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The Hood

History of Hate in America

and

How to Argue Against It

By Mayumi Takadanobaba

June 26, 2018

The date the United States Supreme Court Ok'd the Muslim Ban. (horrifying)

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In Color and BONUS! More Bad Art.

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To My Family. I love you.

Ooops, if you draw the KKK Hood very strange people come out and haunt you.

This story contains our family history and lots and lots of fiction. I hope you enjoy the ride. I know I did.

The history of hate in America is based on commerce, not race. Hate was used as a simple pretext for abhorrent behavior.

We find that we can argue against hate as we understand its beginnings in America.

I hope all will meet John Casor and see how America was really built as a community of all races striving to survive.

The Dutch are to blame for trading men on our shores. This clever country did not run the slave trade auction to auction. They ran it, planned it, seeded it and grew rich trading men and women of any race.

Of the belly comes ownership. These are the most dangerous words in the English language and is the spawn of white supremacy being taught and passed down by moms. A declaration of a white mom protected you from slavery. Phew.

Mayumi Takadanobaba

July 4, 2018

I pray for my country to beat racism.



Chapter I: John Casor

The air smelled different today as I prepared for yet another day in court to press for freedom from being a called a slave for life.

The flowers were vivid, and the birds sung a different song. Stress of the night with coyotes lays bare nature's might. Her might to smile in adversity.

My journey to this Virginia Courtroom in 1655 was long and arduous. My name is John Casor and I have been farming Johnson's land for 7 or more years now. The land is in deep old Virginia and we grow that Rolfe tobacco and a bunch of corn.

We called the Rolfe Branded Tobacco "Becky Weed" cause we all know his Indian wife gave him the pipe stuffins.

We worked long hours every day. Only wicked storms could stop our activity in the fields. The times were good as we were not slaves. We had a deal to tend the land to make our daily. We were building America.

John Casor was declared the first slave for life in America in 1654 (or 1655) for his owner Anthony Johnson. This event set up Virginia to legalize slavery just a few years later in 1661. As I browse the Smithsonian Museum website I know this is going to be long journey that will make me cry.

We have a lot to learn about John Casor.

America's first legal slave was owned by a free black man who sued to have his property returned.

In 1662 Virginia dipped its hand into the placenta and declared *Partus Sequitur Ventrem*. Forget the translation, this says babies born to slaves are slaves. Therefore, Thomas Jefferson hopped on board and made more slaves, mixed-race slaves. A fucking boom, so to speak.

Long before all this happened I was drinking water along the river in Ndongo, Congo. The ever-present slave traders were breeding us by this point and we all knew our fate.

For the few years of youth we ran and played along the banks. But the guns and strong men kept coming.



Ndongo was known to us as mother who fed, held and protected. Sometimes she rejected foreigners with her waters and might. We all dreamed of being Ndongo as youth. Hoping to learn to hide from the ship trappers we have come to know too well.

Ndongo was a land of growth with huts of thatch and rows and rows of food. We know now the GPS coordinates of John Casor's home.

2°18'35.24"S - 13°38'5.49"E – See Now.

We lived in Ndongo's Eye. Our hut was among the trees outside of the working fields.

Of course, my name was not John Casor when I was born. This writer hazards a guess and we call him First. He was the first born in his family of 7. The spread of ages was quick, and all worked, played, ate and slept together. The unit and bonds were strong.

First always woke up early and directed the day's activities. Industrious for the sake of survival and love of kin. This ethic is what real America was founded on. Not the work ethic to trample on others to drink better wine, but the hard work a community and a field needs to survive.

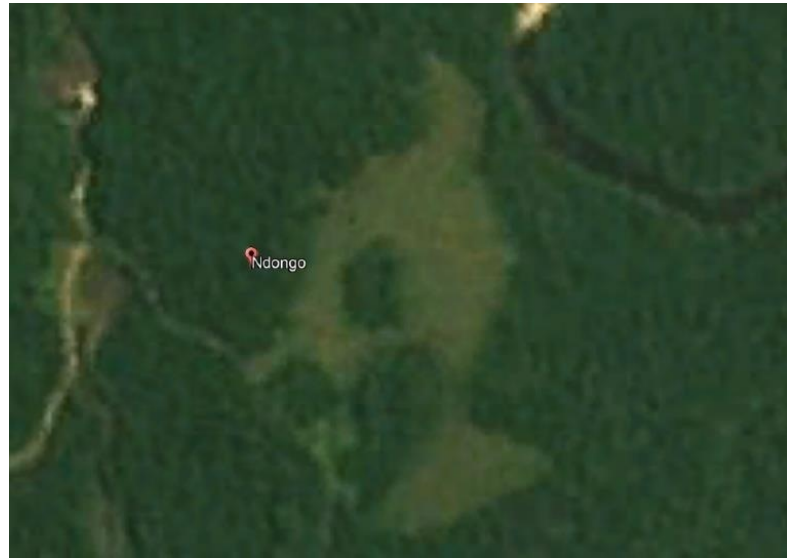
The radius of First's adventures was within the perimeter of Ndongo, as drawn. Not far, but large enough to offer the surprises of nature. And nature was everywhere, just like Virginia in 1648 when First was snatched, grabbed, tugged and sailed to America.

A noticeable change of sound occurred during First's life.

At 2 years old First can still remember the sticks and stones dance that could be heard from far. From far as the hunters come back from the hunt. Or children playing in the distance.

Music with nature was part of life in Ndongo. The sounds were a mixture of thumps, clanks, hits and flutes. Everything made a sound and the creativity of First's clan was epic.

First did not know the medicine man was telling a new story. His mom and dad were still in shock and the whole of Ndongo went quiet. Never before was no-sound used to tell a story.



Ndongo went silent because the slave trade used the music to find targets. The shock of hearing the regular songs echo in the forest to be filled with shrieks and shrills. The grunts were generated by blows to the body.

The medicine man continued the bloody story. Pantomiming the hunt, the capture, the glory, the songs of joy. Then grabbing our hearts by the demonstration of the death of music. The dropping of instruments of happy to pick up the tools of war.

The capture of the hunting party shocked Ndongo into paranoia.



Still, the slavers were not a daily issue. They would come and go with the seasons, at the beginning. Later just imagine caged chickens making eggs.

The medicine man grabbed First and spun him in circles. Still no sound. First made no peep. No ooohs. No aaaahs from anyone. The only sound being that of the forest and the fire.

First was held high and dropped. The subsequent roll and run to the woods was epic. Medicine man grabbed one more child and this time all left in every direction.

The first fire drill was about not being captured.

As he was shackled he did not have the chance to say goodbye, like so many of his friends.

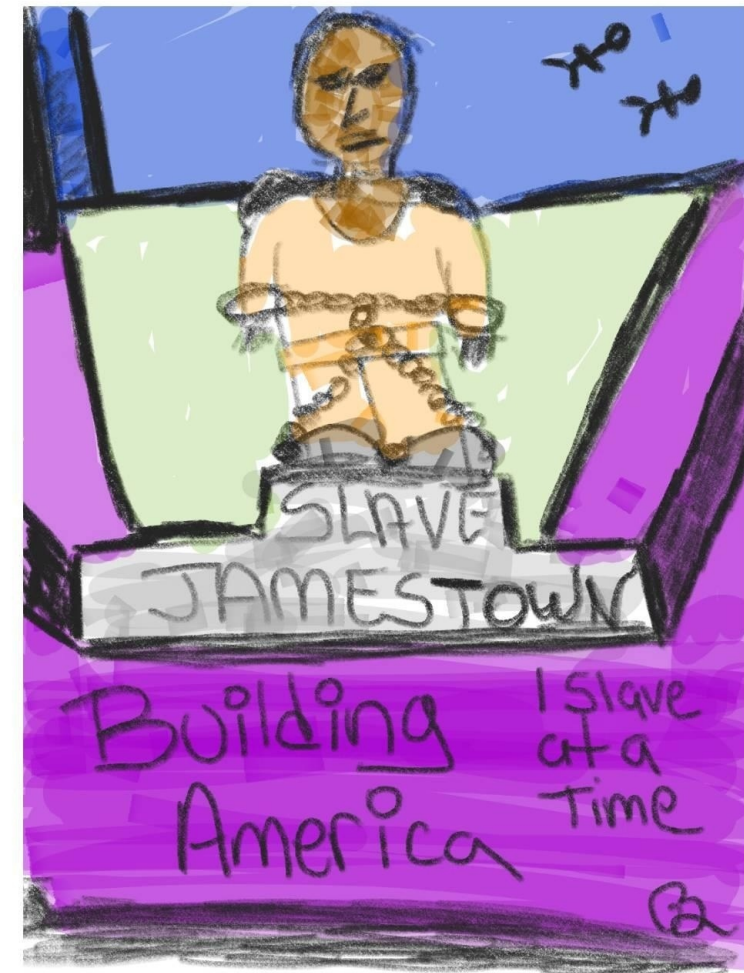
The march out of Ndongo was long and painful. The Dutch were bitches, but at least they fed us. The local tribe that caught us beat us to a pulp.

The hate was not. It was simple economics.

Greed took hold in the slave trade early and strong. The man on man consumption was not color based. It was power based.

Again, it can be defined as a slow erosion of humanity. Or, is this how the computer meld of the

Slave Auction



collective learns? From the bad and the good come the middle? The middle sucks.

First took the opportunity to rest and closed his eyes when the Dutch set camp. From Ndongo's eye to the coast of Pointe Noire it's an easy 300 clicks.

First knew this and expected 5 days and 4 glorious nights. It is only from the shadow of dawn that First and the captured have open hearts. This is especially true when able to sleep under the stars.

Lamps were not known to First. The beginning of light in a bottle was mesmerizing but the pleasure of it being put out at evening is when the waking dreams began.

First did not know he was about to fly on the ocean. The winds and sails and how the ship works were to be cataloged in his eager mind.

That first night of capture found the group sleeping chained together with their heads in a circle. The universe was represented in the hole and First spoke to himself, as the others did too.

First was 18 years old now and since being dropped by the medicine man he has learned group silence.

The stars were the same in the Virginia sky as Ndongo's, just at different times of the year and just barely. First knew the stars and followed them every night of his life. I am here, and home is there. Every night.

A GOOD SPEED to Virginia.

ESAY 42.4.

*He shall not faile nor be discouraged till he haue
set iudgement in the earth, and the fles shall
wait for his law.*



LONDON

Printed by FELIX KYNGSTON for William
Walbie, and are to be sold at his shop at the signe
of the Greyhound in Pauls Church-
yard. 1609.

First was always a communicator, taking control of his family when his father was stolen long ago. First's brothers and sisters loved the games to hunt for food and plant for so many reasons. From dawns light the team would set out each day with purpose. As you imagine different teams took care of daily chores. The village ran well.

The family hut was circular with a community pit/table in the middle. The sides were openable to create drafts and be able to close out the night. The roof was tall and strong, and many items hung from cord.

Ndongo always provided. No community history of harsh times or draught have been told by the elders.

First would come to equate Eden with home as the Christian faith was day-in-day-out fed to convert the heathen. The descriptions were of green and abundance. Animals at play and love around. First did think the snake was misunderstood, but nonetheless, he learned to say his amens and oh gods.

First landed in August of 1648 to be indentured to Anthony Johnson, a black man who arrived in Virginia as one of the first indentured servants traded by the Dutch as they were passing by in 1619.

At the docks First was named John Casor.

Casor, a name that was not in Microsoft spellcheck until just a few minutes ago in 2018. JohnCasor.com is the last domain name this writer registered before

deleting Facebook, Linkedin, Nextdoor and 300 websites.

When First became John Casor, he was also considered an indentured servant. But, instead of First, Johnson got 50 acres to start his servitude. Johnson knew how to work the system.

By the time John came by Johnson owned 300 acres and needed an ever-bigger number of indentured servants to work that land.

Every time you could bring a human and feed, clothe and house them you were granted 50 more acres. Johnson kept on collecting humans and land.

The promise of 50 acres and a mule was made to every heartbeat until commerce of tobacco took hold. What my great, etc. grandfather Rolfe started in America turned out to unleash unbridled greed. Rolfe taught The Virginia Company of London tobacco farming.

The White Lion Dutch Trader gained from Congo coyotes Anthony Johnson from Angola in 1618 and landed him in Jamestown, Virginia in August of 1619. August was popular as the winds support a faster sail. This was commerce, after all.

Anthony (Tony) Johnson was a tuff son of a bitch.

The Dutch were traders that worked a grander scheme than any who played before.

Their intent with Tony was to cajole him to America. They actually told him of the 50 Acres he'd work and

then own as an indentured servant. This history is lost, so it does not always have to be violent, but it was.

It turns out greed did that with the Becky Weed. Like today's Walmart shoppers support slave labor to get cheap goods. In Virginia the slippery slope to make hate the reason for slavery was purely driven by greed.

Blacks could own slaves at the beginning, as we see with Anthony Johnson being legally granted ownership for life of John Casor.

Be careful what you wish for Mr. Casor.

The subsequent years put into law slavery. At first blacks were allowed to own any race of slave. Anthony Johnson had black John Casor and four white indentured servants. But, soon only whites could own any race. Blacks could not own whites.

The Virginia Company of London was a plotting evil empire that used race bating to garner support. The advertisements to get men to the new world were often and aggressive. Tame the heathen and make \$\$\$.

The Virginia Company of London



Chapter 2: Ndongo, The Garden of Eden.

The tree fell and everyone in the village looked with shock. It was a sound that replicated horror. This time though, it was just a tree. Such is the ending of the Garden of Eden. The ending of Ndongo.

First's father and he were close. Inseparable is more like it. The now 5-year-old was a steady hunting companion and also asked more questions than humanly possible.

Today First knew we were fishing upstream about 10 clicks. The pond was special and took a path of hard work to get to.

Over the years the elders built stairs and other routes to share the bounty. These are still in Ndongo today. A walk back to the eye is the same as First did in 1640. The waterfall is known, and you will find it as time allows you.

As time allows.

Everyday papa would remind First of tasks and why we do them for tomorrow. The questions turned into plans for the future of Ndongo. Not construction plans. None of that. Just about how-to bounty with nature and be at peace.

The walk to the fishing hole was their favorite. Each turn had a resident animal or bird and the views always unfolded in both directions.

The path is well worn and easy to follow. The opportunity to explore left or right was left for other days. Today we fish.

First always giggled when the mud gushed thru his toes as he placed the traps at water's edge. Time of day was important as the heights of water changed just enough to flow fish.

Once the traps were set the duo would adventure the location. Always noting paths with markings and memory. This fishing trip was planned for days, so Papa started to teach First Ndongo's home star.

Spring woke seemingly while they walked from the village to the fishing spot. The streams of sunshine rode glimmers of water droplets. Spotlights thru the canopy would highlight yellows, blues, reds and purples. All in variety of times, shapes and use of shadows.

Papa had names for every flower and animal seen or heard. First learned them all. As abundance was Ndongo's middle name, First also personally named the animals he'd see on a regular basis. Some just weren't food.

The canopy was lush and tall and water flowed everywhere. First only ever met the desert of the ocean in his life. Green was his color and that of his thumb.

Over the years Papa and First would plant special gardens and trees along the path to the fishing hole.

These love locations were magical and something John Casor would continue in Virginia.

The world's deepest river is how Congo describes Ndongo's roots. Only second to the Amazon in flow.

Look, First misses most about his home Ndongo is the animals, birds, plants and flowers. Every day of his life is spent with nature. Ndongo has the largest bird population in Africa.

His favorite is called an Okapi. The stripes always made him smile and the tribe learned to make Okapi work.



Wikipedia

The meat was cooked and eaten also. Every part used and blessed for. The Okapi gave everything and the Ndongo gave to her too.

Papa warned of the Gorilla. If you heard him in the distance you stopped full tracks. Listened and hid. Waited. It was a game of sorts as the Gorilla always knew we were there. A detent of respect was shown.

When First saw his first Hippopotami he absolutely flipped. He was 5 when it registered. Papa also warned of the Hippo. Stay away son. Look from afar.

Ndongo's chain of respect in nature included man.

Respect was a funny term to the local band of monkeys.

This one First called "Old Man". These little hooligans



were both your friend and would rob you blind!

Wikipedia

First could see Old Man working it out.

Old Man would set out a plan and carry it out. It would be only after a few days of activity that First figured out what the little bugger was doing. Old Man and his clan provided non-stop entertainment.

The birds were loud then not. It was a funny cycle that happened in the "bird compound" just south of First's home in the eye of Ndongo.

Most of the year these colors of flight went here and there and basically minded their own business.

Early spring though, was a different story. The fields would fill with water and the frogs would be born from eggs left the season before. Frogs being born is not particularly loud. Hungry frogs however

is a whole 'nother thing. Seems like millions of frogs are born.

Then the birds come and feast for three days. We stay away as the frenzy is unparalleled. Towards the end of the third day the sounds diminish. The birds don't fly as much as they are too fat. So fat that can't even sing.

The fat birds made the best feast of the year. The tradition was older than dirt and remembered fondly by First. The village would start preparation in their individual huts. Each with a assigned tool set or broth to make.

First was big and very well fed. Ndongo delivered more than this abundance with the bird feast, but fish, crops, and game. First new how to survive on the land.

These skills would serve well in the Virginia jungle of summer. But snow would freak First out! Quick to understand the management of resources for winter and combined with his green thumb First is an American asset.

Chapter 3: The White Lion and More Cattle Ships

A gunshot was heard.

The birds fled in an emotional cry that First could never forget. Ndongo herself cringed as the first fire arm was heard.

It did not hit its target.

Instinct in First took over and he became a tree as his Papa was captured by a group from another tribe. First was 10.

Papa was taken before his eyes and he remained frozen, as instructed by the medicine man. Instinct took over.

Papa was dragged away, and the forest went silent.

We do not see Papa or others of his age again. The village is stripped of working flesh. A generation of men and women were taken with the promise to come back for more.

First did not leave the tree until nightfall late. He had in his pockets food and the tree provided water. Old Man Monkey was close by. Old Man was actually only 1. He just looked and acted old/odd. Same thing?

First and Old Man stuck together from that point. Both were scared but both were "men".



The village elders huddled with the medicine man. No one else was there. First was now eldest in his clan. He told the story of abduction and others follow suit with their own. The fear was felt and then internalized by everyone.

The music really did stop.

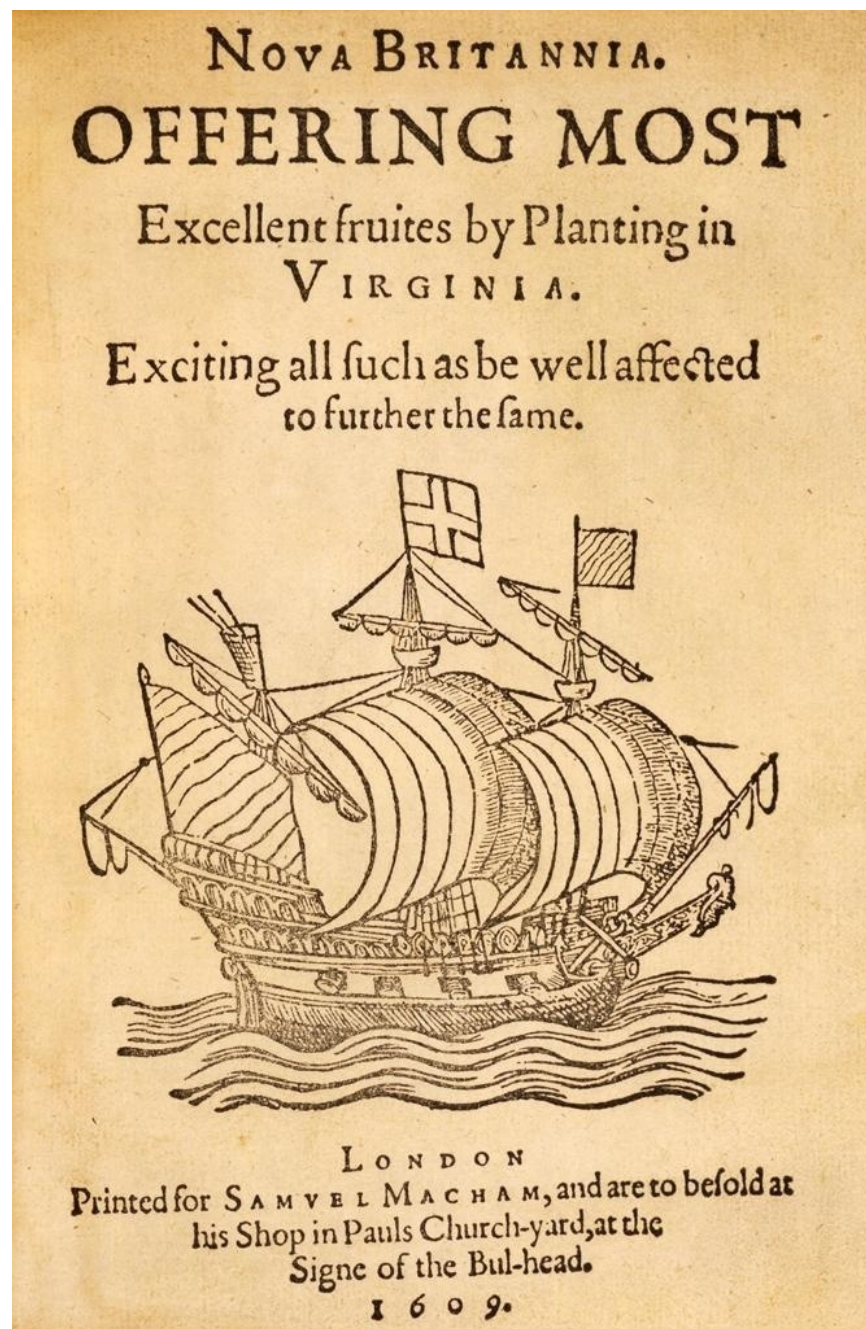
The next years for First become one of the grownups still growing up. He learned a great deal from Papa and passed that on to others as a way to continue his skills training.

