A BLACK WOMAN’S ORDEAL
IN WHITE UNIVERSITIES

Additional findings of the Commission on Race and Racism in Anthropology
and the American Anthropological Association

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It dawned on me quite recently that I do not remember precisely when I decided to teach at the college level. At the University of Michigan in the 1950s, my original goal was to attend law school. Becoming a lawyer seemed appropriate at the time because I really knew few other options. I did not want to be a physician or a social worker, and understood that there were not many opportunities available for African Americans at the time. Nor did I desire to be a grade school teacher with all of the headaches that this occupation entailed. During my junior year at Michigan, I became weary and tired, especially as there had been so many racist experiences, a not uncommon phenomenon at white universities in the late 1950s.

A friend told me about a program at the University of Paris specifically designed for foreign students. It was a course in French civilization that appeared to be exciting and interesting. It wasn’t very expensive for an American student to live in Paris, and it would give us an opportunity to experience another culture. Besides, several of my older cousins and friends had been in France during World War II and they had returned exulting in the lack of racism in France. This was something that I badly needed, I thought. So, after talking with my parents and figuring out how I could save the needed money from my summer job, I made plans to go to Paris.
The first thing I noted was that the freedom from race and racism was wonderful. Some people regarded you with curiosity, but no one looked at you with the kind of contempt or hatred that you often received from white Americans. More than that, I thoroughly enjoyed meeting people from other regions of the world. For the first time in my life, I met African students and students from romantic-sounding places such as Tahiti and Haiti. Talking to the students from Africa gave me a more positive perspective on this continent. They seemed so different from the black people in the United States; they were so secure in their identity, so self-confident and totally uninfluenced by any negative attitudes about their blackness. I decided that eventually I wanted to visit this continent of my ancestors and learn more about the people and their histories.

When I returned to Michigan, it was with a different perspective on the world and a greater sense that I should follow a path distinct from the standard career choices. Perhaps unconsciously, the decision not to go on to law school had been made. I had met some black graduates of law schools who had literally no opportunities to practice their profession. Most white law firms in Detroit would not hire them, and there were few black firms with openings available. The result was that bright black law school graduates were driving taxis or working as orderlies in hospitals or teaching social science to under-educated students in the inner city. Because of my experiences overseas, it seemed to me that I should try for a job in international relations.

By this time I had learned something about the field of anthropology. With enough courses in history to have a major, I turned to this new field and found that it was very compatible with my outlook and experiences. Professor Leslie White was the “dean” of the anthropology department at Michigan. Not only did he accept me as a new major, but he was one of the few professors from whom I received a great deal of quiet encouragement. While I was in the Master’s program, he encouraged me to become a teaching fellow, so during my second year I joined two other women students helping to teach the introductory course in anthropology under Marshall Sahlins. Marshall jokingly reminded us that “women should be kept barefoot and pregnant” but, to my knowledge, he never posed an obstacle to any of the “fellows” who worked with him.

To my surprise, I enjoyed the teaching experience as it prompted me to learn a lot more than I would have otherwise. Moreover, the students appeared to approve of my teaching style and the additional information that I could bring to the class. Although I still harbored the dream of working for the United Nations or in some other international organization, I realized that teaching at the university level was something that I could actually do with some success. Another thought was that this might just be one way I could travel and/or work somewhere in Africa.

While at Michigan, I was befriended by a number of people, not the least of whom was Professor David Aberle’s British wife, Kathleen Gough. It was she who encouraged me to
eventually turn to the University of Manchester for a Ph.D. She knew of my desire to do field research in Africa and suggested that British training and British scholars would facilitate such research. In fact, she recommended me to Max Gluckman who had recently taken the post of “Professor” at Manchester and was busily building up what would come to be the top department of social anthropology in the British university system.

