

WILLIAM & MARY KOCHIYAMA
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**BROTHER
MALCOLM**



Gifted men are admired . . . sometimes envied;
Courageous men are revered . . . sometimes feared.
Malcolm was a gifted man. He was a brave man,
And he was admired, envied, revered, and feared.

His life was short, but it was well spent
Among the people and WITH the people.
For that, we 'the people' shall be eternally grateful.
We shall remember that while he lived, he gave his all;
In the end, he gave his life . . .
For our sakes.

May justice rule the records of these times
So that history will reveal and praise
His worthy example of Black Manhood.
Touched by his rare spirit,
May we remain determined
To follow the course he charted
Toward complete Freedom from Oppression.

Having a common cause,
Let the people draw together
In his name.
Let there be dedication and study.
Let there be work;
That our Brother, Malcolm . . .
That ALL our martyred kindred
Shall not have died in vain.

Sara Mitchell

"JUST CALL ME 'BROTHER' " . . . was Malcolm's request when he returned from an extensive tour of Africa. These words hold the essence of his grassroots attitude toward people.



He is shown here with Mrs. W. E. B. Dubois in Accra, Ghana.

Throughout the African and Asian world, he was warmly and honorably received. He was invited to live and work in three of the beautiful countries. But memories, ties, and a sense of responsibility concerning the needs of Afro-Americans brought him back to the place of his birth.

During his stay in Nigeria, students of the University of Ibadan bestowed upon him the name, *Omawale*, which in Yoruba means "the child has returned."

FROM THE BEGINNING . . . May 19, 1925, Malcolm lived in the shadow of oppression. He was one of the six sons and the two daughters of Earl Little, a Georgian, and Helen Norton Little of the West Indies. Their earliest days were spattered with images of violent attacks on the man of the house, a Baptist preacher who dared to take stands against the slings and arrows of outrageous racism.

Revn' Little was a tall, rugged man literally black in complexion who — unlike most of his dark contemporaries — boasted of his blackness and African ancestry. He was an endorser and worker for the Back-To-Africa Movement of Marcus Garvey, a Jamaican who advocated self-determination for black people in all matters. And when the Revn' preached, he refused to temper his views on any topic . . . racism included.

Consequently, he was forced to stay on the move with his family. And every place they moved, dignitaries would come to pay their respects: a beating here . . . a house-burning there . . . Then, one night in Lansing, Michigan, such unidentified guardians of racial purity delivered their maximum reward. An anonymous "they" silenced another fearless voice.

No one ever knew exactly *who* did it, but thinking Afro-Americans agreed with the Brother's conclusions because, even to this year, 1965, similar things happen in Mississippi and places like that.

"WHEN I WAS SIX YEARS OLD," said Malcolm, "THEY FOUND MY FATHER WITH HIS HEAD BASHED IN . . . HIS BODY MANGLED BY A STREET CAR. HE WAS A STRONG MAN . . . AND HE LIVED FOR SEVERAL HOURS IN THAT CONDITION."

TRUE TO HIS CAUSE . . . as a brave minister of his people, Reverend Little would not yield to either the "man" or the "overseers." He lost his life for standing firm . . . for speaking out. But, he left a special son.

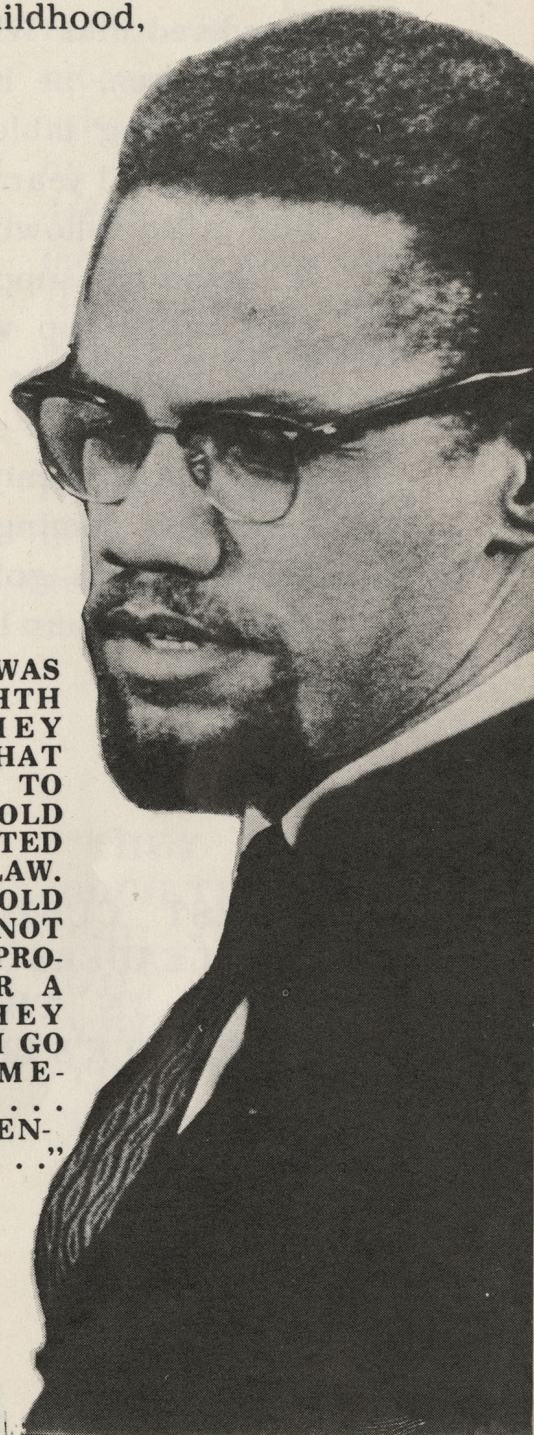
Young Malcolm was one of those rare individuals who can never be relegated to any background. Surrounded by forests of ordinary trees, they necessarily show. And in spite of the many deprivations and miseries of his childhood, Malcolm always managed to maintain a sense of personal worth.

