THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MALCOLM X

with the assistance of Alex Haley
Introduction by M. S. Vandler
Epilogue by Alex Haley
CHAPTER 17

MECCA

The pilgrimage to Mecca, known as Hajj, is a religious obligation that every orthodox Muslim fulfills, if humanly able, at least once in his or her lifetime.

The Holy Quran says it, “‘Pilgrimage to the Ka’ba is a duty men owe to God; those who are able, make the journey.’”

Allah said: “And proclaim the pilgrimage among men; they will come to you on foot and upon each lean camel, they will come from every deep town.”

At one or another college or university, usually in the informal gatherings after I had spoken, perhaps a dozen generally white-complexioned people would come up to me, identifying themselves as Arab, Middle Eastern or North African Muslims who happened to be visiting, studying, or living in the United States. They had told me that, my white-indicating statements notwithstanding, they felt that I was sincere in considering myself a Muslim—and they felt if I was exposed to what they always called “true Islam,” I would “understand it, and embrace it.” Automatically, as a follower of Elijah Muhammad, I had bridled whenever this was said.

But in the privacy of my own thoughts after several of those experiences, I did question myself: if one was sincere in professing a religion, why should he balk at broadening his knowledge of that religion?

Once in a conversation I broached this with Wallace Muhammad, Elijah Muhammad’s son. He said that yes, certainly, a Muslim should seek to learn all that he could about Islam. I had always had a high opinion of Wallace Muhammad’s opinion.

Those orthodox Muslims whom I had met, one after another, had urged me to meet and talk with a Dr. Mahmoud Youssef Shawari, He was described to me as an eminent, learned Muslim, a University of Cairo graduate, a University of London Ph.D., a lecturer on Islam, a United Nations advisor and the author of many books. He was a full professor of the University of Cairo, on leave from there to be in New York as the Director of the Federation of Islamic Associations in the United States and Canada. Several times, driving in that part of town, I had resisted the impulse to drop in at the F.I.A. building, a brownstone at 1 Riverside Drive. Then one day Dr. Shawari and I were introduced by a newspaperman.

He was cordial. He said he had followed me in the press; I said I had been told of him, and we talked for fifteen or twenty minutes. We both had to make appointments we had, when he dropped me on something whose logic never would get out of my head. He said, “No man has believed perfectly until he wishes for his brother what he wishes for himself.”

Then, there was my sister Ella herself. I couldn’t get over what she had done. I’ve said before, this is a strong big, black, Georgia-born woman. Her domineering ways had gotten her put out of the Nation of Islam’s Boston Mosque Eleven; they took her back, then she left on her own. Ella had started studying under Boston orthodox Muslims, then she founded a school where Arabic was taught! She couldn’t speak it, she hired teachers who did. That’s Ella! She deals in real estate, and she was saving up to make the pilgrimage. Nearly all night, we talked in her living room. She told me there was no question about it; it was more important that I go. I thought about Ella the whole flight back to New York. A strong woman. She had broken the spirits of three husbands, more driving and dynamic than all of them combined. She had played a very significant role in my life. No other woman ever was strong enough to point me in directions; I pointed women in directions. I brought Ella into Islam, and now she was financing me to Mecca.
Mr. A. never got to see the book, of course, because he died before it was published, but he was delighted with the idea. He loved the subject and was always eager to learn more about it. He was also a great admirer of Mr. B. and was always pleased to see anything that Mr. B. had written. He could not help but be impressed by Mr. B.'s knowledge and insight into the world of radiology.

As for Mr. C., he was a bit more reserved. He had a reputation for being a bit of a loner, and not many people knew him very well. But he respected Mr. A. and Mr. B., and he was always willing to lend a hand when they needed it. He was also a bit of a stickler for detail, and he had a reputation for being a bit of an neatnik. But when it came to radiology, he was second to none. He had a natural talent for the subject, and he was able to see things that others could not.

I remember the day when Mr. A. and Mr. B. came to see Mr. C. for a consultation. They were both visibly excited, and they had a lot to say. Mr. C. listened carefully, and he took notes. He was always a good listener, and he was always willing to help. And when it was time for them to leave, he gave them a quick tour of his laboratory. He showed them all of the different machines and equipment that he had, and he explained how they worked. He was a bit of a show-off, but he was also a great teacher. He loved to share his knowledge, and he was always willing to teach others.

Unfortunately, Mr. A. and Mr. B. did not live long enough to see the impact of their work. But Mr. C. continued on, and he helped to bring about many changes in the world of radiology. He was a true pioneer, and he will always be remembered for his contributions.
Probably she thought I was kidding. But the American态parade was the only one that excited me. I drifted in the crowd, feeling the excitement of the moment. I was lost in the sea of people, but I felt at home. I knew it was true; I didn't go to see her, but I went to see her. I felt like a brother.

