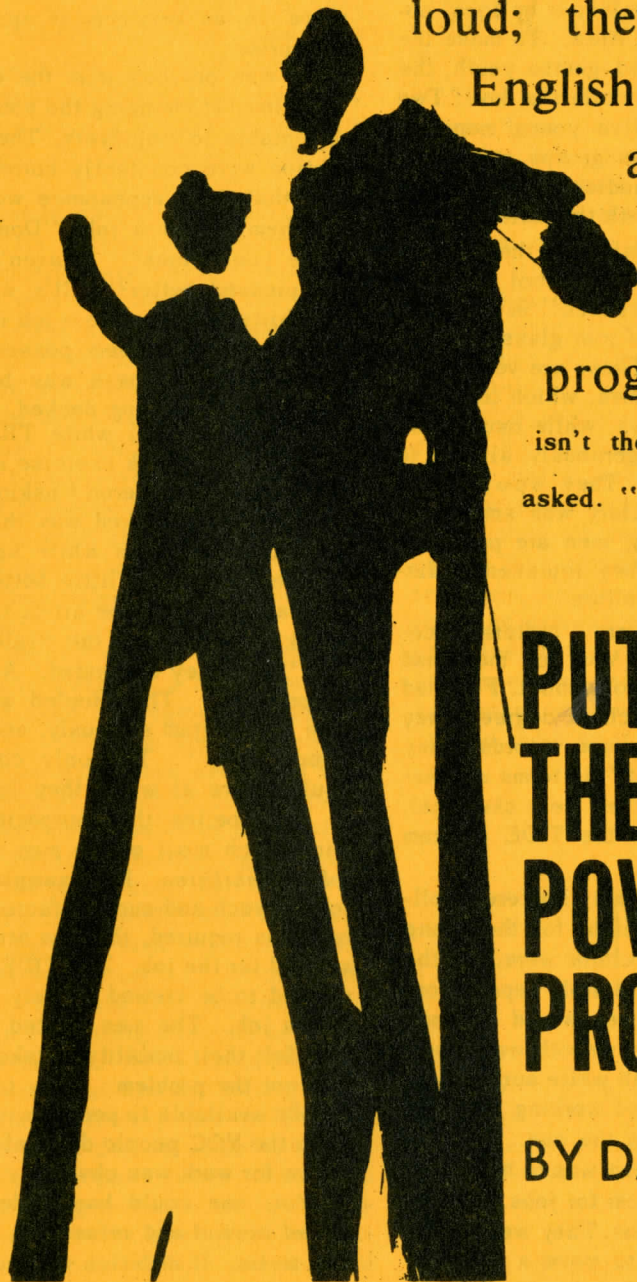


I guess these kids just don't want jobs. They're unwilling to try and help themselves. The clothes they wear are loud; they won't talk decent English; they're boisterous; and they constantly fool around. They refuse to take this program seriously. "But isn't there a job shortage in Oakland?" I asked. "Does it really matter how they act?"



Illustrated by Roger Asay

## PUTTING-ON THE POVERTY PROGRAM

BY DAVID WELLMAN

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"There's plenty of jobs. They're just not interested."

It was the summer of 1966. The man with whom I was speaking was a counsellor for the Youth Opportunities Center in West Oakland. At the time, he was working on a federally sponsored program known as TIDE. I was observing the program for some graduate research that I was conducting. The purpose of TIDE was to help lower class youth become employable on the job market. The program ran for four weeks. I observed two four week sessions. Youth from the ages of 16 to 22 were selected by local poverty program workers in the Bay Area. To make the program attractive for unemployed ghetto youth, the government paid participants five dollars a day. Two groups were involved: twenty-five young men and twenty-five young women. These groups met separately, only coming together periodically on common projects. I worked exclusively with the male group.

The young men who participated in the program had a distinctive style. They were "cool." Their hair was characteristically "processed" in one form or another. All sported a kind of sun glasses which they called "pimp's glasses." (These are very lightly tinted glasses, with small frames, which look like "granny glasses.") Their clothes, while usually inexpensive, were "loud" and ingeniously altered to express style and individuality. They spoke in a "hip" vernacular. Their vocabulary was small, yet very expressive. These young men are part of a "cool world" in the ghetto. They represent a distinctively black, working-class culture.

To most liberals these men are "culturally deprived" or "social drop-outs." Most of them had flunked out of or been kicked out of school. Few had any intention of getting a high school degree. They had long and serious arrest and prison records. They seemed uninterested in "making it" in terms of majority social values and norms. They were skeptical, critical, and hostile toward both the TIDE program and white society in general.

The TIDE workers were liberals: sincere, well-meaning people. Those things which, for the young men, defined their own special culture were, for the TIDE workers, symptoms of cultural deprivation. They assumed that if the young men would only act a little less "cool" and learn to smooth over some of their unfortunate encounters with white authorities, they too could become full-fledged working members of society and find their place in the sun. The men were told that the aim of the program was to help them get jobs. TIDE would not train them for jobs. Instead it would train them to *apply* for jobs. They were going to learn how to take tests, how to make a good impression during a job interview, how to speak well, and how to fill out an application form properly. To accomplish these things, they would play games like dominoes to ease the pain associated with numbers and arithmetic; they would conduct mock interviews,

take mock tests, meet with management representatives, and go on tours of places where employment was a good possibility for them. They were told to consider the TIDE program as a "job". That is, they were to be at the YOC office on time, dressed as if they were at a job, and be docked if they were late or made trouble. If they took the program seriously and did well, they were told, they stood a pretty good chance of getting a job at the end of four weeks. The unexpressed aim of TIDE then, was to prepare Negro youth for white society. Public government would serve as an employment agency for white, private enterprise.

It was obvious from the outset that the program was aimed at changing the youth by making them more acceptable to employers. Their grammar and pronunciation were constantly corrected. They were subtly told that their appearance would have to be altered for them to get a job. "Don't you think you could shine your shoes?" "Haven't you got trousers that are pressed better?" "It's not a good idea to wear tee-shirts and jeans to a job interview." Promptness, a virtue few of them possessed, was lauded. The penalty for tardiness was being put on a "clean-up committee" or being docked.

For the liberal white TIDE workers the program became a four week exercise in futility. They seemed to feel that they weren't asking very much of the men. All they really asked was that they learn to make a good impression on white society. This "simply" entailed dressing a little better, increasing one's vocabulary, learning the art of taking tests, and broadly speaking, accepting the "rules of the game." This was "all" they demanded. And yet the men were uncooperative. They fooled around, often refused to take the program seriously, and insisted upon having a "good time." The only conclusion TIDE workers could arrive at was "they just don't want jobs."

