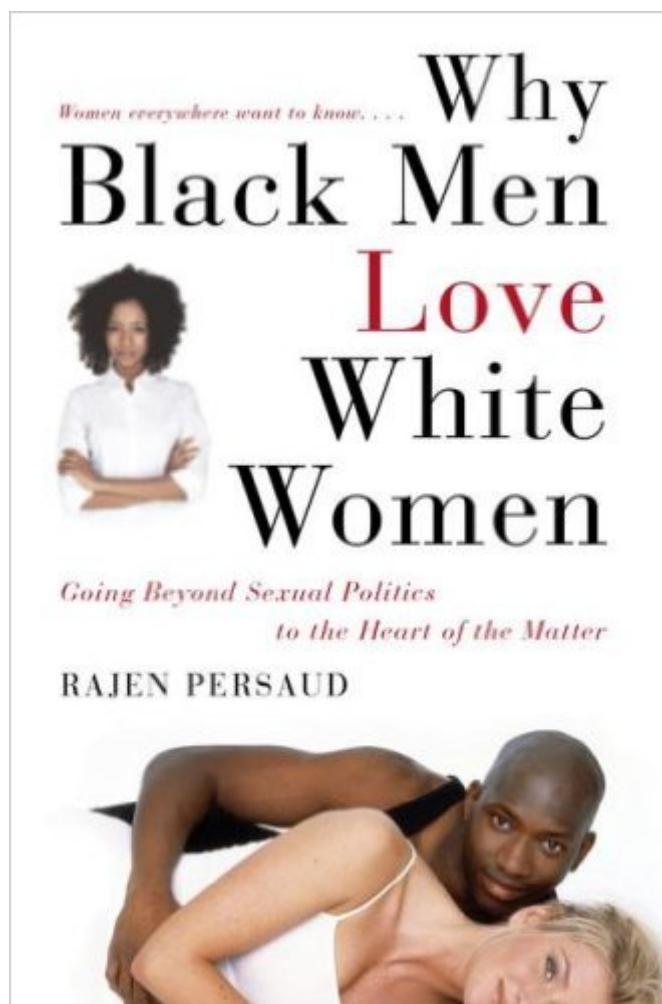


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Why Black Men Love White Women: Going Beyond Sexual Politics To The Heart Of The Matter



Synopsis

THE IRREVERENT, EYE-OPENING, AND HILARIOUS BOOK THAT DARES TO ASK... Why do so many high-profile black men date and marry the most ordinary white women? Why do so many other black men desire and covet the company of white women? And why does this subject deeply touch so many people of both races? Are these provocative questions matters of love, sex, revenge, power, or politics? All of the above, asserts Rajen Persaud in this illuminating, no-holds-barred book that will have you laughing with recognition while fundamentally changing the way you see just about everything -- from sex and marriage to your own gender and race in all its foibles, pretensions, and ultimate possibilities. Challenging every one of our preconceptions about mixed-race relationships, Rajen Persaud's commentary lights up a topic that has only deepened in intensity and relevance in the decades since Sidney Poitier asked the world "Guess who's coming to dinner?" The answers, so deeply ingrained in our fabric as a nation and even grounded in our past, force us to look at ourselves and our culture with new eyes while pondering matters of CELEBRITY: From Michael Jordan to Bryant Gumbel to Tiger Woods, high-profile affairs and marriages with no shortage of controversy. SEX: Are black men choosing white women -- or rejecting black women? RACE: How white male insecurity is the key to understanding racism. RELATIONSHIPS: Is it more than love that brings the races together? POLITICS: How fear is used to gain power, from sexual politics to global war. MEDIA: How movies and television keep black men running to white women. ...and much more. Get ready for Why Black Men Love White Women -- and finally understand the relationship phenomenon of our times. --This text refers to the Paperback edition.

