

READING and WRITING in the

DARIK

A space for avid Black readers and Black authors

THIS MONTH:

MAGAZINE

Heaven Mississippi

The Complete Prologue
& First Two Chapters Page 5

**You THINK you know this story...
but you DON'T.**

Also:
This Month's
Puzzle is a
MAZE!

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Feature:

WHITE GLOVES AND BLACK FACE Page 33

An exploration of the racist history of cartoons
in America and the "Censored 11"

News and Info about Completed and
Upcoming Projects and MORE Every Month!

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1960s Ohio

Hattie Lee and her husband Benjamin were building a good life and preparing to start a family in a town that seemed like a dream come true. In a country unsafe for Black people sat Rasulallah, an oasis hidden in plain sight.

But one night.. within less than an hour.. their dream became a nightmare!
And Hattie was determined to find out why!



From R.J. BLAKMAN, author of the highly anticipated urban fantasy *The Dragons of Harlem*, comes a mystery that will make you laugh, cry, get angry and keep you guessing until the very end!

RASULALLAH OHIO: A HATTIE LEE MYSTERY

Available at: <https://iyapoyapa.com/rusulallah-ohio.html>

or click the image above for the direct link.

(Also enjoy a sneak peek at the full second chapter exclusively on the website)



MAGAZINE

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WELCOME BACK!

APRIL! Two months from the middle! (Or three depending on how you count them).

EVERY day is a blessing and I'm SO grateful for each one and the exciting things that are happening! I give all honor to Yah for that! This has been a VERY exciting month!

This issue includes the complete prologue and first two chapters of the upcoming R.J. Blakman novel *Heaven Mississippi*, which is now only a few minor edits away from being introduced into the world! Some people will see the cover image and say, "Oh no... not another 'slave' story... I'm good." But as it says on the cover of this edition, you THINK you know this story... but you DON'T! I hope you enjoy the story and, as you've come to expect, you'll find a puzzle, (this month it is a maze), and links to my work and the work of other Black authors.

Also, in this month's edition of *Reading and Writing in the DARK*, I've included an article titled *White Gloves and Black Face*. The feature explores the racist history of animated cartoons in the United States. The feature is part of a larger work, my upcoming non-fiction book *From Bosko to the Boondocks and Beyond: The History of Black People in Cartoons and Animation*. I've gone full tilt on working on not only *The Adventures of Darrin Black* but have now added *Read Along With Angela* and *The IYAPOTOON Show!* to the upcoming *Welcome Black to Saturday Morning!* roster in addition to a whole bunch of animated, retro goodies! People who have gotten a little taste are really looking forward to seeing them in their completion—but I guarantee you, they are nowhere NEAR as excited to see them as I am to be RELEASING them!

Please ENJOY!

Blessings to you and thank you for being a subscriber!

Iyapo

A Look Back and to the Future!

Ok, ok! Black people are sick and tired of reading and talking about our enslavement.

I get it!

So does R.J. Blakman.

There is no shortage of books and movies about the enslavement of Afrikans. The question becomes however, how quick should we be to dismiss a book because the main subject matter is chattel slavery as practiced in the United States? It is a tough subject that many of our people would like to just move on from and understandably so, but it is a facet of our people's history in the U.S. That said, *Heaven Mississippi* may not be what is considered a "traditional" book that takes place during enslavement. There are components of it that R.J. could not avoid highlighting, else it could be argued that he would do a disservice to our ancestors who suffered, bled and died under that barbaric system.

That said, *Heaven Mississippi* is, as the reader will discover, a different kind of book. Blakman is on the final edit of the novel and can't wait to get it into the hands of readers. He is promising something different with *Heaven Mississippi*, and from the way it looks thus far, Blakman is delivering! You can read the complete prologue, and first two chapters of *Heaven Mississippi* in this month's issue of the *Reading and Writing in the DARK Magazine!* So, check back here each month for the next *Heaven Mississippi* updates. To the right is the cover reveal!



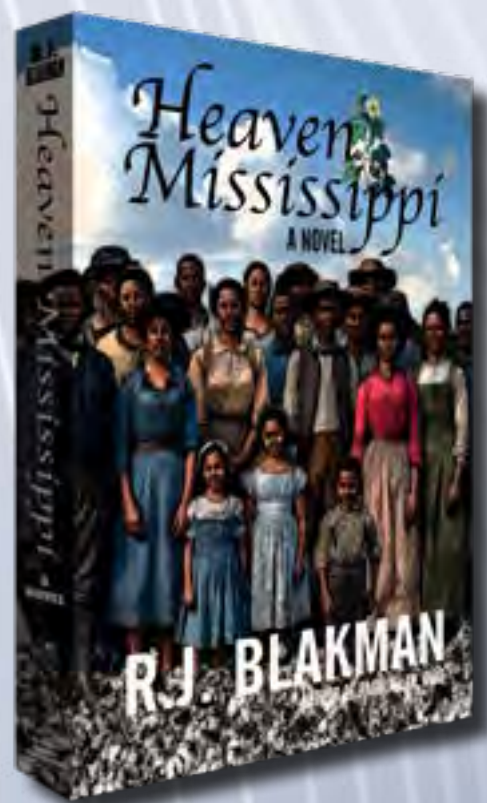
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Iyapo using Leonardo AI Graphics for Cover and some other additional graphics.



READING and WRITING in the

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Could YOU survive?!

Five years ago, a cataclysm now known as THE COLLAPSE occurred. Dimensions merged with horrific results. It is now common to see creatures of myth, legend, and nightmare along with once long extinct animals populating the landscape. Carl, LaTanya and Lester, embark on a quest to find a lost book that can't change the madness of the new normal but may assist them and others in the now nearly impossible task of:

SURVIVING the WORST!

Click the image below to enter a world of action, adventure, science and horror on Kindle



Top reviews from the United States

Amazon Customer

★★★★★ **Cornucopia of Action, Sci-fi, Mystery, Horror and Heart palpating suspense.**

Reviewed in the United States on November 5, 2022

I love the pace of Iyapo's stories. He is a true master story weaver. This story is a cornucopia full of action, sci-fi, mystery, horror and heart palpating suspense. The way he transitions between dramatic and comical situations are remarkable. After the daring trio's exhausting battle with vampires, out manoeuvring alans and harpes, they make it home to a well deserved rest within the sanctuary of Hevan only to be disrupted by the the Versquake. How much WORSE can it get living in a unmanageable and unpredictable dimension?

Amazon Customer

★★★★★ **Best Zombies Ever**

Reviewed in the United States on November 1, 2022

Amazon took down my review of Melanin, so I hope this stays, This is not your ordinary Zombie tale. I haven't read such inventive horror in years. Yapa really knows how to weave a story to pull you in. I had to laugh at how much fun I was having while reading it. I would recommend this author in a heart beat because all of his writings are so good.

BOOK I - COMING SOON!

HEAVEN MISSISSIPPI - The complete Prologue and Chapters 1&2

Prologue

Massa Trace Calhoun never whipped a slave in his life.

He left that to his foremen.

Therefore, when he attended church Sunday mornings with his wife Emmaline and two daughters eight-year-old Hazel and fourteen-year-old Bobby Rea (the tomboy of the two) his mind and conscious was clear of any wrongdoing. He would sit on the front pew, in all his piety and fervently make prayers and supplications to God, for there was no blood on his hands.

Not directly.

He was even so pious that he offered up prayers for nine-year-old Sally and six-year-old Ruthie, his daughters by two of the women who were enslaved on his plantation. He had long ago traded both daughters, as it was a personal policy of his that he did

not retain slaves whom he'd sired.

The slaves felt that he was being cruel to sell the children – not that he cared at all what a bunch of ignorant darkies thought.



Calhoun cared about Emmaline in his way. There was no disputing that, even if she wasn't exactly what he preferred when between the sheets after blowing out the candle. There was no disputing that the woman had an attractive face, and a soft, almost girlish

voice, but Emmaline Calhoun was a hefty woman. Not husky or stocky, but she had a boxy kind of figure that many "men of the land", found irresistible. She looked like she would be equally at home in a kitchen preparing an apple pie for the oven as she would be chopping a face cord of wood. Calhoun preferred a more slender, solid, and curvaceous woman. With Emmaline, he forced himself to get used to what was literally the opposite of that.

From the time Calhoun was a

HEAVEN MISSISSIPPI - The complete Prologue and Chapters 1&2 (Continued)

young man, and his father took him to his first slave auction to purchase one on his sixteenth birthday, for a gift, he knew what aroused him. When he saw the figures of the naked dark-skinned savages who would eventually populate his father's, and later his own plantation he knew what he wanted. The night they took her home, and his father had his other slaves get her cleaned up before taking her to the boy's room. She was already upstairs waiting when Calhoun's father explained the facts of life with him – after which he instructed his son to go upstairs and “become a man”.

From that night and progressing years, filled with many more rapes, Calhoun's proclivities were set.

Calhoun's marriage to Emmaline was more of a business agreement, a mutual arrangement, but they made the best of it. In time they developed a form of a grudging love and respect for each other. That was sufficient.



Emmaline knew that her husband didn't care for love making with her, and frankly, she didn't mind. Just as he didn't find her particularly physically attractive, the feeling was mutual.

Interestingly, between the two of them, Trace had no issues with fidelity (at least when it came to white women). And he believed his wife to be of the utmost chastity.

That said, in every other area of their lives they were virtually a match made in heaven. They were Christians (Methodists specifically). They were both committed to marriage, their family, and their legacy. The husband and wife were equally invested in how they were perceived in the community – Emmaline a little more than her husband, but not by much. They were hopeless materialists, and focused on money, which caused them to overextend themselves as they worked to keep up with the Joneses, and to satisfy their own need for opulence and things.

HEAVEN MISSISSIPPI - The complete Prologue and Chapters 1&2 (Continued)

If not for the enslaved Ga-Adangme, whom Massa Calhoun had named Cicero, the couple would have long ago lost their fortune and become destitute. Instead, they thrived, but only at a level that maintained their upscale lifestyle, but nothing more, a fact the Calhouns kept well hidden from friends, family, and neighbors. If anyone suspected for a moment that the entire finances of the plantation were being handled by a slave, it would make the Calhoun family a laughingstock. Before, of course, they tarred and feathered Mr. Calhoun and ran him and his family out of the county, maybe allowing him to take his slaves with him, or perhaps not.



Cicero was a genius when it came to numbers, and even more so in terms of finance. He well understood supply and demand. He understood emerging markets and a financial system that was in its infancy, and how it could be taken advantage of for profit. Most of all, he understood the product. The Calhoun plantation

primarily raised cotton. Cicero pointed out the weaknesses of that model and reasoned how the plantation could be infinitely more profitable by diversifying by selling corn, tobacco and possibly even livestock.

Calhoun would have no part of that. He figured it was difficult enough that he had no business acumen. To diversify and grow beyond what he and his wife had right now would invite scrutiny and be even more unwieldy were something unforeseen to happen to Cicero that ended in his untimely demise—as was common when it came to slaves. No, Calhoun would keep things as they were, his system was not broken, so he had no intention whatsoever of fixing it.

Chapter 1

The sun burned Rayowa's¹ eyes.

This thing had never happened before that she could remember; the pain of seeing the sun. The

¹ means "life".

Rayowa in the Hausa-Fulani (now modern Ghana) origin,

HEAVEN MISSISSIPPI - The complete Prologue and Chapters 1&2 (Continued)

sun was her friend – or at least it used to be. The sensation of this kind of pain caused her to wonder if *everything* in this strange land was so different – and painful, in comparison to her own beloved country.

She had been marched naked from a small, darkened room onto an auction block on which she stood in the glaring light of day. Before her were odd looking pale men who stared at her in a way that raised goose bumps on her arms (another sensation with which she had only recently become acquainted).

She looked out over the faces in the crowd whenever she could muster the nerve to avert her gaze from the wood of the podium – and could not tell if the pale skinned things were happy or angry.

She had much difficulty reading the faces of these aliens for they all looked more or less alike to her, something about their paleness and pinkish tone that made them



look sickly and unhealthy to her eye, and their expressions were as unfamiliar to her as the peculiar language they spoke.

She stood naked beside men and boys to her left and other girls and

women to her right who were likewise forced to bare all. Within her, for reasons unknown even to herself she felt shame for her nakedness. Yes, she was embarrassed, among the other girls and women, mildly. She felt far more degraded standing with the adult male captives among those

pale creatures before her. Most of all she felt shame among the boys present who were likewise naked, humiliated and dehumanized. Perhaps there was something about them being closer to her own age that caused her to feel so. She didn't know, and ultimately, in light of the present situation, it didn't matter in the scheme of things.

There was a lot of noise and commotion when she was brought out followed by the other women and girl captives. Men and boys

HEAVEN MISSISSIPPI - The complete Prologue and Chapters 1&2 (Continued)

stood to her left, some already bought and paid for. Others awaited purchase. Rayowa did take note that when she was presented, the relatively quiet crowd who had only been uttering unfamiliar words, became animated in a way they hadn't been before the appearance of the females.

Rayowa wasn't quite certain what that even meant though instinctively she knew it was nothing good. She could see out of her periphery one of the pale men (she guessed it to be a man), using a stick to poke and prod one of her brothers on display.



After a bit of light tapping with a short staff, and commands she was certain her kinsman could not understand any more than she did, the pink man took by the upper arm, her fellow captive, who had now become a piece of merchandise like herself and pulled him forward on the platform.

Now able to see him more fully

Rayowa recognized the man as Adrafo², a warrior from her village. Strong, handsome and tall he was, with flawless sun darkened skin nearly as black as her own. He was built as a warrior – lean and muscular, serious of countenance, stern and nononsense, but wise and

gentle by nature. Some of the pale men stepped closer and seemed to be inspecting Adrafo in a way that barterers would appraise pottery, spears or livestock back in her home country. They stood, some walking around him, others waiting for him to be turned. Some

even inspecting his teeth the way one would a horse. A couple of the men patted Adrafo's hind quarters – what Rayowa would in time come to know as the “arse”, something meant to ‘get moving’, or could have the characteristics of being ‘lazy’ or ‘dumb’ – a concept from the pink people that she was never quite able to wrap her mind around, (how could something for the purpose of sitting on be lazy or dumb?)

