

A Post-Mortem On — The "Lumpen Revolution"

(From a perspective of past history and from the premise of the political hindsight offered by the now defunct "lumpen revolution" we reprint excerpts from a previous VANGUARD article on the subject.

That VANGUARD article was written in 1969 and at a time when the "lumpen revolution" was being peddled as the "vanguard of the American revolution."

As a matter of fact, the "American revolution" itself represented only a part, though a pivotal one, of the broader, world-wide "revolutionary upheaval."

Today, the completion of the colonial redivision of the world has become a fact of history and all those "revolutions" have been called off by their "Entente" creators and sponsors. Hence, a retrospective examination of the tactic of the "Cold War" will be of extreme importance to the real Marxists-Leninists. That journey into the past will equip the Marxist-Leninists without quotes with a knowledge of the tactics and the methodology of the "Entente" imperialists as they move forward within the complexity of relations in the era of the so-called "Peace Millennium".)

Madison Ave. Puts New Lumpen Product on Display

To facilitate the work of their petty-bourgeois lumpen agents the American ruling class proceeded to mobilize its "media" as fully as possible to produce a charisma, a hero image of these petty-bourgeois prophets of filth and degradation.

Eldridge Cleaver was fished out of the depths of America's social sewers and presented as a black Quixote.

Eldridge Cleaver never was, never will be anything else than a specimen of the most degraded and filthy excretion of a rotten imperialist society.

But the apologists for American imperialism bend every effort to "sell" Eldridge Cleaver as a "genius" and "revolutionary."

In the introduction to his collection of filth and depravity, "Soul On Ice," the following word picture of Eldridge Cleaver's "literary personality" is painted:

"This book, written in prison by a young black American (or Afro-American), is one of the discoveries of the 1960's. In a literary epoch marked by a prevailing mediocrity of expression, a lack of substantial new talent, a kind of spiritual slough after the great wave of American writing from the 1920's to the 1940's, Eldridge Cleaver's is one of the distinctive new literary voices to be heard."

The New York Times of February 26, 1968 could not have been more "sympathetic and understanding" of the task that Eldridge Cleaver's book was to fulfill in the American counter-revolution:

"His penetrating questions duplicate all those raised in the reader's mind throughout the book; they prompt Cleaver to resolve the apparent inconsistencies between his visions of violence and his fundamental faith in human rights; and they reveal him as a humane, brave and wise man, wherever he may be and whatever the justness of his cause." (New York Times, February 26, 1968).

And the New York Times Book Review Magazine of April 27, 1968 went into veritable ecstasies with the new "literary star" that had arisen in the American literary firmament:

"In 'Soul On Ice,' Eldridge

has used the black woman. I felt I was getting revenge. From the site of the act of rape, consternation spreads outwardly in concentric circles. I wanted to send waves of consternation throughout the white race. Recently, came upon a quotation from one of LeRoi Jones' poems, taken from his book *The Dead Lecturer*:

"A cult of death need of the simple striking arm under the street lamp. The cutters from under their rented earth. Come up, black dada nihilism. Rape the white girls. Rape their fathers. Cut the mothers throats."

"I have lived those lines and I know that if I had not been apprehended I would have slit some white throats. There are, of course, many young blacks out there right now who are slitting white throats and raping the white girls. They are not doing this because they read LeRoi Jones' poetry, as some of his critics seem to believe. Rather, LeRoi is expressing the funky facts of life." (Eldridge Cleaver, *Soul On Ice*, pp. 14 and 15).

Obviously, there is nothing even mediocre about this depraved rigmarole. What then is the reason for the deluge of praise that all apologists of the ruling class constantly heap upon this creature of the lower depths of American society? Eldridge Cleaver himself offers the key to this "enigma" when in his author's acknowledgement remarks he says:

"Of all the beautiful people who have been so helpful in getting these writings into print, I'd like to thank especially Edward M. Keating, creator of *Ramparts* magazine, who was the first professional to pay any attention to my writings; Maxwell Geismar, whose criticism has helped me gain a degree of control over my materials; and David Welsh, for his invaluable assistance as an editor." (Ibid.)

A cynic might suggest that someone should write a paean to the great sense of "fair play" and "objectivity" for all of those "beautiful white people" that Eldridge Cleaver mentions above, and who, Christ-like, forgive him the "rapings of white women" that he boasts about.

But the fact is that Messrs. Keating, Geismar and Welsh are themselves making a living out of manufacturing phoney revolutions and lumpen heroes. Not to speak of playing the role of "liberal" or "radical" white bag-men for black "militants" and loudmouths.