After his father's death and a subsequent mental breakdown suffered by his mother, the family was split up. Malcolm was sent to Boston where he lived with an older half-sister for three years. At school, he was on the honor-roll. He was an amiable person and a promising student.

Elements which thwarted his formal education point to a further indictment of the American "system." Reactions from his white teachers and schoolmates concerning a career and ambitions shook Malcolm's dignity to the core.

"WHEN I WAS IN THE EIGHTH GRADE, THEY ASKED ME WHAT I WANTED TO BECOME. I TOLD THEM I WANTED TO STUDY LAW. BUT THEY TOLD ME LAW WAS NOT A SUITABLE PROFESSION FOR A NEGRO. THEY SUGGESTED I GO INTO SOMETHING ELSE . . . LIKE CARPENTRY, MAYBE . . ."

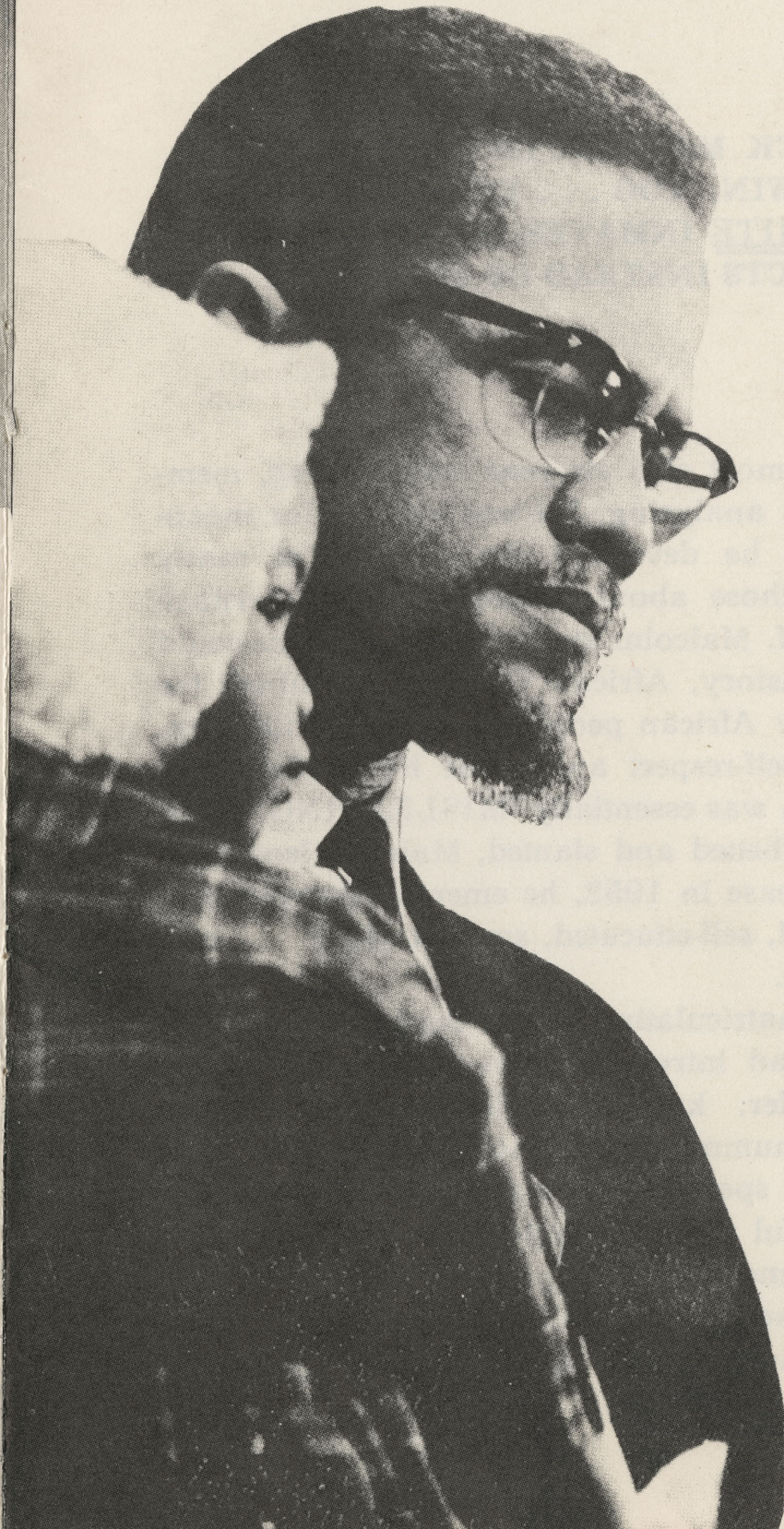
He soon dropped out to search for some other way to become a man.



