

Chapter 1 : Forty Million Dollar Slaves by William C. Rhoden | www.nxgvision.com

Author, William C. Rhoden, in his book, FORTY MILLION DOLLAR SLAVES, admonishes the black athlete for dropping the "sense of mission" that the black community entrusted with them. The black community sent its best athletes forth, to raise the status of the athletes and at the same time, raise the status and well being of their communities.

In lieu of an abstract, here is a brief excerpt of the content: Forty Million Dollar Slaves: Focusing on the history of cultural and social oppression, he chronicles past injustices and myopic practices to educate African-American athletes about their heritage and to spur them on to future engagement with their communities. Rhoden analyzes individual athletes, such as Jack Johnson, as symbols of historical pride within the black community. Still, Rhoden presents instances in the development of African-American athletes as iconic figures that have been lost. Rhoden emphasizes the Negro Leagues as a model of effective black entrepreneurship and source of community pride. As professional sports were desegregated in the mid twentieth century, spectators, commentators, and other athletes often criticized the play of African-American athletes. Rhoden laments the failure of African-American athletes to obtain real power in an industry that profits from their images and creativity. He argues that R. Rhoden asserts that success in the twenty-first century sports industry is predicated upon commercial appeal. When leagues, such as the National Basketball Association, became dominated by a black labor force, the wide-spread adoption of black culture and style became inevitable. Rhoden suggests that the modern African-American athlete capitalized on this exposure by presenting a commercially viable image of edginess and urbanity. He demonstrates that many athletes became myopic after achieving success as image-makers, forgoing true decision making power within the sports industry. Black athletes no longer considered community-focused power and self-determination as appealing as achieving personal wealth and fame. His arguments are grounded in reality, but he offers no direct course of action to follow. Rhoden might have promoted action to reverse the current trends by appealing to the pride for community and the shift away from the individualistic persona he argues permeates modern African-American male athletes. He misses an opportunity to mobilize the collective voice of African-American athletes that can obtain true power within the sports hierarchy. Forty Million Dollar Slaves documents the struggle of black athletes to obtain decision making power within the sports industry. You are not currently authenticated. View freely available titles:

Even after more than a decade, "Forty Million Dollar Slaves: The Rise, Fall, and Redemption of the Black Athlete" is still a serviceable book about the challenges and adversity black athletes faced throughout history and continue to face as they churn through the merciless, mostly white-owned machinations of pro-sports.

Sunday, February 18, Book Review: I wanted to develop my own opinion of the incendiary page polemic independently of the surrounding maelstrom it generated in the sports journalism world. Now that the furor has long died down, and I can only dimly remember the details of its strongest criticisms, I recently picked it up and consumed it with as open and detached a mind as possible. Second, Rhoden, who writes for the New York Times, is admirably passionate and wrote this book with a sincere desire for systemic change in both the overall sports industry and the mindset of contemporary African-American athletes and executives; thus, we should consider his ideas. Third, I am hesitant to be presumptive, but I believe Rhoden would encourage discourse and debate on his book from all races. And finally, one cannot read the book without doing some critical self-examination along the way, and I would endorse any product in which rigorous internal reflection is a side effect. According to Rhoden, though African-Americans have gained numerous benefits from professional athletics, their persistent lack of real power in the modern sports industry remains a glaring travesty. In pre-Civil War America, this dynamic was literal: Any athletes who were consistently successful frequently earned respect from their fellow slaves and pittance from their overseers. Antebellum white society was fearful of blacks achieving success in athletics for two reasons. First, there was a concern that black dominance in head-to-head athletic competition with whites would have a detrimentally empowering impact on the rest of the African-American population. Second, white America recognized the growing financial vitality of professional sports leagues and needed to bar blacks from realizing any of the potentially lucrative payoffs. As a result, whites kept blacks in marginalized roles if they were allowed any roles at all in sports by using a variety of methods. As outright segregation and banishment became less viable tactics, whites began allowing African-American integration, but only under unfavorable conditions. By signing away all of the top African-American talent and refusing to regard any of the Negro League franchises as financially and culturally significant commodities worth preserving, white team owners effectively crushed what might have been a prosperous black institution. Rhoden also points out that athletes such as Jackie Robinson, though lauded for being color-barrier breaking pioneers, did a disservice to their fellow African-Americans by failing to negotiate better terms for their ex-Negro League employers. To Rhoden, the situation for blacks and the overall African-American society is more grim than uplifting. If they are good enough, these athletes eventually enrich their white owners with their grace and aesthetic style of play. The impetus for these black athletes, of course, is the allure of huge salaries. For Rhoden, Michael Jordan is the most egregious example of an athlete with more means than anyone to advance the causes of African-Americans, but who instead has stood for nothing except his own commercialism. Meanwhile, black representation in the coaching, management, and especially ownership realms are nearly nonexistent. The lone exception is Robert Johnson, the owner of the Charlotte Bobcats, but Rhoden is even skeptical of his motivations, fearing he may be nothing more than a callous, profit-oriented businessman. They could move to exploit black muscle and talent, thus sucking the life out of black institutions, while at the same time giving themselves credit as humanitarians. On the other hand, throughout history, large sports leagues have regularly subsumed less powerful ones, even when race was not a factor. Two leagues with uneven levels of market capitalization rarely can coexist for long, and if there is a primary culprit for this, it is arguably capitalism before it is racism. Further, though the means MLB used to acquire Robinson were nefariously exploitative, he did end up having a much larger stage to captivate and inspire millions of Americans—black and otherwise—than he would have had with the Negro Leagues. And if you think that the lessons and legends of heroes such as Jackie Robinson should be shared by all American cultural and ethnic subsets, it is hard not to see this as the most important outcome of baseball integration rather than the extinction of the Negro Leagues. I was also left wondering how ideal it would have been had one or more Negro League teams been incorporated wholly

