

The Story of the First Time I Realized People At UCSD Could Actually Be Racist

By Maddy Froemming

I had this gut feeling that the “incident” was about the guys upstairs using the nword. A few of them used it often, both the “slang” and the “actual hard ‘r’ at the end”. Unfortunately, my gut was correct. After telling the boys directly above me to not leave their bathroom so messy, Robert, our building's custodian, went back to work, but heard one of the boys use the nword. One would assume in reference to the conversation which just occurred, and Robert did too. How dare those guys say that? Robert is our custodian not our slave. Robert is 40 years our elder. Robert is one of the kindest people you will ever meet. Robert loves his job, and he loves the students. Robert is black. For God’s sake, if you *must* use dehumanizing slurs at least wait till the person of the race they are directed at is out of the room. “We all know who it is. Only two people use that word” said one of the guys in defense of his suite and his friends. Then say his name! Out him to the whole building! He deserves it. What a shitty defense anyway. You never told the guys who said it to stop. You never shut them down. You knew it was horrible and let them do it anyway. Even some of my suitemates defended them. “They’re pretty bad, but they’re not outright racists. At least it’s not as bad as the Compton Cookout. Did you hear about that?” Or at least that was the general consensus. But come on, I’m a conservative white person even *I* know that that is blatant racism. I mulled over these events on my way to class as I noticed chalk all over the sidewalk. The one by Conrad Prebys, across from the Raza Center. “Trump 2016” and other things. This has to be a joke I told myself. But I guess I knew in my gut it wasn’t...