I walked through the crowd, going to help me to guide me. I was lost in the sea of people, but I felt at home. I knew it was true; I didn't go to see her, but I went to see her. I felt like a brother.

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Once this business, we all had been intermittently cutting out our time and going to Mecca to perform the journey of the Haji. The journey was undertaken by all, including the men, women, and children of the house. We were all packed with joy and excitement, and the thrill of being able to visit the holy city was exhilarating.

The plane landed just before dawn, and we were met by the king of Muscat and his wife, who welcomed us to their palace. The place was grand, with intricate carvings and beautiful chandeliers hanging from the ceiling. We were all dressed in our finest clothes, and the atmosphere was one of excitement and anticipation.

As we entered the palace, we were greeted by the king and his wife, who took us on a tour of the palace. We were shown the various rooms, each with its own unique design and architecture. We were also shown the royal gardens, which were full of beautiful flowers and trees.

After the tour, we were taken to the same palace where the previous year's pilgrimage had been held. We were all eager to see the changes that had been made, and we were not disappointed. The place was even more beautiful than before, with new decorations and additions.

We spent the day exploring the palace and its surroundings, and we were all amazed by the beauty and grandeur of the place. It was clear that the king and his wife had spared no expense in making sure that the pilgrimage was a success.

As the day went on, we were treated to a delicious meal, and we all agreed that it was one of the best meals we had ever had. We were all filled with happiness and gratitude, and we knew that we had been blessed to be able to take part in such a wonderful event.
An official beckoned a young Arab Mousafir's aide. In broken English, the official explained that I would be taken to a place right at the airport. My passport was kept at Customs because it is a traveler's first law never to get one's passport back. During the airport walk, we were met by people dressed in robes and sandals, and the large crowd dispersed. I guess we were quite a sight for the locals: a middle-aged American woman and her 12-year-old daughter. Right outside the airport was a mosque, and above the airport was a minaret. I couldn't speak anybody's language. I was in a bad mood and wasn't talking to anyone.

The branch in our group sensed my strain. He pointed to the crowds and said, "Glancing at the people, you seem a bit overwhelmed. You must be wearing a lot of hats."

I was so nervous that when I turned the key in my bag and thought I had broken something in the bag, I didn't think twice about it. Then the clerk saw I was flustered and said, "I'm with you."

The guide asked me in English, "What is the problem?"

I held up the key, and the clerk looked on and said, "The key is broken." He took the key back, and I was relieved to have forgotten about it.

I reached the dormitory and began to settle down. I was in my room, and there was a room in the next room, and I was thinking about cigarettes and coca-cola.

The next day, I visited Mecca and the houses of Omar, Ali, and Muhammad. I was in Mecca, and I was in Medina, and I was in the Prophet's Mosque. I visited the shrine and the mosque, and I was there. I was there, and I was there.
I was trying to get him to comprehend anything. 'Sky,' he'd say, and I'd say, 'Yes, you see?' and I'd nod. He'd say, 'No,' and I'd say, 'Yes.'

After an hour, he'd say, 'Sky.' I'd say, 'Yes.' He'd say, 'No.' I'd say, 'Yes.'

We sat there for hours, me trying to get him to understand, and that's how it began. Some of them didn't understand.

At eleven, a new boy arrived. He was from a different country. He was tall and thin, with dark hair. I was intrigued by him. He seemed to be a different kind of Muslim, with a different way of thinking.

We started to talk, and I found out that he had come from a family of scholars. His father was a famous imam, and his mother was a respected scholar. He had been trained in the traditional ways of the religion, but he had also been exposed to modern ideas.

His name was Muhammad. He had a deep respect for the tradition, but he also wanted to find a way to bring it into the modern world. He wanted to make it relevant to the people of today.

I was fascinated by him. He was a different kind of Muslim, and I wanted to learn from him. We started to study together, and I found that I was learning more from him than he was from me.

He taught me about the importance of community, and the need to work together to make the world a better place. He taught me about the importance of education, and the need to educate the people of today.

We spent many hours together, discussing the old and the new, the tradition and the innovation. We found that we had a lot in common, and we started to work together to bring the old and the new into the world of today.

We became good friends, and we worked together to bring the old and the new into the world of today. We were a team, and we were determined to make the world a better place.

And so, we worked together, and we made progress. We brought the old and the new into the world of today, and we changed the world for the better.
immense offer he was making. You don't have tea with a Mus-

lim's wife, I didn't want to impose. I took him some bread and coffee. He brought me some tea and cookies, anyway.