What belies this proposition is the seriousness with which most of the men took *actual and distinct job possibilities*. For example, when told there was a job at such-and-such a factory and that a particular test was required, the men studied hard and earnestly applied for the job. The TIDE program *itself*, however, seemed to be viewed as only distantly related to getting a job. The men wanted jobs, but indicated that they felt their inability to take tests and fill out forms was not the problem. They talked about the shorgate of jobs available to people without skills. They would pump the YOC people daily about job openings. Their desire for work was obviously not the problem.

Yet, one could hardly deny that the young men fooled around and refused to meet the program on its own terms. If ambition was not the problem, how then do we understand the fact that the men rarely took TIDE seriously?

To one way of thinking, TIDE really didn't demand much of the men. It simply asked that they change certain outward appearances. From the per-

spective of the men, however, the program seemed to demand a great deal. It asked that they change their manner of speech and dress. It asked that they ignore their lack of skills and society's lack of jobs. It asked that they act as if their arrest records were of consequence in obtaining a job. It asked, most importantly, that they pretend *they*, and not society, bore the responsibility for unemployment. TIDE didn't demand much of the men: only that they become white.

What took place during the four week program, then, was a daily struggle between white, middle-class ideals of conduct and behavior, and the mores and folkways of the black community. The men were handling TIDE in the same manner that the black community has *always* treated white invasions and threats to its self-respect. They were using subtle forms of subversion and deception.

Confronted by a hostile society and lacking the social tools necessary for material well-being, members of the Negro community have devised ingenious mechanisms for coping with this hostility and simultaneously maintaining their self-respect and human dignity. Historians and sociologists alike have pointed to subtle forms of slave subversion, the content and ritual of Negro spirituals, and recently to the meaning of the Blues as means by which the black man in America has struggled to preserve his integrity as a human being. Many of these devices have persisted until today. They are currently to be found within the structure and culture of the black community. Some of the devices are new. They reflect new forms of struggle with current problems.

"Putting someone on," ("putting the 'hype' on someone," or "running a 'game' on a cat") seems to be an important device used by Negroes to maintain their personal integrity. "Putting someone on" is used as much in relations with black people as it is in relations with members of the white community. In both instances it allows one to maintain personal integrity in the face of a hostile or threatening situation. To "put someone on" is to publicly lead him to believe that one is "going along with" what he has to offer or say, while at the same time privately rejecting the offer, and subtly subverting it. "Putting someone on" may or may not be malicious, but this is not a defining characteristic. "Putting someone on" fails if the other person catches on: he is no longer "put-on." This allows the individual who is "putting someone on" to take pride in the feeling that he has "put something over on" the other person, often at his expense. It thereby allows each party to feel that it has been "successful." "Putting someone on" is to be contrasted with "putting someone down." This is an active and public process involving both defiance and confrontation.

TIDE was evidently interpreted by the men as a threat to their self-respect, as being defeating, useless, and humiliating. They responded to it in much the same way as they would to people inside and out-

side the ghetto who seemed to threaten their concept of dignity. Sometimes TIDE was "put on." Sometimes it was "put down." It was only taken seriously when it met the needs of the men. And then, only on *their* terms—without a loss of human dignity.

## PUTTING-ON THE YOC

There was almost no open defiance or hostility toward those in charge of TIDE. It seemed as if the men were going along with the program. Two things, however, first led me to believe that if the men "accepted" the program, they did so only on their own terms.

They all appeared to have a "tuning out" mechanism. They just didn't "hear" certain things. For example, one young man was a constant joker and spoke incessantly. It mattered little to him whether or not someone else was speaking or if the group was supposed to be working on something. When he was told to "knock it off" (which was always) he simply never "heard" the command. On the other hand, when he was involved with the program and interested, he could hear just fine and responded to speakers quite adequately. "Tuning out" was, moreover, often a collective phenomenon. For instance, there was a radio in the room where the men worked. They would play it during lunch and coffee breaks. When the instructor would enter and tell them that work was to begin, they all seemed to be on a wave length frequency that differed from their instructor's. He would tell them that time was up, but they would continue listening and dancing to the music as if there were no one else in the room. However, without so much as acknowledging the instructor and without a word to each other or to him, when *they* were finished listening the radio went off and the session began.



This "tuning out" mechanism was frequently in operation. Conversations began and ended without any response to instructors. Men would embark on "projects" of their own during a class: looking out the window and talking to people on the street; fighting with each other; or reading comic books. During each of these "projects" they seemed "deaf" to the teacher. It is important to note that this "deafness" was *systematic*. When they were interested or wanted to participate in the program, the men were no longer "deaf." They "tuned out" and "turned on" when *they* saw fit and at no other time. In this respect,

there was little authority or control that instructors could exert over the young men: authority was undercut by deafness. The men were "going along with" the program—in a way. They weren't challenging it. But they were undermining its purpose: putting it on.

The second technique which I found the men using as a means of selectively accepting the program was "playing stupid." When they wanted to they could be incredibly "stupid." A major part of the program, for instance, was devoted to teaching them how to fill out employment applications properly. They were given lengthy lectures on the importance of neatness and lettering on these forms. They were expected to fill out such forms at least two or three times a week. After having filled them out a number of times, some of the men suddenly didn't know their mother's name, the school they last attended or their telephone numbers.

This "forgetfulness" or "stupidity" was sometimes duplicated during mock job interviews, which were conducted almost daily. Five or more of the men would serve as "employers" and interview their fellow trainees for an imaginary job. The "interviewers" usually took their job seriously. But after it became apparent that the interview was a game, many of the interviewees developed into hopelessly incapable job applicants. They didn't have social security numbers, they could not remember their last job, they didn't know what school they had gone to, and they didn't know if they really wanted the "job." To the absolute frustration of the interviewers and instructors alike, the "prospective workers" simply behaved like incompetents. Interestingly enough, when the instructor told them one morning that this time the interview was "for real" and that those who did well would actually be sent out on a job interview with a "real" firm, the "stupid" and "incompetent" transformed literally over night into model job applicants.

The responses to learning how to take tests for jobs and how to pass a driver's test were similar to the responses to mock interviews and filling out practice applications. The YOC used many of the tests that various government agencies gave to prospective workers. These included preference tests, intelligence tests, and aptitude tests. The men were required to take these tests almost daily. Some of the tests were boring and easy to catch on to. For example, the examiner would read off a number and those being tested would have to circle that number on an answer sheet. The first few times they took these tests most of the men worked hard to master them. After they had gotten the knack of it, however, and found themselves still without jobs and taking the same tests, their response changed radically. Some of them no longer "knew" how to do the test. Others found it necessary to "cheat" by looking over someone else's shoulder. Still others flunked tests they had passed the day before. Yet when they were informed of job possibilities that existed at the Naval Ship Yard or with the Post Office, they insisted on giving and taking the tests themselves. In one instance, some of them read

up on which tests were relevant for a particular job and then practiced that test for several hours by themselves. Their "stupidity" was a put-on. It was a way of ridiculing the tests and subverting the ritual of humiliating "practice" without openly challenging the program or its workers.

