

THIRD EYE EXPERIENCE

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*For the non-racist
Who didn't know
But wants to understand
The black experience of
Police brutality and
Racism in America-
And be a part of the
Change*

*All around the world, anywhere,
Where there's a concentration of
Blacks, African Americans; countless
Experiences can be recounted to
You-
Of brutality & racism, at the
Hands, guns, and feet of police.*

*Make an attempt to see through a third lens
and then, together, stitch, fix, and mend a new trend.*

Let's not run and hide. Let's acknowledge the divide and let's try and work together to make things better.

– Johnnie L. Cochran, Jr.¹

TABLE OF EXPERIENCES

I.	INTRODUCTION	39
II.	AS A KID	39
III.	IN JUNIOR HIGH	39
IV.	POLICE BRUTALITY–THE NORM	40
V.	THEM & US	41
VI.	AT 18 OR 19 YEARS OF AGE	41
VII.	NO IMMUNITY	43
VIII.	REAL REFORM	43
IX.	RETRO RESEARCH	44

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¹ *Cochran Says O.J. Trial Helps Send His Message*, Deseret News (Jan. 28, 1996), <https://www.deseret.com/1996/1/28/19221658/cochran-says-o-j-trial-helps-send-his-message> [<https://perma.cc/YGT3-3AGZ>].

I. INTRODUCTION

George Floyd has died—5.25.20
It's now July the first, and time for me to
Release...
Police brutality of blacks, racist acts towards
Blacks, has always been, since "B.Y.M."
Before you & me. But the bubble has never
Burst to this magnitude. The world has spoken
Against it—this time. All nationalities have
Spoken—this time. All genders—this time.
On all platforms and arenas—“enough”
Has been the synchronized chime

So now it's time, for me, like so many others, to
Share my mind. To give you a visual, a walkthrough
Of my experience as a young black male growing
Up on the south-side of Houston, Texas—
Racism & police, police & racism.

II. AS A KID

As a kid in Third Ward, on Southmore and Almeda, living with two grandparents and three uncles, racism had an existence. One uncle, Roy, had been to prison, was a hustler, & survived off the streets. The oldest, Richard Pete Jr.—commonly known as Wimp—received a dishonorable discharge from the Marines (I think that whole experience left an impact on his mental condition). When I lived with him, he was just at the crib trying to figure out his next move. And Charles, the youngest, worked construction with a relative & was just calm & laidback.

The daily banter of those three on the level of “white folks this, white folks that...” was enough to have me walking down Southmore, or just outside playing, & when I'd see this yellow safari-type car with a black drop-top pass by, which happened regularly, always with a white guy or white female inside, I'd go on a little personal rant of “white motherfucker this, white motherfucker that” etc.... As if I was supposed to get a reaction back, even though I wasn't loud enough to even be heard. And after enough times of those people not paying me any mind, going about their day with their top down, as a child, I realized I wasn't making any sense, and I stopped.

The seeds of my uncles' race-heavy conversations never took root in my being, thank God. And I evolved.

The senseless killings of black males & females by police officers is a taught & bred mentality from childhood that has taken root and is bearing unrighteous...fruit...

III. IN JUNIOR HIGH

Now, look into my experience in junior high, living in the South Park section of Houston, Texas. Every day once school let out, several young black males, including me, would load up into a van being steered by a white male or white female, and venture out into wealthy, mainly Caucasian, neighborhoods—to sell candy.

Caramel nut clusters, Thin Mints, peanut brittle—each box ranged from about \$3.75 to \$5, and we got to keep a dollar or a dollar and some change from each one we sold.

Well on this particular day, while leaving one home to go next door, a young white boy no older than 4 or 5 years old was playing right off the sidewalk in the grass in between the two houses...Now when he looked around and saw me, before I could get out- "What's up lil man?"-as aggressive as he could be at his age, with his face screwed up, he yelled- "nigger!"

Shock was my initial reaction; he caught me completely off guard. Then, I started to feel the anger. Now I'm trying to decide: should I curse him back or kick him...

I look up to the sky and decide he's too little, and when I look back down at him, he verbally stabs me again- "nigger!"

I look at his home knowing that that's the origin of his hate and tell myself, "Ain't no need to knock on that door," and go on my way.