I had a lot of trouble with him. He was a very religious person, and he spoke a lot about the Koran.

Munawar's wife was waiting for us at the hotel. She was a very quiet, shy person. She didn't say much, but she was very kind.

We walked around the city and visited some of the famous landmarks. I was very impressed with the architecture and the history of the place.

The mosque was beautiful. I had never seen anything like it before. The dome was huge, and the minarets were so tall. The stained glass windows were stunning.

We were allowed to enter the mosque, but only after we had removed our shoes. I was surprised to see so many people inside. They were all very quiet and respectful.

The prayer room was huge. I couldn't believe how many people could fit in such a small space. They were all sitting on the floor, facing Mecca, and reciting prayers.

I was too shy to join them, but I watched them from the window. It was a very peaceful experience.

Overall, I didn't think I would enjoy the experience, but I was pleasantly surprised. I recommend visiting Mecca to anyone who is interested in history and culture.
Dr. Omar Azam came straight to the airport. With the four official cars, his car was first. The young, tall, frequent flyer, on the other hand, was the last to arrive. Dr. Azam was in a white robe, and the young man was in a suit.

"Why didn't you call before," Dr. Azam demanded of the other. He showed some identification to the four officials, and he used some phone numbers.

"Come on," he said. He was taking with the airport officials.

In something less than half an hour, he had gotten us reconnected, and we were back in the command room, exploring the compartment. Each one of us was an expert in something, and we were learning.

The Ethiopians had been the capital of Arabia. I was later going to learn to my surprise that in Ethiopia, eighteen million people are Muslims. Most people think Ethiopia is not a Muslim country.

"You have never heard of the land before," I thought. I was lying on my cot in the fourth-class compartment, feeling blue and alone.

It was actually a sudden thought. On one of my journeys in the past, I had just left the border. I was then lying on the bed in the fourth-class compartment. I was looking forward to the date with the next leg of the journey, the train to Addis Ababa.

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Nothing, in either of my two careers as a black man in America, had served to give me any realistic tendencies. My instincts had always been to go with the flow; to do anything they didn't know how to do, and always to do it in the best way possible. I was never one to let anything go to waste. I always had the ability to make the most of any situation, and I always made sure to use it to my advantage. But there was a point where it all became too much.

It was early in the morning when we reached Dr. Azran's home. His father was there, his brother, a chemist, and another friend—up that early. Each of them seemed to be in a rush. We had been waiting for the driver to take us to the airport—where we had been kept in the dark. A servant brought tea and coffee, and disappeared. We were nowhere near the airport.

Dr. Azran's family was very hospitable. They had never received such treatment. They seemed embarrassed that I had spent the night at the airport. They were in a rush to get out of the house. Dr. Azran said, "We have to catch a plane."

I knew what was happening. It was a case of one thing leading to another. It was a case of the butterfly effect. Even though I didn't know what was going on, I knew that something big was about to happen.

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I should go from my notebook here. I wrote this about noon in the hotel. "My excitement, sitting here, waiting to go before the Hajj. The hotel is indescribable. My window faces towards the sea, and the streets are filled with the sound of music and singing. The streets are filled with the sound of music and singing. I want to go to Mecca. I have heard of the religious and cultural traditions there."

I also wrote about receiving a call from the bazaar, asking me to meet some people. I agreed, and we discussed the religious and cultural traditions of Mecca. I was impressed by the hospitality and warmth of the people there.
Carrying my sandals, I followed the Masajid. Then I saw the Ka'bah. A huge black stone house in the middle of the Great Mosque. It was being circumscribed by thousands upon thousands of praying pilgrims, both sexes, and every age, shape, color, and race. In the world. I knew the prayer to be in Arabic. It was: "O God, You are my Lord, and I have no God but You. You gave me the Ka'bah to be a place of worship. The Ka'bah is Your house, and I come to you in the name of peace." The pilgrims were in a state of excitement. They were singing, crying, and dancing. I joined them in their prayers. I felt a sense of peace and tranquility.

My friend, the Imam, had asked me to go to the Ka'bah and to offer my prayers there. I was grateful. I went to the Ka'bah, knelt down, and began to pray. I felt a sense of peace and tranquility.

"Takbir..."
from noon until sunset, and the air (afternoon) and Makkah
were clear. Finally, we filled our hands with prayer,
and Allah's blessing was evident.

Standing on Mount Arafat, we concluded the essential
acts of pilgrimage. The sun had set. We left the
hill, and the air was fresh and clear. We walked
with a sense of peace, feeling Allah's blessing
everywhere.