These two mechanisms for dealing with the TIDE program were used differently and at different times by many TIDE participants. Some men "tuned out" and "played stupid" more consistently than others. These men were usually less interested than others in being acceptable to white society. Over-all, however, there was little variation in behavior. "Stupidity" occurred when jobs were unavailable.

"Tuning out" and "playing stupid" were only two of the many ways in which the TIDE program was regularly "put-on." TIDE was supposed to be viewed as a "job" by those participating in it. As anyone who has been employed recently knows, any good job includes as part of the normal routine a number of legitimate "breaks" for coffee, lunch, and so on. The young men "employed" by TIDE were rather well acquainted with this ritual, and were very insistent that it be included as part of their job too. Since they were given a voice in deciding the content of the program, "breaks" were made a must for their daily routine. And no matter what the activity, or who was addressing them, "breaks" were religiously adhered to by the men. The program started at 9:30 a.m. They decided their first break would be for coffee at 10:30. This break was to last until 11:00. And while "work" was absolutely not allowed to proceed a minute past 10:30, it was usually 11:15 or so before they actually got back to business, just before their lunch break. Lunch began exactly at 12:00. Theoretically, work resumed at 1:00. This usually meant 1:15, since they had to listen to "one more" song on the radio before work could begin. The next break did not come until 2:30 p.m. The afternoon break was to last until 3:00. However, since they were finished at 3:30, and because it took another 10 minutes to get them back to work, the men could often talk their way out of the remaining business scheduled between 3:00 and 3:30. Considering they were being paid five dollars a day



for five hours of work, they didn't have a bad "hustle." Of the five hours considered as "work", almost half were regularly devoted to "breaks."

"Games" were another important part of the TIDE program subverted by the "put-on." Early in the program the instructor told the men he thought it might be helpful for them to master math and language by playing games—dominoes, scrabble, and various card games. The men considered this a fine idea. But what their instructor had intended for a pastime during the breaks, involving at most an hour a day, the men rapidly turned into a major part of their instruction. They set aside 45 minutes in the morning and 45 minutes in the afternoon for games. But since they participated in these games during their breaks as well, "games" soon became a stumbling block to getting sessions back in order after "breaks." The instructor would say: "Okay, let's get back to work." To which the men would sometimes reply: "But we're already working on our math—we're playing dominoes and you said that would help us with our math." While usually said in half-seriousness, it was a difficult concept for the instructor to answer and overcome. According to *his* definition, they were working on their "math." With his authority undercut in this way, he had no alternative but to allow them to continue for a few minutes more. When he again called for order, the men would demand to be allowed to "finish" their game. Since finishing a game was a vaguely defined notion at best, they would usually get their way. More and more time, then, was whittled away from the substantive aspects of the program.

It finally got to a point where the instructor decided that "games" would only be a formal part of the program on certain days. The idea of using games to master certain useful techniques had been used by the men to undercut and subvert the over-all program and the instructor knew it—though could *not* admit it. He therefore had to curtail the abuse. The games "put-on" had been found out, and so had failed. The men could no longer use games as a "put-on." But games were trimmed from the program only at the expense of constant struggle between the men and their instructor. Games became a constant and unresolved issue. On the days when games were not formally part of the program, the men would continue to play them during breaks. In this way, games would usually extend into the formal sessions anyway. And on days when they were part of the program, games encroached upon the rest of the session as before.

To familiarize the men with the kinds of jobs potentially available to them when they had finished the TIDE program, their instructors took them on excursions to various work situations. The instructor presented them with different opportunities for such trips, and they were to decide which they would take. The criteria the men used for choosing trips are significant. They were most interested in excursions involving an entire day. It hardly seemed to matter what *sort* of company they visited, so long as it took all

day. They would only agree to half-day trips if there were no other alternative, or if there were some possibility that the company would give away "free samples." So, for example, even though it was pointed out to them that the Coca Cola Company was not hiring, they wanted to go there. They knew they could get free cokes. They also wanted to go to many candy and cookie factories for much the same reason. In contrast, they turned down a trip to a local steel mill which they knew was hiring. The fact that it was hiring had become irrelevant for them. TIDE was not designed to get them an interview. Its purpose was to show them what sorts of jobs might be available. Given the circumstances, they reasoned, why not see what was enjoyable as well as available.



It was obvious that the men used trips like these to get away from the dull, daily routine in the YOC office. The trip to a steel mill, though previously rejected in favor of more enjoyable possibilities, was soon considered a good idea after all when the other alternatives fell through. If they didn't go to the steel mill, they would have to work in the office.

Their behavior on the trips themselves provides still another indication of the way the men used these excursions for their own ends. They were not very interested in the company conducting the tour. They seemed more interested in the bus ride out there, the possibility of a free lunch, or just fooling around. This apparently "frivolous" interest might seem a product of the kind of tours they chose: tours of bottling plants, of Fort Ord, and of cookie factories. Interestingly enough, however, their behavior altered only slightly when they visited more promising job possibilities, such as the Alameda Naval Air Station, the Oakland Naval Supply Station, and various container factories.

The trip to the Naval Air Station, for example, was an all-day trip. But the men spent most of their time putting "the make" on a cute young WAVE who was their guide for the day. She had a very difficult time keeping her "cool." They were quite adept at the game of provoking her, and played it the entire day.

To some extent, this behavior can be accounted for by the fact that the tour did not focus on potential job situations. Instead, it focused on the "interesting sights" of the base. Nevertheless, when they toured possible job situations, such as the warehouses and loading docks, their behavior scarcely changed. They were much more interested in visiting the air control tower, the aircraft carriers, and the mess hall than they were in seeing what work they might eventually do. Apparently the tour was viewed as an outing, or a "good time," and not as a job seeking situation. TIDE had told them it would not get jobs for them. It would show them how to apply for jobs. Since they were not there to apply for a job, they wanted at least to enjoy themselves. When the tour got boring or they got tired, they even refused to see the sights. They insisted on sleeping in the buses or listening to their transistor radios on the lawn. One thing the tour did produce, however, was a great deal of discussion about the war in Vietnam. Almost none of the men were interested in serving in the armed forces. Some of them would yell at passing sailors through the bus windows: "Vietnam, Baby!" or "Have a good time in Vietnam, man!"

The trip to the Oakland Naval Supply Station was similarly received. It was less interesting, however, and there was no pretty young lady guide to take them through the base. Although there were more potential jobs at this location, again the spirit of an outing prevailed.