intact to MLB. Rhoden laments that this did not happen, but he fails to really flesh out this alternative scenario. Would these former Negro League franchises, were they still in existence today as a part of MLB, continue to be segregated? And if so, would that even be desirable? Again, if your opinion on integration is fixed one way or the other, you would not require an answer to this question. However, if you are undecided, you will likely remain that way. Another philosophical fault line thatâ€”depending on which side you standâ€”will inform your reaction to *Forty Million Dollar Slaves* is the relationship between athlete and community. Rhoden firmly believes that African-Americans should be using their wealth to advance the overall black community and insists this notion has shamefully declined since his college days. During several interludes, Rhoden recounts his experiences playing football for historically black Morgan State in the late 60s and recalls the uplifting, inspiring effect the big football games against other black colleges had on the greater African-American population. The result is a vicious circle: Ultimately, if these athletes do eventually become millionaires at the professional level, they are less inclined to help the communities that raised them, because they no longer identify with them. This is a pretty sweeping theory, and one that I am not sure Rhoden successfully proves. If a black athlete grows up in rural Alabama, for instance, and ends up playing for the University of Alabama, is the athlete really in danger of forgetting his roots? I believe that the onus is on Rhoden to prove this, and in my opinion he fails to do so. But again, this incident is from the early 80sâ€”Rhoden needs to provide more current evidence to make me believe that colleges continue to behave in such a sinister, culturally-brainwashing way. Even if Rhoden is correct in his assertion that many if not most black athletes involuntarily turn their backs on their upbringing, the question remains: Though I only have anecdotal evidence, it seems that nearly all professional athletes, regardless of race, see to the welfare of their parents, guardians, extended family, and friends immediately after they sign their first huge professional contracts. These entourages receive money, homes, improved living standards, and often financial backing for their own entrepreneurial endeavors. First, Rhoden does not really acknowledge any of this. Second, what else should these athletes be required to do? A good number of athletes do donate to their high schools, universities, and a variety of charitable organizations, many of which reside in their local communities. But if an athlete grew up in a dangerous urban environment, does he really have an obligation to everyone in the neighborhood? Certainly it would be nice if they felt that way, but I have a hard time taking any athletes to task who feels differently. A third and final potential grey area with which some readers might potentially grapple: Rhoden uses some interesting behavioral examples from black athletes in the past that he believes to be admirably constructive, as well as others that he decries. It seems as if Rhoden could have chosen a more clear-cut example of a black athlete acting sociologically conscious. Jordan happened to agree with Hardin and declined to back the athletes, although he did offer to fund a library for a more general purpose, such as family life studies. Eventually, Hardin acquiesced and the students got their cultural center. A lion on the court, he was a lamb when the community needed him. Black athletes like Jordan have abdicated their responsibility to the community with an apathy that borders on treason. My final criticism of *Forty Million Dollar Slaves* involves a technical aspect of the book: I believe Rhoden uses very questionable documentation procedures. The book does have endnotes, but it does not contain footnotes, and this posed a problem for me, particularly on a number of statements in which I was unsure whether Rhoden was stating fact or conjecture. He had heard the white crowds roar and may have longed for the right to live that life. In the end, although I failed to see eye-to-eye with Rhoden on culpability issues and some of his interpretations of past events, I do agree with his overarching principle: My biggest worry is that Rhoden is not interested inâ€”or even hostile toâ€”achieving a greater degree of integration in sports and in society as a whole. Ultimately, your opinion on the level of black power in sports may rest on how fast you think progress is occurring. For Rhoden, it is clearly not occurring fast enough, but one fundamental problem with blaming racism or indifference or whatever is that professional sports teams are not easy to acquire for anyone; besides being extremely expensive, they are also rarely for sale. But Carter, like me, is confident that things will change and are changing if not fast enough to suit Rhoden. Nonetheless, I thank Rhoden for bringing these issues to light, and I want to see the debate continued.