ONLY A LENGTHY BOOK could trace steps and define motives leading toward the existence he then wandered into. Whatever the reasons, before Malcolm was sixteen, he had graduated from shining shoes and waiting tables to pushing dope and "hustling." After several years in that cool climate, he was caught and jailed following one of the burglaries committed in desperate support of a cocaine habit, which had also caught up with him. By then, he had already been through the kind of outrages few men experience, even in an entire lifetime. And three months before he was twenty-one, the age when most American boys are coming out to get a taste of the world, Malcolm was going in to be punished for having gotten more than his share of it.

"MY BEST CUSTOMERS WERE PREACHERS AND SOCIAL LEADERS . . . POLICE, AND ALL KINDS OF BIG-SHOTS IN THE BUSINESS OF CONTROLLING OTHER PEOPLE'S LIVES."

SUCH "CONTROLLERS" REMIND US OFTEN — too often — of our brother's days in the underworld. They emphasize that particular phase even though twenty years have passed since the youthful transgressions.



What Afro-Americans realize is that the moral principles developed and practiced by Malcolm X were deeply admired by those who knew him. He sometimes commented on the barriers and pressures exerted on people who were trying to keep straight in a gracious, "forgiving" Christian social-order.

"THEY HAVE A SOCIETY WHERE YOU SWEAT IT OUT TO PAY YOUR DEBTS. THEN YOU FIND YOURSELF IN DEEPER THAN WHEN YOU STARTED . . ."

CONTEMPORARY INTELLECTUALS who faced him later and flinched from his scathingly informed tongue realized with some amazement that Malcolm used prison confinement and routine as a college workshop. He was moved to do that because of the great impression made on him when he noted the particular brand of success won by an older inmate.

**" . . . THAT BLACK MAN COULD TANGLE WITH
ANYBODY, AND WIN, TOO . . . EVEN GOING UP
AGAINST THE WHITE INMATES. AND I NOTICED
HOW HE USED FACTS INSTEAD OF FISTS."**

Malcolm then spent most of a six-year stay reading, memorizing, studying, and analyzing. He was starved for meaningful knowledge, so he devoured the contents of many books . . . especially those about people of African heritage . . . people like himself. Malcolm studied everything he could find about African History, African Culture, and about the contributions made by African people to World Civilization. These reinforced his self-respect and made him believe that conventional education was essentially "MISLEADING." Having had his appetite whetted and slanted, Malcolm learned a lot. And upon his release in 1952, he emerged transformed: twenty-seven years old, self-educated, smooth-edged . . . and ripe for what came next.

While he was still matriculating within the hallowed walls, one of his brothers had introduced him to a new, "natural" religion and its leader, known as the honorable Elijah Mahummad. Mr. Mahummad corresponded regularly with Malcolm adding many special religious tracts to library readings. Being so grateful for the kind of enlightenment and hope he experienced under Elijah's patient direction, the admiration Malcolm felt soon developed into unquestioning awe. After just a short period, he was converted to beliefs of this Muslim sect.



"I HAVE ALWAYS BEEN INTENSELY LOYAL."

Thus Malcolm's own words voice the depth of commitment and kind of devotion he gave to this cause. Feeling as accepted and loved as one of the sons, he put aside all vices and vowed to work exclusively for Elijah and Allah. He preached tenets woven around a dogma telling that "All white people are 'devils'." Convinced and convincingly, Malcolm spread the word from coast to coast.