The men cleverly manipulated this tour to meet their own needs and interests. While they were being shown the assembly line that packaged material, where they might possibly work, they drifted instead into the more interesting control room (replete with computers and television cameras) where they hardly had the qualifications to work. When they were taken on a tour of the warehouses, where again they might possibly

work, they fell to the sides and spoke with friends who were already working there. The relationship between touring a possible work situation and actually being offered a job there was far too oblique to be of interest. They transformed the experience, therefore, into one which more adequately satisfied their interests and enthusiasms.

It might seem that what I have described so far indicates that these men "went along with" the program, but were in fact reluctant to get a job. I would, on the contrary, regard their behavior as a "putting-on" of the YOC. Each of the above examples shows the men accepting the program, *on their own terms*, and inverting it to meet their own needs, *while at the same time* leading those in charge to think that the explicit aims of the program were being carried out. In this respect, each example is a classic "put-on." And when the men were not "putting-on" the YOC, they were "putting-down" the people and assumptions associated with it.

### PUTTING-DOWN THE YOC

"Putting something down" is almost the reverse of "putting someone on." It is a more active and public process. It involves, among other things, confrontation and defiance. When someone is "put-down" he knows it. The success of a "put-down" depends on his knowing it, whereas a "put-on" is only successful when its victim is unaware of what is happening. There were many aspects of the TIDE program which were actively "put-down" by the young men involved.

Among the most glaring "put-downs" were those aimed at the kinds of jobs for which the men were learning to apply. These jobs usually involved unskilled labor: post office work, warehouse and long-shore jobs, truck driving, and assembly-line work. Some work was also to be had in the service industry, while some was outright menial labor: chauffeurs, janitors, bus boys, and so on. The reaction of most of the men to this limited prospect was best expressed by a question asked of the instructor by one young man:

"How about some tests for IBM?" he inquired with a straight face.

The room was in an uproar. They thought that was a great question. Many of them were hysterical with laughter. They seemed to feel they had really put this cat down hard. His response was typically bureaucratic, yet very disarming.

"Say, that's a good suggestion. Why don't you put it in the suggestion box?"

They didn't seem able to cope with that retort and so things got somewhat back to normal.

However, when employers came to the TIDE sessions to show the men how an interview should be conducted, they were treated in similar fashion. These employers usually represented companies which hired men for unskilled labor. They came to illustrate good interview technique. They did *not* come to inter-



view men for real jobs. Their visits were sort of helpful-hints-for-successful-interviews sessions. One of the more socially mobile men was usually chosen to play the role of job applicant. The entire interview situation was played through. Some employers even went so far as to have the "applicant" go outside and knock on the door to begin the interview. The men thought this was both odd and funny, commenting to the employer:

"Man, you've already seen the cat. How come you making him walk out and *then* walk back in?"

The employer responded with a look of incredulity: "But that's how you get a job. You have to sell yourself from the moment you walk in that door."

The men seemed unimpressed and continued to crack jokes among themselves about the scene. The interview continued. The employer would put on a real act, beginning the interview with all the usual small talk he'd normally use to draw people out and put them at ease.

"I see from your application that you played football in high school."

"Yeah."

"Did you like it?"

"Yeah."

"Football really makes men and teaches you teamwork."

At about this point the men would get impatient.

"Man, the cat's here to get a job, not talk about football!"

"When are you going to tell him about the job?"

A wise-cracker chimed in: "Maybe he's interviewing him for a job with the Oakland Raiders."

The point of all this was usually well taken by the employer, and he would begin to ask questions more germane to the particular job. He would ask about the "applicant's" job experience, his draft status, school record, interests, skills and so on. The young man being interviewed usually took the questions seriously and answered frankly. But after awhile, the rest of the group would tire of playing this game and begin to ask (unrecognized, from the floor) about the specifics of a "real" job.

"Say man, how much does this job pay?"

"What kind of experience do you need?"

"What if you got a record?"

"How many days off do you get?"

The employer would politely remind them that this wasn't a "real" interview. But this would only satisfy the young men for a short while, and they would soon resume their questions. It didn't take long to rattle the interviewer completely. Sometimes the instructor would intervene and tell the men that the gentleman was there to help them, and would request that they treat him more gently. Again, this would stifle revolt for only a short while. Then, in a mood of outright defiance, they might begin playing dominoes while the interview went on. If this didn't evoke an irritated response, they might begin to play the game



rather enthusiastically by loudly slapping down the dominoes each time they scored a point. In one instance, several of the men began slapping the tables rhythmically with dominoes, during the interview. That got the response they were looking for.

"Look!" said the employer, who had completely lost control of the situation. "If you're not interested in learning how to sell yourself why don't you just leave the room so that others who are interested can benefit from this?"


"Oh no!" was the response of the ringleaders, "We work here. If you don't dig us, then you leave!" It wasn't too much later that he did.

Sometimes during these interviews the very nature

"I'm here to *do* the interviewing, not to *be* interviewed."

In spite of this they managed to return to interviewing him. And when they weren't doing that, they were asking him about the qualifications necessary for other, more skilled jobs. In most such situations it became quite clear that they were not interested in the kinds of jobs most employers had to offer—not interested enough, that is, to participate seriously in a mock interview for an imaginary job.

The young TIDE participants were remarkably unimpressed, moreover, by the status of an employer. Regardless of his rank, the men treated their visitors



of the work being considered was "put down." During an "interview" for a truck driving job, some of the men began to ask the employer about salesman jobs. Others asked him about executive staff positions. They weren't very interested in talking about a job driving a truck. They continually interrupted the interview with "irrelevant" questions about the role of an executive. They wanted to know how much executives were paid and what they did to get their jobs. At one point the employer himself was asked point-blank how much he was paid, what his experience was, and what he did. To some extent they had turned the tables and were enjoying the opportunity to interview the interviewer. He finally told them, in fact:

as they would their peers. Sometimes visiting employers were treated more harshly and with genuine, open defiance. On one tour of a factory the men were escorted by the vice-president in charge of hiring. To some people this might have been considered an honor, and the man would have been treated with an extra ounce of deference. To the TIDE participants, however, he was just another guide. And after informing the men of the large number of unskilled positions available, he was asked about hiring some of them, on the spot. He responded by saying that this was just a tour and that he was in no position to hire anyone immediately. Some of the men were noticeably irritated at this answer. One looked at him and said: "Then you're just wasting our time, aren't you?"



Although shaken, the executive persisted, telling the men about technical operations at the plant. Throughout his talk he referred to his audience as "boys."

"Now, when you boys come to apply for a job you will need proof of a high school education."

"If you boys want to work here you will need to join the union."

This constant reference to "boys" was obviously bothering the men. Each time the word would crop up, they squirmed in their seats, snickered, or whispered angrily to each other. The vice-president seemed unaware of the hostility he aroused. But finally, one of the bolder men spoke up firmly.