It is quite instructive to observe Eldridge Cleaver's "intellectual" antics when he is not in the company of the Keatings, Geismars and Welshes.

When the "great genius" of the lumpen "left" addressed the Barristers Club at San Francisco in September, 1968, *Newsweek* reported the following:

"Cleaver, clad in black and wearing a tiny pearl earring in his left ear, talked bluntly to the Barristers' Club, a group of some 175 attorneys, all under the age of 36, in a dining room in San Francisco's Mills Tower.

"While the plinstriped young

men and a sprinkling of lady lawyers toyed uneasily with their salad forks, Cleaver told them they could best help the black movement by donating machine guns . . .

"Up against the wall, mother ----. You may think you're riding in luxury liners, that you can put a tool like Richard Nixon or an unconscionable man like George Wallace in the White House, but none of those pigs can solve the problem."

"He dwelt next on his own candidacy on the Peace and Freedom ticket:

" . . . I could go into the White House poor and come out fat ---- rich, but I'm too young. [Cleaver, 33, is too young to hold the office]. So I have to say ---- the White House ---- the electoral system, and ---- all the pigs and ---- the power structure . . .

"If I could get two machine guns out of this crowd I wouldn't care if you applauded me or threw glasses at me, I'd get my black ass out of here."

"Lest anyone mistake his meaning, Cleaver concluded with these remarks:

"I meant all my insults to those who won't choose my side — the right side. You people can take your wallets, credit cards and cut your mother ---- necks.

"You people on the other side, I love you . . . I hope you'll take your guns and shoot judges and police."

"Cleaver's talk drew a polite ovation from the lawyers. Then, in a question-and-answer period, he was asked what whites could do to help the black man's cause. His answer: 'Kill some white people or make them act in a prescribed manner.'" (Newsweek, September 16, 1968).

Another "literary" gem and concrete proof of the "eloquence" of which Eldridge Cleaver is capable of displaying when his white mentors are not around was contained in the following remarks made at Stanford University during the electoral campaign of 1968:

"Ronald Reagan is a punk, a sissy and a coward, and I challenge him to a duel to the death or until he says Uncle Eldridge. I give him a choice of weapons — a gun, a knife, a baseball bat or marshmallows." (New York Times, October 2, 1968).

That was Eldridge Cleaver all right. There was the naked bully punk without any rhetorical adornment provided by the likes of Messrs. Keating, Welsh and Geismar.

There was the loudmouth lumpen of the ilk of Stokely Carmichael and H. Rap Brown, et al.

Stokely Carmichael has stashed away quite a few dollars making such statements as the following:

"We believe in violence. I am using all the money I can raise to buy arms. It is now necessary to attack police stations and kill policemen." (Time magazine, March 28, 1969).

Carmichael has indeed raised a lot of money purportedly for the purchase of guns but somehow or other that money is always invested, not in weapons but in such unrevolutionary things as \$70,000 residences in exclusive Northwest Washington, D.C.

H. Rap Brown also chooses to indulge in this "revolutionary" jive as he did when he stated last December: "You had better get your guns, brothers." (New York Times, December 6, 1968).

All that "violent" baloney simply means cash in the pockets and easy living for all "militants" and professional loud-mouths, and when Eldridge Cleaver took off from the U.S. he carried a swag estimated at \$400,000. That money represented the bulk of the monies collected for the "violent revolution" up 'til the time of his departure from the shores of America.

And even when he landed in "hospitable Socialist Cuba" he continued to be surrounded by "revolutionary" ease and comfort. The "humble" abode provided by the Cuban revisionists was described by the New York Times as follows:

"The Cleaver apartment [a penthouse] has two large terraces, dining room, living room, studio, five bedrooms and four baths. One of the terraces faces the city and one faces the sea.

"The apartment is so big that a visitor asked Cleaver, according to a letter from Cuba, what a man who apparently was living alone was going to do with so much space." (New York Times, June 1, 1969).

We are living in the epoch where "revolution" has become an international racket. Hundreds of millions of dollars are invested every year by the ruling classes of world imperialism (capitalist and "Socialist") in "anti-imperialist," "revolutionary" propaganda.

In France the cynics poked fun at the "imaginary French Revolution of May, 1968." Of course, the "Revolution In-trouvable" is not limited to French social experience.

Every imperialist country is "seething" (and you can take Mao's and Brezhnev's word for it) with "revolution." (Vanguard, October - November, 1969)

Semi-Intellectual Lumpens Doing Their "Revolutionary Thing" At The Peak Of Their "Revolution"



Lords Pablo (Yoruba) Guzman and Felipe Luciano, two of the most notorious "revolutionary" lumpen strutting around after a "victorious struggle" back in 1970.