IDEAS OF SELF-RULE and self-pride for black people were rekindled; but this new theory went steps further than the nationalistic ideas of his father. A burning bitterness was added in the name of *all* the injustices that had *ever* been visited upon the oppressed black race . . . even from centuries back. Malcolm preached fervently and he always increased the number of young, militant converts and disturbed the status-quo wherever he went. THESE AROUSING PERFORMANCES continued for twelve years during which time the name, MALCOLM X, and the man it marked were projected as a black fanatic who hated "devils" and all they stood for. With this fierceness in the front, a rising "Nation" of Black Muslims grew into an American phenomenon which gave new acceptability to all groups traditionally concerned with the civil-rights of Negro (Afro)Americans. For Malcolm made leaders of the NAACP, Urban League, and others in similar positions look like timid plodders. And although his militant position represented the convictions of thousands, most of these approved Negro-Leaders assured everyone that the Muslims were not part of the *real* movement . . . whatever that meant. AFRO-AMERICANS — the masses and bourgeoisie as well — chuckled behind their sleeves because they realized how galling it must be for the "totem-tops" to find themselves sounded out as well as out-sounded by someone who was informed, articulate, and effective without benefit of their kind of education, training, and background: things propagandized as being absolutely necessary to become a leader. OUR BROTHER proved them to be mistaken. And as his influence continued to broaden, the Black Establishment was placed in ever more embarrassing positions. For not only would Malcolm speak up, he also had a reputation for telling big-time secrets and "making everything plain" even when the axe fell on black people . . . including the so-called leaders. No wonder they anxiously resented and resisted the candid "intrusions" he made on their domain. Finally, it was not surprising when many of them aligned with other artistic enemies to paint their dreaded indicter as a dark and dangerous menace.

MALCOLM UNDERSTOOD THEIR SQUIRMING . . . and joked about it when they attacked him from lofty places after having refused intelligent debate. His main interests were focused on the masses, not leaders. And by 1963, the Muslim calls to separate were being replaced by one for a unity of Afro-Americans. "LET'S GET TOGETHER . . . LET'S UNITE!" — was the theme now exploding from his platform. He called for a political program . . . in addition to the usual economic program. And that marked the beginning of internal discords which were not then acknowledged. Even when some of the Nation's tenets began going against his sensibilities, Malcolm admitted that Elijah's program and guidance gave him opportunities he could not have had otherwise. Yet he could tell . . . that certain expansions in ideas and program were needed by the people. Then, to his surprise and consternation, one clash with Elijah brought on his suspension and, finally, his dismissal from duties with the Muslim organization. Amidst a great deal of confusion and publicity, Malcolm withdrew to think things out. HE DECIDED that it was time for him to go out on his own . . . and he did. By 1964, he was planning direct action programs for Afro-Americans. Two extensive trips in Africa, including a sobering stay at Mecca, affected his ideas and approaches. Already having the strength, the courage, and a program, all he needed was the time to prove himself. ACCEPTED BY THE MUSLIM WORLD LEAGUE, Malcolm became even "hotter" back on the American scene. He had become El Hajj Malik Shabazz: an official teacher and minister in his own rights. He was commissioned to propagate Islam all over the Western Hemisphere. So for the first time, Afro-Americans could accomplish something without copying the usual bossman. Afro-Americans could get another picture of the world . . . as well as a different religious point of view. Adding that factor to his Afro-American background and influences, Malcolm was now the one man potentially capable of pulling together all diverse factions of people of African Heritage from all parts of the globe on the grounds of *race, nation and religion*.

To the Kocharyans
 Best of all times always

"Our Own Black Shining Prince"

Here — at this final hour, in this quiet place, Harlem has come to bid farewell to one of its brightest hopes — extinguished now, and gone from us forever.

For Harlem is where he worked and where he struggled and fought — his home of homes, where his heart was, and where his people are — and it is, therefore, most fitting that we meet once again — in Harlem — to share these last moments with him.

For Harlem has ever been gracious to those who have loved her, have fought for her, and have defended her honor even to the death. It is not in the memory of man that this beleaguered, unfortunate but nonetheless proud community has found a braver, more gallant young champion than this Afro-American who lies before us — unconquered still.

I say the word again, as he would want me to: Afro-American — Afro-American Malcolm, who was a master, was most meticulous in his use of words. Nobody knew better than he the power words have over the minds of men. Malcolm had stopped being a "Negro" years ago.

It had become too small, too puny, too weak a word for him.

Malcolm was bigger than that. Malcolm had become an Afro-American and he wanted — so desperately — that we, that all his people would become Afro-Americans too.

There are those who will consider it is their duty, as friends of the Negro people, to tell us to revile him, to flee, even from the presence of his memory, to save ourselves by writing him out of the history of our turbulent times.

Many will ask what Harlem finds to honor in this stormy, controversial and bold young captain — and we will smile.

Many will say turn away — away from this man, for he is not a man but a demon, a monster, a subverter and an enemy of the black man — and we will smile.

