

Another young lady in our story circle went through a similar situation. This young woman and made a large salary. Her father allowed family members to come in and work for him. Unfortunately they stole cash out of the cash register and gave away free food. This eventually led to her father loosing the Mr. Hero. Without his income to support the family, she was forced to move to the ghetto. She said that she became poor and began to see a different side of the world.

So race has changed me because sometimes the blacks are looked down at when they are poor, so race has affected me in a negative way because whites would look down at me in a negative way, then when I was rich. My family and I could not get as much benefits as we used to get when we were rich. This is saddening. Now I see how the blacks interact with the whites now.

As this story teller spoke with such compassion you could feel her pain and frustration. The theme is seen here because she was treated differently because of her economic status. Although she still had black skin when her family was wealthy she was treated very differently than when she became poor. She did not see the mistreatment due to race until she was brought down to this level, now it is seen very clear for her.

White Authority and Racial Profiling

The next theme is white authority and racial profiling. The next stories show a strong sense of white authority and then being treated differently because of the color of their skin or their race, racial profiling.

To begin this theme is a black mother raising two black male children. She says that she now sees a whole different side of racism. As a mother she is going to be on the defensive but she says she is defending her black sons constantly. This is happening with no way to tell if either of her sons has been involved in any criminal activity. They are simply marked as trouble because they are black and male. This is racial profiling.

Now we do live a neighborhood that is not predominantly white that is the majority white. So we are still minorities in that area and there are several black children in that area as well. But I do notice that nobody wants to come to my house because them

realizing that you know that nobody really cared either way the I was gonna have to find my own way and find out who I was.

In this story there are two people fighting. The one person took things way too far and

This is a very powerful and moving story. Hatred is seen very clearly. This hatred comes from deep within. It comes from years and years of feeding itself. No one treats another human being this way just because. The white policemen did not know these black people. They put them in a category simply because of their skin color (race). Hatred and fear create a vicious cycle. The people who are hated fear the people they are hated by. Below the story teller makes the comment that there were many witnesses because this story happened on a Saturday afternoon. However, these people are too fearful to say anything about it. Why are they so fearful? The story goes on to explain about a girl named Sarah who did speak up.

*Jg'VMMI g'V\Yk Uj'Xc]b[" \$'Xck b'U'&) a d\ 'ggYX'ncbY'Mi 'i bXf'gdUbx'k \Uhi=fā g'uh]b['gc:]Z'U'U'U'g
bchifU'U'U' d'fcz']b['h'Yb' =Xcb'f'i _bck 'k \U'h]g'*

Is it right to send someone to jail for going 5 miles per hour over the speed limit? How many people drive that way on a regular basis? I know plenty of people who think driving 5 miles per hour over the speed limit is ok. Do you think if that person was a white man he would have still gotten pulled over? Chances are probably not.

The last story does not have to do with white policemen as authority figures but takes place in a public school. In this school there is white authority. This man was clearly racially profiled. This is from a middle aged black man, recalling his sophomore year of high school. He went to Kenmore and was a basketball player. He recalls going to school early and staying late on game and practice days. Getting there early the boys would usually times.

And this was 1983 and so we had heard about incidence that had happening cus in Akron they had just began busting I think in 1981 or 82; busting the students from the seat side out to Ellet and Kenmore. And so that introduction to those comminutes was not a welcome one we were treated i a a A 'Ubx'h]gk Uja U]b'mZ'ca 'h'Yf'g]X'Yb'g]b' the neighborhood we were treated as though we were very un-k Y'U'ā 'YX' '5 bX' =f'ā Ya W'f'X'g'Y]b['h'U'icb 'h'Y'U'U'h'f'cca 'k U' 'Ubx' =X]Xb'f'i]_ Y'Vi f'hi a Ya m'ZY]b[g'k Y'Yb'f'i 'Vi f'hi =k U'g'b'f'i]_ Y'U'Z'Y'U'X'a a'g'h'i' '6i h'W'f'U]b' m'g'ca Y'X'U'a U]f'Y'k Uj'X'cb'Y'Ubx' it began to mold and shape how I would act and how I would interact with the teachers and the g'i X'Yb'g] 'Gc']h'k Uj_]b'X'U']_ Y'U'b' i b'g'c_ 'Yb']'b'Y'mai 'U'U'b'f'i'h'U_ 'r'c' h'U'icb'Y'f'g'cb' Ubx'h'Y'f'Y'k Y'f'Y'c'h'Y'f']'h'Y'g'f'f'i'g'h'U'icb' " =h'U]b_ 'U'U'U' 'cb' h'Y'Y' d'f'f'Y'b'W'W'bc'k 'cb' g'p'd'v'ca d'f'Y'm'U'f' of high school that were stemming from you know overt and covert racism. So but that niggers go home on the bathroom wall is an experience that I remember very vivid.

Final Reflections on Stories, Data, and Understanding Racial Conflict

Walking into the Urban League that Wednesday afternoon in May, I must admit, I really did not know what to expect. I had been sitting in Dr. Lyons class for about a week now and learning a lot about the inequalities in our country due to the subject of race. When I walked into the Urban League I felt like I was walking into a fancy hotel. There was a pleasant smell. Before the evening started I noticed one woman getting anxious because it at 6 p.m. Ironically, when we met in our groups we started out with 5 and had 2 others join us. As a white young woman I did feel out of place. I was not expecting that to happen. I was one of the only white people in the room. That thought did not cross my mind before actually going to the league. I went through many emotions but most of it was sadness. These people were not being treated fairly. They seemed like strong individuals who did not need my sympathy but needed to stop being taken advantage of. Although I was the only white person in our group I did not feel anyone was condescending. Like I said I did feel out of place but not mistreated. Before this night I did not know the intensity of how black people are being mistreated right where I live my everyday life. Previously, when I thought of the race issue, I thought of the past and Martin Luther King and Jim Crow Laws.

I have learned of the realness of this issue. I will be more aware of what is going on around me. One of the men in our story circles talked about in court when the police officers are testifying against a black man, he says they lie! They lie all the time! I will keep this in mind if a find myself in a court room in the future. I will be aware of people having biases that cause them to be not honest and trustworthy.

References

Storytellers 1-6

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