

I Don't Like White People

I have to confess that I have a problem with white people. Simply, I don't like them. My distaste for white people, however, is not racial, cultural or political, it is aesthetic. I know that beauty is in the eye of the beholder, but I still don't like them.

Probably the main reason for my dislike is because I was born and raised in Cuba, and I never saw a white person there. Even though I saw plenty of dark skinned people, and even some yellow-skinned ones, I never saw a white person in my country of origin.

Actually, the first time in my life I saw a white person was in the mid-1980s. At the time I was living in New Orleans, and we were told that a hurricane was approaching southern Louisiana. So, I went to the nearby Piggy Wiggly in South Carrolton to buy some emergency supplies. While I was there, I saw this white woman. Real white.

She was not albino; she was just white, like a sheet of white paper. Frankly, I didn't like her. To me she was sort of repulsive. She reminded me of a totally white frog I saw in the countryside a long time ago. After that, I have seen only two more white people in the U.S., both of them women, one pulling her luggage at the Phoenix airport and another one entering the Whole Foods store in Berkeley.

Now, I still cannot explain myself why some people claim that Trump won the election thanks to the white vote, when evidently whites in America are just an insignificant minority. This goes beyond my comprehension.

I remember that when we were living in San Francisco my son was only six years old. One day, while strolling on the Presidio trails – this was when Col. Aquino of the LaVey's Church of Satan had been accused of sexual abuse of children

in the Army's Presidio Child Development Center and the Army was desperately trying to cover up the scandal – so, I kept my son under close view at all times. Then, pointing to his arm, he candidly asked me, “Dad, why people call us ‘white’ when we are actually pink?” At the time I was unable to answer his question. Well, I still don't know the answer.

Also, I still don't know why some people called Barry Soetoro (a.k.a. Barack Hussein Obama) “black.” Actually, he is a light brown mulatto. In fact, Fulgencio Batista, the Cuban President Castro overthrew in 1959, was several shades darker than Obama. He claimed he was not of African descent, but that his ancestors were Siboney Indians, the original inhabitants of the Caribbean Island. It was probably true, because he resembled more an American Indian than an African.

Nevertheless, “progressive” lefties in Berkeley still hate dark-skinned Batista and love the pink-skinned (white to them) man who imposed communo-fascism upon the Cuban people. But everyone knows that Berkeliens are a very strange people. This explains why Michael Savage calls the city “Berzerkeley.”

In the same fashion, I still don't understand why some Americans of African ancestry call themselves “black.” Most of them are actually brown. Granted, there are some black people in Africa. Some of them, mostly from the Congo, are so black that their skin looks bluish. There are some of these truly black people in Cuba, but I have not seen any one like them here in America.

I have the feeling that some Americans are using the color of their skin as a sort of politico-ideological umbrella to hide the fact that most of them are not discriminated against because of the color of their skin but because of the content of their character. They seem to forget that, as the Reverend Martin Luther King rightly pointed out, this is a perfectly legitimate form of discrimination, not only for them, but for people of all skin colors, including the so-called “whites.”

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