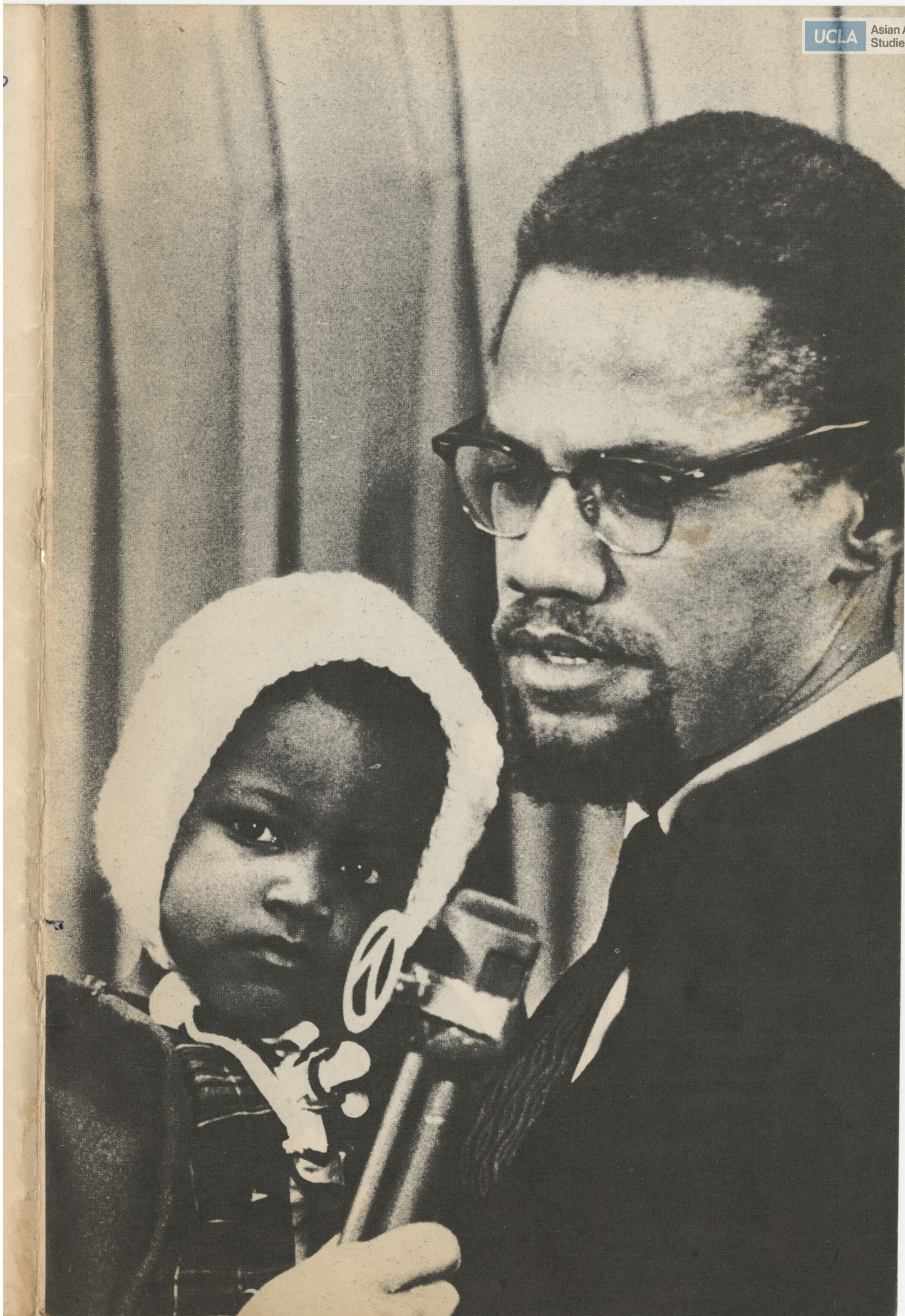
They will say that he is of hate — a fanatic, a racist — who can only bring evil to the cause for which you struggle!

And we will answer and say unto them: Did you ever talk to Brother Malcolm? Did you ever touch him, or have him smile at you? Did you ever really listen to him? Did he ever do a mean thing? Was he ever himself associated with violence or any public disturbance? For if you did you would know him. And if you knew him you would know why we must honor him: Malcolm was our manhood, our living, black manhood! This was his meaning to his people. And, in honoring him, we honor the best in ourselves.

Last year, from Africa, he wrote these words to a friend: "My journey," he says, "is almost ended, and I have a much broader scope than when I started out, which I believe will add new life and dimension to our struggle for freedom and honor, and dignity in the States. I'm writing these things so that you will know for a fact the tremendous sympathy and support we have among the African States for our Human Rights struggle. The main thing is that we keep a United Front wherein our most valuable time and energy will not be wasted fighting each other."

However much we may have differed with him — or with each other about him and his value as a man, let his going from us serve only to bring us together, now. Consigning these mortal remains to earth, the common mother of all, secure in the knowledge that what we place in the ground is no more now a man — but a seed — which, after the winter of our discontent — will come forth again to meet us. And we will know him then for what he was and is — a Prince — our own black shining Prince! — who didn't hesitate to die, because he loved us so.