Racially scarred for the rest of the day. Or should I say life? Because I'll never forget it.

That took place anywhere from 1983 to 1985. That young boy would be in his late thirties or early forties now; and it's my hypothesis that it's a very strong chance he carried that hate into adulthood, passing the racist torch—to another child that wasn't "born that way," but "taught to walk and talk that way." Thus...the state of today.

IV. POLICE BRUTALITY—THE NORM

Also on the south-side of Houston, Texas, between the hood and H.P.D.—there's an unwritten rule of law for anyone that breaks the law, takes off running, and gets caught...

And it's the norm; you grow up with this knowledge and understanding—

That if you run from the police and get caught, it's an automatic ass-whooping from them.

And it's the norm in the hood.

As long as you didn't swallow teeth or your eyeball isn't hang'n out of its socket...

You took your lumps and your bruises and knew that it was part of the deal of breaking the law—

But it's not right. It's police brutality.

It's the men and women that swore to protect and serve the community saying: If you make me chase you, I have the right—because I said so—to whip your ass.

And to whip it like the rock group Devoe—whip it good.

Like they did to Chad Holley as a teen in 2010—not knowing a camera was rolling.

V. THEM & US

Growing up as a black male in Houston, I never felt protected by the police. I never felt a warm sense of relief when I'd see them, like, if only for the moment, I know I'm alright.

More than anything, it was a sense of uncertainty. The not knowing what was about to happen...

They didn't stop and play kick ball with us.

They didn't stop and encourage us to stay in school and away from drugs, etc....

It's always been "them and us," as if two different teams.

Even as an adult, just driving down the street, without being guilty of a crime, seeing a police car pass by or stationed in view of me...upon passing them—

Looking in the mirror to see if they were about to pursue me is again...the norm.

That's how I react to them, because that's how they have always treated us.

VI. AT 18 OR 19 YEARS OF AGE

At 18 or 19 years of age, a male friend, a female friend, and myself were chilling drinking gin (we had a gallon) and watching a porno flick...sipping the gin, smoking cigarettes, & the silence while watching porn became awkward—

So we decided to ride around, and at this point, I'm very intoxicated. Monique is driving, Chris is in the passenger seat, and I'm in the back behind Chris.

I had a warrant out for my arrest for some misdemeanor traffic tickets, and the one time that cops went by my apartment looking for me had me paranoid every time I'd see H.P.D. in the Astrodome area.

My thoughts were: Are they on their way to my apartment? Have they just left my apartment? Are they about to turn around and come get me?

So riding through the medical center headed toward Hermann Park, which is a straight shot to downtown Houston, in my incoherent state,

I decided to turn myself in. Once I made it known, to my surprise, Monique was automatically about to heed the request. But I had to verbally, in an aggressive manner, go back and forth with Chris and his persistent stance—"you tripping bro!"

He finally relented, they dropped me off at the county jail, and I told them I'd holler at 'em when I got out.

Let me reiterate, I'm very drunk, I'm just not throwing up and falling all over the place.

I went in, stated my purpose, and was placed in a line. I'm in control of the liquor—in no shape, form, or fashion am I out of character...but visibly lit.

A petite black woman, old enough to be my mother, in civilian dress, was coming down the line, either giving us something or asking us something. But before she could get to me, two ranking sheriffs accosted me and told me to step over here—

My immediate thoughts were, "due to me turning myself in, my situation is probably different from everybody else..."

I was led to a door, one sheriff went in, and I was told to follow. Once inside, it was pitch black, and, to the extent that I could see, empty.

With an officer to my left and my right, I was told to get on my knees...When the room stayed pitch black, I knew things were taking a wrong turn; I knew things were going off track.

While complying, and on my knees, in my drunken stupor, my consistent spiel was: "But I ain't did nothing, I turned myself in, I ain't did nothing, I turned myself in..."

In the dark, on my knees, with two police—

I thought, "if they approach me in a sexual manner, it's about to be a fisticuff—as best as I can give 'em."

I also was crying while spieling, but not out of fear, out of helplessness.

I'm on their terrain, outnumbered, in the dark on my knees—and drunk.

And to think it's all because I did something noble or righteous—even though for my own conscious, I gave myself to these people.