Nearly all the faculty at Manchester had worked in Africa, mostly in East and Southern Africa. There were many differences in the training at Manchester, but I felt very comfortable with both the faculty and students. Hearing about the field work experiences of other people was a great help in preparing me for what I would later experience in West Africa. The fact that I was a black descendant of slaves from Africa in the Americas was, I’m sure, considered irrelevant to most people. But there were some strange reminders that we mostly turned into a joke. Gluckman, born and raised in South Africa, but clearly of liberal beliefs, on a couple of occasions referred to me as a “negress” a term that I had never encountered before. I reacted negatively, reminding people that it resembled too much the term, “tigress” which was applied to an animal form. Apparently the term is or was commonly used in South Africa and, some said, “without negative connotations.” The problem was that Gluckman initially saw me in terms of a black or colored South African woman and thus couldn’t quite fathom my behavior and reactions. It was when Emrys Peters reminded him that my behavior and personality were products of American culture that Max ultimately realized this truth. Thereafter, he became a friend and mentor who kept in touch with me throughout my two years of field research and the several years of writing my dissertation. He let me know that my analysis of Birom culture and society was outstanding and even strongly recommended that Manchester University Press publish my dissertation.

First Teaching Job

Although it certainly wasn’t planned this way, I started my first teaching job back home in Detroit, Michigan. Wayne State University was looking for a cultural anthropologist and I was eminently available. In fact, I had returned home after a brief marriage (big mistake on my part) with two little ones in tow and needed a job to support us. (It is a blessing that black parents, who knew what a hard life was like, would take you in, no matter what.) It was the 1960s and as an urban university, Wayne State had many black and other minority students, some of whom got caught up in the rhetoric and politics of the Civil Rights movement. In fact, we were all affected by the movement. Black students demanded courses on Africa and its peoples. I soon found myself researching and teaching African history along with courses on African peoples and cultures.

Wayne State was a relatively comfortable place for a minority person to work. There were already some black faculty in several departments and in the professional schools, but most of them had a difficult time with some of their white
colleagues. In the sociology and anthropology department, most of the white faculty were liberal and supported the Civil Rights movement. With a dissertation to write, classes to develop and teach, and two children to care for, there was virtually no time for me to become much involved in the movement’s activities; but, along with several other black faculty, I supported the students. We did hear of a number of events which black faculty felt were motivated by racism, but I did not personally experience anything of this sort in my department. Meanwhile, I finished my dissertation in late 1966 and received my degree in 1967 from Manchester University.

When I was offered a promotion and a higher salary to teach at Oakland University, a campus of the Michigan State University system in Pontiac, Michigan, I took the opportunity. Again, I felt quite comfortable as a black faculty member, but I was never heavily involved in university politics or administration, nor did I socialize with other faculty. The commute to Pontiac from my home was longer and more hazardous, especially in the winter, so I did most of my preparation at home.

In the early fall of 1970, I learned about a program at the Radcliffe Institute for women who had family responsibilities and were not able to produce publications at the same rate as men with wives who looked after the children. I applied for this opportunity and received an appointment as a Fellow of the Institute. By summer 1971, I was soon on my way to Cambridge, Massachusetts, along with the children and a little puppy that had been given to us by one of my students at Oakland. This move signified a major change in my life for it allowed me to meet other black faculty at Harvard and embark on a new stage in my career.

Experiences at Harvard University

As a single mother of two children, I had been teaching (first part-time in 1962 and then full-time since 1964) and needed some time to think, write, and publish. But the amount of money that the Radcliffe Institute had available for fellows at that time (1971) was not enough to support us, so it was understood that if I did not have sufficient additional funds, I would probably have to work part-time.

The Institute had forwarded my resume to the Harvard anthropology department. Subsequently, prior to leaving Detroit, I received a telephone call from the chair of the department asking if I would be willing to teach a course on the history of anthropological theory. Cora DuBois, who had formerly taught the course, had recently retired and the department apparently was delighted to find that this was one of my specialties. Indeed, I had developed two courses while teaching at Wayne State University and Oakland University during the 1960s, one on the history of anthropology, the other a more advanced course on the history of anthropological theory.

During the summer of 1971, before our move, I made an advance trip to Cambridge to look for housing and to meet people in the anthropology department. When I walked in the door the looks of surprise on the faces of the people in the
department office were tantamount to shock; they had clearly expected a woman, but not a black woman, with a degree from the top British department in our field. As I recall there was a lot of throat clearing and stuttering. But, true to their liberal posturing, the few individuals I met were hospitable enough, yet they avoided discussing the course that I had been ostensibly invited to teach.

Someone in the department (I don’t remember who) sent me to see the summer dean who registered similar awkwardness. He proceeded to talk to me somewhat uneasily about the nature of the course, pointing out many negative aspects of teaching it. Within a few minutes it became very clear that the dean would not consider me suitable to teach the course. As he talked, I smiled inwardly, in part because I could have orchestrated the conversation even before meeting him. He probably thought himself smooth and shrewd, exhibiting the usual mannerisms of a (white) male superior talking down to a (black) female inferior.