Chapter 3 : Interesting quote from Forty Million Dollar Slaves | theespnwatch

About Forty Million Dollar Slaves. From Jackie Robinson to Muhammad Ali and Arthur Ashe, African American athletes have been at the center of modern culture, their on-the-field heroics admired and stratospheric earnings envied.

The Black Athlete has abdicated their responsibility to the community with treasonous vigor. It touched on the unfortunate paths and states of mind that have overtaken the realities of some black athletes of today. I agree with his position that "making the evolution to be a completely free man is realizing that racism is more virulent and determined than ever before. That being said, I respectfully disagree with the overall notion that the black athlete today is simply "lost," as Mr. Rhoden labels us in his book. This leads to a general ignorance of the issues impacting a vast majority of African-Americans across the country. And painting the entire, illustrious roster of current black athletes with this broad brush of ridicule, one that leaves no room for exceptions, is just wrong. But to say "the contemporary tribe," as he calls us, "with access to unprecedented wealth is lost," is completely inaccurate. When a national tragedy occurs such as the case of Trayvon Martin -- the young black unarmed teen who was shot and killed by Neighborhood watch captain George Zimmerman -- it effects everyone who has kids. This is a parents worst nightmare. It is an unfortunate reality that the stereotypes that exist in society can have deadly consequences. Martin was nothing more than a young man wearing athletic shoes, jeans and a hoodie. He posed no immediate threat, yet was viewed as a threat. This prompted Zimmerman to follow Martin in his car, get out, chase him, confront Martin and eventually shoot him fatally. My first thoughts on this made me think of my 6-year-old son Malcolm, as many parents began to think of their own kids. You always want to be able to protect your children from the world in any way you possibly can. I believe that is the only way you can really relate. This tragedy did not fail to hit home for many athletes as well. People seem to think that there is an imaginary bubble that we all live in that protects us from any harm, but that simply is not the case. This has prompted athletes from all over to join in this protest. Dwayne Wade and Lebron James, arguably two of the top players in the NBA, but more importantly also fathers, decided it was time for them to speak out, as many others did around the NBA. In a show of solidarity, Lebron James posted a picture of all the Miami Heat wearing the team hoodies with their heads bowed and their hands stuffed in their pockets. Among the hashtags James linked to the team photo: In another interview with the Associated Press hours before the Heat were to play the Detroit Pistons, with this tragedy continuously weighing heavily on his heart and in his mind, Wade explained , This situation hit home for me because last Christmas, all my oldest son wanted as a gift was hoodies, so when I heard about this a week ago, I thought of my sons. We just feel like something needed to be done about it. In a further demonstration of support several Heat players, including Wade and James, took the floor Friday night with messages such as "RIP Trayvon Martin" and "We want justice" scrawled on their sneakers. Other players around the NBA were also effected by this tragedy and aimed to show support. Carmelo Anthony tweeted a photo of himself in a gray hoodie, with the words "I am Trayvon Martin!!!! Stoudemire also wore a gray hoodie while working out long before tip-off. The National Basketball Players Association issued the following: Martin and joins in the chorus of calls from across the nation for the prompt arrest of George Zimmerman. The reported facts surrounding Mr. Their silence in the face of this injustice is reprehensible and they cannot be trusted to safe guard the citizens of the Sanford community equally. As this stance by the Miami Heat proves, contemporary black athletes are capable of carrying on the tradition of their brave brothers and sisters before them who led their teams to victory on the field and led the way in challenging racial disunity and injustice in the world outside the athletic arena all while potentially facing the petty and insipid criticism of reactionary media. Now back to 40 Million Dollar Slaves. It is that our disconnection from the black community and the retaliation black athletes face from reactionary sports media has fractured the "common cause" that once united all black athletes when they stood for causes for social justice. Countless analysis of the existence of forces in American professional sport that disconnect black athletes from the black community or as William C. Rhoden described as the "Conveyor Belt," p. Many contemporary sports writers, analysts, commentators etc. Furthermore, for black professional athletes who do remain connected to the black community in significant

