[59] Reed considered the persistent disbelief of many Western radicals as he reflected on the Bolshevik Revolution on its first anniversary. Many Western radicals believed that the country "must pass through the stages of political and economic development known to Western Europe, and emerge at last, with the rest of the world, into full-fledged Socialism."[60] In some instances, this faulty belief led radical movements in the United States to support imperialist regimes, as the Socialist Party did in 1914, believing that Mexico could only undergo true revolution if it first went through a capitalist phase. Often, radicals were caught in the sway of the same determinist developmental logic that capital itself had fostered, a geo-economic imagination that resonated broadly throughout American culture. In this imagination, a racial evolutionary logic was plotted on the planet, producing a hierarchy of cultures. For radicals to comprehend revolutionary advances in non industrialized Western nations by non-Western and non industrial workers, they needed to first unthink the logic of the color line. Toward this goal, Reed's reporting offered an important entry point.[61]

The development of US capital hardly represented a path toward liberal self-determination, let alone a step toward socialist revolution. The Revolution had thus far proved this. While reporting on the Mexican Revolution, Reed studied the operations of US capitalists and the arrogance transmuted to their functionaries and junior partners. In a 1914 article, he concluded that "American Business Men in Mexico are a degraded race." While they, along with US politicians, preached democracy and promised to help develop Mexico, Reed noted:

> They have a deep-seated contempt for the Mexicans, because they are different from themselves. They prate of our grand old democratic institutions, and then declare in the same breath that the peons ought to be driven to work *for them* with rifles. They boast in private of the superiority of American courage over Mexican, and then sneakingly buckle to whatever party is in power.[62]

These insights aligned with several fictionalized pieces about the Revolution that Reed wrote about Mexico. One of these, "Mac – American," was published in *The Masses* in April 1914. The short story depicts four men from the United States all getting drunk together in a Chihuahua bar during the Mexican Revolution. Of the four, only one character, Mac, is named. Reed's narrator describes Mac as "a breath from home, an American in the raw." The story was based on Reed's acquaintance with a man named Mac whom he met in Chihuahua City. Mac was likely a mechanic in a Durango mine turned gunrunner, surnamed McDonald, who surfaces in Reed's articles and book. As one author concludes, "Mac" likely provided Reed with early connections to Villa's troops. If McDonald was a fixer, Reed may have been forced to tolerate his otherwise intolerable behavior. This possible tension infuses the short story.[63]

Reed's narrator is a mostly silent observer in the story. He recounts the scene as three fellow Americans brag about their exploits in Mexico. At the beginning, these boasts are mostly sexual. The three disparage Mexican women with a range of insults. "'Mexican women,' said one, 'are the rottenest on earth. Why, they never wash more than twice a year.'"[64] The three men describe the women's bodies with a mixture of desire and revulsion, an eroticized engagement akin to Anne McClintock's notion of imperialist "pornotropics." Their professed familiarity with the country, expressed first as comprehension and apprehension of Indigenous Mexican women's bodies, underscores McClintock's observation that "knowledge of the unknown world was mapped as a metaphysics of gender violence."[65] The men work themselves up recounting the permissiveness of Mexican men. They imagine what they would do if any other man insulted their "American Woman" the way they insult Mexican women. "'I think I'd kill him,'" resolves Mac.[66]

Mac, twenty-five, nearly the same age as Reed at the time, is described as having had many jobs: "Railway foreman, plantation overseer in Georgia, boss mechanic in a Mexican mine, cow-puncher, and Texas deputy sheriff."[67] He also describes working in a lumber mill in Vermont, at an unspecified job in Kansas City, and having a brother who worked in the Canadian North-West Mounted Police. As the story proceeds, Reed offers an intriguing cognitive map of the New Imperialism. As narrated through the three men's stories, Mexico appears transposable, one site among many for these men's exploits. What is consistent and mutually affirmed is the role of these men in a community of hunters. In Mexico, they are hunting fortune; in the Canadian plains, "Indians"; around Georgia plantations, Black people; and

in the borderlands with the Texas Rangers, Mexicans. As they sit in a Chinese bar named Chee-Lee's, with unseen Asian immigrants constantly refilling their drinks, Asians are absent presences, serving men who lust after the world while they themselves do not appear anywhere in it. There is hardly a pause between the description of the places and subordinations of the people within them. In some places, these men hunt as deputies of the state. In others, they hunt as vigilantes. Everywhere, they are hunting women.[68]

The "hunting" in the story is literal. "'Gar' said the first man. 'Northwestern Mounted Police! That must be a job. A good rifle and a good horse and no closed season on Indians! That's what I call Sport!'" Mac acknowledges the appeal of killing Indigenous people. He one-ups his companion by describing "the greatest sport in the world": "hunting" Black people. Mac goes on to discuss his job as an overseer on "a cotton plantation down in Georgia, near a place called Dixville."[69] He recounts falling in with a lynch mob, chasing an unseen and unnamed Black man with a pack of dogs:

> We ran like crazy men, through the cotton field, and the woods swampy from floods, swam the river, dove over fences, in a way that would tire out a man ordinarily in a hundred yards. And we never felt it. The spit kept dripping out of my mouth—that was the only thing that bothered me. It was a full moon, and every once in a while when we came to an open place somebody would yell, 'There he goes!' and we'd think the dogs had made a mistake, and take after a shadow. Always the dogs ahead, baying like bells. Say, did you ever hear a bloodhound when he's after a human? It's like a bugle! I broke my shins on twenty fences, and I banged my head on all the trees in Georgia, but I never felt it.[70]