*Text of the eulogy to Malcolm X by Ossie Davis
 delivered at Faith Temple Church of God and Christ, Feb. 27, 1965*





BROTHER MALCOLM WAS ONE OF THE CENTURY'S MOST ABLE ORATORS WHO WAS SOUGHT AS A SPEAKER BY THE PEOPLE, THEIR ORGANIZATIONS, AND INSTITUTIONS ALL OVER THE WORLD. HE IS SHOWN ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE DURING AN APPEARANCE ON "OPEN MIND." WITH HIM ARE: C. ERIC LINCOLN, JAMES BALDWIN, GEORGE SCHUYLER, AND DAVID SUSSKIND.

EXCERPTS FROM AN ANALYSIS IN THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW: "Malcolm X did not limit his participation solely with his Harlem following. Unlike the 'dedicated, responsible Negro leader' approved by white liberals, Malcolm spoke out loud and clear against the crimes of the U.S. government in the Congo, against American aggression in South Vietnam. His honesty and the way he 'told it like it is' stand out in sharp contrast to a degenerate society which lives on 'images' and (poses), and which rewards those who settle for part of the truth and part of the pie."

"Malcolm X lived as a revolutionist and (was a revolutionist as long as he lived) and at his death, he was developing into a more effective revolutionist, on a local and on an international scale . . . in the fight for (Afro-Americans) and in the fight for the oppressed all over the world."

IT SHOULD BE NOTED AS WELL, THAT MALCOLM, MALIK, 'THE BROTHER' CONSIDERED VARIED MEANS FOR HELPING THE PEOPLE. HE WAS A BROAD PERSON . . . A BROAD THINKER. BUT EVEN IN THE END, HE CONTINUED TO BELIEVE THAT BEFORE GOING ON TO A COMMITMENT TO ANY OTHER PROGRAM, AFRO-AMERICANS SHOULD UNITE AND FORM A SET OF STANDARDS AMONG THEMSELVES . . . IN THE WORDS OF NATIONALISM: "WE NEED THE CREATION OF A COMMON STANDARD AMONG OURSELVES THAT WILL FIT US FOR *EQUITABLE* COMPETITION WITH OTHERS. OTHERWISE," MALCOLM SAID, "AS ALWAYS, AFRO-AMERICANS WILL END UP IN SOMEONE ELSE'S 'BAG'."

BRAVE MEN INSPIRED MALCOLM . . . no matter where they were or whom they were. His concern about UNITY — a Grand Union of Afro-Americans — developed from his observance of results of the Bandung (non-white) Conference which brought together the heads of African and Asian countries. He began a campaign urging Afro-Americans to join hands, hearts, and brains in a similar method. His latest messages were devoted to this idea.



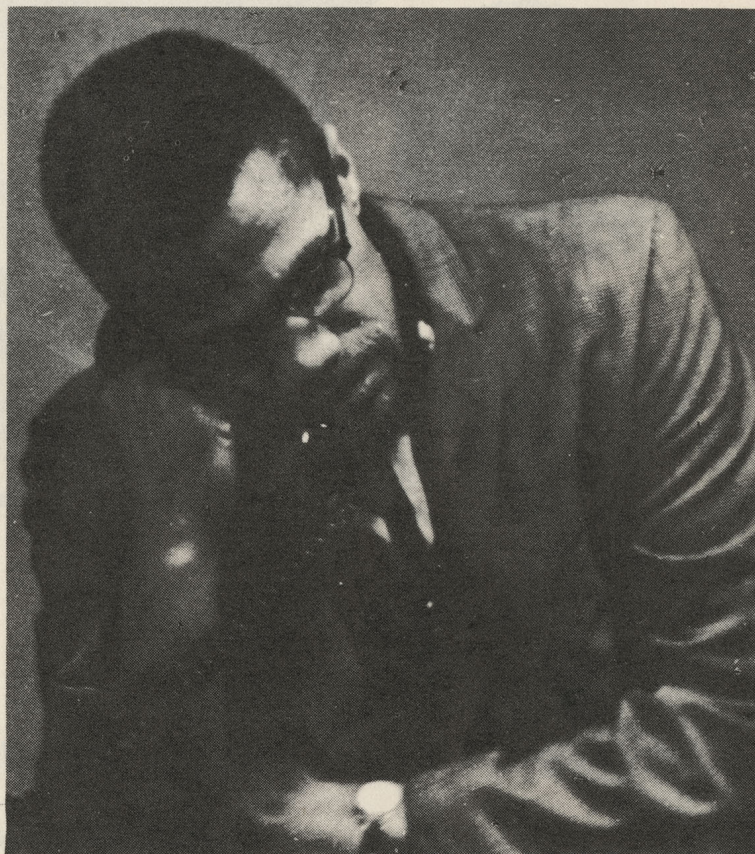
BROTHERS ABROAD: Dr. Nkrumah of Ghana and President Nasser of the U. A. R. Pro-Unity, both of them advised and encouraged Malcolm.