"We are young mens!, not boys."

The speaker blushed nervously and apologized. He made a brave attempt to avoid repeating the phrase. Habit, however, was victorious and the word slipped in again and again. Each time he said "you boys" he was corrected, aloud, and with increasing hostility. For a while it seemed as though the young men were more interested in catching him saying "you boys" than in anything else he said.

It was not merely employers who failed to impress the men with rank and status, and toward whom hostility and open defiance were openly expressed. Their treatment of State Assemblyman Byron Rumford is a case in point. Their experience with him also provided some interesting insights into the nature of conflict between sexes in the Negro community. The meeting with Rumford was an opportunity for the young people to meet and speak with an elected official about the job situation in the state. The TIDE instructors, moreover, wanted the young men to take upon themselves some responsibility for changing conditions in their lives. And the meeting with Rumford was also meant for an airing of differences and redressing of grievances. At the time, in fact, the men were quite exercised about their rate of pay at TIDE. They thought they should be receiving more money. The instructor had suggested that they take the matter up with Rumford.

The meeting was attended by both the young men and women in the TIDE program. The differences in physical appearance between the two groups of young people was striking. The young ladies were extremely well-dressed and groomed. They looked as if they had held well-paying jobs all their lives. They wore hose and high heels. Their hair was done in high fashion styles. Their clothes were not expensive, but were well cared for and in "good taste." They looked like aspiring career women. The contrast between the young ladies and their male counterparts could not have been sharper. The young men wore their usual "uniform": dungarees or tight trousers, brightly colored shirts and sweaters, pointed shoes, sun glasses, and so on. They looked as if they had come from a wholly different community.

The differences in manner were as sharp as those in physical appearance. The women acted like "young

ladies." They sat quietly and listened politely to Rumford. The men acted as usual: they spoke loudly whenever they felt like it, and talked constantly among themselves. The atmosphere generated by this difference was hardly one of calm, cultural exchange. The young ladies were quite upset over the conduct of their male colleagues, and in very "unlady-like" fashion would tell them to "shut-up, dammit." The young men's response was predictable: "Fuck you, tramp."

Rumford was either unaware of, or uninterested in speaking about, the job situation in the Bay Area. Instead, he chose to talk about his public and private career. It was a sort of Negro Horatio Alger story. The moral was that if you work hard, you too can put yourself through college, become a successful drug-gist and then run for public office. The women listened politely to the entire story. The men, however, became restless almost immediately and began fooling around. They seemed interested in one thing: when would he finish so they could get down to some serious talking?

The moment Rumford finished speaking and asked for questions, one of the men jumped up and asked:

"Hey man, how do we get a raise?"

A male chorus of "yeah" followed immediately. Before Rumford could complete a garbled answer (something like "Well, I don't really know much about the procedures of a federally sponsored program") the battle of the sexes had been joined. In no uncertain words the women scolded the men for their very "disrespectful behavior" toward an elected official.

"Here he is trying to help us and you-all acting a fool. You talking, and laughing and carrying-on while he talking, and then when he finishes you want to know about a raise. Damn!"

The rest of the women either nodded agreement or affirmed these remarks verbally.

"Shit," was the male response. "You don't know what you talking about. We got a *right* to ask the cat about a raise. We elected him."

"We supposed to be talking about jobs," said another. And we're talking about *our* job. If y'all like the pay that's your business. We want more!"

The debate was quite heated. Neither party paid any attention to Rumford and he cleverly slipped out of the room, leaving them to settle a dispute which no longer concerned his talk. During the course of the exchanges it became quite clear to me that the different biases in dress and style reflected different orientations toward the dominant society and its values. In terms of dress, outward appearance, and manner, the young women seemed to accept, or at least to pay lip service to, the values of middle class white society much more readily than the men. They were very concerned about the lack of respect shown toward a "leader" by the men. "Respect" and "respectability" seemed to be paramount in the minds of the young ladies. The young men, on the other hand, were less affected by these values and much more defiant toward them. The men seemed to present a threat,

therefore, to the image which the women were attempting to project. At one point, a young lady said to the men:

"You acting just like a bunch of *niggers*."

The way in which she said it implied that "niggers" were distinct from Negroes. She seemed to identify herself as a Negro, and not a "nigger." For the men, on the other hand, becoming a Negro (as opposed to a "nigger") meant giving up far too much that they considered positive. As one young man said in answer:

"You just ain't got no soul, bitch."

The female identification with the values of white society became even clearer when the debate moved from what constituted "respect" and "respectability" to direct attacks at the personal level.

"Do you-all expect to get a job looking the way you do?"

"Shit, I wouldn't wear clothes like that if I was on welfare."

"Who would want to hire people acting and looking the way you do?"

The entire direction of the female attack corresponded closely to the basic assumptions of the TIDE program: the reason people are without jobs is because of the people themselves. This barrage hit the men pretty hard. Their response was typical of any outraged male whose manhood has been threatened by a woman. In fact, when one young woman quipped "You ain't no kinda man," some of the men had to be physically restrained from hitting her.

One of the men explained that "maybe the reason cats dress the way they do is because they can't afford anything else. Did you ever think of that?"

The woman's response was one I had not heard since the third or fourth grade:

"Well, it doesn't really matter what you wear as long as it's clean, pressed and tucked-in. But hell, you guys don't even shine your shoes."

I left this episode, and others like it, with the impression that the battle of the sexes in the black community is almost a class conflict. It has been noted by many observers that the black woman succeeds more readily in school than does her brother. Women are favored by parents, especially mothers. Moreover, the black woman has been for some time the most stable force and the major bread-winner of the family. All these things lead to an orientation on the part of the females which is in harmony with the major values attached to work and "success" in this society. In short, black women are in relatively close contact with major social institutions and their over-all orientation reflects this fact. Black men, however, have been, for as long a time, alienated and estranged from the society. As a consequence, a culture has developed around this estrangement. Many values reflected in the male Negro culture are at variance with those of the dominant society. Some of them come into conflict with it. The black woman, then, must stand in much the same relation to black men as does the white society. And it is in this sense that she represents a

threat to his manhood. The women seem to suggest that if men would only clean themselves up, get a little ambition, and stop being rowdy, the race could elevate itself. This is, of course, a position markedly similar to that of the TIDE workers. And the male response to this suggestion differs only slightly from his response to social workers, probation officers, and school teachers.

The meeting with Rumford was an attempt by TIDE to acquaint the young men with public officials. The men reacted by putting him down. No official or group of officials, however, was "put down" quite as hard as the Oakland Police Department.

