

# Confessions of a Black White Man

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## Abstract

Barack had *gifted* me the internalization of my awareness of the experience of a Black Man. By that I am very specific. Normally I would respond to the assertion, “don’t call me white and I won’t call you black”. It is not about an african complexion, skin color. It is historical.

## 1 Rage

With my force of spirit and intellect, the internalization of the African American Experience as my own produced an awesome rage. Not against White People. Against the History of Slavery, Civil War, Lynchings, Civil Rights, and White Supremacy. Against *Black History*, as I call it. And not a rage in an incivil sense. A rage of force of spirit. A spiritual rage.

## 2 Whiteness

My ancestors are European, exclusively. My experience is otherwise technological. The climax of history in thought and industry as from Edinburgh or New York, in the European American Experience. As a “white male” I never experienced prejudice. I experienced no more than the frailty of others. In this experience I’ve always been compelled to lend my strength to others when I could. And in this lifestyle Barack had caught me in a number of ways. Generally, in a sense of service that reached into a profound sense of humanity.

## 3 Reflections

The whole thing is not particularly relevant to anything excepting as yet another source of strength and commitment to the original “path of the true human being” that I’ve lived since birth.

It’s relevant to my relationship to Barack, however. In that it’s a source of *conflict*. It’s beyond resolution of *what*, how or why. It’s spiritual. Within the individual that is me

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he's the only one who understands it. The assertion has no cause for accuracy or precision. It needs only represent a thing enough to be known to his awareness, exclusively.

If he's my brother, then we fight like brothers do. If we are to have a relationship beyond *conflict*, then it will require some actual face time.

I cannot otherwise rationalize (serialize) the thing to any other meaning.

## 4 Awakening

Such an awakening, a spiritual opening to history, is a violent thing. The violence is subjective and civil and unique to an extremely particular comprehension as has no place in the public domain.