"ALL BLACK (AFRO-AMERICAN) LEADERS WHO REALLY MEAN TO HELP AFRO-AMERICANS HAVE A COMMON CAUSE. SO LET'S SUBMERGE OUR PETTYDIFFERENCES AND PUT OUR IDEAS, AND TALENTS TOGETHER. LET'S DO SOMETHING TO HELP THE MASSSES . . . NOT JUST A TOK-EN FEW . . ."

He was the only Afro-American present in Addis, Abbaba, Ethiopia, during the Organization of African Unity (OAU). While there as an observer, July, 1964, he laid the honest grievances of the more than 22 million Afro-Americans before the African States. He urged them to bring the United States before the United Nations because of their treatment of his people. He presented documented evidence in support of the statements. That marked the very first time such an action had been taken effectively . . . and dangerously . . . in view of the fact that the OAU passed a resolution expressing their faith in Malcolm's presentation and condemning the brutal actions and propaganda of his country.

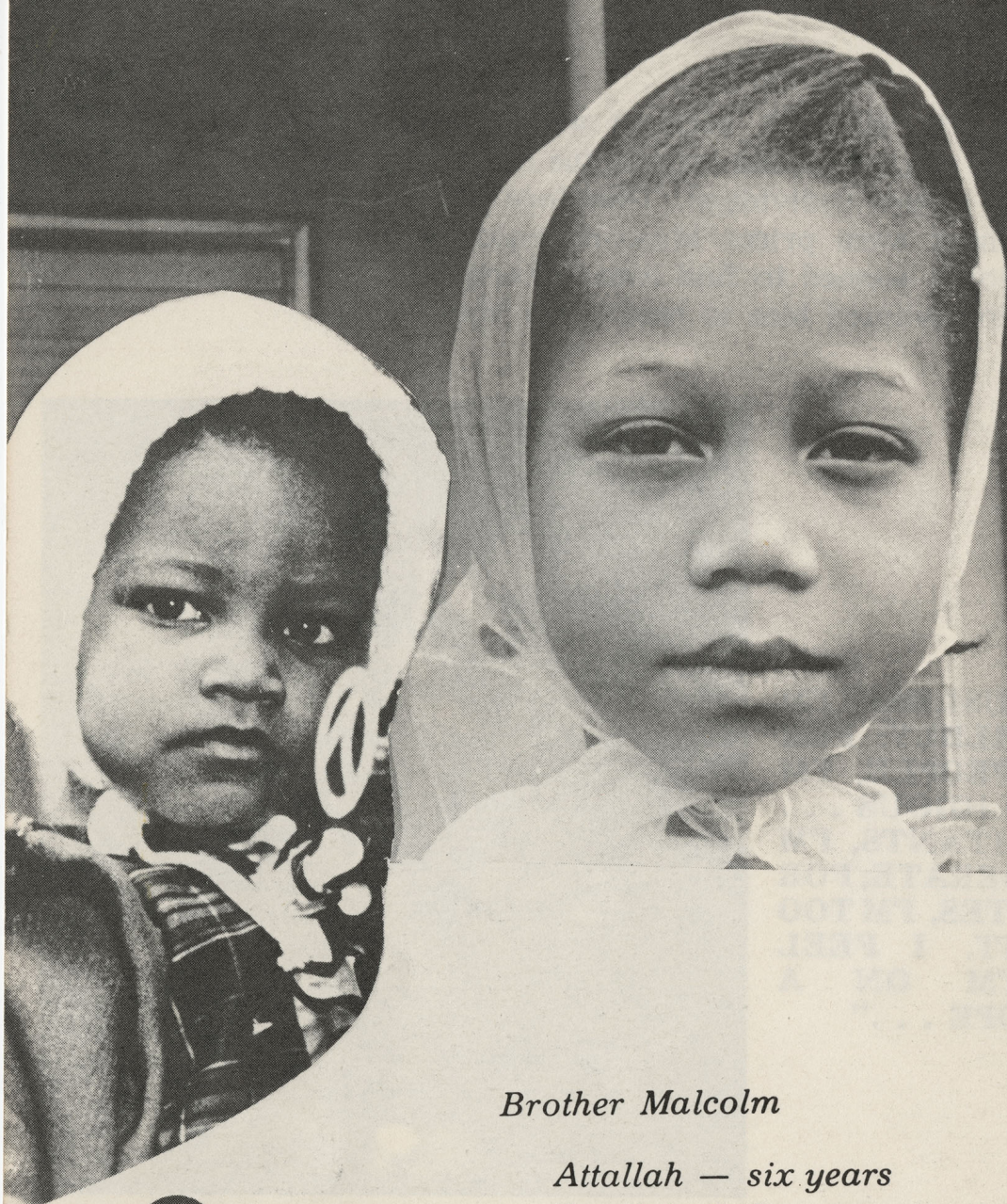
COMPLEX PROBLEMS evolved with attempts to establish two separate organizations around the astute ideas and shining personality of one individual. Therefore perplexity, isolation, and loneliness were prices Malcolm paid for his pioneering. All the people seemed to find him attractive as a leader, but every faction wanted him to lead them "their" way.

