



Video Story Transcript

The White Boys: Korean-Puerto Rican Girls Seeks Anybody

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Link to YouTube Video:
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=GUkT-I0Dqbw>

Note : The following is a transcription of a spoken story performance and may not reflect textbook perfect English. It will guide you as you listen (or read) along.

Hi, I'm Elizabeth Gomez. I must have been about 37 when he walked into my life. He was about 10 years my junior and built like a god. Actor Ryan Gosling is everything I ever wanted in a man. He was tall and blond and perfectly sculpted, and, not to mention, he was white.

So. So, white. Ryan Gosling represented, to me, everything I never thought I could have in a man. He was white. You see, white boys don't kiss brown girls - not brown girls like me, brown haired, frizzy bo..., frizzy-haired, chunky bodied, acne scarred skin, totally obsessed with Ted McKinley because one day we were going to actually get married on the Love Boat. Girls like me! White boys liked white girls and this is the way of the world.

I realized this as I sat in my fourth-grade chair turning over my letter that was marked no. I spent the night before working on this letter so hard. I made sure my handwriting was festive and straightforward and, yet, feminine. I made sure that every box on the wo... note were straight lines, sharply angled, square boxes, so that you could mark yes or no, so that your potential new lover would be able to tell you that you could or could not put his name all over your notebook.

Tyler was the whitest boy in school. He was a kind of white that was almost transparent. Near summer re... near summertime when we went to recess, I always thought it was very irresponsible for the teachers to let him out because the moment he hit the sun, his face would turn a vivid, bright red. And his neck looked like it was just burning, but I would stand there and bathe in the radiance of Tyler's strawberry glow.

As I sat turning this letter over and over in my hand and looking at that box marked no, I noticed these notes next to it, which said, "You're ugly." But I knew exactly what he meant. When he said I was ugly, he was talking about my broad nose and my crazy, dark, thick hair and the fact that I didn't even have Adidas from, like, a real store. They're the K-Mart kind with the two stripes. What Tyler Jackson didn't realize that he had did was set me on a path of destroying all white men. I mean, not really destroying all white men, but I was definitely set to crumble some hearts.

A year later, my next potential bu... bo... boyfriend, when I was in the fifth grade, was a guy named Jason McCleary. That's not his real name. Okay, it's totally his real name! I think he should know that because, you know, I've grown into quite the lovely lady. My skin is cleared up and I've really pulled my stuff together. Jason was everything I wanted in a man. He was white. I watched him every day and I imagined myself looking at him and just spending hours and hours and hours looking into his oceanic blue eyes and just talking about Megadeath and doing our hair together with hair spray. And I knew he was going to be my next boyfriend.

I also knew that if my Korean mother found out that I had a white boyfriend that I would be like "top notch, gal." For example, my mother said to me that she didn't care who I ever dated as long as he wasn't Puerto Rican because my father was Puerto Rican. Also, she wanted him to be white.

Growing up in a small town in Virginia, I was the token "what are you girl." It was, basically, that I didn't know very many people of color. So, everyone who looked at me was like, "She's not white and she's not black. So, what are you?"

As a kid, it never really bothered me but as I was growing up and as a well-rounded adult, I look back at that and I wonder if that was really kind of the core of my problems. What are you? What are you? Is that the reason that I felt this need to be, like, neatly labeled and categorized and put into this box. Like, if I could do that, would it make me somehow justified or my presence or my life a r... given, uh, validation.

So, a year later I'm sitting at the desk again, looking at another note that says "no" and Jason flirting with Kim Cullerton, a petite, blonde, long hair girl. Kim Cullerton is not her real name. It totally is because she should know that she ruined my life.

Anyways, years and years later, because I didn't date anyone in high school, I was afraid of being rejected. I was standing in my dormitory, my college dorm, when I hear this, "Come on, Liz, Elizabeth. You know you got it like that."

I was standing with Tyrone, my new boyfriend. He wasn't white. He was dark, dark, dark, dark with like this beautiful body and this Barry White voice.

And he looked at me and he's like, "You know, guys, they got a thing for Asians. Latin girls too. You got it all. You know, you've got that thing, Elizabeth. You know, you got that thing."

"Thing. What thing are you talking about? Why have I had this thing and no one's ever told me about it? Did I catch that when I was in the gym bathroom without my flip flops? What is this thing, Tyrone? I wanna know and I need to know now."

Tyrone laughed at me, he laughed at me 'cause he thought I was funny. He thought I was charming. He said that my hair was great and that a big, fat, broad nose looks good on me. He told me that it didn't matter what I looked like because I had so much other stuff. But I definitely had that thing, whatever that thing was. He kissed me, and everything was wonderful.

The next day, I kept thinking to myself, “What am I doing? Why is it that I've been wanting to be white this whole time? You know, white like my friends, like the Keatons on Family Ties, like Olivia Newton-John. What was white going to make me that I wasn't already?”

At that moment, Ty opened a whole world for me, where I could realize that there are so many beautiful, colored people that I could love. And he did the best thing for me. He made me realize that it doesn't matter what my color was or what I... my features were like.

But that I had that thing and I like that thing. And I would always have that thing. His warmth and his honesty made me feel accepted and made me understand a lot about what I was going through.

Look, I still like white guys, especially, if they look like Ryan Gosling - even if they look like Seth Rogen. But my insecurities are no longer about my race or my face. But really, it's about me finding the way to love who I want, when I want.