

# MALCOLM X ON THE “FARCE ON WASHINGTON

Not long ago, the black man in America was fed a dose of another form of the weakening, lulling and deluding effects of so-called “integration.” It was that “Farce on Washington,” I call it...

The morning of March, any rickety carloads of angry, dusty, sweating small-town Negroes would have gotten lost among the chartered jet planes, railroad cars, and air-conditioned buses. What originally was planned to be an angry riptide one English newspaper aptly described now as “the gentle flood.”

Talk about “integrated”! It was like salt and pepper. And, by now, there wasn’t a single logistical aspect uncontrolled. The marchers had been instructed to bring no signs—signs were provided. They had been told to sing one son: “We Shall Overcome.” They had been told *how* to arrive, *when*, *where* to arrive, *where* to assemble, when to *start*

marching, the *route* to march. First-aid stations were strategically located—even where to *faint!*

Yes, I was there. I observed that circus. Who ever heard of angry revolutionists all harmonizing “We Shall Overcome... Suum Day...”, while tripping and swaying along arm-in-arm with the very people they were supposed to be angrily revolting against? Who ever heard of angry revolutionists swinging their bare feet together with their oppressor in lily-pad park pools, with gospels and guitars and “I Have a Dream” speeches?...

Hollywood couldn’t have topped it.

In a subsequent press pool, not one Congressman or Senator with a previous record of opposition to civil rights said he had changed his views. What did anyone expect? How was one day “integrated” picnic going to counter-influence these represent

tatives of prejudice rooted deep in the psyche of the American white man for four hundred years?

The very fact that million, black and white, believed in this monumental farce is another example of how much this country goes in for the surface glossing over, the escape ruse, surfaces, instead of truly dealing with its deep-rooted problems.

What that March on Washington did do was lull Negroes for a while. But inevitably, the black masses started realizing they had been smoothly hoaxed again by the white man. An, inevitably, the black man’s anger, rekindled, deeper than ever, and there began bursting out different cities the “long, hot summer” of 1964, unprecedented racial crises.

*Source:* Malcolm X (with Alex Haley), *the Autobiography of Malcolm X*. New York: Random House, 1965. 278, 280-281