First was a farmer. A hunter and a fisherman. He fed others and they clothed him. Stories were remembered of his youth and he told them too. First was first class in every way you can imagine.

Every year since Papa more and more were taken from First's village and local tribes. The tenor changed from resistance to compliance.

That compliance meant the creation of more babies. Babies that were known to be traded as slaves when mature.

The Dutch trained the coyotes in long term planning. The Dutch set up a factory to produce slaves to be traded for a century or longer. Masayoshi Son claims a 200 years business plan. Son has nothing on the Dutch.



First was captured on May 1, 1648. He was 18 years old. The ship that took him to America is not currently known. The White Lion, which delivered the first indentured servants to America was in 1619.

From the stories told, First was scared out of his wits by what was and was about to happen. The coyotes were locals gone bad. They were like any street gang looking to suck, fuck and a buck.

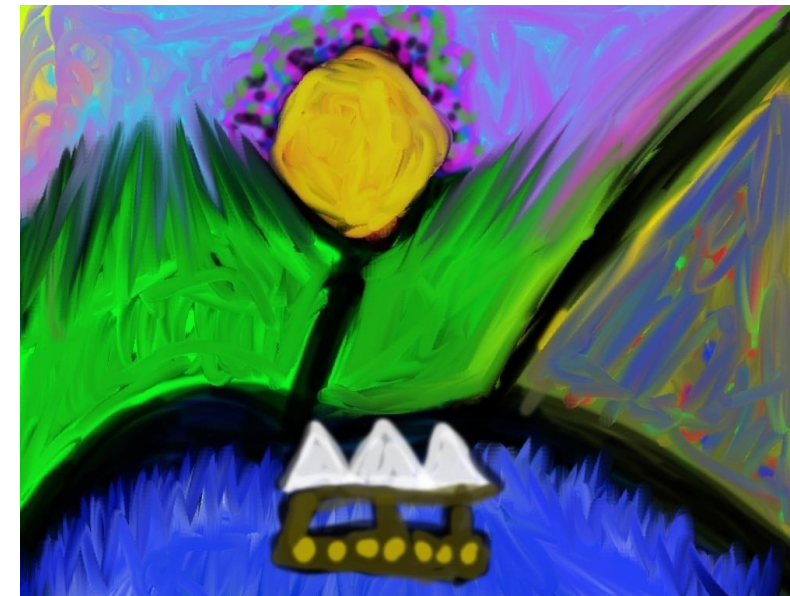
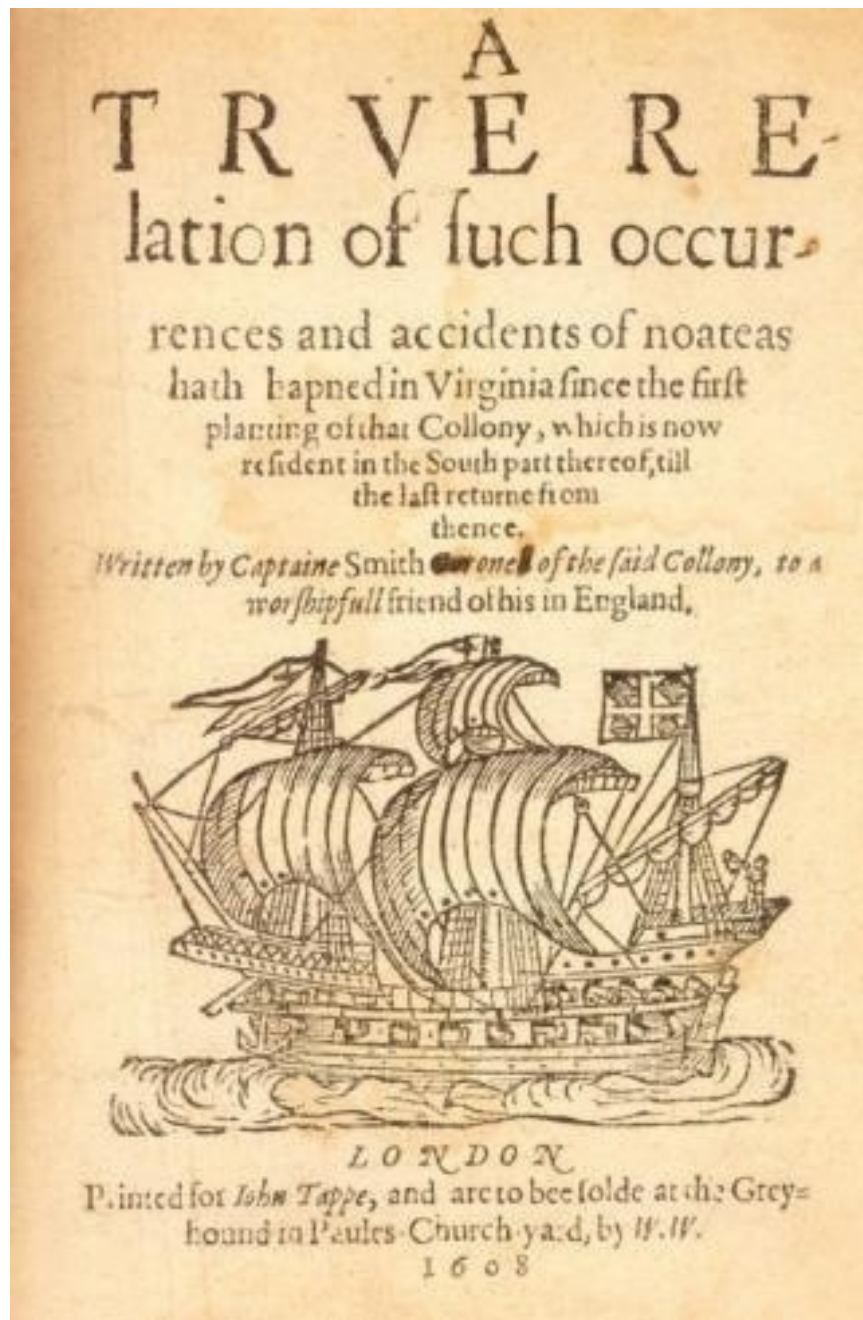
It was a quick hand-off to the Dutch. The Dutch learned the coyotes could harm the value of the merchandise, so they set up a distribution center at the edge of Ndongo. From there it was to a chain of Dutch hotels to the coast.

Look up. First did. The Ndongo star was his and he held her tight. The mind was a place that First was free. Free day one to his last.

Look up. First did. He saw Old Man hopping from tree to tree and following him.

The noise got louder as First was marched closer to the coast. The port town of Pointe Noire was bustle and hustle. It was efficient at processing men and women for transport to all parts of the world.

America was only a new customer.



First arrived as the sun set thru the masts of the ship that would carry him and others to America. The winds fluttered the Dutch flag and the captain was seen at his helm.

She was a beauty to behold. First did not know he was to be held in the hold. But that sight of beyond the ship is what captured First.

This is the first time to see the ocean. From the marching view the ocean spanned all. The blue against the orange sky with the town was unexpected. First was not scared at that moment. He was simply in awe of it all.

That awe did not last long as the shackles were pulled tight and the group ordered up the plank. The angry captain shouting orders and not one prisoner looking up.

The Dutch put on a hell of a show for the locals. The coyotes always had spies and eyes in port. It was important for them to see a well-oiled machine making a profit by selling humans.

Once on the deck the combined shackles were taken off and then from the individuals. Each man and woman were checked in and all were in a subdued mode. No longer shackled but queued up to write in the ledger and sign their name. The first time to see a pen, but not the last.

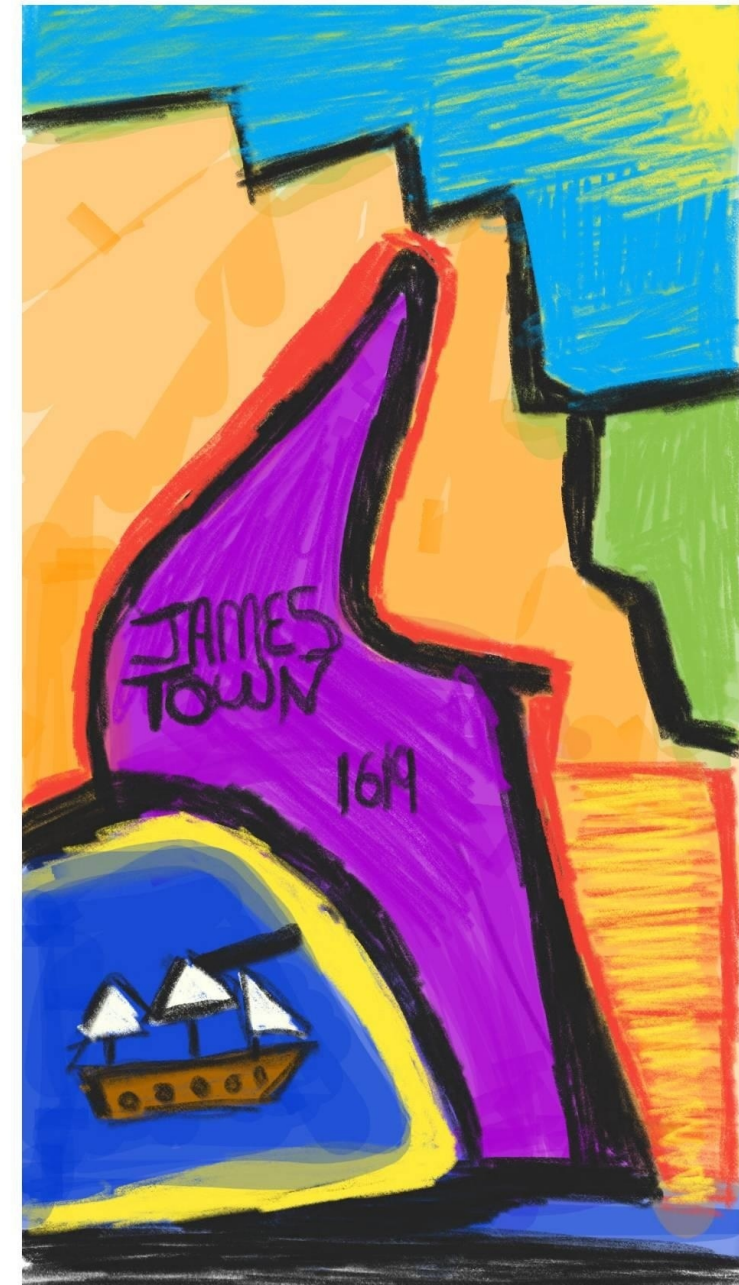
The Dutch were benevolent once the ship was under sail and out of view. This cargo were not slaves. They were each indentured servants. First and others were explained trading work for daily needs, clothes that would lead to freedom and land after 7 years.

Is that why 7 is a lucky number? The Virginia Company of London charter was for development of 7 degrees of America.

First was the communicator and the captain appointed him the liaison officer to engage.

First took the command and learned quick. He was taught how to use the pen to write and then write ledgers. Ledger after ledger cataloging the ship and its schedule, location. A location which he matched with the Ndongo star.

When the ship landed in Jamestown, Virginia in 1648 the yard was still civil. This was not yet an official slave yard.



First walked up to the registration table and the clerk looked him over and said, "Your name is now John Casor, sign here."

I like that name! John Casor. As soon as I signed Anthony Johnson met me and we went to the plantation by horse and walking.

Virginia was different than Ndongo.

The new "White Lion" ship delivered John Casor to a brave new world that was also green and becoming populated. 30,000 at this time.

Chapter 4: John Rolfe and Pocahontas – 1609 and Cultivation of Tobacco

The trip from England was filled with rebel rousers, gamblers, back biters. Oh wait, that is a Johnny Cash song. But, take that sentiment and that was the crew of the ship leaving England for good. England was happy to rid of them. America is grateful for that, kinda.

My great, etc. grandfather, as family legend tells is John Rolfe and my great, etc. grandmother is Pocahontas. From the loins of the land and the ship of rebels comes the writer of this tome. Hi.

1609 landed hardy people, but many died quickly. Rolfe was sturdy and took to the land. His mission born before he left. Find out what grows and sell it back to England.

To survive in any land a community is needed and 1609 is no different than today. All races are all hands on deck effort to feed, clothe and house everyone, every day.

Pocahontas was a curious one. Third child in leadership family of the local tribe. She was the child of Chief Powhatan. Having lived the

Angel



land forever the Indians knew what and when to grow food.

Pocahontas shared with Rolfe the tobacco seed that would grow his empire. She taught him the plant rotation to keep soil managed from year to year. She taught him to fish, so to speak. America's Jesus was a woman.

Rolfe quickly did Monsanto and dominated the growth, sale and distribution of tobacco. He became rich and famous. He married Pocahontas and called her Rebecca.

Rebecca was fondly known as "Becky" by all who worked the land. She was ever present part of Virginia and nature herself.

Rolfe set up tobacco plantations and worked deals with farmers, soon to be with indentured servants, across the land. The domination was complete, and Rolfe longed to return to England to have a real cup of tea on the Thames.

Rolfe took Rebecca to England in the winter of 1616. She was the TOKEN INDIAN at all the social events in England and Rolfe rolled in adoration.

Rebecca came ill and died in March of 1617. She was 21 years old. Rolfe returned to America to continue his march to make her.

Chapter 5: Amy Johnson and the Family



Anthony Johnson's Mark - 1666.

Source: wikipedia

Strength ran in the Johnson family. Two very strong parents led this American legend. Amy was the third of 4 kids. She was similar, but opposite to John Casor.

Like Casor, Anthony Johnson was a planner, thinker and a farmer. He just got to America first and

was able to take advantage until the day he died. Literally, until the day he died.

Amy was a few years younger than Casor. She could read, write and speak elegantly. Her beauty was not lost on anyone and her dad knew that too. Casor was for her and for working the Johnson farm.

In growing America, you had to tend the land, sew the crops and make kids. That was true and encouraged in every settler family. Get bigger, make kids and we (government) will give you more land.

Mary Johnson landed in Jamestown on the Margrett & John in 1622. Every ship landing was a grand event in the old world.



This time, Anthony Johnson was on hand to see Mary disembark. The graceful stare and then curtesy was notice by all and smiles were had.

Matchmaking was more than a hobby for settlers. The whole community is pro-population growth. Especially with the headright system which gave the holder 50 acres of land for every working heartbeat.

(Thomas Jefferson had almost 700 slaves and ... a lot of land.)

Tony and Mary would see each other soon as a party was always had when a new ship lands. These events were not your common beach BBQ. The crowd was dressed to the hilt, by gosh, they are English!

The community sold Tobacco, so it could buy luxury and items that make locals feel like London. Becky Weed paid for everything. The hagiarchy was based on your pipe tonnage.

The golden rule was understood by those landing on America's savage shores.

In 1622 Anthony Johnson was still an indentured servant. But meeting and gazing at Mary drove a whole new gear in Tony. His masculinity shone in a full hormonal display to be ready for Mary.

Tony's master noticed and shared the joy in conversations with Tony about Mary. He was smitten, and the plantation was a buzz prepping for the landing party.

The clams start boiling early afternoon. The fish is already cleaned and ready to be cooked.

The fresh supplies from the ship always features the main course of booze. It was almost a requirement for the passengers to be let ashore!

The story originates with Captain John Smith and Stephen Galthropp when they broke into the arrival party supplies and were charged with munity. Stephen Galthropp was executed. Smith claimed his innocence and was spared.

Smith gets spared again soon by Pocahontas intervention. But on her death bed in England Rebecca gave all her words to Captain John Smith. She told him off. That is a different story.

The Stephen Galthropp Party was throne every time a ship landed at Jamestown. No one dared call the party that name in public, as Galthropp is a criminal of the worst sort in the crown's mind. Virginia was still British.

Ships may not be close to each other, but the sailor's tails stretch long and far. No other ship of record landed at Jamestown without a full-on party supply.

Ships landing had an average age of 20 years old. These landing parties were a full orgy of hormones, booze, bon fires, song and laughter.

The walk to the port is joyful for Tony today.

He still cannot believe his luck to see Mary.

In America love at first sight was more survival instincts than emotion. But, for our Tony it was love.

Heck, Tony seemed 2 inches taller by the time he got to the party door.

Mary was the same. The Bennett Estate where she was indentured felt that same as all colonists. E.g. go forth and multiply.

Tony did more than pick tobacco for his boss, he ran the business. That also meant working with local farmers to consolidate and ship to port. Tony knew the Bennett Farm well.

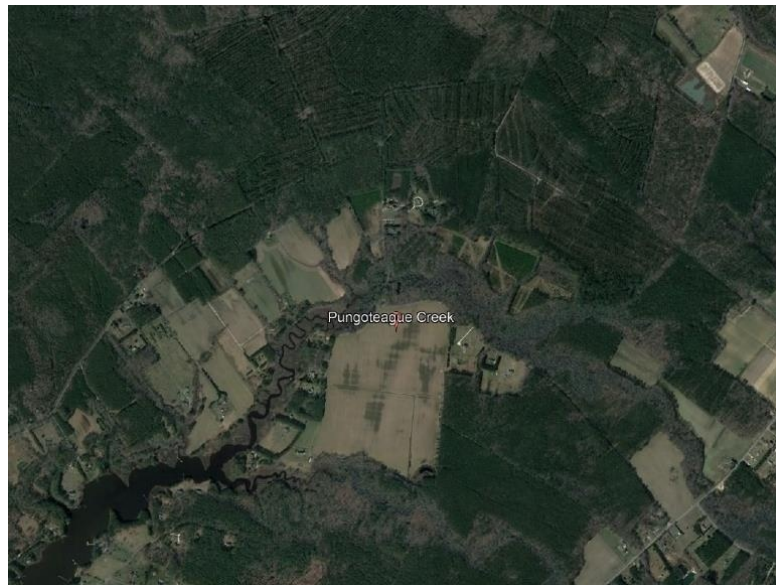
It was a seven-year expectation for Tony to his boss and then freedom. Every signal and interaction kept this promise alive and active.

This night in 1622, just three years into his service, Tony's boss, with a pint in his hand, held Tony close and told him he will be free. Free to pursue Mary and get married. Tony's boss even worked it out with Bennett so Tony could woo Mary.

Humanity won at that party. Making Tony a free American and giving a path to profit for his family for the next century.

Tony and Mary did not instantly become landowners. Tony had to keep his deal with his boss and Bennett to make a go of it. Tony did this and would excel at the joy of a businessman making a promise and keeping it. Tony was a man of his word.

Tony and Mary had four kids, two sons and two daughters. The son's continued the farming



tradition as indentured servants, but that system

was heading towards out-right slavery. Tony bought his son's contract and made his son his own indentured servant to protect him.

Tony indeed deserves the patriarch title.

Amy knew John Casor was coming. Her daddy explained the family business and plan years ago. It was like Johnson had the Dutch Trading House business plan on how to think very long term and take advantage of the seas. In this case the seas mean the free land per heartbeat.

Johnson and Casor continued the trek to the farm. Along the way a friendship and boss/worker relationship was born. This was not whistle as you work, but it was darn close.

Johnson was a big man and he knew how to explain his business and the reasons for actions. His stride was long and there was a smile a rye across his face.

Casor quickly warmed to Virginia and Johnson. Tony and John they would come to be known as ... Tony and John.

Casor asked about Johnson's family and Tony took the opportunity to dote on Amy. Amy this, Amy that. If Johnson made a product by sure there is light from the sun he'd name it Amy. He shone with every breathe before and after he said her name.

Oh Dad!

Tony pointed, and John noted that this is really the first time Tony stopped all day.

Tony was gazing at his land. He could see the very tips of HIS trees. That's all. But, it was enough to stop him in his tracks and bring John close to him. To put his arm around him and say with newfound love. This is home.

As Tony's life is a farmer's clock, Amy was on the path to meet them halfway from this view point. Tony knew, and his walk grew faster and his humming was louder.

John did not know the tunes but the happiness of heading to a new home with a new friend was beyond a blessing. It brought Ndongo to him in his heart as he pressed his hands to the Virginia earth and hugged a tree.

Tony turned around and beacons John. He knew the next corner would drop John.

The flowers were rich in August and the air thick with ocean smells. John saw his home star Ndongo the night before and all set-in place with Tony. Blues, greens, reds, yellows.

The dirt was red and the grass tall. John's place was now part of nature. Tony did not call for faster, he enjoyed the charm.

"Daaaaaaadddy," screamed Amy.

John stood up tall and hurried to Tony who was still at the corners edge. Amy was still screaming and running towards him but still out of sight. John sped up and then 10 steps away walked like a

gentleman as Amy's voice was ripe and Tony's arms outstretched.

The hug froze John. He saw Tony melt and he met Amy for the first time. John was without.