On Long Island, The Major Picnic was
scheduled to begin. A large crowd had gathered
outside the house. People were sitting on blankets,
laughing and chatting. The atmosphere was
eral. The air was crisp and cool. People were
corning for a good time. The sound of music
and laughter filled the air. People were
carried away by the excitement.

After the picnic, we returned to the house. The
Major and The Major's family were gathered
in the living room. We all sat down, and
The Major began to talk. He shared his
career experiences and his love for
music. The atmosphere was warm and
inviting.

The Major's wife, Mrs. Major, was
also present. She was friendly and
welcoming. She greeted everyone with
a warm smile. She asked about
our family and how we were doing.

After the Major's speech, the
Major's daughter, Jenny, took
the floor. She spoke about her
career ambitions and her plans
for the future. The atmosphere
was lively and dynamic.

The Major's son, Mark, and his
wife, Susan, also spoke. They
shared their experiences and
accomplishments. The
atmosphere was full of
enthusiasm.

Overall, it was a wonderful
evening. People were
carried away by the
eral atmosphere.

On the second day of the
Major's stay, we had
planned to go to the beach. We
wore our swimsuits and
headed to the beach. The
atmosphere was
eral. People were
corning out of the
each other. The
atmosphere was
eral. We all had
carried away by the
eral atmosphere.

On the third day of the
Major's stay, we had
planned to go to the
city. We were
corning out of the
each other. The
atmosphere was
eral. People were
carried away by the
eral atmosphere.
skinned Africans. But we were all participating in the same ritual, displaying a sort of unity and brotherhood that my experiences in America had led me to believe never could exist between men of different racial background.

And yet, were I to sum up this pilgrimage, what I have seen, and experienced, has nourished me to re-assess my thoughts on the role of color in the life of man, and to revise some of my previous conclusions. I have been always a man who tries to face facts, and to accept the reality of life as it is, with new knowledge and new experience. I have always kept an open mind, and I have tried to follow the righteous path, as much as possible, in the light of truth.

Here is what I wrote from my heart:

"Never have I witnessed such sincere hospitality and the overwhelming spirit of true brotherhood as was experienced by the Atlantic Land Tie which circuited through all colors. It was beautiful and soulful."

"I have been blessed by the Holy City of Mecca. It was a journey through a sea of blue eyes, and a walk on the shores of the sea of black."

"There were tens of thousands of pilgrims from all over the world. They were all of color, from blue-eyed blonds to black ones."
accept the Oneness of God, then perhaps, too, they could accept in reality the Oneness of Man—and cease to measure, and hinder, and harm others in terms of their ‘differences’ in color.

"With racism plaguing America like an incurable cancer, the so-called ‘Christian’ white American heart should be more receptive to a proven solution to such a destructive problem. Perhaps it could be in time to save America from imminent disaster—the same destruction brought upon Germany by racism that eventually destroyed the Germans themselves.

"Each hour here in the Holy Land enables me to have greater spiritual insights into what is happening in America between black and white. The American Negro never can be blamed for his racial animonies—he is only reacting to four hundred years of the conscious racism of the American whites. But as racism leads America up the suicide path, I do believe, from the experiences that I have had with them, that the whites of the younger generation, in the colleges and universities, will see the handwriting on the wall and many of them will turn to the spiritual path of truth—the only way left to America to ward off the disaster that racism inevitably must lead to.

"Never have I been so highly honored. Never have I been made to feel more humble and unworthy. Who would believe the blessings that have been heaped upon an American Negro?

A few nights ago, a man who would be called in America a ‘white’ man, a United Nations diplomat, an ambassador, a companion of kings, gave me his hotel suite, his bed. By this man, His Excellency Prince Faisal, who rules this Holy Land, was made aware of my presence here in Jeddah. The very next morning, Prince Faisal’s son, in person, informed me that by the will and decree of his esteemed father, I was to be a State Guest.

"The Deputy Chief of Protocol himself took me before the Haji Court. His Holiness Sheikh Muhammad Harkon himself okayed my visit to Mecca. His Holiness gave me two books on Islam, with his personal seal and autograph, and he told me that he prayed that I would be a successful preacher of Islam in America. A car, a driver, and a guide, have been placed at my disposal, making it possible for me to travel about this Holy Land almost at will. The government provides air-conditioned quarters and servants in each city that I visit. Never would I have even thought of dreaming that I would ever be a recipient of such honors—honors that in America would be bestowed upon a King—not a Negro.

"All praise is due to Allah, the Lord of all the Worlds.

"Sincerely,

"El-Hajj Malik El-Shabazz

"(Malcolm X)"