What got my attention and really annoyed me, however, was his insisting that it was a very difficult course, “even hard for a man.” Was he implying that the discrimination against me was because I was a woman, not because I was black? And wasn’t Cora DuBois also female? I could have told him that I knew a lot about hard work. During the early years of the decade of the 1960s I had written a 550-page dissertation for a top British department while working full-time (and developing new courses) and raising two young children alone. And I didn’t know any man who had done that. As for the difficulty of the course, I had already developed a very good course on the history of anthropological theory, one that I modeled after the famous course taught by Leslie White at Michigan. While the dean expressed the usual mumbling regret over my not being hired, what I also did not tell him was that only a few days before, Tufts University had offered me a larger salary to teach a course for them.

As I have indicated to others, I was not enamored about teaching at Harvard, having already experience social class snobbery in other contexts. The important consideration for me was the greater stipend offered by Tufts University. I would have turned down the offer from Harvard had it been presented to me. The department called Cora DuBois back out of retirement to teach the history of anthropology course. Months later, I encountered several graduate students who told me that they wished I had taught the course as the DuBois course consisted largely of anecdotes about people she had known.

The two years at the Radcliffe Institute (1971-73) went by swiftly. I managed to prepare a book manuscript from my larger dissertation. The anthropology department did eventually ask me to give a talk to the graduate students, and one faculty member invited me to dinner. At the end of the two years, as I was preparing to leave, I encountered one of the anthropology faculty members at a street fair. He mumbled a kind of apology to me, stating that he realized that they (the anthropologists) had treated me “shabbily.”
During those years, I had met some of the black faculty at Harvard who were interested in doing something on the concept of race. We met on several occasions and I was enthusiastic about their objectives. After much discussion, I agreed to write a chapter on the history of the idea of race for a potential book. Little did I know what I would be getting into, but I have always been interested in history and continued to do a great deal of reading on my own. Professor Preston Williams, the Houghton Research Professor of Theology and Contemporary Change at the Harvard Divinity School and the leader of our group, managed to get Ford Foundation funding for our project.

Binghamton University

During the years while I had been away from Detroit, the school system had what one friend called, a “virtual breakdown.” Teachers struck for several months, and there were no classes during this time. I knew that I didn’t want my children in this school system. Toward the end of my years at the Radcliffe Institute, I looked around for another position, and received five offers of interest. The decision to accept an offer from the State University of New York at Binghamton was based entirely on information I received about the local public schools in the area. I learned that the town of Vestal in which SUNY-Binghamton was located had one of the four best school systems in the state of New York. Although the area and the schools were nearly all white, I felt that my children’s education took priority over anything else. So off we went to Binghamton.

I soon learned that I was the second black faculty hired on a regular faculty line at the university. There was a fledgling department of African American Studies that had a historian of Africa (who left the next year to return to West Africa). Somewhat naively, I now realize, I opted for a joint appointment in this department and anthropology. Soon I found myself virtually alone as a regular faculty member in African and Afro-American Studies and we had to immediately set about hiring more faculty if this small department were to flourish. Meanwhile, the offer that had come from the university and the people with whom I had talked showed no indication that some individuals in the large, nearly all male, anthropology department were opposed to my being hired.

As in all departments where there are as many as 20 or more faculty, there were conflicts, factions, and favoritism. I soon realized that this department was no different from others and generally stayed clear of the politics. The first inkling I had of problems came when, during my second year, the new chair of the department expressed opposition to my being tenured. I had had tenure at Oakland University and this was one of the conditions of my coming to Binghamton. But the new chairperson insisted that I should go through a tenure evaluation at Binghamton; it seems that he was sure that I would not qualify. I began to understand his unaccountable hostility toward me on one occasion when I was in his office. Although we discussed several things, one of the topics was the conflict between local American Indians and the university.
archaeologists over the latter’s digging into ancient Indian burial grounds. I suggested to the chair (an archaeologist) that it might be a good thing to train some of the Indians to do the archaeological work, so that they could have a vested interest in reconstructing their ancient culture. They would also be able to perform the necessary rituals that would satisfy the older members of the Indian community. The chair’s negative answer surprised me: “I’m uncomfortable with them,” he said tersely. I recognized his racism and, after a brief pause, replied, “I suppose that goes for me also.” He said nothing in response, just looked down at his desk and began to shuffle some papers.