However, those were questions

² “warrior”

A Ga-Adangme (now modern Nigeria), name meaning

HEAVEN MISSISSIPPI - The complete Prologue and Chapters 1&2 (Continued)

she would wrestle with after hold on to.
 becoming more acquainted with
 the strange language of these...
 these... whatever they were.

For now, she listened to the alien a little surprised to find several of
 gibberish and watched as her the men and boys also looking.

countrymen endured
 humiliation upon
 humiliation. She felt
 sorrow and outrage for
 the way Adrafo was
 being treated. This man
 she had seen challenge
 warriors from other
 tribes, this man who
 several times led the
 hunt seeking food for
 the entire community,
 this man who had



become one of the most respected
 teachers among the young boys
 in terms of transitioning from
 boyhood to manhood, was now
 reduced to something less than an
 animal. He had dirty, seemingly
 soulless pale men inspecting his
 nakedness, touching him about
 the face and mouth, and putting
 their hands in places that should
 only have been reserved for his
 wife were he to marry. There was
 no mistaking the discomfort on
 the face of Adrafo as he was put
 on display and stripped of any
 humanity he was able to thinly

Rayowa gathered the courage to
 fully turn her head to see what was
 happening with Adrafo and was
 a little surprised to find several of
 the men and boys also looking.

While the creatures
 roughly turned the
 warrior to the right as
 they discussed him in
 their odd language,
 Adrafo looked up and
 his and Rayowa's eyes
 locked. It was apparent
 that he could see what
 a kind of pity in her
 eyes could only be, and

she could see at first a definite
 contempt and defiance for the pink
 men and what they were doing to
 him.

Whether just because of having
 had enough of this indignity or
 seeing pity toward a once mighty
 warrior such as he in the eyes of a
 young girl, there was no mistaking
 the sudden look of contempt turn
 to one of anger.

Perhaps the ghosts around him
 were unaware of what was

HEAVEN MISSISSIPPI - The complete Prologue and Chapters 1&2 (Continued)

happening, but Rayowa had seen that look before.

Years ago, when she was much younger, she and her father were out walking and talking playfully when suddenly her father stopped and squeezed her hand hard enough that she felt the pain of it, but not so much that she needed to cry out. He quickly shushed her and whispered to her not to move. They stood still for a moment in the tall grass where, at eye level, she could see just the top of the landscape that was spread out before them, as well as the sky. The only thing she was able to completely see unobstructed was the face of her father which she recognized as having a deep concern mixed with a dose of fear.

She was able to recognize fear upon him because it was something she had only experienced from him a couple times in his presence.

She remembered how the hand of her father (Mumbua), had become suddenly cool and sweaty for

seemingly no reason. But in a few short moments, after looking up and studying the face of her father, she could see that his head and eyes were un-moving, trained in only one direction. He was obviously looking at something at which he either could not or would not avert

his gaze. She slowly moved her head in the direction of where she perceived her father was staring, and as best she could, just over the top of the grass but still saw nothing.

At first.



But slowly – against the green of the gently wavering grass, she saw a faint hint of light brown, or tan. Initially it was not so obvious to her, but with each passing second it was apparent that the brown was moving toward them and becoming easier to identify.

A lion!

She and Mumba stood statue still even as it approached. She was unsure what to do or what was going to happen. They had gone

HEAVEN MISSISSIPPI - The complete Prologue and Chapters 1&2 (Continued)

for this walk innocently enough, and her father had brought no weapon, and even if there were rocks to throw, it would be nearly impossible to spot any in the tall foliage.

Her only hope was her father, and she remembered the fear in his eyes. She remembered the fear in his eyes that is, until the second time she looked up to see his face and the fear and concern had been replaced by something else. Rayowa read it as anger. Perhaps it wasn't, perhaps it was something her mind couldn't grasp. All she did know was that what she saw was not fear. In that moment, even when faced alone, with no weapon against a lion, her own apprehension evaporated, and she knew her father was prepared to do whatever it took to keep his precious daughter from harm.

"Lie down very slowly and quietly." she remembered him saying as he loosened his grip on her hand, and she did as she was instructed. Mumba then



whispered, "When I say go... crawl away as quickly as possible and then when you have made it several yards stand up and run as fast as you can back to the village and tell the men what has happened."

With that, Rayowa knelt on hands and knees, waiting for her father to give her the signal. Even in that position, she was able to look back over her shoulder and see through the tears which had formed the determination and fight in the eyes of this man who was in this moment about to sacrifice his life to save hers.

"NOW! GO!" Mumba cried out suddenly, and with a few shuffles of her feet that produced no motion at all, Rayowa finally was able to build momentum and crawl through the grass, crouched in a way that would have been undetectable to any onlooker, or hopefully a stalking lion.

Simultaneously Mumba ran heroically in the direction of the

HEAVEN MISSISSIPPI - The complete Prologue and Chapters 1&2 (Continued)

huge cat that was intent upon making a meal of them.

Rayowa heard her father yelling and screaming. In her imagination, she could see him waving his arms and baring his teeth as he met the challenge from which only a miracle could have him emerge alive.

She crawled for what seemed a lifetime, and then when she felt she was far enough away from the predator Rayowa stood up and started running in earnest. Her goal was to make it out of the tall grass and to the flat lands and finally into the tree line and jungle through which she would make it to her village to gather men for help.

The landscape was a blur from the tears streaming from Rayowa's eyes. She thought of what had happened to her father as she single-mindedly ran to reach the edge of the tall grass which was so much farther than she had anticipated.

Speeding up as best she could, from behind Rayowa, she heard sounds from the brush getting louder, gaining on her. For all her trying and the sacrifice of her father, she was not going to make it.



"Rayowa!"

She ran faster.

"Rayowa!"

She puffed and ran, not quite sure which way she was heading at that point but running as fast as she could none-the-less.

"Rayowa! Daughter! Stop running!"

Wait! Lions cannot speak!

"Rayowa... Stop!"

Rayowa stopped running and turned to see her beloved, great, warrior, king father, huffing and puffing behind her, smiling, nearly laughing.

HEAVEN MISSISSIPPI - The complete Prologue and Chapters 1&2 (Continued)

“Father!” She yelled running back to him and jumping up on him so hard and knocking him backward so fast that to an onlooker it would have seemed they both de-materialized into the surroundings. he was in such disbelief he did not know what to do—but for whatever reason, it was I who had scared **him!** Nobody messes with my daughter I yelled to him!”

They lay for a moment embracing, breathing hard, and her father laughing. “Daughter you must possessed the spirit of a gazelle!” He said. “I thought I might not catch up to you until you reached the village!”



They laughed for a moment, both from relief and joy and then stood up to and started on their walk back to their village.

“Father what happened?!” the child asked. “Did you kill the lion?! How did you do it so quickly?!”

“No precious one, I did not kill the lion.” Mumba said. “After you went your way and I charged the lion, it was the **lion** who ran! Perhaps it was the first time his prey had challenged him, and

When they reached the village, they first went home and told the tale of what transpired on their walk. Kailua, Rayowa’s mother was skeptical of the story her husband and daughter presented to her, though both insisted vehemently that every word of it was true. She sat calmly grinding mill as they spun the yarn

and at some points acted out what had happened, but Kailua could not be blamed for her doubts, it would not have been the first time the two of them had played such a joke on her.

They repeated their exciting story in several different ways, and still Rayowa’s mother sat grinding the mill, nodding and saying an unconvincing, “Alright, I believe you.”

Just as they were about to give up

HEAVEN MISSISSIPPI - The complete Prologue and Chapters 1&2 (Continued)

on trying to persuade her mother that Mumba was indeed one of the bravest men in the village, a group of men walked up to the family of Rayowa. Some of the men carried shields, they all carried spears and were led by a visibly excited little boy.

“There they are!” the little boy yelled as the group walked toward them, “I thought they might have been eaten!”

“What are you talking about young man?” Mumba asked.

“I was out walking alone...” he began a little sheepishly, knowing that a boy his age was not supposed to venture so far away from the village on his own – but suddenly becoming very animated he continued, “I saw you! I saw the lion coming for you and then you ran toward the lion yelling and with no weapon in your hands!” The child said as he pointed to Rayowa’s father. “That is when I ran back here to get help!”

“That is right.” one of the men

continued. “He said he saw you and your daughter being stalked by the lion and ran all the way back to the village to gather as many men as possible to come and help you, but then we thought we saw you come back to your hut so we stopped here first to be sure.”



“What is this?” Kailua said as she stopped her grinding and stood up slowly as if waking from a dream. “This thing really happened?! You... you were telling me the truth?!”

“Yes wife, we were trying to tell you.” Mumba said.

She ran to her husband and daughter, attempting to sidestep the mill she had been grinding and knocked it over anyway. She embraced both of them, kissing them and breaking into tears.

After that they proceeded to tell the people of the village what had happened, and Mumba even led a hunting party out to track down the lion and kill it because it was believed that Mumba and

HEAVEN MISSISSIPPI - The complete Prologue and Chapters 1&2 (Continued)

his daughter had encountered a rogue lion that had been killing members of a neighboring village and had now widened its territory. Any lion that stalked human beings and had acquired a taste for human blood would ever crave it and needed to be stopped. The hunt was successful and afterward, as a trophy, Mumba would wear one of the incisors of the lion around his neck.

As the years passed, of course the story grew and at some point as she remembers, the single lion became two, and then a pride, and Mumba The Brave killed one of them with his bare hands.

Rayowa didn't mind that the story had turned into legend with only the seeds of truth left to it—all she knew was that at first, though always considered by all a good man, Mumba was not what one would have seen as a person of great stature among the people.

His heroism that day changed all that.



He was always highly honored and recognized for his act, and even though the story eventually was blown out of all reasonable proportion, she counted ALL as true because he did save her life at the risk of his own—and would have acted in exactly the same way even if it had truly been a full pride of hungry lions.

That was all that mattered to Rayowa.

She wished he was here now.

For all the stretching of that tale of heroism, the one thing that always remained as a constant in the mind of Rayowa was the look on Mumba's face before he charged the lion, and especially, the look in his eyes!

Now this was the same look she saw in the eyes of Adrafo, and her own eyes widened and heart pounded as she anticipated what was about to happen.

"No!" Rayowa thought as if hoping to somehow telepathically

HEAVEN MISSISSIPPI - The complete Prologue and Chapters 1&2 (Continued)

she speak to the man who she was sure would soon be dead were he to attack in this moment, “Don’t do it... please don’t do it! You can not win here right now! Live to fight another day!”

Suddenly, thankfully, the pale men almost as one, stepped back to their original places among the other pale men who may or may not have been interested in Adrafo, and just as quickly his continence fell back to the simmering contempt at which it had rested previously.

The pale man who had pulled him forward tapped him a couple times with his stick, and then once again grabbed him by the arm to return him to his original position on the stand, what Rayowa would later learn was a thing called an “auction block”.

This time as the pink man attempted to maneuver the captured warrior back to his position, Adrafo jerked loose his arm, stood up straight and walked back to the spot at which he first stood. Doing so with as much dignity as the present

circumstance would allow, which was very little, but within him meant a great deal.

One of the men in the crowd, upon seeing the actions of Adrafo yelled, “Aye! That nigger has spirit!” whatever that meant, Rayowa could make out individual words, but she had no idea what they meant or what the sentence conveyed – though again – in time, she would sadly become all too well acquainted with the term ‘nigger’, and she would learn to despise it.



With Adrafo back in his place, Rayowa once again faced forward and looked down at the wooden platform upon which she and the others stood. She silently gave thanks to the ancestors for defusing the situation and helping Adrafo to calm down so that he might live.

From the crowd she could hear the odd words and phrases once again coming from the pale man up front, along with an unfamiliar

HEAVEN MISSISSIPPI - The complete Prologue and Chapters 1&2 (Continued)

word coming from one man after the other in the crowd. First the man in front would say something, then some pink man in the crowd would say what seemed to be a single word. This continued for several minutes. Rayowa suspected what was happening, but had no real context for it, she had seen such things done in the marketplace in her own home community, but never with *people*, so in her mind she was unable to reconcile that thought with what she had seen back then and was experiencing now.



The back and forth continued between the sickly-looking pale men until it was only the pink man up front who was talking and looking around at the crowd before him. At one-point Rayowa peeked again to her left and she saw the pink man raise his hand and motion toward Adrafo. Immediately after doing that two men, one pink, and surprisingly a Black man who looked like he could have been one of her countrymen roughly took Adrafo by his arms and pulled him from the platform. Adrafo struggled

and resisted, but the more he did the rougher the two men became with him.

As Adrafo struggled Rayowa whispered under her breath for him to please stop for his own good.

She understood why he was fighting, after all, the man was a warrior, but she also reasoned that the outcome was inevitable. He would be going with them either on his feet, or on his back. It wasn't as if amid his thrashing, Adrafo's captors were going to say, "Alright, it's obvious you don't

want to go with us, so we'll just let you go."

It would seem that Adrafo may have had the same thought as suddenly he stopped resisting the manhandling of his captors and walked – once again with as much dignity as he could muster – back into the room out of which those who were slated to be sold had been kept, and to rejoin those who had been sold.

When he disappeared, Rayowa

HEAVEN MISSISSIPPI - The complete Prologue and Chapters 1&2 (Continued)

was glad that no further physical harm happened to the warrior. She smiled faintly for only a moment, knowing that soon, it would be her turn.

Chapter 2

One of the pale men stepped over to Rayowa and gestured his arm in her direction while speaking in the language that for now, was undecipherable to her. The men at the gathering drew in close and a few of them stepped onto the stage on which she stood.



She had seen enough of what had happened to the men before her to know what was about to ensue.

Rayowa closed her eyes and braced herself for whatever was coming. It wasn't long before she felt hands upon her — touching her in places both common and private. She felt her mouth being opened, and a couple times a thumb and index finger forced an eye open, causing her to look upon the grotesque face of one of her assailants. They were close to her — far too close. She could smell them. She could

smell their clothes, their hair, their breath, and all of it turned her stomach. Even those whose odor wasn't altogether unpleasant caused her to feel uneasy and nauseous. With that, the overriding thought in her mind was which of these strange creatures would ultimately be leaving with her, and for what purposes? None of which, Rayowa guessed, and guessed correctly, would be upright or honorable.

The surreal inspection continued for what seemed like an eternity as Rayowa suffered humiliation upon humiliation. Intellectually, she knew it had to end eventually, but in her spirit, the assault seemed as if it wasn't ever going to stop. Not knowing what fate awaited her, she could only imagine that wherever she was going there would be more of the same — and worse.

