

Source: The Autobiography of Malcom X. Grove Press, Incorp., New York, 1964.

Examples of transference from the Autobiography of Malcolm X.

Page 210.

I can hear myself now, at the lectern in our little Muslim Temple, passionately addressing my black brothers and sisters:

"This little, gentle sweet man! The Honorable Elijah Muhammed who is at this very hour teaching our brothers and sisters over there in Chicago! Allah's Messenger--which makes him the most powerful black man in America! For you and me, he has sacrificed seven years on the run from filthy hypocrites, he has spent another three and a half years in a prison cage! He was put here by the devil white man! That devil white man does not want the Honorable Elijah Muhammad stirring awake the sleeping giant of you and me, and all of our ignorant, brainwashed kind here in the white man's heaven and the black man's hell here in the wilderness of North America!

"I have sat at our Messenger's feet, nearing the truth from his own mouth! I have pledged on my knees to Allah to tell the white man about his crimes and the black man about the true teachings of our Honorable Elijah Muhammed. I don't care if it costs my life. ..."

This was my attitude. These were my uncompromising words, uttered anywhere, without hesitation or fear. I was his most faithful servant, and I know today that I did believe in him more firmly than he believed in himself.

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Mr. Muhammad--each time I'd go to see him in Chicago. or in Phoenix--would warm me with his expressions of his approval and confidence in me.

He left me in charge of the Nation of Islam's affairs when he made an Omra pilgrimage to the Holy city Mecca.

I believed so strongly in Mr. Muhammad that I would have hurled myself between him and an assassin. A chance event brought crashing home to me that there was something--one thing--greater than my reverence for Mr. Muhammad. It was the awesomeness of my reason to revere him.

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Icarus' father made some wings that he fastened ..with wax. "Never fly but so high 'with these wing's, the father had said. But .soaring around, this way, that way, Icarus' flying pleased him so that he began thinking he was flying on his own merit. Higher, he flew-- higher--until the heat of the sun melted the wax holding those wings. And down came Icarus tumbling.

Standing there by that Harvard window silently vowed to Allah that I never would forget that any wings I wore had had been put on by the religion of Islam. That fact I never have forgotten...not for one second.

Pages 291-292

In every radio or television appearance, in every newspaper interview, I always made it crystal clear that I was Mr. Muhammad.' Representative. Anyone who ever heard me make a public speech during this time knows that at least once a minute I said, "The Honorable Elijah Mohammad teaches--" I would refuse to talk with any person who ever tried any so-called "joke" about my constant reference to Mr. Muhammad. Whenever anyone said, or wrote, "Malcolm X, the number two Black Muslim-- I would recoil. I have called up reporters and radio and television newscasters long-distance and asked them never to use that phrasing again, explaining to them: All Muslims are number two-- after Mr. Muhammad. "

My briefcase was stocked with Mr. Muhammad's photographs. I gave them to photographers who snapped my picture. I would telephone editors asking them, "Please use Mr. Muhammad's picture instead of mine." When, to my joy, Mr. Muhammad agreed to grant interviews to white writers, I rarely spoke to a white writer, or a black one either, whom I didn't urge to visit Mr. Muhammad in person in Chicago-- "Get the truth from the Messenger in person"--and a number of them did go there and meet and interview him.

Both white people and Negroes--even including Muslims--would make me uncomfortable, always giving me so much credit for the steady progress that the Nation of Islam was making. "All praise is due to Allah, 'f I told everybody. "Anything creditable that I do is due to Mr. Elijah Muhammad."

I believe that no man in the Nation of Islam could have gained the international prominence I gained with the wings Mr. Muhammad had put on me--plus having the freedom that he granted me to take liberties and do things on my own--and still have remained as faithful and as selfless a servant to him as I was.

Pages 295-96

"Los Angeles, July 3 (UPI) --Elijah Muhammad, 67-year-old leader of the Black Muslim movement, today faced paternity suits from two former secretaries who charged he fathered their four children...both women are in their twenties Miss Rosary and Miss Williams charged they had intimacies with Elijah Muhammad from 1957 until this year. Miss Rosary alleged he fathered her two children and said she ..was expecting a third child by him... the other plaintiff said he was the father of her daughter "

As far back as 1955, I had heard hints. But believe me when I tell you this: for me to even consider believing anything as insane-sounding as any slightest implication of any immoral behavior of Mr. Muhammad--why, the very idea made me shake with fear .