ways, Rhoden focuses on the harsh reprisal that they are likely to face at the hands of a largely white, reactionary sports media. Also at the root of the problem for contemporary athletes, Rhoden outlines, is the threat that engaging in causes and issues that management might consider politically unsavory would consequently lead to the loss of earnings potential. Instead, they received praise and support. Heat coach Erik Spoelstra called it "a powerful statement. Our hearts go out to the family and loved ones of Trayvon Martin for their loss and for everyone involved in this terrible tragedy. Just to reiterate, I have tremendous respect for Bill Rhoden and I feel that Forty Million Dollar Slaves should be required reading for every athlete beginning in high school. It gives us a history in knowing the tremendous sacrifices that were made for us. It gives us an account of the athletes that have come before us to lay the foundation so that we can have the opportunities we have today. The decision made by Dwayne Wade, LeBron James, the entire Miami Heat, and other athletes to take a stand after the tragedy of Travon Martin should not be dismissed as singular and nominal. These are not the actions of a group that is, "Isolated and alienated from their native networks" or someone possessing an "ignorance of the issues impacting a vast majority of African-Americans across the country. For more on Etan Thomas visit [EtanThomas](#).

Chapter 4 : Forty Million Dollar Slaves Analysis - www.nxgvision.com

40 Million Dollar Slaves NPR coverage of 40 Million Dollar Slaves: The Rise, Fall, and Redemption of the Black Athlete by William C. Rhoden. News, author interviews, critics' picks and more.

I was expecting a book about contracts, money, recruiting, and trading. Rhodes touches on all those things, but this book is primarily a history book, drawing distant and not-explicitly-stated parallels between the slave markets at the beginning and the meat markets of college recruiting at the end. This book is also a call to arms of those who already know the history: This book is ten years old already, but because it focuses on history, it is still relevant today. I wonder if it would hold up under scrutiny. Rhodes also speaks of a fighter in the 19th Century called Molineaux, who needed to travel to Britain to pursue his sport, since whites and blacks were not allowed to fight one another in the U. Much was made of Molineaux in London, and he was painted at least four times by leading artists of the time. Molineaux lost his historic fight with Cribb, a white contender, due to shenanigans by audience challengers which dispirited Molineaux and allowed Cribb to recover long enough to thrash him. They became valuable property for white owners. They were free to ply their trade, excel, and win, but they were still owned. The profession was elevated and black riders were replaced by whites as the purses got larger. As the parade of sports in which blacks excelled are related, Rhoden points out the integration of sports initially occurred outside the United States: Rhoden recounts a catch in which Mays caught a potentially run-making hit with a basket catch below his belt buckle. But did this black style, which only accelerated in the years after Mays, ever enhance black power in the industry? Not really, Rhoden tells us. That style was sold, literally, to white corporations. What distinguishes sports from other industries is the nature of the raw material. For the past fifty years, the prime raw resource in the sports industry has been black muscle. There is way more discussion to be had on this subject, considering Rhoden closed up shop just as he was getting to present day. And the book is ten years old. I am sure there are others that address this topic that I have missed. We watch a lot of sports in this country. Seems to me it would be wise to own up to what it really means for athletes, for viewers, for corporations, and for corporate owners.

Chapter 5 : 40 Million Dollar Slaves Open Discussion : Free Download, Borrow, and Streaming : Internet A

When I chose this book for a book report it was because I thought maybe there was a famous slave back in the day that was sold for forty million dollars but this book ties in today's athletes and the labor they give our world and how they're in a way, our upgraded slaves.