Soon, Amy looked at John and her heart also stopped. She walked forward to a stop that also made John stutter as he stepped forward.

Both knew.

The relationship still required a proper courtship, but the fire was struck, and it burned bright forever. Amy and John loved each other and grew old together in great harmony until the death of her father. Their love held them and remaining together.

Tony prepped John for the workings of the farm. He listened intently and learned quickly every aspect. Amy, along with every member of the Johnson clan, worked hard too.

Amy taught John how to read and write. She taught him about the law and how to read newspapers and pamphlets. John, quick as we know, quickly adopted to be the story teller as he was before.

The Johnson farm blossomed, and John was now a founding American. Amy and John dated, danced and flirted for years.

All knew that the first 7 belonged to Tony without question. Tony loved John, but business is business. Even back then.



Wikipedia

Chapter 6: The Town, Bars and Parties

John Casor's first night on the Johnson farm was a party to behold. All hands-on deck and all races on hand. Virginia had 30,000 people at this time and Anthony Johnson was a player.

From the Johnson ranch it was a day's ride to town to get major supplies. Like in Ndongo, John would plant special places along the way and recreate communications platforms to his Papa and beyond.

He also knew the Amy would require more than just being a man to win. He planted to win her.

Locals noticed John's skills and he shared how to plant everything with others. In town he was treated with respect and was able to walk freely to and from the Johnson farm without fear or favor.

Everyone also knew that Johnson owned John's indentured servants contract. They also knew Tony brought John for Amy too. All families looked to grow by all means.

The American Dream of Freedom was a living dream. And in 1648 it was actually Freedom for everyone. No one was a legal slave. Everyone was working in a capacity to build our society.

The corn was used for more than food. Soon the towns popped up all over the 13 colonies and booze

Dead Guitar Blues



was poured at will and for commerce. The parties and sex were epic.

Kids born again. And towns built faster that poured more wine. Repeat.

This may be before Bach, but the music was loud and John Casor went back to his roots and picked up song too. Virginia was hopping, and people partied hard and worked even harder. Hearing music again brought Ndongo to Virginia for John.

Shakespeare was on re-runs for John Casor.

The towns and their sizes grew quick. The makeup of the population was diverse, but classes did start to emerge during John Casor's first seven years in America.

Tobacco was commerce and wine was used like it is today. A lubricant of commerce.

Look, the English know how to make a pub and they know how to party. The rabble rousers set up shop in Virginia and were free to party. America is one big bar. Yea Corn!

Chapter 7: John Casor is Born - 1848

The Christian “faith” allowed souls to be reborn again and again. In the mind of the conqueror that what is being taught must be accepted.

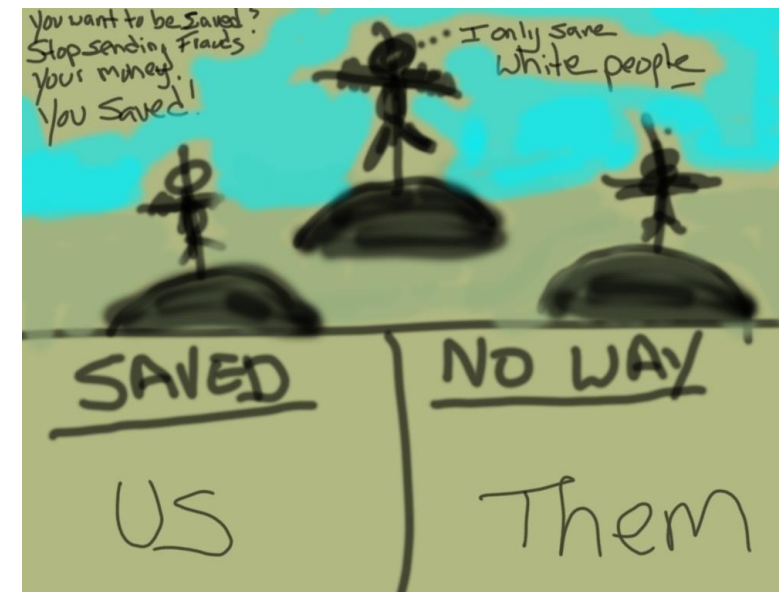
John Casor was blessed first as he lost his First name and gained a legal family name. Casor was chosen at random as the clerk was told to make a name per each letter of the Alphabet and then start over. If the clerk thought they looked the same he would sometimes use the same family name.

John Casor was born that August 15th, 1648 on the docks of Jamestown, Virginia. He knew it to be true. He was born again into America.

Tony took possession of John the moment he walked the plank from the sister to the White Lion. He smiled and John sighed in relief at this powerful Blackman taking his hand.

Holding his hand as he walks unshackled into America. Tony made sure of it. Tony made sure his cargo walked gracefully and proudly into America.

He made sure they were each greeted with a smile. Not quite the lays of Hawaii, but the smiles of Jamaica we all know.



Chapter 8: Casor Works Towards His Seven and Love

The walk with Tony was vibrant and full of life, stories and laughter. Nowhere on the trail was danger felt, seen or even talked about. 1648 was all in for every American of every race.

Yes, abused indentured servants were out in the open and the wakening of propaganda against colored people was seen.

Remember the British drank and wrote bad salacious newspapers. This was true in the 13 colonies too. The first printing press landed in America in 1638. (see:

<https://www.packratpro.com/ships/johnoflondon.htm> and Anne Stevens wrote: John of London sailed from Hull, England to Boston, MA in the summer of 1638 with Master George Lamberton. The passage was known for it's passenger, Ezekiel Rogers who settled in Rowley, as well as carrying the first printing press to the colonies.)

But for our John Casor, Tony showed the bright American dream every day of his life. On Tony's watch the Johnson farm grew and the servants were family. A contract for labor that could not be broken.

Given stories how the bad bosses abused that contract and set bad seeds in motion, Amy, Tony's daughter made sure to tell John about the other realities of America. Her daddy was focused on

production. As such he was keen on a happy and growing in skills workforce.

John Casor exceeded Tony's expectations. John's green thumb could grow anything. John's methodical planning set Johnsons farm on for steady growth. The partnership with Tony and John began before John set foot on American soil. Tony's big hand grabbed John on that ship's plank. John thanks Ndongo every day for Tony.

It was more than impressing him to win Amy, but boy that was a huge part of it.

Amy and John were basically inseparable. Once she taught him to read they read together and read everything.

Then Amy gave John his first pen and a notebook. The bound book had a drawing of a peafowl that took John back to being First in Ndongo.

John's first written words were.

My name is John Casor and I will be free.

From there the book, pen and Amy refreshed each other every day. The diaries are lost but the emotions of each can be seen in John's court testimony.

John was articulate, well dressed and ready to be free. With that he and Amy would marry and cooperate with the Johnson farm.

Being free was the magic topic living in America. Not yet written, but the pursuit of happiness was everything.

John and Amy worked hard. At no time did Tony have to question their daily activities. Everything was for the future of everyone, not just them.

John and Amy's planted love locations were famous among the locals. Both made it known for all to feel free to take flowers home. Don't worry they would say, we will plant more.

The town also noticed how quickly Tony gave John power to expand his role and run business activities. John worked hard, and Amy taught him to be gracious. Something that was really easy for John to learn.

Mr. John Casor was a true American gentleman.

Every moment finding about this man is a worthy moment. The fight for freedom was in his actions of working hard and learning to petition for himself.

Tony knew Amy was in good hands and was proud.

John frequently told Tony he would marry her when free. Tony never said no, he always reached out his big hand and confirmed his love. John was a natural

Chapter 9: Johnson Interacted with White Society

Anthony Johnson was 19 years old when he landed in Jamestown, Virginia in August 1619. He was quick to gain his freedom from being an indentured servant. Hard work and opportunity made it quick for him.

Quick being less than 7 years. Others of his time were said to have to serve longer to move from indentured servant to free American.

The Colony of Virginia granted Anthony Johnson land.

The first years Johnson worked directly for the Virginia Company. What he learned there openly was applied and success followed.

Johnson lived a free man until he died at 70 years old in 1670. 70. Wow. That is so old.

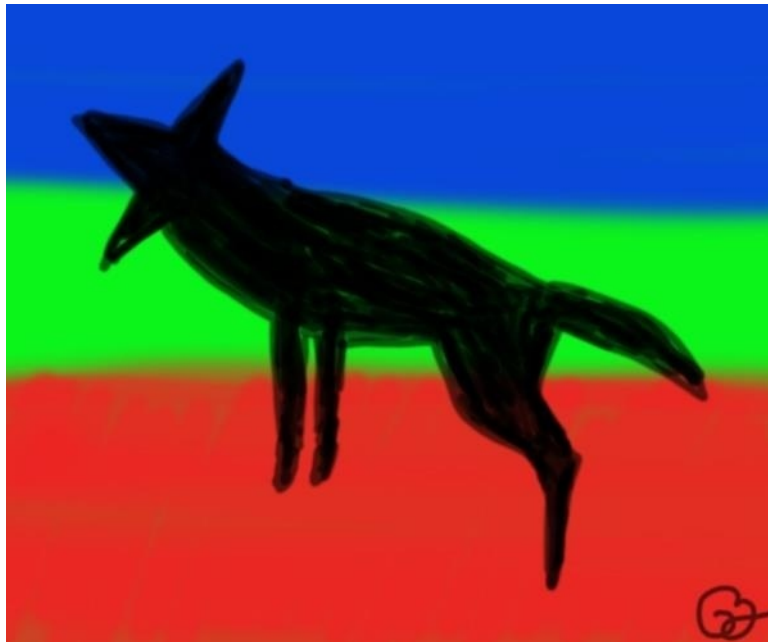
In the 1660's Tony moved to Maryland and became a very successful Tobacco farmer. He hired or bought out more indentured servant contracts, including his own son's in 1645.

Tony and Amy got good at negotiating the court and contract systems. This powerful knowledge attracted more society engagement. The court players noticed.

Tony's success came from lifting every stakeholder on his farm. Not just his children, but the whole



Look, I found food, so I howl. Did you find food?



team. Pride of ownership came thru as all Johnson farm hands moved freely in execution of their duties. No “pit bosses” were needed to keep any inline.

The American Dream Was THAT powerful.

Tony was considered the Black Patriarch of what the White Society considered Negro Property Owners.

The reality was quite different.

Tony and his co-patriots knew how to protect black colonist from bad owners. The secret was to focus on commerce and buy more black indentured servants.

Yes, some rough black owners existed, but all records purport to show Anthony Johnson as a true founder of America, a teacher and a great business man.

Everyone on the farm and black community knew the role. When interacting with the White man make Tony king. It is only with supreme deference to one that all were left alone.

And King Tony he was! He commanded attention at every gala event in Virginia and Maryland. He was friends and customers of the towns merchants and had a stool at many a bar.

Tony was particularly fond of and continued to learn from the Tobacco and commodity traders. There was insatiable demand from England and other markets that made every seed nurtured a profitable seed.

Block Party



White Society knew how to party, and Tony, Amy, John and Tony's wife Mary were dressed to the hills in the early 50's. It was a special time of freedom and comradery among whites and all races in colonial Virginia.

The key thing or takeaway from this time was mixed-races, white, and all others were one community. The indentured servant system was just short of slavery, but it did have an out back then.

The White Society is also a litigious one. The reason we have any records at all is because farmers kept suing each other. Basically, Johnson had his mark and he used it to negotiate and execute contracts.

Chapter 10: Meet Colonel Robert Parker as We Heareth Him Say

Two faces appear when white man interacts with anyone. In Japanese it is said to be face and heart. Our Colonel Robert Parker was an elegant piece of work.

George and Robert Parker role in John Casor being named by the court to be owned by Anthony Johnson for life is manipulative. These two may indeed have carried with them the instructions from Holland on how to carry out the “race card” in courts to legalize blacks as slaves and whites as not.

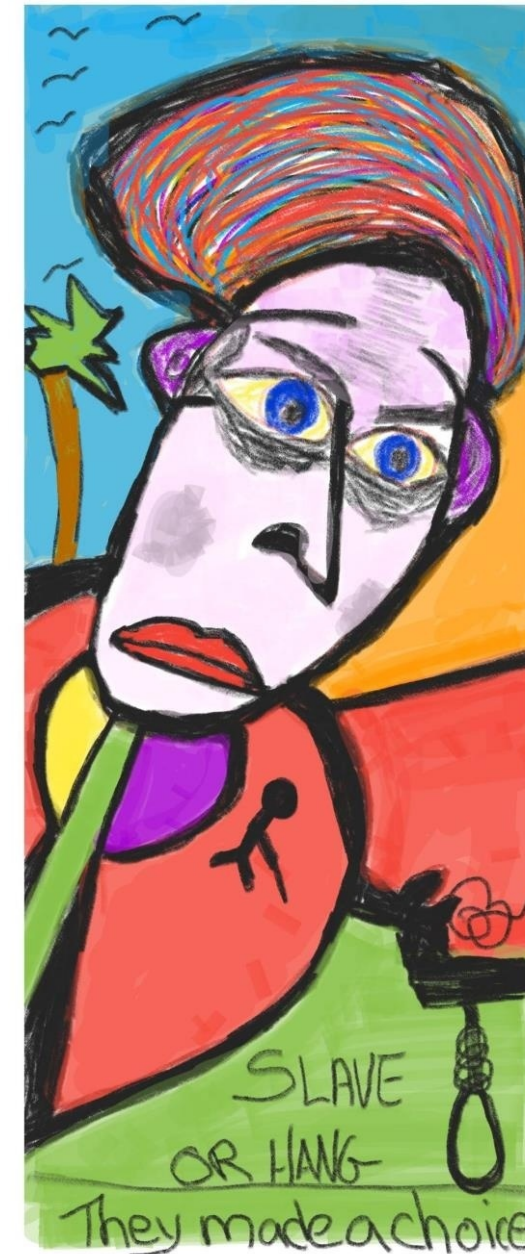
The Dutch business plan in the trade of flesh was not a single entrepreneur, it was a country passion.

We go back to the death of George and Robert Parker’s grandfather Pastor Robert Parker in 1614 in his exile of Holland. Papa Parker, as the family stories told, held the hand of god and was wholly misunderstood. He was ordered captured by King James for equation of idolatry to use of the cross in religious ceremonies. Papa Parker was a heretic!

Ok, stay with me here. Papa Parker ended his storied career as a protestant in Amsterdam until the ghost of King James (still alive at that time) stopped his ascendancy.

Papa Parker wrote of Jesus descending into hell between the resurrection and revelation.

Bear witness



To understand the foundation of hate in America you combine Papa Parker, Dutch Slave Trade Juggernaut, Tobacco and the following quote:

“The Protestant work ethic that influenced the founding of this country included a belief that the more material wealth you have, the closer you are to God,” said Robin DiAngelo, a professor whose research focuses on how white people are socialized to collude with institutional racism.

George and Robert Parker were neighbors to Anthony Johnson. George was close in age to Amy Johnson and he was always smitten with her.

Virginia was a small town growing massive amount of profitable Tobacco. Everyone was all in and from when Rolfe landed in 1609 and Pocahontas gave and he received the magic seed. The seed that sprouted Tobacco, me and America.

Colonel Robert Parker is a title carried with him from England. You know the character, an old army dude holding onto his old, old career? That is our American Parker.

George was all right but was always protected by Col. Parker. The local churches were still mixed race until the 1650s. The towns all played, traded and worked together for America.

But, Col. Parker was bred to do one thing. When signs show themselves, Parker has the roadmap to start seeding racist hate to elevate the slave trade. Parker supported the indentured servant system as

it was in place, but the true goal was acceptance of money first, white people second and other races last in growing America.

Two sides to Col. Parker were clear to him but not others. To Johnson, Parker was a friend and an active trading partner.

Farming is seasonal. Lots and lots of hard work and stretches of free time, for the owners.

The winters in Virginia can be harsh, especially where Parker and Johnson Farms are located.

The families and farm stakeholders were all close and on a first name basis. (Except around certain White folk, then again Tony was made King and treated as such.)

Everyone in the colony was more literate per capita than America today. All of them.

These are not stolen hearts of America, these minds made America.

Chapter 11: Casor's Luck Turns

We know this about John Casor, his Papa taught him life is a rollercoaster and to enjoy every up and every down. In Ndongo that is in reference to the hunt. The daily activity of finding AND delivering food to the community. To the hut.

Even if life becomes hard papa showed the smile that he enjoyed the top of the tree and the laughing smile as you pick yourself up from slipping down a hill.

John Casor carried that ability to hold on with him. His luck, however, changed a few times during his life. First in losing music, then his father and himself to slavers.

The blessing of America was good luck for John Casor. The timing of landing and the very survival of the colony depended on all races being color blind.

This is 1648. Some 128 years before independence from England and her laws.

The ride of his life began on that ship from Pointe Noire and Ndongo in the background to America.

In Jamestown from 1610 to 1650 you were more likely to live if you were not white. The blacks and others were simply stronger humans. It was fine for the first many years until Anthony Johnson and his black farming families learned and applied the law.

Tony was known to be heard saying, "I have my mark, and this is my land." John Casor heard this on his first day in America and many times thereafter. Until, Casor said it to Tony when John recognized his own mark.

As the uppity black men really grew the Johnson farm, the rules for John Casor to marry Amy Johnson was for him to be a free American. Indentured Servitude had rules too.

The Rollercoaster peaked for John Casor at Corn Tree Branch, a planted spot between the Johnson farm and Jamestown. This location was John and Amy's favorite and they spent many an afternoon talking and nurturing these plants.

The view from Corn Tree Branch was of the ravine to the river below and between the tree there you could see Johnson's rows and rows of corn. The tree roots formed a natural bench and the flowers spread in a ring. A ring the reminds Casor of his first night of capture. A night that feels a million miles away but was only just a few years ago.

Amy professed her love and Casor was high as a kite.

Tony, not so much. He pushed back on the contract for 7 years. But his wife, family and Amy in particular convinced Tony to set Casor free. Tony held his breath, but he knew this was not good. Not good at all.

Tony did not have a choice so in year 5 of 7 he set John Casor free.

John Casor enjoys a few days of freedom and then the plight of all men set in. Having to work to eat and live. Col. Robert Parker had a farm right next door and offered Casor an Indentured Servant "job". Which Casor took and learned the hard way about his choice of freedom.

At the Parker farm life was holy different and seeing Amy Johnson was not part of it. In the drive for freedom to marry Amy Johnson, Casor set foot in the divinity of descendants falling into hell. Falling into hell to save the heathen.

Tony Johnson always knew Parker was a nutter, but in business Parker played and paid fair. He was, so to speak, an honest man.

Casor even smiled at the Parker Ranch. The times with George and Robert Parker was a bible thumping mess that

drilled a doctrine of gold. Casor came to learn that the Parkers thought him a slave and they started to treat him as such.

Casor still smiled, knowing hope above hope that Ndonga would not have brought Amy into his life and leave him with only one kiss. A kiss at Corn Tree Branch that carries John forward.

Still, Parker was a businessman and he did a bunch of business with Anthony Johnson. So, with that in mind Johnson visited Parker to ask him to return Casor.

Parker said no. Possession was 9/10th of the law so no way.

Amy kept on pestering her dad, but she was a planner and offered the path to sue Parker for ownership of Casor. Since Casor was let early from his service Amy argued that Tony could claim and sue.

Amy got message to John Casor that Tony will fight to gain him back and after they can marry. Luck Changes again.

The Virginia Courtroom is still there in Jamestown. You can visit it today and touch the lectern where testimony was offered. The year of 1654 heard Col. Robert Parker say that Casor was a freeman by the hands of Anthony. He continued with his new contract and expressed his rights more as a slave owner than indentured servant contract.

Samuel Goldsmith also testified that Casor was an indentured servant of Johnsons.

Amy argued in court papers and Tony Johnson spoke at the lectern. He told the story of walking John Casor by holding his hand on the plank before he landed on Virginia's shores.

The court returned John Casor as a slave for life to Anthony Johnson. John Casor was not a criminal and is the first non-criminal named a slave for life.

Casor and Johnson celebrated the victory and quickly Tony and John were back as a team.

John married Amy and the celebration was epic beyond any scale. But, it was a black celebration as the white court room ran amok after this 1655 order against John Casor.

The Virginia Courthouse turned into a tyrannical rule making body that simply outlawed the Blackman by centuries end.

John Casor's luck had changed. He lived out his life with Amy as virtually free under Tony. But, the access to mixed race life and white society was erased.

The Johnson farm burned down in the 1660s and with Amy's help again they petition to the Virginia court to be exempt from paying taxes. Tony won this important victory that allowed this farm to recover and march full steam ahead.

But, luck changed again for John Casor, now the father figure of the clan after Tony Johnson died in 1670. The Virginia Courthouse stripped the Johnson heirs of their rights to property because they were Black.

The Johnson sons and Casor were able to lease a smaller farm and continued to survive. They moved from Virginia and its hateful laws to Maryland where their American dream died on its genealogy path.

John Casor was a lucky man. Simultaneously he was the First Legal Slave in America and he was The Last Free American.

Chapter 12: The Virginia Court House – Word for Word

Aghast this writer thinks. The thumping on the bible to apologize for slavery is astonishing. Its birth is in the Virginia Law of 1661 establishing the belly as ownership.