Police brutality was constantly on their minds. They spoke about it at every opportunity. A day didn't pass without at least one of the men being absent because he was in jail or coming in with a story about mistreatment by the police. When the instructor asked which speakers the group wanted to hear, the Oakland Police Department was always a first choice. They seemed excited about meeting the police on their own ground and with the protection provided by the group. A meeting was arranged. They were to meet with a Sergeant from the Community Relations Bureau.

In anticipation of his arrival the men re-arranged the room. The room was filled with randomly placed tables. The young men re-arranged them into one large table. At 1:00 they sat in a group at one end of the table and waited for the officer.

Sergeant McCormack was an older sort of man. While he was obviously a cop, he could have passed for a middle-aged businessman or a young grandfather.

"Hi Boys," he said, trying to be friendly as he sat down. This was his first mistake. Evidently he hadn't been briefed about what he was in for. He began with the five minute speech he must give to every community group with which he speaks. The talk was factual, uninteresting and non-controversial: how the Department is run, what the qualifications for officers are, and how difficult it is for police to execute their work and still please everyone. His talk was greeted with complete silence. The men just sat there.

"I understand you have some questions," he said, breaking the silence.

"What about police brutality?" asked one young man.

"What is your definition of police brutality?" the Sergeant countered.

"How long you been a cop?" someone shouted.

"Over twenty years."

"And you got the nerve to come on sounding like you don't know what we talking about. Don't be jiving us. Shit, if you've been a cop *that* long, you *got* to know what we talking about!"

"Righteous on that brother!" someone chimed in.

"Tell him!" was the chorus.

"Well, I've been around awhile alright, but I've never seen any brutality. But what about it?"

"What about it?" There was a tone of disbelief mixed with anger in the young man's voice. "Shit man,

we want to know why you cats always kicking cats' asses."

The officer attempted to draw a distinction between necessary and unnecessary police violence. The men weren't buying that. They claimed the police systematically beat hell out of them for no apparent reason. The officer asked for examples and the men obliged him with long, involved and detailed personal experiences with the Oakland Police Department. Everyone had a horror story to tell and demanded the opportunity to tell it. The Sergeant listened patiently, periodically interrupting to check details and inconsistencies. He would also try to offer a police interpretation of the incident. It was to no avail, however. Sometimes they would point blank tell him to "shut-up, man!"

The Sergeant couldn't get a word in edgewise. In desperation he finally said:

"Don't you want to hear our side of the story?"

"Hell no mother-fucker, we see your side of the story every night on 14th Street."

The stories and shouting continued.

"Look, if you don't want to talk about this and just want to yell at me, then I see no point to staying here," the Sergeant said.

All hell broke loose. One young man stood up, his back to the officer, and addressed his contemporaries.

"We tired of talking! We tired. We want some action! We got to stop these mother-fuckers from kicking

our asses, stopping us on the streets for nothing, and taking our play areas away."

"Righteous on that brother!"

He continued: "There's a new generation now. We ain't like the old folks who took all this shit off the cops. A new generation; and we ain't like our parents." He turned to the Sergeant and said: "You take that back to your goddamn Chief Preston and tell him."

McCormack had a silly kind of smile on his face.

Another youngster jumped up and hollered: "You-all ain't going to be smiling when we put dynamite in your police station!"

The officer said simply: "You guys don't want to talk."

"You see," someone yelled, "the cat's trying to be slick; trying to run a game on us. First he comes in here all nice talking all that shit about how they run the police and the police is to protect us. And then when we tell him how they treat us he wants to say we don't want to talk. Shit! We want to talk, he don't want to listen."

From this point on nothing was sacred. They mercilessly raked the cop over the coals. There were no questions un-asked, and no barbs left out. The officer sat there with a smile on his face and took what they had to dish out. With all my hatred of the police, I could not help but feel just a little compassion for the man. There was nothing about his life, either private or public, that wasn't attacked.

"How much money you get paid?"

"About \$12,000 a year."

"For being a cop? Wow."

"What do you do?"

"I work in the Police Community Relations Department."

"Naw, stupid, what kind of work?"

"I answer the telephone, speak to groups and try and see if the police treat citizens wrong."

"Shit, we could do that and we don't even have a high school education. Is that all you do? And get that much money for it?"

"Where do you live?"

"I'll bet he lives up in the hills."

"I live in the east side of Oakland. And I want you to know that my next door neighbor is a colored man. I've got nothing against colored people."

"You got any kids?"

"Yeah, two boys and a girl."

"Shit, bet they all went to college and got good jobs. Any of your kids been in trouble?"

"No, not really."

"What do they do?"

"My oldest boy is a fighter pilot in Vietnam."

"What the hell is he doing over there? That's pretty stupid."

"Yeah man, what are we fighting in Vietnam for? Is that your way of getting rid of us?"

"Well, the government says we have to be there and it's the duty of every citizen to do what his country tells him to do."



"We don't want to hear all that old bull-shit man."

"Hey, how come you wear such funny clothes? You even look like a goddamn cop."

"Yeah baby, and he smells like one too!"

The barrage continued for almost half an hour. The instructor finally called a halt to it, saying: "The Sergeant has to get back fellows, is there anything specific that you would like to ask him?"

"Yeah. How come Chief Preston ain't here? Why do we have to talk with someone who ain't got no authority? Does the chief think he's too good to come and talk with us? He's always talking to other people all over the country about how good the Oakland cops are and how there ain't going to be no riot here. Why don't he come and tell us that? We want to talk with the Chief."

McCormack said meekly that the Chief was a busy man but that he would see what he could do about having him come down soon. After the officer left, one of the YOC counsellors told the guys that he would try himself to get a higher-up to come down the next day.



The YOC was successful and the next day Deputy Chief Gains came down. There was an air of excitement when it was announced that the deputy chief would come. Some of the men were disappointed. They continued to insist that a talk with the Chief was the only answer. When Gains entered he was accompanied by the Captain of the Youth Division, the Lieutenant of that division and a Negro Sergeant. It was a formidable display of police authority. The men were noticeably taken aback by it. I had the feeling that whatever defiance and hate the young men held toward the police would be effectively dissipated by this show of force. Surely they would be more subdued and respectful than they had been the day before. I couldn't have been more wrong. The young men used every handle they could latch onto to "put down" this array of police hierarchy.

Chief Gains is a no nonsense, business-like cop. He speaks only when called upon and only when he has something to say. He takes no static from anyone and vigorously defends what he thinks is correct and makes no apologies for what he considers incorrect.

(Things never seem to be "right" or "wrong" for him.) He is an honest man in the sense that he makes no attempt to cover up or smooth over unpleasant things. Instead, he explains them from a police framework.

He immediately got down to business after introducing his assistants.

"Alright now, I understand you guys have some beefs with the Department. What's the story?"