"FOR MUSLIMS I'M TOO WORLDLY; FOR OTHER PEOPLE, I'M TOO RELIGIOUS . . . FOR MILITANTS, I'M TOO MODERATE; FOR MODERATES, I'M TOO MILITANT. I FEEL LIKE I'M ON A TIGHTROPE . . ."



Shown above making contacts following the bombing of his home. Even then, Malcolm continued to campaign at his usual rapid pace. Such perseverance stemmed from unparalleled devotion to Afro-Americans and their cause.

AMERICAN LEADERS DENIED him the recognition he deserved; the Orthodox Muslims urged him to become better grounded in Islam; Afro-Americans in general held back their support waiting for him to become completely non-sectarian; while various political groups hoped he was getting to be one of them. But Malcolm would not allow seemingly unsurmountable problems to stop him . . . for he realized that as an Afro-American with his theme, his intentions, and capabilities, his days were numbered. And like his father before him, Malcolm meant to go all the way!



Brother Malcolm

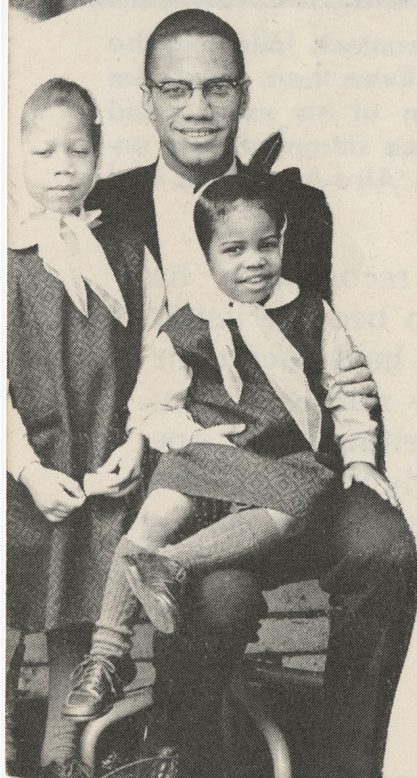
Attallah — six years

Qubilah — four years

Ilyasab — two years

Not shown —

Gamilah Lamumbah — ten months.





Our Brother's Widow, Mrs. Malik Shabazz (Hajj Bahiyah Betty Shabazz).

The people will understand and will remember. The people will also recall a distant picture of another harassed man who was considered a rebel in his day long ago . . . with other authorities in the background who had washed their hands of him and left him to a cruel and fickle public . . . another controversial teacher who was killed: crucified, by some of the same people who had worshipped him a short while before. The people will remember, as well, the compassionate whisper: "They know not what they do."

Put a torch to the robes of mourning . . .
And don your sheath of armour.
Listen for His clarion's blast
For He is not dead, my brothers.
His potent voice can still be heard
Within the confines of our hearts.

x Put a torch to the robes of mourning . . .
For He walks the streets of Harlem
And every ghetto belt.
Proud,
Erect,
A MAN.

Put a torch to the robes of mourning . . .
For He is amongst us still.
Look in the eyes of those who pass
Along the ghetto beats;
And every black MAN that you meet,
Bid him speak . . .
And Malcolm's booming voice
Will echo through the streets.

x Put a torch to the robes of mourning . . .
For the earth . . .
In whose breast our warrior rests
Battle-scarred, but unvanquished . . .
Will blossom
With his love for us.

x Put a torch to the robes of mourning . . .
For He is not dead I say.
You can feel Him when the blood
Rushes in your veins;
And every drop that's filled with fire
Is but a semblance of his name.

x Put a torch to the robes of mourning . . .
For He would not have us weep.
My brothers, let not our own brave lion sleep!
To fight . . .
That He shall live
Is the promise we must keep.

Carlos Enrique Russell

DURING HIS FINAL
HOURS . . . Brother
Malcolm and his family were
subjected to all kind of merci-
less harassments. Pressured,
perplexed, but without fear,
he maintained a firm stand
in the manner of the True
Champion. Even now, many
rumors persist concerning his
ASSASSINATION. How-
ever, in spite of all the mystery
still surrounding his death,
The People have a keener
understanding than others
might imagine. The people
understand the overtones and
the undertones. The people
understand . . . and they will
remember.

"WE WANT **MALCOLM!** WE WANT **MALCOLM!**"

Thus chanted Harlem youths that hot summer of 1964. To them . . . to their future . . . to the freedom of all our youth and posterity, this volume is dedicated.

THE MALCOLM X MEMORIAL COMMITTEE
NEW YORK CITY
1965

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Photographs: Courtesy of friends of the Shabazz family.
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