Please refer to:

<https://www.ocf.berkeley.edu/~arihuang/academic/a/bg/slavery/history.html>

1550 Dunce Cap becomes symbol of being an idiot.

1610 John Rolfe introduced a strain of tobacco which quickly became the colony's economic engine.

1619 indentured servants imported

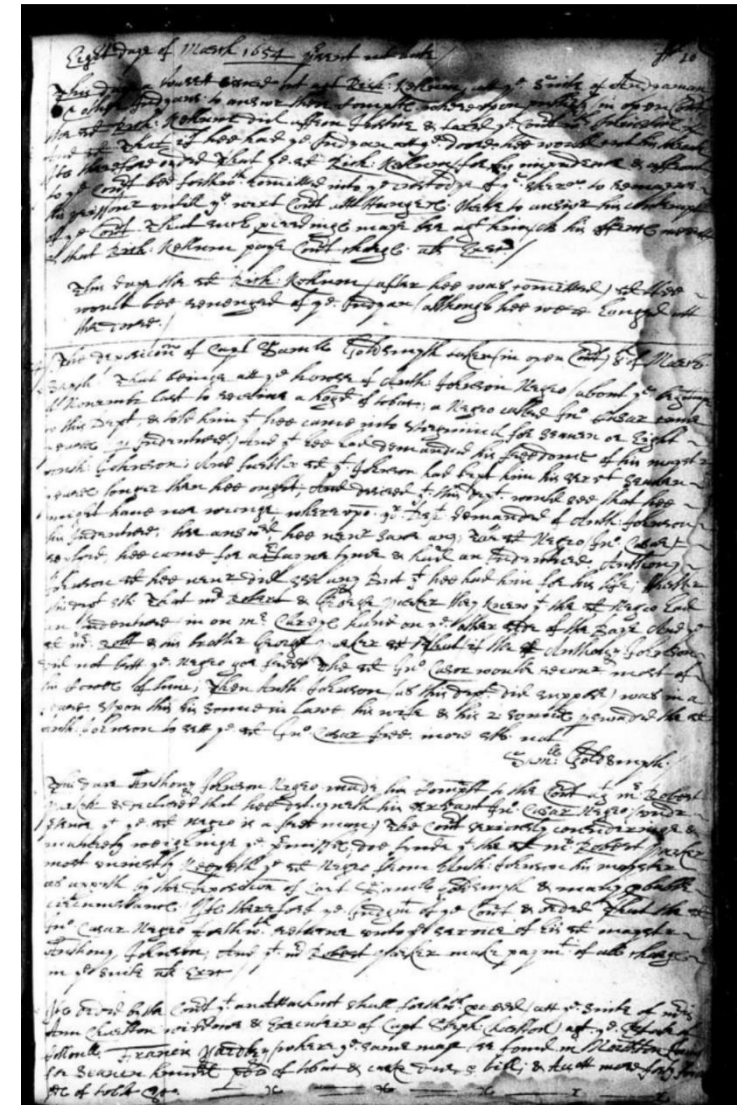
1619 Anthony Johnson and 19 others come to Jamestown

1619 A Dutch ship, the White Lion, captured 20 enslaved Africans in a battle with a Spanish ship. They landed at Jamestown, Virginia for repairs from the battle. For food and supplies, the Dutch traded the enslaved Africans to the Colonials as indentured servants.

1624 Dunce as a word in context of idiot appeared in text

Look, racism is in the white house as I write this story. The knowledge learned is the use of hate to

allow crowd justification of racism and in Virginia slavery.



https://www.encyclopediavirginia.org/Court_Ruling_on_Anthony_Johnson_and_His_Servants_1655

1648 John Casor Arrived in Virginia as Indentured Servant to Anthony Johnson

1650 About 350 Negros live in Virginia out of 30,000

1650 Negros not allowed to own arms

1655 John Casor Named Legal Slave for Life to Owner Anthony Johnson.

1655 Composer Johann Rosenmüller is imprisoned as the result of a scandal concerning alleged homosexual activities.

1662 Mom's status determines child's fates

1670 Whites could not be owned by blacks or Indians

1670 Slave Trade a real business

1699 Virginia made it illegal to grant freedom to a slave. It made it illegal to marry between races. By 1699 every Black or mix-race person was legally ordered out of Virginia. All blacks were stripped of their property rights, even their rights to own black slaves.

26 April [1637]. Account submitted by Joseph Clifton, executer of Daniell Hopkinson, merchant of the Tristram and Jane of London, Mr. Joseph Blowe, for servants carried on her late voyage to Virginia:

Cornwallis was on this ship, but not the one of revolutionary war. Seems he was an attorney.

Rigglesworth Peter, turned over to Robert Glascocke.

Rigglesworth was one of many to be handed over to owners or masters from almost every ship that arrived in America.

Rigglesworth! Fun to say, but his fate is not being discussed today.

Virginia should be renamed. Its citizens should reject this name and its history. The Virginia Company of London needs to be put in the dustbin of hell. Why? The use of the pen and privilege to cast non-whites as heathens needing to be saved. Casting non-whites as the devil and perfect as slaves. Virginia, recall your name.

1840 Dickens use of Duncie

Between Dickens first use of Duncie and the next is dumb kids sitting in the corner for being racists. The Quaker's started it, the push for abolition of slavery.

Dec 24, 1865 KKK is founded.

Moms' did not like the Duncie cap and made a cover for it. It did not change the fact the what was underneath was indeed a stupid racist. It just let the racist pretend to hide.

This history of hate in America is the Virginia Law naming the belly contents slaves. This created a direct threat to every child. Every white mom was trained, ingrained, instinctually driven to be a white supremacist.

White Supremacy was about protecting kids from becoming slaves. The profit from slavery was just too large for America to care to stop it. In law non-whites lost everything.

Republican Hat Dance



Chapter 13: Be Careful of What You Wish For

By exposing Col. Robert Parker to the court proceedings on human ownership it awoke instructions ingrained in his family history.

Profit for his church was allowed at any means.

Remember, the first slave ship returned to the Queen of England and she was aghast. Yelling and promising jail to the slaver. But, then, she got paid off.

My mind says, “have some beads bitch, get ready for more wealth.”

Parker’s grandfather learned in Holland the propaganda side of the Slave trade. He was regularly used by management to give sermons of white power and saving heathens.

The Parker Slave Manual was triggered by Anthony Johnson being declared owner for life of John Casor. The next seeds were to secure a future slave workforce.

Behind the scene George and Robert Parker wrote “Mom’s Law”. The Virginia Company of London was long gone by 1655, but its actual rocket fuel of human exploitation was rampant.

The Parker Slave Manual showed how to achieve the principle of Partus Sequitur Ventrem into law. The Virginia law ruled that that children of enslaved

mothers would be born into slavery, regardless of their father's race or status.

Really folks this church doctrine of Partus Sequitur Ventrem is as evil as it gets.

It is the legal foundation for White Supremacy in America.

Further this law made white moms the defenders of this hate.

Chapter 14: Casor and Amy Love and Rejoice

No matter to two love birds. John and Amy were now forever inseparable. From the courtroom John went straight to the Johnson farm. He did not acknowledge or say goodbye to George and Robert Parker. He was pissed.

The doors of the Virginia Courthouse swung open and the air was fresh and sky powder puff blue with even puffier clouds.

Usually it is once a week or so that in the past John and Amy went to one of their planted gardens. But today, they stopped and kissed at each one.

During Johns time in Parker hell the gardens were the only way to communicate between Amy and John. They were not allowed to see each other during Parker tenure.

The flowers noticed them. Each of the 7 love nest gardens woke for John and Amy. The bees said hello and the birds sang loud.

While John was gone, Amy and Tony built a cabin on the Johnson Farm for his return. The space was spectacular and showed Tony's love for Amy.

Tony left court happy too. He did take the time to shake the Parker brothers hand. As opposed to John, Tony was always working an angle. This victory

from the court told Parker to pay so Tony knew his leverage.

Nevertheless, Tony left proud and headed to the farm. He cleaned up John's new home and set a fire in the fireplace to signal Amy it was ready for them.

Before John left the courthouse steps Tony said to him, "you are free, but to all others you belong to me."

John beamed and shook Tony's hand.

Freedom and being free overtook John and as he was walking he explained to Amy he is now in Ndongo. He is home and mother earth of Virginia has transformed to greet him.

John grabbed the first sticks he saw and started a beat. Amy knew not of what to do.

John's beat was fast and clean. He added stomps from his big feet. And then a grunt spin and smile.

He tossed the sticks to Amy and picked up two more. Amy was exhilarated as she was enveloped in John's freedom. She screamed and stomped, and John replied. The echo was the song and beat of freedom. The beats of love as the two came close.

The feet kept stomping, both now a circle around each other. The birds above played along and sung powerful tweets.

John and Amy dropped their sticks and kissed. The passion was deep and all time and sound stopped for

both. The slowness of the withdrawal and rye smiles told of their future.

Amy saw the smoke signal and grabbed John's hand for a gleeful run home.

The family, friends, papa and mama were all there to greet John and Amy. The cheers and love were huge and John was floating.

Then Amy grabbed his hand and she pulled him in the direction of the new cabin. The others came behind, but with enough time for the two to have a moment.

John eyes welled up. He fell to his knees and kissed the ground when Amy said, "welcome home, this is ours."

The crowd joined and the BBQ pits were lit. Wine flowed, and freedom rained on this family. Not once interrupted until 1670 when Anthony Johnson died at the amazing age of 70 years old. John and Amy Casor are lost to history from this point.

John, Amy, Mary and the Johnson's sons were in Maryland by this time. Virginia outlawed blacks so they moved.

No matter to John and Amy Casor. They continued to tend and make more love gardens. John's hands could grow anything, and that contribution kept him safe. And Kept him smiling.



Chapter 15: 1 to 10 is as 1 to 30,000 in Virginia

The hard part to understand is how few blacks lived in Virginia for it to generate such hateful and racist laws.

The Dutch Slavers, Preachers and the rats at The Virginia Company of London knew how to cast shame on a few to control the masses.

Stunning to read again and again how the laws support slavery at the expense of morality.

Further that morality was twisted by the church to actually make non-whites heathens.

Clearly everything we have learned about Anthony Johnson, John Casor and other Black founding Americans is that without them America would not have made it.

Being a white gentleman at the beginning was an open target for Indians to kill you. The non-whites were healthier than the whites and survived in greater numbers the harsh winters and killer bugs.

The Virginia Company of London only had shareholders to please. But their mismanagement cost them their commission of Virginia in 1624.

The success of hard working non-whites also led to a jealous need to impede their success. Whites owned the seas gosh darn it and the crown was white.

Remember the Queen of England detested slavery for less than five minutes after getting shiny objects of value.

Johnson cries



Chapter 16: Mom's Racism is Born of Virginia Law as Her Only Protection

Protection against being a slave as encased in law in Virginia made White Supremacy one of necessity not of hate.

This is a very important point and the singular way to argue against racism.

The Dutch Slave traders learned that it needed the money of the crown to fund ships to the new world. The people had to support these ventures or no funds. It was public relations and they had a printing press.

The ads in England to entice "patriots" to go to America were brash, racist and worked. Worked for centuries.

The ship logs from the period show every passenger landing in Virginia from 1606 on. The clear message is the early passengers were free people, mostly. Many marked as gentlemen, some carpenters and one surgeon.

The logs changed as time went on in Virginia and the passengers were more and more servants and then slaves. Commerce changed to feed power to a few at the expense of men.

Mom's Law made the production of slaves a construct. It also institutionalized racism and gave rise to Moms' spouting white supremacy.

Yes, the first black legal slave in America was owned by a black man.

But, the golden rule was in place in business, law and religion.

Without the free Blackman at the beginning of America it would not have survived.

Without the Blackman as slave America would not have survived.

Note: If the Blackman was not enslaved the creativity available would not have been quashed and America would have had hip-hop much sooner. Really, we would have a very different pop cultural history if blacks were free and remained free.

Our history of foundation is greed. The Virginia Company of London is the driver and booze probably did the rest.

Chapter 17: Johnson and Parker Play a Game of Cards

Still Amy and Anthony Johnson knew what it took to survive and thrive in colonial Virginia. They had to always be nice to the white man and show that Tony was the man.

This is right before the Johnsons move to Maryland. The feeling in town is one of hate, bewilderment and the praise for better days.

Fights broke out among town folk more often now and more bad shit was happening to non-whites. Tony Johnson was a big man so that contributed to his success and survival.

Robert conveyed to Tony, after several rounds of drinks, that George was in love with Amy.

It was like a bomb dropped.

Years of holding back took the back seat and Tony let Col. Robert Parker have it. Not physical, Tony knew better. This time he would take all of Robert's money in poker. His usual of letting him win a little was no longer acceptable.

Tony was a professional and only said, oh yea, Amy is beautiful. And continued to shuffle the cards. The tone of the room changed, and Robert sensed the game of his life was at hand.

Chapter 18: The Ending

It was a wonder that John Casor never really visited the history books. Today to see JohnCasor.com available and Casor not being in the Microsoft dictionary, this tells me much.

This story is not told because a black man owned the first legal slave in America. The shame of this allowed every community to basically ignore this important man and his story. But, John Casor's ghost told a very different love story.

When Johnson took his wife he soon learned she came from John Casor's village after he arrived in 1648. She was of Ndongo. Which you may have figured out by now is the garden of Eden and the greed of commerce is what slayed the peace. Not the apple or snake, just plain greed.

When Casor asked to be free, Johnson warned him it is not all that it is crackered up to be.

Casor was determined to show he was a man. He was in love with Johnson's daughter. He was determined to show he could care for her.

Johnson repeated his warning as often as he could. Telling his wife to pass on wisdom learned in the Virginia jungle. The white man was the greediest of all the men and they wrote the law, was the phrase he'd use.

Casor was determined still. As he demanded to go, his love told Papa to let him go. It seems all the family only thought it fair.

To teach Casor, soon to be his son, a lesson that the wicked white man was as bad as he told, Anthony Johnson lost Casor to Robert Parker in 1653 in a card game. Johnson's daughter was horrified and wept for weeks.

Casor was stoic, as usual, and went to farm Parker's estate. It was a year of hell he would note to his sweetie any chance he got. It told of a dark part of hell and one he must leave.

The old blacks knew that being owned in a group is much better than being owned by anyone. Just by being black the possibility of becoming other's property was much, much higher. By law.

Johnson's daughter hatched the plan to sue in court to gain back John Casor.

The victory and freedom came to John Casor when he was named the first legal slave for life in America.

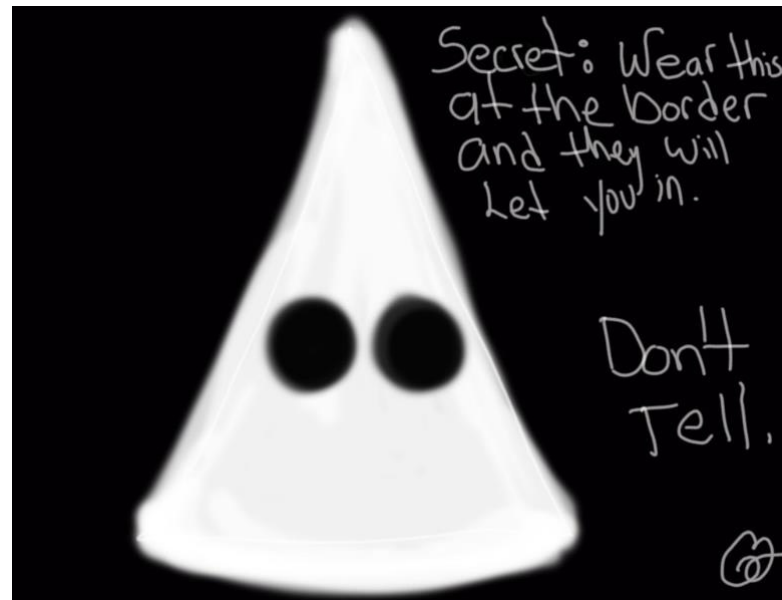
John Casor and Amy Johnson married soon after and together grew the Johnson farms.

THE END

1600 to 1699

or is it?

Hole 19: Dangerous Art and anger that made me go off the net.



The black background started blank. But, as the rage against stealing kids by Trump hit home, the hood of hate showed up. It was now out in the open, the racist affiliations. The hand signals and the snake prayers.

Soon, it became clear that if you could show you were a white racist you could get into America.



Trump spat out this sentiment from the moment paid hands clapped as he rode down his golden escalator. Go Away. You are not white. The racist past got away with it. They are now in the Whitehouse.

Uncle Sam's Ghost of his racist past is here. The Hood is telling him a story but the blind follow anyway.

Did you see Trump in London today?

July 13, 2018, Friday the 13th is accented with Trump being Putin's bitch in public.

R is for racist. The new scarlet letter is R. A retired.

DON'T BE R



Putin's Bitch. All roads lead to Moscow. The fear is the new Trump Supreme Court will not just trash Roe v Wade. It will deregulate all of American society.

Anarchy of the Capitalists.

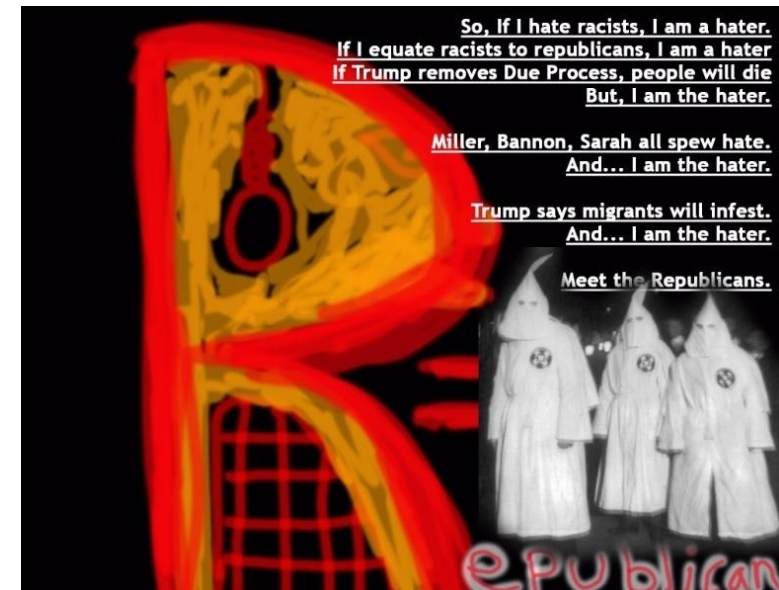
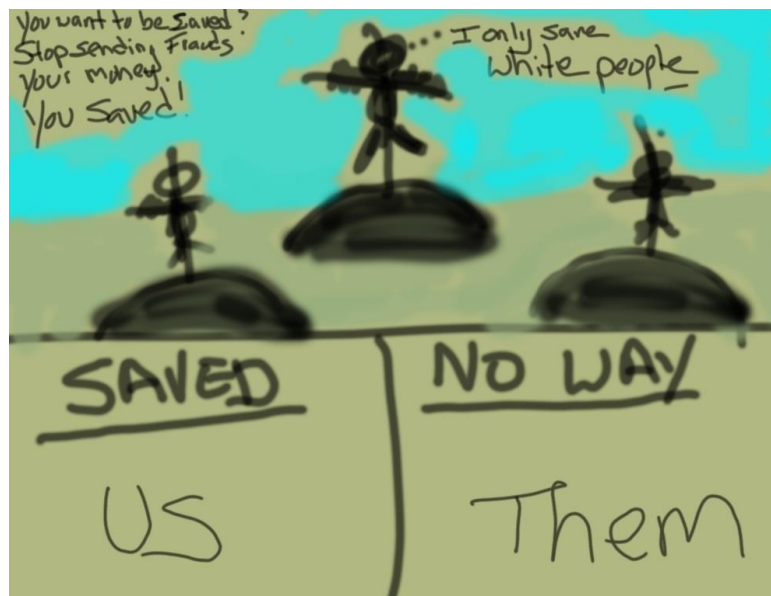
The overwhelming sad part of American and Slave history is the use of the Church to get the white masses to be ok with it. Just as long as they were getting into heaven, the church could hang slaves for profit.

The Members' are good and non-members are slaves continues today in the church. The obsessive nature of the pastor is power and demanding dogma control of his subjects.

Only Members Get into the House of the Lord.

The preachers pervert the word to then make gold the path to get in. Really adding rocket fuel to the slave trade and its acceptance, adoption, promotion and profiteering of the church by enslaving non-members.

You want to be saved? Stop sending frauds your money. ... You Saved!



It makes me cry to see the modern republican party be



taken over by racists so overtly. R=R. I cry.



Really. Lock Him Up. He cannot pardon himself.
And this is Sarah Sanders.



The Gay Whale. Gay in time was happy, so until
that was pointed out what were you thinking? Get
off Fox News. You once were found .. now you are fox.





Every speech now spews hate from Trump. Migrants are taking away your "culture". The Culture of Hate. Don't be an Empty Voter.



The real harmed ones are the children as the inept Trump Administration demonstrated hate to its base. The more savage they can be the more numb America becomes.

The erosion started fast with Alternative Facts.

Then the Musilm Ban was announced Loud and clear, both in the rear of the campaign and the signings as president.

The cancel of all things Obama sure seems like it is just because he is black.

Really, TPP? And you pull out. Putz.

Paris to save the planet and launch a new technology race that will save us. Nope. Cancel that too.

Tell Canada it is a National Security Risk and piss on their soil.