And so my mind simply refused to accept anything so grotesque as adultery mentioned in the same breath with Mr. Muhammad's name

Adultery! Why, any Muslim guilty of adultery was summarily ousted in disgrace. One of the Nation's most closely kept scandals was that a succession of the personal secretaries of Mr. Muhammad had become pregnant. They wer brought before Muslim court and charge with adultery and they confessed. Humiliated before the general body, they received sentences of from one to five years of "isolation."

That meant they were to have no contact whatsoever with any other Muslims.

I don't think I could say anything which better testifies to my death of faith in Mr. Muhammad than that I totally and absolutely rejected my own intelligence. I simply refused to believe. I didn't want Allah to "burn my brain" as I felt the brain of my brother Reginald had been burned for harboring evil thoughts about Mr. Elijah Muhamad. The last time I had seen Reginald, one day he walked into the Mosque Seven restaurant. *I* saw him coming in the door. I went and met him. I looked into my brother's eyes; I told him he wasn't welcome. among Muslims, and he turned around and left, and because, years before, Mr. Muhammad had sentenced Reginald to "isolation" from all other Muslims--and I considered that I was a Muslim before I was Reginald's brother.

No one in the world could have convinced .me that Mr. Muhammad would betray the reverence bestowed upon him by all of the mosques full of poor, trusting Muslims nickeling and diming up to faithfully support the Nation of Islam--.then many of these faithful were. scarcely able to pay their own rents.

Pages 298-99

Elijah Muhammad had ~e fly to Phoenix to see him in April, 1963. We embraced, as always- and. almost immediately he took me outside, where we began to walk by his swimming pool.

He was The Messenger of Allah. When I was a foul, vicious convict, so evil that other convicts had called me Satan, this man had rescued me. He was the man who had trained me, who treated me as if I were his own flesh and blood. He was the man who had given me wings-- to *go* places, to do things I other-wise never would have dreamed of. We walked, with me caught up in a whirlwind of emotions.

"Well, son,'l Mr. Huhaml!!a..l. said, "what is on your mind?"

Plainly, frankly pulling no punches, I told Mr. Muhammad what was being said. And without .waiting for any response from him, I said that with his son Wallace: s help I had found in the Quran and the Bible that which might be taught to Muslims--if it became necessary-- as the fulfillment of prophecy.

"Son, I'm not surprised," Elijah Muhammad said. "You always have had such good understanding of prophecy, and of spiritual things. You recognize that's what all of this is--prophecy. You have the kind of understanding that only and old man has."

Pages 304-305

I was in a state of emotional shock. I was like someone who for twelve years had had an inseparable, beautiful marriage--and then suddenly one morning at the breakfast table the marriage partner had thrust across the table some divorce papers.

I felt as though something in nature had failed, like the sun, or the stars. It was that incredible a phenomenon to me--something too stupendous to conceive. I am not sparing myself. Around Cassius Clay's fight camp, around the Hampton House Motel where my family was staying, I talked with my own wife, and with other people, and actually I was only mouthing words that really meant to me.

Whatever I was saying at any time was being handled by a small corner of my mind. The rest of my mind was filled with a parade of a thousand and one different scenes from the past twelve years...scenes in Muslim mosques. ..scenes with. Mr. Muhammad. ..scenes with Mr. Muhammad's family... scenes with Muslims, individually, as my audiences, and at our social gatherings... and scenes with the white man in audience and the press.

I walked, I talked, I functioned. At the Cassius Clay Fight camp, I told the various sportswriters repeatedly what I gradually had come to know within myself was a lie-- that I ,would be reinstated within ninety days. But I could not:

yet let myself psychologically face what I knew; that the Nation of Islam and I were physically divorced. Do you understand what I mean? A judge's signature on a piece of paper can grant a couple a physical divorce.--but for either of them, or maybe for both of them, if they have been very close marriage team, to actually - become psychologically divorced from each other might take years .

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In Mecca, too, I had played back for myself the twelve years I had spent with Elijah Muhammad as if it were a motion picture. I guess it would be impossible for anyone ever to realize fully how complete .was my belief in Elijah Muhammad, I believed in him not only as a leader in the ordinary human sense, but also I believed in him as a divine leader, I believed he had no human weakness or faults, and that, therefore, he could make no mistakes and that he could do no wrong. There on u Holy World hilltop, I realized how very dangerous it is for people to hold any human being in such esteem especially to consider anyone some sort of "divinely guided" and ".protected" person.