Far from being cowed, the men started right in talking about the ways they had been mistreated by the police. The moment one man finished his story the Chief would begin asking specific questions about the context of the situation: where it happened, when it happened, what the officer looked like and so on. He never denied the existence of brutality. That almost seemed to be assumed. He did want details, however. He would always ask whether or not the man had filed a complaint with the Department. The response to this question was always in the negative. He then lectured them about the need to file such complaints if the situation were to be changed.

After he had heard a number of brutality stories, he stopped the proceedings and explained the situation as he saw it.

"Look fellows, we run a police force made up of 654 men. Most of them are good men but there's bound to be a few rotten apples in any basket. I know that there's a couple of men who mistreat people, but it's only a few and we're trying our best to change that."

"What do you mean you're trying to change things?" piped up one youth.

"Shit, I know of a case where a cop killed a cat and now he's back on the beat."

"Now wait a minute..."

"No more waiting a minute!" was the response. "You had two cops got caught taking bribes. One was black and the other caucasian. The black cat was kicked off the force and the white cat is back on."

"Yeah, and what about that cat who killed somebody off duty, what about him?"

"How come you let the Mayor steal all that money?"

"Hold on," the Chief said firmly, "let's take these things one at a time."

He then proceeded to try to deal with each case the men had raised. He didn't get too far before they were back to the "few rotten apples" argument.

"If it's only a few cops, how come it happens all the time?"

The Chief's answer was a good one. He told them that he thought it was the same few cops that were causing all the problems. There is a pattern, he said, and if it could be traced to the offending officers they would be suspended. He then placed the responsibility for catching up with the offenders on the youth themselves.

"Unless you file complaints each time you feel you've been mistreated we can't do anything about it. So it's up to you as much as it is up to us."

That argument seemed to throw the young men. They had no come-back for it. They avoided it by returning to instances of police brutality. But since the Chief would not deny that such things happened, they couldn't rattle him. As a matter of fact it was quite the reverse since he would always ask them why they hadn't filed a complaint. Finally the men began to take him on about filing complaints.

"It don't make no difference!" said one.

"Have you tried it?" asked the Chief.

"Shit, if we do we just get our asses kicked harder by the cop next time."

"But if you've never filed a complaint, how can you get your asses kicked?"

"That's what happened to my old man!"

"Maybe, but things are different now. Look fellows, let's get it straight: nothing happens until you help us. It's your duty as citizens to file complaints against the police. That's the only way we can catch these people."

I intruded in the discussion for the first time in weeks. I pointed out to the Chief that he was placing the responsibility upon citizens to police their own police force. But, in areas where the force *wanted* to discipline their officers, they seemed quite capable of doing so. I noted that he had argued that the Department had a good deal of control over officers in most situations. As a matter of fact, the Police Department had used that same position to argue against a civilian review board and maintain their internal control. Now the Chief was saying the opposite: that it was up to the citizens. This seemed to break the impasse, and the men howled with delight.

"Tell him brother!"

"Righteous on that!"

"My man comes through!"

The Chief answered by saying all he was arguing for was citizen *aid* in changing the situation and nothing more. But the dike now had a gaping hole in it, and the men moved through it with sophisticated arguments and questions. One articulate young man questioned the Chief about the process for redress of grievances against the police.

"What happens if a cop beats my ass and I file a complaint: whose word does the judge take?"

"The judge takes the evidence and evaluates it objectively and comes to a decision."

"Yeah, but it's usually two cops against one of us and if both testify against me, what happens? Do you think the judge is going to listen to me?"

"Bring some witnesses."

"That ain't going to do anything."

"That's your problem. If you don't like the legal system in this country, work to change it."

The young man was undaunted. "Okay man, you pretty smart. If I smack my buddy here upside the head and he files a complaint, what you gonna do?"

"Arrest you."

"Cool. Now let's say one of your ugly cops smacks *me* upside the head and I file a complaint—what you gonna do?"

"Investigate the complaint and if there's anything to it, why then we'll take action against him. Probably suspend him."

"Well how come we get arrested and *you* only get investigated?"

The rest of the group thought that was pretty good. Each of them began throwing remarks at the Chief about time wasted in jail, how unfair it all seemed, and how much they didn't like it. They also thought it was rather strange that the police should investigate *themselves* while citizens were investigated by the police. The Chief's response, although unsuccessful, was rather clever. He argued that most private companies with internal difficulties do not want to be investigated by outside agencies. He thought that was the way it should be and contended that the police were no different. The young men's response indicated a rather high level of sophistication.



"But police are not a private business. You're supposed to work for the people!"

"And shit, you cats get to carry guns. No businessman carries guns. It's a different scene, man."

The discussion began to revolve around the possibility of their carrying guns to protect themselves. The Chief, of course, rejected the idea. They then explored the possibility of physically restraining police from harassing them. This too was rejected out of hand. The Chief, as the Sergeant had the day before, explained the notion of using "all necessary force" to subdue suspects. They argued for a while about the definition of "necessary." But the Chief stopped the discussion short with his familiar refrain about "filing complaints" with the Department. He said that with a force as large as the Oakland Department it was difficult for the officers to keep track of all their men.

"We just can't know what's going on all the time with all of our people."

The men seized upon this explanation and cleverly attacked it.

"You cats seem to know an awful lot about what you want to know about, don't you?"

"What do you mean?"

"How come you got all kinds of squad cars in this neighborhood every night? And have two and three cops in each one of them?"

"The crime rate is high in this area and we get a lot of calls and complaints about it."

"Yeah, and you smart enough to know that when you come around here, you better be wearing helmets and carrying shotguns. If you that clever, you got to be smart enough to handle your own goddamn cops. Shit, you just trying to put a psych on us."

At this point everyone seemed to jump on the Chief in much the same way as they had done with the officer the day before.

"How come you ain't got no black cats on the force?"

"Why don't you just let us run our own damn community?"

"Yeah. There should be people on the force who have been in jail because they the only people who know what it means to be busted. People in West Oakland should be police because they know their community, you don't."

"How come most of your cops don't even live in

Oakland?"

"Why do we get all the speeding tickets?"

"How come we got to fight in Vietnam?"

"Why the judges so hard on us? They don't treat white cats—I mean dudes—the way they do us!"

The Chief tried to deal with each question but was was shouted down with a barrage of still more questions. The fellows were more assertive than inquisitive. The Chief didn't put up with this for too long. He began assembling his papers and stood up.

"You guys aren't interested in talking, you want to yell. When you want to talk, come down to my office and if I'm free we'll talk."

But the men had the last word. While he was leaving they peppered him with quips about how they were tired of talking, were going to dynamite his office, and what a coward his boss was for not coming down to speak with them.