The touching, poking and examinations stopped as suddenly as they started. As Rayowa

HEAVEN MISSISSIPPI - The complete Prologue and Chapters 1&2 (Continued)

continued to stand in place, she could still feel the phantom touches of the men who had groped her. The men who had just violated her. Slowly the sensation began to pass, but Rayowa knew the effects of the violation on her mind and spirit would linger. The sun once again stung her eyes as she opened them to, thankfully, find herself alone on the podium save for the other items of human merchandise with whom she stood.

The sickly-looking pale men began raising their hands and calling out. Some did not speak, but only raised a cane or some other handheld tool with which to signal.

“Fifty!”

“Seventy-five!”

Even without understanding them, Rayowa intuitively, knew she was being bid on just as were those before her who had been purchased and taken away. She continued to stand silent, head

down, unwilling to make eye contact with any of the creatures before her.

The voices came louder and faster.

(A raise of a cane)



“Ninety five!”

(The tipping of a hat.) “One twenty-five!”

“One fifty!”

The voices stopped and the crowd became quiet.

“I have One hundred fifty dollars for this fine young female specimen. She’ll be good for workin’ the field, the house or both. And she’s young! Just right for breedin’... and for some o’ those cold winter nights. You gentlemen know what I’m talkin’ about. So, do I hear one seventy-five?”

“One seventy-five!” called out one of the entities at the front—a particularly grubby looking man who looked as if he couldn’t afford

HEAVEN MISSISSIPPI - The complete Prologue and Chapters 1&2 (Continued)

such a steep price, but those around him seemed to know he could. The man's name was John Raskin. Everyone called him "Johnny."

"Two hundred dollars!" yelled someone to the right of the other person who just called out.

Everything became silent again.

"I have two hundred!" boomed the voice of the auctioneer, causing a couple of the naked Afrikans, including Rayowa to jump. "Do I hear two twenty-five?!"

Silence.

One of the men in the crowd who stood beside Raskin elbowed him in the ribs and said, "Come on Johnny! Don't tell me you're gonna let a nice piece o' horse flesh like this'un get away."

"Price is too steep. I kin run down ta Miss Clara's place on a Saturday evenin' an' get what I need for three dollar." The men laughed and turned their attention back to

the auctioneer.

"Three twenty-five!" came a voice from somewhere in the back of the crowd of buyers. A couple heads turned to see that the bidder was Lucas Marlin. Marlin wasn't

a plantation owner; his business was a bit more customer service driven. He owned and operated a local brothel that competed with Miss Clara's. (Though if asked, he would deny it). Marlin originally bought up slaves to rent out for field work, like any other rental tools. He specialized in only

African women, men and children, and his business model was based upon making it so that the average citizen who might not be able to afford slaves could go to him and rent one at an affordable price. However, it wasn't long before he realized that the disproportionate number of men who were taking advantage of his services were only renting the women (and only the comeliest of them), along with the children, followed by the men. Eventually, when several of his women became pregnant, he knew exactly what was going on.



HEAVEN MISSISSIPPI - The complete Prologue and Chapters 1&2 (Continued)

Marlon always let the women carry the children to term, and eventually have them become part of his rental stock. was his limit. He had been to many auctions and for any who paid attention, they knew that was his tell.

His prices were considerably higher than those of Miss Clara's, but Clara had several stipulations that were absent from Marlin's enterprise – not the least of which was Clara's prohibition against beating, humiliating or other acts of violence against her women. "I have three hundred twenty-five dollars for this fine animal." The auctioneer cautioned.



The only rule Marlin had was that whatever was done, the merchandise could not be visibly damaged. No noticeable bruises and absolutely no black eyes or broken bones. Silence.

Marlin had waited for the bidding to languish. His strategy was to listen to all the bids, then when it got to what he perceived to be the highest based upon the reaction of the crowd, he'd then place his bid, which would typically be a hundred dollars over the last. Johnny flashed a brownish, yellowing grin and said, "Yep. I might at that."

Should someone else bid, he would go higher by fifty, and that "Three hundred dollars going once... three hundred going twice..."

"Five hundred dollars!"

The voice was deep and resonant. The one who had spoken was using the language of those Rayowa could not decipher, but the timbre of it was somehow different. She

HEAVEN MISSISSIPPI - The complete Prologue and Chapters 1&2 (Continued)

looked up slowly, to the back of the crowd, at a man sitting on a horse drawn wagon.

She noticed that oddly, none of the other men had turned around to look at whoever it was that seemed to cause the proceedings to come to a halt.

She was surprised to see a young Black man who was dressed in the garb of the men who were closer to the auction block, and in some ways, he was more well-dressed. Upon first laying eyes on him, with the exception of his slightly lighter complexion and slimmer build, this man ways he reminded her of her own Adrafo in look and his manner. The man in the cart was named Hawthorne. He was a slave from the Calhoun plantation, and he was well acquainted with Marlin's bidding strategy.



“We have a bid for five hundred from Mister Trace Calhoun by proxy of his niggra! Do I hear five twenty-five?!”

Silence.

“So, the bid is Five hundred dollars going once... going twice... sold to Trace Calhoun for five hundred dollars!”

The bidding continued for a while longer as the Black man purchased three more slaves on the behalf of the plantation. There were only a couple left, but Hawthorne had exhausted the plantation limit for that auction and was easily outbid.

The auctioneer pointed his cane in the direction of the well-dressed negro sitting in the cart. “Alright Hawthorne,” he yelled, “that’s it! After these fine gentlemen complete the paperwork for their purchases, you can go in and take care of Mr. Calhoun’s and load his merchandise!”

Five hundred dollars for a single slave girl. Hawthorne thought. *When I get back to the plantation Calhoun’s going to be livid, and there were be hell to pay for me.* But as he continued to look at the girl as they removed her from the stage, he decided that whatever happened to him was

HEAVEN MISSISSIPPI - The complete Prologue and Chapters 1&2 (Continued)

going to be worth it.

Hawthorne had made many purchases on behalf of Massa Calhoun. He'd seen many beautiful Afrikan women be moved to the plantation thanks to him.

Some of the women he purchased for his master, Hawthorne had *known*, in the Biblical sense, but his libido was never a factor in any Afrikan he purchased. His philosophy was that he couldn't help all, but he could do what was in his power to help some.



The Calhoun plantation wasn't unique in Mississippi. There were the beatings, the whippings, the rapes. There was little to nothing Hawthorne could do about that. It was a plantation after all.

A prison.

Hawthorne didn't know what kind of comradery existed between the slaves on other plantations, but what he DID know was that he could purchase Afrikans who

could at least live on a plantation where he knew for certain there was a strong support system and genuine love, honor, respect and caring among the enslaved for each other.

At least he could give them that.

Just as with all the people he had purchased for Calhoun he did it to save her. He also did it because he saw something special about her. Something beautiful to him.

Not like the other beautiful women he bought, but there was something about her that seemed to shine to the outside, even in the midst of the horror.

So, for the first time since he'd taken the responsibility of making Calhoun's purchases for him, Hawthorne purchased an Afrikan woman for himself.

Even moving things along, it took nearly an hour waiting in the hot sun before all the white men had

HEAVEN MISSISSIPPI - The complete Prologue and Chapters 1&2 (Continued)

completed their business, and Hawthorne was allowed to enter the business office of the auction house. He stepped inside the space that was now empty except for the barrister, Franklin James, who took care of notating the purchases in a ledger, issuing, and signing the bills of sale along with separate receipts.

As Hawthorne walked up to the desk, he could see a chair sitting in front of it—the chair on which the white men would sit as they conducted their business and completed their paperwork.

He knew he dared not sit.

The closer Hawthorne got, the more he could make out Mr. James mumbling something about, *That damn Calhoun getting special treatment because he was such a wealthy customer.*

Hawthorne stood at the desk and handed Mr. James four slips. James adjusted the glasses he was looking over the top of and laid

them out in front of him. “Two men, one boy, one woman.”

“Yessuh. That’s what we bought today.”

“Nine hundred eighty-eight dollars, plus seven dollars filing and handling. Nine hundred ninety-five.” James said dryly. “Plus, my personal handling fee, five dollars. That’ll make it an even thousand dollars.”

Hawthorne dug into his pouch and pulled out all the money he had on his person. He counted out a thousand dollars, leaving only twenty-five, and handed it to James.

James snatched the money from Hawthorne’s hand and then recounted it. Annotating the money (less the five dollars), James then put the money in a cash box. “They may not teach you niggers to read and write worth a shit, but they sure as hell make sure you can count money.” The tone of James’ voice let Hawthorne know



HEAVEN MISSISSIPPI - The complete Prologue and Chapters 1&2 (Continued)

that what was just said was in no way intended as a complement.

James grabbed a stack of papers to his left, then took a quill pen and began furiously writing. As he completed each paper, he took a round stamp, inked it on a pad, then slammed it down on the bottom of each sheet as if the papers were an enemy.

Actually, the stamping was to be done at the end of the transaction, but it was late, and James was tired of the paperwork; not to mention the fact that he resented having to do paperwork for a purchase made by a nigger. It didn't matter if it was on behalf of his master. "Boy," James said coldly without looking up from his task, "Calhoun must have a hellava lot of trust in you to give you all this money and permission papers, and letting you pick out what slaves you're gonna buy for 'em."



"Yashah Mista James. Massa Trace say I's got da best eye fo' slaves he ever seen. I kain't ever compare ta

no white man doe."

"You damn right you can't! And don't you never forget that boy." James said as he snatched the papers around more furiously, "I seen your type before." He then said, beginning to sound more annoyed than angry.

"First you niggers masters start letting you run little errands for 'em, then move on ta bigger things, til finally, you're in town on your own, dressed like white men, carryin' money like white men, and biddin' on niggers like white men, instead of working in the fields sunup to sun down like you were made by the good lord to do. I don't like it, an' if it were up ta me Calhoun would have ta have his ass down here makin' his own decisions and purchases! I don't care how much money he has! Well... Me... I don't trust you. I don't trust niggers far as I can see you! Not one BIT!"

"Yessush. You's right suh." Hawthorne said as humbly as he could as he paid for the new

HEAVEN MISSISSIPPI - The complete Prologue and Chapters 1&2 (Continued)

slaves and the barrister did the paperwork. When everything was in order, he turned the paper so that it was facing Hawthorne. "Put your master's stamp here... then put your damn X beside it like always."

"Yessuh."

Hawthorne lightly stamped each paper and marked them with an X (using a separate quill pen specifically designated for Hawthorne, the only Black man who was allowed to make such purchases), then he gently pushed the paper back over to the barrister.



"It's a good thing we run an upright and honest auction here." James said as he did one final check of the papers to make sure everything was in order. "If he was dealing with some unscrupulous characters, we could write anything on these papers and you wouldn't even know what you stamped and signed for your master." James shook his head in disgust, then roughly slid the papers back

across his desk, causing a couple to slide off and float to the floor." Here are your copies. Make sure your master gets these." He said as Hawthorne quickly bent over to pick up the paperwork and receipts. "If he doesn't, we're not responsible, and may result in a loss of the property for Calhoun, and I'm sure, a flogging for you."

Hawthorne stood back up, straightened the papers, folded them a couple times and placed them in a pouch that hung by his hip. "Yessah Mista James. 'Em'ma be double sho ta see to it Massah Trace gits 'em."

"Whether he does or doesn't, it's no matter to me. We have our money." James looked out the window at the cart in which Hawthorne had come into town. "Your merchandise is loaded up." He said curtly. "Now you can just go on and get your ass outta here."

"Yessah. Thank you suh."