I can't tell you exactly how long it lasted, but when I look back on it, either God was with me, or the fact that I complied to getting on my knees and revealed that I'd turned myself in changed the game.

I was 18 or 19 then; I'm 48 now. It's my hypothesis that they were not trying to sexually assault me. Viewing me in the line, visibly drunk, young black male, 5'11" and a ½, 185- to 200-lbs, telling me to get on my knees would spark the necessary fire needed to kick my ass—wrongfully—then say that I was drunk and disorderly, and since I was drunk, my words and my existence would've been of no merit.

However long I was on my knees, spieling the exact same spiel;

I was told to get up, the door was opened, and I was told to get back in line.

Still drunk, still crying, and still spieling, once back in line, I looked around for the sheriffs and they were gone.

Now the black woman approached (I still don't remember what she did or was doing), so I spieled to her ... "I ain't even do nothing, they made me get on my knees, I turned myself in. I ain't do nothing."

Anger and disgust appeared on her face, she put her head down, slightly shook it from side to side, and kept it moving.

And I understood...there was nothing she could do, and she needed her job.

Just like back in the day; it felt like a scene from the fifties or sixties.

But this took place in '90 or '91, and here it is 2020...

And my brothers and sisters are dying at an alarming rate—on film—by the police.

Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. stated:

Justice too long delayed

is justice denied.²

Those two sheriffs had rank and were up in age. What they did to me—and intended to do—they had been doing. That night was not their first time.

If you pay attention to the officers around the world that are being fired, investigated, etc. for police brutality and racism—pay attention to their ages and how long they've been on the force.

² Letter from Birmingham Jail, Martin Luther King Jr. (April 16, 1963).

The average is up in age and has been on the force. So how can anyone say that it's not "systemic racism?"

This is a professional, traditional avenue to target, oppress, and kill minorities.

Once upon a time, Demosthenes was asked when Athens, a democracy, would receive justice.

"There will be justice in Athens," he replied, "when those who are not injured are as outraged as those who are."

Now is the time for non-black individuals—who say they aren't racist, who say they didn't know—to come out of the shadows, open their mouths, and take the initiative to learn, know, and be a part of the change that's too long overdue in America.

The most powerful thing in the world is love...the combination of yours and mine is enough to start to heal these painful times.

In closing, please know that these few experiences aren't the only ones I've experienced—

But I still have breath, I can still breathe. That's the focal point—too many of my people can't; too many of my people's breath was stolen.

So take part in stopping these senseless deaths of my people who are also your people...

Humanity.

VII. NO IMMUNITY

8 minutes and forty-six seconds—
of terror.

8 minutes and forty-six seconds—
of pain.

8 minutes and forty-six seconds—
of racism.

8 minutes and forty-six seconds—
of police brutality...

Is the reason George Floyd is

No longer with us.

They say there's justice

But it's actually just-us.

He cried, he begged, he pleaded

For his life—

But Satan was in uniform

With no intentions of right.

No intentions to protect and

Serve the black community—

No immunity.

VIII. REAL REFORM

Before George Floyd, there was a host of other stolen black lives, all due to senseless white pride. Children, the elderly, females; all you had to do—and have to do—is be black, and a target is on your back, on your being. There are countless murders that we're seeing.

But the bigger picture is that they've always had the right of way—to kill and get away—it's a systemic play.

Kill a black person while donning a uniform, get a slap on the wrist. Kill an African American in uniform, get blessed with acquit. Execute Ms. Pearl in her own home, get no-billed, and label it a police-involved shooting; then say that the savages are the ones looting.

This is not about better training, they're good at aiming. It's not even about a chokehold, with respect to those who lost their lives in that manner.

Dispense: an automatic life sentence for a wrongful death in uniform.

Dispense: an automatic 50 years to all those in uniform who wrongfully kill—that's reform.

IX. RETRO RESEARCH

1. May 1966—LAPD—Leonard Deadwyler
2. August 1972—LAPD—Philip Eric Johns
3. June 2, 1981—Signal Hill Police Department—Ron Settles

My intention is for you, the reader, to take the initiative—to research, become engaged—and for that to be the impetus for other initiatives towards change.

*To be informed is to know;
to have knowledge is to have grown....
continue on.*