The chair soon set in motion the normal activities for evaluating me for tenure. I had had student evaluations during each semester of my first two years. It turned out that these evaluations were quite high, rivaling those of the person long touted to be the top lecturer in the department. It seemed strange to me at the time that no one recognized or mentioned this fact; virtually everyone ignored the students’ assessments of my teaching. I did not realize the significance of this until a few years later when the department hired first one young woman scholar, and later, another. In each case, these women, both white, were given enormous support. They were copiously praised and coddled especially by an inner circle of individuals whom I recognized years later as the “faction” opposed to my hiring. And, with the help of these senior faculty members, both received outstanding teaching awards from the university. No one had even suggested that I might have been eligible for such recognition. But, then, except for a few friends, I hardly received any help from the department during my 22 years there.

During the tenure process, the chair sent out copies of my dissertation for evaluation by several senior anthropologists, one of whom was Paul Bohannan, one of America’s most well-known and most respected anthropologists. It was at a meeting of the University Tenure Committee that I learned something else regarding the anthropology chair’s opposition to me. The members of this committee, who made final decisions about tenure, clearly were puzzled by the opposition of the chair. In addition to other materials, they had a letter from Paul Bohannan (who did not know me or that I was an African American) that at first the anthropology chair had refused to share with them. The committee chair showed it to me. Bohannan had praised my manuscript, saying that it was “superb.” He added that I was “worthy of a full professorship in any university in the land!” I learned later that the chair had not shown this letter to any of the members of the anthropology faculty, saying only that it was “positive.” Suffice to say, my tenure at Binghamton was affirmed.

This chair of the department left at the end of the semester and returned to a university in the southwest where he may have been much more comfortable. In the ensuing years, I managed to publish a few articles and read a number of papers at professional meetings. But I felt devastated and emotionally wrung out to learn that some of the faculty had been opposed
to my presence, even before I was hired, for no apparent reason other than racism.

It seemed inconceivable to me at that time that the field of anthropology could have professionals who were overtly, or even tacitly, racist. Throughout my experience with this field of study, I had had the impression that anthropology and anthropologists tended to be socially liberal and were the least racist of faculty in all fields. Yet, it came as no great surprise when one of the junior faculty informed me that some of the senior faculty, who had been friends and close colleagues with the departed chair, were resentful of me. I later learned from several graduate students that they had been warned not to take my courses. I still taught certain graduate level courses, such as the history of anthropological theories, and a few graduate students continued to take them. But I became increasingly disenchanted with anthropology, even dropping my membership in the AAA for several years.

I focused primarily on raising my children and teaching. Unhappily I decided not to have many formal student evaluations in part because I didn’t want the white faculty to even imagine that I was trying to compete with them. It became obvious that I had to be “inferior” to them (perhaps to keep their comfort level), so I generally kept a low profile and concentrated on teaching. I developed a number of courses that attracted a lot of good students and I was pleased with the effect that the courses had on them. Some students even told me that my courses were some of the best that they had had.

Many years later, long after I had retired from Binghamton University and started my short career at Virginia Commonwealth University, I encountered a former graduate student then teaching at a mid-western university where I had been invited to lecture. He was one of the students who had been admonished not to take classes from me. Now he informed me that he had regretted not taking a course from me, especially the new course that I had developed on the history of the idea of race.

One of the most painful experiences of racism occurred when I taught the large introductory course in anthropology and had several graduate students as teaching fellows. All of them had done their undergraduate training in local colleges or at SUNY-Binghamton. During my first meetings with them I sensed that they were sullen and unhappy. A couple of them would hardly look at me. Soon they began complaining about the course, the content, the lectures, my interpretations, and explanations of phenomena which did not correspond to what they had been taught. They did not like the section on the history of anthropology. They had not heard of Leslie White and did not think he was important. They criticized my failure to teach from the contemporary materials with which they were familiar. They clearly did not appreciate any information from my background in British social anthropology. In other words, they let me know that they thought I was incompetent. Several even felt it necessary to focus attention on my “errors” and “correct” them in their sections, and there were “errors” regardless of the topics covered. I learned later
that prejudgments about my abilities had been conveyed to them by several senior scholars, particularly those who had opposed my hiring.