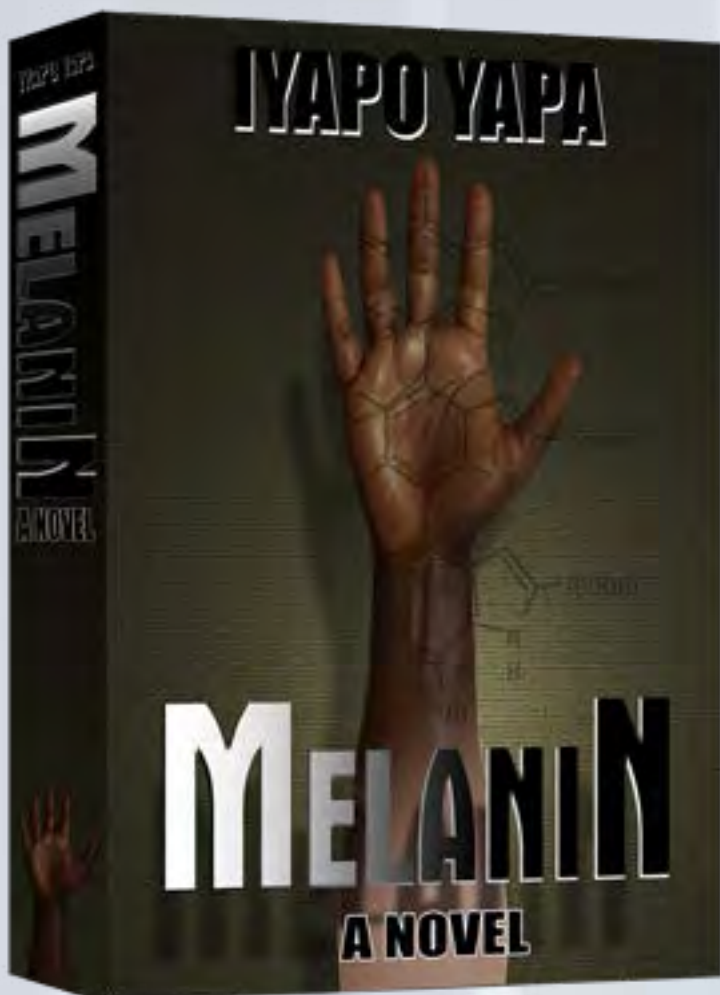


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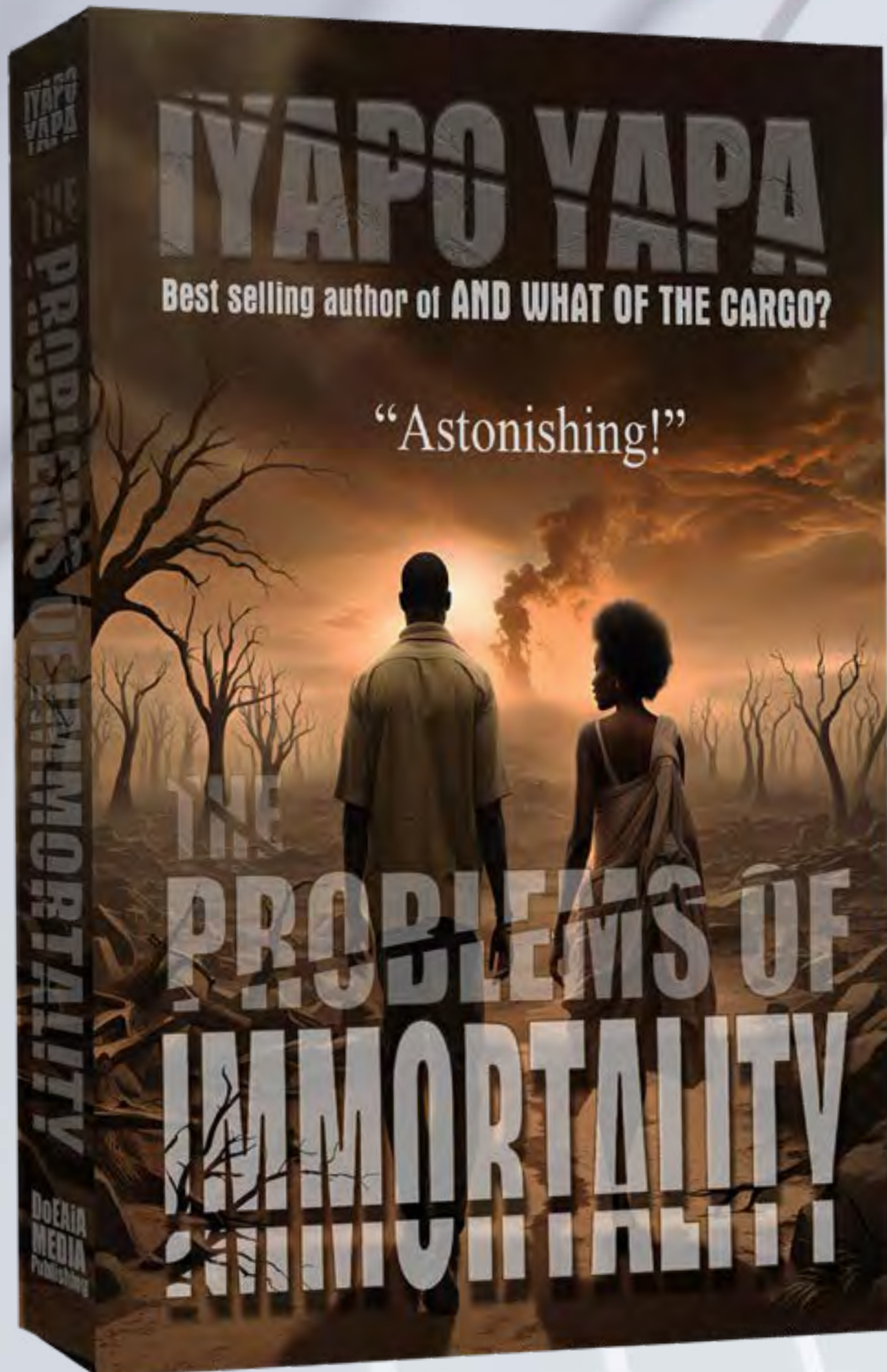
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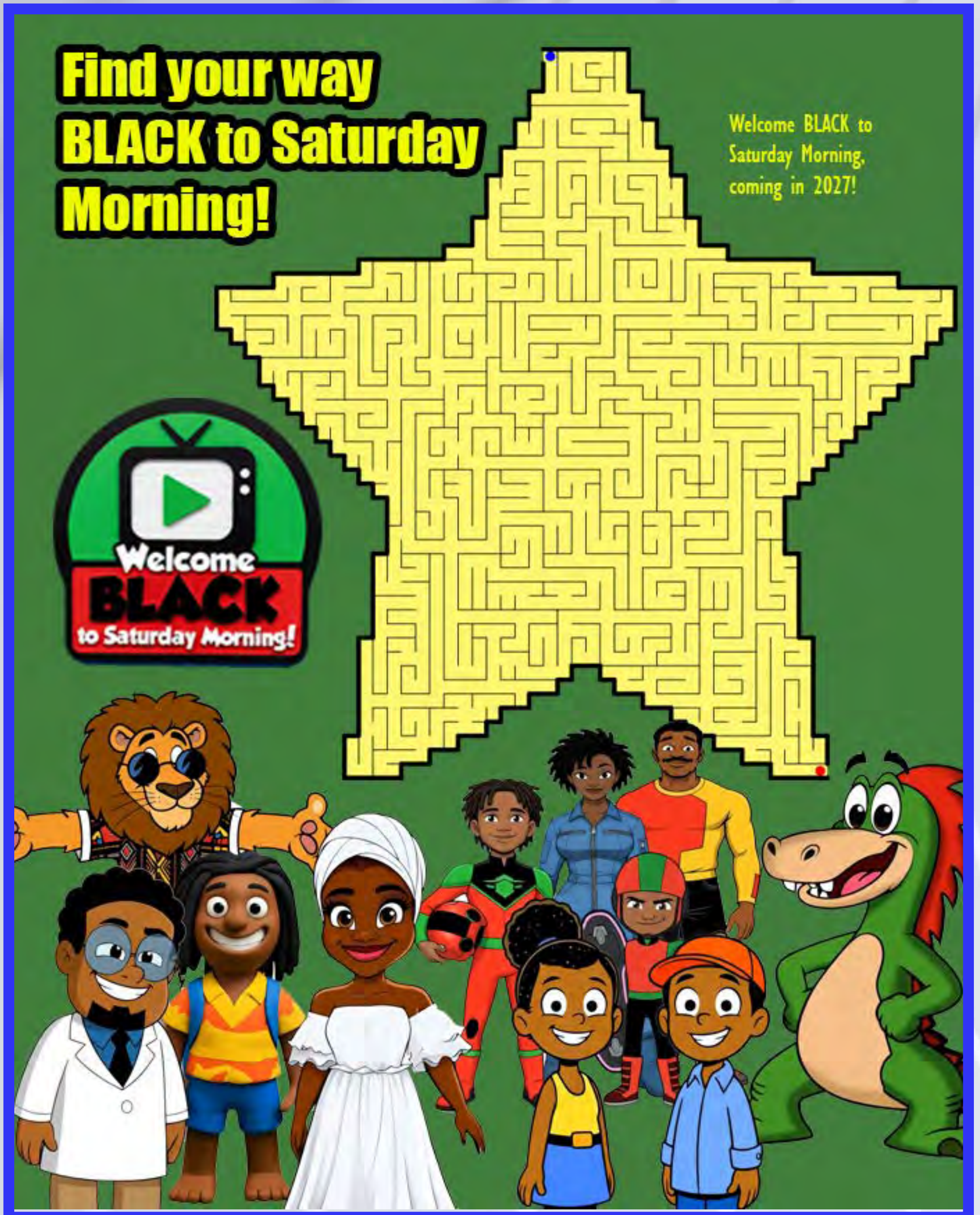
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APRIL 2026 MAZE!

This month's puzzle is a maze that features images of characters from Welcome BLACK to Saturday Morning! They are all excited to introduce themselves to the world and we believe that when the world sees them, they are going to be a HIT!

In the meantime, enjoy the maze and the rest of your magazine!

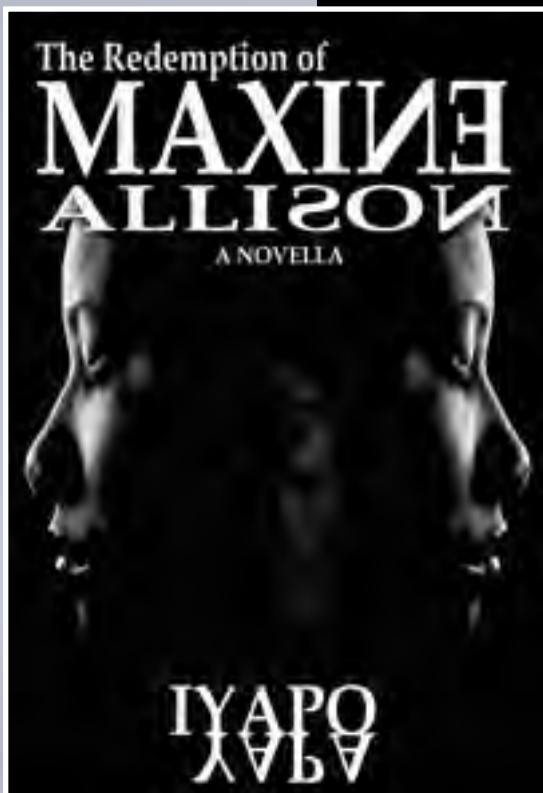
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Is it BEST to DIVEST?

Maxine Allison thought so.

She'd had enough of dealing with Black men who were abusive, lackadaisical when it came to work, and just overall "losers" in her opinion. So she determined she would find herself a "white prince".

Did she find her **PRINCE** and lose her mind? Is he **PRINCE CHARMING** or is he the Prince of **PERSIA**?!

Has she made a monumental mistake or is a trauma she sustained from a car wreck causing her mind to play tricks on her? If she has made a mistake can Maxine ever undo her disastrous decision ... right or wrong, it seems there is no way for her to find redemption...

or is there?

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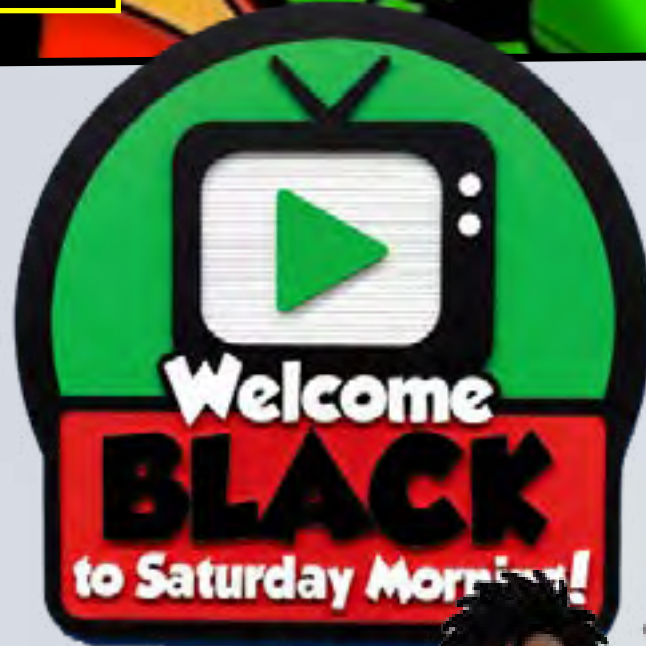


READING and WRITING in the

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Next year everything goes BLACK!





White Gloves and Black Face



Soooo. What's with the white gloves?

That question hits different once you know the ugly truth behind it. Those pristine white gloves that so many classic cartoon characters—Mickey Mouse, Bugs Bunny, Tom and Jerry, heck, even some of the lesser-known ones—wear like it's just a cute design choice? Nah. That's straight-up leftover minstrel show costume, the same visual shorthand white performers used when they slapped on burnt cork, painted their lips huge, and pranced around stage pretending to be “happy darkies.” The white gloves made the blacked-up hands pop against the dark skin for the audience, turning the performer's hands into exaggerated, clownish props that screamed “look at these ridiculous Negro hands!” It was pure caricature, designed to dehumanize and entertain white crowds at the same time. When early animators like Walt Disney and the Warner Bros. crew started drawing animal characters in the 1920s and 1930s, they copied that exact minstrel look—black bodies, white gloves, big lips, wide eyes—because that's what audiences were already trained to laugh at. It wasn't innocent; it was the visual language of blackface transferred to ink and paint.

Now, if you really want to see how deep this minstrel rot went in American animation, you got to talk about Warner Bros.' infamous “Censored 11.” These eleven shorts were pulled from television syndication in 1968 by United Artists because they were so blatantly racist that even the suits at the time knew they couldn't keep airing them without catching hell. They're not lost forever—you can still find bootleg copies on YouTube or underground sites if you know where to look—but Warner Bros. has kept them locked away from official releases, streaming, or any legit home video for decades. Why? Because they're raw, unfiltered blackface minstrelsy in cartoon form, complete with the white gloves, the dialect, the stereotypes, and the whole “happy darky” routine that made white audiences roar with laughter while Black folks were expected to just sit there and take it.



White **Gloves and Black Face**



Here are the ten cartoons the user listed, with full details, in-depth overviews in the author's own raw voice, why they're hidden, and APA-style citations for still shots you can pull from each one (no official DOIs exist for individual frames of these 80+-year-old shorts, but I've included stable archival retrieval info where available for educational fair use).

1. **Hittin' the Trail for Hallelujah Land**



(1931, directed by Rudolf Ising)

This early 1944 Merrie Melodies short opens with an upbeat rendition of the song “Come on Get Happy”, written by Harold Arlen and Ted Koehler. The song was first introduced in 1930 but wasn't made widely popular until years later by actress/songstress Judy Garland when she performed it in the Charles Walters directed movie *Summer Stock* (1950, Walters, Charles). The black and white animated short follows a little anthropomorphic female pig taking a trip on a riverboat filled with a collection of the same kinds of anthropomorphic animal characters. The pig is presented as a “Southern Belle” type character and interestingly is being driven to the riverboat dock by a “human looking” Black character (relative to the outright animal characters), not surprisingly named “Uncle Tom”. Also unsurprising is



White Gloves and Black Face



the fact his character is loaded with Black stereotypes portraying him as a—lazy, dialect-speaking loyal “darkie” and acting like happy-go-lucky simpletons. A section of the cartoon focuses on Uncle Tom ending up in a graveyard, which opens the door for the “Black people are afraid of ghosts” trope and, he later finds himself in the lake drowning because of course, Black people can’t swim according to the stereotype. The white gloves are front and center on the Black figures, turning them into walking minstrel props in a “happy slave” fantasy. It’s hidden because it reduces Black people to comic relief in a heaven-bound minstrel show, reinforcing the lie that we were content in chains. **Illustration Citation (Still Shot):** Still from *Hittin’ the Trail for Hallelujah Land* (1931). In R. Ising (Director), *Hittin’ the Trail for Hallelujah Land* [Animated short]. Warner Brothers, Merrie Melodies. (Still frame retrieved from source material; no DOI assigned).