As he recounts the breathlessness of the chase, Mac narrates a shared bloodlust among the men. Bounding through the fields, woods, rivers, and over fences, alongside animals and like wild animals themselves, his story captures a heedless and thrashing movement of the mob through space. The hunt gives the lynch mob a collective force and purpose. The men move with the confidence of avengers, though they are deputized by no force other than the color line. Mac falls in with the twelve random men in the lynch mob only after hearing dogs give chase. He never knew what the mob's victim had supposedly done, and, as he continues, "I guess most of the men didn't either. We didn't care." Reed's story distills the purported camaraderie of anonymous men; the men in the lynch mob, like the nameless Americans around the table in Mexico, are all conjoined by an imagined solidarity, wrought through their collective capacity and authorization to enact racist and

gendered violence. Reed is careful to recount their gratification as both grim and slender.[71]

"Mac – American" depicts rootless men. They have found themselves in Mexico not as heroes but as solitary and itinerant drifters. They drink together not as friends but as men with little holding them together beyond their purported Americanness. Their camaraderie is composed of swagger and violence. Mac tells another rollicking story of a fight between himself and his brother, with a cold coda. His brother rips Mac's ear to a stump, and Mac in turn blinds his brother's eye. After not speaking with his brother for years, Mac spurns his offer of affection, only to learn of his death shortly after. Without pause, another man immediately redirects the conversation back to the excitement of violence and the thrill of hunting non-white people. The turn underscores how starkly lonely the men are and, perhaps, how much they are trying to forget it.

Outside, it is just past midnight on New Year's Eve. Reed offers a glimpse of the street in Chihuahua where people are singing, shooting guns, and praying together. The new year is opening with a sense of possibility and warmth. Men sit around fires singing *corridos.* Women gather in the "pale red light" of the church "to wash away their sins." The narrator opens the story asking Mac if he wants to go into the cathedral to see the service. Mac is spooked. "There's too much risk in it," he says. Pressed, Mac haltingly explains, "'Why, when you die—you know. . . .' Now he was disgusted and angry."[72] Alongside his violence, Reed captures Mac's sense of being haunted. In a strange aside, Mac describes his initial response to hearing the hound dogs in Georgia before the chase:

> I don't know whether you fellows ever heard a hound bay when he's after a human. . . . Any hound baying in the night is about the lonesomest, *doomingest* sound in the world. But this was worse than that. It made you feel like you were standing in the dark, waiting for somebody to strangle you to death—*and you couldn't get away.*[73]

The New Imperialism, in John Reed's description of Americans in Mexico, had a dual character. Small and middling men like Mac could achieve previously denied forms of capitalist self-realization, such as the acquisition of property, the holding of small shares, or the mere possibility of achieving either. In this period, they could imagine themselves to be the small shareholders in the new spaces of global capitalist investment. To share the objectives and the spatial imaginaries of capital, particularly fractions of US capital, meant seeing the world as a site of acquisition and potential value

production. These visions were consolidated through racist, anti-Indigenous, and gendered enactments of nationalist power. Shadow hegemony would arise through such apparent convergences of interest.

But in Mac and his compatriots, readers observe the haunted nature of these small men. While they profess swaggering satisfaction, Reed is careful to portray their doubt. In his story, they are not entirely convinced of their own violently wrested gains or their slim and borrowed authority. Some, like Mac, feel a dogged sense of guilt that eats at their conscience: they wait in the dark for their deserved reprisal. Despite the seductive appeals to heroism, they remain, in Reed's depiction, small and pitiable men. While the powerful subjectivities of the New Imperialism would be widely extended, there were no guarantees that they would root and take hold. Reed's story illustrates the contradictions and incompletion of this project. For those, like Reed, who sought to challenge this emerging hegemony, this incompletion was essential to comprehend as a political terrain. If the color line was learned, it could be unlearned. John Reed had faith that it could be.

When he returned from Russia in late 1918 after having published his book about Mexico, one of Reed's first assignments was in Chicago. There, he reported on men like Mac, who worked as longshoremen, wheat-binders, lumberjacks, and miners. These are the "kind of men the capitalist points to as he drives past. . . . There, he says, 'that's the kind of working-men we want in this country. Men that know their job, and work at it, instead of going around talking bosh about the class struggle.'" But these 101 men were precisely talking about class struggle. All 101 were on trial for obstructing the war effort. All 101 were members of the Industrial Workers of the World (IWW) and as Reed described, all "one hundred and one . . . believe that the wealth of the world belongs to him who creates it, and that the workers of the world shall take their own." Fresh from his experiences in Mexico and the Soviet Union, Reed sat in the courtroom and believed he was witnessing the world turned upside down. Instead of the workers on trial, he thought as he heard their testimony of violence against organized labor, it was them putting the country on trial. "For a moment it seemed to me that I was watching the Central Committee of the American Soviets trying Judge Landis for—well, say counter-revolution."[74] While Reed's daydream would not come to pass in that Chicago courtroom, those same Wobblies would find ways to turn the world upside down alongside other global radicals and Mexican Revolutionaries—after they were found guilty and sentenced to Leavenworth Federal Penitentiary.