Utah Pride Festival: a celebration of unity

The University LGBT Resource Center along with Queer Student Union and Queer Student of Color participated in Utah Pride Weekend celebration June 3-5, 2011. This year’s theme for Utah Pride was “Live Love Pride”, and the LGBTRC theme was “R U Out.” About 30 students marched in the parade Sunday waving crimson and white ribbons which as we all know are the U of U colors. The booth Saturday and Sunday was staffed by students who volunteered their time. One student stated “It is awesome to see all these people gather in unity.” The Pride parade this year is believed to have surpassed the Days of 47 Parade in record number of entries, and it is estimated that the festival attracted more than 25,000 people.

it’s hard to hate someone whose story you know:
stories of growth and change

This column features stories by Student Affairs professionals and students who are willing to share an experience (event, book, speaker, etc) which promoted growth, a change in perspective, an awareness of another, or when some knowledge that was previously missing slipped into place.

stay in the boat

Lauren Weitzman
I moved to Utah as a 20-year-old young woman still trying to find her place in the world, and our redrock and mountain landscape has had a lasting impact. Growing up in Southern California’s San Fernando Valley, I barely escaped being a “Valley Girl” (a stereotyped identity for fairly materialistic, often Jewish women who frequented shopping malls for fun). Instead, I preferred to hang out at the beach, body surfing and trying to catch the eye of the blond boys surfing the waves at Malibu. I did have some things in common with valley girls – there was a lot of focus on outward appearances in my family, I am Jewish, and I did go to the mall with my friends growing up. My world was mostly White, with the exception of the domestic help in our household – Lupe, our live-in nanny who took care of my youngest brother and the gardeners my family hired to tend our backyard. It

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wasn’t until I moved away from LA and went to graduate school that I was able to recognize the privilege I experienced in my upbringing related to race and class. I did sense the racism that existed in my family, as I wondered to myself why my Archie Bunker-esque grandfather, (who changed his last name from Shykoński to Shy to better assimilate to American culture) would speak derogatively of the African Americans and Latinos moving into his mostly Jewish neighborhood. What caused him to turn the anti-semitism he experienced into racism? It really never made sense to me, but I didn’t yet have a voice to speak out and question his remarks.

I had my own experiences of anti-semitism growing up. I have a vivid memory of the boy next door calling me a “dirty Jew” when we were about five years old. This was the same kid who taught me how to tie my shoes. His parents made him come over to apologize, and things were never the same between us after that. My Jewish identity gives me a touchstone to understand experiences of marginalization and invisibility, especially during the Christmas season. But, I am also White, giving me a skin color privilege that has opened many doors for me (and which I have often been pretty oblivious about). My consciousness began to expand as an undergraduate student at the U. A Women’s Studies minor, I began to identify as a feminist and started questioning gender discrimination and its impact on me and the other women in my life. But it wasn’t
until graduate school that I really began to recognize and struggle with my White privilege, after I had several “aha moments” that made a significant impact on me. I learned that not everyone has the “choice” to retreat to a “safe place” and take a break from dealing with racism. My colleagues of color have to deal with race everyday, but as a white woman I could take a break from race whenever I just didn’t feel like dealing with it. I can walk my dog in pretty much any neighborhood I choose without being questioned. I don’t have to tell my son to be sure to keep his hands in plain sight if he is pulled over by a police officer.

I feel really fortunate to work in a place where we can actively explore and grapple with these issues. We do a lot of multicultural work in the counseling center, which we view as integral to ability to serve our clients, to be honest with each other, and to better train the graduate students who work with us. This year, a fellow counseling center director and I came up with the idea of using a river rafting metaphor for our dialogues about race. The time I spent in red rock country hiking and running rivers in my twenties provided what felt like a relevant context. In the counseling center, we have been using this metaphor to guide our process, as it speaks to the ever-changing landscape of these dialogues, the importance of working together, and the sense of adventure ever present on the river. My director colleague, Ellen Taylor, reminded me of the 3 rules of river rafting:

1) Stay in the boat;
2) Stay in the boat;
3) Stay in the damn boat!!

So that is my challenge – to “stay in the boat” when the going gets rough, remaining committed to our ongoing process and dialogue.

A “P.S.”: As an NPR junkie, imagine my delight when Michele Norris picked up this metaphor after I shared it with her during her recent visit to Salt Lake. Check out the link if you’d like to read more! http://michele-norris.com/grace-notes/stay-in-the-boat/