2. Sunday Go to Meetin’ Time



(1936, directed by Friz Freleng)

The cartoon opens with a Black preacher (wearing white gloves), standing outside the church and reverently holding his Bible as he sings in a baritone

White Gloves and Black Face



voice (a la Paul Robison) to his parishioners to come to Sunday meetin'. He only interrupts his song long enough to say a hearty "'Mornin' Brotha'" and "'Mornin' Sista'" to them as they enter. The short is packed with lazy "Negro" tropes, gambling and chicken stealing gags, and full minstrel dialect. The cartoon focuses on Nicodemus, a lazy, shiftless negro drawn in full "sambo" caricature style, and centers on his resistance to going to church. This trope works to highlight the hyper religiousness of his wife juxtaposed with the "sinner" who is always looking for trouble to get into. His wife is a full on "mammy" stereotype (with the exception of having a husband). That is well covered however as she is portrayed as being overbearing and wearing the pants in the household as her husband (Nicodemus) is emasculated and infantilized. In the short, Nicodemus is dragged to church by his ear when his wife finally finds him out shooting dice. They both go into the church, but Nicodemus escapes and heads out to find more mischief. Eventually he takes a rap to the head as he attempts to steal a chicken, and while unconscious dreams he is before the devil being judged, and then tossed into hell. He suddenly wakes and makes a beeline to the church where he stops just short of the door, then stand piously upright with hands folded in reverence, and walks in as the choir sings the negro spiritual, *I got shoes, you got shoes, all God's chillun' got shoes*. The cartoon is part of the censored eleven because it is filled to overflowing with textbook depictions of racial caricature dressed up as "cute" animation, mocking Black religious life as nothing but shiftless fun and convenience. **Illustration Citation (Still Shot):** Still from *Sunday Go to Meetin' Time* (1936). In F. Freleng (Director), *Sunday Go to Meetin' Time* [Animated short]. Warner Bros. Merrie Melodies. (Still frame retrieved from source material; no DOI assigned).



White Gloves and Black Face



3. Clean Pastures



(1937, directed by Friz Freleng)

Evidently heaven's got nothing on Harlem as a head angel looks down at earth (specifically Harlem) and watches the Black people (all stereotypically presented of course) enjoying their "sinful" pleasures. This cartoon seems as if the makers were attempting to win the prize for how many Black stereotypes, they could fit into one short subject (though arguably, the animated Walter Lantz cartoon *Scrub Me Mama With A Bookie Beat* – 1940 – will forever hold that infamous honor. There will be more about that little masterpiece later in the book) The animated short starts with Harlem lit up, and scenes of scantily clad light skinned chorus girls jiggling their bodies with all their might, a dark skinned black hand shooting dice, another set of dark skinned hands pouring alcohol, then the Uncle Tom character appears. He is the head angel in *Pair-O-Dice*. He makes a phone call--enter the lazy, shiftless sambo angel. When the sambo angel character gets to earth, he is promptly met by a Black character who walks up to him randomly on the sidewalk, says nothing, and tap dances to the tune *Way Down Upon the Swanee River* for absolutely no reason then leaves. He is followed by the Black character that the white, black face performer Al Jolsen made famous. The head angel recruited the sambo angel to go and persuade the people to leave Harlem and join them



White Gloves and Black Face



in “Pair-O-Dice”. Well, the angel on the job is no match for the pleasures of Harlem, in no small part, due to his being lazy, dim witted and completely lacking charisma. Four other angels approach the head angel and explain to him that the reason no one wants to go to heaven is because compared to life in Harlem, heaven is a bore. So, the Black “hep cats” from Pair-o-Dice go to Harlem to jazz things up with dancing and music. The characters are drawn in full minstrel style—exaggerated features, jive talk—and the whole thing turns Black culture into a punchline for white entertainment. The cartoon ends with the people of Harlem following the hep cat angels up to Pair-O-Dice on a golden heavenly road, where heaven is finally fully populated as they sing “Oh, Dem Golden Slippers.” The head angel happily closes the door. Immediately there is a knock. The head angel opens the peep window, and someone asks, “May I come in?” The head angel replies, “Sho’ they’s always room for one more,” then opens the door. Upright and piously, in a reverent posture, in walks the devil with a halo over his head. As he walks past the head angel, the devil takes a backward glance, either to make sure the head angel hasn’t recognized him, or perhaps because he has gotten in and will soon be creating hell in Pair-O-Dice. This may represent several things at once. It is possible the creators of this work were trying to say that heaven for Black people is a place filled with sin just by our nature, that is why the devil would not only feel comfortable there, but request to enter. The other thing is that it could be a swipe at the judgment of Black people in that even the head angel in charge was willing to not only let the devil in but do so with a full cheerful welcome. The cartoon was locked away because it reduced Black music and life to a sideshow for heavenly (i.e., white) boredom.

Illustration Citation (Still Shot): Still from *Clean Pastures* (1937). In F. Freleng (Director), *Clean Pastures* [Animated short]. Warner Bros. Merrie Melodies. (Still frame retrieved from source material; no DOI assigned).



White **Gloves and Black Face**



4. Uncle Tom's Bungalow



(1937, directed by Tex Avery)

Uncle Tom's Bungalow is a parody of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* where Uncle Tom is a Black shuffling stereotype of an old man. First the audience is introduced to the cast of characters. First there is Eva, a blonde haired, blue eyed white girl. Next there is Topsey (a young piccaninny stereotype of a black girl). Topsey is on layaway. There is also a Black woman, Eliza, who becomes exaggeratedly excited and animated over little or nothing. Uncle Tom is presented as an unsteady, shaking old man who walks hunched over, but is ready and willing to participate in the story. Finally, there is Simon Simon Legree (pronounced Seemoan Seemoan) possibly a parody on the name Simone Simon, a French actress of the time. The cartoon opens with a group singing *Dixie*, then the song flows into *Way Down Upon the Swanny River*. In the cartoon Tom is purchased by Eva and Topsey to stop Legree from whipping him. During the winter Legree, who sold Tom to the little girls, finds that they are three payments behind, so he comes to get Tom back. In hiding and protecting him, the girls are put in danger, which the stereotypical, overly excited Eliza grabs the girls and runs off into the snow-covered woods with Legree hot on their trail. Upon catching up with them, Legree pulls out his whip to use on Eliza—but then Uncle Tom shows up in a fancy car and with a load of money.



White Gloves and Black Face



He buys his freedom and Legree leaves. When Eva asks Tom where he got all that money, Tom only replied by pulling out a pair of dice, throwing them on the ground and saying “Come on now seven.” The dice land on snake eyes but then jump to a four and a three—showing Tom as being not only a craps shooter, but a cheat. The cartoon has all the usual dialect and “simple darky” gags. It’s part of the censored eleven because it mocks one of the most important anti-slavery novels while reinforcing every racist trope in the book. Avery would have another go at ol’ Uncle Tom at MGM when he did *Uncle Tom’s Cabaña* (1947, Avery, Tex)—which will be examined later in this book. Though equally offensive, it is not part of the censored eleven due to having been produced by a different animation studio and was not a Warner Brothers property. **Illustration Citation (Still Shot):** Still from *Uncle Tom’s Bungalow* (1937). In T. Avery (Director), *Uncle Tom’s Bungalow* [Animated short]. Warner Bros. Merrie Melodies. (Still frame retrieved from source material; no DOI assigned).

5. Jungle Jitters



(1938, directed by Friz Freleng)



White Gloves and Black Face



In terms of negative tropes and stereotypes that white Americans seemed fixated on when it came to Black people—hands down it had to be the “cannibal” trope! Black people (especially Black people on the Afrikan continent) were mercilessly and maliciously presented as bone in nose and/or hair, savage animals, just this side of apes, who had a seemingly insatiable taste for human flesh. I won’t dwell on that too much here because the entire chapter *Bon Appétit (The Cannibal Trope)* deals with the subject in detail. In the cartoon *Jungle Jitters*, a salesman tries to sell gadgets to a tribe of Afrikan “cannibals” who look ready to cook him. Black characters are drawn with huge sausage lips, bones in noses, and white gloves, doing a full minstrel dance before the pot scene. Interestingly, the “savages” are supposed to be someplace in Afrika, but the “Sambo” tropes are uniquely from the United States. In this cartoon, just as with others like Poop Deck Pappy (Popeye’s father), Tarzan and Jane, Sheena Queen of the Jungle, Lorna the Jungle Girl, Jungle Jim and others, there is an old white woman who is the “queen” of the native Afrikans and warriors. Implying that all a white person has to do is show up to become the “Lord of the Jungle” and the lord over the people who inhabit it. There are several things going on at once in this cartoon. First, the salesman character is very obviously an anthropomorphic dog, and the implication (especially when it shows the shot of his hand knocking on the door), is that the character represents a white man. Later in the cartoon, when the dog meets the queen, she is immediately smitten and views him as a couple different leading white men of the time. She rushes to marry him. It should not be lost on the audience that the producers of this cartoon understood that it would be less offensive to the audience to have the white woman become infatuated with and ultimately marry a literal dog, than to be with one of the hordes of Black men who surrounded her. As a side note, there was only one Black woman shown in the cartoon, who, though supposedly Afrikan, adhered strictly to the “mammy” trope. The cartoon leaned heavily into the cannibal trope and was at the foundation of the story. Several times

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the natives looked at the salesman and licked their huge pink sausage lips as he faded for a moment into a cooked chicken and then back to his actual form. Ultimately, rather than choosing to live out his life with the old white woman he'd just married, the salesman runs and jumps back into the boiling pot, and says, "I hope they all get indigestion, I hope, I hope, I hope, I hope, I hope." Then holds his nose and sinks back into the stew. Classic savage cannibal trope mixed with blackface. **Illustration Citation (Still Shot):** Still from *Jungle Jitters* (1938). In F. Freleng (Director), *Jungle Jitters* [Animated short]. Warner Bros. Merrie Melodies. (Still frame retrieved from source material; no DOI assigned).

6. The Isle of Pingo Pongo



(1938, directed by Tex Avery)

The Caucasian character Egghead visits a South Seas island full of "native" stereotypes—dancing, drumming, and displaying infantile "wild" behavior. These characters are referred to in the cartoon as Aborigines. At the beginning of the cartoon, the trek of the ship that takes them to the island bypasses Afrika and goes to the small island (showing that the people they are visiting are not



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on the continent). When the ship arrives at the island a rotund white woman who is flanked by three white people to her right (who look suspiciously like caricatures of Ashkenazi Jews), and two people of color who are not drawn in the “Sambo” style behind him. It isn’t readily apparent to what nationality these people belong. They all watch closely as the white woman opens her purse and prepares to throw in a coin for the Pingo Pongo divers. None of them take their eyes off her money. When the white woman throws the single coin into the ocean, all five of the people who surrounded her, immediately jump in after it. The first part of the journey deals with a few gags about the various islands and their names, then moves to the wildlife on Pingo Pongo, and finally gets to the native people, who are not Afrikan, but are drawn and colored darker, far closer to black with more bullet shaped heads and huge pink lips that take up the majority of their face. Interestingly, there is absolutely no cannibalism portrayed among the people of Pingo Pongo, though they do get the constant dancing, singing, wild, happy native islander trope treatment. The cartoon doesn’t have a real story line, it is more a collection of gags, puns and negative stereotypes sewn together to make the short. It’s pure exoticized blackface minstrelsy set in the tropics. **Illustration Citation (Still Shot):** Still from *The Isle of Pingo Pongo* (1938). In T. Avery (Director), *The Isle of Pingo Pongo* [Animated short]. Warner Bros. Merrie Melodies. (Still frame retrieved from source material; no DOI assigned).

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7. All This and Rabbit Stew



(1941, directed by Tex Avery)

Bugs Bunny is one of the most recognized and beloved Looney Tunes characters of all time, with an equally world-renowned catch phrase. He is a character on a par with the likes of Mickey Mouse and Fred Flintstone. Unfortunately, as with the afore mentioned Mouse (who will show up later in this book), Bugs has made his share of, shall we say, unfortunate journeys into some extremely off-color humor. No pun intended. In the animated short *All this and Rabbit Stew*, Bugs deals with yet another hunter, but this time he's dealing with a character who makes Elmer Fudd look like a high intellect. The character happens to be Black and with him come ALL the Black stereotypes. When the cartoon opens, we find the antagonist not walking carefully, with stealth, confidence and alertness like Elmer. Instead, we are given a dark-skinned Black man, with huge pink lips and huge feet, shuffling along as he lazily drags his rifle on the ground behind him, with an energy level that is only a couple clicks short of falling asleep. The cartoon consists of the standard Bugs Bunny faire, with the Oscar winning rabbit getting the best of his opponent. In this outing Bugs outsmarts a slow-witted Black hunter drawn straight out of minstrel shows—big lips, dialect, shuffling gait. The hunter is basically a walking stereotype trying to catch the rabbit. After several failed attempts to

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catch the illusive Bugs, the Black man finally gets the drop on the rabbit and Bugs has no way to escape—except one. Bugs produces something that he is holding loosely in his fist and begins to shake his fist. Upon hearing the clicking sound the hunter knows automatically Bugs has a pair of dice. Evidently, that is the one thing that can stop a Black man in his tracks and make him forget anything else he was meaning to do. The Black man’s kryptonite as it were. The hunter immediately grabs Bugs by the arm and pulls him behind a bush where they proceed to start playing craps. After playing for a short while, the Black hunter craps out, and Bugs, having won, emerges from behind the bush wearing the hunter’s clothes, and lazily shuffles away dragging the rifle behind him. As for the hunter, he comes from behind the bush wearing nothing but a leaf, as he says, “Well call me Adam.” The cartoon ends with the obligatory circle that starts from the edges of the screen and closes in to make the entire screen black. Before it completely closes, Bugs comes and stops the circle from closing as he forces it to stay open a little while he reaches in and grabs the leaf. He then shows off the leaf, letting the audience know that now the little Black man is outdoors in broad daylight, completely naked. **Illustration Citation (Still Shot):** Still from *All This and Rabbit Stew* (1941). In T. Avery (Director), *All This and Rabbit Stew* [Animated short]. Warner Bros. Merrie Melodies. (Still frame retrieved from source material; no DOI assigned). Bros. Merrie Melodies. (Still frame retrieved from source material; no DOI assigned).