My reaction was to first recognize the racism that was virtually explicit in their behavior. They would not have treated a white professor in this manner. They had not been accustomed to having a black professor and their negative reaction was bolstered by the attitudes of some senior professors. I recognized this as a “no-win” situation and decided not to teach the introductory anthropology course again. I developed a social anthropology course which usually attracted sixty to seventy students and taught this every year until I left Binghamton. When I needed a student assistant to cover sections, it was a person of my own choosing.

Meanwhile, there were also many, many problems in the small Africana Studies Department, and much of my energy and time was spent trying to defend and develop what I thought was a crucial component of the university. As the only tenured faculty member for several years, I reluctantly agreed to chair this department, thus dividing my time and energy between two departments and administration. For many reasons, this was a thankless job. I soon discovered that I was paid less than chairs of other departments. Moreover, I had never liked or expected to be in any type of administrative position. But I was determined that we should persist and hopefully develop a respectable department with productive members. Most of my time was spent trying to boost Africana Studies, hiring more faculty members, and dealing with the administration on behalf of this beleaguered department.

What became very clear was the fact that most of the university faculty and administrators generally ignored Africana Studies and/or thought of our faculty members as incompetent and inferior. We were not considered a serious department, even though we had some fine scholars over the years. During these years, we learned that many white universities tolerated African and African American Studies departments as a matter of “political correctness.” Most white university professors had little or no knowledge of Africa or its history. And they had no interest in the diaspora of peoples from this continent or matters relating to black Americans. The general attitude was that old 19th century aphorism of racial ideology that holds that “Africa has no history.” It was only when they realized that some white British and French scholars had begun to focus on Africa and publish important new materials on this continent that, as one professor told me, “there IS something there” to research.

In 1978 I introduced a course that was based in my years of researching the history of the idea of race. I used as text materials a collection of readings that I had developed with the aid of two graduate students who had been hired with the Ford Foundation grant. The course had considerable success, and during the 1980s, I decided to write my own textbook, in large part because of the tremendous amount of data that I had collected and especially the fascinating new historical
materials that were discovered. This textbook was published as Race in North America: Origin and Evolution of a Worldview. The first edition appeared in 1993. It began to sell well, and in 1994, it received an Outstanding Book Award from the Gustavus Myers Center for the Study of Human Rights in North America. The committee members at the Myers Center did not know that I was black, and neither did most of the faculty and students who read it.

Publicity about the award appeared in the university newsletter and in a badly written article in the Binghamton Press. But it was the reaction of the university community that was awkwardly strange. Only my friends in the two departments congratulated me; others seemed tacitly indifferent. Several members of the anthropology department ignored me or barely spoke to me. The same behavior came from members of the Sociology department, widely acknowledged as the most “left-wing” element of the university. The Dean and the President of the University sent me brief hand-written notes of congratulations, one on a torn half-sheet of paper. It was as if they were all embarrassed or disgusted that I should receive such recognition.


There were more subtle events that revealed the racial bias in the field of anthropology. In an article that I wrote for Current Anthropology, I made a comment about the complex historic kingdoms and state-level societies of Africa. The editor, apparently motivated by his disbelief or lack of knowledge of Africa, eliminated this comment and left a reference only to the “tribal societies” of Africa. In another incident I had prepared a review of the Sarich and Miele book (Race: The Reality of Human Differences) containing what I thought was a devastating critique of their treatment of history in this book. I used many outstanding sources which demonstrated that the Sarich and Miele position was wrong and a distortion of history. Many other anthropologists had criticized the science but no one had challenged the use of history. The then-editor of the American Anthropologist refused to publish my review, stating that it wasn’t their policy to publish two reviews of the same book, even though the contents did not overlap. When I pointed out that two reviews of the same book could be found in a recent issue, the response was that they had different editors. My review was eventually published in Transforming Anthropology where it reached a more limited audience.

In writing about my personal experiences of racism, I want to emphasize that they are not unique. Everywhere in white universities, black and Latino professors encounter and endure the same kinds of actions and attitudes, in some cases, even worse. If you have lived long enough in this society, you will
know that there are still some whites who are so indoctrinated with racial hatred that they have a visceral reaction to blacks. Although it may seem illogical or unreasonable, some of them even have higher education degrees. At Binghamton I learned to sort white colleagues and administrators into three categories. There were those who were always friendly, no matter the circumstance, and you learn to greatly appreciate these individuals. There were those who would acknowledge and speak to you on campus (sometimes reluctantly), but never off campus in the towns or anywhere else. And there were those whose animus or disdain obviated any recognition that you existed at all.