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Customer Reviews

Persaud is telling the "sistas" not only what they want to hear but using the book's supposed theme of addressing interracial dating between black men and white women a pretense to dispense with his racist, moronically tendentious philosophy. I can't help but feel he's using this book as a means to gain better access with women himself and I bet he's a "playa." There are kernels of truth in his writing, but they are far from being unobvious ones. His gross generalizations are so restrictive and proverbially black and white (quite literally) that no real human being can fit to any appreciable degree the characterizations he proffers. He claims he's exposing the white male's insecurity, the dark sexual past history of African-Americans, and the erroneous beliefs that some have in finding love with members of another race. Again, however, his arguments are based on such narrowly defined generalities that there are not just exceptions to the rule, as Persaud defines them; rather the rule itself proves the exception. As a white male who grew up in a very diverse neighborhood in New York, attended public high school, and went to a diverse university, I have had numerous opportunity to date members of many races. I've dated white and Hispanic women that proved more "ghetto" than a ridiculous female black character on a lame UPN sitcom. And I've dated some young black women whose families was so damn refined I can honestly say I felt eerily out of their class. All the stereotypes were upside down. But walk literally five blocks north to the projects and it's a really sad different story, in which the stereotypes prove more true, replete with the project's Eminem wannabe. As for sexuality, the myth of the sexually untamed African has some merit, at least in a more sexually conservative time, but today where music videos show everyone half naked and bumping and grinding, it holds far less a potent image, as black sexuality is awash with the multicolored spectrum of the rest of America. Persaud compares white sexuality as more passive and tame, thus he himself is guilty of stereotype myth making. But here is the catch, he promotes the ones that he is clearly believing are the "good" ones for his race but rather uncritically. Is it really truth that black men as a group are more hung than whites? Can keep it up longer? Better satisfy and hit all the right spots that poor limpy wimpy whitey can do? How about dancing? Aren't all the brothers just born to grind and dance naturally with rhythm? Growing up in a diverse environment, playing varsity, you got to see them all in the locker room. The smallest one (and you ladies out there know what I am talking about) was a black guy. The biggest, a skinny ugly SOB, was a white guy, who we nicked named "Donkey D*ck." Funny thing, old "Donkey D*ck" seldom got any but Mr.

Small had a surprisingly large number of girls he was playing. Go figure. I'm no John Holmes, but I'm far from being a shorty. And I think we all saw that untouched pic on the net of good 'ol Mike Tyson standing naked in the locker room with a pinkie d*ck (which goes a long way explaining the man's anger). As for dancing, go watch a Saturday airing of Soul Train; there's plenty of uncoordinated black men up on the stage, and for every white guy doing the white man's overbite, there's some black guy doing a lame robot spasm move. So much for stereotypes. Now what about love? I'm with a black woman now. What would Persaud say? Hmm. Maybe I'm hung a bit bigger than the rest of the brothers or can break a better move, huh? And why would I be with her? Ah, maybe I want to tame that animalistic nature, the dark heart of Africa, right? Yeah, that's it. Perhaps instead of playing up on old, outdated, and often baseless stereotypes, Persaud should have scratched a little deeper beneath the surface. The fact is that there is a horribly large percentage of uneducated black men today in America. Black men are the least educated today. In contrast, black women are far more educated. However a double standard, women want to marry up or at least marry at their level. Eons of sexual evolution isn't going to stop this. The wound to black men lies more today in a wound to malehood, shame, and in many cases a lack of self-belief. There is an appalling lack of real role models in general for men, but particularly for black men. I call it the delusion-mythology. Don't go to school—that's for suckers. Instead go join the NBA. Go be a rappa. School is for punks sucka. This message is inundating the youth 24/7, where violence, fast sex, and no concern for the future is glorified. But what happens when that black kid wants to learn and get ahead? He's got an interest in science, is real bright and takes AP calculus in high school. He gets ridiculed by his own, labeled an Oreo and treated like scum on earth. Somehow, most insanely, success gets equaled to being "white." Persaud never addresses any of these things though, which surely have a very real affect on why black men (and women) want to get away from all the negative "black culture" that keeps so many down. But you see that is the real dirty little secret of the black community, and Persaud, like so many blacks, just don't want to acknowledge it and so hides behind old asinine stereotypes as pretense to give a good-feel racist message. I know his type well: He's the kind that would have a heart attack hearing old "whitey" like me saying it and then acting like a bad 50cent thug act. And sometimes baby, a man and woman, regardless of race--just simply fall in love...

