

# Report on race profile, field trip

[Business](#), [Customers](#)



The trip was started in the afternoon. It was commenced at 4 pm to 10 pm. My main focus was W Olympic Blvd/Western Avenue in Los Angeles. I started from the south heading for the north along Olympic Blvd to Wilshire Blvd. On reaching at the Western/cross of Olympic, I come across a very big Korean shopping mall. Most people who come to shop here are old and the majority is women who are over the age of 50 and above. A small percentage of these women come to this place by personal cars while most of them rely on public transport. On completion of their shopping, they head for the bus stop to board a vehicle back home.

These people rarely speak to each other and it is evident that most come here alone. They are dressed lightly since it is summer time. The Koreans seem to be very entrepreneurial. One inventive Korean sells pancakes along the sidewalk. Occasionally, customers could make a stop here to purchase them. Some buy one to eat while others purchase a couple of them to carry home. They exchange very few words and some of them even barely say a word since they understand the price. It seems like most of this people are frequent customers to this mall. They wait for the buses for an appreciable amount of time-an indication that buses for public transport in this place are few. Most of the shopping is wrapped in black bags unlike food stuffs that are wrapped in papers and foils except for groceries.

Most of these people are in hurry, an indication that they are afraid of wasting time. They rush into and out of the mall and either head for the bus station or head for the car and drive probably home. At 6 pm, the place is almost deserted. Few people-around 20 are seen around and very few cars are on the road. This place according to my observation seems to be

dominated by people of the Korean origin. Although there is the Bank of America, there is another bank by the name Hanmi Bank just across the road. This is an indication that these people are somewhat comfortable when served by their own people. It is noticeable that most people I encounter along this street are Korean-an indication that they really comfortable when the shopped and transacted their business around this place.

I take a small walk around this place and arrive at a gas station. I figure out that most people here are Korean. Since I am Japanese, I am able to figure out the language because I am able to tell a difference between Korean and English. This place is occupied by several races. I am able to recognize some black and white couples but 70% of these people seem to be of Asian origin while 20% seem to be Latino.

As much as these people seem to be so comfortable, I bump into a Korean woman who asks me something which I guess implies that she has got lost. She can't communicate in English and this puts me in an awkward situation since I can't communicate in Korean. According to my assumption, she thought I am Korean though I am Japanese.

I take a keen look at the street and the houses. There is no noticeable stench but it is evident that the surrounding is not clean starting from the streets to the buildings. For the streets, there is some aimless dumping may by pedestrians and motorists. The houses are quite tarred and the walls are not clean especially the white ones. On observing the walls, it seems like most of them of them aren't newly painted hence their colors are kind of faded.

Along the streets, there is some grass between the road and the sidewalk. Though beautiful, it is clear that the grass is not trimmed.

I also see one young man riding a bicycle along the side walk. It is not clear why he avoids the road but maybe it is because of the direction to which he is headed because his direction of travel is concurrent with the cars on the road.

I see another man-probably in his mid thirties having trouble with his car. Its bonnet is quite raised and standing by its side. He seems to be waiting for a mechanic but it is unclear why he hasn't been sorted since there are many car companies around. However, one can relate this to the time. Maybe most mechanics have already gone home. To my surprise, not even a single person or motorist pulls over to ask him the matter. One cannot actually tell what he is up to but from the look, he seems to be waiting for some help.

Near the bus stop, I see another man of quite some age. He sits there for more than 1 hour doing nothing. It is quite awkward because one cannot exactly tell what the man is up to. However, he doesn't seem to be someone really trustworthy. His clothes are quite old and somehow dirty. It is clear that this person might be homeless or has not been to some home recently to freshen up. He is engrossed in his own things- shoving objects from his pockets and examining them. This makes him appear quite hideous because one wonders what he might do with those paraphernalia and one still can't understand why he walks with them. Maybe he is one of those who snatch others' belongings at night.

In the earlier hours of my trip I had noticed most businessmen go to the Korean BBQ. I deduced this from the way they were sharply dressed in suits. Most of these people were of Asian origin. There are very few whites and blacks indeed. During this time I also take my and count the passersby.

Among the 102 women, 88 of them had plastic bags. A large number of men barely had anything in their hands-neither bags nor plastic bags. It is clear that most women who go out at this time mostly go for shopping rather than walking. On the other hand, it seems like most men take walks at this time since they have just left their workplaces. I notice a woman pushing a baby cart from the supermarket. She uses it as a shopping cart, an indication that she is headed for her house. All this time I smell a lot of BBQ-an indication that there are a lot of consumers around here.

At the bus stop, I heard people talking in English and Spanish. At this time, there were only 11 whites and 21 blacks. It is like most blacks like hanging out more than other people.

I see a few nice restaurants that are so welcoming by their clean and good design. Their customers are a variety of races. Their condition is far much better as compared to that of the Korean BBQs. Here there are some Korean BBQ restaurants too but a majority of their customers are Asian. At around 8-9 pm, the place is noisy since it fills with several customers. However people reduce as time goes by such that close to 10 pm I can see only 10 people around this area and there is nobody near the park station.

It is noticed that at the Korean mall were more women than men and most women are old. However, there were some old men too. Most of these women were out for shopping and some of them were with their young children. There were some old black old men too. The Hispanic men that am able to see are walking-an indication that they are exercising.

As time went by, i. e. from 6-8 pm, the older people start diminishing as young Asian people start entering the area. They seem to comprise of the

young population who have just come from school-high school and college students. They emerge in groups and all of them are Asian. The Asians increase as the Latino people decrease probably because they have homes owing to their age. The Latino never went to the Korean restaurants but instead bought junk food from places like MacDonald and sandwich shops. At this time there were traffic jams since it was rush hour and most car drivers sought for parking space may to purchase something like food and drinks before they went home.

During the late hours, I notice that the old diminished and the streets were full of young people who were mostly Asian. This is an implication that the old had gone home. The young people especially the students were perhaps hanging out for movies and parties.

.

.

## **Works Cited**

A trip from W Olympic Blvd/Western Ave to Wilshire Blvd/Western Ave in Los Angeles from 4 to 10 PM