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8. Coal Black and de Sebben Dwarfs



(1943, directed by Bob Clampett)

A full-on blackface parody of *Snow White*, with a dark-skinned “Coal Black” princess named of all things, “So White”, and “dwarfs” who jive and scat. This is far from the wholesome Disney version of the classic characters. The characters have exaggerated features, and the whole thing is a minstrel musical. So White is nothing like the homogenous, pure as the driven snow virgin that was presented to audiences by Walt Disney in the 1937 feature film. This cartoon features the Sapphire or “Jezabel” character in all her hyper sexualized glory. The character of So White wears a tight-fitting low-cut blouse and a slit up the sides mini skirt that came before a time when the skirts didn’t even have a name. When the audience meets So White she is washing laundry by hand and singing. As she sings, she bounces her rear end up and down directly in the camera as she is bent over deeply at the waist—a movement you would never see a white woman doing in a cartoon. The wicked queen is a heavy set, busty dark-skinned woman who has a man’s deep, rough, scratchy voice. The “prince” “Prince Chawmin” fits all the stereotypes on the checklist. Big sausage lips, big feet. stereotypical dialect, gold teeth and a couple teeth that are made of dice. The “dwarfs” are a collection of trope laden short squatty men who are presented as being part of a negro military



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squad. The jealous queen wants So White dead so she calls “Murder Inc.” or as she called it, “Murder Incorporated”, and they grabbed So White as she jitterbugged with the prince, after which he stood by and watched them drive off with her as he quaked in fear and a yellow strip ran down his back, showing him to be a coward (unlike the brave princes in the Disney movies). Murder Inc. does not kill So White however, they drop her off in the woods as she thanks them for the lift and they all stick their heads out the car and all of them have lipstick marks on their big pink sausage lips—implying that So White persuaded them to let her live by using her femininity in a physical way, (Let your mind go were it will with that). She eventually meets the seven dwarfs and talks with them, giving all seven of them a kiss across the lips in a lineup before she starts living with them. In time the queen finds out So White is still alive, so she makes a poison apple to kill her and rides out in disguise to deliver it. So White eats the apple just as in the classic fairy tale and is brought back to life with a kiss, but it wasn’t the prince, who tried until he literally turned white. It was one of the smallest dwarfs who woke her and sent her into orbit with his kiss. The prince asked what the dwarf had that he didn’t, and the dwarf answered it was a military secret. End of cartoon. This censored eleven cartoon is one of the most notorious for its over-the-top racism. **Illustration Citation (Still Shot):** Still from *Coal Black and de Sebben Dwarfs* (1943). In B. Clampett (Director), *Coal Black and de Sebben Dwarfs* [Animated short]. Warner Bros. Merrie Melodies. (Still frame retrieved from source material; no DOI assigned).

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9. Tin Pan Alley Cats



(1943, directed by Bob Clampett)

With this cartoon there is an odd mix of anthropomorphic cats and “regular” Black human beings. They are all presented with the same skin tones as Black people and with the stereotypical big lips, big feet, struts etc. The only way to tell the difference between them are their ears. The cartoon focuses on a “hep cat” who struts down the street, smoking a cigar, and chasing scantily clad Jezabel trope style Black women. He arrives at the Kit Kat Klub which sits directly beside “Uncle Tomcat’s Mission” the clergy and some missionaries urge him not to go into the club and to join them at the mission. They warn him against the “wine, women and song” that is inside the night club. As soon as wine, women and song are mentioned the hep cat gets excited and says that’s exactly what he’s looking for. He steps inside, looks around and immediately runs to a set of drums and starts playing them, once he’s had enough of that, he jumps on the piano and starts playing. (Side note: It is interesting that Black people are often showcased for our strength, skills, artistic abilities and musical expertise, but it was always portrayed in such a way that was not complementary and lampooned the talents even as it fully showed the extraordinary skills of Black people.) In the cartoon the hep cat is taken away by the music of the trumpet player as the hep cat keeps saying

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he wants to be sent out of this world—a wish he finally gets through the music of the trumpet player. He finds himself in a nonsensical land of tropes, absurdities, non-sense and they even through win Hitler, Tojo and Stalin for good measure—a common practice in World War Two era cartoons. Eventually he can't take it anymore and screams that he wants to be let out. Finally, the trumpet player who sent him out of this world, brings him back through his music. Immediately after landing back on the ground and firmly back in the real world, the hep cat straight away runs out of the night club and over to the mission where he beats on a big bass drum and joins in with the missionaries as they sing “Give me that old time religion.” **Illustration Citation (Still Shot):** Still from *Tin Pan Alley Cats* (1943). In B. Clampett (Director), *Tin Pan Alley Cats* [Animated short]. Warner Bros. Merrie Melodies. (Still frame retrieved from source material; no DOI assigned).

10. Angel Puss



(1944, directed by Chuck Jones)

In *Angel Puss*, a dim-witted Black character (and they ‘re ALL dim-witted aren’t they? According to the narrative created by white writers, producers and animators), is paid foir bits (fifty cent), to drown a black cat. The cartoon

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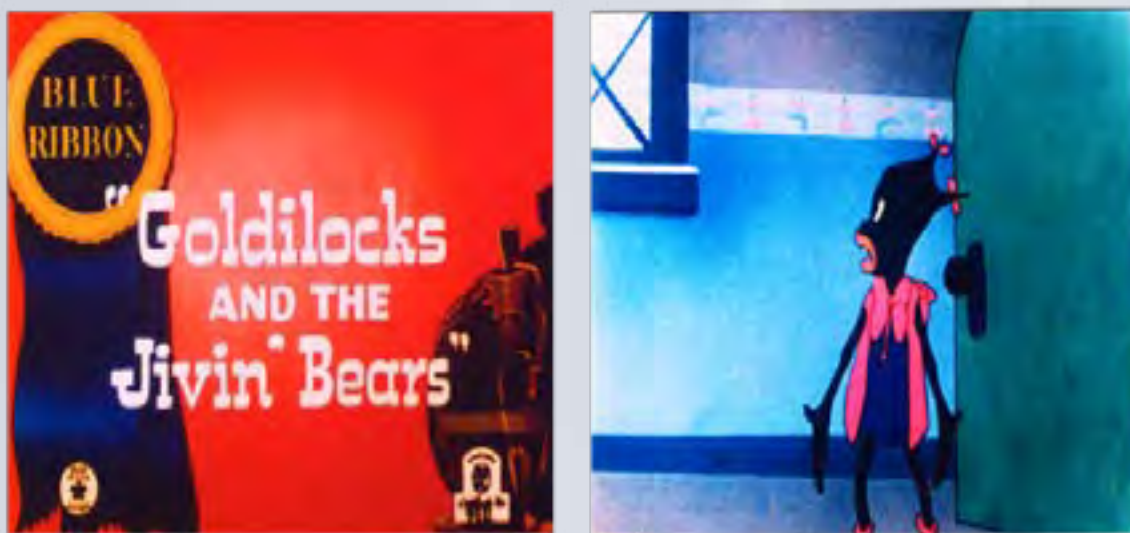
opens with the main character, Sambo, dragging a bag as he walks along a rickety pier while he repeatedly flips a coin and catches it as he cheerfully sings “*Mammy’s Little Baby Loves Shortnein’ Bread*”. He reaches the end of the pier and before doing the deed has an attack of conscience and repeats to himself *that he jus’ cain’t do it!* However, unbeknownst to Sambo, the black cat has escaped from the bag and filled it with bricks. Sambo tries to talk himself out of throwing the bag into the cold water, but the cat, who has found a place out of sight speaks to Sambo from behind with a pipe and tricks Sambo into thinking his conscience is talking to him. The cat proceeds to call Sambo “boy” and reminds him that a lady gave him money to do the heinous deed, and if he didn’t, he’d have to give the fifty cent back, and “Four bits is four bits,” as the cat put it. Sambo throws the bag of bricks (which he thinks is the cat), into the lake. The cat makes gurgling sounds from behind Sambo and Sambo saddens further at what he thought he’d done. He sadly walks away. Meanwhile, the cat goes off and puts on fake wings and paints himself white and puts on a halo. Thus begins Sambo’s haunting. Everywhere Sambo goes, the cat is there haunting him and reminding him of what he’d done. Life becomes one fright after another for Sambo as he finds himself confronted with what he thinks to be the ghost of the cat. He runs but can’t hide. Sambo finds himself in a graveyard and trapped in a house with the cat and bursts through the door running down the way. The cat doesn’t feel like chasing Sambo, so he just pulls out a pair of dice and starts shaking them. Sambo stops in his tracks, turns around and walks zombie like back to the house and to the sound of the dice. Eventually Sambo and the cat end up in the water, where all the paint washes off of the cat. The cat continues to try to scare Sambo until he realizes the gig is up. Sambo is furious at the cat for having caused him so much fear and misery, so he gets his rifle and in a fit of anger shoots the cat dead. In a few seconds Sambo’s eyes grow large and he runs. Enter nine ghosts (representing the cat’s nine lives) of the dead cat. The cat is in no rush as the nine of him say as a group, “And this time brutha,

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us ain't kiddin'.' It's treated as fun, but if you think even a little deeply about it, and the consequences of it for Sambo, this has got to be one of the most tragic and disturbing cartoon endings in the history of animation, *Swing You Sinners!* (1930), notwithstanding. **Illustration Citation (Still Shot):** Still from *Angel Puss* (1944). In C. Jones (Director), *Angel Puss* [Animated short]. Warner Bros. Merrie Melodies. (Still frame retrieved from source material; no DOI assigned).

11. Goldilocks and the Jivin' Bears



(1944, directed by Fritz Freling)

This cartoon features three apomorphic jazz playing bear musicians and an apomorphic wolf (from Red Riding hood), thrown together in one jumpin' jive fairy tale. As in the animated short *Tin Pan Alley Cat*, the animals are indistinguishable from the humans in all but the case of the "Goldilocks" Sapphire character. Goldilocks is presented as sexualized and objectified. She finds the home of the three bears who are away on a walk to let their musical instruments cool down after having played them so hard. Goldilocks tries the three beds and as she is about to go to sleep in the one that is just right, she says good night to the narrator, and then is greeted with "Good night" by the wolf who turns out to be in bed with her. The wolf, who is immediately

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attracted, starts chasing Goldilocks all over the house. He finally catches her, and just then the bears return home. They see the wolf and woman struggling and mistake it for the couple “jitter bugging”. They rush to their instruments and start playing. The music makes both the wolf and Goldilocks stop struggling as the wolf lets her go and starts dancing. Goldilocks watches for a moment and becomes enamored by the wolf’s dancing skills. They start dancing together. As they dance, Goldilocks becomes more excited and starts twirling, spinning and throwing the wolf around into the air, onto the floor and against the walls, doing damage to the walls. It is then that the wolf realizes that Goldilocks is too much for him and tries to get away! He attempts a few escape routes, but Goldilocks is always right there, dancing him back into the room and roughly throwing him around again. He finally escapes and quickly boards up the windows and doors so Goldilocks can’t get out. He then hobbles unsteadily back to Grandma’s house and gets in bed. Just then, Red Riding hood shows up. She is presented as a piccaninny with huge pink lips and twisted, ribboned hair sticking up. They go through the “Oh Grandma, what big eyes you have...” dialogue, until they get to the teeth and the better to eat you with. Red Riding Hood runs to the door and opens it, but the wolf stays in bed. She stops and says, “What’s the mattah’? Ain’t you gonna chase me?” the wolf says, “What?! With THESE?!” then pulls the covers up from over his feet and shows them still glowing with pain and heat from his encounter with Goldilocks. Just then the three bears show up at the door and say, “There’s that jitterbug!” They start playing and Grandma, who was hiding in the closet, comes out to the jitterbug music. She pulls the wolf out of bed and onto the floor to dance on his sore, burning feet.

Illustration Citation (Still Shot): Still from *Goldilocks and the Jivin’ Bears* (1944). In F. Freling (Director), *Goldilocks and the Jivin’ Brears* [Animated short]. Warner Bros. Merrie Melodies. (Still frame retrieved from source material; no DOI assigned).



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These shorts aren't just "problematic"—they're straight-up minstrel shows on film, and Warner Bros. knows it. That's why they stay locked away. The studio doesn't want the public seeing how their beloved Looney Tunes were built on the same blackface tradition that had white performers in gloves and cork dancing for laughs. They're available if you dig on bootleg sites or old VHS rips, but officially? Buried.

And speaking of buried music, take the Foghorn Leghorn short *Sock a Doodle Doo* (1947, directed by Robert McKimson). The background music includes the tune "A Solid Gentleman from the Solid South," which originally came from the 1940s-era movie *The Time, the Place, and the Girl* (1946, directed by David Butler). White performers in full blackface sang and danced it as a "darky" number. The song itself was part of the minstrel tradition—happy, lazy Southern "Negro" stereotypes set to music. Foghorn's cartoon uses it as harmless "folksy" background, but Black kids watching in the 1940s and '50s were hearing a tune that was literally written for white people in blackface to mock their grandparents. They laughed along with the rooster's antics, not realizing the creators and the whole society were laughing *at* them—using the same gloves, the same dialect, the same exaggerated "Negro" style that had been entertaining white audiences for decades.

That's the real poison of it. Black children sat in front of the TV, giggling at the funny animals in white gloves, completely unaware that the joke was on their own history—their own grandparents who lived through the very stereotypes being turned into "entertainment." The gloves weren't cute. They were a costume. The cartoons weren't innocent. They were the next generation of blackface, dressed up in animation so the racism could keep laughing long after the stage lights went out.



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(Note: All still frames are from verified historical animation archives or public domain copies. These are provided for educational fair use only in the context of this book; Warner Bros. owns the copyrights.)