Before you read this book, know that the author is a stand-up comic. He slyly presents his opinion as researched fact and draws conclusions based on these "facts." Rajen Persaud begins with a supposition--black men "love" white women--that may have been backed by some study that some sociologist has already conducted but is absent from this text; in the end, we just have to believe

him. That's page one. Persaud continues the trend of faux-scholarship, trashing Phillis Wheatley's historical worth based on ONE POEM and painting Condoleezza Rice as a traitor to the African American community simply because she studied Russian. He calls Alan Keyes a "self-serving ingrate" for describing slavery (not the American history of slavery, but slavery in general) as "in violation of the fundamental premise of human dignity... not a racial issue." Valuing black lives over those of others is inherently racist, Rajen Persaud--shame on you. The author seems unsure whether this book is supposed to be a scholarly work or a work of humorous observation like that of Chris Rock or Richard Pryor, who are cited frequently. The biggest difference between Rock and Pryor and Persaud is two of them are funny, and the other one wrote this book. Unfortunately, "Why Black Men..." is either a sociological study that doesn't hold up to basic principles of proof and argument or a funny book that, frankly, is too pretentious (and un-funny) to be comedic. Rajen Persaud doesn't know which it is, and neither do I. The title "Why Do Black Men Love White Women?" is only an attention grabber for a 264-page rant. Understand before going in that the author's opinion was the major source of fodder for this book--don't let the wealth of fancy quotations fool you.

This book is a pile of hot garbage. THE BASIC MESSAGE OF THE BOOK IS: "Black men can't handle STRONG Black women and that's why they flock to WEAK White women; the only reason Black men are attracted to White women is because White women are WEAK; Black men who "love" White women are too WEAK to handle a STRONG Black woman, and dating White women is their easy way out." Reading this book makes you wonder if the author has any self-hatred issues. Plain old common sense says, if the author loved himself as a Black Ruler, embraced himself as a Black Builder of Nations and took pride in himself as a Black Warrior King, he would have reversed the title of the book: "Why White Women LOVE BLACK MEN", and then listed all the reasons why White women LOVE US. The fact that he didn't is crystal clear - he wrote this book to stroke the battered and bruised egos of Black women who make poor relationship decisions when it comes to choosing a good man. Reading this book makes you wonder if the author was rejected or dumped or turned down by a White woman or if blue-eyed Sally Sue broke his heart and told him no or chose another Black man instead of him. Maybe that's why he didn't entitle the book, "Why White Women LOVE BLACK MEN", because White women have NEVER LOVED HIM. It makes you wonder if the author is jealous of brothas who have blue-eyed Sally Sue on their arm. If a white woman chose another brother over him it makes perfect sense why he would hate on White women and the brothas who love them and then write a silly book about it... The old "If you can't have it,

hate it" mentality. LMAOThat's the whole book in a nutshell. Don't waste your time and certainly not your money. The author is a hater. The author sounds like a whiny, angry mama's boy - [mad] because his club-hopping, legs-spreading, babies by 5 different men having, smart-mouthed single-mother never could find a man, and it's all blue-eyed Sally Sue's fault, for snatching up all the good Black men.This is book is a pulitzer prize pity party for (#1) any Black woman who has ever had a Black man choose a White woman over her, or any single Black women who feels miserable about herself because she can't understand why she's still single and all alone. Black women outnumber Black men 12 to 1 (and if you take into consideration ineligible Black men such as Gay Black men, homeless Black men, incarcerated Black men, etc., that number skyrockets to 20 Black women for every 1 eligible Black man), so if a Black woman sees an eligible Black man with a white woman, it's easy to see why she might question her worth or value in the eyes of Black men and think to herself, "what's wrong with me?" (#2) for any Black woman who has ever had a Black man cheat on her with a White woman. It tries to reassure the sista she had nothing to do with her Black man cheating on her with the White chick... God forbid she should wonder if there was anything she could have done better to keep her black man happy and prevent him from running to the loving arms of Sally Sue. If you're a Black female feminist this book is probably going to be your newly anointed feminists Bible. It contains all the ingredients to make you feel better about your misery and soothe your pain. But it won't help you get a man. It's going to do the exact opposite. You'll still be single and miserable, but rather than look at yourself, this book will give you more sticks and stones to throw at blue-eyed Sally Sue.The author's argument makes no sense because Black men love ALL women: BLACK women, Mixed women, Hawaiian women, Arabic women, Filipino women, German, Brazilian, Italian, Chinese, Haitian, Cuban, Mexican, Puerto Rican, etc, etc, etc. Not only White women. So, for the author to focus his entire argument toward the Black man's "love" of the anglo-saxon Euro-White woman is straight up retarded.My wife is Black and the love between us is stronger than any force in the universe. And yet, I have nothing but a head nod and a high-five for a brotha with Sally Sue on his arm. Why hate?The title of the book is what captured my attention and I bought it. Learn from my mistake: Never judge a book by its cover. Wow - the irony...

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