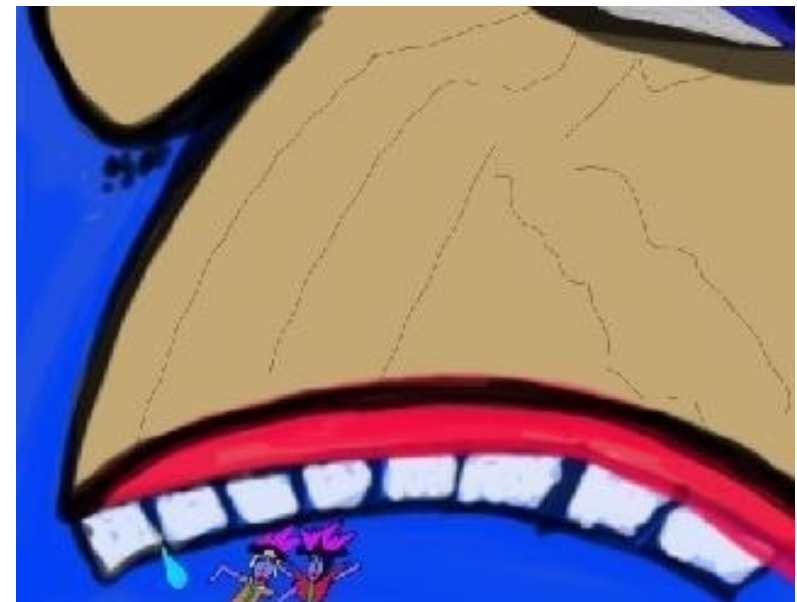
Stealing kids broke my heart. I had to leave facebook as the racists stood tall and proud sharing their Obama is a monkey memes. God awful stuff. The Real POW-MIA.



Mom did not like me saying the truth because the otherside got hurt. Soon Uncle Bob Clapp was spewing and I replied with R=R. Mom, is glad I quit facebook.



I, however, had a red face. I drew more really bad art and studied my history. The White Man ate our humanity with Latin in law held up by church men.





I need you to look past Door #1. Don't take the easy path. Pocahontas and John Rolfe at costume party. Look past #1. Let all humanity free. Give Freedom.

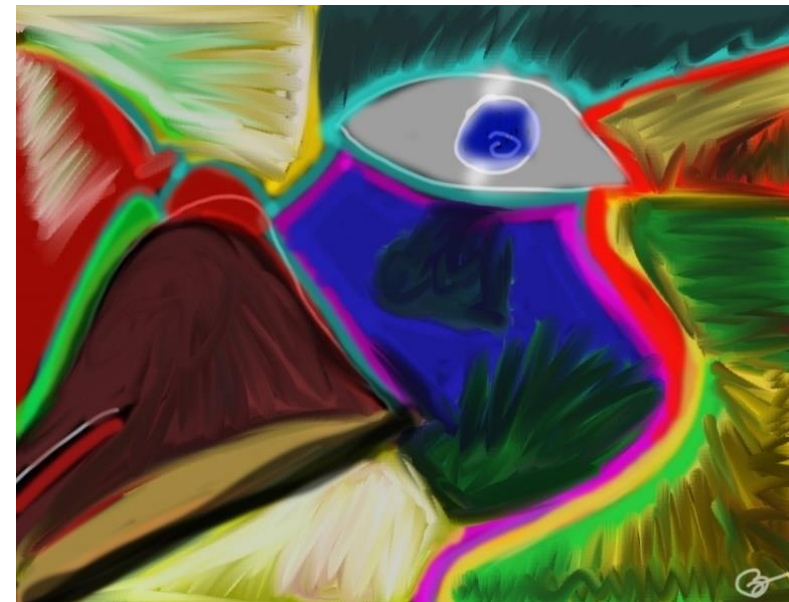




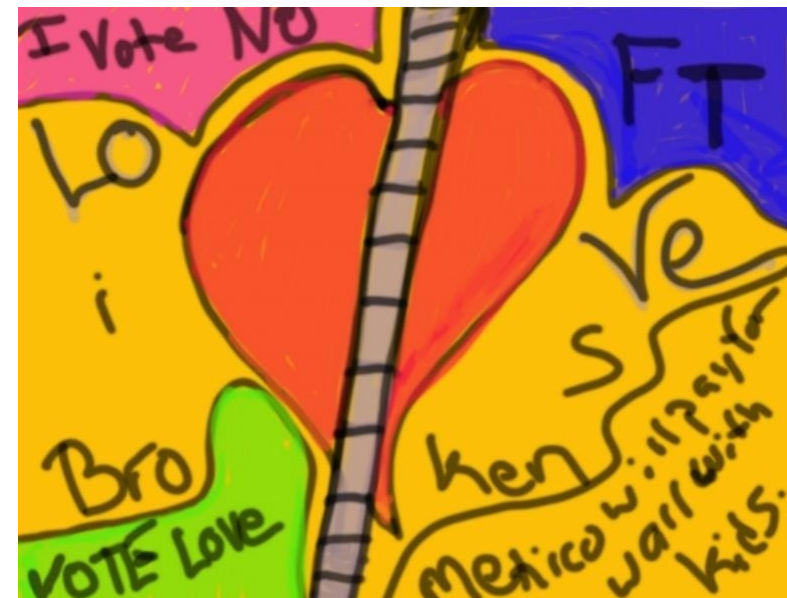
Our country needs surgery. Impeach.



The truth is Trump has Blue Lips. They're not brown from kissing up. Blue Lips Sink Ships.



You must bear witness. Look at the kids. Stop Trump. Love is Broken in America. Where is your love of family, kids and the pursuit of happiness?





Oh Mike Huckabee, learned that running for president allowed spread of hate. Put your hood back on. CS-13–Huckabee’s Church of the Hood.

The Declaration of Independence

Liberty Bell

We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness.

Abraham Lincoln called it “a rebuke and a stumbling-block to tyranny and oppression.”

Republican Hat Dance





HERE IS YOUR R.
Wear it proud.

Chapter 20: Starting the 1700s in Hiding

The Boiling Lake of Guadalupe carried with it stories of how the mutineers were executed. Boiled alive after a brutal hike.

Lest we forget, the church is the known responsible party for starting the Sugar-Slave-Complex. A sweet tooth for hell's angels.

Really, you should check your faith in this christianity thing. The abuse of this church is gross and has not a place in nature.

18 June 1452: Pope Nicholas V issues *Dum Diversas*, a bull authorising the Portuguese to reduce any non-Christians to the status of slaves.
<http://www.brycchancarey.com/slavery/chrono2.htm>

The Pope and all of the greedy used the church to down trod on everyone not a member. It is the same sickness today. Perverting "god's words" or his messenger as it being ok to make slaves of others.

The "faithful" carried their Latin with them to the new world. The form of Latin approved by the church to use the "word of god" to engage in slavery.

Not just a customer of slavers, but an actual slaver empire. The Sugar Slave Complex when ground down is not sweet.

The Pope should return all slave gains.

The difference in passage for John Casor and Anthony Johnson was astounding compared to the 1700s. The creep of MBA profit at-all-costs-and-any-means set the ships of the 1700s to be sailing coffins.

The destruction of America before their very eyes was heartbreaking for Tony and John. By Tony's death in 1670 Virginia was no longer a welcome place for the Blackman. Tony's heart would have gone cold at the slave trade from the 1700s to 1867.

It was easy to write about John Casor and Ndongu.

What follows will be the most disgusting things I will read. I know my trepidation will control my keyboard. But, really, Mom's Law is so horrid it is vital for the reader to see the impact of the Church and its taint on the soul of America.

We must defeat the leftover of Mom's Law.

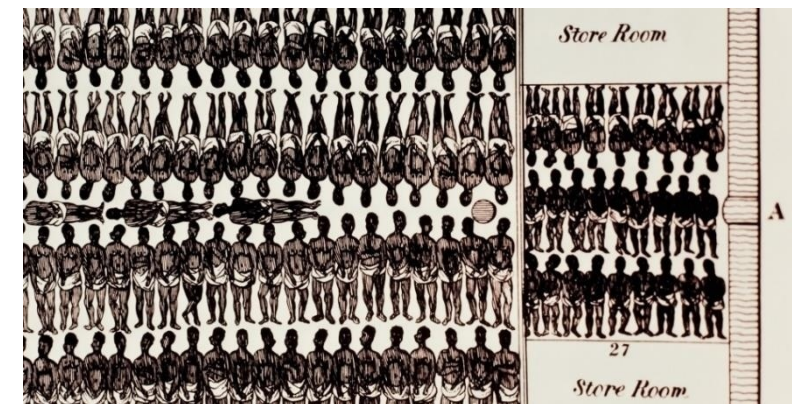
Of the belly comes ownership is derived from hell.



Again, we look at the monarchy, aided by Church doctrine that made the slave trade a national

occupation. The same people that regularly profited from human misery brought it to America early.

When the monopoly of the monarch backed Royal African Company was broken by statute the slave trade exploded. By 1698 RAC had imported 100,000 slaves.



Every ship became a simple cattle call with no regard for humanity whatsoever. It was cheaper to have 20% death on the crossing than to feed or provide buckets. Close your eyes and slosh next to your dead friend for a minute.

Jim Morrison sang: Five to 1 baby, 1 in 5, no one gets out of here alive. Jim knew death early and expressed it often.

Please see:

<http://www.loc.gov/pictures/item/2008661524/>

And search for "slaves" and then your family name.

Look at history. The majority of images come directly from the Library of Congress. The images are being used to convey the story of slavery in America from the point of view of Hate as the propaganda machine that fuel man consumption.

Trump Loves Hate



Chapter 21: Prisoners Pack Virginia and the New World Order Slugs the Blackman into Bad Bondage

Joseph Winterbottom landed in Virginia on June 21, 1720 aboard a prison ship Honour leaving Newgate Prison, London, England.

Joe Cool is how the locals referred to Winterbottom.

He came on summer solstice and quickly fell to the slave trade. It was not moments from leaving the prison ship that he had a job at the port. Almost like it was arranged, but for Joe it was just timing.

Joseph Winterbottom



The Winterbottom's would play an interesting role in the slave trade over the next two centuries. We will meet the great Dr. Thomas Winterbottom in about 100 years as we meet the American's that make color distinctions absurd.

Joe was a big man that was in jail for robbing a pub after one too many pints. Like many on the Honour going to America was indeed a fresh start. But, crime is not bred out of these folks on this short 4-month journey to Virginia. In fact, the time is spent in conspiracy to quickly be slavers.

The money potential was written on every sailors' face. The pamphlets propagandized about the riches to be made in taming the heathens.

London just dumped its prisons into America starting in the 1700's. The first lot of people left to start new. The second lot were folks would could not find work in London.

Then Tobacco filled the coffers in London and the population stayed. Employment rose, and no one wanted to leave for America anymore.

So, at the demand of the slave traders, prisoners were shipped en masse to America. Ship after ship filled with 20-year-old hoodlums.

In the 1600's we saw literacy, elegance and hard work.

The 1700s were a cesspool of greed, sex, booze and the foundation of America's revolution.

Mary North



At some point we simply had to stop London from dumping its prisoners on our shores. Ship after ship of hooligans arrived in the early 1700s. They came into a different port than slave ships. Rarely did one die on these robber ships.

The slave ships changed drastically after John Casor was declared a slave. It was like the ship builders heard the news and built massive floating coffins to cram as many Africans as they can per voyage. I won't even draw it. My pen really does not need that much blood and puke on it.

Joe Cool did not know this yet. Still the words of the posters around the ship captured his imagination.

Four months at sea without grog is torture, but having gone from prison to this ship it was not a bother. So real brains were used to conjure up their image of America.

You got to know everyone on your ship and they became your alumni. A protection force in the new world in place.

The comrades were lost on the first few days at port. Yes, Joe got a job instantly, but others were not so lucky. Joe noticed but did not get involved. The sailors at sea told Joe it was kill or be killed in America. Watch your back.

No longer were these voyages set with conversations about freedom in our spiritual sense. It was about making money in the slave trade and pissing off the

Mary North



old white guys in London. The buggers that put Joe in prison in the first place. Humans are a complicated lot.

Joe knew every female on the ship. 24 gals for four months. It was simple math for Joe, allocate one month per six gals.

He did. Mary was the most common name on the ship. Also, the meanest and the prettiest girls. Shoot. We had Mary North that always made Joe stand at attention. Mary Selby might as well have been a witch in Joe's mind.

Mary was the most common name among all the prisoner ships of the 1700s. I'll ponder this while I think about who was that popular in the 1680s or so to make English go Mary. And, how do so many Marys go bad?

Joe did not care. He circled Mary North and gave up his chase of all others. It was ying and yang across the ship with these two. Mary was in for shiving a customer. Joe knew her beauty belies strength.

Mary loved black and was the blond. Joe traded his way to more colorful clothes along the journey. Each day moving up as his antics did entertain on this long journey.

James Holliday and Joe Cool became brothers on this journey. James knew Joe from inside, but just barely. Soon, though, Jim and Joe would be thick as thieves. Jim with an equal penchant for fine things got them by cards.

James Holiday



The parties of the 1600s were no more when a ship landed in Virginia. That practice went away when the slaver ships changed and arrived at port with 20% dead in the cargo hold. The port of Jamestown was rancid by the 1720 Honour Voyage that brought Joe Cool to Virginia.

The Honour landed at York, Virginia instead. Still a respectable port, but more and more down town as boatloads of criminals arrive.

The goal of all at this time was to live and work in Williamsburg. The history of Jamestown burned with its courthouse in 1698 and was abandoned by management.

Still, Jamestown received slaves and that is where Joe Cool's first job sent him. Mary North joined him and was also to be employed in the slave trade. Of course, Jim Holliday came too, but he realized that slaving was not for him and he left. Joe and Mary thrived, she in particular liked the smell of death.

Mary's job was to verify the dead in the cargo hold and Joe's team would dispose. She would have been considered the angel of death, but these were ghosts already.

The faster a ship was turned around the sooner Joe and Mary would get paid and be able to party. The single-minded nature of this couple made them the most productive at this trade.

Joe got tired of digging graves for slaves. Instead he'd put em on a barge and float them for sinking.

Landing From Hell into Fire



This practice would land feet along America's shores for hundreds of years. Mary would always burn one before Joe pulled the plug on any vessel. Was she typhoid Mary or just America?

Over 600,000 slaves were imported to America on these slave ships. The majority occurred during the 1700s and the life of Joe and Mary. Our country would not outlaw the international trade of slaves until the Slave Trade Act of 1794.

Of course, ships of illegal slaves still arrived in America, but the official landing locations like Jamestown were all but shutdown.

Our 1776 revolution has been taught to us as stopping the tyrant of England from oppressing the colonies. Bullshit. The colonists were tired of England sending ship after ship of prisoners to America. England exported more prisoners to America than it imported slaves for domestic use.

The slave trade turned foul with Joe and Mary thriving in the misery of man. Everything went to shit by the 1750s and the plot to stop England from sending more prisoners was a play.

Forget the tea tax bullshit and to paraphrase President Donald Duck, "When ENGLAND sends its people, they're not sending their best," he said. "They're sending people that have lots of problems...they're bringing drugs, they're bringing crime. They're rapists. And some, I assume, are good people."

Mary North



We kicked out England. A large number of Black loyalists returned to the crown in ships that did not return with new prisoner cargo.

Mom's Law was in full force and making slave babies was all the rage. The population of slaves exploded by white sperm swimming up Africa's mighty river.

Lust helped.

Chapter 22: 1800 to 1867 and the “End” of Slavery in America, Begrudgingly

The artist's mom was a slave. So, into slavery this talent was thrown. Captain Thomas Sprigg, ca. 1805-1810, by Joshua Johnston, last recorded private collection in Maryland



Westwood Children, ca. 1807 by Joshua Johnston



The talent that America lost to slavery must be recognized so as to never oppress the human again.

I like how this chapter is opening. Like the 1600s with Tony and John we start to see individual Blackman and women allowed to create. Joshua Johnston is one such person of distinction.

Born a slave, his outstanding skills as a portrait artist was able to feed him and keep him in a fancy lifestyle. He is noted as the first Black Playboy in the history books. Right on man!

Look, that was nice and all, but we must go back to Church and pray at the altar of gold.

We have two from history to contrast. Dr. Thomas Winterbottom (Yes, Joe and Mary had kids.) at the beginning of the century. We also look to Theodore Clapp of New Orleans in 1850.

Aghast this writer thinks. The thumping on the bible to apologize for slavery is astonishing. Its birth is in the Virginia Law of 1661 establishing the belly as ownership.

One more on Clapp: By 1849, Clapp had shifted his position. He had decided that "the essence of Christianity"—the Golden Rule—was "at war with slavery."

I grew up with that saying, "the man that has the gold makes the rules." It was understood to respect my dad, but its use in history is not just suspect, but seems void of ethics.

I like Dr. Thomas Winterbottom. In an opposite approach to life than Mary the Undertaker, Dr. Tom was amazed with African life, culture and people.

His work written while living in Sierra Leone is a cultural treasure.

Besides Dr. Tom's description of tribes and their behaviors, he introduces us to the colorful clothes and how the locals created such vibrant items. So vibrant with blues and yellows to elegantly compare to any European item.

Africa was full of colors, talented people who worked nature. Nothing in Dr. Tom's descriptions shows any hatred towards anyone of color. He actively expressed dismay at racism and white supremacy. He did this with a calm pen and the stories that show the calligraphy of life.

PREFACE.

THE Author does not presume to offer any apology for laying the following work before the tribunal of the Public: but, before their sentence upon it be pronounced, he wishes to observe, that it is offered merely as a rude sketch of the domestic economy, and medical knowledge, of the inhabitants of the windward coast of Africa; or rather, as a collection of gleanings which have either escaped the notice of more successful reapers in that extensive field, or which have been passed over as of little importance. If this work should be found to add little to our present knowledge of Africa, the Author hopes that it may at least tend to remove some prejudices respecting its inhabitants, whose customs have, in various instances, been misrepresented.

The work is divided into two parts, the

An Account of Native Africans in the Neighbourhood of Sierra Leone; In Which is Added, An Account of the Present State of Medicine Among Them. By Thomas Winterbottom, M.D. 1803. Get it today. His use of words to describe color and the process of making color is magical.

Before the civil war Clapp's church was used as the continued bully pulpit it had been since 1452. Any non-christian was a slave, beneath us believing whites.

By the way, "christian" does not deserve to be capitalized. It should be thrown to the dust bins of history for its 555-year reign of hate. That Pope of 1452 sucks and this Clapp of 1850 sucks even more.

In the exercise of writing this book my research brought me many places. Of course, my family history would be found and then horrify me. Roger Clapp landed at Jamestown in 1630. Clapp's until Theodore were unremarkable in the history books.

The racists in my family still live close to New Orleans. In fact, Grand Uncle Robert Clapp is the primary inspiration for this book. His facebook posts of hate ate at my belly. The ignorance of the statements and then attacking me for being smart. Hi Uncle Bob. I do hope you will be known as the last Clapp racist. There is still time for you to repent.

Having Pastor Theo spew his hate and the love of gold it took on a family lore that grew beyond the hope of his hateful church.

The Real Heathens



The magic of this book is coming as I do forgive the racist mistakes of America's past. Greed is just too overwhelming a notion for the colonists to resist.

Especially since this greed was actually necessary for their very survival.

I call on my family to recognize that the slights of racism have been displayed in our family as casual gang signs and slogans. I stand tall and tell these stories for my understanding of the use of hate to propel greed for a few. Greed at the expense of fellow man.

You can take the time to read more:

<https://archive.org/details/autobiographica04clapgo>
[og](https://archive.org/details/autobiographica04clapgo)

Autobiographical Sketches and Recollections by Theodore Clapp

From being convicted of Heresy and being a big lover in justifying slavery this man was all over the map.

The 400 pages of self-adulation is interwoven with his skill of tending to the sick. New Orleans during his time was hit by plague after plague.

I wonder if deplorable slave treatment led to plague outbreaks. Sanitation matters.

Still the descriptions of Europe and landing in London with many letters of recommendation bring home this time. It was who you knew. I will continue to read this text and do my best with love

to find inflection points where Clapp's life mission and message changed.

The purpose of this book is to find false arguments supporting white supremacy and counter their arguments. It is a passion of art and words that I study to express this historical fiction.

I looked to Dr. Thomas Winterbottom as hope for mankind.

The overwhelming evidence of racial animus robbing culture of light is expressed.

The Revolutionary War was about stopping English scum from populating our shores.

The next enlightenment came with Abolitionists and Abraham Lincoln.

Freedom of man came to be expressed in the 1800s.

It then led from revolution to civil war.

Chapter 22: Lincoln and the Civil War, part II

Only two votes more than needed to pass the 13th amendment to the US Constitution to abolish slavery. Only two votes. The problem with this seminal point in history is it could have gone the other way. For those impacted by Trump's racism, it seems the North lost.

God again was used by the slavers to justify slavery. God ordained that white man is best, yadayadayada.

Heathens are those that use God's word for material gain.

Is that you?

Do you go to Church just so you can meet more customers? Are you in Church to get laid? Are you in Church to get saved? Saved? These assholes are your savior?

Wow, you really have to look at your religion. Please don't gloss over the heathen part or love of slavery in your defense of a defenseless god.

Pissed off yet you fucking racists? Oh good. You did not win the civil war and white power is an idiots schtick.