When the Chief had gone, the instructor asked them why they insisted on "ganging up" on people like the police and didn't give them a chance to answer questions in depth. Their answer provides a lot of insight into their behavior toward the police, the businessmen and the public officials.

"These people just trying to run a game on us. If we give them time to think about answers, they gonna put us in a trick. We've got to gang up on them because they gang up on us. Did you dig the way that cat brought three other cats with him? Besides, how else could we put them down?"

#### POVERTY-AREA TEENAGERS LEARN POLICE PROBLEMS

About 35 East Los Angeles poverty area youngsters are gaining a deeper appreciation of the problems of law enforcement officers, thanks to a community relations project now being held by the County Sheriff's Department and the East Los Angeles Youth Training and Employment Project.

The youth, all enrollees in the YTEP branch at 4777 East Third Street, are participants in a seven-part seminar exploring all phases of police work. Individual meetings explore all problems from petty theft and traffic violations to drug use and abuse.

Included also is a visit to the Sheriff's Academy, where the teenagers view an official patrol inspection.

The current group is the second to participate in the seminar under the direction of the YTEP branch, an anti-poverty program funded through the Economic and Youth Opportunities Agency of Greater Los Angeles.

"We find that the kids lose a great deal of their hostility as they start talking out their police problems," said branch supervisor, Tony Sanchez.

"And they not only get straight information on what their rights are but they learn some of their responsibilities as well."

A community relations committee of prominent local residents, including a superior court judge, gives the project added prestige in the eyes of the youth.

All completing the course are "graduated" with official cards noting their participation, and each card is returned to the YTEP by the Sheriff's Department if its holder is caught breaking the law.

"This is important to these youngsters," said Sanchez.

"In the earlier groups there were kids who resisted things like meetings but stayed with the seminar because they wanted to graduate and get a card. They worried, for example, if they were even late for one meeting, a new concern for most of these youngsters," he said.

"There were 30 graduated, and not one card has yet been returned to us."

Press release from the Information Services of the  
Economic and Youth Opportunities Agency,  
Los Angeles, July 20, 1967

How else could we put them down? The question was rhetorical. Throughout the entire TIDE program the young men had been "putting down" people and projects. The men used the context of a government training program as a protective device which enabled them to "put down" institutions and individuals otherwise impervious to attack. TIDE provided insulation for them. And it offered an opportunity for meeting with people otherwise unavailable to them. In addition, the men rapidly developed a high degree of group consciousness upon which they could fall back for protection and inspiration. Armed in this manner, they then went out to "get" or "put down" normally inaccessible institutions. When consulted about whom they wanted to come and speak to them, (which the men seemed to interpret as "come be put down by them"), they called for the police, a city councilman, state assemblymen, businessmen, and officials of the poverty program. Almost all these people were "put down" in one way or another when they appeared at the YOC. The TIDE people were anxious to have these visitors. TIDE workers thought it was a good idea for the young men to meet with community leaders and officials, in order to show them that these leaders were interested in their problems and would help if the men would show a little initiative. The men "showed initiative" by inviting important people to speak with them: to be "put down" by them. They "put on" the YOC in order to "put down" this array of visitors. The "put-downs," then, were also a "put-on" of the YOC. By using the program as a cover for airing their grievances, the men were, in effect, altering TIDE to meet their needs.

As the program was conceived by the government, TIDE did not meet the needs of the young men. Indeed, it wasn't meant to. The Great Society was trying to run a game on black youth. It wanted them to cease being what they were. It wanted to lead them into white middle class America. It tried to trick them by leading them to believe that America was interested in getting them jobs.

But there aren't many jobs in America for young men who have arrest records, who lack skills, and who are black. There aren't jobs for black youth who refuse to accept white America's definition of self-respect and integrity. The young men knew that. TIDE knew it too. The very jobs over which TIDE had some control (that is, government jobs) are rarely filled by people with the backgrounds of ghetto youth. But TIDE didn't train the youth to work. It attempted to train them to pretend that there was no problem.

The men saw through it. They diagnosed it as a sham. They rejected its invitation into white America. When a "put-on" is detected, it fails.

TIDE was more than a "put-on" of black youth. It was also an attempt to persuade the youth to "put on" potential employers. By training men to speak well, dress well, fill out application forms properly, and to take tests easily, TIDE evidently sought to

"fool" employers into hiring these young men. But this was never made explicit to the men. Why, then, didn't TIDE workers just come right out and say it: "Look men. What we're suggesting is that you put on your employers; make them believe you're someone you're not."

The suggestion is absurd. The reason for its absurdity are revealing.

*It wouldn't work.* This "new" approach would really not be new. It would only assert more openly that black culture is not acceptable to white society. It would still be asking the men to pretend they were someone else. It would still imply that there is something wrong with who they are. Finally, it would assume that there is work for those who want it. The young men knew there wasn't.

*It could never happen.* To suggest that the young men had to "put on" employers in order to win jobs implies that the employers have some responsibility for unemployment and racial exclusion. But the TIDE program, indeed much of the Great Society, assumes that the door to happiness—to America—is open if people will seek to enter on middle class terms. "Teaching" the TIDE participants to "put on" the interviewer runs counter to the assumptions which are held dear by the poverty program and the nation. It would be impossible for government representatives even to entertain such a step.

Our hypothetical proposition would also threaten the morale of the TIDE workers. I'm sure that most of them were well-intentioned, good, liberal people. They are also human beings. And as human beings they must strive for personal integrity in their work situation. Their job is not an enviable one. Facing fantastic barriers, they must try to get work for people. Their success is limited. But for them to recognize that society bears most of the responsibility for inequality would be to render their work worthless. To ask them to admit that their work is a "put-on" is to threaten their concept of self-worth. The institutional framework of the TIDE worker, like that of most welfare workers, therefore calls forth an orientation which holds the client, and not society, responsible for his situation.

The TIDE worker, then, would never consider asking the men to "put on" employers. Faced with defeat and frustration, as they were, they responded predictably: "they just don't want jobs." Ironically enough, the institutional requirements of northern liberalism have called forth a response very similar to the familiar line of southern racism. Wasn't it the "old fashioned" southern bigot who used to say: "Negroes don't have jobs because they are lazy and shiftless"? There is a difference to be sure. The southerner felt that black people are inherently shiftless and lazy. Thus, they are destined to be without jobs of consequence. Most modern liberals seem to view black people as temporarily hindered by psychological and cultural impediments. Inequities in the employment and opportunity structure of

America, they seem to suggest, are minor in comparison with the deficiencies of black people themselves. What black people need, according to the liberals, is cultural enrichment and the ability to "sell themselves" to white society. In the end, nor-

thern liberals and southern racists agree: the problem is mainly with Negroes.

DAVID WELLMAN is an editor of *The Movement* and a graduate student in sociology at the University of California.