Chapter 1 The Race Begins: The Dilemma of Illusion Long before there was race and even before there was politics, there were Saturday mornings in the playground. Every summer, on Saturday mornings my father and I would greet the dawn. My father was my first coach. He was a mathematics teacher by training, and his penchant for teaching extended to sports. He taught me how to catch a football and run a sprint. An astute judge of talent, he recognized that his oldest son needed tutoring. I was eight years old, my shots barely reached the rim, but my dad constantly reminded me that there was a lot more to the game than shooting. So we worked on fundamentals: He won that, too. But what I loved most about Saturday morning was the bonding. Those practice sessions gave me an opportunity to be with my father, and be with him on a relatively equal playing field. He was still father, I was son, but I knew that one day, if I became strong enough, quick enough, big enough, competent enough, the dynamics of our athletic relationship would change. Those memories, carefully tucked away in my heart, are what make sports reverberate in my soul. Not covering the big games, interviewing celebrities and superstars, but childhood recollections of a boy trying to please his parents. The deepest, most ancient pull of sports for me has always been emotional. My father tried to shield his three children from the brutality of the racial struggles that swirled about us in the s. Mostly he insulated us from the unfolding drama of the Civil Rights movement. My mother was not an avid sports fan, but she was the lion in my soul. Her brother, my uncle Eddie, was a prizefighter in his younger days my father called him the Canvas Kid. She essentially told me to go back and kick his ass. I remember the two of us standing in our kitchen, my mother giving me an impromptu boxing clinic. I can still hear her voice as she showed me how to throw a combination: I never did fight Billy Boy. This was my first lesson in combat: Power without heart and strategy is meaningless. My mother laid out the racial facts of life for me. She burst my bubble in our kitchen one afternoon when she said casually that there were more white people than black people in the United States. The stores, the Laundromat, the record shops, my schools. If whites were the majority, where were they? Of course, the answers to these questions flowed into the larger ocean of segregation and racism. That, in turn, flowed back to the ritual my dad and I enacted when we watched sports. I learned about race and racism in front of the TV set. My father and I watched football games upstairs, in our bungalow on 78th and Calumet. The images were too crowded, too small, too gray. The fun of it was cheering; and cheering interests were simple in our house. We rooted for the team with the most black players. We cheered for the hometown clubs, the Bears and White Sox, but aside from that, the general rule of thumb was that we cheered for the team with the most colorful presence. In those days, when black faces were few and far between, we cheered for the color of the skin. We had some variations to the general rule: If the team was from the South and had just one Brother, his team was our team; he was our man. Out there on the field, he became the torchbearer for the race. The ritual my dad and I engaged in was one that took place among black sports fans and non-fans throughout the United States. When Johnson defeated Jeffries on July 4, , black communities across the country exploded in celebration. Other parts of the nation exploded with violence. And they were not mistaken. Those early symbolic victories were soul food. But the predicament of black Americans was more complex, precarious, and sometimes seemed even hopeless. African Americans were so disconnected from the American dream that sports often seemed the only venue where the battle for self-respect could be vigorously waged. My parents and their parents sat around their radios listening to Joe Louis fights, living and dying with every punch. Louis was fighting for himself and his country, but he was also fighting for a black nation within a nation. Every time Jackie Robinson went to bat, he did so for that elusive, ever-evolving state of mind called "Black America. The fate of black civilization seemed to rest on every round, every at bat. The indelible marking of skin color made it so. Early in the formation of the United States, blacks became the designated drivers of the Scapegoat Express. We were the "outside others. African Americans, by virtue of some

seventeenth-century decree, got the job. No amount of education, no amount of wealth, could remove the stigma of race. The paradox and dilemma of virulent racism is that our exclusion became the basis of our unity. The next two hundred years of our existence were defined by reacting to racism. So our cheering assumed a deeper meaning: Black athletes became our psychological armor, markers of our progress, tangible proof of our worth, evidence of our collective Soul. Any competition or public showing involving an African American was seen as a test for us all; the job of the athlete was to represent The Race. This was a heavy burden on one hand, but at the same time it represented a noble, time-worn responsibility. Paul Robeson--All-American football player, activist, orator, singer, actor--never forgot his first day as a freshman football player at Rutgers when white teammates tried to kill him--and nearly succeeded. His father told him that quitting was not an option, regardless of how trying conditions became. I was the representative of a lot of Negro boys who wanted to play football and wanted to go to college, and as their representative, I had to show that I could take whatever was handed out.

Chapter 6 : 40 Million Dollar Slaves | Don Diva Magazine

*Many books have been written on the history of the African American athlete, chief among them the tennis star Arthur Ashe's scholarly *The Hard Road to Glory* (). In *Forty Million Dollar*.*

Chapter 7 : NPR Choice page

\$40 MILLION SLAVES: The Rise, Fall, and Redemption of the Black Athlete User Review - Kirkus. New York Times sports columnist Rhoden explores the history of African-American athletes, decrying the unwillingness of modern players to take the courageous stands that characterized their.

Chapter 8 : THE CHARLOTTE BLOGCAT: Book Review: Forty Million Dollar Slaves

*Provocative and controversial, Rhoden's *\$40 Million Slaves* weaves a compelling narrative of black athletes in the United States, from the plantation to their beginnings in nineteenth-century boxing rings to the history-making accomplishments of notable figures such as Jesse Owens, Althea Gibson, and Willie Mays.*

Chapter 9 : Did anyone read the book "The Forty Million Dollar Slave" ? | Yahoo Answers

Forty Million Dollar Slaves: The Rise, Fall, and Redemption of the Black Athlete Summary The author first seeks to get the reader to look at black sports history from a new perspective.