Back then, the Republican party is the one to abolish slavery. WTF happened?

Absolute power corrupts absolutely.

If you are Republican now you are a racist. It is nothing personal, your boss man Trump is a racist. It is clear that this is true. Trump is a racist.

If you take the Dunc cap off and then devote all your energy to get them to vote because of white power, you indeed suck. Put that Dunc cap back on.

Boy, that felt good. Now back to our story. Don't worry only non-racists continue reading after that page. It is unlikely they could make it past Tony and John. Tony and John the great Black Men that led America out of the wilderness.

Texas was last to get word of the 13th amendment.

What a crock of shit. With the beep beep beep of Morse code news was real time. Texas took its time because profit came before any law, federal, state or gods.

Two of the protagonists of this book live in Texas now. Bob and Gayla are a peach of a couple spouting hate and then claiming harm when it is pointed out that they are racists.

We are talking extreme thin skin here.

Texas sucks. Go fuck yourself. I know the next eclipse is April 8, 2024 and Dallas will get 4 minutes of Totality. NO, I won't spend any money in Texas.

I will make it dark in Dallas during the day. The work of the devil, I tell ya. (hehe you Dunc. Look up, dumbass.)

Texas apparently never received the news of the 13th amendment. Instead that hate against others is loud and proud. Hating everything non-white and by god do not be gay in Texas.

My father is a Trump supporter and my sister-in-law is rabid about it.

No longer do I eat with Republicans. I know racism. I have felt it, lived it and as a white elitist my experience is light. But, my care for love is too strong to eat with simple minded haters. The idea that color of skin has anything to do with the human is baseless.

Such is the Social Media Civil War starting in 2018. The godless church team will continue the white supremacy crap. They will continue to point to passages in their bible that fit their world view of white is right.

I will fight hard and fast against the racist rise in America. I will continue to give the new Scarlett Letter R to republicans.

You've earned it, you should wear that R proud.

Lincoln grabbed the moment. He played an aggressive game of politics and won. He then was killed for it. The hate of the white supremacist easily erase God's commandments.

The south lost, surrendered in full.

4 million Black slaves were instantly set free.

Yes, the transition was and still is violent.

Mom's Law is so powerful that when moms are the propaganda machine babies have no chance.

The image of the racist as a white male is wrong.

The evil racist mom is the support mechanism that continues to allow hate to grow.

No, I won't write the history of the KKK. I do not need to spend my time in hell.

If you are still a Republican in 2018 you are a racist.

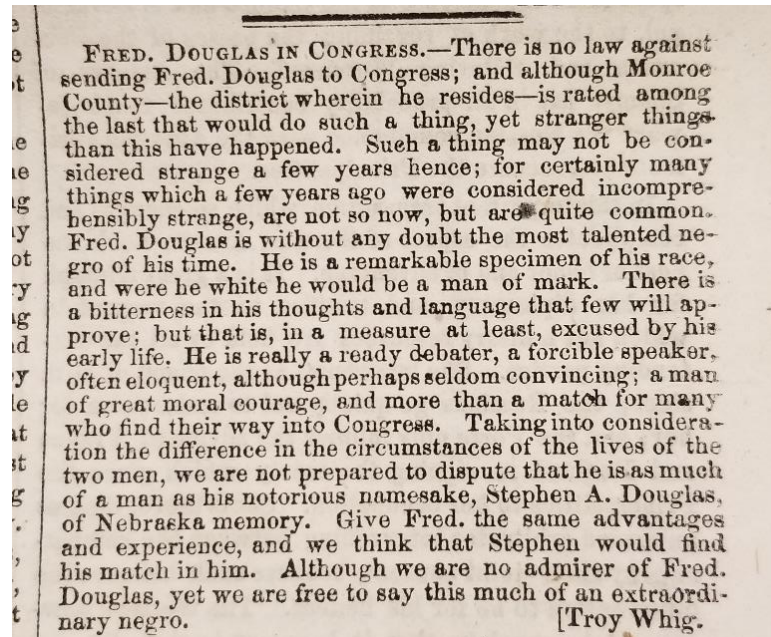
YOU MUST QUIT THAT PARTY NOW.

YOU MUST REPENT.

**BE A HERO,
NOT A ZERO.**

Chapter 23: Free Blacks Transform America Powerfully

The cultural impact of the Blackman increases many fold during the 1800s. A slice of freedom existed in America that allowed some to shine.



Tuesday, July 11, 1854 New York Semi Weekly Tribune (personal collection)

Troy Whig. There was a newspaper called the Troy Daily Whig. I doubt the same, but I like the sentiment regarding Frederick Douglas.

NOTES: Dates and Such

Wikipedia, et. Al. Thank you.

This will get cleaned up to show resources.

Remember, this story is based in fact but told as given to me by the gods.

Images are by Mayumi Takadababa unless otherwise stated.

Historical Images that appear multiple places are hard to place attribution, but I try. Please visit <http://www.loc.gov/pictures/item/2008661524/> and search for slave images. It is powerful stuff.

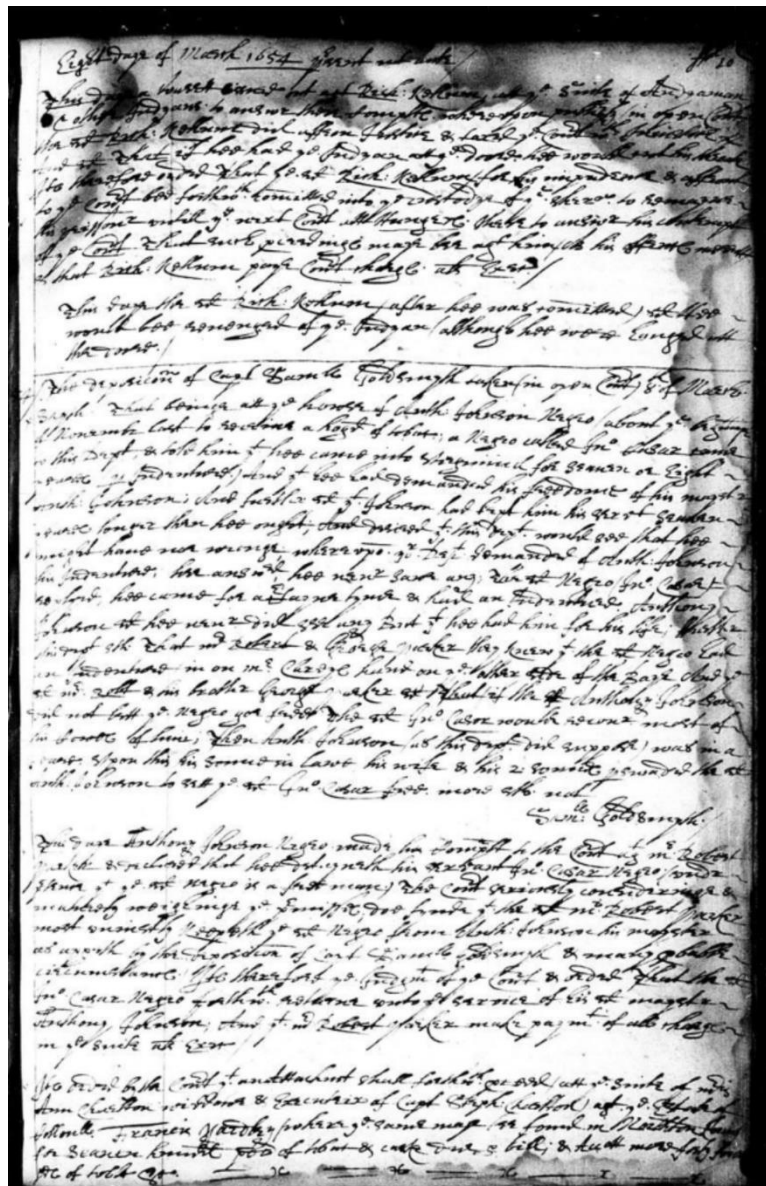
www.JohnCasor.com will accept any comments and new information. Continued resources to fight racism will be added to this website.

Thank you so much for caring enough to read about a version of the History of Hate in America.

The Hood does indeed refer to the KKK, but it also refers to The Hood were neighbors allow abhorrent behavior because they get benefits on the side.

The Hood. Move out now.

Mayumi Takadanobaba



https://www.encyclopediavirginia.org/Court_Ruling_on_Anthony_Johnson_and_His_Servant_1655

The deposition of Captain Samuel Goldsmith taken (in open court) 8th of March Sayth, That beinge at the howse of Anthony Johnson Negro (about the beginnunge of November last to receive a hogshead of tobacco) a Negro called John Casar came to this Deponent, and told him that hee came into Virginia for seaven or Eight yeares (per Indenture) And that hee had demanded his freedome of his master Anthony Johnson; And further said that Johnson had kept him his servant seaven yeares longer than hee ought, And desired that this deponent would see that hee might have noe wronge, whereupon your Deponent demanded of Anthony Johnson his Indenture, hee answered, hee never sawe any; The said Negro (John Casor) replied, hee came for a certayne tyme and had an Indenture Anthony Johnson said hee never did see any But that hee had him for his life; Further this deponent saith That mr. Robert Parker and George Parker they knew that the said Negro had an Indenture (in on Mr. Carye hundred on the other side of the Baye) And the said Anthony Johnson did not tell the negro goe free The said John Casor would recover most of his Cowes of him; Then Anthony Johnson (as this deponent did suppose) was in a feare. Upon this his Sonne in lawe, his wife and his 2 sonnes perswaded the said Anthony Johnson to sett the said John Casor free. more saith not

Samuel Goldsmith

This daye Anthony Johnson Negro made his complaint to the Court against mr. Robert Parker and declared that hee deteyneth his servant John Casor negro (under pretence that the said Negro is a free man.) The Court seriously consideringe and maturely weighinge the premisses, doe fynde that the said Mr. Robert Parker most unjustly keepeth the said Negro from Anthony Johnson his master as appeareth by the deposition of Captain Samuel Goldsmith and many probably circumstances. It is therefore the Judgment of the Court and ordered That the said John Casor Negro forthwith returne unto the service of his said master Anthony Johnson, And that mr. Robert Parker make payment of all charge in the suit. also Execution.

Johnson v Parker

But Johnson had a change of mind and decided not to let the matter rest. He took the case to the County Court of Northampton County, Virginia, claiming that Parker had taken his “negro servant” and declaring that, by rights, “Thee had ye Negro for his life.”

On 8 March 1655, the Court found in Johnson’s favour, and demanded that Parker return Casor to his original owner and pay damages.

Johnson died in 1670 and his 300 acres of land passed, not to his children, but by court ruling, to a

white colonist. The courts declared that “as a black man, Anthony Johnson was not a citizen of the colony.”

John Casor

From Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia





(The ship logs states: Mary, unk last name, a negro woman, 1622 voyage, muster at Wariscoyack as Edward Bennett's servant.)

<https://www.packrat-pro.com/ships/shipnamesCa.htm>

If you choose to use this information or copy this page, please have the courtesy to include an acknowledgment that the work, research and compilation was done by Anne Stevens of packrat-pro.com



... they have been Inhabitants in Virginia above thirty years ... ordered that from the day of the date hearof (during their natural lives) the sd Mary Johnson & two daughters of Anthony Johnson Negro be disengaged and freed from payment of Taxes ... [ODW 1651-54, fol.161].

<http://explorehistory.ou.edu/wp-content/uploads/2014/08/Shelden-Source-1.pdf>

http://www.freeafricanamericans.com/Jeffery_Johnson.htm

16 Feb 1623/4 A List of Names of the Living in Virginia ...at "Warwick Scurake" shows the following 33 persons: John Batt, Henry Pinffe, Wassell Weblin, Anthony Read, Frances Woodson, Henry Phillips, Peter Collins. Chr. Reinold, Edward

Mabin, John Maldman, Thomas Collins, George Rushmore, Thomas Spencer, George Clarke, Rich. Bartlett, Francis Banks, John Jenkins. Thomas Jones, William Denham, Peter, Anthony, Francis and Margaret (the last four negroes), John Bennett, Nicholas Skinner. John Atkins, John Pollentin, Rachell Pollenttin, Margaret Pollentin, Mary "a Maid", Henry Woodward Thomas Sawyer, Thomas "a Boye". [The Original Lists of Persons of Quality..., John Camden Hotten, ed. (Reprint by G.A. Baker & Co., 1931) pp181-2]

One year later, only 11 were alive.

Mary a negro woman in the Margrett & John, 1622 (Tony's wife?)

<http://genfiles.com/reynolds-files/ReynoldsRecords1622-1699.pdf>

7 Feb 1624/5 The muster at Wariscoyack shows a total of 19 persons in four settlements, one of which was Edward Bennett's plantation:

Mr. Edward Bennett's servants: Henery Pinke in the London Marchant, 1619 John Bate, Peeter Collins in the Addam, 1621 Wassell Webling, Antonio a negro in the James, 1619 Christopher Reynolds, Luke Chapman, Edward Maybank in the John & Francis, 1622 John Attkins, William Denum, Francis Banks in the Guifte[of God], 1623 Mary a negro woman in the Margrett & John, 1622 [Adventurers of Purse and Person Virginia 1607-1625, Annie Lash Jester (Princeton University Press,

1956), which has the most complete version of this muster.]

<http://www.blackpast.org/aah/johnson-anthony-1670>

Notes on Parker:

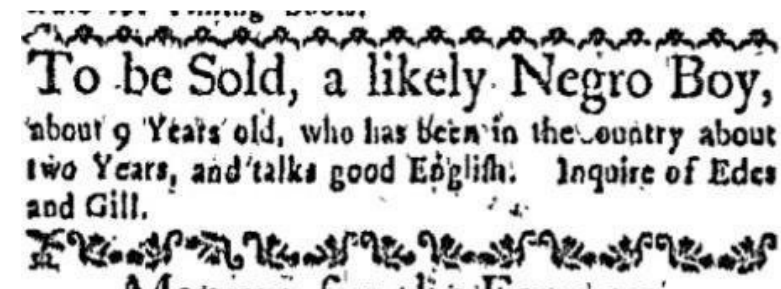
If you had to recreate the horrors mentioned in the slave advertisements listed at this link it would be the bloodiest and most sadistic movie ever. Oh My god. I knew I would cry. -Mayumi.

<http://genealogytrails.com/main/slaveadverts.html>

The warning at this website says it all, "**As a warning, these are pretty graphic and if you don't have a strong stomach, don't continue reading.**"

Mr. Micajah Ricks, Nash County, North Carolina, in the Raleigh "Standard," July 18, 1838. "Ranaway, a negro woman and two children; a few days before she went off, I burnt her with a hot iron, on the left side of her face, I tried to make the letter M."

Quotes from Wikipedia:



To be Sold, a likely Negro Boy,
about 9 Years old, who has been in the Country about
two Years, and talks good English. Inquire of Edes
and Gill.
M. C. F.

Supplement to the Boston-Gazette (March 16, 1767).

He derives [Hades](#) from [Adam](#), and traces the whole Greek theogony to Hebrew roots and derivations.

In 1607 Parker issued a discourse against idolatrous uses of the sign of the Cross during religious ceremonies.

From: <http://freedomonthemove.org/>

From the court documents directly That mr. Robert Parker and George Parker they knew that the said Negro had an Indenture (in on Mr. Carye hundred on the other side of the Baye) And the said Anthony Johnson did not tell the negro goe free

This daye Anthony Johnson Negro made his complaint to the Court against mr. Robert Parker and declared that hee deteyneth his servant John Casor negro (under pretence that the said Negro is a free man.) The Court seriously consideringe and maturely weighinge the premisses, doe fynde that the said Mr. Robert Parker most unjustly keepeth the said Negro from Anthony Johnson his master as appeareth by the deposition of Captain Samuel Goldsmith and many probably circumstances. It is therefore the Judgment of the Court and ordered That the said John Casor Negro forthwith returne unto the service of his said master Anthony Johnson, And that mr. Robert Parker make payment of all charge in the suit. also Execution.

Holy crap batman, I found this link:

[https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Robert_Parker_\(minister\)](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Robert_Parker_(minister))

It's a story link that may or may not be true, but Robert and George Parker come from Holland and carry on the ministry of their grandfather Robert Parker (c 1564 – 1614).

Please see www.JohnCasor.com for references and links. The Public Domain Images come from the Library of Congress. If I made a mistake, please notify me and it will be corrected.

Email me at Mayumi@RoppongiGirl.com

You can also call on +81-3-4578-9370

This project is just starting. John Casor's history will be dug further. We will find more about Anthony Johnson and Angola.

Folks, what I found in writing this book is the basis for racism and how to defeat it

It is nothing personal when I say Republican=Racist.

Let's say we have a bus. A Republican Bus. You have a seat on that bus. The driver is known racist Trump and in the back of the buss is Miller, Bannon and Priebus. The bus is full of Republicans only. 80% fully support the driver. 20% don't like Trump, but ride the bus anyway for some other prize. If you are on this bus you are a racist. Get off the R. bus.

\$100 REWARD

WILL be given for the apprehension and delivery of my Servant Girl **HARRIET**. She is a light mulatto, 21 years of age, about 5 feet 4 inches high, of a thick and corpulent habit, having on her head a thick covering of black hair that curls naturally, but which can be easily combed straight. She speaks easily and fluently, and has an agreeable carriage and address. Being a good seamstress, she has been accustomed to dress well, has a variety of very fine clothes, made in the prevailing fashion, and will probably appear, if abroad, tricked out in gay and fashionable finery. As this girl absconded from the plantation of my son without any known cause or provocation, it is probable she designs to transport herself to the North.

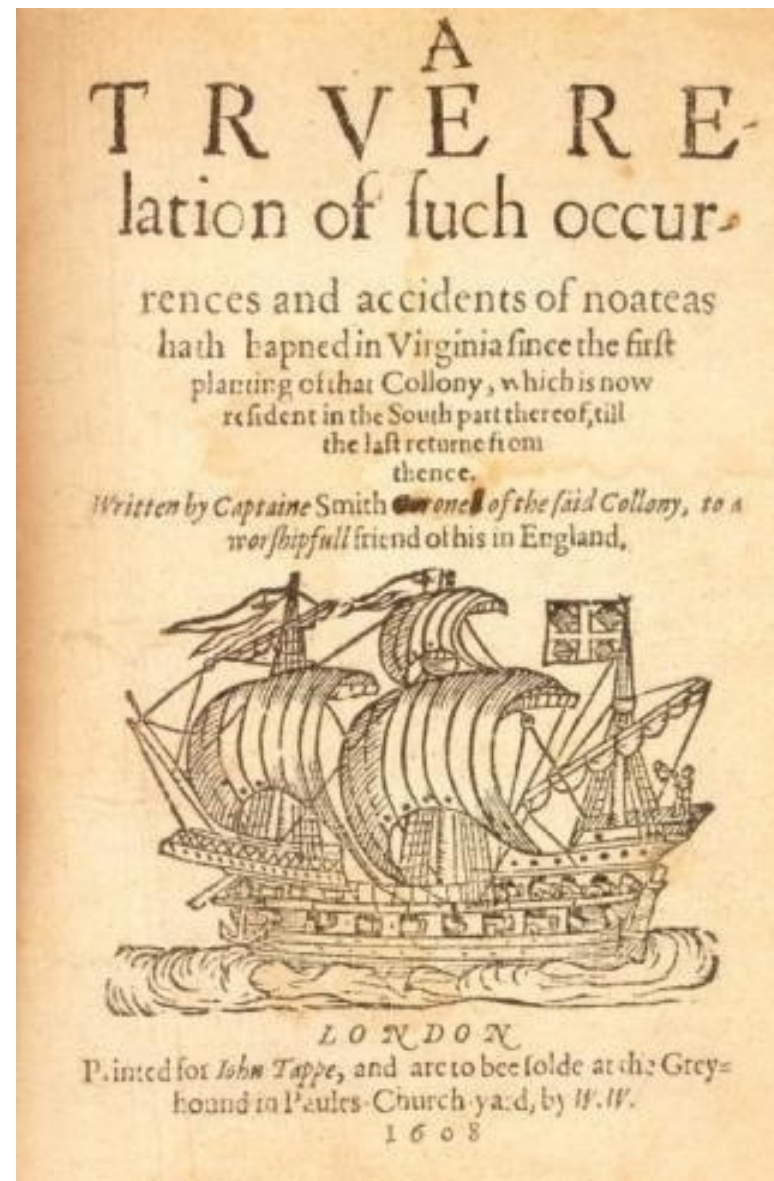
The above reward, with all reasonable charges, will be given for apprehending her, or securing her in any prison or jail within the U. States.

All persons are hereby forewarned against harboring or entertaining her, or being in any way instrumental in her escape, under the most rigorous penalties of the law.