The stereotype of black intellectual inferiority, a major element of the racial worldview, has had a powerful effect on all Americans. It has been intensively reinforced in university settings where intellectual skills are most highly valued. Prejudgments about one’s intellectual capacity always precede you even among many who otherwise would wish you well. Many black faculty have known the frustration and anger of being dismissed or ignored in meetings. A typical pattern occurs when a black faculty member has made a point or suggestion, and it is ignored until ten minutes later when a white faculty member makes the same point. Then it elicits attention and comments. I have heard this scenario repeated many times over the decades. While individuals react differently to such incidents, all have felt the sting of this kind of racial put down. Psychologically and emotionally this type of behavior adds to the discomfort of low-status minorities and increases the levels of stress that they must endure.

The most tragic and painful of all my dealings in white universities has been the problems posed by the admission of black inner-city youth who are undereducated and ill-prepared for college level work, and who have been admitted with insufficient programs to help them. Binghamton was the flagship campus of the SUNY system. Administrators often boasted that Binghamton students consisted of those who qualified for, but were not admitted to top universities such as Harvard, Yale, Brown, Princeton, or Williams. And indeed most had high SAT scores, were ambitious and highly motivated.

In the 1970s the university had developed what was called the Transitional Year Program. In order to bring in more minority students, this program ostensibly provided not only money for college, but an extra year of intense special training to bring generally unprepared or underperforming students up to college-level standards. The university hired minority recruiters to find the several hundred students to be funded by the program each year. It did not take the growing numbers of minority faculty long to realize that the recruitment methods were flawed and ineffective in selecting students for the program. Some of the students barely knew how to read and had enormous difficulties writing coherent sentences. As I got to know these students, I learned about some of the recruiting methods. Several students told me that they were approached on the city streets (New York City) by a person who said to

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1. In all of the editions of Race in North America..., I specify what I think are the major components of our racial ideology. The heart of this ideology are the beliefs in separateness and inequality.
them, “You look like you’re 18, how’d you like to go to college?”

The failure of inner city schools to educate minority students has been well documented. When some students informed me that they had never read an entire book during their school years, I was shocked. They had never been required to analyze a paper or book and state what it was about. Often they resisted the readings simply because they could not understand them. Many students lacked the conditioned discipline to persist until they gained some understanding. I found myself sitting with groups of students after class trying to hammer out some of the problems of reading comprehension. I arranged to meet students on Saturday mornings to go over and over the materials so that they could improve their grades on exams. In some cases, I found myself at the Student Union pulling students away from the pool tables to come to pre-arranged sessions to go over the materials before exams. I felt their painful frustration and recognized that black students congregating in the Student Union, and “hanging out” was a symptom of their greater frustration.

The pity and the tragedy of all of this was the unmistakable fact that the performance levels of inner city students were well below those of the average white student at Binghamton. And this reinforced the already existing stereotypes and presumptions of black inferiority, both to the white faculty and to white and Asian students. What the white faculty and students failed to recognize was that one transitional year could not make-up for the terribly inferior education of the public schools. The one saving grace for me was that there were some students who managed to do well enough with the coaching and attention of a few good faculty (both black and white), and always a few students every year who made remarkable achievements, despite their handicaps.

Those of us who have had to endure the racially motivated behaviors and attitudes of white colleagues often look back with bitterness over these incidents. We wonder how much more we could have accomplished if we had not had the impediments that our American race ideology imposed on us. With the 21st century now well under way, and the election of a black President who is obviously intellectually superior to his predecessor, we can only hope that future generations of low status (racial) minority college and university professors will not have to continue to suffer such indignities. To bring about such changes requires constant diminishing of the elements of America’s racial ideology. Most importantly, we need to make drastic efforts to educate inner city children; for many scholars, this is one of the major challenges of our times.

2. Perhaps the most well-known works that encompass many studies are the books by Jonathan Kozol. These include *Savage Inequalities* (1991) and *Illiterate America* (1986). But there are hundreds of other studies appearing in the last decade or so that attest to the inefficiency and inferiority of inner city schools.