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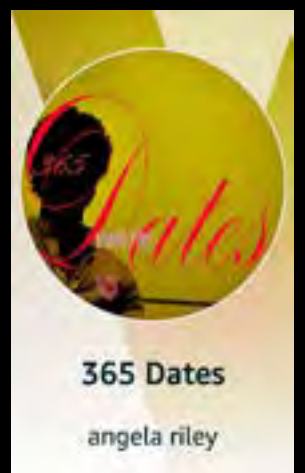
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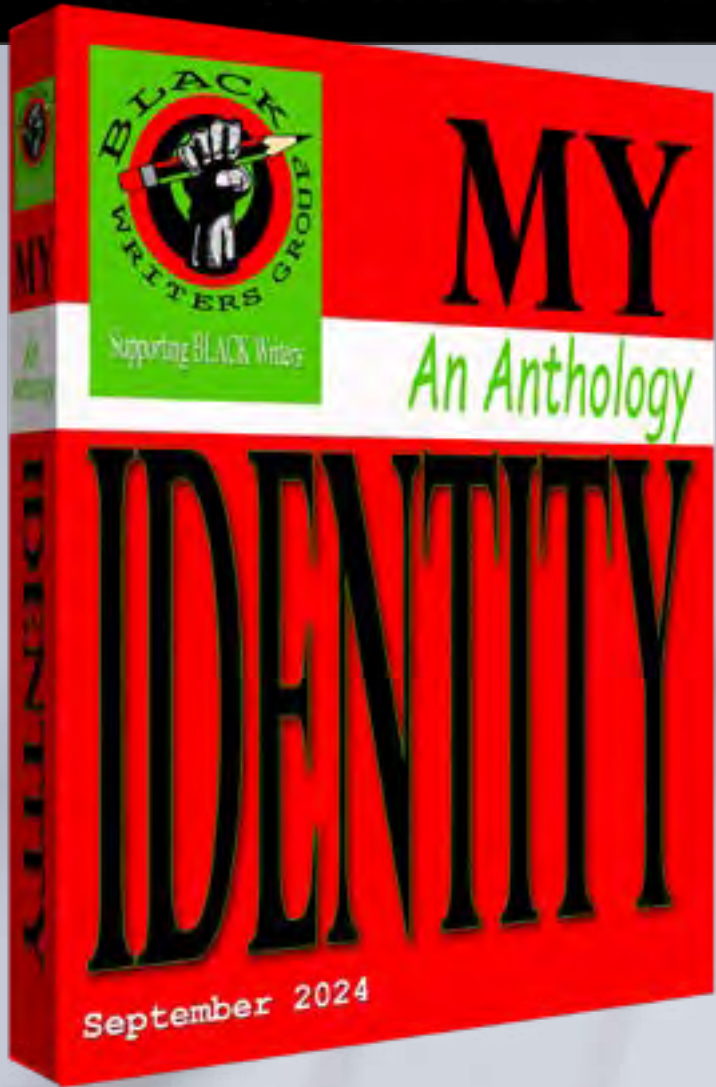


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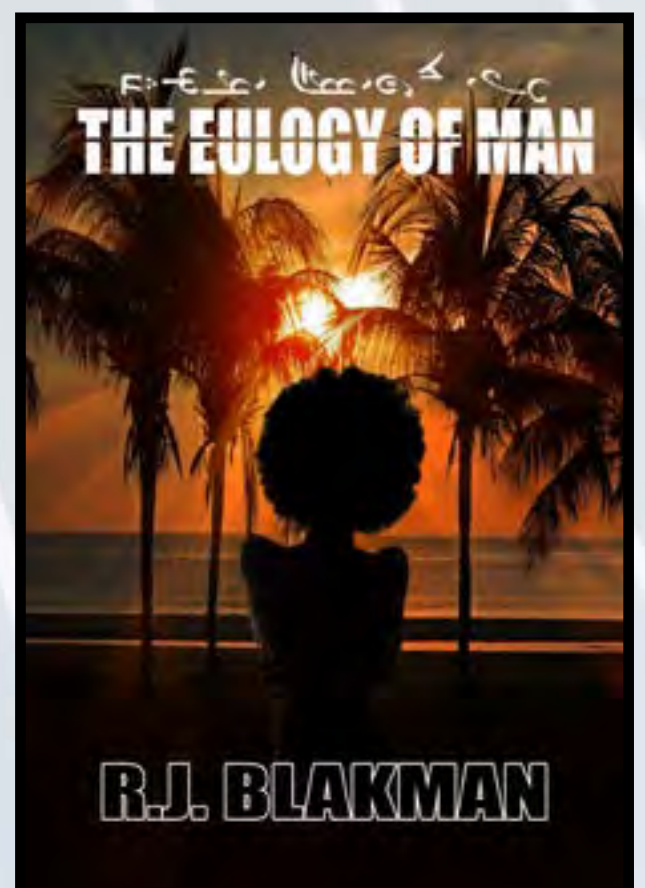
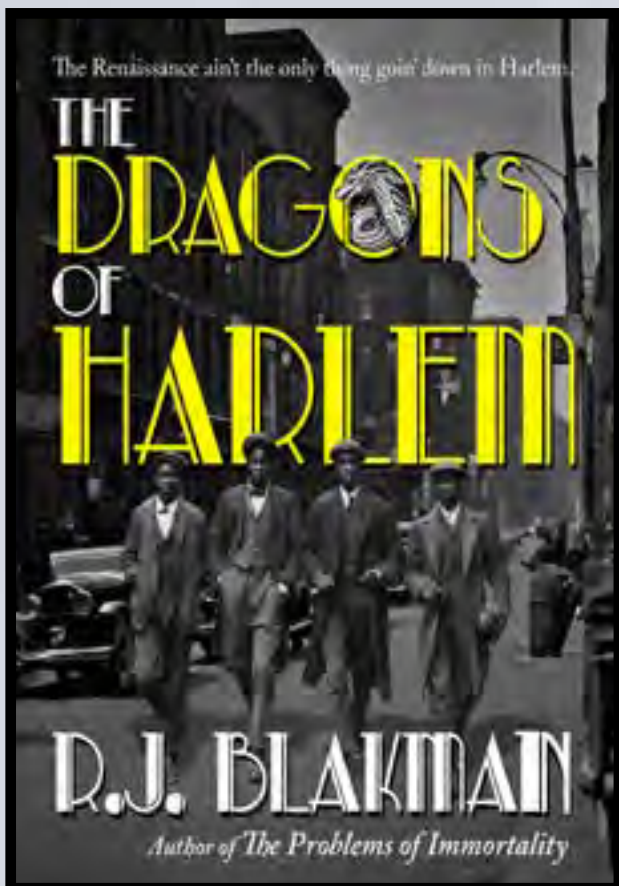
R. J. Blakman is a mystery writer, a writer of non-fiction and an all-around truth seeker. Blackman tries to look at things on a deeper level and whatever he finds, he tends to write about it with no sugar coating.

As a practice, Blakman seeks out truth and goes wherever that truth leads him, even if uncomfortable.

He tends to like working on more than one project at a time, so while he's hard at work on *RASULALLAH, OHIO* he is also working feverishly on his unique take on eternal life: *The Problems of Immortality*.

R.J. Blakman was born in Central America and had one sister. He currently lives in the place of his birth with his beautiful wife Maria. R.J. Blakman can be reached by email at: rjb@iyapoyapa.com

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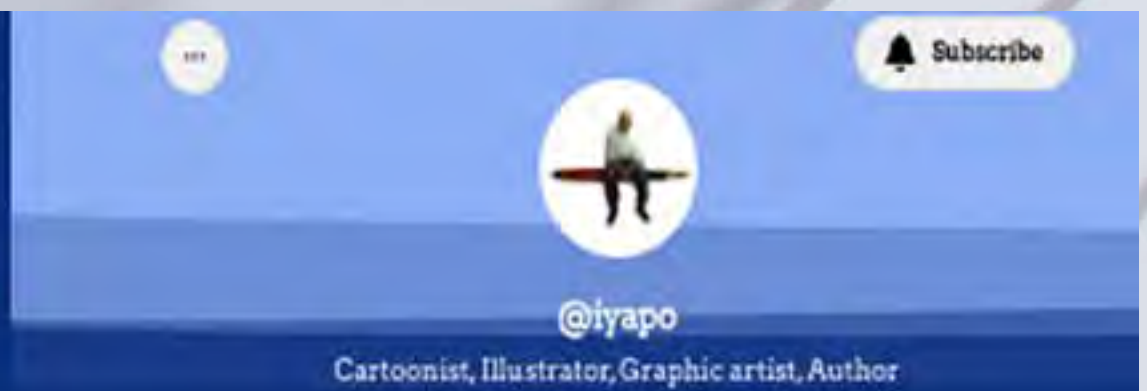
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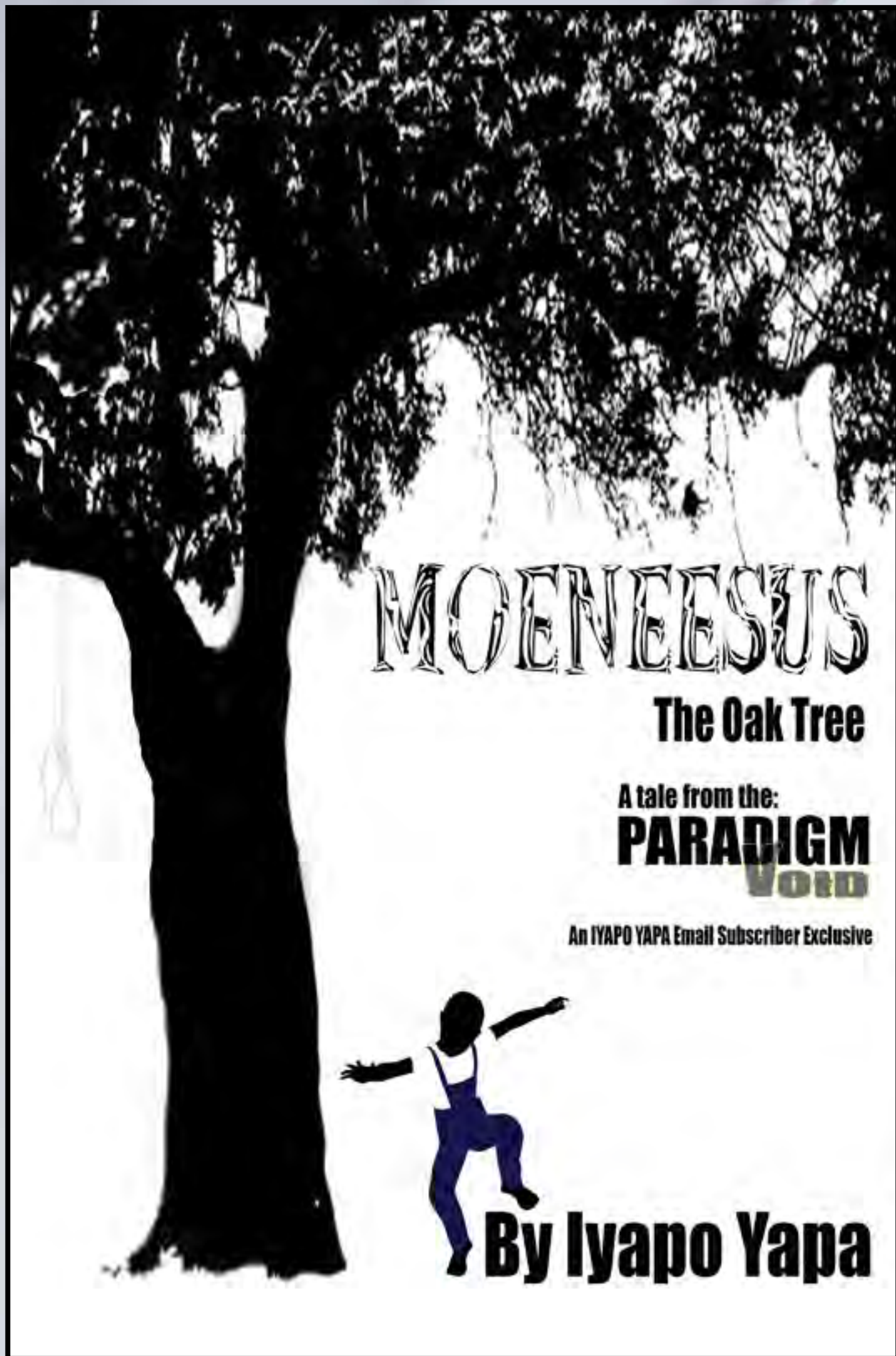
STEP INTO THE VOID!



READING and WRITING in the

DARK

A space for avid Black readers and Black authors



If you are a **READING AND WRITING IN THE DARK** subscriber and haven't read your free copy of **MOENEESUS THE OAK TREE**, what are you waiting for?! Relax and take some time to read a great story from the the **Paradigm VOID**! It may make you smile, it may make you cry, but either way, you are going to enjoy it.



Books by:

AJALI SHABAZZ

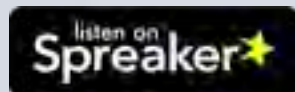


Author of: *This Black - This Black NATION* and *Furnace of Affliction!*

The Reading and Writing in the DARK Podcast Interview!

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Did you know there is also a **READING and WRITING in the DARK PODCAST?! Well there IS** and you can tune in to it and listen just by clicking the block to the right.

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Have You Checked Out My Blog Yet?

Catch up and keep up with what I'm pondering and seeking to figure out when it comes to this interesting experience we're all having here.

My blog is the place where I talk about what's on my mind and don't worry too much about the formatting or typos - it is, pretty much, my raw perceptions and analysis of what is going on around me.



[CLICK THE LOGO ABOVE TO VISIT MY BLOG](#)



Flash fiction is a genre of fiction, defined as a very short story. While there is no set word count that separates flash fiction from more traditional short stories, flash fiction stories can be as short as a few words (while short stories typically run for several pages). Flash fiction is also known as sudden fiction, short-short stories, micro-fiction, or micro-stories.

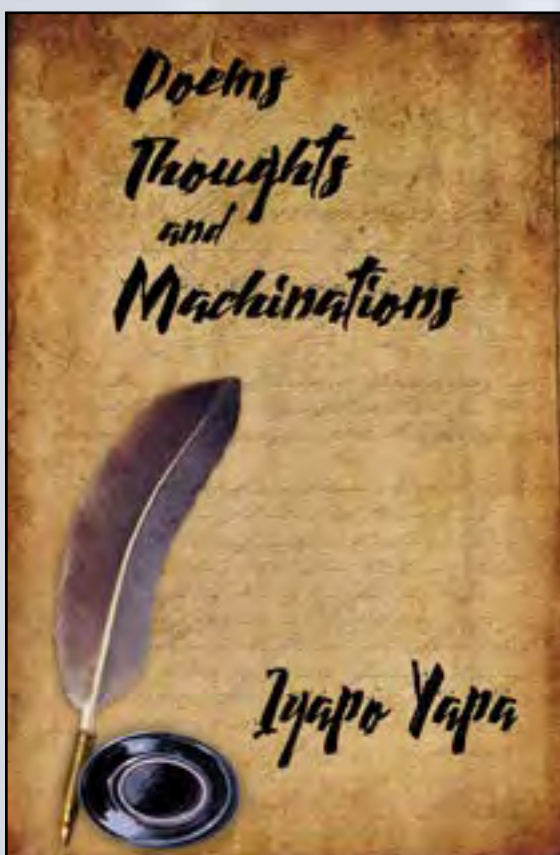
Got a few minutes or a good story? That's all you'll need.