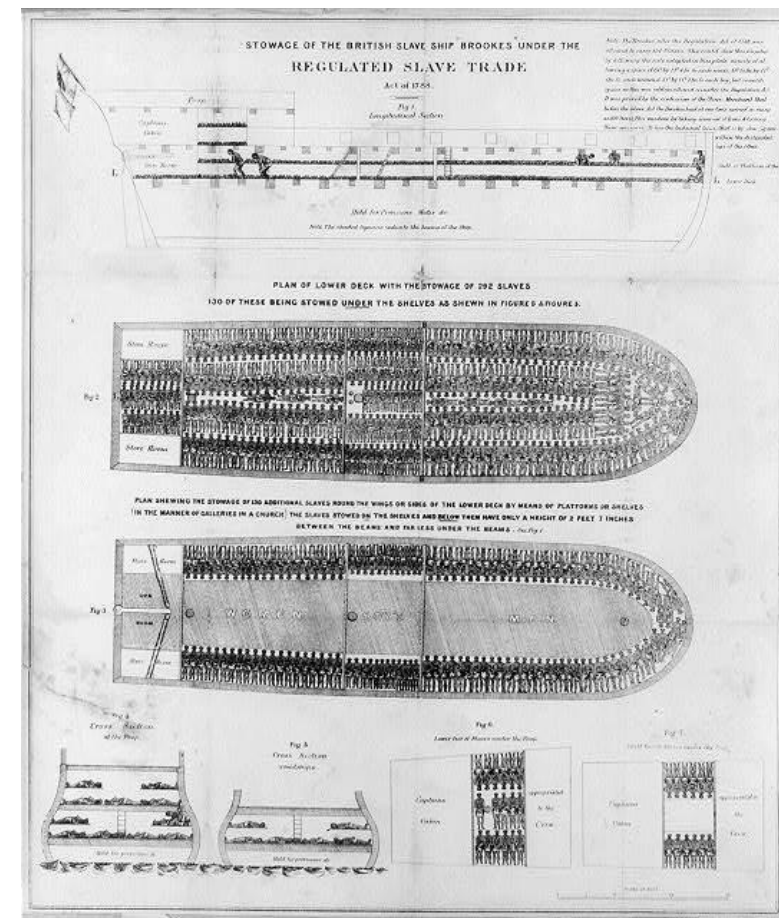
JAMES NORCOM.
Edenton, N. C. June 30 *TT22W*

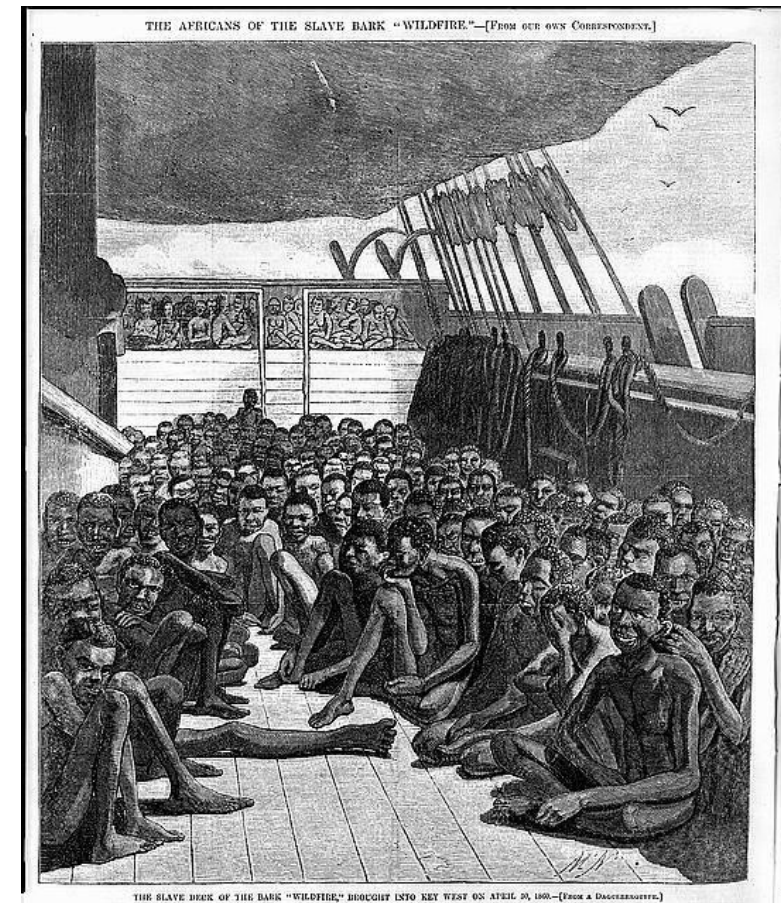
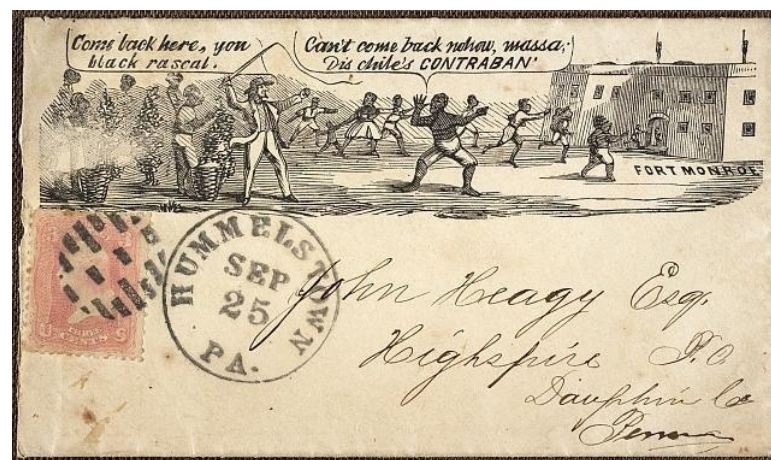
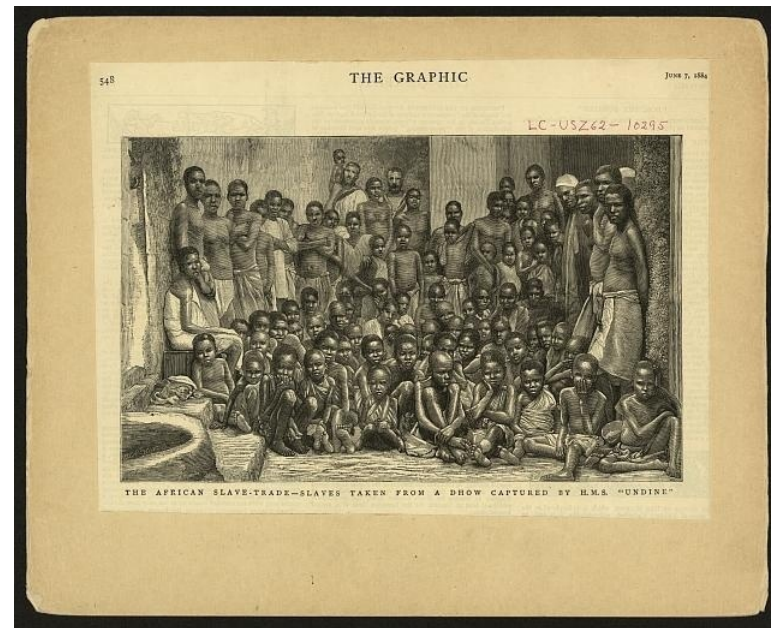


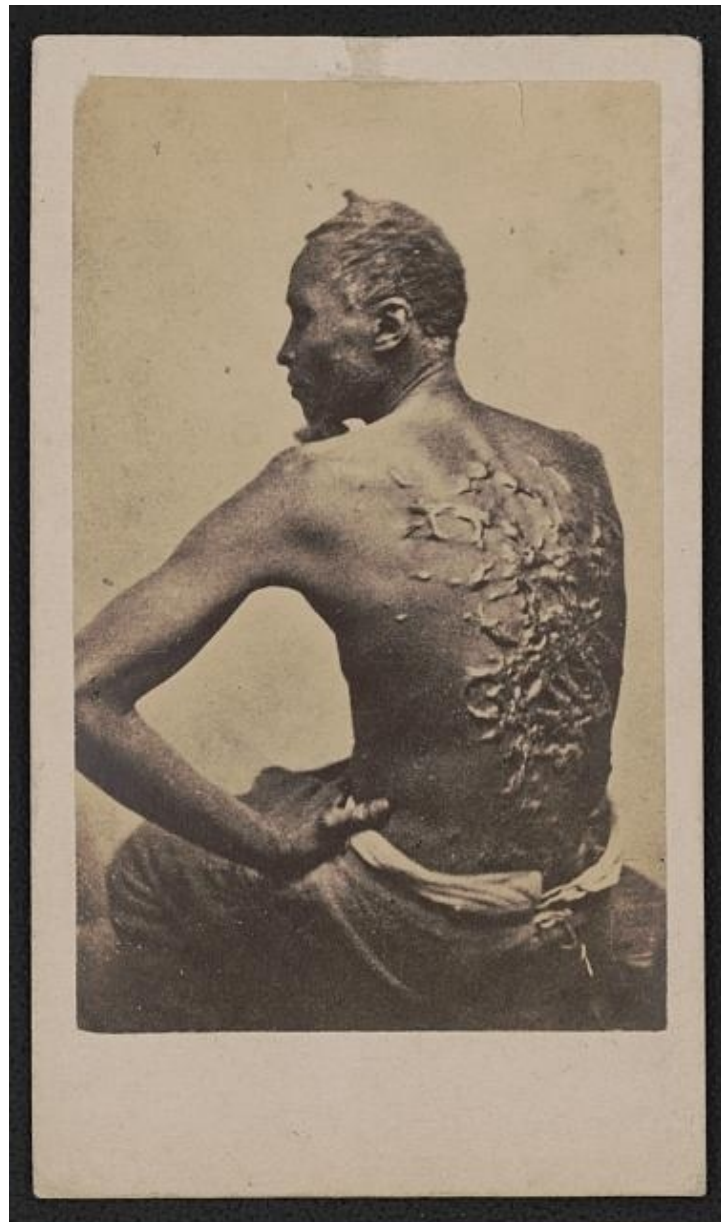
<https://www.nps.gov/jame/learn/historyculture/the-virginia-company-of-london.htm>



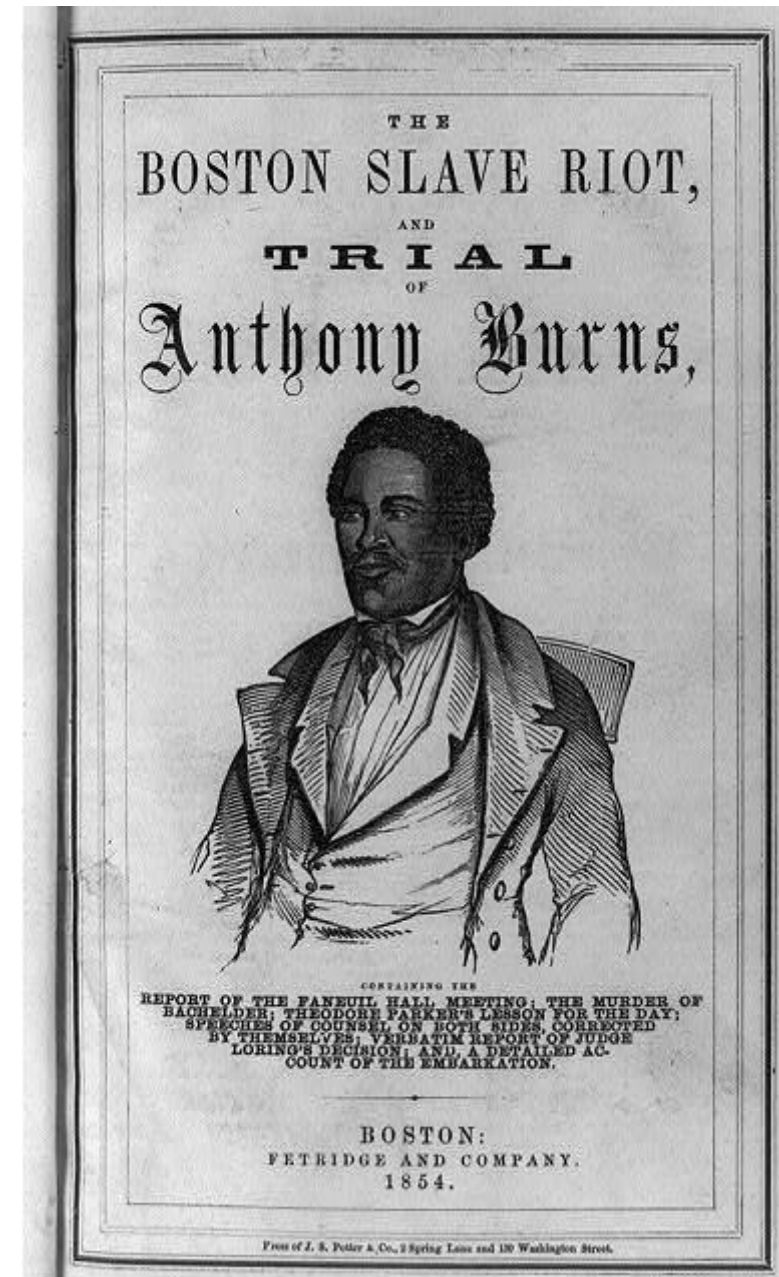
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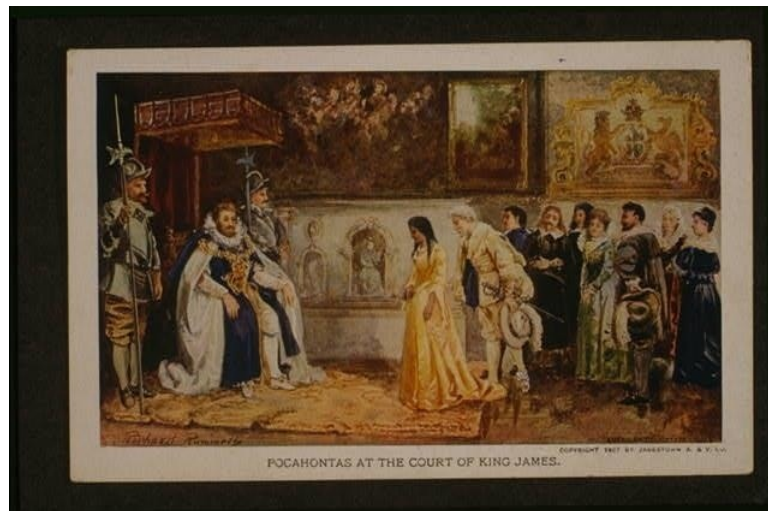
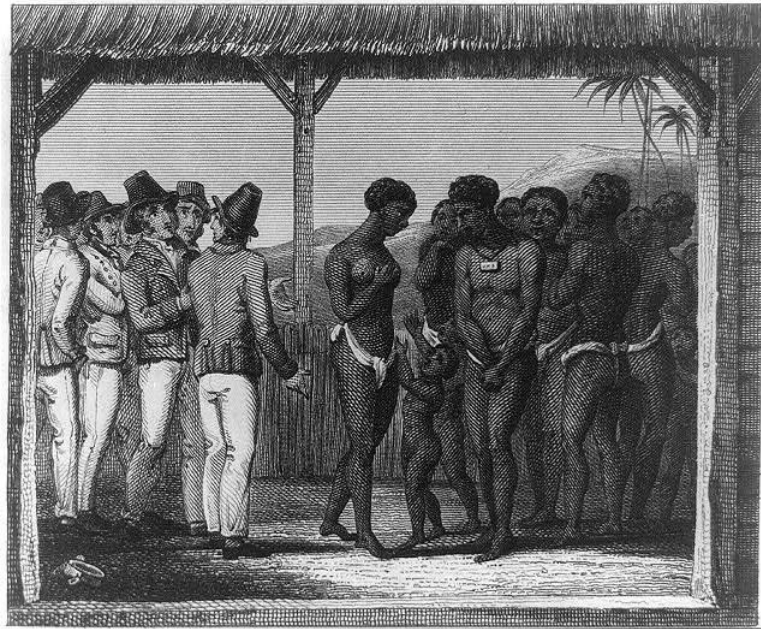


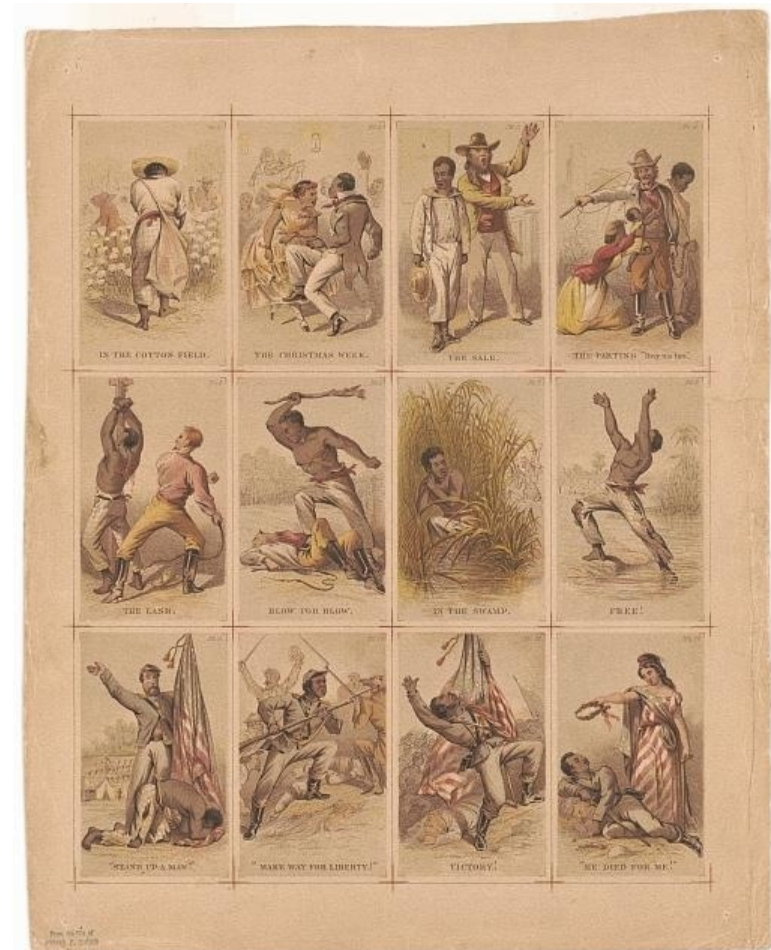




[Escaped slave Gordon, also known as "Whipped Peter," showing his scarred back at a medical examination, Baton Rouge, Louisiana]



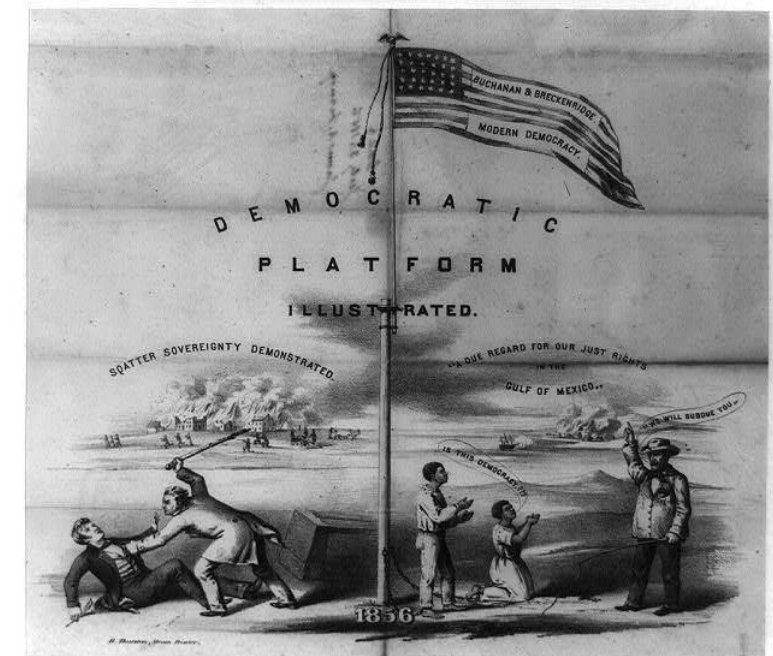






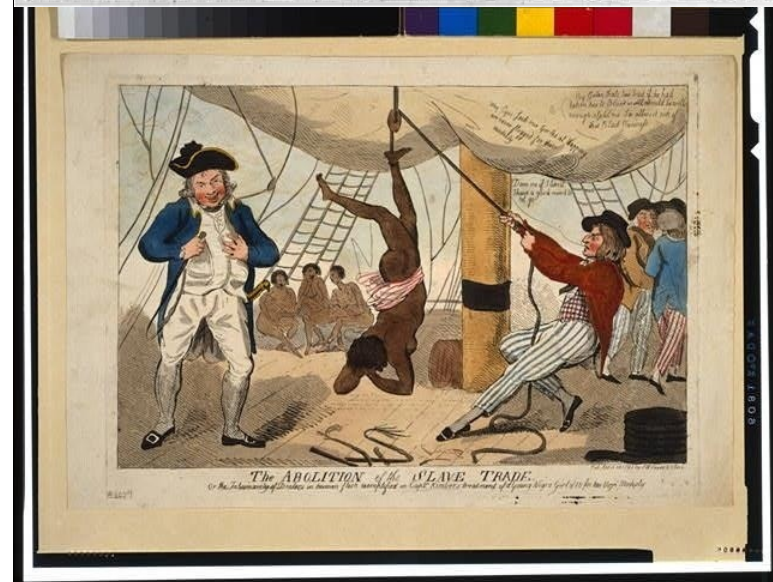
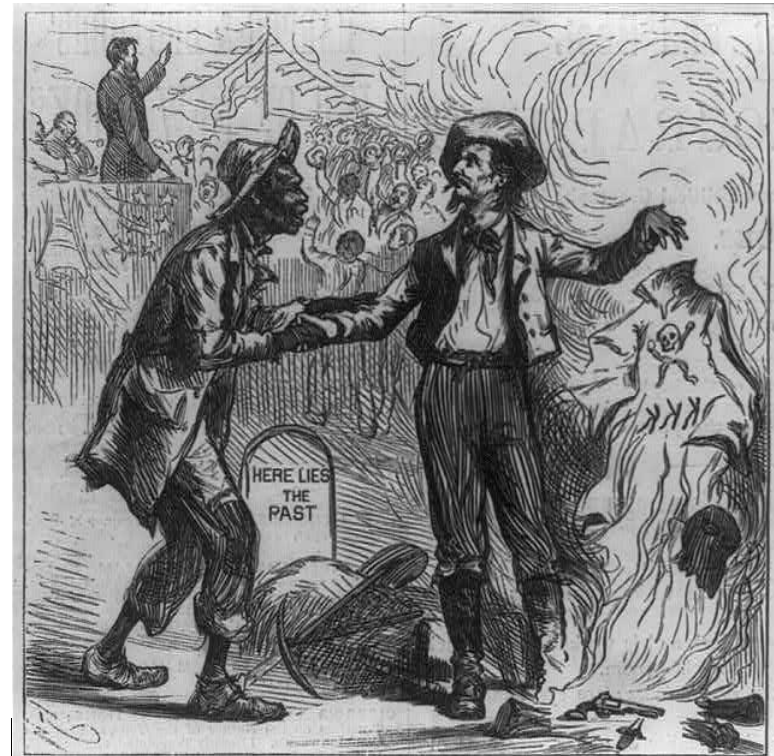


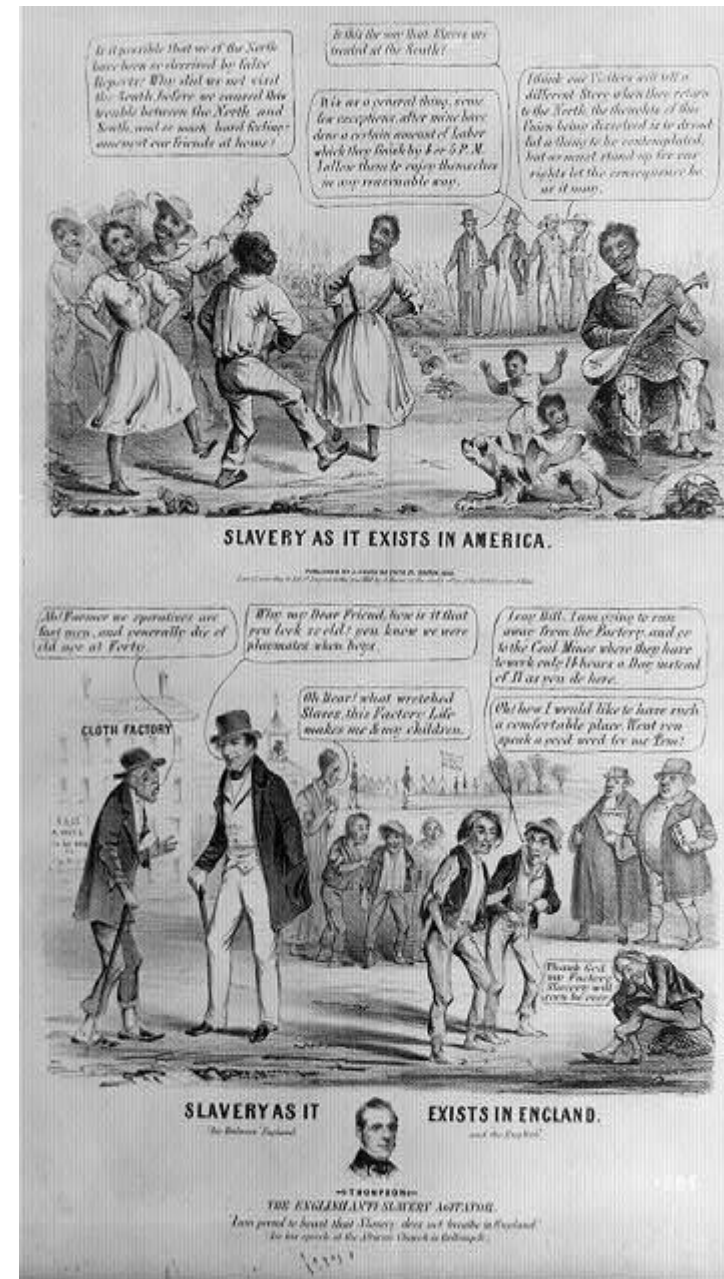
Matoaka als Rebecca daughter to the mighty Prince Powhatan Emperour of Atanoughkomouck als virginia converted and baptized in the Christian faith, and wife to the worth M^r John Rolfe. Compton Holland excud





Dr. H.W. Evans, Imperial Wizard of the Ku Klux Klan, leading his Knights of the Klan in the parade held in Washington, D.C.





From Library of Congress:

Summary: A challenge to the Northern abolitionist view of the institution of slavery, favorably contrasting the living conditions of American slaves (above) with the lot of the industrial poor in England (below).

The first scene is impossibly naive: Southern slaves dance and play as four gentlemen--two Northerners and two Southerners--observe.

First Northerner: "Is it possible that we of the North have been so deceived by false Reports? Why did we not visit the South before we caused this trouble between the North and South, and so much hard feelings amongst our friends at home?"

Southerner: "It is as a general thing, some few exceptions, after mine have done a certain amount of Labor which they finish by 4 or 5 P.M. I allow them to enjoy themselves in any reasonable way."

Second Southerner: "I think our Visitors will tell a different Story when they return to the North, the thoughts of this Union being dissolved is to [sic] dreadful a thing to be contemplated, but we must stand up for our rights let the consequence be as it may."

The second scene takes place outside a British textile factory. At left a well-dressed gentleman encounters a ragged, stooped figure, and asks, "Why my Dear Friend, how is it that you look so old? you know we were playmates when boys."

The stooped figure responds, "Ah! Farmer we operatives are "fast men," and generally die of old age at Forty."

Behind them and to the right an emaciated mother laments over her ragged children, "Oh Dear! what wretched Slaves, this Factory Life makes me & my children."

Nearby stand a fat cleric, holding a book of "Tythes," and an equally fat official holding "Taxes."

In the right foreground two barefoot youths converse.

The first says, "I say Bill, I am going to run away from the Factory, and go to the Coal Mines where they have to work only 14 hours a Day instead of 17 as you do here."

The second responds, "Oh! how I would like to have such a comfortable place. . . "

Near them another man sits forlorn on a rock, "Thank God my Factory Slavery will soon be over."

In the distance a military camp is visible. This dismal picture of the lives of the working class in manufacturing towns comes from Chapter V, Book Second, of Edward Lytton Bulwer's "England and the English," first published in 1833.

In the lower margin is a portrait of "[George] Thompson the English Anti-Slavery Agitator" and the quote "I am proud to boast that Slavery does not breathe in England," with reference to "his speech at the African Church in Belknap St."

Thompson made a speaking tour of New York and New England in 1850-51.

A Letter to my Father. Please renounce Trump. I miss you.

Mayumi

I like to find inspiration to justify and motivate what I do.

My Yahoo Horoscope for today said

You believe you have something to prove to skeptical people who lack faith in you and your vision. A tense opposition between the Sun and demanding Saturn in your 2nd House of Core Beliefs seems to attract the most stubborn individuals now. Although you have logic on your side today, it will require passion to make your point. Wherever you meet rejection, respond by demonstrating confidence and perseverance. Compromise will likely be seen as a sign of weakness, so stand your ground until others acquiesce.

The first thing is to find resources on fighting racism.

Yes, I want to learn from those before me on how to engage consistently and win.

So far, the people fighting have lost, so a new approach is needed. At the end of the day we have the same tools the Racists have, we just have to have to stomach their use.

In Business I use "Surround The Space" as the key tactic to grow my clients and keep 100% satisfaction for our stakeholders.

We are going to learn how to apply business skills to our messaging efforts. Before we get to how to change America back to the home of the brave and the land of the free we need to learn about the history of racism in our country

John Casor was declared the first slave for life in America in 1654 (or 1655) for his owner Anthony Johnson. This event set up Virginia to legalize slavery just a few years later in 1661. As I browse the Smithsonian Museum website I know this is going to be long journey that will make all cry.

We have a lot to learn about John Casor. America's first legal slave was owned by a free black man who sued to have his property returned.

In 1662 Virginia dipped its hand into the placenta and declared Partus Sequitur Ventrem. Forget the translation, this says babies born to slaves are slaves. Therefore, Thomas Jefferson hopped on board and made more slaves, mixed-race slaves.

Money Trumps everything in US History. The slave legality was all about building America and growing food. This justification of slavery is always, "But look at how great America is."

The stain is so deep that whitewashing it has not worked. The Hood: History of Hate in America and

How to Argue Against It will be considered subversive by the racists and Trump.

I recommend great caution and practice of non-violence.

Be prepared to hide from evil. Racists and their followers are rabid dogs and really, we won't get thru to them. Our target is the casual Republican with blinders on. Simple message. To be Republican is to be Racist.

By far the most dangerous place in America is crossing a member of The Hood.

The weakness of their spines will show quickly and a forced retreat from threat of violence is quick by me.

Be quick to leave violent situations.

Practice Non-Violent actions.

Use strong words, sure. No fists or worse.

Yes, I am spineless. I erased my Facebook and took down my protests. My firm will not service racists.

Since I am stuck using New Math from The Hood, e.g. one bad apple makes the whole bushel bad, I equate all republicans with Racists. The Hood math says so.

I lost my country. On my watch, my country failed. The pit of my stomach is being drained by the United States Supreme Court who just this morning upheld the Muslim Travel Ban.

The Hood, as a protest piece just took on more importance. Now, I will spend a large amount of time explaining really bad art. That part will amuse me and I hope confuse and then wake you.

The hardest and more important part of this message is what and how we can retake our country from racists. Back to the hole with you scum.

I know we lost. I know we will not win back our country in my lifetime. We lost. We got greedy and allowed this to happen.

Now, most republicans will just call Hugo Boss and get their duds tailored to fit in. The rest of us will be caged and put in jail. Our books will be burned. Our schools will be closed. We lost.

No reason to keep reading this book. I know you won't do anything.

It is Recommended to get a Hood a few sizes too big to accommodate your dunce hat.

Killing me won't stop my message. I have set up my works to be on the Internet for Eternity,

I am that rich. My message means I will be alone the rest of my life. But, my words will be in every nook and cranny of the internet.

Every time you look in the mirror you will see a racist (e.g. if you are Republican). I will not eat with Republicans. Never again. You are racists, complicit and responsible for this shit-show.

Oh, does that offend you? Fuck off.

If you are republican you are the reason America has failed. Killing me won't stop my message.

That is jarring to write, and the fear is in my mouth. But, I continue to write. I am not publishing on Facebook in a stream because I want to be alive long enough for my words to reach you.

I have been threatened of my life a few times in my career.

In the past it was Japan for taking clients from Dentsu. Dentsu was and is the propaganda arm of the Japanese government. I did not get killed, I got railroaded instead.

Racism by Japan took my business and harmed my family.

I am a privileged rich white guy. Tall, good looking, rich, great family, rich, talented, independent and oh yea, fucking rich.

Growing up in the top tiers taught me of my many talents and also, for some unknown reason, taught me to share. My history in sharing my talents is ... historical.

Universities have done case studies on my businesses both in the US and Japan. I am that puke white punk you have always hated for being born "lucky."

Why is Lucky in quotes? I come from a long line of racists.

My mom has been cured, thank your god. But, to be clear, when I announced I was going to marry my Japanese wife the words rung with, "It will take ten generations to get that out of our blood."

The power of my wife though is her beauty is so deep and she is so wonderful that she overpowered racism. My mom abandoned hate and I am so proud of her.

Dad, on the other hand, has decided Trump is his man. Dad is not particularly a racist, but he is on the Racist bus. So ask yourself, if a bunch of people get off a racist bus can you tell the "good" ones?

This book is for Dad. When you are done reading you will be asked a similar question as to what you ask me when I was 18 years old.

If you remember I moved out instead of lying. I will be asking you to move out of my life if you don't quit Trump.

So, I come from a depraved mentality where white was right and black was nigger. I never understood it.

As a freshman in high school I remember the white football jock cold cocking a black kid with so much force it lifted him off the ground, knocked him out instantly as he slammed to the parking lot.

Why? The jock said because he was black. And the crowd roared.

Being white, tall, rich, educated and arrogant I used to my advantage and my position. I saw first-hand day in and day out how as white boy I could do absolutely anything.

I am graced with learning to wield this power with deference and clarity of purpose. My 11 years in Japan were a combination of being the All Powerful White Colonialist to learning of direct Japanese Government blacklists and written racist policies, rules and laws written about and for me.

Yes, a white guy moved so fast and hard at the Internet market in Japan that the Japanese government wrote laws that made Japan only for Japanese. No foreigners were allowed to play in the internet space after me.

Why? Racism.

www.Japan.co.jp has the history. Picking up this story in 1853 with the USS Powhatan. I own that as of this writing. Powhatan was Pocahontas' father. We follow Mayumi Takadanobaba leading all sorts of shenanigans in Japan.

I expect shit to hit the fan and this domain to be repatriated before the 2020 Olympics. Just my prediction.

As a white guy in Japan I was the token toy for Japanese business executives to show off. I was a TROPHY GAIJIN.

Ok, now you know.

The coup happened when Obama's Supreme Court pick was stolen. STOLEN by racists. Fuck.

The impact of this will be generational and yes, we lost. The feckless cunt of a country is now yours. Enjoy your downfall. Your policies are the most stupid and will harm everyone.

The "Base" of The Hood will be harmed and still will praise the good leader.

Snowflake is how the right refers to me. But, when I use the same Hood Math in arguments as them, they go violent. Shit.

For example, in math if you are a member of a set, you are part of that set. For Republicans the migrants are all gang members. Gangs are a very small percentage of the Migrant group when compared to the avowed and stated racists in the Republican set. By the right's standards, if you are Republican you are a racist.

The Hood is a fanciful place. The trailer parks, the blue jeans and guns is the image that comes to mind, but that is wrong. The racist mafia moved into pretty suits and into the Whitehouse. The Speaker of the House is a Racist. The Senate Majority leader is a racist.

Our #BADD OG President is a racist. Racists in suits are the worst.

In college we had a secret handshake and saying to please ourselves with exclusivity.

For the last few years the overt racism was with a wink and a nod. Slowly the American public accepted and actually started repeating these racist sayings. Then, poof, The Hood came back in fashion.

Now, if you have The Hood while you enter the USA you can get special treatment and get in.

God is your witness. He died for everyone, not just your sorry white asses. Repent. You are a sinner you racist pig. You are part of a group, you are now fully aware of that. If you decide to stay in the Republican party you are a racist. Not 10% racist, the whole enchilada, taco and tamale.

MOVING TO FRANCE

That is how the conversation began this morning with my wife. Clearly, we need to take the chance to leave this land of hate.

For the first time she said, "Can we?"

Oui! Yes, we can. But, will France have us?

Will we. Yes, more than likely, move out of the USA.

Although my sense of right and wrong are fully peaked and I know I must fight back. My sense of danger is off the charts. I will not survive pushing back. I will be killed. So, I bid you bye. Yes, those church going Republicans are going to kill me.

This is not rhetoric. The threats started quickly and I hastened a quick retreat from Facebook. This book will get published and forever mark me a hater of

racists. I will give the rest of the population the proper words to defeat you.

Repeat: Republican=Racist.

Before you get to hear all about how to move to France, I am going to try my best to leave solutions to fix this country. Yes, I will turn my obvious anger into the power to write.

ELECTION DAY and everyday leading to this election day is the most important in our lives.

Hate as a collective moves as one. Love is dispersed and doesn't know how to hate the haters. That singular point is why we are doomed.

I will vote on the first day my vote-by-mail ballot arrives. (I did!) I will call everyone I know and say VOTE.

Since I don't speak or eat with Republicans anymore I won't be wasting my breathe.

My focus will be on Red Districts and understanding how to defeat hate at the ballot box. If you vote Republican you are a racist. Own it.

If you are a republican and this book makes you mad, go fuck yourself. Spray your evil seed all over your belly and rub it in.

By the way, Republican women are the real haters. They breed this hate and install hate into their kids. No pass you evil bitches.

Rant, yes, I am ranting. You can stop reading anytime. I, however, cannot stop railing against republicans and racists.

Johncasor.com will be one of the primary homes to The Hood. During the creation process I am databasing and classifying the arguments both sides use.

Why JohnCasor.com? Because the Racist Republicans are scared that the whole party will be named after them. They are secreting with the joys of power and they are very poignant in messaging.

In the whole, the Racist argument is one bad apple makes the whole bushel rotten. One bad Muslim means all 1 billion Muslims are suspected to be bad. One bad Mexican, all of them are rapist, except maybe a few are good people.

One bad _____ and all _____ are bad.

One bad Racist Republican and all Republicans are bad.

Simple Dunce Math - New Republican Math.

Under the color of God, the racists are claiming they are just enforcing the law. I have never heard such a perverse use of God.

I am Jesuit Educated. The simple idea of any church supporting separating children from their parents just for being migrants makes them the

devil. The lack of morality by the Racist Church is known.

Don't Come. Fuck You - Uncle Sam.

The Ghost of America's Past has risen from the dead. The evangelical call for the second coming of Christ has instead woken our worse instincts and history.

The church members responsible for elevating #BADDOG Trump and keeping him in power are the devil. They are Racists Risen from the Dead.

You might be a redneck if

You are a racist if you are Republican. (Fox News Rule #1 - Repeat demeaning nicknames.)

If you want to be saved in America stop giving money to your fraud of a church. There ... You Saved.

How is it that a proud atheist gets to call you out as Racist Church members?

Easy. I am your mirror.

Only members go to heaven. Only members get saved. Only white members get saved. Only whites can even think about getting saved.

If this is your church. Your church is false and a very false god. You must quit Trump. You must quit being Republican until he is gone. You must quit racism.

You must demand our founding principles be restored.

You must demand due-process to be protected against Trumps pen. His pen is destroying us.

You must quit being Republican if they continue to ignore, cajole or support Trump in any fashion.

Your party has been hi-jacked. If you stay on the bus you are a Racist.

You can exit at any time.

You can exit at any time.

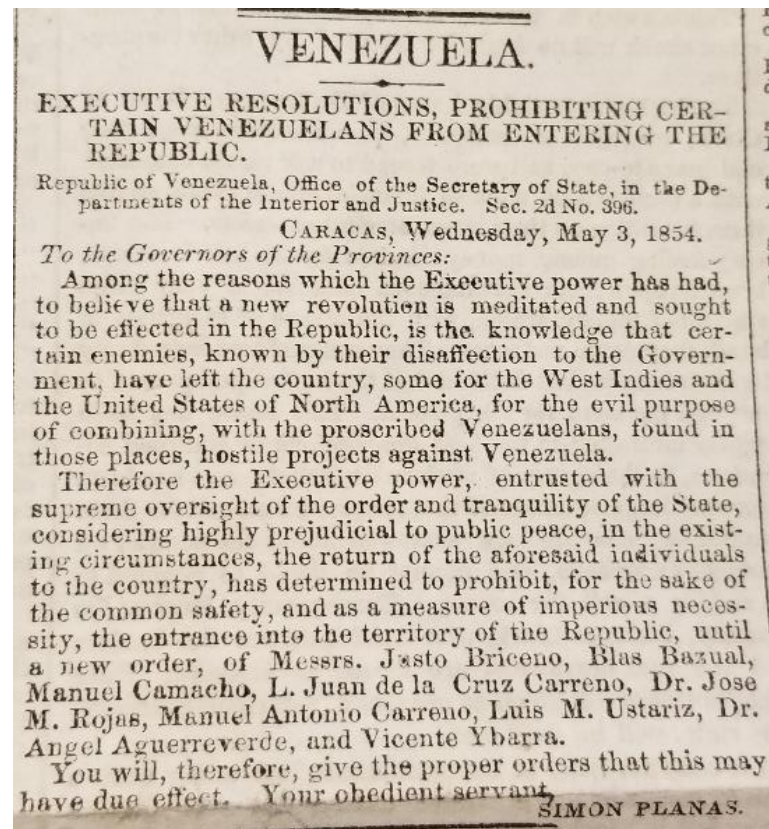
Thank you for reading my letter to my father. The rest of the book is dedicated to saving my father from the Dark Side

---- Cool Hand Luke

AKA: Your youth

Also, in same paper is Report on Commodore Perry Opening Japan. And this gem showing executive power to exclude persons.

Like today in 2018.



Tuesday, July 11, 1854 New York Semi Weekly Tribune (personal collection)



It is 5pm. Can we all stop now and have a drink instead? The badge of bondage hate is on the jacket below. Take it off. Take it off.





Mary Johnson took the right door.
The path to remain free was to leave Virginia.
Just knock once and enter.

The Ghost of John Casor
Asks for your hand today.
Marry me with love
Say goodbye to hate.
Freedom is yours
Handle it with care.
A Trump Law
Can take it away.
Don't fold to the past
Wash out that stain.

Mayumi Takadanobaba

2018



Proof

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