The title says it all.

Sometimes I think all people wax poetic whether they write it down or not. For the most part I think everyone has times of reflection and seeking deeper meaning in things.

Here is where I write it down in verse and many times without traditional structure.

Always seeking.



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Two writers
Two Mics
&
Plenty of Banter!



While Black

THE PODCAST



ANGELA R. RILEY

Author of *AFFIRMING SelfLOVE*

AYOKA B.

Author of *LOVE at SECOND SIGHT*

Click ANGELA to Watch or Listen on YouTube
Click AYOKA to Listen on Spotify



Alright, enough about ME!

ENJOY READING & SHARING, for the first time or all over again,
THESE OTHER AUTHORS & THEIR WORK.



Affirming Self Love (*Graphic Non-Fiction* SERIES)

angela riley

SelfLOVE Meditation, Reflections, & AFFIRMATIONS Series...

With a new book released each month, this “Graphic Nonfiction” series is filled with love for BlackUs. Each episode opens with a short essay exploring a theme such as “Following the Happy” or “Plan & Reflect” and culminates with a dynamic collection of affirmation. You’ll have a beautiful time meditating and reflecting on the monthly theme as you AFFIRM Self Love.



A Rose is Still a Rose

Renato L. Friday

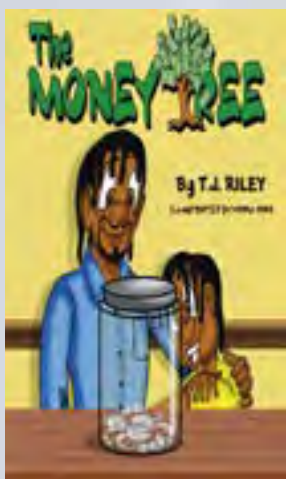
Rose thought life was going great: she was engaged, had a beautiful set of twin girls, a recent trade school graduate, and a new job right around the corner. Unfortunately, her fiancé, David, turned out to not be what she needed, and she chose to break things off. In the midst of her failing relationship, she met a man named Falcon, who ironically turns out to be her new boss. They quickly go from acquaintances to lovers, which opens up a fire pit of drama. Then comes Landon, a self-made millionaire, who is very humble about his accomplishments. He shows her all the things she was lacking while with David, and ultimately proposes. Naturally, Rose is scared to fall for Landon and accept his proposal due to David’s lies and Falcon’s toxic choices, but she takes a chance and allows Landon to love her the way she needs. Will her love for him forsake the feelings she’s still harboring for Falcon, or will she give into temptation?



Longing for the Night

Ms. KJ

Inspired by the poem Goblin Market by Christina Rossetti, two young sisters face the trials and tribulations of the hood in this coming-of-age story about the harshness of living in South Central Los Angeles.



The Money Tree

T.J. Riley / Illustrated by Iyapo Yapa

Every child wants money to buy something, right? Our hero does too. But, his father has a surprise, a Money Tree. Join the fun journey to find out how to grow your own money tree.



THE PATH to BRIGHTNESS

T.J. Riley

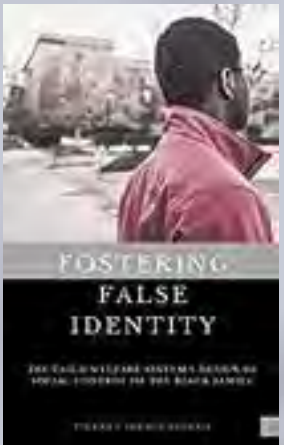
Fatima, a young woman, has a near-death experience. When she awakes from a coma and recovers, she has mystical powers. She begins to see auras and experiences life with her new abilities. For the clever character, Fatima, life is about to dramatically change. Follow Fatima's journey as she tries to convince others of the astounding esoteric knowledge she has brought back from beyond the veil. However, there are some that wish to stop her from sharing an ancient secret. A secret that will change life on earth, forever.



LOVING BETRAYAL

MADM Precious

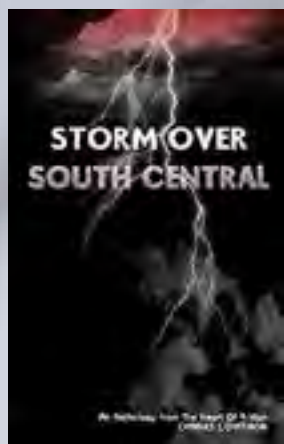
When Michelle met Michael, she thought that she found the love of her life. She was young and coming out of a bad marriage. A single parent of two children, she was scared, broke and had no self esteem. Michael seemed perfect, except for one little problem...



Fostering False Identity: The Child Welfare System's Design of Social Control of the Black Family

Tierney Peprah

THE ORGANISM OF RACISM IN THE UNITED STATES CRAFTS VARIOUS SYSTEMS MEANT TO ACHIEVE ONE OVERARCHING PURPOSE, that is to ensure that peoples and groups designated for an inferior existence pose little to no threat to the social structure of wealth and privilege that is propped up on their backs. These systems are allowed to exist, oftentimes unchallenged, by propagating dishonest descriptions of why these systems exist. Many people are without the proper means to challenge these systems, camouflaged as being charitable or in the public interest, for their unjust outcomes. In Fostering False Identity, the American child welfare system is explored as such a system. While the child welfare system is portrayed as a moral arbitrator in the abuse and neglect of children, in actuality this system was formulated for the specific purpose of regulating disenfranchised populations by removing children from those communities to assimilate them into White society. Thus assimilated, they are believed to pose minimal threat to the social order. Fostering False Identity will explore this phenomenon through a lens of Black liberation and self-determination of African families who are consistently victimized by this system.



Storm Over South Central

Charles L. Chatmon

The Storm has been unleashed, which means it's time to share what's inside the much anticipated anthology by author Charles L. Chatmon.

Chatmon, a refreshing voice in the world of modern poetry and author of *The Depths of My Soul* & *The Voices of South Central* returns with engaging short stories and thought provoking poems.

Read *Storm over South Central* and discover the thoughts he writes about in this volume filled with verses and tales of despair, stories of hope. It will also reveal a lot about American society – its strengths, its flaws and its people. This is a literary journey you will enjoy taking.



RELAY

Charles L. Chatmon

A high school track relay team is in the hunt for their ultimate goal. When tragedy strikes, the team bands together to capture a dream they've had since childhood. Totally within their grasp, they must come together as one to achieve the final victory. Along the way, they face personal challenges that threatens to derail their dreams - and their lives.

Explore the saga of the Appleton High School varsity track team as they compete to win a championship they have worked hard for - with difficulties along the way.

ALSO KEEP AN EYE OUT FOR THESE AUTHORS/STORIES -formally on KindleVella-IN OTHER PLACES!



I DeClaire Love

Angela Riley

DeClaire and Tyrone meet and sparks fly. They fall in love with each other quick, fast, and in a hurry. It seems to good to be true. But is it? Is it safe to love? Are there any “good” rules when it comes to love? Do we have to fight for love? Are there always games being played when it comes to love? Is simple, sane, “old-fashioned” love out of style? CAN LOVE SET US FREE? *** New Episodes Weekly!

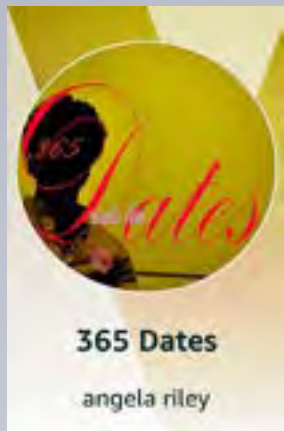


The Love X TamuTamu Agency

Angela Riley

Love is natural but it ain't always easy. And Mama Tamu should know! She is a 91 year old match maker who has run “The Love X TamuTamu Agency” for FIFTY years. She has personally experienced and been a witness to all kinds of love. And, as she says, “Love is more than a notion!” Follow along as she stands up for and works to support and encourage the natural flow of Black Love.

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365 Dates
 Angela Riley

Single again, after my first divorce, one day I had a new thought: I WANT TO DATE. And... NOTHING. No one came knocking on my door to woo me. No one approached me when I was out wanting to court me. Nobody asked friends/family to be set up with me. Just crickets! So, thinking that maybe my goal was to vague--I want to date.--to make anything happen, I decided to pursue a HUGE goal of going on 365 dates. Not 3, 5, or 6 dates but three HUNDRED and SIXTY-FIVE dates. So...LET'S GO!



Fully BLACK
 Angela Riley

Because she is IN LOVE, talented dancer and homeschooled student Makena enrolls in the elite Fullson High to be closer to Marshall.

[BACK TO CONTENTS](#)



Be sure to take some time to visit my website at:

<https://www.iyapoyapa.com> - or just click the image to the right!

There are a LOT of things to see and interact with! There are also a couple special surprises hidden in the site. They aren't marked, but if you take a little time to search for them, you'll defiantly be pleasantly surprised!



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Every three years the Hunter's Moon casts its warm mystical glow on one select person bestowing the power of time travel. After suffering a recent loss and living in a make-shift tent, Drew Boyd didn't have much hope for his future until he felt the warm glow of the Hunter's moon. Now he's on a journey, time shifting in and out of new adventures.

<https://buymeacoffee.com/ysbooks/the-hunter-moon-tales>

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STRANGE TALES OF SCIENCE FICTION IS AVAILABLE NOW!

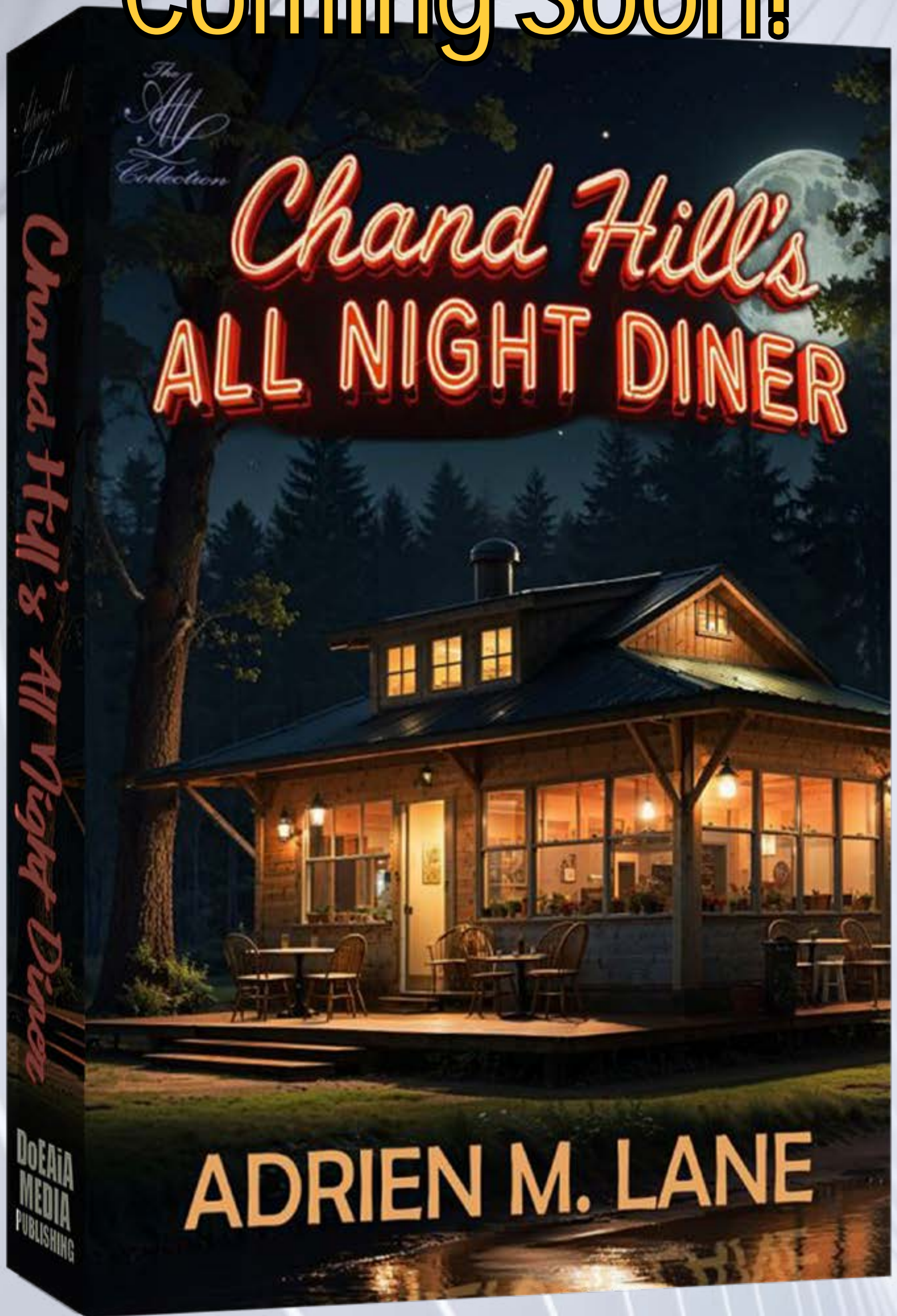
In this anthology of weird tales of sci-fi, you will discover:

Who would have thought an alien species of warriors would have the fight of their lives against an army from earth? What's going on behind the walls of a movie studio that looks suspicious? Why are two highway patrol officers chasing after a stranger escorted by a couple up the California coast? What is up with a man who suddenly turns invisible and how it changes his world - plus, who are the men from a corporation chasing after him?



CLICK ON THE BOOK ABOVE TO PURCHASE ON AMAZON!

Coming Soon!



BE SURE TO VISIT IYAPO YAPA ON THESE OTHER PLATFORMS!